

Warhammer Fantasy: Dogs of War

Welcome jumper to Tilea, your newest home! Tilea is a nation of the Old World, lacking a central government. Sharing a common language and culture it is politically divided in twenty two city-states, seventy eight alliances and more politicking, assassinations, backroom dealing and skullduggery than you could ever have thought possible. An old joke about Tileans states that two strangers in a room together will spawn three factions and four civil wars in an hour.

The city states have varying forms of government - some are republics while others are principalities, true democracies, theocracies, tyrannies, kingdoms and everything in between. At times it seems as if the people here will plant a flag on any bit of land bigger than a dinner table and fight to the death to keep it!

Tilea is famous for its mercenaries. Men are the most common, but Dwarfs, High Elves and Ogres are also employed in the armies of the Merchant Princes. Though not common, other races appear from time to time, drawn by the allure of a life spent killing people for money. All but the most unholy abominations will find, if not a warm welcome, at least grudging acceptance. From here you form your own mercenary company, recruit troops and then spend the next ten years waging war, not for honour, not for glory, but for the greatest thing of all, cold, hard cash!*

*Or Teeth.

Be warned mercenary, this world is contested by the four ruinous powers of chaos, the Blood God Khorne, the Lord of Stagnation, Grandfather Nurgle, Tzeench, Changer of Ways and the Prince of Excess herself, Slaneesh. You already have their attention, but should

you go forth as a cloud of razor edged thoughts and compel nations to sacrifice themselves to you, or some other equally devastating and inhuman form you will rouse them to take to the field themselves, and this is not a conflict you would survive.

First thing is first though mercenary, what race are you, and what class might you be?

Orc

Orcs are among the largest and strongest of the Greenskin races. They vary a great deal in size and appearance, with the biggest individuals in charge of the rest. Pecking order is established by constant fighting, so only the meanest and nastiest Orcs get to the very top of the tribal ladder. Even the smallest Orc packs a great deal of bone, muscle and bloody-mindedness into a body no taller than a Man's, but which is substantially broader. Orcs have huge jaws, and tiny foreheads behind which lurk a thick skull and not much in the way of brain.

Orcs live in tribes, a collection of greenskins ruled over by the largest, strongest and loudest individual, who is either known as a Boss, Big Boss or a Warboss, depending on his stature. These tribes might only exist as long as the Orc leading them can hold their fractious elements together, or until a challenger usurps power, invariably slaying the old Boss in a leadership challenge, and moulding the tribe to his own, unique vision. There are many tribes, and they are often colourfully named, after their leader, their deeds or some unusual characteristic or custom exhibited by them. Some particularly infamous tribes include the Ironclaw Orcs, the Red Fang Orcs, the Orcs of the Bloody Hand, and the rarely seen White Orcs of Mount Grimfang.

Orcs, and indeed all greenskins, worship two gods who they call Gork & Mork - the former

"fighty but kunnin", the latter "kunnin' but fighty". Their faith in their gods is made terrifyingly real through the phenomenon of the Waaagh! During the intense excitement of battle the magical field unconsciously focused by all greenskins becomes stronger until the horde is swept up in an explosion of violence so intense that it will only begin to abate when every last enemy (or Orc) is slain. Orcs are unique in the currency they utilise - teeth. Orc teeth regrown, and outside of a mouth decay in weeks, so every orc has a small but steady amount of 'currency' for barter with their own kind.

The Ladz

Free.

The Orc army is a huge force. When a fullscale WAAAGH! starts it is almost unstoppable. The most common unit in an Orc army is Orc infantry. Armed with spears or choppas they form huge blocks and slam into the enemy battleline. Orcs have little tactics other than running straight at the enemy and tearing him to pieces once they get there. The Orc Boyz live to fight and fight to live as they say. Their home is the battlefield.

Free Well 'Ard

Free Talkin' Roight Propa

Free 'Ere We Go!

Discount 'Uge Choppa

Discount Fearless

*Boss

200 CP

An Orc boss is an exceptionally large and brutal Orc who has survived long enough to gather his own war party, a catalyst that may one day mean he manages to form a Waaagh! of his own by gathering an ever larger number of Greenskins to his banner, and subsequently leading them against his chosen foe.

Free Well 'Ard

Free Talkin' Roight Propa

Discount WAAAAAAGH!

Discount Boss Pole

Discount Endurance

Discount 'Ere We Go!

*Black Orc

300 CP

Black Orcs are the biggest and strongest of all Orcs, and get their name from their dour, grim demeanour as much as from the colour of their skin, which is extremely dark green or black. They are bigger and stronger than normal Orcs and pride themselves on being the best fighters of all. They are more disciplined than other Orcs and have better equipment. Many of their

fearsome weapons are captured in battle, and carried as a mark of their self-evident superiority, while others are paid in tribute by subjugated tribes.

Free Well 'Ard
Free Talkin' Roight Propa
Free Elite
Discount Quell Animosity
Discount Big Zogging Armer
Free Fearless

***Savage Orc**

200 CP

While most orcs have a modest grasp of technology and take advantage of developments in weapons and armour, savage orcs have a more primitive, neolithic type society, and shun these advances.

They originate in the The Southlands, where the constant heat and bright light has a deleterious effect on Orcish brains. Savage orcs use weapons made of stone or bone and do not wear armour, though their bodies are marked with ritual tattoos. As part of an Orc & Goblin army, Savage Orcs are berserker troops, who fight with little regard to their own personal safety.

They are also fanatical worshippers of Gork and Mork, in fact their entire language is based around various inflections of the word Waaagh!

Free Well 'Ard
Free Talkin' Roight Propa
Discount 'Uge Stabba
Discount Warpaint
Discount 'Ere We Go!

***Boar Boyz**

100 CP

The Orcs also have a fondness for going fast. They fulfill this desire by mounting on top of a wild Boar and heading into combat. Orc Boar Boyz are rough, tough and very determined. They ride into battle atop War boars - evil-minded creatures that will take every opportunity to maim, bite and kick the enemy of their Orc masters. Boar Boyz are the shock cavalry of an Orc and Goblin army, and they love nothing better than to gore, stamp and inflict damage on the enemy. Orc Boar Boyz often use flanking attacks to devastate enemy infantry. They are no light weights against calvary either. They are quite capable of taking down even the mighty knights of Bretonnia.

Free Warboar
Free Talkin' Roight Propa

Discount Riding
Discount Fearless
Discount 'Ere We Go!

Goblin

Goblins are an important part of the Greenskin hordes. They are smaller than men, about as tall as a Dwarf but wiry and have long, bony fingers with sharp claws. They have green skin, pointy ears, lots of sharp and pointy teeth, and red glowing eyes. They have unpleasant and shrill voices, and a childish and cruel sense of humour.

Goblins like to live in large groups and tend to be quite a cruel, sneaky, cowardly, and untrustworthy lot who like to attack with superior numbers and, if possible, from a distance. As such they are good archers but rather poor fighters. They steal or loot anything they can from anyone and destroy anything they can't carry just for the fun of it.

They live in countless tribes, the majority mixed with Orcs. The Goblins are slaves and servants of their larger and stronger relatives. Some tribes are composed only by Goblins, lead by a overbearing Goblin Boss. Some of the leaders become quite powerful, leading several tribes and the most successful among them even manage to lead their own Waaaghs!

The Goblins tribes also have shamans. In some 'mixed tribes' the Orc leader can be influenced by a cunning shaman, who becomes the "power behind the throne".

Goblins like to trick and to deceive the larger but slow-witted Orcs. Usually they gamble (and cheat at it) or make unfair trades with their relatives. Usually they manage to pull it off but sometimes the enraged Orc will crush and perhaps eat the careless Goblin.

Goblins also fight amongst themselves, and being occasional cannibals, usually eat the loser.

Night Goblin

Free.

Night Goblins are a Goblin sub breed, they live inside the mountains of the Old World. Night Goblins dress predominately in black, and will only come out into the sunlight when they are suitably reinforced by considerable amounts of fungusbeer.

They spend the majority of their time fighting each other, Dwarfs, and/or Skaven, as all three species compete for the same territories. The Night Goblins have had considerable success in their battles with the Dwarfs, having even conquered a portion of Karak Eight Peaks, the most ancient and awe inspiring Dwarf city.

The Night Goblins make extensive use of Squigs in battle, being one of the few creatures beneath the World Edge Mountains whom the goblins can tame (somewhat) effectively. These squigs are either herded towards the enemy, or in the case of the most hard-case gobbos,

ridden into battle.

Free Night Vision
Discount Sneaky Git
Discount Fungus Beer
Free Archery
Discount Ere 'We Go!

*Spider Rider

200 CP

Out of all the matter of beasts inhabiting dense forests of the Warhammer world, none have such a kinship with Forest Goblins as the Giant Spiders. Quite often, the fully grown spiders are used as a mount for the daring Spider Riders. The enemies of Forest Goblins can find no refuge from them, for no kind of obstacle will slow down a creature so accustomed to navigating woods. Indeed, these arachids are even able to crawl up the walls to eliminate the hostile firebases.

Usually, a Greenskin rider will carry a shortbow to thin the enemy ranks before the main assault. The quick shooting will then be followed by the potent assault, where Goblin spears, coupled with strong, poison-dripping mandibles of their mounts all but ensure the deaths of unwary enemies.

Free Giant Spider
Discount Riding
Discount Forestry
Discount Archery
Discount Poison Making

*Shaman

100 CP

Night Goblins rely upon shamans more than other Goblins. Their shamans are usually present in any Night Goblin force. Their magic is not any more reliable than a standard Greenskin shaman, but when it works it can be devastating. However, when it comes to magic don't expect any Greenskin force to prove victorious through magic alone.

Free RAFF OF DA GODZ
Free Night Vision
Discount Fungus Beer
Discount Brewmasta

*Squig Herder

100 CP

Squigs, or Cave Squigs are amongst the most deadly creatures to be found in deep caverns. They are a hybrid of fungus and flesh, with round bodies and enormous mouths. Night Goblins hunt Squigs using long forks called 'prodders'. Squig skins and hides are used to make many different things, including ropes, and Squigs taste delicious roasted. In battle Squigs are herded towards the enemy by Night Goblins equipped with pitchforks, firebrands and drums. Some especially reckless Night Goblins ride Squigs into battle. They have no control over fast the Squig moves, although they are able to guide the Squig towards the enemy.

Free - Either One Riding Squig or Three Squigs and a Prodder

Free Night Vision

Discount Fearless

Free Well 'Ard

*Fanatic

400 CP

Night Goblin Fanatics are Night Goblins wielding a great ball and chain, so large that it would be impossible for a Goblin to pick it up in usual circumstances. However, having drank a special brew made with the rare Mad Cap fungus the Fanatic's strength is boosted beyond belief. With the added strength the Night Goblin is able to swing the ball round and round in a whirlwind of destruction.

The Night Goblin is unaware of what is actually going on around him and must be carried into battle by his comrades. When the enemy is close enough the Night Goblins push the fanatic out of their unit, giving him a good shove to start him off in the right direction. Free at last the Fanatic begins twirling around, swinging the ball and chain in a dizzy circle of death. The Fanatic, in his stupor, doesn't have a clue where he is going and will happily plough through his own troops as well as the enemy.

Free Big Bag of 'Shrooms

Free Rekkin Ball

Free Night Vision

Free Well 'Ard

Free Blood Frenzy

Skaven

Skaven are usually around four to five feet tall when they stand up straight, although the largest can reach six feet tall. Fur covers their bodies except for their ears, muzzles, hands and fleshy rat tails.

Fur colour indicates a Skaven's role in society. Most Skaven are brown or piebald. White or grey is rare and indicates leadership, intelligence and especially sorcerous ability. Those with black or dark brown fur tend to be the largest and the colour is considered the mark of a born killer,

and most dark furred Skaven become elite warriors or assassins.

Skaven are twitchy, agitated creatures. Their metabolism allows them to burn energy at an incredible rate, boosting their agility and speed to unnatural levels. This effect also gives them an enormous hunger, which after heavy exertion can be so bad that the Skaven visibly weakens and dies. As a result the Skaven will feast on the dead of either side after a battle.

Female Skaven are rare, grotesque, bald and at best, bestially intelligent but are capable of giving birth to huge litters very frequently. This means that the Skaven are probably the most numerous of all races.

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

Albrecht of Nuln

Burned at the stake, IC 1301 for pernicious declamation

Stormvermin

Free, must be male

Stormvermin are elite Skaven warriors. They are recruited among young Skaven who display black fur. During their recruitment and training they receive better food, equipment and training creating superior warriors who are bigger, stronger, tougher and braver than the typical Clanrat warriors. While clanrats carry spears, rotten shields and wear scraps of metal, Stormvermin wield deadly Halberds and wear heavy armour. In battle the Stormvermin are organized and fight in separate elite units.

Free Strength in Numbers

Free Warpstone Exposure

Discount Elite

Discount Discipline

*Gutter Runner

200 CP, must be male

Gutter Runners are experienced members of Clan Eshin. Although already trained in the deadly skills of Clan Eshin they must master them whilst working in their small packs to become full Assassins. They are skilled at infiltrating and scouting ahead of the main Skaven lines as well as ambushing and destroying enemy machinery or small groups of fleeing soldiers. They are also useful for cutting down enemy wizards and leaders. They have been known to use the Skaven Under-Empire to make surprise attacks on forward enemy positions or the rear of an advancing enemy force.

Free Stealth
Free Warpstone Exposure
Discount Assassination
Discount Poison Manufacture
Discount Sneaky Git

*Warplock Jezzail

100 CP, must be male

Warplock Jezzails are long-barreled Skaven muskets which fire bullets of refined warpstone. A Warplock Jezzail usually requires a team of two to operate, one armed with the Jezzail and the other propping up a heavy shield used to rest the gun barrel on, the shield also providing cover for the team.

The Jezzail's unusually long barrel gives the weapon a range unsurpassed by other handguns. The high velocity of the warpstone bullet strikes with enough force to easily punch through shields and heavy armor, and the poisonous nature of the warpstone makes any damage inflicted all the more grievous.

Bullets fired by the Jezzail leave a faint green trail, which allows the enemy to trace the shots back to their source and return fire. As this makes Jezzail teams especially vulnerable, the traditional gun rest of the Jezzail has been developed into a large shield.

Free Jezzail
Free Warpstone Exposure
Discount Marksmanship

*Plague Monk

100 CP, must be male

Plague Monks are the devotees of Clan Pestilens, and are utterly dedicated to creating and spreading disease throughout the world in the name of the Horned Rat. In battle they form the mainstay troops of the armies of Clan Pestilens.

Far beyond the knowledge of mankind, they cultivate diseases in the darkness of their underground strongholds. New plagues are unleashed upon their unknowing victims, using infected rats released into sewers beneath the cities of man, bringing new and terrible afflictions upon their victims. The results are recorded in the Liber Bubonicus, a great book also known as the Book of Woe.

They wear tattered, ragged hooded habits and bandages, favoring colors of sickly greens, purples and blues. These bright colors contrast horribly with the foul sores and bony growths which wrack their bodies.

In battle they are driven by a literally religious fanaticism for sickness and plague, and the grievous corruption afflicting their bodies inures them to pain and injury.

Free Plague Censer

Free Rotten to the Core

Discount Liber Bubonicus

***Clan Moulder Beastmaster**

200 CP, must be male

Called Beastmasters and slave-warpers, they use the power of warpstone to breed mutant fighting beasts from slave-stock, and surgery is used to create still more heinous forms of monsters. Their methods are unknown, for they jealously guard the secrets that have given them such power. Rat Ogres, Tracker Rats and Wolf Rats are among the most well-known of their monsters. The Clan's most successful creation has been the Rat Ogre - these monstrous creatures have been the source of much of the Clan's power, as Grey Seers and other Skaven sorcerers will pay exorbitant amounts of warptokens to attain a Rat Ogre bodyguard.

Clan Moulder has few Skaven warriors compared to most Clans, and rely heavily on packs of its mutant beasts which it sends into battle. These are driven on by Packmasters, experts at the lash and at goading their charges into combat against enemies.

Clan Moulder armies are typically led by Master Moulders and then field Clanrats as well as Skavenslaves as the bulk of their troops. The armies then include masses of their experimental monsters such as the Rat Ogre and Giant Rats.

Free Beasts - Either one Rat Ogre or Twelve Giant Rats

Free Warpstone Exposure

Free Discipline

Slaves of Nagash

Nagash was the firstborn son of King Khetep of Khemri. He joined the Nehekharan Mortuary Cult and quickly rose to become High Priest. Like all Mortuary Priests, he was searching for a means of achieving immortality. Despite his rank of High Priest in the Mortuary Cult, he coveted even greater power.

Though Nagash was already well versed in the magical embalming arts of Nehekhara, it is said that a group of Dark Elf captives proved essential to his quest for immortality. One among their number was a sorceress. She revealed everything she knew about magic to the High Priest of Khemri.

Nagash learned of the Chaos Gate in the far north and the Winds of Magic that blew from it, and how they may be harnessed by a careful practitioner. Unlike the sorceries of Khemri, which relied on the intercession of gods, Nagash learned that mortals could manipulate magic for

themselves. He learned of Dark Magic and of how it coagulated into warpstone.

When the sorceress had outlived her usefulness, Nagash executed her companions, blinded the sorceress, removed her tongue and hands and buried her alive within his father's pyramid. With her knowledge, Nagash had become one of the few humans to truly master Dark Magic. He wandered the Necropolis of Khemri, summoning spirits of the departed and daemons with his new power, and learned great secrets.

After the death of their father, Nagash's brother Thutep took to the throne, becoming the ruler of Khemri. But Nagash was now determined to try a bid for absolute power.

One night, as the clouds covered the sky, Nagash slew his own brother, entombing him with their father. The next morning, Nagash claimed the throne of Khemri for himself. As there was none other to gainsay him, the ascension was not contested.

Nagash used his new knowledge as the basis for a new branch of magic which he called Necromancy. This magic greatly extended his lifespan and enabled him to reanimate the bodies of the dead. Nagash ruled Khemri with fear, and forced countless slaves to labour for fifty years to build the greatest pyramid in Khemri from black stone, which would come to be known as the Black Pyramid of Nagash.

Nagash penned all of his knowledge and findings within several tomes made of human flesh and flourished with human blood. These works became known as the Nine Books of Nagash. Many others in Khemri flocked to his promise of immortality and power. The most notable among these was Arkhan the Black, Nagash's chief lieutenant, as well as a third of the Priests of Khemri.

However, the other Kings of Nehekhara were aghast at the reign of terror which Nagash had begun. Enraged at the corruption he had brought, and in fear of the wrath of the gods, the kings from seven other lesser cities formed an alliance to force Nagash from his throne. A powerful army was raised against Khemri.

Nagash, in turn, used his Necromancy to raise an army of the undead, a horde of skeletons to destroy the attacking armies. Such a thing was unheard of, and in the death-obsessed culture of Nehekhara, it was recognized as the greatest of obscenities. Hundreds fled, terrified by the thoughts of battle versus the departed. However all was not lost. Although many did flee the sight of the dead army, the forces of the other kings rallied and Nagash was ultimately defeated, but not slain.

As Arkhan, the greatest swordsman of his time, gave his life to protect his master, Nagash fled to the northeast to plot his revenge against the lands of his birth in the Cursed Pit of Nagashizaar. It was generally decided at that time that all that Nagash had wrought during his accursed reign should be destroyed: the cabal of twisted followers he had ensnared to his ghastly practices were put to the sword, and great fires consumed much of what Nagash had

done and written--his precious Nine tomes were believed to be among the ashes, though a very few copies managed to escape the wreckage. That all of his tomes were not destroyed would eventually come back to haunt Khemri and Nehekhara, just as the shadow of the Black Pyramid haunted it constantly.

During this time, wandering in the desert, it is thought that Nagash came to the very point of death - only to cheat it and emerge as a Liche, the greatest of his kind, so much different of the ancient Liche Priests of the Mortuary Cult. He came to Cripple Peak and discovered there a secret deposit of warpstone.

Within the mountain he built his abode, a fortress-city to inspire terror and awe the world over - Nagashizzar. The mountain's highest peak was its tower. Nagash learned how to manipulate the warpstone, and at Nagashizzar he forged many of his famed artifacts of power including his wretched sword Mortis, his Crown of Sorcery, and his Black Armour. Prolonged exposure to the mutagenic warpstone twisted Nagash into a hideous monster, no longer recognisably human. It increased his size and his strength but left him little more than a walking skeleton.

Such a large amount of warpstone drew other creatures, namely Skaven, who fought a massive war against Nagash for control of Cripple Peak. The Skaven armies were vast, but Nagash's magic abilities were also massive, as were his armies of undead. After years of war led to a bitter stalemate, Nagash offered the Skaven a truce: he would give them warpstone if they would lure several Orc tribes into the pits beneath his fortress. The Skaven, wary of his plans but coveting the warpstone, agreed.

For hundreds of years the kings continued to rule Nehekhara much as they had before. In Lahmia the reigning Queen Neferata came across a copy of one of the Books of Nagash. She was captivated by the dark lore contained within and begun studying Necromancy.

Finally driven by her quest for immortality to make a pact with Nagash, she took an elixir distilled from his own blood. The moment the elixir reached her lips, Neferata's fate was sealed. She had chosen damnation and exile: Her heart stopped beating, and she became something both more and less than human. She became the first true vampire. Neferata gathered to her the eleven greatest minds and champions of Lahmia, and gave to them each a portion of this elixir. They were the Master Vampires, from whom all other vampires in the world are descended.

Fearful of the wrath of the Gods, the famed King Alcadizaar of Khemri gathered together all the armies of Nehekhara and waged war on the twisted queen. Despite the powerful magics and armies of Undead unleashed by the vampires, the threat of Lahmia was crushed by a huge army mustered by King Alcadizaar. The queen fled Lahmia with a retinue of the six remaining Master Vampires she had created.

Those who fled were met by Nagash in the mountains of the north, and he embraced them as spawns of his own corrupt magic. These vampires became his captains. Nagash sent these

undying warriors to make war with Nehekhara at the head of a mighty army of skeletons.

But Nagash had underestimated his former countrymen. Alcadizaar the Conqueror was the greatest general of his age (the 6th dynasty of Nehekhara) -- and some argue the greatest King to ever rule Khemri -- and led a unified army against the undead invaders. After many years of bloody war the hordes of Nagash were pushed back. As such the Master Vampires decided to flee, with only W'soran remaining at Nagash's side eager for more necromantic lore. Nagash was furious and cursed all vampire kind to burn in the rays of the sun.

So bitter and evil was Nagash that he decided that if he was not allowed to rule all of Nehekhara then no-one could. He concluded that it was better to slay everything in Nehekhara than see it ruled by someone else. The first part of his plan was to get his Skaven allies to pollute the river Vitae, whose life-giving water the people depended upon. After he had tainted the river it became black and foul, and has since been renamed the River Mortis. Soon after the corruption of the Vitae pestilence ravaged the lands of Nehekhara.

Alcadizaar was forced to watch as first those he loved died, including his wife and children and then watched his beloved kingdom crumble before him. When a new army of the undead invaded Nehekhara, it was led by W'soran and Arkhan, whom Nagash resurrected as a powerful Liche. The meek defences put up to stop the invasion were easily thwarted and Alcadizaar himself was captured by the fell beasts. He was not executed though: instead he was thrown into a cell in Nagashizzar to be tortured at Nagash's pleasure.

It was now, with Alcadizaar imprisoned and Nehekhara on its knees, that Nagash revealed the conclusion of his evil plans. He began to weave one of the most powerful spells ever to be attempted. At the pinnacle of his power Nagash unleashed a mighty wave of sorcerous energy which washed over the land for hundreds of miles, causing everything that was living to decay and die, and all that was dead to rise again. Nagash planned to use his necromantic powers to raise the entire population of Nehekhara as an unstoppable army, which he would use to conquer the entire world, and there is little doubt he would have succeeded, had a strange turn of events not taken place.

The Skaven leaders, the Council of Thirteen, watching from afar, realised the threat posed by this latest development. Still eager for control of Nagash's large deposit of warpstone at Cripple Peak, and aware that they would be amongst the first to suffer Nagash's wrath, the Council made the unanimous decision to assassinate Nagash. Rather than risk their own lives in an attempt to slay him, they decided to free Alcadizaar and provide him with the means to ensure Nagash's destruction. A powerful blade was made out of pure warpstone, a blade so deadly and volatile that even the wielder would eventually succumb to the effects--the Fellblade. Infiltrating Nagashizzar, a group of hooded Skaven agents freed Alcadizaar from his captivity and gave him the blade, departing without a word or a backward glance.

Still weak from the power he had exerted casting his immensely powerful spell, Nagash was recovering when Alcadizaar stumbled into his throne room. Surprising Nagash in his moment of

weakness, Alcadizaar cut off one of Nagash's hands. Stumbling back, Nagash unleashed deadly magics at Alcadizaar. As he did so, his hand ran off into the shadows like a huge spider. Despite both being fatigued and weakened by their ordeals, the ensuing battle was titanic.

The Council of Thirteen, watching the battle unfold, joined their magic powers together to protect Alcadizaar from Nagash's onslaught, even as they were slowly being killed by Nagash's power. The battle lasted for an eternity, for even in his weakened state, Nagash was a foe to be reckoned with. But finally it was Alcadizaar who emerged victorious. Flying into a rage, Alcadizaar flew at Nagash and hacked away at him until he was dead and his corpse left in many small pieces.

Looking out across the land at his destroyed people, Alcadizaar fell into despair. He took Nagash's crown and stumbled around his empty kingdom being driven mad by his ordeal and the warpstone blade of the Skaven. Eventually he died, and the artefacts were taken up by others: the Skaven recovered the Fellblade, while the crown fell into the hands of the human shaman Kadon. The Skaven gathered every piece of Nagash's body and burnt them in fires of warpstone, scattering his ashes across the world. However they missed his hand--the dreaded Claw of Nagash.

Skeleton Warrior

Free

Clad in corroded armour, their lifeless hands gripping swords, spears and shields these undead warriors should form the bulk of your army. Large units of Skeletons standing rank upon rank, side by side are the defining feature of an Undead army.

Free Undying

Free Fear

Free Unholy Abomination

*Wight

400 CP

In ancient times, mighty warlords fought across the land that is known as the Empire. Upon their death, these brutal warriors were buried deep beneath the ground, their tombs protected from thieves and looters by shamanistic spells. Many of these tombs are now long gone; but many others still remain. Some were built in areas where Dark Magic flows and pools. In these accursed places, the incumbents rest uneasily, their souls flickering between the world of mortals and the realm of the afterlife. When the Dark Magic grows strong, the ancient warlords rise from their crypts as Wight Kings, eyes glowing with unnatural life. The merest touch of their blade can drain the life from their foes, or slice through flesh and bone with effortless ease. Clad in heavy armour, their bodies are virtually invulnerable to damage, making them a popular hero to lead Skeleton Warriors or Grave Guard into battle.

Free Tomb Blade

Free Elite
Free Ancient Armor
Free Undying
Free Fear
Free Unholy Abomination

*Necromancer

300 CP

Necromancers are evil sorcerers who devote themselves to the practice of Necromancy, a form of Dark Magic. Necromancers may commune with the spirits of the dead, and even raise the dead from their graves to form armies of the Undead. Another feared power is their ability to drain the life from their opponents, causing them to age years in a matter of moments, until they collapse into a heap of bones and rot. Their magic can extend their mortal lives for centuries.

Free Necromancy
Free Scourge of the Living
Discount Mage Lord (Shyish)
Discount Winds of Magic
Discount Necromancer Lord

Necromancers do not always begin as evil men. Most are inclined to insanity and darkness, but a few are drawn to the path of the dark art by more innocent motives, and may simply seek to save their own life or that of a loved one. No matter what set them on the path, the practice of such unnatural arts soon begins to take its toll on the necromancer's mind and body. Dark Magic is a destructive force, and without some form of protection, Necromancers will gradually wither away until they are mere wraiths. Some Necromancers instead manage to discover how to raise themselves after death to become undead Liches.

Because of the detestable nature of their practice, few men are hated and feared more than are Necromancers. Necromancers rarely inhabit civilised areas, except in the most decadent or lawless regions of the Old World such as Sylvania, the Badlands and parts of Bretonnia.

*Wraith

500 CP

Those who practice dark magic face many terrible dangers. Some try to extend their lives for decades or even centuries beyond their natural span. Sometimes they succeed, and the individual retains his physical body and mental powers, but more often the result is far more horrible than death itself. Age and the continual use of dark magic drains the soul and withers the body, until only an insubstantial husk remains, deprived of its substance and driven by a mind twisted by its most hideous fears.

Such cursed creatures are called Wraiths. Once they were great men, wizards of considerable

power, Necromancers with legions of Undead at their command, but now they are just shadows held between life and death by their own desire for immortality. Their cloaks give them substance, but nothing remains of their physical bodies. Two glowing eldritch eyes glint from beneath their cowls, glimmering with malign knowledge. They are dangerous because their chill touch drains life from living creatures, sucking out the warmth and spirit, driving their victims wild with terror.

Wraiths are ghostly creatures that are notoriously difficult to wound with conventional weapons. As beings of magic, they can be damaged by the Winds. As they are sometimes extremely powerful magic users in their own right, one must be very skilled to best a Wraith in a contest of the arcane. A wraith carries a double handed scythe and is a symbol of death for most humans.

Free Ethereal
Free Undying
Free Unholy Abomination
Free Fear
Free Scourge of the Living

*Liche
500 CP

The majority of Necromancers who study Necromancy in order to extend their life end up insane, dead, or as an incorporeal Wraith. However there are some strong enough who manage to beat the odds. They become Liches, beings with such a mastery of the winds of magic that they've able to arrest decay within their own bodies long after death and time should have claimed them.

They are skeletal figures clothed in ancient fragments of the fine robes of their previous life. Being extremely powerful, they are more than able to raise and control the dead.

Free Necromancy
Free Necromancer Lord
Free Undying
Free Unholy Abomination
Free Fear
Free Scourge of the Living

Tomb Kings

The Tomb Kings (also Priest King or Vizier) are the long dead rulers of Nehekhara from thousands of years ago. Each city had several dynasties each with several kings and as such there are hundreds of kings vyeing for power now they have all risen from the dead. They would constantly wage war on each other to spread their influence across Nehekhara. The greatest kings ruled in Khemri, making it the biggest and strongest city in Nehekhara.

Certainly the greatest ruler ever to grace the lands of Nehekhara rose here. Settra the Imperishable founded Khemri and conquered the entire empire. He lived far longer than most before he eventually died. He was one of the last to be awoken by Nagash's spell, possibly due to his age, but he immediately took control of the empire back and commanded all others to return to their tombs.

One of the Tomb Kings.

Each king had a pyramid built for them in the necropolis of their city, adorning it with fine statues they would use in the afterlife. Also buried with them is their kingly chariot and steeds waiting for the day they are called back to the world of life.

The Tomb Kings are revived by the Liche Priests when they are needed to defend an area that Settra cannot get to in time.

Skeleton Warrior

Free

Skeleton Warriors form the backbone of the Khemrian armies. In life they were dedicated warriors, willing to lay down their lives for their King. In death they do much the same. Raised from mass graves beneath the ancient pyramids, the Skeleton Warriors take up sword and shield once more, their every action controlled by the Tomb King, their life sustained by the army Hierophant. While an individually Skeleton Warrior lacks the martial skill to overcome an enemy, a regiment of them fighting together in silent unison will form an impenetrable wall of spears and shields that few enemies will ever want to charge.

Free Undying

Free Fear

*Tomb Prince

100 CP

Tomb Princes are the sons produced in life by the Tomb Kings. The ancient Nehekharan kings often had many children from their harems, but only one could succeed their father as king. The others served on the battlefield. Those who died heroically in battle were honored with mummification and entombment within their father's pyramid. Those who survived went on to serve their royal brother as officers and upon death were entombed with their brother to serve him the afterlife. Those few who were not satisfied with their lot, and sought to usurp the throne, were denied mummification and had their bones scattered to the winds. Prince Apophas is a notable exception, however, for his crimes were so heinous that it was necessary for his body to be preserved, albeit in its own twisted fashion.

Free Undying

Free Fear

Free Elite

***Necrotect**

300 CP

The Necrotects were artisans and architects of ancient Nehekhara. Each would design many awe inspiring monuments and then oversee their creation. Teams of slaves and workers would toil ceaselessly in the creation of War Statues, Monoliths, Tombs and Pyramids.

Necrotects were notoriously volatile, and it would take little to raise their ire. It was not uncommon for Necrotects to mete out harsh punishments for even the slightest delay or damage to their work.

They would never permit the finer details of a piece to be crafted by 'lesser' hands, and would often spend days carving intricate hieroglyphs and friezes. These were not simply ornamental, as the Necrotects were trained by the Mortuary Cult to ward the tombs and pyramids they crafted against the ravages of time and against malign influence that threatened the safety of the king's body.

Free Undying

Either Six free Necrophidians or Nine free Ushabti or One free Tomb Scorpion

Discount Battlefield Engineer

Discount Siegecraft

***Necropolis Knight**

200 CP

Necropolis Knights are the Tomb Kings version of the mortal heavy cavalry. If the best best a mortal can hope for is a horse overloaded with armour, the Nehekharan finest ride the animated stone snakes. Their heavy tails can literally shatter bone with monstrous swipes, while dipping giant fangs in warm flesh. Even if the wound itself is not lethal, the victim is still ultimately doomed; the statue's head conceals poison sacs, further likening to the real snake.

It is only logical that only the best will get to ride these beasts and the knights have a lot in common with the Tomb Guard, including the life-draining spear in their bony hand.

One Free Necrophidian

Free Riding

Free Undying

Free Elite

***Liche Priest**

300 CP

The Liche Priests are servants of the Tomb Kings of Khemri. They are undying, preserved by forbidden magics long past their natural life-spans would have allowed.

The first Liche Priests originated in the founding of the Mortuary Cult by the Tomb Kings. They were obsessed with finding a way to overcome death and that was the job of the Mortuary Cult. They were commanded by Settra to find a way to make him immortal, never to die. They failed but in the process found ways of extending their lives. It was in the reign of Utep that the priests learnt great secrets and didn't die. They are likely to be the same priests who serve the Tomb Kings now. They are supposedly the fifth dynasty of priests who didn't die.

They were quite safe in Nehekhara for not even the king could execute them as he required them to protect his body and lengthen his life as much as possible. This way the cult became a very powerful force behind the throne. They also have the duty of tending to the Liche High Priest at the heart of every temple on every necropolis. They must perform various rituals of communication with the dead and repairing parchments of vital information.

Due to their knowledge they have formidable magical powers and are said to be the ones controlling the king, or at least keeping him from death. Without a priest, an army gradually falls to dust, skeleton warriors collapsing to piles of bones all around. They can also cast spells of devastating power that most other races are completely unaware of.

Free Undying
Free Fear
Free Ancient Lore
Free Mage
Discount Mage Lord

Vampire Counts

600 CP

There are five distinct types of vampire known as Bloodlines, each descending from one of the surviving Nehekharan "first vampires" created by Neferata over 3000 years ago. Each bloodline possesses different powers and characteristics, though many of these seem to degenerate with the "generation" of vampire. The generation refers to the vampire practice of making a "get" (another vampire) and how many places the get is from one of the original seven vampires. So if Ushoran made Kadon a vampire, then Kadon would be a second generation vampire, ie slightly less powerful, and any get of Kadon would be a third generation vampire and slightly less powerful still. The vampire bloodlines are as follows:

Von Carsteins

Generations of Von Carstein vampires have ruled the lands of Sylvania, a cursed stretch of land on the eastern fringes of the Empire. They have clashed many times with the rulers of the Empire, and although they are not the only bloodline of vampires, they are the most well known to citizens of the Empire, and it is vampires such as the Von Carsteins who commonly appear in folk tales and myths. They are seen as having a close affinity with creatures of the

night such as Wolves and Giant Bats. The Von Carsteins are famous for possessing a ring which allows them to regenerate wounds which would kill another vampire.

The three most famous Von Carsteins are Vlad, who came extremely close to defeating the Empire but was killed at the siege of Altdorf, his wife Isabella committing suicide after the event and Mannfred, who stole the ring from Vlad, allowing him to be killed, but who was defeated at the battle of Hel Fenn. There was also Konrad, a ruthless and insane count who nearly caused the extinction of the bloodline. The Von Carsteins are the stereotypical vampires and the Von Carstein bloodline have powers involving wolves, including being able to summon them or transform into them. The traditional seat of power for Von Carsteins is the infamous Drakenhof castle, which now lies in ruins.

Free Vampirism

Free Aura of Nobility

Free Etiquette

Discount Necromancy (Must also take Scourge of the Living at 200 CP cost)

Discount Ranconteur

Blood Dragons

Blood Dragons are fallen knights, frequently from the realm of Bretonnia. They are portrayed as souls in suffering, neither good nor evil. Out of all the vampiric bloodlines, the Blood Dragons are the most skilled at hand to hand combat and are the most militaristic, the Blood dragon bloodline is expanded when a Blood dragon finds an opponent skillful in combat or tactics. The downside of this militarism is that their spellcasting abilities are not as powerful as the other families. The Blood Dragon progenitor is Abhorash who famously defeated the vampiric curse by drinking the blood of a dragon releasing himself from the blood lust, after conquering the dragon he told his brothers to go out and hone their combat skills until they are strong enough to defeat a dragon. His favourite, Walach Harkon, defeated an entire order of knights of the Ordo Draconis in The Empire, making those who fought well into vampires and killing the rest. Harkon and his brother knights were eventually repulsed after a three-year siege of their keep.

Free Nightmare

Free Vampirism

Free Elite

Free Command of Abhorash

Lahmians

This bloodline is mostly female, descended from Neferata the original vampire queen of the city of Lahmia in Nehekhara. They emphasise the hypnotic beauty and seductive nature of vampires and many of their bloodline powers centre around enchantments and compulsions, giving them the ability to influence those they wish to manipulate to their own ends. Neferata famously defeated Queen Khalida Neferher of Lybaras in a duel to the death and intended to infect her

vampirism, but the Nehekharan Asp Goddess saved Khalida, filling her veins with poison. Khalida now fights for the Tomb Kings while Neferata dwells high in the World's Edge Mountains at the Silver Pinnacle. Here she sends out her minions to seize important positions in the land of men thus creating a influential network for her intrigues.

Free Vampirism
Free Seductress/Seducer
Free Vision of Perfection
Free Ettiquette
Free Ranconteur
Free Gentleman/Gentlewoman of Infinite Leisure.

Necrachs

Necrach vampires, the rarest of all bloodlines, appear monstrous and wizened, with gaunt features and grey, dry skin. They are relatively weak in combat but have much greater magical potential than the other vampire bloodlines and suffer the blood lust less than other families. They are described as solitary researchers, working on ever more terrible spells as they live out their undying centuries. Their ultimate goal is to turn all life into death. W'soran was the progenitor of the Necrachs. When the city of Lahmia fell, it's great libraries, filled with arcane knowledge both mundane and necromantic were burnt to the ground. W'soran, a great scholar, was dismayed. He and his surviving get of vampires fled to the far-flung corners of the world where they would be left in peace and built tall towers and keeps to study the necromantic arts.

Free Vampirism
Free Ancient Lore
Free Necromancy
Free Scourge of the Living
Discount Mage
Discount Mage Lord

Strigoi

In appearance the Strigoi are even more monstrous than the Necrachs and are huge and heavily built. They are descended from Ushoran, the Lord of Masks, Nagash's lieutenant, who helped Kadon build the ancient empire of Strigos around the city of Mourkain in the Badlands. After the destruction of Mourkain at the hands of Greenskins, the surviving Strigoi vampires were driven from their homelands into the Old World by the other vampires in retribution for Ushoran abandoning them, where they were persecuted by humans and by vampires of the other bloodlines. They are half-mad and barely intelligent, but in terms of strength and bestial fury there are few creatures in the world to match them. This is due to their origins in Khemri.

When the great city was destroyed, Ushoran fled with a host of followers. They travelled the

desert for years being shunned by the other vampire families, they sat outside the castles and keeps of the Von Carstein and Lahmians and watched the lords and ladies feast, growing jealous of the Von Carsteins and Lahmians with their opulence. The Necrach bloodline considered the strigoi as an interesting scientific subject and experimented upon them. The Blood Dragons consider the Strigoi as an interesting prey to hunt and dispatch. As such their appearance and temperament became more and more animalistic and bestial. Unlike most other vampires, Strigoi will feed on the blood of freshly dead humans.

Free Vampirism
Free Ghoul King
Free Feral
Free Blood Frenzy
Free Titanic Strength
Free Unholy Abomination
Free Hated Enemy - Vampire
Free Trollish Regeneration

The Empire

Of the Human nations of the Old World, the most important by far is that of the Empire of Man, more often called simply The Empire, forged by the warrior-king and ascended deity Sigmar from the primitive Human tribes of barbarians who inhabited what became the lands of the southern Empire more than 2500 years ago. Although not as skilled in craftsmanship as the Dwarfs or in magic as the High Elves, the people of the Empire are not beholden by the limits of tradition to the same extent as the Dwarfs or High Elves and continue to progress culturally, technologically and magically. Having yet to succumb to any threat, external or internal, it is the faith, the sense of righteousness, and the unconquerable spirit of its citizens which gives the Empire its strength, as well as the ruthless efficiency of its military and religious orders. The Empire is often represented in common iconography by a symbol known as the Imperial Cross, which is a long-standing symbol of Imperial unity. The top three arms of the cross stand for the northern, western, and eastern tribes that founded the ancient Empire, and the bottom refers to the Dwarfs, the Empire's oldest and staunchest allies. It has connotations of unity and oaths fulfilled.

Reiskguard

free

The Reiksguard form an elite core of highly trained, expensively-equipped troops who are loyal to the Emperor in person, and are his best troops, in battle usually forming up in the centre around the Emperor himself.

They accompany the Emperor on all occasions in war and peace, forming his personal bodyguard on campaign and battlefield and in the course of his diplomatic tours throughout Empire ceremonial duties, and they have sworn to give their lives to protect the Emperor. In times of war, they take the field along with the Emperor, forming an elite unit at the core of the

Imperial armies. They are also responsible for the security of all palaces and castles belonging to the Imperial family.

Free Elite
Free Defender
Discount Innovative

***Battle Wizard**

300 CP

Battle Wizards are strange and mysterious individuals who wield awesome magical powers, and are privy to secrets beyond the ken of normal folk. They are Men, mostly found in the service of The Empire, but occasionally serve other masters or simply themselves.

The Wizards are trained at the Colleges of Magic and are very sought after by the Elector Counts, for they are amongst the only ones capable of challenging and combating enemy sorcerers or shamans.

The first Battle Wizards were trained by the High Elf Teclis at the request of Magnus the Pious in order to better combat the Forces of Chaos.

Free Mage
Discount Mage Lord
Discount Innovative
Discount Winds of Magic
Free Wizards Hat and Cloak
Free Wizards Staff

***Imperial Engineer**

200 CP

The College of Engineers, based in the city of Altdorf, was founded over 500 years ago in The Empire as the brainchild of the famed inventor Leonardo of Miragliano. Over the years it has grown, even attracting renegade Dwarf engineers who were cast from their halls for violating the strict orthodoxies of the highly traditionalist Dwarf Engineers Guilds.

The College concerns itself with alchemical and mechanical research, and designs and builds war machines and weapons for the Empire. Although the College's endeavors are not limited purely to the area of weapons, it is inevitable in a dangerous world that much of its focus is on advancing the Empire's technology of war. Its greatest patron is the Emperor himself, who supports the research of the College with massive amounts of gold.

The College has created many of the more advanced weapons now in use by Imperial armies, such as the Hochland long rifle, the repeater handgun and the repeater pistol. One of their more eccentric creations was a mechanical horse that could be ridden by a member of the

College in battle.

Free Either one Mechanical Horse or Three riflemen armed with either Hochland Long Rifles or Repeater Pistols

Free Engineer

Discount Defender

Discount Siegecraft

Discount Innovative

***Flagellant**

100 CP

In times of war, plague and extreme hardship, there are those amongst the empire populace who become displaced, their homes, livelihoods and family removed by calamity. Due to hopelessness and horror, these folk are driven mad, and cling to the belief that this is a sign that the end times are nigh! These people wander the Empire, joining warbands of other insane flagellants to spread the word of imminent destruction, instructing others to repent of their sins. They seek more "proof" of impending doom. When war threatens, bands of crazed Flagellants instinctively gravitate towards battlefields, appearing unannounced and charging headlong towards the enemy without fear or hesitation. Flagellants fight in a crazed frenzy, driven insane by the horrors the world has inflicted upon them and desperate for their pain to end. They are usually armed with flails, large bells, flaming torches, maces and occasionally scythes.

Free Redeemer's Flail

Free Vow of Poverty

Free Well 'Ard

Free Insane

Discount Innovative

Discount Fearless

Discount Hated Enemy

***Knight of the Empire**

200 CP

A Knight is a highly trained and specialized warrior. He usually fights riding a warhorse (but on rare occasions on foot or even mounted on a Demigryph) and is armed with a lance and/or a hand weapon, and is usually protected by heavy armour and a shield. Knights en masse are heavy cavalry and the main purpose of a group of Knights is to act as shock cavalry.

The expensive equipment and specialized training usually requires a highly organized society and nation. Knights are most often of noble birth and almost all male nobles are knights. Most knights hold their honour in high regard, and follow a code of chivalry, obeying certain rules of behaviour. Poor knights may see themselves forced to work as mercenaries, while the truly

desperate and dishonourable may even become robber-knights. The last sort are no better than common criminals. In The Empire the majority of knights are organized in several Knightly Orders. Some of these orders are the figurative 'mailed fist' of religious cults while other are regional organizations.

Free Warhorse
Free Elite
Discount Innovative
Discount Ettiquette
Discount Demigryph

Bretonnian

The Kingdom of Bretonnia is a Human nation that lies between the Grey Mountains and the Great Ocean, within lands that were once part of the High Elves domain in -3000 IC. Bretonnia is second only in size, and military might unto that of the Empire, having a culture and society that revolves around the ideals of nobility, social birthright and the upholding of a strictly enforced code of chivalry.

The nation of Bretonnia has also been credited for having the greatest Knights in the entire Old World, rivaling, or in some ways even surpassing that of the Imperial Empire's own Knightly Orders. As such, it is a common practice for the armies of Bretonnia to be comprised mostly of Knights and Noblemen, supported by massed peasant levies of archers and pikemen. Each Knight is required by Law, {these being mostly the edicts of the King}, to bring his own vassle army of levies, {His Knight's fee}, to provide the Bretonnian military with much needed man-power.

The religion that currently dominates this mighty feudal nation, is the worship of a local elemental diety known only as the "Lady of the Lake". This mysteirous Goddess of Purity, Light and Order is believed to have aided King Gilles le Breton in unifying Bretonnia unto a single nation, during a Greenskin Invasion from the Southern Mountains in 978 IC. The Bretonnian calender is offset from the Sigmarian Empire's by about 977 years, as the people of the Bretonni weren't fully united until King Gilles reign as the first Bretonnian monarch and Grail Knight.

Bretonnian recorded history can vary greatly from dutchy to dutchy, being recorded and maintained such as it is, mostly by monks within the many Grail Monestary's dotting the land. Even today most Bretonnians are completely illiterate, this includes the Nobles, all of whom retain through patronage a stable of artists, musicians, scholars and monks to do such work for them.

"....Thou shalt give unto thine glorious liege the taxes that he requires....Thou shalt labour all but feast day's.....And no more than a tenth-share shall you keep for kith and kin....Rejoice!

For a Knight of Bretonnia provides your shield"

—Vow's of the Peasants unto their Bretonnian Lord

Man-at-Arms

Free

Men-at-arms are the common footsoldiers of Bretonnia. They recruited from the finest peasants in the particular noble's domain to patrol his lands and protect his castle. When recruited, they are given a shield with a noble's heraldry on it, but must provide weapons (typically polearms) and armour themselves. Because they hardly receive any training, they are substandard troops, inferior to the Empire State Troops and barely above Goblins. They know this and are unwilling to fight, the presence of their lord often the only factor keeping them in combat, rather than fleeing back from where they came from. Not that any nobles would care, though: they never had any big plans for them in the first place.

Free Man-at-Arms

Free Discipline

Free Endurance

*Knight Errant

100 CP

Knights Errant are sons of nobles, wether rich or poor, who join battle for glory and to gain honour and recognition. They are wealthy enough to own a horse as well as equipment, usually a lance, a sword, a shield, as well as a suit of chainmail or some armour of similar worth. Unlike Knights of the Realm however, they do not own any land at all, and don't swear any kind of direct alligance to a Baron or Earl.

On the battlefield, they tend to be rather impetuous and arrogant, eager to prove their worth to their superiors so that they might one day earn the title of knight, as well as a piece of land and peasants to work it.

Free Charger

Free Lords and Ladies

Free Man-At-Arms

Free Discipline

Discount Ettiquette

Discount Elite

Discount Aura of Nobility (Replaces Lords and Ladies if purchased)

*Battle Pilgrim

100 CP

Battle Pilgrims are people fanatically devoted to protecting Grail Knights, as latter are the

chosen of the Lady of the Lake, the goddess that embodies the spirit of Bretonnia and thus are literally holy men. This fanaticism keeps them in battle even where many knights would retreat. Furthermore, while they receive no training with their modest equipment, that same fanaticism makes them determined to reach their enemies and so helps them through.

Free Man-at-Arms

Free Fantaticism

Free Endurance

Discount Blessing of the Lady

*Damsel

200 CP, must be female.

Damsels are Bretonnian women possessing magical abilities who serve in the Cult of the Lady of the Lake. They master either Lore of Life or Lore of Beasts, using this fair magic to aid the noble knights of Bretonnia, while simultaneously preventing the foul wizards of the enemy from unleashing their foul sorcery on Lady's people.

As the members of the Cult, the Damsels bypass many Bretonnian limitations regarding women (such as the ban on riding horses.) and wield great authority. While they normally act as advisers to the powerful nobles, they are able to give orders to Dukes, should the need arise.

Free Mage

Six Free Knights Errant

Discount Mage Lord

Discount Blessing of the Lady

Discount Winds of Magic

Discount Aura of Nobility

*Mounted Yeoman

200 CP

Mounted Yeomen are the most privileged of all Bretonnian serfs, holding small posts like militia leaders. As such, they are rich and trusted enough to be allowed to have horses. They arm themselves with bows and spears, rich enough to be trained in using them effectively. Lacking the armour of nobles to engage enemy regiments head-on, they scout ahead instead, picking off the enemy with arrows at a distance and then charge the weakened or vulnerable enemy (war machines are some of the most favourite targets)

Having accumulated that wealth on privileged positions, they are far less inclined to run away, though the presence of their masters still helps. However, the nobles still don't care enough about their fate to be concerned if they do flee.

Free Man-at-Arms

Free Discipline
Free Charger
Free Riding
Discount Ettiquette
Discount Lords and Ladies (Gives bonus of half again CP cost)

Ogre

The Ogre Kingdoms lie far to the east of the Old World, beyond even the Dark Lands that lie across the great Worlds Edge Mountains. The land is cold, harsh, desolate and mountainous, where only the most dangerous and savage creatures can thrive. At the top of the food chain are the Ogres; brutish monsters who are violent and voracious in the extreme.

The Ogre Kingdoms lie within the desolate Mountains of Mourn, or more particularly, within the craggy valleys between the mountains themselves. The Kingdoms are a large collection of dictatorships, each ruled by its own Tyrant, who is the invariably the largest and most brutish and domineering of all the Ogres he rules over. The boundaries of an individual kingdom extend as far as the ruling Tyrant can see.

The mountainous Ogre Kingdoms are host to a large number of dangerous creatures, such as Sabretusks, Mammoths, Yhetees, Rhinoxes, Gnoblars and the Ogres themselves.

The Ogres worship an all-devouring god known as The Great Maw. their relationship is not just one of devotion, but also one of fear, for the Great Maw was once responsible for the near destruction of the Ogre race.

Many thousand of years ago the Ogres lived far to the east of the Mountains of Mourn, in the great sweeping steppes on the borders of Cathay. Their homeland was fertile and rolling grasslands spread from horizon to horizon, with grazing gnubeasts and yak provided an ever replenishing source of meat. With no natural barriers to divide their kingdoms the Ogres lived as nomads, trading almost as often as fighting. The great secret of fire was given to them by their Cathayan neighbors, who in return started to recruit the strongest and most intelligent of the Ogres into their grand imperial army. Tribe upon tribe prowled the steppes as their numbers grew, however the barbarian Ogre civilization prospered to such an extent that Ogre raids started to spill into Cathay itself, praying on the simple peasant children on the rice paddies. Before long many Ogres had acquired a taste for Cathayan flesh. This was something His most excellent Majesty Xen Houg, Celestial Dragon emperor of the imperial palace of great Cathay, took a very dim view of indeed.

Whether Xen Houg's coven of very powerful astromancers had anything to do with the catastrophe that befell the Ogres remains speculation. But not long after the children of the land began to go missing and bloodied bones littered the paddy fields, a great burning light appeared in the sky. It increased in brightness and size with every passing day until it eclipsed even Morrslieb & Mannslieb. over the weeks it grew to a baleful, glowing orb that crackled and

spat above the plains, turning night into day and driving the wildlife mad with fear. A corona of green light came into focus as it grew even closer, and fanciful observers even claim that this new celestial object had a face or more accused a mouth.

One sweltering night, this comet slammed into the Ogre homeland with such force that it could be felt on the other side of the world. All life around it was boiled away in an instant, two thirds of the Ogre population was annihilated as the steppes were liquified under the hammer-blow of this new and terrible god. The raging blinding firestorms that followed the comet's fall incinerated everything for miles around. Had there been any survivors left to peer into this massive crater left by the comets descent, they would have seen that the comet didn't just stop when it impacted the earth, but it had burrowed deep into the heart of this world.

For the devastated Tribes that survived the worst had yet to come. Their verdant homeland was now nothing more than a searing desert of howling sandstorms and baleful energy that ripped the flesh from their bones. Other than the Ogres only a handful of insects had survived the disaster, and starvation quickly set in. The surviving tribes degenerated into cannibalisme, falling upon each other in fear and hunger as the drought and lack of food gnawed away at their once-full bellies. To the Ogres it seemed that a vengeful god had fallen upon them, consuming all before it: a great and terrible maw that exists only to feed. Thus the insatiable god of the Ogres was born

The strongest and hardest of the Ogres found themselves even after having eater their weaker brethren , found that the gnawing hunger that visited upon them at the Great Maw's landing would not leave them. No longer able to cross into Cathay due to the poisonous desolation left in the comets wake, the majority of the survivors migrated to the mountain ranges to the west in search of new homeland and respite from the great drought however, one of the oldest legends tell of Groth Onefinger who went further into the desert with the intent of offering sacrifices to the new and powerful god. What he found had since been depicted on a thousand gut-plates and banners, and is forever enched into the history of the Ogres. Before him stretched a gigantic, gaping crater the size of an inland sea, filled with ridge upon ridge of jagged teeth and rippling, convulsing muscles that stretched down and down into nothingness; a gullet so huge it could swallow a race like the Ogres and still hunger for more. It exists there even now, a vile, pulsing god visited upon the face of the world by the vengeful gods.

To this day many Ogres follow in the footsteps of Groth, the first prophet of the Maw, in a pilgrimage to their deity few return, for the Great Maw still hungers. Its presence still writhers like a malevolent worm in the minds of the Ogres, beckoning them forward one by one. So it is that the Ogres travel the world, subconsciously the relentlessness planted in them by their gluttonous god at the time of its birth. Those that have crossed the ocean claim that there is another maw on the other side of the world, a vast, fanged whirlpool that devours any ships that stray to close to it, but these claims are dismissed by the more civilized races as superstition for how could a comet gnaw its way through the core of the planet?

such is the reverence to the maw that the Ogres dig stake like pits where they travel, throwing

in bloody trunks of meat as offerings to their god before each feast. They regularly fight to the death in these stinking meat-filled maw-pits dug into the earth at their feast halls, hoping that the blood spilled in their cannibal rites will appease the Great Maw. But the eternal hunger of the Great Maw can never truly be sated, and while it hungers still its barbarous sons will feed and feed and feed until they consume the world.

Ogre

free

An Ogre is a monstrous humanoid creature, with a large, powerful and corpulent body, and a snarling, brutish and seemingly-neckless head. An average adult male Ogre stands over ten feet tall, and is almost half as wide at the gut. Ogres are often bald as a boulder, although are rarely without facial hair, which are thought to be cultivated to capture morsels of food that escape the Ogre's mouth.

Ogres worship a god they call The Great Maw, a massive, seemingly bottomless pit of hunger in the world lined with rows of fangs. Ogres similarly are voracious creatures which are never sated. Driven by hunger, they will eat anything they get their hands on, including fellow Ogres. Cannibalism is a natural part of the harsh and uncompromising Ogre society, and only adds to the Ogre's terrifying reputation.

Free Well 'Ard

Free Lil' Bit Slow on the Uptake

Free Sum fer da Maw, sum fer me

Free Ogres Strength

*Bruiser

200 CP

Bruisers are some of the most powerful individuals in the Ogre society, superior to regular Bulls in literally every way, being bigger, stronger, tougher and more skilled - the crucial values in a society dominated by raw strength. Being just a little inferior to Tyrants, they often act as their enforcers and are quite capable of mastering small Ogre hordes to war. Even if the Tyrant himself controls the horde, the Bruiser will often be entrusted with the largest and most powerful banner of the force.

Free Well 'Ard

Free Sum fer da Maw, sum fer me

Free Ogres Strength

Discount Titans Strength

Discount Cunnin'

*Butcher

400 CP

A Butcher is an Ogre servant of their deity of hunger, the Great Maw. As you would expect, they

are absolutely obese, the layer of fat making them particularly difficult to kill. They are also covered in blood, meat and entrails which are the leftovers from their rituals. The appalling stench does not bother Butcher in the slightest; in fact, they enjoy rolling around in these gruesome by-products of their faith. Also, as the servant of the hunger deity, he can eat just about anything, including things thought indigestible or even outright dangerous. This makes poisoning a Butcher a pointless exercise, since his body can easily deal with it, no matter the quantity. While a creature like that would be looked down on with disgust and horror in any civilised society, the Ogres respect and adore them, for they provide a two-way link to the Great Maw; the deity gets its offerings, while Butchers gain the ability to harness its gluttony for the so-called Gut Magic.

Free Well 'Ard
Free Feedin' da Maw
Free Ogres Strength
Free Metavore
Free Gut Magic

***Leadbelcher**

400 CP

Leadbelchers are the Ogres that are armed with great hand cannons, imaginatively named leadbelcher cannons, absolutely addicted to the thunderous roar of a cannon and to the immense destruction caused by it. Fortunately, they are few in number, for they either gain them as a reward for great service from Chaos Dwarfs, or have to scavenge them from enemy artillery. Also, like all cannons, they are prone to misfires that can often kill the Leadbelcher himself.

Free Well 'Ard
Free Lil' Bit Slow on the Uptake
Free Sum fer da Maw, sum fer me
Free Ogres Strength
Free Leadbelcher

***Firebelly**

400 CP

While the Great Maw might be the most important Ogre deity, it is not the only one. Another powerful deity is the so-called Fire Mouth, who is served by priests known as Firebellies. These individuals are as unstable as fire itself; at times they as lively and joyous as a welcome hearth, but they might just as well reflect the devastating nature of a bushfire.

Their kinship with fire doesn't stop at their mood. Every one of them can easily manipulate the Winds of Magic into crisp fireballs or clouds of roaring flames, causing great damage to the enemies of the Ogre-kin(or enemies of their employers.) While the Bright Wizards of the Empire might match their abilities, they certainly cannot rival the sheer combat ferocity of a

Firebelly, who, like any Ogre, can bash up plenty of enemies while their blows merely scratch its tattooed body. While numbers generally mean safety and victory, this is certainly not the case with the Firebelly. True to its name, it is able to exhale a cloud of ferocious flame, turning entire formations into heaps of charred bones.

Free Well 'Ard
Free Lil' Bit Slow on the Uptake
Free Ogres Strength
Free Flamin' 'Ot!

Chaos

The ways of the Chaos gods are evil, watching with amusement as mortals destroy each other and the world. Chaos has the potential to exist in all realms of the world because of the evil within mortal hearts. There are dark, secretive Chaos cults hidden in the Empire, and there are rumors of Chaos worshipers amongst the Dark Elves. However, the true "Realm of Chaos" exists far to the north above the Chaos Wastes, a dead region of icy desert, mountain, and tundra. In the Chaos Wastes are the citadels and monuments of the proud champions of Chaos, those who have proven their worth to the Chaos gods and have earned their blessing.

The wastes echo with the perpetual ringing of battle, as brothers fall on each other as eagerly as they fall on enemies, in the hope that one of the Chaos powers will take notice and raise them up as one of their favorites, bestowing supernatural gifts upon them. No one truly knows of the origins of Chaos in the world. Even the long-lived scholars of the Elves can only speculate as to where the forces of Chaos first came from. War, famine, natural disaster and the destroyer known as time have eroded away nearly all indications of the roots of Chaos. What is known is that in the long distant past, the world of Warhammer was paid a visit by an already ancient star-faring race of creatures never met by man. These Old Ones arrived on the world and quickly established two gateways on the world which floated above the northern and southern poles. This gateway was linked to the rest of their transportation network, allowing them nearly instantaneous transportation between gates.

Time passed, the gates shattered and sent a cloud of warpstone (a green crystal substance formed from condensed Dark Magic which is a strong mutagen and highly volatile) dust high into the atmosphere, from where it drifted all over the planet, causing horrible mutations and giving birth to many of the frightening creatures in the world today. When the gate shattered, it also tore a hole in the fabric of space, allowing in the chaos energies of the Aethyr, the parallel dimension where the Chaos Gods dwell. The denizens of these deities flooded through the newly formed entrance into this world, no longer regulated by the Old Ones' gate, and began a crusade to take over the world. After centuries of daemoniac incursions into the physical plane, the forces of Chaos withdrew to the northern Chaos Wastes, as new races began to arise in the world. Later, the High Elves in the first great and Second Great Chaos Incursion, would set up a system of Menhir Stones around Ulthuan which would serve to drain away the Chaos energy spewing forth from the portals to the Realm of Chaos at the poles, and confine the majority of

the unstable chaos energies to the areas around the poles. While this greatly reduced the ability of daemons to appear in any place they pleased, magical energy even while being drained to an acceptable point, still saturates the Warhammer World and daemons are commonly associated with the marches of great Chaos war hosts.

Chaos Undivided

400 CP

Chaos Warriors are mortals who have left their natural way of life and chosen to dedicate themselves to a Chaos God, in order to gain their favour and blessings with the ultimate goal of daemonhood and eternal life. Amongst the Northmen some warriors feel the power of Chaos greater than others. These warriors are made the pawns of the Chaos gods. The Warriors of Chaos are the best of the fighters of the Northmen, their abilities honed from constant battle within their own ranks and battle with opposing forces. They are held in honour and fear amongst the Northmen, due to their strong connection with the gods of Chaos.

Free Concealed Mark of Chaos

Free Infiltrator

Can Purchase Gifts of Chaos

*Champion of Slaanesh

400 CP

Slaaneshi warbands are especially feared for their excessive practise of slave hunting, looting and acts of rape/murder. Followers of Slaanesh in the far north tend to make great use of various drugs - especially hallucinogenic fungus and roots - to lose any fear of pain or getting wounded before entering a battle.

Free One to Six Daemonettes (roll one dice)

Free Mark of Slaanesh

Free Aura of Slaanesh

Free Obsession

Discount Steed of Slaanesh

Can Purchase Gifts of Chaos

Free Unholy Abomination

*Champion of Khorne

400 CP

Khorne has no temples, as he is worshiped only on the battlefield, and the act of bloodshed is the only way to worship Khorne. A follower wasting time building a temple to Khorne would more likely attract the god's wrath than his pleasure. Worship of Khorne requires a life devoted entirely and selflessly to constant bloodshed. No follower lets a day pass without engaging in the bloody and enraged slaughter by which Khorne is worshipped.

Khorne despises sorcery, and the slaughter of sorcerers is greatly welcomed by Khorne.

All of the cults dedicated to Khorne are also warbands and can only be found outside the centers of civilization, in the deep wildernesses that putatively lie within the borders of civilized nations.

Either six hundred free Berserkers or two Hounds of Khorne or One Bloodletter

Free Mark of Khorne

Free Blood Frenzy

Discount Insane (Gives extra half again CP as bonus.)

Free Bronze Collar of Khorne

Free Ambidextrous

Free Elite

Free Unholy Abomination

Can Purchase Gifts of Chaos

***Champion of Nurgle**

400 CP

Humans who are afflicted with illness, plague, grievous injuries or starvation often pledge themselves to the service of Nurgle in their desperation. Followers of Nurgle are still afflicted with disease and pestilence, but instead of killing them, it makes them tougher.

Free Either three Plaguebearers or one Beast of Nurgle (Can be Ridden)

Free Mark of Nurgle

Free Rotten to the Core

Free Well 'Ard

Discount I feel the MAGGOTS HATCHING!

Free Unholy Abomination

Can Purchase Gifts of Chaos

***Champion of Tzeench**

400 CP

Many worshippers of Tzeentch are sorcerers, who are also among the most ambitious and the most hungry for power. Scholars and other educated elites who desire unearthly knowledge and power are often drawn to the service of Tzeentch. The cults of Tzeentch are easily the widespread and firmly established of all the Chaos cults in The Empire, and all are devoted to its subversion and overthrow.

Either one free Disc of Tzeench or Twelve Horrors of Tzeench

Free Mark of Tzeench

Free Innovative

Free Schemer

Free Mage

Discount Mage Lord
Discount Winds of Magic
Free Unholy Abomination
Can Purchase Gifts of Chaos

High Elf

In the beginning of High Elf recorded history, the Elves were one race and dwelt in many separate kingdoms on Ulthuan. When the warp gates at the planet's poles failed and the stuff of chaos spilled into the world, daemons and other creatures began preying upon the early Elves. A great hero Aenarion, later called The Defender, arose and forged an alliance between the rival Elven states. United, the Elves drove back the creatures of Chaos and Aenarion was crowned the first Phoenix King, taking the Lady Astarielle as his Everqueen. After a time, the minions of Chaos invaded again, this time with corrupted human followers. A host of daemons invaded Avelorn and slew the Everqueen and, it was believed, Aenarion's two children. Aenarion fell deeply in love with Morathi and from their union she later bore Malekith. However, maddened by his losses and the attacks on his people, Aenarion drew the Sword of Khaine and led the Elven host to war. Aenarion won a titanic battle and managed to plunge the sword back into the Altar of Khaine before he died. His sacrifice bought time for Caledor Dragontamer to enact his plan to drain the Chaos energy away from the world.

After Aenarion's death, instead of Malekith, the High Elves chose Bel Shanaar as the next Phoenix King and Malekith was relegated to the role of war-leader. Malekith wished the throne to be his and eventually accused the King of being a member of the Cult of Pleasure. When the Council of Princes refused to accept this, Malekith poisoned Bel Shanaar. Malekith passed through the flames of Asuryan to prove his right to the throne but unlike a rightful King, was burned horribly. Retreating to his home kingdom and power-base of Nagarythe, Malekith prepared for war. The armies of the other kingdoms of Ulthuan, headed by the new King Caledor the Conqueror, assaulted Nagarythe (the most powerful Kingdom) and through weight of numbers besieged and sacked Anlec. In retaliation, Malekith's Sorcerers used their magic upon the vortex at the center of Ulthuan and unintentionally caused a great cataclysm which sank much of Nagarythe and Tiranoc. Finally, the Elves of Nagarythe, used magic to set their fortresses and cities afloat and escaped west to Naggaroth.

The next King, Caledor the Second ruled in peacetime for many years and cultivated relations with the Dwarves, until the Dark Elves raided a Dwarf caravan, posing as High Elves. The Dwarves, being outraged sent an envoy to the Phoenix King who demanded compensation and rudely drew his weapon in the throne room of the Phoenix King. The Elves, being offended, shaved his beard and sent him back to the Old World. The High King Gotrek Starbreaker was outraged and declared war on the High Elves, whom the Dwarves gradually drove out of the Old World in a series of bloody battles. The War of the Beard ended when the High King killed the Phoenix King in single combat, claimed the Phoenix Crown and withdrew into his Hold.

After the Sundering, the Druchii invaded Ulthuan on several occasions attempting to claim the land they believe is theirs, and the throne they believe rightfully belongs to their King Malekith. Using the Imperial Calendar; the first of these invasions was in -2360 IC, the second in -1499 IC, the third in 1125 IC, over 2500 years later, the fourth around 300 years before present (2200 IC) and each time the Dark Elves and their foul allies have been repulsed. The new invasion is in modern times, and in Warhammer Online: Age of Reckoning this is a major plot point.

Just three hundred years ago, the Dark Elves made a pact with their old foes - the Forces of Chaos and invaded the weakened Ulthuan. At the same time, The Empire in the Old World was invaded by the Chaos war host of Asavar Kul and Magnus the Pious was frantically trying to rally against the oncoming horde. The Dark Elves swept all before them in Ulthuan and the Armies of the Witch King crushed every army sent against them. Every Kingdom except for Caledor, Saphery and the city of Lothern were under Druchii rule and the Black Arks and Plaguefleet of Nurgle had swept the sea clean of Ulthuan's navy. However the forces of the Asur rallied under the leadership of Finubar the Seafarer, Tyrion and Teclis and formed a great host which took back Eataine and confronted the host of the Dark Allies on the Finuval Plain, north of Saphery. Tyrion slew Poisonblade, the Witch-King's personal champion and Teclis defeated the Witch King himself and sent him to the realm of chaos in a sorcerous duel, the Dark Elves and their allies routed and were eventually driven into the sea.

Lothern Sea Guard

Free

The Lothern Sea Guard are a fighting force kept by the High Elves as a standing part of their military, serving in both their army and navy. The Lothern Sea Guard are capable of fighting as effectively on land as on sea, and are equally resolute defending the walls of Lothern as battling across the decks of Elven warships. Armed with both spears and bows, the Sea Guard are a formidable, well-drilled fighting force - combining the best aspects of Elf Spearmen and Archers.

Free Archer

Free Seamanship

Free Discipline

Free Defender

*Loremaster of Hoeth

400 CP

The White Tower of Hoeth is the largest repository of magical knowledge of the world. The political and cultural centre of Saphery, the tower is currently led by the High Loremaster, Teclis.

It was built by order Bel-Korhadris the Scholar King, who was later buried inside its foundations. In the 400th year of his reign, the tower was half-completed but already a small town of mages

and scholars had sprung in its shadow. The Loremasters, the order of mages in service of Hoeth, was formed in this time.

Many who have never seen one of the Loremasters would assume they are simply mages of some sort, but that would be far from accurate. While they are all greatly skilled spellcasters the Loremasters are always, thanks to the availability of the tomes within the White Tower and their own long, long lives masters of a great many disciplines and no two are the same, save that they will always be found either searching for new books and lore to add to the towers repositories or battling the minions of Chaos wherever it can be found.

Free Mage
Free Mage Lord
Free Advisor
Free Winds of Magic
Free Wizards Hat and Cloak

*White Lion

200 CP

The Elves of northern kingdoms are a hardy folk, self sufficient; they live in the wilds of the northernmost coast of Ulthuan. The land of Chrace is a bulwark against invasion and hunters prowl the woodlands for Dark Elf raiding parties, spies and assassins. It was one such hunting party that saved Caledor I from certain doom at the hand of an assassin's blade. While he was out hunting in the forests of Chrace, he recieved news that he was to become the new Phoenix King. As he made his way to the Shrine of Asuryan, an Dark elf assassin leapt from the forest and attacked him. As they dueled, the woodsmen nearby came to his aid, cutting down the assassin with their axes. Caledor the First recognised their courage, and made them into the Phoenix King's personal retinue.

These hunters became known as "White Lions". A name taken for their fierceness and courage in battle, and the pelts earned by slaying a great White Lion in single combat. Deeply attuned to the natural world the Chrastian hunter do not kill the white lions out of hand, and the greatest of their order have been known to raise a cub into a powerful War Lion trained to savage their foes on the field of battle.

The White Lions use long-handle axes, to protect the Phoenix King. The White Lions of Chrace have been offered replacement weaponry many times by the Phoenix Kings, but every time they have refused, because their axes are heirlooms that have been passed down through generations.

Free Elite
Free White Lion Cloak
Free Woodsmans Axe
Free Forestry

***Maiden Guard**

300 CP

The Maiden Guard is an elite unit of High Elves consisting of warrior women who serve as the most trusted courtiers of the Everqueen. They form a regiment of a hundred Elf-maids who have been schooled in the arts of war to such an extent that they equal, or even exceed, that of the greatest Elven knights in the use of spear or bow. These beautiful warriors accompany the Everqueen at all times where they serve not only as her protectors but as her advisors as well.

Free Archery

Free Elite

Free Vision of Perfection

Free Etiquette

Free Advisor

***Shadow Warrior**

200 CP

The Shadow Warriors are the descendants of loyalist Nagarythe. Uncorrupted by the Cult of Pleasure they refused to follow Malekith in the civil war, remaining loyal to Caledor instead, and choosing Alith Anar the Shadow King as their leader.

After the Sundering the Shadow Warriors rejected most trappings of civilisation, adopting a nomadic way of life. Divided into several warbands and living mostly in the Shadowlands, they protect Ulthuan from the countless Dark Elf raids and serve as scouts for the High Elf armies.

They also wage a guerilla war in Naggaroth itself, ambushing Dark Elf patrols and raiding their villages.

The Shadow Warriors are merciless and ruthless, and as a result many of their High Elf brethren regard them with unease and even a bit of suspicion. Many whisper that the Shadow Warriors are tainted by the Witch King in their ruthlessness. Their hatred toward the Dark Elves and their loyalty to the Phoenix throne is beyond any doubt however.

Free Hated Enemy - Dark Elf

Free Stealth

Free Infiltration

Free Assassination

Wood Elf

The Wood Elves (known as "Asrai" to themselves) were once members of the High Elves, the original group of elves in the Warhammer world. Setting sail from their homeland of Ulthuan, an island-continent in the ocean to the west, the High Elves colonised the lands later inhabited by men, including the forest of Athel Loren. After many years of peaceful existence, these

colonists came into conflict with the Dwarves, a conflict which escalated into open war. Known as the War of the Beard(Dwarves sometimes call it the War of Vengeance), this centuries long conflict saw Dwarven forces through Athel Loren, felling trees to fuel their furnaces, and to spite the nature loving Elves. Some Elven colonist took to the woods to prevent this destruction, ambushing the Dwarven forces when possible.

Eventually the High Elves, after the death of Caledor II and with the Dark Elf invasion of Ulthuan, made the decision to retreat back to their homeland to its defense. However many of the colonists felt little loyalty towards that distant land and, having formed a bond with the woods of Athel Loren, chose to remain. They became known as the Wood Elves. Over time the forest's other inhabitants, spirits such as Dryads, treemen and sprites, have come to accept the elves, although some such as the Branchwraith Dryach still resent their presence, and parts of the wood, such as the Wildwood, still remain closed to them.

The Wood Elves have learned to wield Athel Loren as a weapon against invaders, leading invaders down magical pathways to wander for centuries, only re-appearing many years later before quickly aging and dying. Such 'tree-singing' is also used to form great cities in the trees, cities which few outsiders are ever permitted to see. The Wood Elves cannot be described as morally Good or Bad, lacking the clear definition of their cousins, the High Elves and Dark Elves. Like nature itself, they can appear as fickle and capricious as the winter chill, yet also as warm as the summer sun. Athel Loren, the enchanted forest of the Wood Elves, is ruled by two powerful elves called Ariel and Orion who are possessed by deities which are manifestations of aspects of nature. Ariel being the peaceful regenerative representation of nature, and Orion is the warlike unpredictable side.

Waywatcher

Free

Waywatchers are solitary individuals who wander Athel Loren, often alone. They are guardians of the pathways which lead into and traverse the forest. They are able to lie unnoticed and unmoving for days on end before springing into action to slay a startled foe.

It is often young Elves or trained scouts that feel the call of the forest strongest; it is these who are destined to become the Waywatchers. Such individuals are more comfortable in the embrace of the forest than in the presence of their kin. They drift further from the Elven halls, spending more and more time in Athel Loren; until eventually their kin only see them again during times of strife or invasion when they reappear to protect the forest.

Waywatchers are unparalleled marksmen and are capable of a tremendous rate of fire. They are able to loose an unerring stream of black-shafted arrows one after the other, each felling a predetermined foe.

Free Archery

Free Grandmaster Archer

Free Forestry

Free Greatbow

*Wardancer

200 CP

The Wardancers are servants and worshippers of the Elf god Loec and are the storytellers of the Wood Elves. They gather in tightly knit troupes and wander through Athel Loren, coming across the halls of the Asrai to re-enact the history of the forest through intricate dance rituals.

In battle the Wardancers are deadly warriors, leaping over the enemy and twisting mid-air to strike them from behind, dodging even the fastest blows and are even capable of avoiding incoming arrows. They elegantly dance around their enemies and deliver fatal blows before their foes can react. They are sometimes lead into battle by especially skilled Wardancers known as Shadowdancers.

Free Warpaint

Free Ambidextrous

Free Agility

Free Forestry

Free Unburdened

*Spellsinger

200 CP

Wood Elf mages are known as Spellsingers, whilst the most powerful of their number are known as Spellweavers. Their protection from the raw magical energy they harness comes from Athel Loren itself, the forest's natural web of consciousness forms both a conduit and a shield to the Elven mages who draw upon its potent force. As a result of this connection, Spellsingers have a unique relationship with Athel Loren, in some ways then they can be described as half Forest Spirit, half Elf, as they are part of the greater intelligence of the forest, yet still retain individuality.

Spellsingers are able to commune with the woods of Athel Loren, often on behalf of the Elven lords and ladies. Some are even able to reshape the forest itself, changing the course of a tree's growth or even reshaping the pathways within the forest to hinder their enemies. Such a process however requires the 'permission' of the forest, and as such it often has to be persuaded or even tricked.

Wood Elf mages usually follow the path of Isha, specialising in the arts of healing, renewal and rebirth. They are capable of all manner of fey sorceries and artful spells, and are rightly feared by all.

Free Mage

Discount Mage Lord

Free Forestry

Discount Winds of Magic
Free Healer

***Eternal Guard**

200 CP

The Eternal Guard are the sons and daughters of the noble houses of Athel Loren. During the long winter months, when the forest is at its lowest ebb, guardianship of the sacred glades falls to these hardened warriors. They are arguably the most determined and courageous of all the Wood Elves, for during the winter months when they protect the forest they can expect very little or no aid at all from the forest.

Although their primary duty is protecting the forest during the winter, they are still called upon to serve all year around. They often act as bodyguards to Elven nobles on the battlefield and are known for their courage at such times, defending their lord to the very end, come one foe or one hundred, it matters not, The Eternal Guard do not surrender.

Free Elite
Free Endurance
Free Defender
Free Forestry
Free Fearless

***Wild Riders**

200 CP

Wild Riders are fey and dangerous creatures who serve as Orion's personal guard. They are borne into battle on snarling steeds of Kurnous, which are as reckless and aggressive as their riders.

Free Steed of Kurnous
Free Forestry
Free Rider
Free Elite

Dark Elf

The Dark Elves (Druchii in their own tongue) are a race of harsh, warlike and vicious Elves. They are the descendants of those who supported Malekith in his failed bid to ascend to the Phoenix Throne of Ulthuan. When Malekith was rejected and burned alive by the Flame of Asuryan, his followers fled from Ulthuan and carried his body to the far western continent of Naggaroth, where they live to this day. Now taking the name of 'Dark Elves', to differentiate themselves from their eastern kin, they have waged what is essentially a millennium long civil war to seat their chosen candidate, Malekith, upon the throne of Elvenkind. Though they believe themselves the most advanced and glorious race in all the world, the Dark Elves are in truth naught but sadistic raiders with much disdain for all other races, especially their lighter kindred,

the High Elves.

Thousands of years ago, the High Elves were a unified race living in the island kingdom of Ulthuan. The first Phoenix King, Aenarion the Defender, was the greatest warrior to walk the earth. It was by his hand that the first great invasion of Chaos was thwarted. Aenarion was married to Astarielle, the Everqueen who bore him two children, Yvraine and Morellion. During the war Astarielle was murdered and Oakheart the Treekin took the children and hid them safe within the Gaen Vale.

Thinking them dead, Aenarion in a bloodthirsty rage, drew the Sword of Khaine from its resting place and waged a new war of vengeance on the forces of Chaos. During the next war, he rescued an Elven seeress from a Slaanesh warband. Her name was Morathi, and she was beautiful beyond description. Aenarion fell deeply in love with her, and she bore his son Malekith. Under the tutelage of both his father and mother, Malekith became a formidable warrior, a skillful general and an accomplished sorcerer.

According to birthright, Malekith was the rightful successor to the throne of Ulthuan. But when Aenarion died, the princes of Ulthuan gathered in the Glade of Eternity to decide who the next Phoenix King should be. It turned out that Yvraine was now the Everqueen and she had decided to marry Bel Shanaar of Tiranoc, a hero of the Daemon Wars, and he would be taking the throne. Morathi was outraged, yet she soon found they had tried to make her part of this decision, but she had had no part of it. Malekith was the first to accept the successor and bent his knee to the new king, silencing a major outcry from his people and mother in support of him.

Malekith was relegated to the rank of High General and supreme commander of the armies. This suited him well, as he was an outstanding warrior and peerless general in the manner of his father. During his time in the army he wandered the globe, and with his mother's guidance, started experimenting with Dark Magic. After a few years Malekith became discontented. In his mind the Elves must be a warlike people to face the ever-growing menace from the forces of Chaos. He became increasingly critical of the nobles, who grew soft and complacent under the protection of his armies. Worse yet, the Cult of Pleasure, a society of poets and artists founded by Morathi herself, had become a front for a Chaos cult of Slaanesh and was taking root in Elf society, being particularly strong in his homeland of Nagarythe. Malekith took personal command of the investigation and used this power to eliminate his political enemies, accusing them falsely of being cultists and executing them without trial.

Then events turned critical. Malekith claimed Phoenix King Bel-Shanaar was a worshipper of Slaanesh and Bel-Shanaar died of poisoning shortly afterwards. Those loyal to the Council accused Malekith of assassination. Those loyal to Malekith claimed Bel-Shanaar committed suicide because he couldn't live with his failures. The argument between Malekith and the Council of Princes turned violent and Malekith and his followers ended up killing most of the Princes in the name of saving Ulthuan (or to simply destroy all opposition to his ascension; both sides say different).

Now the Council was out of the way, there was only one thing left to do in order to become Phoenix King. Malekith had to pass through the Sacred Fire of Asuryan, king of the Elven gods. Malekith stepped forwards, confident he would pass the ordeal just as his father had done. Yet the Sacred Flame would not suffer Malekith's polluted body and it burned him, scarring him horrifically. Malekith's followers claimed treachery - that the Sacred Fires of the Creator God Asuryan must have been corrupted to reject even the rightful heir. They fled back to the province of Nagarythe with their leader. In confusion over the death of their king and council, the High Elves did not pursue.

Near to death, Malekith was taken to one of his mother's temples. His body had healed sufficiently, but, according to the High Elves, his mind was destroyed beyond repair and Malekith was completely lost to insanity. He knew of the need to lead his followers into battle against the High Elves, but also knew his withered body would not survive the rigours of battle. To that end, Morathi commissioned Hotek, a renegade priest of Vaul, the Elven smith god, to forge a suit of armour that would give life and strength to Malekith's flame-ravaged body. Malekith had the armour, still white-hot from the forge, fused directly to his skin, forming a sorcerous shell granting him immense supernatural powers. From that day forth, Malekith was known as the Witch King, for he truly had become a figure of dread.

Once healed, Malekith was consumed with a bitter hatred for those who had resisted him. He summoned those Elves who were loyal to him to aid him in taking the throne by force. This included a large part of the standing military, most of his home province of Nagarythe and many other Elves throughout the kingdom who believed in Malekith's cause.

Meanwhile, the High Elves started organising themselves and elected a new Phoenix King, Caledor the First. This newly-crowned king gathered his armies to him and a bloody civil war erupted between the High Elves and the followers of Malekith. Great victories were won on both sides, but in the end the scales tipped in the favour of the High Elves. Although their stronghold in Nagarythe was nearly impregnable, Malekith's followers were slowly becoming outnumbered, and Caledor was proving himself to be as skilled a general as Malekith himself. Finally Malekith and Caledor faced each other directly at the head of their mightiest armies. Finally Caledor managed to defeat the Witch King, driving his army into the marches of Maledor.

Desperate, Malekith decided on a final gamble: he gathered his sorceresses and attempted to unravel the Vortex of Ulthuan that prevented the return of the full force of Chaos. As Malekith and his coven began this dark ritual, the mages of the Isle of the Dead intervened, weaving powerful counter spells. The resulting magical backlash caused the cataclysm known as The Sundering, and submerged great parts of Nagarythe and Tiranoc beneath the sea.

As the province sank, several of the great fortress-cities of Nagarythe were pulled from the bedrock by sorceresses and kept afloat by their magic. Malekith and the surviving loyalists sailed their fortress-ships, which would become known as "Black Arks", to the continent called

the new world and established a new kingdom that they named Naggaroth in honor of their destroyed home.

As a result of the Sundering, the overriding obsession of Malekith (and by proxy much of the Dark Elf society) is the death or subjugation of the High Elves of Ulthuan and the restoration of Malekith to the throne of the Phoenix King.

Dreadspear

Free

Dark Elf armies are formed around a core of utterly merciless soldiers. The Dreadspears form deadly shieldwalls, bristling with wicked spearpoints.

Free Discipline

Free Agility

Discount Elite

*Witch elf

300 CP

The Witch Elves are the brides and priestesses of Khaine, Lord of Murder. They seek nothing more than to offer mighty sacrifices to their merciless deity, preferably by spilling their victim's blood amidst deadly combat.

Free Blood Frenzy

Free Ambidextrous

Free Fearless

Free Agility

Free Unburdened

*Cold One Knight

200 CP

Cold One Knights are the Dark Elf shock cavalry. The knights are some of the most skilled Druchii warriors, those sheer strength matches that of their mounts. The Cold Ones, are very resilient, with their thick scales protecting them from most harm. Their intelligence, however, is lacking, for their reflexes are not the best and they can be easily distracted, going the wrong way and refusing to let the knight control them. Hopefully, they will not get too far, for the reptilians can't match horses in speed, let alone the fine Elven steeds.

Free Elite

Free Cold One

Free Riding

Free Agility

***Black Ark Corsair**

200 CP

Corsairs are ruthless seaborne raiders of the Dark Elves. They ply their bloody trade mainly on the Black Arks, while others sail the sea on raiding vessels. These warriors also sell their services of battle to aspiring Dreadlords who wish to raid towns and coastal settlements.

The home of the Corsairs are the Black Arks, and their lives are devoted to plundering the lands of other others. Corsairs are celebrated among Dark Elf society for their daring and drive to gain riches and glory despite the risks. They return to Naggaroth after years of raiding, often with enough slaves and plunder to establish themselves as princes.

In battle Corsairs arm themselves with viciously serrated and curved swords, as well as compact one-handed repeating crossbows. They also equip themselves with barbed nets and grapples in order to capture escaping victims.

Free Seamanship

Free Elite

Free Agility

Free Repeater Crossbow

Free Barbed Net

***Executioner**

200 CP

The Executioners of Har Ganeth are members of the cult of Khaine, Lord of Murder.

In the cult's hierarchy they come after the Witch Elves, brides and priestesses of Khaine. However even a Witch Elf can be punished and sacrificed if she is found wanting.

They are specialists in sacrificing people, be it High Elves, humans, Dwarfs, or otherwise. They usually don't torture their victims but strike them down with a draich, a two-handed weapon, in one swift stroke, maximized for releasing as much blood as possible.

Free Draich

Free Agility

Free Elite

Free Blood Frenzy

Dwarves

The Dwarven race is one of the oldest and proudest in the Warhammer world. They once had an empire which stretched from Norsca in the north to the jungles in the south, and from Mount Silverspear in the east to the Grey Mountains in the west. But the heart of the Dwarfen realm, Karak Ankor as they call it, will always lie in the World's Edge Mountains. The highest range in the world, it is filled with the magnificent halls and holds of the Sons of Grungi and also

great feats of engineering like the Underway, a network of tunnels and passages that ran for thousands of miles along the spine of the Old World from Karak Ungor to Karak Eight-Peaks , or the colossal workshops and waterways in the fort of Zhufbar.

The Dwarf people as a whole are sturdy and strong, brilliant craftsmen and excellent warriors but above all they prize themselves on their loyalty to each other and to those they are indebted to. They are the greatest miners and tunnelers in the world, the age-less halls of Karaz-a-Karak are one gigantic example of how huge their works are. However, the best smiths and craftsmen will produce works far more beautiful than the Elven metalworkers in far Ulthuan and hundreds of times more valuable than the trinkets of Men. However a portion of their people has been corrupted and turned vile in the eye's of their kin who fled and stayed in the Dark Lands and will forever call themselves Chaos Dwarfs .

Millennia before the founding of The Empire of Men and the rise of Grand Cathay in the East, the ancestors of what were to become the Dwarfen people lived in the mountains of the south-lands, little better than beasts. They lived in caves and ate berries and wild game which they could catch with their bare hands. It is still held true today that they were the first to fashion weapons out of flint and stone. This gave them a bigger advantage over other creatures that were competing for the same food source. Because of this, with food and sustenance secured, the cave-dwellers could focus more attention on building and delving out their homes, looking for precious gems and metals. Eventually after hundreds of years moving northwards in search of better mining grounds, the first Dwarfs settled in the World's Edge Mountains. Here they found gold, silver, iron and gromril in huge supply - much more than has ever been found in the rest of the world put together. With all these resources at their disposal, the Dwarfs built their first holds (Karaks) in the southern mountains. Some of the largest and oldest holds, like Karak Eight-Peaks and Karak Izril (called Azgal in later years) are built around the remains of these ancient dwellings. However the migration carried on northwards, following the veins of ore up to where the great range just, stopped. They had come to Zorn Uzkul, 'The Great Skull Land', a barren, desolate plain stretching out past the eastern horizon, further than anyone could imagine. Many Dwarfs turned back southward, disappointed by the lack of mineral wealth. Others moved west, into what was one day to be the land of Norsca, founding strongholds in the Nordic mountains, the main of which was Kraka Drak. Very few Dwarfs ever crossed Zorn Uzkul, and of those, none came back.

Soon after the founding of the strongholds in the World's Edge Mountains, the Warp Gates at the poles of the Warhammer world collapsed, and turned into unrestricted, unbound portals of pure warp energy. The Chief God, Grungi, warned the Dwarfs of the terrible fate that awaited any who were exposed to the coming Chaos storm, so he showed them how to delve far deeper than they had before. When the task was accomplished, every mine and Karak in the World's Edge Mountains was sealed off from the outside world. There in the deeps of the earth the Dwarfs sheltered from the tempest of Chaos while all above on the land was tainted or destroyed by the magical winds that whipped across the Old World. When the mighty tempest had passed, the Dwarfs emerged to find the world twisted and changed. Terrifying monsters roamed the earth and all manner of beastmen and daemons were found banding together and

attacking all whose paths they crossed. Yet the Dwarfs were not defenseless. Grungi taught them how to forge battle-axes and hammers of the like that had never been seen before. Valaya inscribed runes of protection onto their gromril armour and standards and the first Dwarf throngs were seen marching out over the plains and through the forests to cleanse the land of Chaos' touch. To their leader, Grimnir, Grungi gave two mighty axes of ruinous strength and power so he could challenge Greater Daemons and Beastlords of the opposing hordes.

It was during these campaigns to rid the mountain realms of Chaos' touch that the Dwarfs first came across the Elves of Ulthuan. Grimnir himself was leading an army into the lowlands, chasing a band of Chaos marauders. A fleet of Elf ships, captained by the mage Caledor Dragontamer, had been blown off course in their search of the Old World for what had caused the Great Storm of Chaos. They were met with mixed suspicion and respect, but when a larger force of Beastmen arrived, they were promptly smashed between Caledor's magic and Grimnir's axe-wielding troops. Because of this they knew they were on the same side, for then at least. From Caledor, the Dwarfs learnt of the great Pheonix King, Aenarion, and his struggle to free the far land of Ulthuan from the grip of Chaos. From Grimnir, Caledor learnt of how the storm had preceded the coming of Chaos. This, Caledor realised, meant that a Chaos Gate had opened somewhere in the Old World and only when it was closed could the tide be stemmed. Caledor thanked Grimnir and returned to Ulthuan, to consult with the King, Aenarion, and hatch a plan that would stop the Chaos incursion. Before they left each other, as a sign of friendship and goodwill, they exchanged gifts, Grimnir presenting the wizard with runic amulet of colossal power, and in return, Caledor gave the Dwarf God the glistening Crystal of Fire which still today resides in the vaults of Karaz-a-Karak.

Whilst Caledor worked away in the temple and libraries of Ulthuan to create the vortex that would finally suck the power of Chaos out of the world, the Dwarfs continued to fight tirelessly against the servants of the Chaos Gods. Grimnir himself finally decided that a more pragmatic approach would have to be taken, as the pointy-ear's plan wasn't working fast enough. He planned to go North to find this Chaos Gate that Caledor had described to him and close it himself, little imagining of the unbound cosmic energy he would encounter at the heart of the Warp. Legend says that while Caledor Dragontamer and his conclave of wizards were creating the great magical vortex to suck the surplus of magical energy from the world, Grimnir stood alone, fighting off hundreds and hundreds of deamons in the mouth of the polar Chaos Portal. This aided the construction of the Vortex and upon its creation the daemons in the world have vanished and the world was saved. After the great war, Elf and Dwarves has begun their mutual alliances, trade, and military aid for many years.

The Golden Age of the Dwarves was considered the peak of the Dwarven Empire, where the founding of the Dwarf empire - Karaz-a-Karak is established as the capital of the Karaz Ankor. Dwarfs and Elves meet for the first time, establishing trade to their mutual benefit. Along with trade, the Elves and Dwarves have begun military alliances to rid the world of any Chaos taint left behind after the Second Chaos Incursion, removing taints from large portions of the Old World. Indeed this was the Golden Age for both nations, as the trade and military might of both civilizations was unmatched in any corner of the world. This was also the height of their territorial

control as both Elves and Dwarves has settled and made many colonies within many other parts of the Old World. Elves have begun colonizations of the coastal regions of both Bretonnia, the Empire and even parts of Nosrca and Tilea. The Dwarves has a far-spreading network of caves and tunnels that connects them in the great Under-Way, the greatest Tunnel network in the world, where the path leads all along the spine of the whole Worlds Edge Mountain. This network was near completely safe, as the military might of the Dwarves have ensured the tunnels are safe from both Greenskin and Chaos taints for generations, and the Under-Way was the highway of trade across the empire.

The War of Vengeance, also called the War of the Beard by the Elves, was a conflict more than 2000 years before the birth of Sigmar between the Dwarf Empire and the High Elves of Ulthuan and the Old World colonies, the Dwarfs led by High King Gotrek Starbreaker and the High Elves under Phoenix King Caledor II. This war was fought on a massive scale as the two great civilizations, once close allies, now fought against each other in a war that greatly devastated both sides. The War ended with the death of High Elven King Caledor II, and the claiming of the Pheonix Crown by the Dwarves of Karaz Ankor. It was also during this time that the Dark Elves, the perpetrators to the War of the Vengeance, has taken advantage of the fighting and attacked the Elves of Ulthuan while they are at their weakest.

Time of Woes, also known as the Age of Darkness - was a time of volcanic activity that shatters the Dwarven empire, and precedes a massive migration of the Goblinoid races, who besiege the Dwarf empire. This time lead to the lost of connection with many holds, most importantly the Dwarves living in what was present day Darklands. This lost of connection and volcanic activity lead to the eastern Dwarves losing faith in the Elder Gods, and taking up the name of Chaos Dwarves, in respite to their western cousins, for abandoning them. This also lead to the first of many wars with the Greenskin race of the East, most prominently the Goblins of the Eastern Darklands.

Dwarf

Free

Dwarfs are immensely strong and resilient, broad in shoulder and wide in girth, with big hands and broad feet. they are ideally adapted to cope with hard and demanding work and can dig a tunnel for hours without tiring. they have extreme physical strength and endurance with enables them to carry heavy loads without any notable loss in speed. as well as being physically strong they are also mentally tough, to say that a Dwarf knows his own mind is an understatement.

Dwarfs are set in their way and extremely determined. they are supremely confident in the virtues and values of their civilization, and are openly scornful in the accomplishments of the other younger and less accomplished races. this combination of physical and mental durability makes the Dwarfs supreme fighters they will often fight to the last than admit defeat, and rarely run away even if the situation is hopeless.

Free Dwarven Will

Free Endurance
Free Defender
Free Fearless

* Slayer

300 CP

Slayers are dwarves who have lost their honour, brought shame to his or her family or broke an important oath. Such a crime would be solved by death, but because Dwarves see suicide as a waste, to regain their honour, slayers seek glorious death in battle against the strongest of opponents. Upon taking the Slayer's oath, a slayer will often sever all ties from home and travel to the Shrine of Grumnir at Karak Kadrin. Spotting a Slayer on the battlefield isn't difficult. They have mohawks which are put up with pig grease, and beards dyed orange along with the mohawk - this is as Grumnir did before he journeyed north to battle against Chaos. They refuse to wear armour of any sort and are often next to naked except for the exotic tattoos that cover their body. In battle they carry an assortment of axes, typically a pair of axes or a large two handed great axe, which they can alternate between.

Free Slayers Oath
Free Ambidextrous
Free Well 'ard
Free Fearless
Free Dwarven Will
Free Slayer Mohawk
Free Unburdened
Free Vow of Poverty

*Ironbreaker

300 CP

Ironbreakers are the guardians of the lower deeps. They are experienced tunnel fighters and often fight against Skaven and goblins attempting to tunnel into a Dwarf hold. Without their efforts, the majority dwarf holds would have almost certainly fallen to enemy attacks.

Ironbreakers are professional soldiers in that they are perpetually under arms - due to their status as professional tunnel fighters they wear powerful gromril armour, which can protect a Dwarf from enemy blades and rock falls. Ironbreakers also find themselves fighting battles on the surface and they form a bulwark against enemy attacks, but for every battle they fight on the surface, they've faced dozens below the ground.

Free Elite
Free Endurance
Free Dwarven Will
Free Hated Enemy - goblins OR Skaven
Free Gromril Armor

***Longbeard**

200 CP

Longbeards are the oldest and most experienced of the Dwarf warriors, a fact evident of their long beards. They ensure that they receive complete respect from other dwarfs, who are taught quite rightly to respect their elders. Longbeards have fought in more wars beaten more enemies and endured more hardship than any young dwarf will ever know. They always grumble about how today's Goblins are smaller and weedier than they used to be, and how nothing is as well made today as it was in their days. No Dwarf could gainsay them as they have experience and beard to prove it.

In battle, longbeards are able to demonstrate their time-won skills, disdainful of any minor shift in fortune that would throw any less experienced Dwarf into confusion, and woe betide any bearding who falters under their stern look, for they will admonish him in no uncertain terms.

Free Dwarven Will

Free Elite

Free Beard Supremacy

Free Grumbling

***Thunderer**

300 CP

Although some more old fashion or traditional dwarfs still regard the handgun with some suspicion, it has become a common sight, almost as common as the crossbow. The Dwarfs who specialize themselves in using the handgun have become known as thunderers. Being methodical as well as mechanically gifted they will simply keep on loading and firing in a disciplined manner, even when the enemy are right up close, rarely suffering the misfires that would afflict less-disciplined troops. Many Thunderers will have crafted their own handguns, incorporating personal preferences and additional improvements of their own. There are a lot of rivalries between Thunderers as to who has the most accurate handgun, which has resulted in the dwarfs handguns being the most precise weapons of their kind in the world.

Free Thunderer

Free Dwarven Will

Free Innovative

Free Endurance

Free Discipline

Chaos Dwarves

The Chaos Dwarves empire is sited amidst the Mountains of Mourn and the adjoining eastern part of the Dark Lands. It is a stark and cheerless place where nature has rent the ground and burst the mountains apart. Amongst the peaks volcanoes spew black smoke into the filthy sky. In the plains the stench of tar pits and oil pools hangs heavily in the air. Steaming lava from beneath the earth's crust covers the ash wastes with a blanket of bubbling magma.

Almost nothing can grow in the Dark Lands. The dim light and choking air combine to ensure that the land remains devoid of vegetation, except for a few straggly black thorns. The volcanoes and gaping pits bring up all kinds of minerals and gems from beneath the earth: gold and silver, iron and copper, diamonds and sapphires, as well as sulphur, oil and tar. It is a land rich in the materials that Dwarfs especially covet.

Although much of the land is ruled by many other creatures the Chaos Dwarfs call all the Dark Land as their empire. At the centre of the empire lies the great Ziggurat of Zharr-Naggrund, the obsidian capital of the chaos dwarfs, and home to the great temple of Hashut.

Thousands of years ago, a group of Dwarfs moved northwards from their ancestral home somewhere in the Southlands. They moved along the high ridge of the mountains known as the World's Edge Mountains, following the trail of mineral ores and precious gems, eventually reaching the region at the far north of the World's Edge Mountains which they called Zorn Uzkul or the Great Skull Land. A vast, cold, and inhospitable plateau where the air was thin and the rocks bare. From this point, some of the Dwarfs turned east and then south along the barren Mountains of Mourn. Then came the Time of Chaos. The Dwarfs who dwelled west believed that those who had travelled east had been destroyed by the tides of Chaos that swelled in from the north, but this was not true. The Chaos Dwarfs found Hashut chained in the darkest depths of a mountain, and in exchange for their obedience, he protected them during the horrors of the age.

The Chaos Dwarfs hate their brethren for abandoning them to the wave of chaos, while The Dwarfs, in turn, have completely disowned their evil kin, even going so far as to rewrite their family histories to make it seem as if they never existed. Chaos Dwarfs are unlike other dwarfs in many ways, being enthusiastic slavers (putting Orc and Goblin as well as Humans to forced work under hobgoblin overseers). Many of them are potent sorcerers, using conventional magic rather than the purely runic magic of other Dwarfs. Hashut, also known as the "Father of Darkness", is their chief deity, rather than the Dwarf ancestor gods. Imprisoned by Khorne, the Dwarfs released him during the first Chaos Incursion. After this a great schism split them, some staying true to the Ancestor Gods, and many choosing to worship Hashut.

Hashut granted the most powerful of his new worshippers magical powers to use against their kin, some would eventually become so mutated that they became a Lammassu or a Taurus - battle beasts still used by the Chaos Dwarfs to this day. After the two sides had battled, many of the traditionalists were sacrificed to Hashut. Unlike most of the races in the world, Chaos Dwarfs see little need for further campaigns into distant lands; they have all the slaves they need in the Mountains of Mourn and the Dark Lands, along with more material wealth than they actually need (although being Dwarfs, this is never quite enough).

Whenever new slaves are needed, the Chaos Dwarfs will strike out to the Ivory Road, the only travel route connecting the Old World and the East. To this end, bands of Chaos Dwarfs raiders roam the Dark Lands searching for unlucky travellers to work in the mines and forges, or to

sacrifice at the Temple of Hashut. There are relatively few Chaos Dwarfs, and the vast numbers of slaves they own outnumber them many times over. All the Chaos Dwarfs are pledged to one of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers in what outsiders might consider clans.

Those pledged to a Sorcerer are his subjects and also his kinsmen, bonded by ties of blood-loyalty which all Chaos Dwarfs deem unbreakable. The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers rule over the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund as the masters of their race and high priests of Hashut. They specialise in the study of machines and magic combined to produce arcane engines of power and destruction. There are only a few of these Sorcerers, though, no more than a few hundred amongst the whole race. There is no leader nor formal hierarchy governing the Chaos Dwarfs; the strongest voices are the oldest and most powerful. Each Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer controls part of the city, with its own workshops and forges, slaves and warriors, as part of his personal dominion. As Dark Magic corrupts their body, sorcerers gradually turn into stone, starting with their feet. The lanes around Zhar Naggrund are lined by the statues of once living sorcerers .

Dawai Zharr Warrior

Free

The cruel and malign race of Chaos Dwarfs, who refer to themselves as the Dawi Zharr, long ago abandoned the ancient Dwarf gods they once worshipped, and pledged themselves wholly to Hashut, the Father of Darkness. Now they no longer value the old ways of their noble and honourable kin and instead covet strength and power above all else, seeing other living creatures as chattels to be used and discarded in their brutal forge-citadels which dominate the Plain of Zharr.

Free Dwarven Will

Free Endurance

Free Elite

Free Hatred - Dwarf

*Bull Centaur

300 CP

Twisted amalgams of ferocious bull and Chaos Dwarf, Bull Centaur Renders are hulking and monstrous creatures who rage with a great hunger for flesh. The first of their kind were survivors of the Time of Chaos. Warped by the tides of horror that engulfed the Warhammer world, more than any other they were twisted into the semblance of Hashut, the terrible Father of Darkness to whom the Chaos Dwarfs cleave.

Free Unholy abomination

Free Dwarven Will

Free Elite

Free Fear

Free Ogres Strength

*Infernal Guard

300 CP

Clad in Blackshard armour forged not just from iron and fire but also from blood, souls and the very stuff of Chaos, the Infernal Guard march into battle with the pain and suffering of their dark realm forged into their blades and hammers in the form of smouldering runes of torment and death.

Free Dwarven Will

Free Elite

Free Blackshard Armor

Free Fear

*K'Daai Fireborn

400 CP

The priests of Hashut have long sought to create something more than a mere bound spirit and with the K'daai Fireborn they have succeeded; through their dark arts they have forged a race of powerful warriors, half-daemon and half-raging fire. Drawn from the magma of the deep earth, birthed in the boiling blood sacrifices of Hashut's altars, and bound and given form within an armoured framework of articulated iron and rune-stamped bronze, the K'daai are devastating shock troops that slumber between battles as cold frameworks of barbed metal. When unleashed upon an enemy force, the fire within them rages into existence and they become mindless, elemental forces of destruction that few mortals can hope to survive.

Dawai Zharr Form:

Free Dwarven Will

Elemental Form:

Free Elemental Form

Free Fear

Free Unholy Abomination

Free Ethereal

Free Feral

Free Fearless

*Dragoon

200 CP

Wielding the signature weapon of the Dawai Zharr, the Dragoon uses the terrifying Blunderbuss in battle. Firing the massive hellbrass gun is part act of worship, part act of terror as its design eschews the accuracy of other races firearms, instead being designed to shower as large an area as possible with molten lead fragments.

Free Dwarven Will

Free Elite
Free Blunderbuss
Free Marksmanship

Lizardmen

The history of the Lizardmen begins with the arrival of the Old Ones in the Warhammer world; some of the Slann traveled among the stars with their godlike masters. When the Old Ones arrived on the warhammer world, they settled in Lustria where they created the Sub species of the Lizardmen (Saurus, Skinks and Kroxigors) from creatures already living there as servants that would help the Slann to fulfill the Plan of the Old Ones. During this time, generations of Slann were spawned on the earth as it was being shaped to how the Old Ones wished it. Armies of Saurus destroyed unwanted races, and the Old Ones created the races of Elves, Dwarfs and Mankind. Sometime during the earliest days of the Warhammer world, the Orcs and Goblins came into being, probably the result of some interstellar spore or parasite that had hitched a ride on the Old Ones' ship. They were not part of the Old Ones Plan, but despite many attempts to exterminate this parasitic race, the Greenskins survived, and to this day, they are the bane of the civilised races.

The Old Ones created two massive gates at the poles that allowed instant transport between the Warhammer world and wherever the Old Ones came from. Later, in the coming of Chaos, the Old Ones either went missing, or sacrificed themselves to try to destroy the polar gates and halt the never-ending tide of Chaos in a cataclysmic explosion. Every race formed by the Old Ones fought against the threat of Chaos, including the great armies of the Lizardmen which consisted of billions of Saurus. After the wars, the Slann immediately put defences and wards in place to better contain the threat of Chaos. Eventually, the Lizardmen become isolated, and the younger races forgot about them and the Old Ones. The High Elves barely remember them, sometimes stumbling into Lustria and being attacked because according to the Slann "They should not be here." according to the great plan of the old ones.

About 3,000 years after the great war on Chaos, the Skaven of Clan Pestilens invaded Lustria, marking the start of a thousand-year war. They appeared in the caves of Lustria, where they fell victim to the tropical diseases that were in Lustria. As a last resort they pleaded to the horned rat to help them. The foul deity did just that and thus the plague monks were created. They were foul Skaven feared by all, for they had immunity to disease as well as the unholy skill to create new ones. This war ended with the Serpent God Sotek destroying almost all of the Skaven on Lustria. Dark Elves also began to make raids upon on the Lizardmen, as did the Vampire Luthor Harkon of the Vampire Coast, who constantly wages wars against the Slann, yet has always been defeated. The Lizardmen do not tolerate such raids in the slightest and react violently to any "warmbloods" who invade their realm, always recovering the stolen relics. Once the army of Hexoatl even invaded Naggaroth to recover the Star Stela of Quetli from Clar Karond. Eventually, Lustria is "discovered" by the Tilean merchant Marco Columbo of Tilea witnessed the defeat of a Dark Elf raid on Tlaxtlan. This started a new age of exploration in Lustria (called the New World of Gold by men) who started to probe the borders of the

continent. The Lizardmen tolerated their settlements on the coast but if there was any looting the perpetrators were hunted down and mercilessly exterminated.

Saurus Warrior

Free

The Saurus are the main soldiers of the Lizardmen. They were Spawned by the Old Ones to act as the soldiers and guardians of the Lizardmen. The Saurus have an instinctive grasp of warfare and are capable of enacting perfectly timed manouvers that belie their bestial appearance. An entire group of Saurus will emerge fully formed from the Spawning Pools under the temples of a Temple City. They emerge wet and dripping from the pools but within hours they will dry and their scales begin to harden forming a protective armour. When the Old Ones first created the Sarus they were tasked with eradicating the races that did not form a part of the Great Plan and have wiped out entire species in their quest to fulfill the Great Plan.

Free Ectothermic

Free Fearless

Free Discipline

*Temple Guard

200 CP

The Temple Guards are a special spawning of Saurus that are dedicated to protecting the Slann Mage-Priests. They are spawned with much thicker scales and an unshakeable resolve to protect the Slann. They are usually armed with heavy bronze armour, Ceremonial Halberds, Glyphs and gruesome trophies.

Free Ectothermic

Free Fearless

Free Iron Hide

Free Elite

*Cold One Rider

200 CP

Cold One Cavalry consists of Saurus riding on the Cold Ones. They are a recent addition to Lizardmen army, for only a few decades passed since the first spawning of the Saurus with the innate talent for controlling the creatures. Those Saurus have developed sharp dewclaws with which to control their bestial mounts, freeing their hands for both heavy shield and spear. They are nearly always used for the side charges, to boost their already formidable hitting power with the element of surprise.

Free Ectothermic

Free Fearless

Free Cold One

Free Rider

*Chameleon Skink

100 CP

Chameleon Skinks are a subspecies of Skink that have a number of characteristic peculiarities that distinguish them. They are more aggressive than other Skinks, and their role centres on scouting, infiltration, concealment and hunting. They are great hunters, being capable of following a prey or an intruder for yards without it even noticing. This is possible thanks to their ability to change their skin colour & texture in a heart beat, allowing them to perfectly blend in to their environment.

Chameleon Skinks have large protruding eyes that can move independently, allowing them to see all around them while remaining perfectly motionless. Indeed, they have been known to stay unmoving for hours on end, awaiting the perfect moment to launch an ambush.

They are an unusual spawning that, in more recent years, have returned to the world after almost becoming little more than a memory. Being originally bred only in the sacred spawning pools of the pyramid-city of Pahaux, the breed almost died out after the city was destroyed soon after the fall of the polar gates. In recent years, Chameleon Skinks have started to spawn in several of the spawning pools across Lustria and the Southlands.

Free Ectothermic

Free Fearless

Free Chameleon

*Skink Priest

200 CP

Some selective few Skinks that come from special spawnings are able at using the Winds of Magic & so become Skink Priests. Skink Priests channel the fury of nature itself and unleash at the enemies of the Lizardmen. The sky above roars as lightning bolts strike from the heavens, smiting whole regiments in a flash of arcane power.

Free Ectothermic

Free Fearless

Free Mage

Discount Mage Lord

Discount Winds of Magic

SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Any negative skills or abilities do not grant extra CP if you get them as part of a background, the bonus CP is only available if you take the perk voluntarily. These can be discarded after the jump is complete.

Ere We Go!

100 CP

The more there are charging in with you the harder you hit and the louder you get. Morale goes up as well, It's hard to be scared when you and a few thousand of your friends are about to rampage across the battlefield in a wall of hell and angry. A couple of thousand footsoldiers will hit as hard as a cavalry charge.

Stops working after five thousand join you, and magical or other clones of yourself don't count anyway. Neither do armies of prepubescent children.

Talkin' Roight Propa

100 CP

The harsh and guttural language of the Orcs apparently consists mainly of a few guttural bellows and smacks to the head for emphasis. While tough and vulgar, it seems oddly appealing to the lower classes of other races, and assuming you aren't burning down their house, family or prized cow they will see you as something of a loveable rogue. Inexplicably.

Night Vision

100 CP

You can see in the dark. Pretty much literally. As long as there's so much as one star's worth of light it might as well be daytime for you. You can also see heat signatures, which means that for roughly five minutes after they finish doing something you can see what they were doing by looking at the heat patterns they left behind.

Command of Abhorash

200 CP

Abhorash, Grandmaster of The Blood Dragons slew a dragon, one of the greatest and most terrible beasts in this world and drank down its blood, freeing himself from much of the vampiric curse he laboured under. When he returned he commanded those who followed him to train till they too could free themselves.

You must seek and kill a dragon and you too must drain it of its lifeblood. Doing so will allow you to once again walk in the light and end your craving for blood once and for all, leaving you alive again, after a fashion.

Others can purchase this, though all you will gain is the awe and respect of any dragons and vampires you meet, regardless of how they would otherwise act.

Seducer/Seductress

200 CP

With honeyed words and wicked glances you can charm almost anyone into falling madly in love with you, willing to give anything or do anything for you. Such infatuations tend to burn themselves out without increasing effort on your part though, meaning you will be left with a bitter, hatefilled enemy or a pawn you must devote every waking moment to.

Vision of Perfection

300 CP

Your form is flawless, one artists would fight to the death to paint or sculpt, and then fall onto their own daggers, weeping in shame at how badly their greatest masterpieces pale in comparison to your true magnificence.

Gentleman/Gentlewoman of Infinite Leisure

+ 500 CP When purchased

You simply do not work. Labour is for the lower classes, the lesser orders, and you should never, ever have to soil your immaculately manicured hands with anything as baseborn as combat.

All combat skills cost half again as much CP. A two hundred point skill now costs three, a four hundred point skill now costs six.

Ghoul King

300 CP

Feral Ghouls, the bestial, cannibalistic undead offspring of those mad enough or desperate enough to feed on human flesh are drawn to you like moths to a flame. They will recognise you as a superior predator, dimly aware that you transcend their own pitiful existence utterly, and they will worship you as unto a god.

Expect to have an entourage of roughly twenty to thirty ghouls at all times, with losses replaced at the rate of two or three per night.

Feral

+ 400 CP When purchased

You exist in an animalistic state, higher reasoning stripped away or willingly discarded. Like an animal you can do little more than hunt for food or shelter. You may occasionally force yourself to deal with others in ways that don't involve the fight or flight response, but they will be rare and filtered through your base perceptions.

Blood Frenzy

200 CP

The spilled blood of your enemies invigorates you, the spray of crimson as their last breath escapes their mangled corpses the only thing you find beauty in any longer, the copper taste of death on your lips better than the sweetest honey. The more blood you spill the greater your attacks become, the faster you strike, the more damage you inflict. Beware though, for the opposite is true of your defences, which only grow weaker as you cease to care about whose blood flows, yours or your enemies.

Ogres Strength

300 CP

You have the strength of an ogre bull, enough to hold a fully armoured knight and warhorse above your head with ease.

Titans Strength

500 CP

You have the strength of one of the fabled Sky-Titans, legendary beings who dwelled in the sky before the coming of the ogres. Almost no living thing can match you, save perhaps for the dragons, and precious few unliving things can rival you. Only amongst the demons of the north will you find rivals, and those will not be common, save for the chosen of the Blood God.

Hated Enemy

200 CP

One of the races in the world holds a special place in your heart. Hate. Hate so dark it colours everything you do, every action you take. You would tear down the stars and pull the sun from the sky if it would harm them, if it would harm even one of them. In battle your rage gives you the speed of the wind, the strength to sunder almost any armor, the ability to shrug off pain and even a small resistance to any magics used against you. Beware though, for you can never flee battle against them, no matter how many are drawn into the fight.

Defender

200 CP

You excel in defensive engagements. Shield to shield with your comrades you are like a wall, unmoving and unyielding, your armour seemingly stronger the more stand by your side ready to shatter the onslaught of your enemies. Endurance increases, morale is boosted and even magics splash harmlessly against you with sufficient company. A couple of thousand footsoldiers will shatter any cavalry charge, even if they are a simple peasant levy.

Stops working after five thousand join you, and magical or other clones of yourself don't count anyway.

Innovative

200 CP

In a world where change is regarded with suspicion at best and heresy at worst you stand alone, head and shoulders above your peers. You can effortlessly create new techniques and methods for working through or around problems with a few moments of quiet contemplation.

Engineer

400 CP

Trained in the College of Engineering in the heart of the Empire of Sigmar you are a master of science, the path of progress that will cure all the worlds ills within fifty years. Black powder and steam are but some of the miracles of technology at your disposal, for now you wield the very cutting edge of progress in your hands!

Vow of Poverty

+300 CP when purchased

Either as a religious act, through a desire to help those in need or simply because the end times are upon us all and greed is the surest path to damnation you can not possess more than it costs to secure food and lodgings for a few days. Unexpected expenses will cause you great problems, and finding the resources to pay your recruits hazard pay will be almost impossible, to say nothing of the fact very, very few dogs of war will fight for nothing.

Well 'Ard

200 CP

You bear the scars of a lifetime of fighting, your hide criss crossed with so many that the calluses form a virtual second suit of armor, thick enough to turn the blades of your enemies.

Insane

+ 300 CP when purchased

Either through trauma or simply the misfortune of being born broken you are insane, a howling, gibbering madman, shunned by normal society, though perhaps from time to time some kind soul will offer you a few scraps of food. In battle though? In battle you shine, striding forth without fear, for how can the horrors of the world compare to the horrors conjured by your shattered mind?

Fanaticism

300 CP

You hold something, an ideal, a person, an item in the highest regard possible, and would give your life to defend it and see it go unsullied, see it standing tall and triumphant. Pain is nothing to you in defence of your ideal, and the first killing blow that would fell you you may simply shrug off, rising to stand in defiance of those who would cast down what you hold dear.

Beware though, decapitation or outright destruction of your body cannot be ignored, not can magics that unmake your soul. You can rally yourself to fight on this way once per jump.

Discipline

100 CP

Under orders from others or giving orders yourself you stand as a rock against the tides of chaos that threaten to turn any military camp into a drunken riot. With you, orders are obeyed, schedules kept, corruption, thievery and drunkenness almost non-existent, the soldiers with you

perfect examples of military order.

Lil' Bit Slow on the Uptake

+ 200 CP when purchased

You aren't the brightest spark. And that's putting it kindly. Expect to be taken advantage of by every conman and sweet talker you come across, and to receive the worst assignments for the smallest reward.

Cunnin'

200 CP

You have a certain low, animal cunning that, while not intelligence, can sometimes pass for it in a low light. You might not understand how or why someone is trying to cheat you, but you will easily be able to tell when they are.

Obsession

400 CP

You hold one skill above all others, something you devote your every waking moment to and then dream frantic, bittersweet dreams of when you collapse in exhaustion. You find it almost impossible to tear yourself away from this thing for anything but the most urgent matters. You have mastered the skill though, in a way few can even comprehend, let alone match.

The skill you choose is now three times more effective. Truly the Prince of Excess smiles upon you.

Advisor

200 CP

Through either skill, understanding of how people think or sheer decades of life experience you make an excellent advisor, knowing when to let someone talk and come to the conclusions they need to come to and when and what to slip into a conversation to bring them to the best course of action. Or your course of action, which doesn't have to be the same thing at all.

Dwarven Will

300 CP

The resolve of the bearded folk is legend, and a large part of why they were once considered living stone. When you set your mind to something you will not be swayed. Not by words or by fire or by thunder or by strength of arms. Spells and abilities that affect the mind are simple to shrug off, and the duration of any that do take hold are lessened greatly. You are resistant to other magics as well, though not to such an extent since you stubbornly refuse to acknowledge their existence.

Grumbling

200 CP

Nothing is good anymore. Things were better back then. The colours were brighter, the air was cleaner, the goblins were bigger too. Take your arm off with a butterknife they would.

You grumble. You complain. Strangely, morale is always sky high, a combination of amusement and interest in the stories you intermingle with your protests at everything. How can people worry? compared to what you've been through, they know this will be a picnic.

Ectothermic

100 CP

Put simply, you are cold blooded. The colder it gets the more sluggish you grow, the slower your thoughts arrive and the less energy you have. Conversely, the hotter it gets the more energetic you become, faster, stronger, more quick witted and more agile.

Elemental Form

400 CP

You possess the ability to switch to the form of your chosen element, a massive, raging colossus almost impervious to ordinary weapons and healing with insane speed while exposed to that same element. With fists able to shatter a fortress gate such power will be welcome, but beware, for it comes with a price. Using it will leave you exhausted, weakened and near death for days, your spirit almost helpless. In a world such as this where demons lurk in every shadow and in the words and thoughts of madmen and concealed traitors, this can be far, far worse than a death sentence.

Beard Supremacy

300 CP

Your beard is like a silken waterfall, long, flowing and regal, leaving all those dwarvenfolk who see it in sheer awe. The Dwarves cannot help but hold you in high regard, your popularity with them assured, anything but the most terrible acts looked on as roguish mischief. Other races such as humans may find you worthy of respect, but oddly it will most likely be the women, who seek to discover the secrets behind such flowing, silky tresses.

Unburdened

200 CP

Armour is for slow, clumsy fools who lack your grace in battle. While going without protection into war may seem suicidal it allows you to bring your true prowess to bear, dancing through sword strikes and the jabs of spears that seem as telegraphed as the carefully rehearsed false strikes of actors on stage.

You are far, far harder to hit and you can fight for far longer since you do not haul around masses of metal to hide behind but beware, the blows you do take will strike deep.

Obviously, this skill cannot be used while wearing armor.

Seamanship

100 CP

You are as at home on the waves as you are on land, the rolling of a ship going unnoticed, your

footing secure even in the worst, most rain lashed storms. You also gain a great deal of knowledge about life at sea, how ships operate and what is required to keep them afloat and operating.

Ambidextrous

200 CP

You fight equally well with both hands, and can easily wield two weapons (or more, should you somehow obtain more limbs capable of holding weapons) with the greatest of ease.

Aura of Slaneesh

400 CP

You radiate an aura that twists perceptions, that makes your opponents struggle to remain fighting, the whispers of the Prince of Excess filling their ears with all manner of wicked offers till the most weak willed swear allegiance to you and only the strongest willed can find the fortitude to fight.

Infiltrator

200 CP

Moving through the cities, hovels, pits and nests of your enemies is second nature, and you know where you can hide and where you should not go. This also greatly increases your ability to present yourself as a member of another race you already resemble. No amount of effort will allow an orc or a skaven to pass as a high elf, but for druchii to pass as their kin or vice versa? child's play.

Mark of Nurgle

300 CP

You bear the mark of the god of stagnation, showing his ownership of your soul for all to see. The Mark of Nurgle often takes the form of a cluster of warts or buboes. Bearers are surrounded by an aura of disease that reduces the attacking ability of their foes.

Gut Magic

400 CP

Gut magic, also called Gastromancy, is the form of magic used by the ogre shamans known as Butchers and Slaughter-Masters. Gut magic simply relies on the caster, consuming the correct ingredients and speaking an incantation, if The Great Maw finds them worthy of its blessing it will give the caster and those in proximity to him or her some very powerful effects, though if the caster is unworthy the incantation will produce some less than satisfactory results, whether it be completely consuming the caster from inside out to some very powerful flatulence that even Nurgle would be impressed by.

Blessing of the Lady

300 CP or if Knight Errant 700 CP for full version

You bear the Blessing of the Lady of the Lake, the Goddess of Bretonnia. An unseen but incredibly powerful enchantment you are greatly resistant to magic. Should you be a knight

errant and in your travels find the Lady and be granted a sip from the Holy Grail you will find that you become almost completely immune to hostile magic, the power of enemy mages and sorcerers simply washing harmlessly over you.

This represents a 30% and 70% resistance to hostile magic respectively, and becoming a Grail Knight is no easy feat, something less than a handful of the most selfless, purehearted knights of Bretonnia ever manage. The quest itself will take most, if not all of your ten years here.

Man-at-Arms

100 CP

Serving under another you excell, your training both allowing you to carry out orders with skill and ease and subtly bringing forth the qualities you admire in your superiors. While it will not be instant, over time you can turn even a spoiled brat of the nobility into someone at least competent enough to claim he or she has earned their commision.

Raconteur

200 CP

In a world where few can read or write anyone who can command the attention of others with the spoken word finds it easy to make a name for themselves. You are a master of the spoken word, wether standing on a box denouncing someone in the town square or recounting a risque antidote over brandy and cigars you can easily hold listeners captivated and convince them of almost anything.

Ettiquette

100 CP

You are fully conversant with the social conventions of most, if not all the major races and know the correct way to behave in almost any circumstances. If someone isn't actively trying to kill you you will know how to at least keep them receptive to your presence.

Aura of Nobility

200 CP

You bear an aura of what nobility should truly be. In the Empire you stand as a shining beacon of progress, a self made man or woman who strives to further the cause of civilisation, in Bretonnia you are regarded as a true beacon of Chivalry and a stalwart defender of the peasantry. You can expect similar reactions from other races and the respect those reactions warrant.

Should you purchase this as an orc you will obtain an extremely classy top hat and monocle which you will wear at all times.

Vampirism

400 CP

You bear the curse and the bloodline of one of the five vampire clans. Each clan has its own strengths but all share common weaknesses. You cannot cross running water, you must rest in

a coffin filled with the soil (or sand) of your homeland, exposure to sunlight will destroy you in moments and the only thing that will sustain you is the still warm blood of the living. Your strength and toughness are massively increased, and wounds will heal in seconds as you drain your victims.

Mage

300 CP

You are able to wield the powers of magic, shaping it and sending it to rain ruin down on your foes or succour your allies. In this world though, you drawn power from the winds of magic, and while they always blow, sometimes they blow enough for you to cast spells enough to shatter mountains, sometimes you will struggle to light a candle.

While those with this perk can wear magical and nonmagical metal armour such as chainmail or platemail, such equipment does make it much more difficult and much more tiring to work spells.

Mage Lord

400 CP per wind mastered, must have taken Mage unless purchasing Mage Lord (Shyish) as a Necromancer

Through training or simply sheer talent you have risen to the rank of mage lord, and have gained the ability to perceive the hidden currents within the winds of magic, allowing you to specialise in one of the more esoteric spellcasting schools.

While those with this perk can wear magical and nonmagical metal armour such as chainmail or platemail, such equipment does make it much more difficult and much more tiring to work spells.

Hysh

The white wind of magic, Hysh is also called light, and casters able to channel it are incredibly skilled in exorcisms, their light banishing demons and shattering undead as well as shielding troops from their deprivations.

Chamon

the yellow wind of magic, called by men gold is the densest magic, and the easiest woven into metals. While it gives the power to cast spells that turn armor and weapons into molten metal it is most valuable for allowing the creation of enchanted weapons.

Ghyran

The green wind of magic, the Jade wind, called the Coils of Life is closely tied to nature, water and the flow of the natural essence of life through the world. The strength of Ghyran magic is generally affected by the seasons - it is most potent in spring and summer, and it declines during winter. Ghyran magic can be used in a wide range of spells - as well as giving vital energy and providing healing, it can be used to manipulate the natural environment and control water in all its forms.

Azyr

The blue wind of Azyr is light and insubstantial, and after passing into the world from the Realm of Chaos it quickly dissipates into the upper portions of the heavens. Azyr is the Aethyr's metaphysical drive for inspiration and that which is out of reach. It is creativity and the desire to emote. Masters of Blue magic are diviners without equal, and true masters are able to manipulate the flow of events to come through ritual.

Ulgü

The grey wind of magic Ulgü is a mysterious wind, which spreads disorientation and confusion amongst those it touches. Masters of the Grey Wind tricks the foe into thinking they have been beset by terrible foes or slain by a mysterious floating sword. So convincing are these illusions, that the foe usually keels over and dies anyway. Only the swift-minded can see past these tricks. It is generally used to confuse and befuddle the foe and sap their will to fight.

Shyish

The purple wind of magic. The power of Shyish comes from the ending of things, the slow decline of the soul, and the certainty and terrible awe of death that all sentient creatures must face at some point. Strongest at times of transition such as dawn and dusk Shyish, also called death magic consists of powerful spells to cast down and destroy individuals, usually enemy commanders and champions. Necromancers able to master the purple wind will find their necromantic spells and rituals both quicker to cast and liable to cause far more damage to opponents.

Aqshy

The red wind of magic. Aqshy blows down from the north as a hot and searing wind. Temporal heat acts as a conduit for Aqshy, and so spells involving Aqshy almost always involve fire. It collects around open flames, volcanoes and dry deserts scorched by the sun. It is also attracted to wherever there is excitement and argument, courage and vehemence, since Aqshy is the Aethyric coalescence of passion in its widest possible sense. The magic of Fire is extremely destructive, compromising nearly exclusively of "magical artillery".

Ghur

The brown wind of magic is the coalescence of bestial spirit, the predator and the prey. It flows around the wild, untamed places, where the touch of civilisation has not yet been felt. It is a savage wind, as unreasoning as it is devoid of malice. In battle, it augments troops to become stronger and tougher, turning mediocre troops into fearsome warriors.

Ancient Lore

100 CP

The secrets of the forgotten times before the races that walk the world today are not so forgotten as it would seem. You have discovered much, or simply were alive when these ancient empires existed, and you know of the location of hidden ruins, places of treasure and danger unknown to others. You also have a plethora of information available to you about

these ancient empires, who they were, how they lived and sundry other bits of information.

Siegecraft

100 CP

You have the knowing of siege, of how to bring down the thickest walls and tallest towers, all the tricks that will carry you through or past the static defences of your enemies.

Battlefield Engineer

100 CP

The great engines of war are your purview, catapults, ballistas and other more esoteric engines. Directing their construction and their use is as easy as breathing for you.

Ethereal

600 CP

By divine providence or unholy magics you are now invulnerable to mundane weapons. They either bounce off or simply pass right through your ghostly form, though even the weakest enchantments will render weapons once again able to harm you.

Necromancy

400 CP

A master of dark magic you are capable of raising entire cemeteries and battlefields worth of the dead to serve, or snuffing out the lives of opponents with terrifying ease. More advanced forms of undead are beyond you for now though, and there is a limit to the numbers of lesser undead you may command.

You may command a thousand skeletons or zombies per year you have been here.

While those with this perk can wear magical and nonmagical metal armour such as chainmail or platemail, such equipment does make it much more difficult and much more tiring to work spells.

Necromancer Lord

500 CP, Must have taken Necromancer

All the secrets of necromancy are available to you know, and creatures bleak and terrible answer to your beck and call. Wraiths, mummies, vampires, wights, even with effort a great, rotting zombie dragon can be commanded, though those who retain the ability to think may not respond well to slavery. As well as commanding greater undead you gain access to the most terrible necromantic spells, able to slay entire towns and cities worth of people.

While those with this perk can wear magical and nonmagical metal armour such as chainmail or platemail, such equipment does make it much more difficult and much more tiring to work spells.

Winds of Magic

300 CP

The winds of magic blow down from the north, from the great chaos rift that is the source of all the worlds woes. These winds do not flow evenly, sometimes pouring down so thick that lesser wizards go mad, and sometimes so lightly all but the smallest spells are impossible. You possess the ability to perceive and even influence these flows to some extent, denying enemy mages vital magic, potentially snatching victory from defeat as spellcasters find themselves powerless for a few precious moments. If you are a mage yourself, you never need worry about lacking the magic to cast spells.

In any other reality you may, with a great deal of extremely tiring mental effort, trigger a shortlived wind of magic to blow for a few minutes at best, allowing use of any magical abilities you have in any setting, though the more high technology there is in any given reality, the harder it will be. Beware of using this too often, for the strain of calling forth the winds of magic grow greater and greater each time, to the point where the effort can very easily kill you outright.

Scourge of the Living**+ 400 CP if purchased**

Your mere presence poisons the land, killing plantlife and driving away animals. If you remain in an area long enough you will scar it permanently, and nothing good will ever dwell there again. With enough time, even the dead will be affected, forced from their rest to rise as uncontrolled, wild undead.

Chameleon**300 CP**

Your skin is capable of mimicking your surroundings, shifting in a flash of a second to render you almost invisible if you remain still. While it hides you from sight it does not hide your scent, and warmblooded creatures who somehow gain this will be visible to those who can see bodyheat. Anyone who is not a skink will be regarded as a chaos mutant if they are seen using this to conceal themselves. At best you can expect to become an outcast, at worst the witchhunters will come for you with fire and steel.

Healer**300 CP**

Through magic, skill with herbs or training in the recently discovered science of medicine you are an expert healer, able to diagnose and treat the bulk of the common diseases and all but the most terrible injuries sustained in battle. The more terrible diseases gifted to the mortal realm by Nurgle may be too potent to deal with now, but as your skills grow even these maladies will fall before you.

Archery**200 CP**

You are a master with all manner of bows and crossbows, skilled enough to obtain work as a trickshot and headlining act at any circus you walk into. Firing through the eyeslot of the helmet

of a marauding chaos warlord at four hundred yards is effortless for you.

Grandmaster Archer

300 CP, must have archery

Few, if any can rival your prowess with bow and crossbow, your skills legend across the world. Were a gale to pluck up every leaf from one of the great and ancient trees of Athel Lorien you could easily pin them all back onto the branches before the first of them fell to the ground.

Brewmasta

300 CP

You are a master of brewing the strange mushrooms and fungus that grow deep beneath the worlds edge mountain into a variety of potions, poisons and the dreaded Fungus Beer. With time and experimentation even the rarest growths will reveal their secrets, mushrooms twisted by the magic seeping through the rocks that allow ever stranger and more potent concoctions.

As a side effect, orcs and goblins will hold you in higher regard, especially if you keep the beer flowing.

Agility

200 CP

Your every action is one of grace and poise, and in battle you are incredible to see, dancing between blows, moving so quickly you seem to be in two places at once, your enemies unable to so much as touch you.

I feel the MAGGOTS HATCHING!

400 CP

Blessed by Nurgle your rotted, festering, suppurating flesh writhes with an infestation of maggots, the grubs hatching into the grotesque, disease carrying bloatflies of Nurgle. They swarm around you thick as fog, choking those who come near, swarming into mouth and nose, crawling into eyes and ears, infesting others in turn and making you almost impossible to strike, and those few blows that do impact against your putrid meat are cushioned by a thick layer of crushed, pus filled insect filth.

Of course, if you don't have the mark of nurgle you can still buy this, it just wont be as hideous. Damsels of Bretonnia can purchase a cloud of butterflyLies, and what vampire doesn't want a swarm of bats? the flying thing in question is down to you, as is the name of the skill, but the cost and the effects are the same.

Schemer

300 CP

You weave plots and plans the way a spider weaves a web, and to much the same purpose, to snare your prey and leave them helpless, right where you want them. The intrigues of others are clear as day, and how to twist them to your own ends is simplicity itself.

Sneaky Git

100 CP

In the ruins of the old dwarven empire and the caverns under the worlds edge mountains you shine. Or you would shine if you weren't so impossible to see. Even the still inhabited dwarven halls are your playground, to a small degree. In these places none know your passing unless you wish them to.

Forestry

100 CP

The forests of the Old World are your playground. The trees and plants respond to you, moving to conceal you and hide your passage, thorns trip and tangle pursuers, branches fall at the worst moment for them, poison ivy sprouts overnight in the middle of camps. In any living, verdant healthy forest trying to catch you is idiocy at best, suicidal at worst.

Trollish Regeneration

500 CP

Like the fabled and much feared Trolls your flesh heals so quickly it almost seems to run like water, wounds vanishing in seconds, and the scars those wounds leave behind disappearing not long after that! While the great Trolls must fear fire and acid, for wounds cauterised in such a manner can never heal you do not, for injuries you take from such sources merely heals at what a human would consider a normal rate. Normal for any person who could survive third degree burns to ninety percent of their body at any rate.

Wraff of da Godz!

300 CP, Must be Orc or Goblin to purchase

This magic is extremely unique in the fact it is harnessed by Orc and Goblin Shamans not from the winds of Magic, but from the power of a Waaagh! itself and the individuals within it. The magic channelled by Goblin Shamans and Orc Shamans, is very different however (Little Waaagh! and Big Waaagh! respectively). Orc magic mainly stomps on, punches, shoots at, and generally is rather violent towards the enemy. Goblin magic, however, is far sneakier, tricking and enfeebling the foe and making Orc and Goblin soldiers better, occasionally resorting to a few offensive damage spells.

Strength in Numbers

100 CP

Quantity has a quality all of its own, and you and your kin are the personification of this. The more there are of you the better you do, fighting harder, enduring more and becoming almost impossible to break in battle with enough warriors by your side, behind you and most importantly, in front of you!

Warpstone Exposure

200 CP

While most races simply mutate, go mad and die (not always in that order) when exposed to warpstone, the solidified stuff of pure chaos, you respond extremely positively to it, muscle

increases, your intellect grows, the time it takes to heal from injuries drops dramatically, you become better all around. Beware though, for too much exposure will simply transform you into something else. For skaven this will be a Verminlord, a greatder daemon of the Horned Rat. For others? who knows, but it will be the end of your journey.

Stealth

200 CP

Going unseen while being actively sought is your forte, not evading notice in the first place but dancing around those who would come after you, leaving nought but a wicked laugh floating on the wind to let them now how close they came and yet how far they were. With this you are almost impossible to pursue or follow, save should you wish it.

Assassination

200 CP

You are a master of the swift, sudden and unexpected death. Poison, a simple knife in the dark or a myriad other means are at your disposal, and should you reach a target you will quickly be able to determine the quickest, most effective way to end them.

Poison manufacture

200 CP

The darker side of alchemy, you are skilled at the mixing of foul and deadly concoctions, poisons to coat your weapon or to kill tastelessly and leave no evidence. As your skill increases so to does the complexity of the recipes you perfect, till eventually perhaps you will even find toxins vile enough to bring low the dreaded Daemons of Chaos.

Undying

500 CP

Many have sought immortality, and the closest to finding it was Nagash, the first Necromancer. The foul unlife he brought his willing and unwilling followers to is now yours to share. Dead though still aware you need not eat, nor breath, and such flesh as you have remaining shall never tire again. You have shed your mortality as a snake shrugs off its skin, and now all eternity is yours.

Fear

300 CP

A great and terrible thing you are, or perhaps one simply so grotesque no man can dare look at you without falling back in shrieking, maddened terror.

Your very presence can change the course of battles as lesser opponents turn tail and flee for their lives and even the greatest of your enemies hesitate to meet you head on.

Lords and Ladies

+200 CP if purchased

You are everything a noble should not be. Vain, arrogant and dismissive, you offended those

higher in rank with your wretched toadying and infuriate those of lower class with your unthinking dismissal of their worth. Your attitude will win you precious few friends here, and those that it does net you will not be worth it.

Mark of Tzeench

400 CP

A symbol of the Changer of Ways and his ownership of your very soul, you may invoke this mark as you wish and channel the power of the great schemer to twist the last few moments of your life into new patterns. A swordstroke that would have slain you goes wide, a scheme is revealed by an eagle eyed guard at the last moment, a bomb turns out to have been improperly built and fails to destroy you in fire.

As powerful as this ability is, beware! The schemes of the Changer of Ways are quite literally countless, and should you be caught within one unknowingly and attempt to change its outcome your punishment will be terrible as you are simply folded away and forgotten, a fragment of reality that never was and never will be again.

Metavore

200 CP

With a digestive system more akin to Troll than anything you can eat the foulest foods and survive if not happily, at least healthily. While you can't expect to survive more than a few days eating rocks or sand, you can easily challenge an ogre to an eating contest and win by devouring your opponent.

Concealed Mark of Chaos

200 CP

You bear the symbol of Chaos Undivided, pledging your soul not to one but to all four of the ruinous powers, sworn to walk a path that does not favour any of the great powers more than the others. While perhaps the most difficult path of the slaves of Chaos, this is also one far more likely to lead to a true reward in the long run, the four powers gifts cancelling each other out and preventing you from devolving into a shambling, insane Chaos Spawn.

Mark of Slaneesh

400 CP

A mark of She Who Thirsts, you have sold your soul to the Prince of Excess and bear her gifts. You may invoke the mark to leave one person utterly, completely infatuated with you, your complete and broken slave. Beware attempting to enslave powerful opponents though, for they have protections and deities of their own watching over them, and you may be revealed. You may only attempt to control one person at a time in this manner, though should you release a previous playmate to take another all the first victim will remember is a vague, addled haze of twisted pleasure and horror.

Optionally, you may also become a hermaphrodite. Slaneesh hands that one out like a party favour.

Mark of Khorne

400 CP

You have sold your soul to the Bloody Handed god and pledge to war for eternity in his name, harvesting blood and skulls for him till even time itself crashes to an end.

You will always be familiar with any weapon, even strange, esoteric ones never before seem outside the mind of mad poets. Your muscles also swell grotesquely, your strength increasing tenfold! (Or doubling, if you happened to arrive in this place with super strength to begin with.)

Fearless

200 CP

You know not fear. Nothing will shake you or weaken your morale. You can stare into the eyes of the greatest of monsters and not turn away. No opponent is so terrible you can not close with them. Defeating them will be another matter of course, but you will be able to get to them when other men would fall sobbing and clawing at their eyes in horror and madness.

WAAAAAAAGH!

300 CP, Must be Orc or Goblin to purchase

You generate the Waaagh! energy that powers the magic of the greenskins. The more orcs and goblins there are in one place and the more they grow eager to fight the more energy they create, till it begins to distort the fabric of reality itself, forcing the greenskins beliefs onto it!

Thankfully for the other races, the only truly widespread change is related to colours, somewhat bizzarely.

Those in red become faster, those in blue become much, much luckier, those in purple become almost impossible to see (how many purple orcs have you seen?) and those dressed in black become much, much tougher. Yellow is also affected, and equipment painted like this will be of much higher quality, with explosives detonating with a much, much bigger boom.

Elite

300 CP

You are the best of the best, among your peoples finest troops. You fight harder, strike more quickly and with more skill and turning aside the clumsy swipes of others is almost insultingly simple.

You can also expect to be given the highest quality equipment and support, and as a mercenary while you should not expect to keep them you can expect to be loaned reasonably powerful magical items from time to time as well.

This carries over into other adventures you may have elsewhere, though if there is no magic in these places you will simply find easier access to the very cutting edge of killing technology.

Quell Animosity

300 CP

There are many races in the world, and while you may with effort recruit from all of them, most would not expect them to keep from resorting to outright battle let alone to tolerate each other. Through words, action, reputation or perhaps just sheer intimidation you can keep the different races from overt fighting at least.

Riding

100 CP

You know the basics of riding and mounted combat. Beyond that however, you have a choice. You may become a master at riding one particular steed, your skill in the saddle almost legendary even without the experience you will gain here, or you may maintain a much broader, less specialised skill base that will allow you to ride virtually any war cavalry, be it the boars of the orcs, the Necrophidians of the tomb kings or even stranger, rarer, more monstrous things.

Marksmanship

200 CP

Your skill with blackpowder weaponry is impressive, to say the very least. No blackpowder weapon will ever misfire when you try to use it, be it simple musket or the fearsome Organ Guns of the Empire. You also gain a great deal of skill in the art of shooting, though this is to be expected. Shooting down the bearer of an opposing armies standard in a howling gale from a mile away is a casual, everyday feat for you.

Unholy Abomination

+ 400 CP if purchased

You exist as a visible, obvious sign of the end times, a monstrous, hideous thing all right thinking people will seek to purge from existence as an affront to the gods they follow. As a result, there are but a handful of places you can find rest and more importantly, work. Amongst the dark elves, the skaven and amongst the Chaos Dwarves, Deep within the everchanging realms of madness called the Chaos Wastes and within Silvania, the blighted, poisoned wasteland province of the empire where the dead do not rest easy, or at all. These are not places where sane creatures seek to tread, and your life here will always be in danger. There will be no respite for you.

Rotten to the Core

300 CP

Your flesh is diseased, corrupted, festering and suppurating, oozing sores and boils bursting across your wretched form. You bear the foulest of diseases, down to the very core of your being. In suffering you have found a form of solace, for what matter the blows of your enemies now? What matter sword strikes and the thrust of spears when oozing pus glues gaping wounds back together in moments? what matter the impact of hammer and mace when spongy, swollen flesh absorbs the impact with nought but a loathesome squelch?

Endurance

200 CP

You are virtually inexhaustible, untiring. You can march for days with full kit and pack before slowing, and swinging a massive, two handed weapon around in full platemail is as much effort as a gentle stroll through a field of flowers.

Sum fer da Maw, sum fer me

Ogre only

You consume, in tribute and emulation of your god, the Great Maw. As long as you devour, gorging when and wherever you can, you will be well regarded. Should you abstain from gluttony you will suffer the most terrible of divine punishments. Your paunch will rapidly vanish, and this sign of the Great Maws disgust will see you taken and thrown down into the warpstone infused tunnels that riddle the Ogre Kingdoms. Your journey will end forever down in the darkness as you devolve into a Gorger, a monstrous, albino eating machine of less than animal intelligence.

Feedin' da Maw

Ogre Only

As a Priest of the Great Maw you are held in awe and respect by lesser Ogres, your kin willingly obeying your commands as though they were belched forth by the titanic gaping mouth you worship.

This reverence comes at a price though, expect to uphold the traditions of the Maw, expect to gorge yourself whenever and wherever you can, and you must willingly devour whatever the tribes set forth in offering, no matter how vile.

Flamin' 'Ot!

Ogre Only

As a priest of The Fire Mouth you are skilled at manipulating the bellyburn, the small spark of fire you believe exists within you and allows you to consume so much. While your magic is bizzare, it is undeniably effective. A few mouthfuls of the noxious, secret brews of your priesthood and you can vomit up sheets of fire, enough to reduce entire formations to charcoal and molten metal, or spew a barrage of fireballs to explode clear on the other side of a battlefield. As your skill and devotion increases you will be able to manipulate these flames you vomit forth into all manner of bizzare conflagrations.

Slayer Mohawk

200 CP

As a Slayer (or just someone who likes the look) You have styled your hair into an outrageous and truly towering bright orange mohawk. Set virtually hard as concrete it functions almost as well as the helmets you can no longer wear, and it sends a clear message - 'I will fuck you up.'

Mopping up the Dregs

50 CP

There are always people who have no where else to turn but the mercenary life, and more often than not these people are utterly unsuited for it, cripples, cowards and half starved refugees. While its use is dubious you have an unsurpassed ability to round them up and into a state that might, from a distance, look like they could join a fight. Make no mistake, they wont last more than a few moments before either breaking or being slaughtered, but that might just be what you wanted them for anyway.

The more noble hearted may want to actually train them, and while it is possible to eventually turn them into soldiers, it takes roughly three times longer than a normal member of the race.

Ultimately for each week you spend recruiting in any decent sized settlement you can come away with an extra 200 dregs, to a maximum of 600 per settlement and 2000 total.

Siege Beef

50 CP

in a siege, when the food had run out and the horses, cats and dogs and even the rats had been eaten, that was when peoples boots started to go missing and Siege Beef was put on the menu.

in a siege situation, no matter how grim the supply situation gets, your mastery of what could charitably be called cooking will allow you to turn things like boots, leather upholstery and leather armour into nutritious 'food'. It wont taste good and it will take hours to eat, but you wont starve.

Blessing of the Loadout Gods

50 CP

Any units or troops under your command have double the normal amount of equipment, feed and other supplies that they would normally have for some reason. In short, you are now slightly more prepared to fight a long term conflict and will always be so no matter what reality you find yourself.

Eh, it beats Dyin'

50 CP

Most troops grumble and moan and hate the idea of a long, backbreaking march. Some races can't even manage it, mostly because they get into fights with the first passers by the see, or each other, or even the scenery, just to releive boredom.

Somehow you can manage to not just get everyone lined up and pointing in the right direction at the drop of a hat but in a state of mind that actually has them looking forward to spending days being on a forced march.

Slayer's Oath

Slayer Only

It came to be that you knew a great and terrible shame, so great that the only outcome you had was to make the trek to Karak Kadrin and there take the Oath of the Slayer. You have sworn to

seek some great and terrible doom, to die in battle and atone for your shame.

While you will die, you will die no ordinary death. Fight as though every fight is your last and you shall survive till the end of your time here, only to destroy your greatest foe as it in turn casts you down. In its unmaking and your death you will be freed from your oath and free to choose your destiny from then on as normal, but Beware! enter any fight assured of your own immortality and invulnerability and you will fall, your oath fulfilled and your journey ended as the Ancestor Gods of the Dwarves welcome you home.

Should you or any Slayer Companions you have manage to die gloriously in battle you may make one roll on the following table to discover what reward you have gained and kept from the time spent as a Slayer:

1. Brute Strength

Hour after hour spent swinging a rune axe through opponents in combat has left your arms and shoulders thick with corded muscle. While it may look a little odd in melee combat you are much more deadly, and this only increases when you wield an axe.

2. Berserk

With the shame you bear as a Slayer weighing heavy on your mind, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year as you try and fail to die in glorious and redeeming battle you find your control slipping till you can enter a berserk state at will, butchering anything that comes close, ally or enemy, able to ignore even the most grievous wounds till you stand alone on the field of battle.

3. Reaction Strike

Put simply, you cannot be ambushed any longer. Living in shame and paranoia has honed your subconscious awareness of your surroundings to the point where any assassins who attempt to slay you are struck before they can attack.

4. Frenzy

All know you as a Slayer, and the constant mocking and talking behind your back, the never ending shameful gossip you know must circulate about you has become too much, and you may at will choose to brood upon it till you snap and go into a killing frenzy, every opponent you fell driving you to attack faster, till all are slain and you collapse exhausted and unconscious.

5. Deathsong

As you grow closer to being struck down, you may draw on inner reserves of strength and willpower and begin your Deathsong, a fearful, grim battle dirge. While you still sing you can not fall till the song is sung, though the second the final verse is over, you may simply drop to the ground dead if your wounds were severe enough. Telling of your exploits and how you came to this place to die, your song will last three minutes, plus another one per jump.

6. Rune Axe

A masterpiece axe, capable of being used one or two handed, the weapon will never dull or break or require cleaning, and if lost or stolen will always some return to you, usually after wreaking a terrible vengeance on the thieves.

The Axe also bears one of the following runes:

2. Rune of Strength

This Rune boosts the strength of those wielding the axe, allowing them to sunder the heaviest armour with ease.

3. Rune of Flight

While this Rune will not allow you to truly fly, it will greatly increase your movement speed.

4. Curse Rune

The axe is not a happy weapon, and is prone to taking its anger out on those it bites into, inflicting them with terrible misfortune for a year and a day, should they survive.

5. Rune of Rage

The more the weapon strikes, the more it wishes to strike, and through the rune it will empower its wielder to do so, each successive arriving with a little more force than the previous.

6. Rune of Breaking

Knowing itself to be a superior weapon, the axe will not allow lesser blades to meet it and remain intact. Non enchanted weapons are shattered when the wielder parries attacks.

7. Rune of Parrying

Eager to defend its user, the Axe will eagerly guide its owners hand, intercepting incoming attacks of its own accord.

8. Rune of Cutting

Insanely sharp, the edge of this axe will slide through flesh and bone like a hot knife through butter.

9. Rune of Toughness

A simple rune, but certainly a popular one for it bestows the equivalent protection of a suit of platemail to the axes wielder.

10. Rune of Courage

An unusual rune for a Slayer, to be sure - the blue glow of this magical symbol will calm the hearts of allies and inspire them to great acts of courage and daring.

11. Rune of Sure Striking

Another Rune that allows a weapon to act almost of its own accord, the Rune of Sure Striking guides attacks to slip past enemy defences with shocking ease.

12. Rune of Destruction

A rare and terrible rune indeed, the Rune of Destruction renders each blow of the axe terrible indeed, as the magic trapped within struggles to be free, causing a small explosion with each impact!

COHORTS AND WARMONSTERS

To begin your adventure, you have helpfully been provided with three hundred of your chosen races basic troop type and a second in command, also of your species, though his, her or its class is up to you. You may substitute an existing companion for this, and may also import up to seven others, all gaining a background and race where required.

Terradon

300 CP

Terradons are giant flying reptilian creatures that soar the skies of Lustria & the Southlands, hunting for it's next prey. They have great eyesight which allows them to spot prey hundreds of miles away and hidden deep in the jungles. They prey on anything that is man sized or smaller, from birds soaring above the trees, to ground-dwelling animals and intruders on the jungle floor.

Their huge, leathery wings can propel them at great velocity, and they are surprisingly agile, able to fly at full speed through thick jungle while avoiding branches, vines and trees. They are also expert gliders and can remain airborne for days on end, utilizing the steamy, hot thermals that rise from the jungle.

Some Skinks had mastered riding these airborne monsters, using them to scout ahead, spying on the enemy from far above and then striking suddenly with great speed. The Skinks use Javelins which they toss at the enemy, while the Terradons use their razor sharp claws & snapping jaws to tear their prey apart. Descending with mighty beats of their powerful wings, they attempt to latch onto their foes with their strong claws, snatching them into the air before letting them plummet to their doom.

Stegadon

400 CP

The Stegadons are among the most aggressive & the most powerful creatures to have ever rampaged it's way through the jungles of Lustria & the Southlands. They are ancient creatures that were living in the jungles of Lustria when the Old Ones first arrived. Gigantic, armored beasts, they feed on almost anything they come across, from the lush vegetation and the trunks of vast forest trees, to the flesh of any creature foolish enough to get in their way. They are strong enough to uproot entire trees, and they can crack stone with their heavy footfalls. In the heat of the jungle, the Stegadons cool themselves by wallowing in the swamps, relying on their thick scaly hide to protect them from crocodiles and the gigantic predatory fish that infest the waters.

Massive horns project from the Stegadons' armored crests, and their bodies are covered in spikes and bony armor plating. Their tails are heavy and barbed, and can be swung with devastating force. These monsters are highly territorial & will charge & destroy anything that invades it's territory. Disputes between rival male Stegadons can be heard for miles around, their roars reverberating through the jungle as the massive beasts fight. Often, these battles last for days on end, and are resolved only when one of the competitors has been slain, to be consumed by the victor.

Razordon

300 CP

Razordons are predatory creatures that stalk the jungles of Lustria and the Southlands. Razordons are large predators with thousands of spines on their backs and tails. They attack in a unique way, by activating powerful muscular spasms that launch the spines directly at the prey, and those who aren't killed immediately, will quickly bleed to death. Their spines will grow back over time, so they do not need to worry about shooting too many of their spikes.

Some handlers are capable of goading these creatures to hunt down a prey animal, or an intruder. Trainers are capable of activating the spikes of the Razordon at will by poking the Razordons back with the pointy end of their spears. However, a Razordon would still be capable of tearing its enemies to pieces using their dagger-like claws and razor-sharp fangs.

Cold One

200 CP

Cold Ones are dark and feral beasts that can be found in Lustria and Naggaroth. Bipedal with long, rigid tails that aid in balance Cold Ones main armaments are the wickedly sharp teeth that line their snouts. Deeply aggressive these large and scaly reptilian beasts prefer the darkness and dampness of caves and the choking humidity of jungles. They are either solitary or may hunt in small packs. They have a liking of horseflesh and normal horses are terrified by them.

Kroxigor

200 CP

The Kroxigors are giant crocodile like creatures who tower above the rest of the Lizardmen, if they stood upright they would be easily twice the height of a Saurus Warrior. Their bodies are almost all muscle and they have powerful jaws lined with rows of sharp teeth. They are naturally armoured with tough scales and a thick skull. The Kroxigors are also aquatic and can travel through the marshes and swamps of Lustria at a relentless pace.

Kroxigors were originally created as the Lizardmen's construction slaves. They were the ones who carried the huge blocks of the temple cities into place. However the Kroxigor were never meant to be the smartest of the Old Ones creations, and so they need directions from their smaller kin.

Dread Saurian

500 CP

Dread Saurian Of all the reptilian nightmares that inhabit the jungle-shrouded continent of Lustria, Dread Saurians are one of the most feared; an echo of ancient days when huge beasts such as they did battle with the forefathers of dragons for supremacy. Immense creatures, larger than the towering Carnosaur, Dread Saurians are few in number and sacred to the Lizardmen, and the fury of each that prowls the fetid jungles is moderated only by the arcane power of the ceremonial armour that bedecks them. Without this precaution, even the power of the Slann could not hold them in check.

Sabretusk

300 CP

Sabretusks are the feline-looking mountain predators with yellow-beige fur. They are deadly adversaries alone, with the speed of a warhorse, strength of a Cold One, reflexes of Skaven and brutal efficiency of a Witch Elf. However, they are pack hunters, together able to kill a mature Rhinox or even fell a whole Giant. Ogre Hunters keep them as pets, not just because of their respectable prowess, but also because their keen noses are great at locating creatures, especially the Cave-bear.

Salamander

300 CP

Salamanders are large, amphibious predators who lurk the jungles of Lustria & the Southlands. They are great hunters, at both land & water. They have a unique ability of catching their prey, by spitting a burst of corrosive, flammable liquid from their gullet that burns and incapacitates their prey, before devouring them with their powerful jaws. This liquid is produced from a special organ, inside their bodies. They will use this liquid not just to catch prey, but to fend off from attackers as well. They also have a large sail on their backs, probably used as a cooling mechanism, so their bodies wouldn't overheat while they are using their fiery liquid. Living artillery, essentially.

Griffon

400 CP

Griffons are strange creatures, resembling Hippogryphs in having eagle heads and wings, but differs in possessing a leonine, rather than equine, body. They are at times ridden into battle by the high-ranking officers of the The Empire, prized for their sharp claws and powerful beaks (the latter consistently rivalling Greatswords' blades in power), excellent reactions and high overall resilience. Most surprising, however, is the way they can easily bypass enemy parries while staying out of reach themselves, something only most skillful warriors can achieve, albeit after decades of training.

Hippogryph

300 CP

The Hippogryph is a strange and even a little bit chaotic influenced beast, consisting of the aquiline head and wings of an Eagle attached to a body of a horse. They are known to possess a quick and fiery temper, which, when combined with their considerable fighting prowess and great speed, makes them especially dangerous beasts to encounter.

In spite of that, eggs or young chicks are sometimes collected by adventurous Bretonnian peasants from their nests high in the Grey Mountains, and then sold to their nobles for massive amounts of gold - assuming that the peasant makes it out of the mountains alive.

Demigryph

200 CP

Demigryphs are frightening creatures that could possibly be related to and resemble wingless Griffons. They are often used as mounts for knights and other high ranking members of The Empire. This is due to their frightening strength, massively powerful beaks, and viciously sharp claws which allows them to rip through armored opponents with ease. Among several Knightly orders it is the last act of an aspiring knight to capture a demigryph for use as his mount. These orders are usually small, but their ability to bring all of their brother knights to battle on such monstrous mounts lead to them having lists of battle honors that rival those of much larger orders.

Cockatrice

400 CP

Cockatrice is a repulsive Chaos-influenced beast with sorcerous capabilities. While this curious creature has very fast reactions and a great number of claws, it is not very strong, martially skilled or even particularly resistant to damage, when compared to creatures like Dragon or even Varghulf.

However, the sorcerous capabilities of this monster allow it simply turn the assailants into stone with a simple stare, showing a notable similarity to the Basilisk. As such, the enemies should not ever look it in the eye if they hope to emerge victorious. Even if they manage to

wound the agile beast, it is likely that it will simply fly away, preferring to live long then die hard.

Chimera

400 CP, Creature takes three rolls on chaos mutation table, choose two.

Of all the numerous creatures in the Warhammer world, Chimeras are easily the most warped, even amongst their Chaos-tainted brethren. No-one knows about their ancestral origins, for they are so terribly warped that no two ever look the same. The differences are not purely visual, for some Chimeras might spew flame or bite limbs off with the tail-mouth, while others have developed poison glands or metallic skin to keep it alive for far longer. It is quite slow to react, giving its enemies time to appreciate these mutations before they die and stop caring about it.

Great Taurus

400 CP

Great Taurus is a creature of pure rage, manifesting itself in the form of a red, winged bull wreathed in flames and smoke. The fire is hot enough to melt iron, and the weapons instantly soften and blunt as their wielders are about to deliver the blow. When its rage reaches its peak, the flames burst out of its throat and eyes, which usually resolves with the creature smashing its way into a large regiment.

Lammasu

500 CP

A Lammasu is a rare and interesting mutation of the Great Tauri, one that bears the face not of a great bull, but of a Chaos Dwarf instead. Unlike the Great Taurus the Lamassu is not consumed by fiery rage, but is a manifestation of sorcerous intelligence. Though not as powerful as its cousin in combat, the Lammasu is able to employ magic instead, launching fireballs at the enemy, transporting allies on shadowy mounts in a blink or simply letting death creep through enemy ranks. Not only is it able to cast magic, but it is also incredibly resilient to its effects, with the vilest spells often dissipating upon contact with the miasma of sorcery around him. This same miasma also negates the enchantments inside the enemy weapons, be it a life-draining Wight Blade or a deft Lance of Quest, shocking their enemies to Lammasu's delight.

Those that dare sneak into the Blasted Lands and manage to break one of these great beasts to their will earn the enmity of the entire Chaos Dwarven race, for they dare ride the very symbol of the Dawai Zhaars God, Hashut, Father of Darkness.

Jabberslythe

900 CP

Jabberslythes are some of the most ancient creatures of the Warhammer world, and are certainly the vilest. They are an unwholesome union of toad, sludge-drake and insect, a creature so unearthly and grotesque that even the clearest of nature's pools will never reflect

that abomination. Sentient creatures fare even worse, with many humans known to die of sheer shock or madness the appearance of this creature invariably induces. Because of that, Beastmen Bray Shamans send them flying amidst the enemy as soon as possible, both to take advantage of its hideousness and to protect the sanity of their own herd.

Jabberslythe's mobility and hideousness aren't its only powers. While inferior (barely) to Varghulfs and Dragons, it is still a very capable fighter, its monstrous size allowing it to trigger virtual earthquakes as it rampages, eclipsing Thundertusk or Stonehorn in strength and resilience, as well as sprouting poison. It also possesses a terrifying ability to simply lick a soldier (usually someone in charge) away from his regiment, the tongue shooting out with the precision of an Elf over considerable range, dragging the unfortunate into the creature's mouth. Assuming the rank and file soldiers that face the beast can cut through its gromril tough hide they will discover the thing that is most ironic, however, is the way many die right after landing a successful blow, eaten away by the gushing fountain of the creature's bile-blood.

Juggernaut of Khorne

400 CP Chaos warrior of Khorne only

Juggernauts (also known as the Blight of Khorne or Juggers) are the steeds of Khorne. They are massive Daemons of Chaos cloaked in sheets of steel and brass instead of flesh. Half-daemon, half-enchanted steel and sinew they stand taller than a man with blood of liquid fire. Juggernauts are ridden into battle by powerful mortal and daemonic minions of Khorne, for only those possessed of exceptional willpower can hope to control such a raging beast. They are also creatures that pull the 'Blood Chariots of Khorne' into battle. Juggernauts, simply put, are pure killing machines with little intelligence, just the raw instinct of combat.

Kharibdyss

500 CP

The Kharibdyss is a monstrous creature dragged from the darkest depths of the ocean by the Dark Elves. This brutish and slow witted creature is goaded into battle where its horrific rampages induce unimaginable terror and carnage in the ranks of those unfortunate enough to find themselves facing it. Its five heads are able to attack multiple targets at once, and its sharp claws and lashing tail enable it to tear through the toughest armor with ease. Its scaly hide is also resilient enough to shrug off blows from all but the heaviest of weapons.

Appearing as a hydra from a distance, up close it quickly becomes apparent all but one of the things heads are in reality lamprey like maws, designed to latch onto and drain the fluids from other war beasts.

Pegasus

300 CP

Pegasus (plural-Pegasi), are the mysterious winged horses of magical origin. While Pegasi aren't really faster than regular horses, their wings allow them to fly above anything. What is really valued in them, however is their strength, comparable to that of a Chaos Steed and the

Skaven-like reactions, making them a valued mount.

Rhinoxen

400 CP

Rhinoxen are large, furry and horned beasts, looking like both oxes and rhinos, hence the name. They are pack animals who live in the Mountains of Mourn with the Ogres. Being so large, they are understandably strong and resilient, with the coat of fur thick enough to deflect blows. Like Ogres and Dwarfs, it is quite slow-witted, but when it sees the nearby enemy, it will almost always charge straight at it, mauling to death anything in its way. Even larger variety exists, known as the Bull Rhinox, which easily matches the Varghulf in power.

Thundertusk

500 CP

Thundertusk are a massive mountain beast, several times larger than already big Rhinox. Understandably, no Ogre Tyrant would miss the opportunity to use it in combat. As such, it is possible to see this beast trudging alongside the Ogres, the two riders busy skewering foes ahead with shots from the harpoon crossbow. As the Ogre line gets into combat, the foes find themselves shrouded in great chill that instantly leadens their limbs and slows their reactions, allowing slow-witted Ogres to attack without immediate fear of retribution. This has to do with the Thundertusks originating from the Warhammer Ice Age, when the whole world was completely frozen over. Even though these times are long gone, a portion of that cold has forever set into these beasts.

Stonehorn

600 CP

Stonehorns are mountain beasts of about the same size as the Thundertusks. They are so ancient that their bones have fossilized with the mountain stone. It is unclear how that happened, but it is clear that the Stonehorn is a very dangerous creature indeed. Unlike similarly bad-tempered Rhinoxen, it won't even consider the idea of *not charging* into anyone it sees, preferring to rip their bodies apart with tusks or smash the victims against its stony forehead. With so much of its body made out of stone, its weight is truly enormous and so anyone trampled by the creature will probably become a bloody paste with little chance of identification, much less burial. Indeed, as this creature charges, it leaves behind a trail of overturned soil, cracked stone and aforementioned paste.

Ogres love creatures like these and so it should come as no surprise that they have "broken" them to use on the battlefield. Unlike Thundertusks and Rhinoxen, they don't have any weapons mounted on them - the rider would never get the chance to properly aim it, as his mount will just about always be on the move, finding new things to grind beneath its bulk. The Ogre is absolutely powerless to stop it; the best he can do is to point the creature away from his allies.

Hydra

500 CP

War Hydras are beasts selectively bred by the Dark Elves. They are absolutely huge, possessing many long necks and covered in thick scales. They can easily tear warriors apart with fangs or even crush them with the lethal coil of their many necks. Not only that, but they're near impervious to harm, with scales thick enough to deflect the blow. Even if it does get through, many enemies have witnessed the tough flesh re-growing within a minute.

Unsurprisingly, not many enemies are able to brave such a monster, with many seeking solace in running. To counter that, the Hydras are able to move with surprising speed, easily outrunning foot soldiers. Even if the enemy manages to get out of the immediate range of its teeth, they are by no means safe. Each head is able to belch great gouts of flame, incinerating great swathes of infantry.

On the other hand, the aggressive Hydra doesn't distinguish between friends and enemies. To prevent it from turning on Druchii troops, it is always accompanied by a pair of Beasmasters, their whips keeping Hydra on right track.

Varghulf

700 CP

Varghulfs are Vampires who have chosen to embrace their bestial side and let it take over. They exist only to feed, their body swelling with the life essence of their countless victims. Other Vampires consider them to be disgusting and uncivilised. Nevertheless, a Vampire would not turn down the chance to have such a lethal predator as part of their army.

Whilst a Vampire is bound into a human-like form, a Varghulf has no such hindrance. It is a mass of muscle, with the strength to demolish a wall or crush a carriage in order to find prey. With powerful legs and broad wings there is little that can outrun a hungry Varghulf. Once caught the victim will face a dagger-fanged mouth easily capable of crushing armour and smashing bones. When the prey is dead a Varghulf will strip flesh and break bone with its immense claws in order to suck out the delicious bone marrow.

Although Varghulfs have neither the ability or the desire to wield magic, they do act as a conduit for Dark Magic. Ghouls are often drawn towards Varghulfs, seeking a powerful master and protector. In return the Varghulf becomes the king of a flesh-eating tribe. It will make court in a cave or tomb, sending forth its minions to capture prey to kill, or corpses if live capture is not possible. Although mindless in the grip of its blood thirst, a Varghulf is much more terrifying than a mere animal.

Unicorn

400 CP

Unicorns are renown for their elegance and grace, which makes them look peaceful. However, they are arrogant and as such unpredictable creatures, who do not mind using their hooves to trample a person to death and they are likely to enjoy skewering creatures on their single horn.

simply to show its power. Unlike horses, they are solitary creatures and possess perhaps the greatest example of an anti magic aura encountered by anyone, easily enough to shield rider and up to a dozen companions.

Warhorse

200 CP

Massive, powerful and vicious the warhorse appears much as a draft horse from a distance, and only up close do you see the look in its eyes, a mix of pride, fearlessness and a deep, inborn desire to kick your head clean off. These carefully bred beasts are easily able to bear the weight of a fully armoured Knight, with some sorcerously enhanced behemoths able to bear even ogres, creating a truly fearsome battlefield spectacle.

Charger

100 CP

A horse that didn't quite make the cut as a warhorse being smaller and slower, the Charger is still head and shoulders above anything even a well paid infantryman could ever dream of owning. The ones usually encountered amongst Dog of War forces tend to be the ones who lacked the correct temperament to train properly, being too wild, too violent and too eager to charge to be a good warhorse. Of course, for many riders, this is simply a bonus.

Nightmare

300 CP

Some unnatural fusion of necromatic energy and the common horse led to the creation of the Nightmare, one of the few living animals who will tolerate the presence of the undead. Glowing red eyes and jet black colour give away the beasts sorcerous origins, as does the aura of misfortune it projects, turning attacks against it and its rider into a comedy of quite fatal errors.

Mechanical Horse

200 CP

(Meikle's Equine Effigy of Dynamic Locomotion) - Build by Frau Meikle, the first woman to be (somewhat reluctantly) admitted to the College of Engineers, this mechanical masterpiece has the appearance of a horse (albeit rather steely and gear laden), and has pair of brass globes attached to the "horses" head that are linked to an accumulator that is in turn connected to the "horses" legs. The Engineer riding the steed can unleash the stored energy inside in a lightning arc powerful enough to roast a foe alive.

Steed of Kurnous

300 CP

Appearing something like oddly elongated deer, these animals are more spirit than beast and are never still. When ridden to war they are incredibly swift and difficult to harm as the beast seems to dance away from incoming blows. Their massive stags horns are terrible weapons as well, many pronged and razor sharp.

Steed of Slaanesh

400 CP Available only to Chaos Warriors of Slaanesh and Champions of Chaos undivided

Steeds of Slaanesh are swift and powerful Daemonic creatures of Slaanesh. Capable of running for eternity without ever tiring, they are often used as mounts for mortal or daemonic champions of Slaanesh.

A Steed has a serpentine body propelled on two long, muscular legs. Its head is extremely narrow, little more than a slender snout with eyes, from which a tongue several metres long flicks and darts and can taste the desire of mortals. Steeds are vicious when roused, their tongues lashing like whips, their clawed feet kicking and eviscerating. They are incarnations of Slaanesh's free spirit, insatiably curious and, like all Daemons of Slaanesh, always crave experience.

Within Slaanesh's realm are great idyllic meadows of gold and silver. Here roam the herds of Steeds, hundreds of them roaming freely, like birds on the wing, allowed to flit and run where they please, shifting colour from soft blues to pastel purples and gentle ochres.

Daemonette

300 CP Available only to Chaos Warriors of Slaanesh and Champions of Chaos undivided

Daemonettes appear as both beautiful and repulsive to those who look upon them. Their bewitching opal eyes and enchanting aura veil their androgynous features and grotesque claws, revealing an alluring appearance the beholder will always consider the epitome of beauty.

Depending on the situation Daemonettes can be gracious and swift warriors, using their razor-sharp claws when violent force is necessary, or subtle messengers and seducers who will haunt the dreams and nightmares of their victims.

Horror of Tzeench

300 CP Available only to Chaos warriors of Tzeench and and Champions of Chaos undivided

Horrors are the most prolific daemons of Tzeentch. In form they are an ever-shifting mass of flesh, limbs, and flame-spewing orifices. Certain Tzeentchian spells can also create Horrors by burning mortals into ash. Horrors are gibbering, malicious and generally vile parodies of their patron god. Units of Horrors are often accompanied by Flamers of Tzeentch, and among their ranks are also champions, standard bearers and musicians, whose standards and drums are organic parts of their bodies. In battle they band together in packs in order to unleash their powerful magic upon their enemies, blasting foes with eldritch fire.

Disc of Tzeentch

300 CP Available only to Chaos warriors of Tzeentch and and Champions of Chaos undivided

Discs of Tzeentch are daemonic beasts of Tzeentch who are fusions of metal, daemon and magic. The Disc was once a daemonic beast known as a Screamer but was transformed into a Disc of Tzeentch as a gift to an important mortal Champion of Tzeentch or a favoured Daemonic Herald of the Lord of Change. The Discs still retain their manta-ray like appearance from the Screamer they once were and as a daemon of Tzeentch they will form tentacles, eyes and spikes at every curved edge of their bodies as well as unleashing mutating flames as they hover across the ground.

Bloodletter

400 CP available only to Chaos warriors of Khorne and Champions of Chaos undivided

The daemonic hordes of Khorne are largely made up of ferocious Bloodletters. These Lesser Daemons are deadly warriors believed to have been foremost amongst the Blood God's followers in mortal life and whose will is as implacable and blood-hungry as that of Khorne himself. Sharp, needle-like teeth stud a Bloodletter's slavering jaws. Its serpentine tongue constantly flickers to taste the spilled blood of those it slays. Rippling muscles lie barely concealed beneath the Bloodletter's scaly red hide, knotted sinews that give the strength sufficient for its jet-black claws to pierce the most unyielding armour. This might is guided by a killing instinct that surpasses that of mortal men. A Bloodletter is unburdened by any other thought or compulsion than to reap the lives of Khorne's foes and claim skulls in the name of its divine lord. They carry massive Warp-metal swords known as Hellblades, great two-handed weapons that cut effortlessly through any armour crafted by mortals.

Hound of Khorne

400 CP available only to Chaos warriors of Khorne and Champions of Chaos undivided

A Flesh Hound of Khorne is a powerful and bloody-minded daemonic beast in service to the Blood God Khorne. Found by the hundreds and thousands on the bone-littered plains surrounding Khorne's demesne in the Realm of Chaos, Flesh Hounds are great wolf-like beasts that hunt down and destroy the enemies of the Blood God. They are often unleashed into realspace when possible to pursue those who have earned Khorne's wrath. Flesh Hounds are implacable when on the hunt and pursue their target across vast -- even interstellar -- distances. Constantly closing in, their howling often drives their target to madness before the Hound's own razor sharp teeth sink into flesh. What remains of their victims, especially their skulls, are brought back to their unholy master, to add to the uncountable others that make up his massive throne.

The Great Hellbrass collars the daemonic beasts bear renders them utterly immune to sorcery.

Warboar

200 CP

The Warboar has been the favoured mount of Orc warriors for as long as any Orc can remember. The Warboar is a fierce and stubborn beast with long, sharp tusks, a thick skull, and the odour of a dung heap -- much like its rider! Warboars are ridden into combat as cavalry by Orc Boarboyz to carry them into battle as quickly as possible. Boarboyz must first capture a wild boar and then beat the creature into submission so that it will allow him to ride upon its back and give it simple commands. The Orc benefits from the speed and ferocity of the creature and the boar for his part in the bargain is treated to a daily supply of gruel, a smelly sty, and the occasional smack across its snout with a large stick!

Necrophidian

300 CP

Something resembling a cross between a statue and the skeleton of a monstrously sized cobra the Necrophidian is the steed of the Knights of Nehekha. Their heavy tails can literally shatter bone with monstrous swipes, while dipping giant fangs in warm flesh. Even if the wound itself is not lethal, the victim is still ultimately doomed; the statue thing's head conceals poison sacs, further likening to the real, living snake.

Tomb Scorpion

400 CP

A Tomb Scorpion is a Tomb Kings construct, made out of bone, stone, metal and other sturdy materials. When the shell is built, the Liche Priests inscribe the binding hieroglyphs and perform a ceremony of awakening, that lasts from moonrise to dawn.

Tomb Scorpions often guard the entrances to tombs, mercilessly punishing intruders. In times of war, however, they make their way to the battlefield and wait under the sands until the Liche Priests send their spiritual call. When that happens, the Undead construct awakes, emerging from beneath, assaulting the enemy with its huge claws and mighty tail. Should the Scorpion get the opportunity, it is able to literally crush the enemy with its claws; nothing can survive the sheer strength of this blow, be it a Hydra or a Chaos Knight. However, it does not need to do so, for even a shallow wound could be lethal, due to the poison sacks inside its body.

Should the enemy wizards try to obliterate this creation with their sorcerous powers, they could well see the strongest spells dissipate upon contact with Scorpion. This is because the Scorpion is honoured to carry the remains of a destroyed Liche Priest, their presence protecting it from sorcerous harm.

Ushabti

300 CP

Ushabti are giant statues carved in the image of the many deities of the Nehekharan pantheon and guard the great pyramids of the Tomb Kings.

Ushabti are imposing monuments, over three times the height of an average human. Being

larger, they are fiercely strong but also very agile. When they are needed, the Tomb Kings bring the Ushabti to life by channelling great magic through them.

Those that fight for the Tomb Kings see it as a great sign when Ushabti enter the battlefield, being representatives of their gods.

Necrosphinx

400 CP

The Necrosphinx is a truly bizarre creature. Sculpted with the features of many different mythological creatures, it has the torso and face of a man, the body and paws of a fearsome desert lion, the tail of a scorpion, and a pair of ornate wings to mimic those of the falcons of the underworld. The Necrotects of ancient Nehekhara believed that by combining these forms they could create the ultimate warrior, one who could destroy all their enemies. However, the Mortuary cult disagreed, believing the creatures to be an abomination in the eyes of the gods. After a century of famine and plague, the superstitious kings were forced to agree. None dared to destroy the Necrosphinxes, for fear of angering the gods of the underworld, so they were instead buried in vast pits and forgotten.

They remained buried for a millennia until Settra himself ordered the Necrosphinxes to be unearthed to combat a mighty Orc Waaagh! that was sweeping across Nehekhara from the Badlands.

The Liche Priests do not believe the Necrosphinxes to be animated by the soul of a great warrior like the other War statues. Rather, they believe that the sinister gods Pha'a and Usekeph breathed life into these creations, having found a way to vent their fury upon the world of the living.

Warsphinx

600 CP

Warsphinx is a terrifying creation of Tomb Kings: a huge leonine statue carrying a great howdah on its back. Few warriors are brave enough to stand their ground in front of this monster, for those who are get swatted aside by its claws or snapped in half by the giant jaws. The full power of the Warsphinx, however, lies in its ability to literally crush the enemy under its massive body, leaving nothing but bloody pulp beneath.

The howdah on the back can be crewed by the lucky Tomb Guard; it is very rare, however, to see a Tomb King who would not want this creation for himself,, for not only is it truly devastating in combat, but being made out of solid stone, hardly anything can hope to do real damage to this monstrosity.

Giant Spider

300 CP

Arachnids the size of small ponies these forest dwelling horrors are the favoured steeds of

Forest and Night goblins who breed the loathsome things in hidden caverns deep below the surface of the world and in isolated, web strewn clearings deep in the most inhospitable forests. Faster than a horse and capable of leaping great distances the spiders greatest weapons are their sabre sized, venomous fangs and their ability to cross almost any terrain, even running up the walls of castles.

Arachnarokk Spider

600 CP

An Arachnarok Spider is a truly gigantic creature, able to overpower even formidable Giants and Thundertusks. These creatures live in the deepest forests, where Forest Goblins worship each one of them as a living god.

This worship pays off a hundredfold in times of war, for the Forest Goblins are able to persuade the spider to fight for them. In combat, its many mandibles will rend apart the enemies, the deadly poison making every strike truly lethal. Should it encounter a rival monster, like aforementioned Giant, then it will literally inflate it with venom, great quantities of deadly liquid instantly downing it. As if that wasn't deadly enough, its worshippers often bedeck their god with a giant howdah, which, besides carrying many temples dedicated to the bearer, makes an excellent firing platform for Goblin archers. In fact, it is not uncommon to see a primitive catapult, known as the flinger, at the forefront of the howdah.

However, even a beast like that can simply be swarmed with superior numbers, and so any Greenskin commander lucky enough to have it in his army will foresee this and move the arachnid into the nearest forest or indeed, behind any nearby obstacle, allowing their eight-legged god to attack the enemy horde piecemeal.

Rat Ogre

300 CP

Rat Ogres are the greatest creation of Skaven Clan Moulder and a product of its mad research into beasts and mutations. They are a combination of various different creatures mixed together in a strange warped mix. They are commonly sold by Clan Moulder as bodyguards to wealthy Skaven leaders.

Raised by Packmasters and kept in terrible conditions, Rat Ogres are forced to fight for food against each other right from the very beginning of their lives, ensuring that only the strongest and most vicious survive. Being rather stupid they largely depend on their Packmaster for guidance who direct the monsters and unleash their devastating charges when the time is ripe.

Hobgoblins

200 CP per 200

Hobgoblins are a sneaky, evil-minded race of Greenskins. Despised by their kin, the Hobgoblins survive by the grace of their adopted masters, the Chaos Dwarfs.

Hobgoblins, a larger variety of 'standard' Goblins, are found living out on the Eastern Steppes of the world where they are ruled over by the Khans, all of whom answer to the Hobgobla-khan, the greatest of the hobgoblin warlords. Hobgoblins are known for being the most traitorous creatures in the world. "Backstabbing a friend" is often referred to literally in Hobgoblin society, so much that they have evolved a hard flat bone backplate where a stab is most likely.

Berserker

100 CP per 300

Men and women of the Chaos Tainted north, Berserkers (a corruption of the old world Baer-sark, or bare skin) live a life of almost literally unending battle and are fierce warriors who care little for comfort or companionship, caring only for the chance to wage into battle and bring ruin down upon any who dare challenge them. There are always countless berserkers willing to join and fight for coin, and with time they tend to relax somewhat, adopting the manners and customs of their more civilised bretheren.

Squigs

100 CP per 3

Squigs, or Cave Squigs are amongst the most deadly creatures to be found in deep caverns. They are a hybrid of fungus and flesh, with round bodies and enormous mouths. Night Goblins hunt Squigs using long forks called 'prodders'. Squig skins and hides are used to make many different things, including ropes, and Squigs taste delicious roasted.

Riding Squig

100 CP

In battle Squigs are herded towards the enemy by Night Goblins equipped with pitchforks, firebrands and drums. Some especially reckless Night Goblins ride larger than usual Squigs into battle. They have no control over how fast the Squig moves, although they are able to guide the Squig towards the enemy.

Colossal Squig

400 CP

The strange, improbable and often quite insane creatures known as Squigs are half-fungoid, half-flesh beasts that breed and multiply wherever Orcs and Goblins gather. These foul and vicious monstrosities range in size from bestial hunting Squigs and the madcap Squig Hoppers that some Night Goblins ride to war; to the feared Mangler Squigs goaded into battle to devour the enemy wholesale. None of these beasts match the sheer size of the Colossal Squigs though, said to haunt the depths of the Grey Mountains and the Vaults.

These cyclopean monsters boast an insatiable appetite, and are in essence no more than an impossibly vast fleshy maw studded with row upon row of scimitar-bladed teeth. Near impossible to direct, let alone train, Night Goblin Shaman must resort to drugged meat (often live and unfortunate Goblin 'volunteers') or hugely potent spells to overcome the crude

instincts of these behemoths.

Dread Maw

400 CP

Vast, armoured worms with their circular mouths, studded with rows of sickle-shaped teeth, Dread Maws can seize and devour a fully armoured man in seconds. Often, smaller prey is swallowed whole, but even the largest creatures will fall foul of the Dread Maw's ravenous appetite. Bursting forth from beneath the ground and latching on with their hooked teeth, they can tear their way inside the greatest of beasts, eviscerating them from within and quickly hollowing out their ruptured carcass.

Merwyrn

600 CP

Something like an underwater dragon and something like a vast, scaled salamander and with the head of some monstrous prehistoric fish Merwyrms are most commonly found in the dangerous coastal waters of the Sea of Claws, and are bright silver-green and highly venomous. When food is scarce they have been known to assault coastal villages, devouring the inhabitants.

Other rarer sub-breeds are known to exist, such as the albino Pagowyrn which dwells in the frigid seas of Naggaroth, and the legendary black Sciowyrms found only in the deepest ocean trenches. Masters of the primordial darkness that surrounds them in the deeps, they are said to be one of the few creatures that dares to hunt the mighty Kraken.

Basilisk

500 CP

Found in the most treacherous regions of the Warhammer world, from the Bloodspine Mountains of the unknown Southlands to the Grey Peaks that shoulder the Empire, Basilisks are a reclusive menace. They are a living blight so inimical to life that they poison the very ground they walk upon, the venom that suffuses their body and spirit capable of swiftly reducing verdant land to ruined waste.

Their huge bodies are covered with brightly coloured scales from the membranous fins upon their head to the tip of their muscled tail; a warning of their noxious nature. They prowl stealthily on eight legs, and are capable of moving swiftly enough to run down even the quickest prey. The most potent weapon in the Basilisk's arsenal, however, is its gaze. Renowned in folklore across the Old World for its lethal potency, the sickly pale eyes of the Basilisk can focus the essence of their poisonous soul, withering their prey until its skin and flesh slough away, though those who do dare meet the creatures gaze are simply ossified, turned to a calcified, bone like stone almost instantly.

Troll

300 CP

Trolls are huge humanoid monsters, as witlessly stupid as they are bone-crushingly powerful. They commonly join marauding Greenskin armies. Trolls are found in greatest numbers in the Troll Country and other Chaos-saturated regions near the Chaos Wastes. Trolls are by nature creatures of Chaos, the corrupting effects of Chaos playing a primary role in their origins. It was once believed Trolls and Ogres were related creatures, and that Trolls were in essence a further degeneration of the Ogre race.

Trolls are voracious creatures, mostly motivated by food and eating, and appropriately, their digestive systems can cope with almost anything, including, it is rumoured, rock and metal. Trolls are infamous for several abilities. Their digestive juices are among the most corrosive acids known in the Old World, and disembowelling a Troll can often result in the death of the attacker himself as the acid sprays out. Secondly, Trolls possess an uncanny ability of quickly regenerating even the most grievous wounds. In due time almost all wounds will be healed, the only known weakness being fire.

Trolls sometimes make use of weapons, although they are more than capable of ripping someone apart with their bare hands and claws.

Breeds

Besides the bog standard common troll, there are a number of distinct breeds:

River Trolls live in the vicinity of water; rivers, lakes, or swamps being a common choice. They are scaly and particularly slimy fellows with a stink so powerful it is almost visible, and bad enough that anything with a nose caught downwind will be reduced to vomiting helplessness in short order.

Stone Trolls are native to mountainous and rocky areas, and occasionally eat rocks and stones. As a result they have acquired stone-like characteristics, like very hard skin. Another extraordinary characteristic is that they are extremely resistant towards magic.

Orc Rogue Idol

500 CP

A Rogue Idol of Gork (or possibly Mork!) is the personification of the spirit of the Waaagh! Imbued with so much potent Orcish power, the rocks and stone, detritus and old scrap that makes up a Rogue Idol's body is animated into a bestial likeness of a mighty Orc warrior, both in behaviour and savagery.

Dragon

900 CP

Dragons are among the most powerful creatures of the world, as large as hills and as old as time itself. While their great teeth, talons, and iron-hard scaled skin make them formidable enough opponents, it is their famous breath - a deadly flame, gas or lightning discharge - which

can strike terror into the heart of the stoutest warrior. Though the race of Dragons is in decline, the mightiest heroes still ride Dragons into battle, and the various kinds of dragons wreak havoc across the world of Warhammer.

Colour

There are several breeds of dragons, clearly shown by the colour of their scales (i.e.: skin). Each breed has its own kind of breath.

White Dragons breathe a freezing chill mist so cold that its victims are numbed and frozen.

Black Dragons breathe a noxious gas. They are often mounted by the Dark Elves.

Red or Fire Dragons breathe flames.

Forest Dragons are green and belch green corrosive fumes. Most of them seem to live in the Forest of Loren. Forest Dragons are the only dragons capable of eating plants, and indeed prefer a diet of full grown trees that they carve apart with their saw like teeth before devouring.

Blue Dragons release lightning.

Sea Dragons live in the seas and oceans. They have adapted themselves to their environment and no longer possess wings.

Zombie Dragons are undead creatures, sometimes mounted by most powerful Vampires such as Zacharias the Everliving. They are able to belch fumes of pestilence from their rotting gullets.

The two-headed **Chaos Dragons** are the descendants of Galrauch, and aside from possessing two heads are all different, mutated most horribly by the warping powers of chaos.

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT

While all units you command come equipped with their own weapons and armour, and items you purchase or start equipped with in this section also allow you to provide your troops with standardised, mass produced versions allowing you to specialise them in any way you choose.

If you don't get anything, you have three choices and get to take one of them for free. You can load up your guys with the good old fashioned

Sword and Board

Something pointy, something thick and heavy to hide behind (A sword. The Board is a shield)

and a decent coat of mail for everyone, it's a nice allround set of kit. Comes with free short bows, if you want a jack of all trades force of mercenaries, or even plan to build a small archery unit.

Spear and Tower Shield

Slightly lighter lammelar armor, but with a tower shield and a spear it does open up the possibility of some of that sweet, sweet Phalanx action. Also has a free sling or a bunch of javelins for everyone.

Two handed adventure!

A big, heavy two handed weapon for everyone. Forget armour, forget defence, just run in there screaming and start hewing limbs like a blind lumberjack trimming a hedge.

'Uge Choppa

100 CP

Something like a huge flat chunk of rusted pig iron hammered into a vague sword shape this thing is too big to be picked up by most people, and can be used as an emergency shield in a pinch. You aren't so much as cutting people up with this as you are bullying them into separate parts. Anyone you hit can expect to lose a limb at the very least, unless they are incredibly resilient.

Fungus Beer

200 CP

Made from basically any mushrooms the greenskin in question can find (and possibly catch) this fermented brew is best served in wooden mugs the size of buckets, because metal mugs would just corrode. The effects vary from person to person, but generally the imbiber is struck with an overwhelming sense of invulnerability and incredible fighting prowess, as well as being so drunk they can barely see, stand, talk or even crawl. While most of the benefits are dubious, it does render the drinker almost totally immune to mental manipulation, be it from spells or other abilities. Anyone who tries will find themselves projectile vomiting so hard meals they ate last year will see the light of day again.

Boss Pole

100 CP

Not quite a banner and not quite a trophy rack, the Boss Pole is something every aspiring Warboss wears, strapped to his back so that all his favourite trophies and his personal insignia can be seen. As well as making you bigger and more intimidating this helps you out on the battlefield as well, since all your troops know where you are and have a vague idea of what they should be doing, at least.

Big Zoggin' Armer

300 CP

Massive, crude, black and bulky this suit looks as though it was built in a shipyard rather than by a blacksmith. The effort required to wear it is easily worth it when you consider the protection it affords, since you aren't going to get much better without nailing several knights worth of plate mail to yourself.

'Uge Stabba**200 CP**

A gigantic worked piece of flint and a fair sized sapling go together to make a spear that is usually wielded by at least a pair of Savage Orcs. While it sounds utterly useless, the sheer size of the thing means that should you manage to hit someone with it they can enjoy absolutely horrific injuries, massive blood loss AND being nailed directly to the walls or floor! Only the most gargantuan opponents can expect to avoid being pinned down by this thing.

Big Bag of 'Shrooms**300 CP**

A ratty, filthy cloth sack containing a collection of some of the rarer, more esoteric fungi that grows in the wake of the Night Goblins as they travel the caves of the Old World, these are used to give the feared Night Goblin Fanatics their insane strength. And their insanity. A handful of these will grant the consumer utterly ridiculous strength, with the slight drawback that they will most likely use it attempting to fight the hallucinations that only they can see, right up till their heart bursts.

Sure, it sounds like a terrible item, but if it can make a scrawny little goblin able to spin an iron ball weighing half a ton fast and hard enough to reduce a dozen ogres to smears of grease, is it really so bad?

Repeater Crossbow**200 CP**

A weapon of Druchii or Dark Elven design, the crossbow is ingenious, small, compact, durable, easy to operate with one hand and equipped with a twenty five bolt gravity fed ammunition drum. This as THE ranged weapon of choice, till someone invented black powder, anyway.

Rekkin' Ball**200 CP**

Most often found in the hands of Night Goblin Fanatics, the Rekkin' Ball is simply a huge, vaguely spherical lump of cast iron attached to a length of chain. It weighs in the region of half a ton, and if you can get it up to speed, you will cause some serious damage.

Barbed Net**100 CP**

A net of barbed wire, for when you really need someone to stay caught. Or for when you really don't like someone and want to make sure they know that.

Warpaint

100 CP

For when you don't want to wear armour but you want to look flash, this magical paint can help you not die, since it provides the equivalent protection of a full coat of good quality steel chainmail.

Warpaint cannot be worn under other full body armour, as something like chain or platemail would warp the warpaints magic and leave it worthless.

Hochland Long Rifle

200 CP

The last word in long distance killing technology, and the weapon the Elector Countess of Wissenland, Emmanuelle von Liebwitz took the record for the most long distance kill with, executing a skaven verminlord from almost two miles away with one shot.

The first rifled weapon in the world, the Long Rifle is designed for distance and accuracy more than any other guns, making up what it lacks in damage with its ability to hit targets at incredible range.

Repeater Pistol

200 CP

A cunningly constructed handgun that allows for an incredible rate of fire as fresh, preloaded barrels revolve into firing position each time the trigger is pulled and the gun fires, with the number of barrels available being anywhere up to sixteen in some of the latest, most expensive models.

Blunderbuss

200 CP

A favourite of the Chaos Dwarves, these trumpet shaped guns were never designed for accuracy, instead being intended to shower as large an area as possible with flashfire and molten metal fragments. Useful when someone is closing into melee or when dealing with crowds.

Jezzail

200 CP

The most commonly encountered Skaven gun, and one not often taken as a trophy due to the warpstone ammunition it fires. A long barrel allows for incredible damage, and the warpstone rounds allow it to punch through armour like it was wet paper. Comes with a free second, an assistant who is employed exclusively to carry the heavy, shield like gun rest and to keep the weapon in tip top condition.

Thunderer

200 CP

The most popular weapon amongst the Dwarves of the Old World, the Thunderer is an

amazingly balanced weapon compared to others who favour range or damage or rate of fire, but the main advantage of this gun is in its dwarven manufacture. Unlike other weapons you need never fear a misfire with this, even after a year and a day buried in a swamp this gun will fire as though it were an hour taken from the forge it was made in.

Leadbelcher

400 CP

Usually the only gun carried into battle by the Ogres, the Leadbelcher is actually a medium sized cannon loaded with scrap and discarded weapons as well as much, much more black powder than any sane person would use. The weapons effect can be summed up as 'devastating' provided it doesn't explode in the Ogre's hands.

Custom ammunition

50 CP per type, enough to outfit your company indefinitely for one purchase.

Percussion cap Cartridges

The latest innovation from the Imperial College of Engineering, these all in one bullets eliminate the need to waste time carefully pouring blackpowder down your weapons barrel and then hammering in a bullet, it's all prepared for you in this easy to use, easy to load package. Enjoy a massive increase to firing rates while your enemies are slaughtered by a veritable storm of lead!

Manstoppers

When you absolutely need to put down that charging savage and make him stay down, you need to put one of these beauties into him! Smelted with the utmost care these rounds are hollow, and upon entering the body of an unarmoured opponent deform and mushroom out, inflicting truly atrocious amounts of damage to internal organs as they shockwave almost pulps them!

Jacketed Rounds

These cunningly designed rounds consist of an armoured jacket designed to punch through an opponents armour and fragment, allowing the core of the bullet to go whizzing right in! As a bonus, the core of the round won't be able to punch its way out of the armour, so it will be reduced to ricocheting around inside your foe!

Redeemers Flail

200 CP

A weapon that originally started out as a flail but has over time been augmented with a variety of things such as small but heavy and durable bells and bronze statues of saints and holy men as well as a collection of holy writs and crudely scribbled prayers this thing hits daemons and the unholy like a ton of bricks. Indeed, the faithful may banish lesser abominations through sheer force of will if they truly bear faith.

Draich

200 CP

Not quite a halberd, and not quite a two handed axe the Draich is a monstrous weapon designed almost exclusively for decapitating sacrificial offerings. Since these offerings tend to be intended for the Bloody Handed God they can be chained down in a temple or actively fighting back on a battlefield, the Draich serves with distinction in both locations, taking heads with terrible efficiency.

Gromril Armour

400 CP

Call this Mithril to a dwarfs face and expect a fight. The methods of making Gromril itself are said to have been taught to the brarded folk by the White Dwarf himself, and the armour offers both incredible resilience, amazing lightness and ease of use, a not insignificant resistance to magic and perhaps best of all after a long, hard night of campaigning, it requires no maintenance.

Plague Censer

300 CP

A mockery of the incense censers swung by the faithful of Sigmar, these ornate orbs are almost impossible to make out through the vile, sickly yellow mist that seeps from them as the loathesome things trapped inside rot and putrify. Injuries from the surprisingly durable weapons fester in minutes, and the mist itself will leave those that need to breathe wishing they didn't as they too sicken and succumb.

Ancient Armour

400 CP

Forged long ago in the time before Nagash came and cast down the kingdoms of Nekhara this armour bears strange markings, invocations to forgotten gods and the insignia of kings long turned to dust. Time has had its way with the armour, though unlike most it has not decayed into rust but has solidified, the centuries rendering it into something that stands amongst the most durable metals of all, stronger by far even than Gromril.

Tomb Blade

300 CP

A cursed, fell weapon made magical by its centuries of steeping in the foul dark magics that swirl and coalesce in long forgotten tombs this blade hates now, the spirit of its once wielder trapped inside the rusted iron shard, hungry to tear away the warmth and life of the living, its bite leaving terrible unhealing wounds.

Liber Bubonicus

400 CP

A book of foul things, the book is part holy tome of Nurgle, part treatise on the creation of plague, part record of all the diseases that have swept the world and part grimoire of foul and pestilent magics, even the books presence will cause outbreaks of terrible diseases.

Bronze Collar of Khorne

500 CP available only to chaos warriors of Khorne and chaos undivided champions

The collar that signifies the wearer is a slave of the Blood God, the collar is Khornes loathing of sorcery made manifest. Any magics cast against the wearer simply fail, be they hostile or benign, though any attempt by the wearer to use magic themselves will be doomed to failure as well.

White Lion Cloak

300 CP

The pelt of one of the Great White Lions of Chrace, this cloak still bears some of the power and majesty it radiated when the beast was alive, and as a result wearers of such a garment find themselves more charismatic and more agile. That the partially magical hide also turns blows as well as a good quality suit of chainmail doesn't hurt either.

Woodsmans Axe

200 CP

An ancient heirloom dating back to the time when the High king was saved from assassins by a band of woodcutters this two handed axe is far more than its plain and simple appearance would let on, the axe heavily enchanted to slice through flesh and steel as easily as it slices through wood, and the weapon itself is incredibly light to boot.

Stonebread

200 CP

Long ago the dwarven folk discovered the secret to baking rations that would sustain a traveller for days and allow them to perform great feats of endurance. Admittedly yes, it is because said traveller would do anything to get somewhere that offers an alternative to eating the stonebread, but it will last for most of eternity and ten thousand years from now will still be as edible as the day it was baked. Or forged. Smithed possibly.

Anyway. Sitting and very carefully and with great determination masticating a chunk of Stonebread will leave a traveller feeling as though they have just overcome some great trial, their stamina restored, wounds healed and teeth most likely broken. Purchasing this nets you the recipe for Stonebread, and five minutes in a quarry with a pick will net you enough 'ingredients' to build enough of the bread to last a decade.

Greatbow

200 CP

Crafted from an entire sapling the great bow is almost seven feet from tip to tip and strung with sinew taken from the wings of a Giant Eagle and reinforced with bands of moonsilver the Greatbow was one of the most deadly ranged weapons till Black powder was discovered, and its combination of range and sheer power mean it will still be seen on battlefields for the foreseeable future, and the gigantic armour piercing arrows that are its trademark will be feared anywhere heavily armoured knights gather.

Compound bow

300 CP

Science will solve all the worlds problems, just as they have solved the problem of how someone who spends all day in the laboratory can wield such a massive bow. By the cunning application of a series of pullies the bowstring can be drawn with ease, and kept under a massively increased level of tension, allowing for much greater range and much more penetrative power! As if that wasn't enough, a cunningly fashioned clockwork device can be attached to the body of the bow to coat arrows in either a deadly poison or an incendiary of your own concoction!

Arrows or bolts

50 CP per type, enough to outfit your company indefinitely for one purchase.

Broadhead tips

Massive arrowheads with four wicked barbs these are utterly deadly against unarmoured opponents and wild beasts, the hooks ensuring that they cannot be removed without surgery, for if you try to simply pull them out, expect to tear away a fist sized gobbet of flesh along with them.

Bodkin tips

Slender, narrow tips forged from hardened steel, these are exceptional armour piercers, driving through the toughest platemail or monstrous hide with ease.

Wizards hat and cloak

300 CP

Enchanted robes, usually bearing symbols of the order you represent or the wind you have mastered, these accoutrements contain a myriad of helpful enchantments - they will never tear or become stained, and you don't need to wash them since they are self cleaning. The robes and hat contain a surprising number of equally surprisingly big pockets, and you will always grab whatever you need (assuming it was in there in the first place) when you reach into one. The robes also greatly increase stamina, allowing you to travel or cast for longer than normal, and are easily as tough as a good quality suit of light chainmail.

Wizards Staff

200 CP

A good, solid six foot staff, usually carved from Oak or Rowan wood, the staff can be used as a battery of sorts, storing magical energy that can be used freely by the staffs owner to power spells. The longer a staff is owned by a spellcaster the more magical energy it can contain as the mage becomes more and more attuned to his possession.

The staff can be recharged over about a day, though if the winds of magic are blowing stronger than usual the time can be reduced to a few hours, though this is rare. Should the staff be taken to any other reality, it will still be able to draw in energy and convert it to magic, though the

more high tech a reality is, the longer this process takes.

GIFTS OF CHAOS

costs 200 CP per roll.

The ruinous powers are quick to reward their followers, though perhaps reward can sometimes be a poor choice of wording. A gift to one can just as easily be bestowed as a punishment to another...

Roll two six sided dice, put the results side by side and check the following table. If you roll a 1 and a 6, that becomes 16.

Any roll you make on this table you must take and keep for the duration of the jump, though afterwards you can discard. Rolling the same number twice means you receive that mutation twice, even if it doesn't make sense. Especially if it doesn't make sense. Chaos, remember?

11. Curse of the Chaos Gods

Unfortunate, this time it seems you have been cursed and not blessed.

Roll 1d6.

1. Puny - Your entire form shrinks to one third of its original size, making you literally child-sized, at best.
2. Additional Eye - A third eye appears on your face, between and slightly above the first two. It functions exactly as the others and grants no extra benefits.
3. Mane of Hair- Your head and shoulders sprout a massive mane, much like that of a lion.
4. Transparent Skin - Your skin becomes entirely see through.
5. Hopper - Your legs fuse into one massive, over-muscled limb that can be used only to hop about the place.
6. Albino - Your skin and hair become pure white. While you are now much more vulnerable to sunburn it has no other effect.

12. Razor Claws

You gain the ability to extend your nails out at will to the length of about a foot, with your now talons being sharper than a razor and very battle-worthy.

13. Wings

A pair of massive and fully functioning wings erupt from your back, allowing you to take flight with all the skill of an eagle.

14. Alcoholism

Even if you try to drink nothing but water you will find it turning to wine in your glass, and should you drink nothing at all your blood will itself transform to alcohol. You will spend most days violently drunk, but your blood makes a valuable fuel, and you can create cheap if barely passable drinks at will.

15. Lopsided

One arm withers almost to nothing, bone and muscle flowing away from the now inch long withered stump of a limb to its opposite, that limb swelling to utterly grotesque proportions. While your balance suffers expect to be able to win arm wrestling contests with Giants by tearing their arms from their sockets.

16. Beaked

Your mouth surges forward, hardening into a massive, hooked beak. You can still talk, but you can also tear flesh with terrible efficiency now.

21. Echolocation

Your hearing becomes hypersensitive and attuned to a particular tone you can make, and from the way the sound bounces back from objects around you you can create a perfect mental map of your current location, allowing you to effectively see in the dark, or even if blindfolded.

22. Replacement Legs

One of the Ruinous Powers has seen fit to reward (or curse) you with a better method of locomotion.

Roll 1d6.

1. **Slug** - From the waist down you have the body of a titanic, oozing slug. Your speed is reduced, to say the least, but your thick, rubbery hide is impervious to blunt instruments such as hammers and maces and with effort you can simply ooze up a castle wall like it was flat ground.

2. **Fishhooks** - Hooked into the place your legs used to be in now a writhing, moving mass of rusting fishhooks, a mass of twisted, barbed metal that you can control and use to drag yourself across the land with. Woe to anyone who underestimates you though, for you may lash out at opponents up to ten feet away, anchoring yourself into their tender, vulnerable flesh and

causing truly obscene amounts of damage should they tear themselves free.

3. Snake- You find yourself possessed of a monstrous serpents body instead of your usual legs, and the warmer it gets the faster you can travel. As a bonus you can easily crush the air from something the size of a warhorse should you coil around it properly.

4. Spider- Your legs are replaced with the body of some monstrous arachnid. Any sort of terrain is simplicity itself to cross with your eight new legs and as a bonus you can spin massive webs at will.

5. Yourself - From the waist down you have been replaced with... yourself, from the waist down. The second you is a perfect duplicate, though it cannot think and is controlled entirely by you.

6. Bees - Your legs are gone, and instead of a replacement you are joined to the end of a massive, bloated queen bee. The Queen's life is tied to yours, and while she is immobile her hundred thousand strong swarm of children will protect you both, capable of transporting you with ease and ready and willing to die to protect you/her/it.

23. Blood Substitute

The runious powers have seen fit to replace the blood that flows in your veins with something more entertaining.

Roll 1d6.

1. Acid - Your blood has been replaced with a highly caustic acid, destroying your opponents weapons as you are wounded in melee combat.

2. Protoplasm - As you are injured protoplasm escapes from you and gathers into amoeba like masses that will aid you, their parent, in combat, enveloping and suffocating (as well as digesting) attackers.

3. Molten Metal - superheated molten metals blast from your sundered flesh, coating attackers, burning them terribly and cooling rapidly to leave them trapped within a metal cast.

4. Electricity - Those that wound you find themselves blasted with a thunderbolt each time a weapon sinks into your flesh.

5. Swarming Insects - Each time your skin splits a swarm of insects scuttles out, swarming

and biting your attacker, distracting and weakening them.

6. Razorblades - from your injuries bursts a spray of razor sharp shards of some jet black metal, easily able to slice exposed flesh to ribbons.

24. Breath of Fire

You gain the ability to breathe out clouds of roiling fire at will.

25. Eye Stalks

At first it seems as though your eyes are falling from your head, but no, they simply rise out of your sockets on stalks, much like a slug or a snail. You gain perfect 360 degree vision, but the stalks are very vulnerable.

26. Burning Body

You are wreathed in a cloud of choking smoke and hellish balefire, the maelstrom of flames around you incinerating lesser opponents and leaving more powerful ones charred to the bone.

As an alternative you may burn with the witchlights of Slaneesh and spill clouds of Black Lotus smoke into the air, entrancing and bewitching those who view you and addling their minds with soporific opiates.

31. Crest

Purely cosmetic you gain a crest, either the feathered crest of an avian or the frilled crest of a reptile.

32. ChaosWere

At will you gain the ability to transform into the Dread Lionbear, a massive, hulking beast with terrifying fangs and claws, a creature who bears an aura of majesty so great it is near impossible to strike at if you are looking at the creature. Should its magnificent mane be damaged though, this aura vanishes and while the combination of Lion and Bear is powerful, it is not THAT powerful...

33. Crystalline Body

A powerful gift but also one with a terrible drawback, your entire body transforms to living crystal. Thousands of times harder than diamond you become virtually impervious to harm and able to shrug off blows that would reshape mountains. Beware though, for any blow powerful enough to injure you will shatter you instantly, ending your life no matter how little damage it inflicted. Sonic attacks resonate within you, their effects wracking you with agony for days afterwards before they fade.

34. Elastic Limbs

You gain the ability to stretch your limbs up to fifteen feet.

35. Doom Howl

You gain the ability to release a deafening sound, a wild manic laugh, a mighty (and disgusting) breaking of wind, a crazed scream or wail, or any other noise you choose. Anyone who hears it will be if not rendered unconscious, at least stunned for several moments. Using this ability too often in a day will temporarily render you mute.

36. Evil Eye

Your gaze allows you to bring down the evil eye on someone, cursing them to incredible bad luck for a year and a day. It won't kill them, but that's purely because they will be so unfortunate that they will be incapable of managing to take their own life. You can lift the curse at will, and it cannot be used a second time if the previous person still bears your curse.

41. Extra Joints

Your arms and legs develop extra joints, and the joints that exist already change to become much more flexible. While bizarre to watch you are now capable of truly spectacular acts of contortionism and in battle very few but the greatest fighters will have any idea of just where your next attack will arrive from.

42. Fangs

Your original teeth all leave one night, unwilling to coexist with the new and much more intimidating set you now possess, a set of serrated chompers that a shark would envy. Like a shark new ones rapidly replace lost or broken ones, and any bite you deliver will bleed for days.

43. Feathered Hide

An entirely cosmetic mutation you grow incredibly iridescent feathers across your entire body. Your plumage looks spectacular, but serves no real purpose. Such are the whims of Chaos.

44. Featureless Face

Your features fade away, evaporating from the now smooth and utterly blank expanse where your face once was. While you can still somehow communicate you no longer need eat or breathe.

45. Horns

Massive and deeply impressive horns erupt from your head, be they the long, saber like horns of an Onyx or the massive, curled horns of a Ram. With these you gain the ability to deliver truly world class headbutts, your skull and neck reinforced to the point where you could bring down a stone wall and not be harmed.

46. Hypnotic Gaze

You may fix your gaze upon one opponent and should they fail in a contest of wills with you will be held immobile while you stare. Powerful, provided you have someone along to take advantage of your now helpless opponent because you can barely move without breaking eye contact.

51. Scaly Skin

Your skin becomes leathery, scaled, and reptilian. You are much tougher than an ordinary man now, and are capable of reducing the healing time dangerous injuries require down to days by shedding away layers of damaged tissue.

52. Iron Hard Skin

Your skin is covered in tiny overlapping iron and steel scales attached to one another by rivets marked with the rune of the mutant's patron Chaos Power, or simply the symbol of Chaos Undivided. Obviously, you are now far, far, far harder to harm.

53. Scorpion Tail

From the base of your spine grows a massive, wickedly barbed scorpions tail that curves up over your head. The stinger is capable of striking fast and hard enough to stab through heavy platemail, and while the toxin isn't the most deadly the agonising muscle cramps will greatly weaken opponents.

54. Long Spines

Porcupine like spines replace your hair and grow down your back. You can flare them up at will, and anyone trying to sneak up behind you will regret it for the remainder of their short, sad life. The quills break away easily and are covered in microscopic barbs, making them almost impossible to remove without surgery.

55. Mace Tail

A tail with a heavy, almost indestructible mass of armoured bone at the tip this mutation grants an extra and quite brutal melee attack.

56. Spit Acid

You gain two glands at the back of your mouth that allow you to spit a highly corrosive acidic compound up to twenty feet. While not damaging to metals any organic substance exposed will begin to break down in seconds.

61. Metal Body

Your entire body transforms to living metal, a marvelous contrivance of gold, steel, silver and Hellbrass. Expect essential immunity to Fire and Cold based attacks but expect even the smallest of electrical ones to threaten your very life. Your toughness and durability increase by

orders of magnitude as well.

62. Poisonous Bite

Your bite becomes highly venomous, your choice of either a venom that thins the blood to the point where those inflicted simply bleed to death through their skin or a clotting agent that turns blood into something resembling thick jelly in a few moments.

63. Tentacles

Roll 1d6. On 1-2 your left arm has been replaced by 1d6 tentacles, on 3-4 your right arm has been replaced by 1d6 tentacles and on 5-6 you have grown two masses of 1d6 tentacles from each of your shoulders. The tentacles maintain the strength of your original arms, but lacking a skeleton can be compressed down to fit through a keyhole and they allow much greater manual dexterity.

64. Prehensile Tail

From the base of your spine grows a long yet powerful tail, completely prehensile and useable as an extra arm.

65. Snake Tail

You grow a tail that ends in the head of a serpent. While not hostile, the snake isn't under your control. Roll a dice, on an even number the snake is poisonous, on an odd number it is a powerful constrictor, capable of catching and crushing creatures smaller than yourself.

66. Extra rolls.

Make 1D3 extra rolls, ignoring any further rolls of 66.

COMPLICATIONS

Choose your nemesis

Just to make things a little more entertaining, a certain someone has made a few little tweaks, here and there. A few whispers into certain ears, a few quick notes scribbled down with your name signed to them and just like that you begin with a nemesis. Not just any nemesis, but one of the most powerful members of one of the races that dwell in this world. You **must** choose one of the following, though if you feel especially brave, foolhardy or suicidal you may also choose to pay 300 CP to face a second.

Once defeated you can choose one of the two reward options listed in the encounter.

Grimgor Ironhide and the Ironhide WAAAGH

The most terrifying and certainly the most powerful orc ever to live, Grimgor has faced down the Everchosen, a champion blessed by all four of the ruinous powers, headbutted him almost to death and then left him broken but alive because he wasn't 'ard enuff' to be worth killing. Grimgor has never personally been defeated, and the closest thing to victory his opponents can claim to have inflicted is to have thrown so many of their forces to their death that he simply became bored of killing them all and went away.

Grimgor is aware of you. He knows a new, fresh challenger has arrived and for the first time in a good, long while he is looking forward to a proper fight. His forces will darken the horizon as countless entire armies of orcs and worse flock to his banner and he will throw them all at you, just to make sure you are worth the effort of ending personally.

Should you triumph however, you have two choices. Strike down the orc and mark yourself forever in this world and the rest as a legend of war, taking command of Grimgor's own elite bodyguard, Da Immortulz. a regiment of Black Orcs two hundred strong, each standing tall enough to tower over a bull Ogre and armed and armoured enough to stand against any army you could care to challenge they will provide the perfect core to any army you would form, indeed, they ARE an army. The alternative however, is to spare the Warboss. Mercy is not something orcs can understand, but they do see a twisted value in sparing the occasional powerful opponent 'for a prpah scrap latah'. He will never be trustworthy, but as long as you keep him entertained with eternal war against increasingly terrible foes he will be a valuable companion.

Grom the Paunch and Waaagh Grom.

Grom the Paunch was the greatest Goblin ever to live, literally and figuratively. Having accidentally consumed a plate of troll meat in an eating contest the once diminutive greenskin was soon a monstrous and bloated thing, nourished by a meal that could never be fully digested and driven almost insane by never ending indigestion and flatulence powerful enough to kill a horse he set about leading his forces across the world in what amounted to a massive temper tantrum. Entire dwarven holds were overrun, and imperial cities were sacked and burned and none could stop the goblin. At the siege of Middenheim Grom proved his power

once and for all when he crushed the gates with his enormous axe Elf-Biter single handed. Having been promised an end to his indigestion if you are destroyed, he has massed his forces against you. While the hordes of goblins are weaker than other greenskins, his armies are filled with terrible and powerful trolls and monstrous, house sized squigs, and titanic spiders the size of small hills.

Defeat the goblin and his armies will collapse, turning on themselves or fleeing in fear. Within the corpse of the goblin you will find your reward, if you wish it. Tear his stomach, long turned into a semi solid mass with the texture of extremely stale bread from his body and consume it and you will find yourself benefitting from that long ago meal, never again requiring food, your regenerative abilities enhanced massively and your stomach, filled with troll flesh now rendering you invulnerable to poison. As an alternative, you may take the axe of the fallen goblin warboss, the mighty Elf-Biter. A terrifyingly powerful weapon on its own the weapons true powers are revealed against any elf . The axe leaves a dozen massive wounds for each strike that sinks home into the flesh of an elf, wounds that will never close.

Deathmaster Snikch of the Skaven

Normally the ratmen go forth in vast swarms, tides of vermin that walk on two legs, consume virtually everything and poisoning and polluting all that they do not devour, leaving the lands the pass tainted for generations. Not this time, however. The council of Thirteen has been informed of your arrival, and have chosen to deploy perhaps the most deadly asset they have available. Deathmaster Snikch. Shrouded in legend, Deathmaster Snikch is a figure of dread speculation, a rumour of sudden death. Snikch is Clan Eshin's most deadly killer, a master of murder and sabotage. In battle he is a shadow able to appear at will and he is the last thing many leaders see before joining the countless warlords, princes and notables who have already fallen before the matchless assassin. The assassin will not meet you in battle, he will wait, he will watch and when you are most vulnerable, he will strike. Though he bears three terrible and deadly weeping blades, one in each hand and one in his tail he has never required more than a single strike to slay his foe, and even a scratch so tiny it goes unnoticed is enough to fell a dragon as the venom of his weeping blades brings any target down into death.

Slay the Deathmaster and you may take his three blades for yourself, the swords constantly bleeding a venom almost nothing can survive, or render them down for enough pure, refined warpstone to render your spells supercharged for millenia to come.

The Wight Lord Krell, Slave of Nagash or Luthor Harkon, mad vampire king of Lustria.

An unusual complication in that it is not you being hunted by another, this time you are the one tasked to seek out your prey. The greatest and most terrible of the wight lords, Krell has succeeded in a task given to him long ago, he has found one of the nine books stolen from his master and now races to return it to his eternal lords unliving hand. Krell was a champion of the Blood God when he lived, and undeath has only made him stronger and more durable. His entourage, small though it is is comprised of the most terrible of the undead, and few, if any

are vulnerable to ordinary steel. Fail in stopping Krell in time and Nagash grows one step closer to regaining his full power and rising as a dark and terrible god of death. Defeat the ancient undead warrior and claim one of the spellbooks of the first necromancer for yourself, and gain access to rituals and spells only one other being knows.

The alternative is to do battle with the mad vampire, Luther Harkon. The ship carrying his coffin was almost sunken by Norse raiders and the vampire was stranded on the jungle shores of Lustria. Come nightfall and the pirates were very quickly dead and then undead, slain and raised into his service. Seeking fresh blood the vampire trekked inland, discovering an ancient temple of the Lizardmen. Exploring the temple he uncovered a sealed vault. He ordered his zombie minions to break it open, but each time they did, a set of glowing glyphs drained the magic reanimating them and destroying the corpses.

Enraged, he attacked the vault with dark magic, but the glyphs were designed to stop Chaos sorcerers more powerful than him, and retaliated: they drained Harkon's magical essence and destroyed his mind, leaving him devoid of magical ability and with a legion of multiple personalities. Since that day, he has strived to find a way to heal the damage done to him.

Many pirates have since fallen victim to Luther, and the seas of the Vampire coast are thick with zombie pirates, rotten, water logged horrors who unlike other zombies all wield blackpowder weapons, their ships equipped with heavy, if rusted cannons. Survive this and claim as your prize one of the most powerful cannons ever forged, the former Imperial Hellhammer Cannon 'Queen Bess'.

Apophas The Cursed Scarab Lord of the Tomb Kings.

Apophas was once a prince to the throne of Numas in Nehekhara. He let his jealousy overcome him and he slit the throats of the other members of the royal family and proclaimed himself king in -1563IC. He was not, however, universally adored, and the people of Numas rose up and dragged him to the temples to be judged. Regicide was the most terrible of crimes in ancient Nehekhara law and Apophas would not escape punishment because of his position. Where normally the bones of the criminal would be scattered across the desert, Apophas was entombed alive within a casket full of scarab beetles. His screams could be heard through the walls of the temple but eventually they subsided and the casket was opened. All that remained was a skull, not even the beetles were there. The skull was inscribed with a curse and thrown to the desert.

Usirian, the Nehekhara god of the dead, claimed Apophas's soul on his death to torment in perpetuity however Apophas struck a deal with Usirian. He would find a soul of perfect match to replace his own, and Apophas returned to the realm of life as the Cursed Scarab Lord in -975IC.

Apophas appears as a flowing 'body' made of scarabs with only his skull as his remaining bone. He searches the world for the soul he thinks can set him free but in truth no two souls are the

same, and he has cursed himself to an eternal hunt. Apophas's body can split apart and reform in a moment and no matter how hard he is struck, the scarabs simply reform over the holes made, pulling limbs back together. Apophas fights with the same blade that he used to destroy the bloodline of Numas and it is this that he must use to kill the enemy who will replace him. When successful, he wraps their soul in a magical soul-cage and takes them to the underworld, where the soul is placed on a pair of scales and measured against Apophas's own.

Now Apophas has been told of your existence, and has become convinced that your soul will be the perfect match he has long sought to free himself. Fighting something that barely even has a physical form will not be easy, to say the least, if it is even possible.

Should you defeat Apophas you may take either his blade or the soul cage. The blade will always strike true against royalty, and no king or queen will be able to stand against you. Should you take the soul cage once per jump you may take the soul of a defeated opponent and deliver it to Usirian to be devoured and unmade utterly.

Genevieve Dieudonne, the Vampiress.

Some seven hundred years ago a vampire by the name of Chandagnac saw fit to turn a young peasant girl named Genevieve. Eternally sixteen years old now the vampiress has travelled most of the world, working as everything from an actor to a pit fighter. Skilled in Cathayan martial arts on top of her already impressive vampiric abilities she is no slouch in combat and quite intelligent she is not helpless in a debate for that matter.

All in all, not an unpleasant companion, if one overlooks the occasional need to drink someone's blood.

The problem here is that she has a certain blind spot. That is, she seems incapable of understanding the fact that vampires here are relentless, savage monsters who should no more be tolerated than a rabid bear and she will spend her time labouring mightily towards bringing about unity between humanity and vampires. Dramatic speeches at midnight rallies, balls and galas where she can try and corner and negotiate with the rich and powerful, and has no problems with angrily denouncing the high Priest of Sigmar in his main cathedral on the holiest day of the year over the issue.

This all goes about as well as can be expected, especially given the fact that the first Necromancer Nagash is rising and hatred of the undead is greater than it has ever been. A hundred strong band of witch hunters bursting through the doors and windows before breakfast will come to be regarded as a quiet morning after awhile, and something you look back on fondly for you must keep the vampiress from all harm. If she falls, you have failed and she will place herself in danger without thought of the consequences almost on a daily basis.

Should you manage to keep her alive, you have two choices. Take her along with you as a companion (and enjoy an eternity of arguments about the rights of the modern vampire) or you

may request she turn you, gaining the powers of a Lahmian vampire as well as any other abilities you have.

Otto Von Beersmark, Halfling general of the armies of the Empire.

Ask anyone and they would sum up a halfling as lazy, but a good cook. That has described their kind almost perfectly till now. Von Beersmark has revitalised the once lazy and laid back people of the Moot, turning them into an industrious and industrialised center of technological prowess in only a scant few years, a feat most would have thought impossible, if not outright insane. The lost secrets of the steam tank have been rediscovered and already scores of these fearsome mobile fortresses are rolling from the assembly lines, followed by thousands of trained and deadly halfling arqebusiers, grenadiers and dragoons.

Beersmark himself has an extremely aggressive and domineering personality. He displays a violent temper and keeps his power by threatening to resign time and again, something the empire cannot allow due to his consummate skill in warfare. He possesses not only a long-term national and international vision, but also the short-term ability to juggle many complex developments simultaneously and as such his tactical skills are near unmatched and the resources he can draw on are second to none.

Should you survive the clash with this diminutive titan of warfare you can lay claim to one of two things from the smoking ruins of his fortress palace. You may take either the schematics for the steam tank, allowing you to build armoured vehicles essentially from scrap metal and a source of water, or you may take the Beersmark Family Cookbook, a tome of the greatest recipes in the world that Beersmark himself has left covered in idle musings on government, bureaucracy and industrialisation, to the point where not only will you become an amazing cook but you can essentially trigger industrial revolutions with a year or so of effort.

DANTE MUST DIE MODE

To activate this, you must take the 'End Times' complication, but you will only gain 200 bonus CP instead of the original 700 as you will now fight alongside Von Beersmark as he and his forces struggle to stem the flow of nightmares that threaten to scour the Empire from existence. You will find yourself directly in the line of fire as Nagash and the horned Rat both direct their forces towards the last and greatest bastion of mankind. Should the world, The Empire and Von Beersmark survive you will have triumphed, and should you so wish you may offer Otto a place at your side as a companion. He will join you, bringing with him his incredible tactical and marksmanship abilities, his savage orc shaman slash bagman M'butork and Wilhelmina, his monstrously scaled up .195 bore elephant gun. Between his silver tongue and luxurious muttonchops he has charmed his way into gaining his own pool of CP as well, 300 to spend per adventure he joins you.

The Green Knight, Guardian of The Holy Places of Bretonnia

The Green Knight appears seemingly out of thin air from natural places such as rivers,

waterfalls, forests and cliff faces. A ghostly green aura appears around him, and his magic Dolorous Blade glows bright with a fey light. He charges upon a steed of pure midnight, and as quickly as he appears to slay his foe, the Green Knight will vanish into thin air.

Weapons seem to have little effect on the Green Knight. Arrows will pass right through him, blades will miss their mark, and he even will shrug off the most grievous of wounds. According to one story, a Questing Knight cleaved the Green Knight's head clean from his shoulders, but the ghostly being simply picked up his head and continued to fight. Magnificent stories of the Green Knight have lived with the Bretonnians throughout the ages.

Many have speculated on who the Green Knight actually is, but none know for certain except for perhaps the Fay Enchantress herself. Many believe that he is Bretonnia given physical form, the spirit of the realm itself protecting its lands. Others still believe that the Green Knight is actually Gilles le Breton himself, the Great Uniter come back to defend the land in her time of need. Whatever the case, none can deny the awesome power of the eternal defender of Bretonnia.

The Lady of the Lake, goddess of Bretonnia has been informed of your existence, and has deemed you anathema, a threat to the land she represents and so she has sent her greatest champion after you. Incredibly deadly, almost impossible to harm by blade or spell and worst of all truly unkillable for anything more than a year and a day the Green Knight will seek to end you for as long as you walk this world.

Should you survive this gauntlet you will in time find yourself face to face with the Lady herself. Strike if you wish, knowing that you cannot truly kill a goddess. You may claim as your prize her Grail though, defiling it with your touch. It can be used to wash away the most grievous injuries when filled with the blood of the righteous, and that blood will not be hard to come by for no matter where you go questing knights will find you and seek to slay you to reclaim the cup. If striking down one of the few good deities of this reality does not appeal to you, you may always take your foe's blade as a trophy. In your hands the Dolorous Blade will live up to its name, swinging almost infuriatingly slowly and making it impossible to strike first or take the initiative in battle, but when you do strike you will strip away part of your foe's magical resistance and weaken any armour or defences they do have quite dramatically.

Skrag the Slaughterer, Chosen Ogre of The Maw.

The Maw Senses you, and The Maw hungers. It's bestial lust for your flesh has been sensed by its prophet, Skrag and the grotesquely obese, hook handed horror has come for you. Not to kill you though, not simply to kill you. Not yet anyway. Skrag the Slaughterer was initially a respected Slaughtermaster under the Arch-Tyrant Bron Rockgrinder. However, he made a mistake of slaughtering and cooking the Tyrant's pet Gnoblar, a crime for which he lost his arms and got his cauldron chained to his back. After that, Skrag was banished into the same warpstone labyrinths that the future Gorgers are thrown at birth. He was expected to provide a solid meal for the degenerated creatures, but, as unlikely as it seemed, he was ferocious

enough for the Gorgers to accept him. As soon as he gained their trust, he arranged them into an army and butchered the Rockgrinder and his entire tribe for the sake of the Great Maw. An offering this large didn't go in vain and he became a Prophet of the Great Maw, a living avatar of its ghastly will.

Being a Prophet of the Ogre God of gluttony, he has an almost unrivalled authority and thus often masters Ogre hordes for war. He will usually take some younger Butchers as his apprentices, allowing the horde to really benefit from the Maw's powers, and he will invariably summon his Gorgor allies, the unexpected numbers of ferocious half-beasts breaking the hostile army's back and more often than not consuming them raw and still living. As surprised as you may be to discover it, a contest has been arranged between the two of you. An eating contest. And one you cannot back out of. You and your forces will have one year to hunt down and acquire the greatest food in the world and travel with it to the Very Maw itself, there to serve it to Skrag while he serves you his feast. The one who cannot consume the repast will be thrown to The Maw. Beware, for Skrag has been the avatar of hunger itself for longer than you think, and his appetite easily rivals your own.

It goes without saying that the greatness of food is measured in sheer quantity, not quality and The Maw will not look favourably on any attempts to cheat by summoning food from elsewhere.

Triumph in this contest, most likely by consuming Skrag himself and you can claim your prize. You may claim his prized Halfling Cookbook, the tattered pages stained with greasy fingerprints from the countless hours the ogre spend studying it when he still had hands. Should you be capable of using Gut Magic yourself the book will improve your skills incredibly, to the point where you no longer need to fear miscasts. If not, it will allow you to unleash earsplittingly loud and utterly nightmarish belches of horrifyingly corrosive acidic mist at will. If you wish for something else somewhat less unpleasant, the badly tanned hide of a great Greyback Yheetee Skrag wore may be of interest. This pelt, taken from one of the greatest of the mountain dwelling Ogre subspecies named Yheetee grants the wearer the incredible agility of the great shaggy brutes, who can often be seen almost dashing up sheer mountainsides after their favourite prey, the surefooted mountain goat. It also provides the same freezing aura that the once-alive pelt provider used to enjoy, the cloak wearer wreathed in a freezing blizzard of truly arctic cold.

Youself, Daemon Prince of Chaos Undivided.

The ways of Chaos are truly unknowable, and the powers of the Ruinous Four almost without limit. See how they have plucked you from a reality that was not, or perhaps a time that has yet to come? You must face yourself in all your twisted glory, your skills and abilities expanded, twisted in ways you could not have imagined by the four powers this malevolent duplicate is devoted to.

This is not a fight you can win, know that. Your only hope here is to flee as your dark mirror is

made more and more powerful each time they come close to slaying you, till finally they are granted so many gifts they are simply twisted into an unthinking, daemonic chaos spawn, a mad, gibbering animal thing condemned to suffer for all eternity.

Survive this and the Chaos Gods may grant you a reward themselves, allowing you to take your now broken, monstrous and utterly, irrevocably insane mirror as a steed, one final torment for them to suffer as they find themselves bound to serve the object of their hatred for all time.

Perhaps... perhaps though, you are not done defying the will of the Chaos Gods? It may yet be possible to free your duplicate of their 'blessings' and restore their humanity. Such an act would win you no friends amongst the forces of Chaos, and who else would believe such a thing could come to pass? your duplicate would manage at best a single word of thanks before leaving forever, but when has anyone ever performed a good deed for a reward?

Teclis, High Loremaster of the Tower of Hoeth, Greatest Living Mage of the High Elves.

The mage responsible for teaching the arts of magic to humanity in the time of the first Emperor, Teclis is perhaps the greatest magic user to walk the world, capable of rivalling even the ancient Slaan themselves. He is a descendant of Astarielle, a past Everqueen, and Aenarion, the first Phoenix King, through their first-born son Morelion. Thereby is a very distant relative of both Malekith (Aenarion's second son by Morathi) and Alarielle, the current Everqueen, who is a descendant of Aenarion's daughter Yvraine, Morelion's twin. His twin brother, Tyrion, is the champion and consort of the Everqueen and the greatest living warrior of Ulthuan. Where Tyrion is a extraordinary warrior and general, Teclis makes up for his weak body with a strong mind. Teclis has scryed your coming, your wards so pitiful he simply ignored them. Your movements have been recorded, discussed, pondered upon and finally a course has been chosen. You will simply be banished from the world entirely. Not exactly an easy thing to do, but Teclis has become quite skilled at scouring entire armies from existence with a single word, and the ritual he has enacted will be incredibly difficult, if not impossible to stop with any magics you may wield yourself.

The greatest weakness the elven mage has is his physique. Indeed, he requires several healing potions each morning to enable him to get through the day, so weak is he. Should you strip him of the layers of magic wrapped around him like a cocoon he will be helpless. Unfortunately, he has a great many more spells primed to cast themselves should his existing defences be stripped away, and he alone knows the secrets of the Webway, an ancient method of travel built by the old ones that allows him to visit almost any location in the world at whim. Catching him long enough to defeat him may be problematic.

If you ever do manage to pin the elven mage lord down long enough to defeat him, you can easily extract from his possessions something of great value. As dependent as he is on healing potions, he has developed, learned or found an incredible wealth of alchemical knowledge, his

books on alchemy filled with recipes that can do all but cheat death itself! His thaumaturgical works are no less interesting, should alchemy not be your forte, and these weighty tomes are filled with a wealth of information on binding demonic entities as well as spells to ward against them, banish them, unmake them, or drive them from a willing or unwilling host, names, weaknesses and all manner of ritual that may be of use to a clever spellcaster. Make no mistake, these books represent perhaps the greatest collections of alchemy and defensive magic in the world.

The Hag Queen of The Druchii

Morathi, the Hag Queen of the Dark Elves has been told of your arrival, and having observed you for some time, has decided, quite simply, that she wants your D. Does she mean that figuratively or literally? the answer is yes. Don't have one? It can be arranged. It more than likely will be arranged, like it or not.

It isn't all bad though. Don't let the name fool you. Yes, she is perhaps the oldest of the elves alive, but she is also easily the most beautiful creature in the world and comfortably in the top twenty most powerful spellcasters around. It's just a shame her appetites overshadow all that, isn't it? She has lived a long, long time and by now, new experiences are simply old experiences with a slightly different hat on and so she has turned to chaos in the futile hope for some new entertainment to pass the centuries. Over the centuries as each increasingly nightmarish distraction has been enjoyed, toyed with and discarded her tastes have become more and moreexotic.

While you will be welcomed with open arms (amongst other things) should you choose to visit, don't expect this to be anywhere near easy. Morathi's attentions are frequently more than lethal themselves, and her son, the Witch King Malkeith, the Druchii responsible for the creation of the dark elves as a unique culture will not be quite so happy to see you replacing him in his mother's affections. Expect some of the most deadly assassins the Dark Elves have to start virtually pouring out of the woodwork, and the spells will be flying at you thick and fast as well, and they will be relentless. The Wytch Cults won't be happy about you stealing away their patron's attentions, so chances are if you aren't fighting assassins you will be fighting off hordes of screaming naked elven berserker women.

Should you survive body, soul and dignity intact then ... well. The reward is obvious. Morathi will be more than happy to accompany you as a companion and experience the multiverse for herself. Her skills at magic speak for themselves, and you certainly won't be bored. Should you desire something less lewd however, there is a chance that you may be able to obtain the Iron Circlet from Malkeith. His most cherished possession the simple metal headband increases a user's skill at magic almost tenfold and grants incredible reserves of magical energy as well. It is welded to Malkeith's head, though taking either that or the circlet should pose too much of a challenge, should it?

The Wild Hunt

The Wild Hunt thunders through Athel Loren and often outside the forest every midsummer. It is led and initiated by Orion, the king of the woods. At midnight the forest goes utterly silent and trembles in fear, not a creature stirs, for all know that the ride of the Wild Hunt has come. Every Wood Elf and Forest Spirit alike feels the pull of the savage hunt, and many are overcome by the primal urge to join it.

The first Wild Hunt occurred during the Winter of Woe when Orion and Ariel first became living aspects of Kurnous and Isha. Orion slaughtered a massive Greenskin horde which had invaded Athel Loren and encroached upon the Oak of Ages itself.

The nature of the Wild Hunt or its aim is unknown, some conclude though that it is just for the sake of the hunt, being led by the avatar of the Hunting God himself. Whatever its purpose it is a dangerous time when it thunders through Athel Loren and anyone with any sense will either utterly avoid it, or join it.

Each year you remain here, at the height of midsummer, the hunt will ride, and it will not ride randomly any longer, for it will unneringly come for you, at first the local animals, but soon the Wild Elves, and behind them the dreaded spirits of Athel Lorien, the first wood, and as the sun reaches its peak you shall face the avatar of a demigod, Kurnous the hunter.

Kurnous is the Elven God of the Hunt and Lord of Beasts, he is the spirit of untouched wilderness. Although he is said to have the ability to take the form of any forest creature at will, he is normally portrayed as a figure over ten foot tall, with an Elven body but the head and tail of a stag. Kurnous is the husband of Isha, and he is the ultimate hunter. His horn announces the Wild Hunt and calls his pack of hunting dogs to his side as he passes silently among the trees. While you may strike him down, so long as a single blade of grass grows wild he will rise again, for he is an aspect of nature, and that you cannot kill. Kurnous is a consummate huntsman, and each time the hunt comes for you you will face a greater challenge as he and his learn your ways and adapt to your tactics.

Your reward for surviving this? you turn an enemy into an ally. The last time you face down Kurnous he seemingly knows that the two of you will not cross blades again, and before vanishing as he has always done before he lays down a massive horn fashioned from a great Auroch, one of the ancient forebears of the bull. Blowing on the horn will once per jump allow you to summon forth the wild hunt and set them against your foe. They are relentless and deadly, and few can run far enough to evade them, let alone fight. If an alliance with the God of Hunting does not appeal to you, his wife, Ariel, avatar of Isha, Goddess of Healing may hold a boon you deem of value. Once per adventure you may call to her, and through Ariel beseech Isha herself to reveal to you the means of ending whichever plague you seek to eradicate.

High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer and the Dammaz Kron, the Great

Book of Grudges

Thorgrim Grudgebearer is the current High King of the Dwarfs. He is the descendant of the most noble and ancient Dwarf Lords. It is said that the blood of Grungni, the Dwarf Ancestor God, runs through his veins and he has inherited the wisdom of Valaya.

As High King he keeps in his possession the Great Book of Grudges, known in the Dwarf tongue as Dammaz Kron. Over the years the book has become his constant companion, travelling with him wherever he goes. It is Thorgrim who is tasked with entering new grudges into the great tome, written in his own blood. For many years, Thorgrim Grudgebearer has led the Dwarfs into somewhat of a renaissance, with new and frightening war machines being invented, ancient holds lost to enemies in centuries past are being regained and occasionally he has the satisfaction of striking out an ancient grudge from the Great Book of Grudges, although this is very rare.

The oldest entries in the Dammaz Kron are rarely if ever looked over. Those grudges are too important for any dwarf to forget them, let alone the high king. Such grudges are never far from though. Imagine King Thorgrims surprise then, when he felt a need to check the oldest pages and discovered not one page that had apparently gone overlooked for centuries but several. They list, in detail, the crimes and offences you have committed against the dwarven folk, and the appropriate, astronomical remunerations you must offer. While you could certainly battle your way to the seat of the High King and slay him, that would cause you to fail. You must best the king legally to succeed. In a language you do not know, in a legal system that cannot be defined as anything other than byzantine and so thick with tradition and reference to ancient cases and trials the records of which are long lost you must cause the King to admit that you were not at fault and are not guilty, and you must do this for every single grudge that bears your name, grudges that range from the stealing of a chicken to unsubstantiated accusations of improper beard care to selling the secret ways into one of the lost dwarven holds to the goblins.

Should you manage to best the legal system of the dwarves within ten years, you will win your freedom to travel onwards. Bearing in mind the typical case can take as long as twenty years and spawn a dozen more, this is no easy task. Should you manage it in less than three, and without triggering any counter suits or cause more cases to be brought against you, you can begin something much more dramatic. You can counter sue.

If you thought the fury of the dwarven legal system was intimidating before, now you are in line to claw at their hard earned wealth, well, now your nightmare begins. The rituals of court become ever more esoteric, and any misstep will see you thrown out of court, your case dismissed summarily for contempt. Manage to overcome this herculean obstacle and you can finally choose your reward. You can be taught the ancient secrets of the Dwarven Runesmiths. Dwarfs are extremely resistant to magic and its influence, neither perceiving its presence nor feeling its effects. They have learned to use magic in a different way to other races, by inscribing it onto items such as hammers, axes and armor. The Dwarfs are the most successful

of all the races when it comes to making magic items, indeed many of the most powerful magic weapons in circulation in the known world are made by the dwarfs.

A Dwarf who makes magic items are known as a runesmith. As Dwarfs have no direct equivalent to a human wizard, he is a very important individual. the runesmiths are a very ancient guild of craftsmen, and for thousand of years they have preserved the secrets on how to forge magic runes with incredible power.

The Dwarf language consists of runes, inscriptions specifically designed to be carved in stone or engraved on metal. magic runes are different to ordinary runes in shape and detail, but much of what makes a rune magical is how and when it is inscribed. magic runes trap magical energy - their presence binds and holds magic just as a nail would hold to pieces of wood. Most simple Dwarfs can trap weak amounts of magic if engraved in a special way, but magic runes can trap much greater power. Such runes include the awesome master runes and certain secret runes known only to the runesmiths of the temple of Grungni, Grimnir and valaya. If the secret lore of runesmithing does not catch your interest, perhaps a more physical reward? you may take one of the great and ancient Anvils of Doom. The Anvils of Doom are ancient heirlooms of the Dwarfen race. The Anvils have been used to forge the greatest of Dwarf weapons. These Anvils are covered in complex runes that the modern Runesmiths cannot comprehend. When striking the Anvil a Runesmith uses techniques taught to him by his master, who learned from his master, and so on back. Because of this no two Anvils of Doom work the same. Their powers are broken down like so: those dedicated to Grungni ,which emphasis effort, those dedicated to Grimnir emphasizing fury, and lastly those dedicated to Valaya, these ones emphasizing loyalty.

When an Anvil comes to battle, it comes to battle accompanied by two Anvil Guards. These Dwarfs are bound by unbreakable oaths never to leave an anvil or its smith to the enemy. The anvil itself can be used as either a monstrosly powerful magical gun turret or used in the creation of magical treasures of immense power.

Hashut, Father of Darkness

Hashut, the Father of Darkness, is the god of the Chaos Dwarfs. The brazen idols of the god depict him as bull-like or bull-headed. The Chaos Dwarfs abandoned the traditional Dwarfen Ancestor Gods for the worship of Hashut.

Hashut is an evil god, a Chaos god, uniquely associated with the Chaos Dwarfs, who call him the Father of Darkness and themselves the Sons of the Father of Darkness. Hashut is the god of Zharr-Naggrund, the City of Fire and Desolation, and the pinnacle of the ziggurat-city is the Temple of Hashut, and at the top of the temple is an iron statue of Hashut, its hollow belly a furnace fed by coals until the entire statue is red-hot.

The creatures of the Chaos Dwarfs reflect the bull-like appearance of Hashut. Chaos Dwarfs rarely develop bull-like mutations, including horns, tails and cloven hoofs. During the Time of

Chaos when the Chaos Dwarfs were first mutated, some gained the lower torsos of bulls, becoming the Bull Centaurs. These rare creatures are unable to wield magic, but are devoted worshippers of the Father of Darkness and serve as the elite guard of the Temple of Hashut. Other Chaos Dwarfs mutated into the Great Taurus and Lammasu.

Within the mountain fortress city of Zharr-Naggrund the Dawai Zharr stir in anticipation. The city itself is built of black obsidian in levels to form a great ziggurat; legends have it the ziggurat was not built, but magically carved from a single black mountain thousands of years ago by the most powerful Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. The lowest ranks of Chaos Dwarf society are found towards the bottom of the ziggurat, while atop the massive stepped structure lies The Temple of Hashut.

Below the great jet black fortress something stirs as ancient chains grow weaker with age. Something readies itself to break free, and to ensure it does not, you must face down and prevent the birth of a new and dark god. By stealth or force of arms you must make your way to the cavern where Hashut has been chained by the four ruinous powers and you must add to his chains to ensure he can never be free of his bondage, for a fifth ruinous power rising would destroy the already fragile balance that exists utterly, and bring about the end of the world.

Aside from obtaining entry into one of the most heavily defended locations in the world, where exactly do you obtain chains strong enough to restrain a god? the answer is unfortunately, that you must forge them yourself. The metal you must obtain from the Daemonic legions of the blood god, for the Hellbrass they have for bones is nigh indestructable. The only flame that might be hot enough to forge the material lies within the maw of the oldest of dragons though, and non can even say if any yet survive, let alone where they may be. Should you find one, then you will have hopefully thought to obtain a tool capable of hammering the hellbrass into links of chain, and the only hammer powerful enough is Ghal Maraz, the legendary weapon of Sigmar, patron god of the Empire!

The rewards here, other than that of a job well done and the satisfaction of having thwarted the rise of a malignant power can be one of two things. Perhaps you were a little more zealous in collecting hellbrass than you could have been, and have been left with a great deal of the material left over. Rage given form the material is almost impervious to damage in battle, for trying to destroy it with violence is akin to destroying the sea by throwing water onto it.

The chains that once bound Hashut before you replaced them still hold power, should you not care to forge a weapon yourself. Though they can no longer restrain a god, some of their power remains, and some of the Father of Darkness hate has seeped into the black metal coils, for they both strike with incredible force and seem to move on their own, seeking to restrain and trap those you battle against. Without warning they may even surge with the power they once held as they remember their duty, and your opponent may find him or herself begat by Ashen Angels seeking to drag them down to the underworld!

The Relic Priest, Lord Kroak

The enigmatic Old Ones forged much of the world, creating the Slann to do their bidding, to shift the planets orbit to be more hospitable to life, to reshape the continents, to bring forth civilisation and life. The first of these was Lord Kroak. An integral part of the Old Ones' Great Plan, his spirit stubbornly refused to leave this plane of existence when his body was slain by a score of Greater Daemons during the defence of Itza, the first city. In the temple-city of Itza, plaques recording the history of the Slann relate that Lord Kroak was present at the birth of the world and therefore fated to be present at its end.

Being dead Lord Kroak cannot combat you directly, but his mastery of the ebb and flow of magic has given him power others cannot even dream of, and his millenia spent in mental combat with chaos itself have given him surprising insight into dealing with beings of power that were never meant to walk the world. Beings such as yourself. What this means is that for the duration of this jump, your powers will be greatly reduced, down to a third of what they are now, and you will be cursed with the worst luck you can possibly imagine.

Trying to track down Lord Kroak will do you no good, he has ensured your every attempt is doomed to miserable, humiliating failure. As you search for him in vain there may be a few brief, shining moments of good fortune the Relic Priest cannot prevent however. In the deepest ruins of one of the lost Lizardmen cities you may come across a series of engraved plaques showing just how the Old Ones were able to engineer the skinks, saurus, kroxigor and even the Slann themselves! Though it will take time to fully come to understand what you record here, plans showing how an utterly loyal reptilian race may be created? anyone can see the benefits there...

Should you not have the patience for something so involved? well, bad luck because the only other thing of note you may discover is a badly damaged monolith carrying instructions for how to create the gates between worlds the Old Ones used. Admittedly the information left will only allow you to create three gateways in each jump you visit, gateways that cannot be accessed from outside that reality, but for quick travel there is nothing better. Admittedly if it were to go wrong you would unleash chaos upon a helpless, unsuspecting world, but what are the chances of that?

Extra Complications

Not happy with the amount of CP you have? there are a few options available to make things a little more interesting...

"Somebody's watching me..."

+50 CP

You're ever so slightly overly paranoid and suspicious of everyone you meet, making it difficult

to interact with anyone native to this reality with a sense of ease. In any other world, it would be a crippling issue; here, it's actually a fairly sane response to everything that's going on...in the short term.

I will return!

+400 CP.

Your nemesis simply will not fall. Defeat them, slay them, destroy them and they return again, somehow having managed to cheat death. Being raised as undead, rebuilt into a frankensteinean monstrosity, dramatically revealing you merely killed a double, being too orky to die or turning up with a full assortment of warpstone powered mechanical parts, whatever the reason they will always come back to torment you.

full scruntal

+500 CP.

Fresh from Slam Sector you awaken as one of the Scrunt, grotesque, filthy, deranged little abhuman things, barely more than a terribly misshapen warty head attached to a ridiculous tiny torso atop a pair of twisted, rickets riddled legs, your arms looking as though they belong to a very small, very weak and quite heroin addicted baby. Perhaps the most despised life form to exist the Scrunts make a living feeding on the refuse of the refuse of the other races. Scrunts are capable of eating things that would make a vulture sick. Scrunts *would* eat vulture sick.

Rest assured, your life will be brutal, quite horrifying and more than likely very short indeed, as anything you attempt will see you absent mindedly wandering off to stare uncomprehendingly at the nearest shiny thing.

The End Times

+700 CP.

It seems you have arrived at perhaps the worst moment you could have. Nagash, the first necromancer has risen again, his powers greater than ever and now after millenia of planning and scheming he has put his plan into motion and seeks now to become the God of Death. Already the Kingdom of the Tomb Kings looks ready to fall, after only a day of war, and the human kingdom of Araby will be ground from existence in a few hours of genocide shortly afterwards. The armies of Chaos are boiling down from the north, the human Kingdom of Kislev has been reduced to a single city that will fall within a week at most and the Horned Rat has grown tired of the endless squabbles of the Skaven, forcibly united them and sent them to war. Already millions of ratmen swarm the jungles of Lustria and the Lizardmen are in full retreat, with the human held lands of Tilea and Estalia soon to come under attack by a seemingly endless swarm of flesh hungry vermin. Rumours are even beginning to circulate that Wurrzag, the most powerful Orc Shaman ever to live has fulfilled his life long quest and finally found the orc destined to unite all greenskins and lead them on a world spanning WAAAAAGH, the Once and Future Git! Even surviving the tides of war that threaten all life will require

unimaginable skill, let alone defeating your chosen nemesis.

Victory

Should you survive here and defeat your nemesis you will doubtless wish to move on, and you may, should you so choose. Home awaits you, as does your next adventure, and the choice to travel to either is now yours.

If you wish to remain however, well. That is different, isn't it? Did you make a difference here? do the impossible? defeat the unstoppable? Perhaps you quite literally saved the world. Look what happened to the last person who did that - Sigmar, the god of the Empire. Perhaps by force of arms and strength of will you were able to claim the ultimate reward from the ruinous powers, that of Daemonic ascension. Perhaps you stood by the side of Nagash as he rose as a new and terrible god and were rewarded there at the end as you both stood in the ashes of a silent, dead world. Whatever the outcome, you have become something more, a power in your own right. While your adventure as a jumper is now over forever and you are bound to this place, you stand as a new power here, either rising to join your peoples pantheon or claiming a kingdom within the realms of Chaos.