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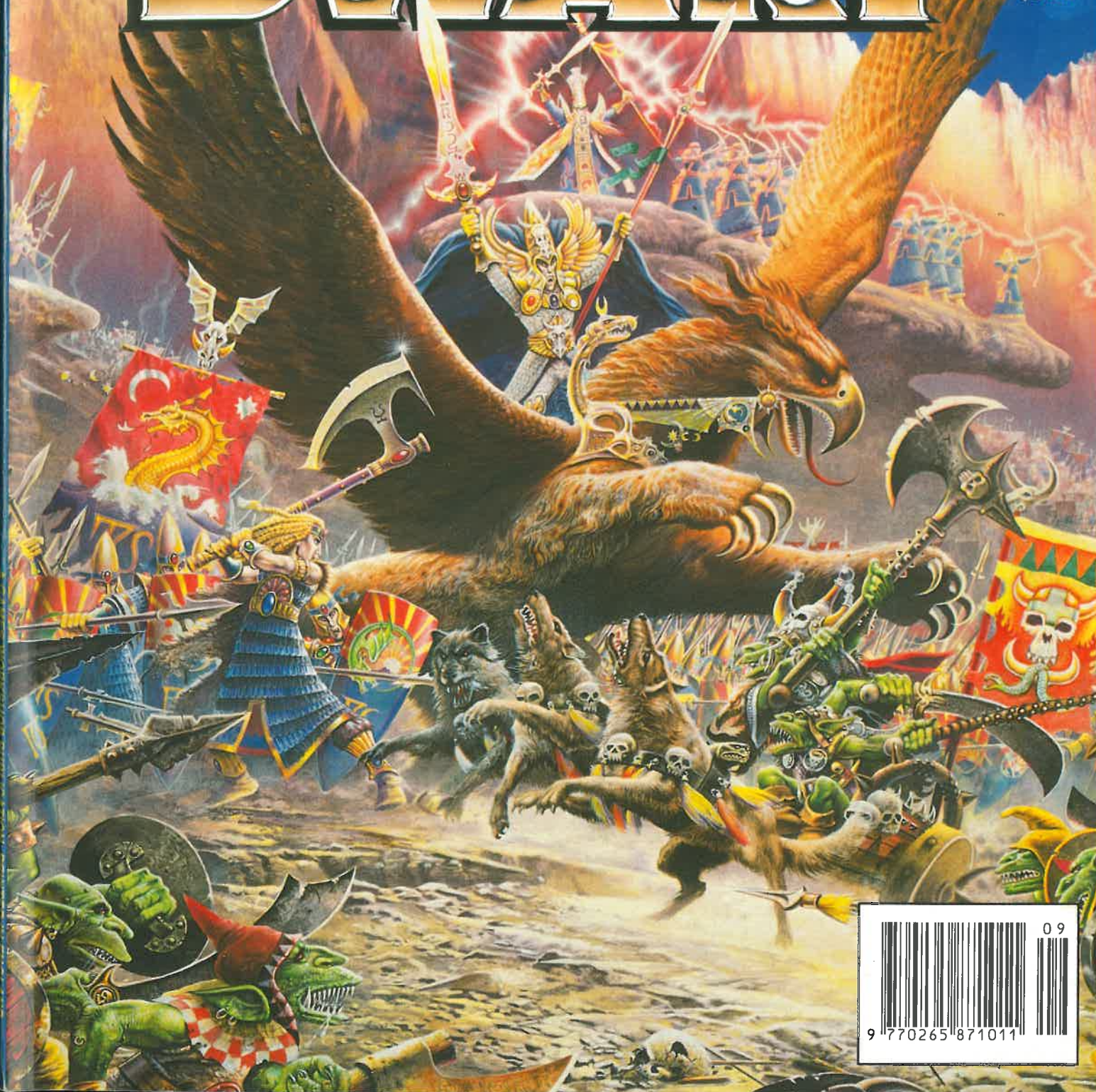


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NIGHT GOBLINS POUR ACROSS A RIVER CROSSING



WORLD EATERS CHAOS SPACE MARINES



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GAMES WORKSHOP[®] AND CITADEL[™] NEWS



WARHAMMER 40,000 VEHICLE MANUAL

Work carries on apace at the Studio to put the finishing touches to the **Warhammer 40,000 Vehicle Manual**. Since the new vehicle rules were published in White Dwarf magazine 2-3 years ago we have received hundreds of letters from gamers telling us what they think of the new system. The information gleaned from these letters allowed us to further refine and improve the vehicle rules, and the result is the highly playable and realistic game system printed in the Vehicle Manual. The manual includes rules for all of the different types of vehicle found in the Warhammer universe, including bikes, trikes, dreadnoughts, jet bikes and much more. Over 20 Datafax will be included, one for each of the vehicle models produced for Warhammer 40,000 by Citadel Miniatures. The Datafax are in a new and improved format, and are printed on card stock to ensure that they will survive a lifetime of play. The Vehicle Manual, like its companion volume the Battle Manual, is destined to become required reading for any Warhammer 40,000 player. Expect to see it in your local Games Workshop store in late September or early October.

FRENCH TRANSLATORS

AGMAT importateur exclusif de GAMES WORKSHOP en France recherche des traducteurs à temps plein.

Contacteur Alain Boisseau au (16 1) 45 47 15 00 du Lundi au Vendredi, de 9h à 17h30

CHAOS ATTACK

Chaos Attack is an action-packed game supplement for *Battle For Armageddon*. It includes a host of new counters and cards that will allow you to try out many exciting new scenarios. The 12 page rulebook provided with Chaos Attack includes advanced rules that allow you to increase the realism of *Battle For Armageddon*. Additional counters are available for both sides, including Squat reinforcements to help defend Armageddon, and two new tribes of Orks for Warlord Ghazghkull to command. Also included is a complete set of counters and rules that allow you to fight the 1st Battle For Armageddon, set 300 years before the Ork attack, when a huge Chaos army invaded the planet. There's even a counter for the infamous Herman Von Strab! Watch out for Chaos Attack in your local store at the start of September.

CITADEL MINIATURE NEWS

The Citadel Miniature designers have been very busy, working on several brand new ranges of models.

Jes Goodwin has been sculpting a whole series of Elf warriors and characters to accompany the release of the boxed edition of **Warhammer Fantasy Battle**. The model shown here is an High Elf wizard.



Elf High Wizard designed by Jes Goodwin

Dave Andrews has been working with designer **Nigel Stillman** on some new pieces for *Mighty Empires*. Here are some of the first results of their work.

*Siege
Engine*



*Giant Battering
Ram*



Mine



TORONTO STORE

WARHAMMER 40,000 TOURNAMENT

OCTOBER 24th & 25th 1992

The Games Workshop Toronto store is holding a special **Warhammer 40,000** weekend co-sponsored by Coca Cola. In addition to the Warhammer 40,000 tournament, there'll be Warhammer Fantasy Battle participation games, live 'Eavy Metal with Canadian Golden Demon winners, Orenzo Zivolak and Sebastian Fitch, and a host of other events.

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WARHAMMER

ROGUE 40,000 TRADER

THE WORLD EATERS

Khorne is the great Warrior God of Chaos, the ferocious Blood God. The World Eaters Chaos Space Marines are the ultimate warriors, steeped in the ethic of war and martial honour, chosen for the final conflict when Khorne wakes and the universe is drenched in blood.

The World Eaters were one of the Space Marine chapters who joined the forces of Chaos during the infamous Horus Heresy. The World Eaters were always the toughest and most determined warriors, savage in battle and exultant in victory.

Angron, Primarch of the World Eaters, was a great warrior whose courage and sense of honour were recognised by Khorne himself. His loyalty to the Emperor, once unswerving as any of the Primarchs was compromised. Angron became a Champion of Khorne and began to tread the path toward daemonhood and ultimate power.

The World Eaters took part in some of the greatest and bloodiest battles of the Horus Heresy, including the assault on

the Emperor's Palace. They claim that it was they, not the Sons of Horus, that first breached the walls of the outer palace during the battle for Earth. When Horus was finally slain, Angron and the World Eaters battled their way across the galaxy to the Eye of Terror and from there they have raided the Imperium ever since.

World Eater Marines carry a large number of close combat weapons into battle. The chainsword and the deadly *Chain Axe* are preferred weapons of combat.

Chain Axe

The Chain Axe is a deadly hand to hand combat weapon used almost exclusively by the World Eaters. The World Eaters favour it as the axe is the preferred weapon of the Blood God.

Range		To Hit		Strength	Damage	Save
Short	Long	Short	Long			Modifier
Close Combat Only				4	1	-2

IMPROVED CHAOS SPACE MARINE CHARACTERISTICS

Although the World Eaters have been horribly tainted by the powers of Chaos, they are Space Marines. Therefore, all of the improved Marine characteristics and new rules printed in White Dwarf and the Warhammer 40,000 Compilation also apply to them and to any other Chaos Marines.

Toughness

The basic toughness of Chaos Space Marine has been increased from 3 to 4. This reflects the enhancement of their bodies due to the gene-seed implantation and the resultant genetic restructuring of their bodies. This increase also applies to characters, so toughness for champions, heroes and mighty heroes are also increased by +1. The new profiles are given below.

The World Eaters – Chaos Space Marines of Khorne

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
Chaos Marine	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	8	10	8
Champion	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	8	8	10	8
Hero	4	6	6	4	5	2	6	2	9	9	10	9
Mighty Hero	4	6	6	4	5	3	6	3	9	9	10	9



MARK GIBBONS

WORLD EATER RAVAGERS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	CI	WP
World Eater	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	8	10	8

Maximum in Army:	Unlimited
Points Cost:	125 points per squad of four Marines plus a Sergeant.
Basic Equipment:	Power Armour (saves on a D6 roll of 4+) with communicator, respirator and auto-senses. Knife
Standard Equipment:	
1 Sergeant	Chainsword, bolter, bolt pistol, frag and krak grenades, bio scanner.
4 Marines	Chainsword, bolter bolt pistol, frag and krak grenades.
Chaos Attributes	Up to D6-3
The entire squad can be given up to the number of attributes rolled - they can always have less if you prefer. All the World Eaters can be given the same attributes or you can roll for number and type individually on the table below.	
A squad may have:	The entire squad may be equipped with the following additional equipment at the points cost shown.
Jump Packs	20 points
Melta Bombs	40 points
Blind Grenades	30 points

Any model may have:

Plasma Pistol/Hand Flamer	5 points
Power Axe	5 points
Power Glove	15 points
Chain Axe	Free

Any model in the squad may substitute his bolter for one of the weapons or pieces of equipment listed below at the points cost indicated

Any model may be mounted on a Juggernaut at the cost of 75 points per model.

Any model may be mounted on a Bike at the cost of 15 points per model.

Special Rules

World Eaters Assault Squads automatically go into frenzy if they are within charge range of the enemy.

The Blood Slaughterer – Daemonic Robot of Khorne

One Blood Slaughterer may be included in a force for each World Eater Ravager squad. For example, if your army has three Ravager squads then it may also include up to three Blood Slaughterers at a cost of 125 points per model. The Blood Slaughterer follows the rules for Dreadnought's published in WD146.

Chaos Space Marine Morale

The high morale and stoic martial virtues of Chaos Space Marines are represented by special rout rules. Chaos Space Marines still take rout tests as normal, but if they fail a rout test they are not routed as other troops are. Instead of routing, the Chaos Space Marines become shaken. This means that they may not move towards the enemy. If unable to move without approaching closer to an enemy model (if surrounded for example) then they may not move other than to turn round and face in an different direction. Assuming they are not surrounded, Chaos Space Marines may continue to move away from enemy models, and so may retreat to cover or from the table if they wish. The unit may recover normal morale by rallying just as normal troops may recover from a rout by rallying. The normal rallying rules apply (See WH40K p32)

In close combat the same rules apply, so Chaos Space Marines which are shaken in close combat cannot use follow-up moves to engage new opponents. They may, however, move to fight opponents already in close combat with other Chaos Space Marines. This reflects the fact that although their morale might be shaken, the Chaos Space Marines would still be willing to pitch in to help other members of their unit who are already engaged in close combat.

Because Chaos Space Marine units which fail their rout tests are not actually routed, it is possible that they may be called upon to take further rout tests. A Chaos Space Marine unit which is already shaken and which takes and fails another rout test is routed as normal. This means that it is often preferable for a player to retreat a shaken unit in order to rally it, or to withdraw a unit from combat altogether, rather than to stay in place just for the sake of killing a few more enemy.

CHAOS ATTRIBUTES TABLE

D6

- 1 **Regeneration:** If the model becomes a casualty lie it on its side until the end of the turn. At the end of the turn roll a D6, on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 the model regenerates all of its wounds and gets back on its feet. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3 the model fails to regenerate and is removed as a casualty.
- 2 **Magic Immune:** The model is totally immune to the powers of wizards, psykers, Weirdboyz, Eldar Warlocks etc. Force weapons do not work on the model either.
- 3 **Molten Blood:** The model's blood is a mix of molten bronze and iron. Increase its Toughness by one point, whenever the Marine is wounded in close combat its opponent suffers a S3 hit.
- 4 **Skull face:** Beneath his helmet the Marine's head is nothing more than a gleaming white skull! This is mildly disturbing but has no other effect on the game.
- 5 **Bloodlust:** The Marine has become so immersed in bloodletting in the name of Khorne that he has forgotten all he ever knew about anything else. Reduce the model's BS to 0 and Int to 4, he may no longer use ranged weapons or grenades.
- 6 **Atrophy:** The Marine's limbs have become twisted and withered from old wounds and the mutating power of Chaos. Reduce the models M, WS, S, and I by 1 each.

JUGGERNAUTS OF KHORNE

Juggernauts of Khorne are massive riding beasts of groaning iron and brass. Their heavy, wide mouthed heads are filled with brazen fangs and their thick, powerful legs drive forward a huge body taller than a man's and many tons in weight. They are ridden by favoured Champions of Khorne, mighty Warriors who have proved their worth on countless battlefields across the galaxy. A charging Juggernaut is a terrifying sight; the ground trembles under its huge weight, while its ferocious bellowing drowns out all other sounds. As the Juggernaut smashes into the enemy, it hurls men aside or crushes them underfoot. Even armoured vehicles can be smashed apart by the Juggernaut's almost unstoppable charge.

Any World Eater character model may be mounted on a Juggernaut at a cost of 75 points per model. Due to its large size and immense toughness, the Juggernaut is treated as a vehicle and has its own datafax and hit location template. Juggernauts follow the rules for Dreadnoughts published in WD146.

The Juggernauts supernatural resilience and toughness is represented by the armour values on its targeting diagram, while its special powers and abilities are included in the rules below.

JUGGERNAUT SPECIAL RULES

Crush Attack

If a Juggernaut wins a round of hand to hand combat it may choose to forego its normal hits and replace them with a single crush attack. A hit from a crush attack automatically causes 1 wound on a model – the target's toughness and its armour are no protection. Against a vehicle it will automatically penetrate the armour on the location hit – simply roll on the locations damage table to see what happens.

Fear

Juggernauts are horrendous and powerful creatures, and therefore cause *fear* as described on page 35 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Hand-to-hand combat

In hand to hand combat the Juggernaut and its rider fight as two separate models. This means that the Juggernaut can fight one opponent while the rider fights another. If the Juggernaut and its rider both attack the same opponent then the rules for multiple combat apply. Whichever of the two fights second will be entitled to roll an extra dice and add +1 to its weapon skill.

THE BLOOD SLAUGHTERER DAEMONIC ROBOT OF KHORNE

Amongst the greatest of Khorne's weapons are the part magical, part technological Daemon Engines. Daemon engines are literally daemoniac machine creatures made of iron and brass. Covered with heavy armour of black steel and marked with brass skull runes of Khorne, Daemon Engines are deadly, hulking monstrosities bristling with weapons. Their advance is almost unstoppable as they clank forward on rattling tracks or spiked wheels.

The Blood Slaughterer is a deadly opponent as it hurtles across the battlefield on its iron bound wheels, spraying bloody death from the heavy bolters mounted in its chest, or tearing its enemies apart with its axe and whip in hand-to-hand combat. The Blood Slaughterer will charge anything that gets in its way, attacking ferociously until it is destroyed.

One Blood Slaughterer may be included in a World Eater

army for each Assault squad. For example, if you army has three Assault Squads then it may also include up to three Blood Slaughterers at a cost of 125 points per model. The Blood Slaughterer is a vehicle and has its own Datafax and hit location template. It must follow the rules for Dreadnought's published in WD146.

Like the Juggernaut, the Blood Slaughterer's unnatural mechanical hardness is represented by the armour values on its targeting diagram. The special rules for fighting battles with Blood Slaughterers are printed below. These override the rules for Summoned Daemons in Realm of Chaos – Slaves To Darkness and you can just use these instead.

BLOOD SLAUGHTERER SPECIAL RULES

Lash of Khorne

The Slaughterer is armed with a powerful energy whip called the Lash of Khorne. The whip crackles with energy, while the iron claws at the tip of each whip drip with corrosive venom.

In hand-to-hand combat you should note how many of the Slaughterer's attack dice roll a '6'. Each of these dice cause 1 hit from the Lash of Khorne, no matter what was the result of the combat, and no matter who won or lost. So for example, if two of the Slaughterer's attack dice rolled a '6' it would cause two hits with the Lash of Khorne in addition to any hits it causes as a result of the combat.

Range		To Hit		Strength	Damage	Save
Short	Long	Short	Long			Modifier
Close Combat Only				4	1	0

FEAR

A Slaughterer is a horrendous and powerful opponent. A Slaughterer therefore causes *fear* as described on page 35 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.



HEAVY METAL

WORLD EATERS

CHAOS SPACE MARINES



WORLD EATER CHAMPION RIDING A JUGGERNAUT OF KHORNE



BLOOD SLAUGHTERER
DAEMONIC ROBOT OF KHORNE



WORLD EATER WITH BOLTER AND CHAIN SWORD



WORLD EATER WITH CHAIN
SWORD AND POWER FIST



WORLD EATER WITH TWO
HANDED POWER AXE



WORLD EATER WITH BOLTER
AND CHAIN AXE

BLOOD SLAUGHTERER

Amongst the greatest of Khorne's weapons are the part magical, part technological Daemon Engines. Daemon engines are literally daemonic machine creatures made of iron and brass. Covered with heavy armour of black steel and marked with brass skull runes of Khorne, Daemon Engines are deadly, hulking monstrosities bristling with weapons. Their advance is almost unstoppable as they clank forward on rattling tracks or spiked wheels.

The Blood Slaughterer is a deadly opponent as it hurtles across the battlefield on its iron bound wheels, spraying bloody death from the heavy bolters mounted in its chest, or tearing its enemies apart with its axe and whip in hand-to-hand combat. The Blood Slaughterer will charge anything that gets in its way, attacking ferociously until it is destroyed.

M	WS	BS	S	I	A	Ld
8	4	4	4	4	3	8

Type **Wheeled**

Points Value **125**



The Blood Slaughterer causes *Fear* and will go into *Frenzy* as soon as it is in charge range of the enemy.

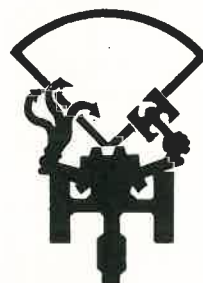
WEAPONS

Twin Heavy Bolters

1 Power Axe

1 Lash of Khorne

FIRE ARC

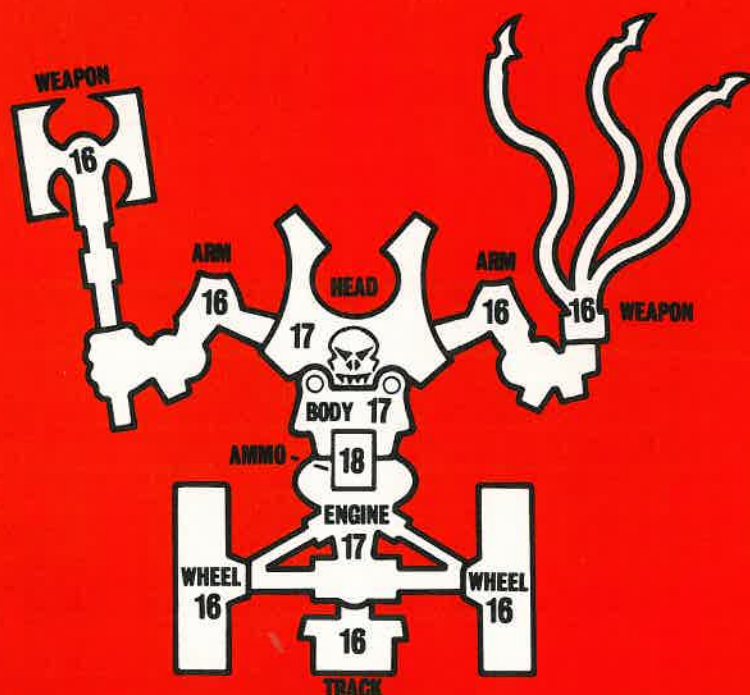


Heavy Bolters fire 90° forward.

Weapon	Range		To Hit		Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Special
	Short	Long	Short	Long				
Heavy Bolters	0-20	20-40	-	-	5	D4	-2	Sustained Fire
Lash of Khorne	-	-	-	-	4	1	-	Special see main rules
Power Axe	-	-	-	-	6	1	-3	Close combat only

FRONT ARMOUR +1

REAR ARMOUR -1



BLOOD SLAUGHTERER DAMAGE TABLES

AMMO

- 1 The ammo casing is split. Roll a D6 at the start of each of the Slaughterer's turns; on a roll of 1-3 the ammo explodes destroying the Slaughterer. Any model within 3" of the Slaughterer is caught in the explosion and takes a S6 hit, with a -1 saving throw modifier that causes D3 wounds. On a roll of 4-6 nothing happens - this turn...
- 2-5 The ammo explodes destroying the Slaughterer. Any model within 3" of the Slaughterer is caught in the explosion and takes a S6 hit, with a -1 saving throw modifier that causes D3 wounds.
- 6 The ammo explodes destroying the Slaughterer and scattering debris over a wide area. Any model within 3" of the Slaughterer is caught in the explosion and takes a S6 hit, with a -1 saving throw modifier that causes D3 wounds. In addition, any model within 2D6" is hit by flying debris, inflicting a S3 hit which will cause 1 wound. Normal saving rolls apply against damage inflicted by the debris.

WHEEL OR TRACK

- 1 The wheel or track is damaged and the Slaughterer's maximum move is halved.
- 2-5 The Slaughterer moves out of control in its next turn and then slews to a halt. It can turn in place on subsequent turns, but if it loses another wheel and/or track it comes to a permanent halt. It may still shoot and fight in hand to hand combat as normal.
- 6 The Slaughterer is flipped over by the explosion and is destroyed. Decide randomly which way the slaughterer falls; anything in the way takes a S5 hit with a -1 saving throw modifier.

HEAD

- 1-2 The delicate sighting mechanisms in the Slaughterer's head are damaged by the force of the attack. The Slaughterer's Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill are reduced by 1 point each for the rest of the battle.
- 3-4 The Slaughterer is stunned for one turn. In its next move it will stagger D6" in a random direction, colliding with anything in its path. It may not shoot, but may attack in hand to hand combat.
- 5 The hit drills the Slaughterer neatly between the eyes killing it instantly. The machine grinds to a halt and may not move or attack for the rest of the battle.
- 6 The Slaughterer is struck squarely in the face and decisively blow away! It is hurled back D6" and collides with anything in its way. All troops on the side opposing the Slaughterer that have a line of sight to this spectacular kill are immune to panic and will not rout this turn - they also give a mighty cheer! Routing troops with a line of sight immediately rally.

ARM

- 1 The arm is damaged and may not be used until repaired. Roll a D6 at the end of each of the Chaos player's turns: on a roll of 5-6 to arm is fixed and starts working normally. Until then the number of attacks the Slaughterer may make is reduced by 1, and it may not use the weapon attached to the arm.
- 2-5 The arm is destroyed. The number of attacks the Slaughterer may make is reduced by 1, and it may not use the weapon attached to the arm.
- 6 The arm is blown off and flies 2D6" in a random direction. Anything standing where it lands takes an automatic S7 hit with a -2 saving throw modifier. The number of attacks the Slaughterer may make is reduced by 1, and it may not use the weapon attached to the arm.

WEAPON

- 1 The weapon is damaged and may not be used until repaired. Roll a D6 at the end of each of the Chaos player's turns: on a roll of 5-6 to weapon is fixed and starts working normally.
- 2-5 The weapon is destroyed.
- 6 The weapon is blown off and flies 2D6" in a random direction. Anything standing where it lands takes an automatic S7 hit with a -2 saving throw modifier.

BODY

- 1 The ammo feeders to the guns mounted in the body are jammed and the Slaughterer's Heavy Bolters may not be used until they are repaired. Roll a D6 at the start of each of the Chaos player's turns: On a roll of 5-6 the jam is cleared and the weapon may be used as normal.
- 2-5 The Heavy Bolters mounted in the body are destroyed and may no longer be used.
- 6 The Heavy Bolters mounted in the body are destroyed and may no longer be used. In addition there is a flashback to the Slaughterer's ammo. Roll on the ammo damage table to see what happens.

ENGINE

- 1 The Slaughterer's maximum move is halved.
- 2-5 The Slaughterer moves out of control in its next move, and then grinds to a halt, unable to move or attack for the rest of the game.
- 6 A spark ignites the Slaughterer's fuel tank and it bursts into flames. The flaming wreck moves out of control next turn and then explodes. Anything within 2D6" of the point where it ends up is hit by debris on a roll of 4+, inflicting a S3 hit which will cause 1 wound. Normal saving rolls apply.

JUGGERNAUT OF KHORNE

Juggernauts of Khorne are massive riding beasts of groaning iron and brass. Their heavy, wide mouthed heads are filled with brazen fangs. They are ridden by favoured Champions of Khorne. A charging Juggernaut is a terrifying sight; the ground trembles under their huge weight, while it's ferocious bellowing drowns out all other sound. Then, with an enormous crash!, the Juggernaut smashes into its enemy, hurling men aside or crushing them underfoot. Even armoured vehicles can be smashed apart by the Juggernauts almost unstoppable charge!

M	WS	BS	S	I	A	Ld
7	3	0	5	2	2	10

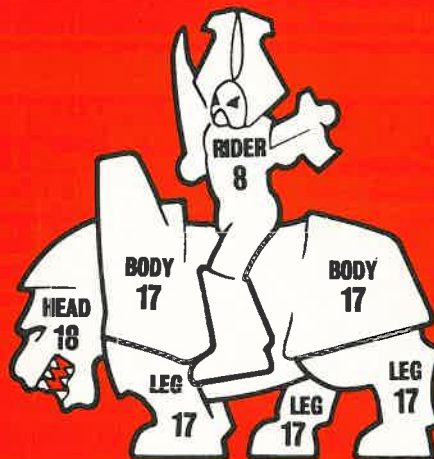
Type	WALKER
Points Value	75

The Juggernaut causes *Fear*. If the rider is removed from the juggernaut or disabled in any way then the Juggernaut becomes subject to *Frenzy*.

FIRE ARC



Rider may fire 360°



JUGGERNAUT OF KHORNE DAMAGE TABLE

HEAD

- 1 The Juggernaut is stunned. In its next move it will stagger D6" in a random direction, colliding with anything in its path. The rider is allowed to shoot or fight in hand to hand combat as normal.
- 2-5 The hit drills the Juggernaut neatly between the eyes killing it instantly. Unfortunately it takes a while for the Juggernauts body to realise this! The Juggernaut may move and attack as normal for one more turn and then drops down dead.
- 6 The Juggernaut is struck squarely in the face and decisively blown away! It is hurled back D6" and collides with anything in its way. All troops on the side opposing the Juggernaut that have a line of sight to this spectacular kill are immune to panic and will not rout this turn - they also give a mighty cheer! Routing troops with a line of sight immediately rally. As the Juggernaut falls it rolls over the rider, crushing him and causing an automatic wound with no saving throw allowed.

BODY

- 1 The shot is deflected by the Juggernauts iron hard skin, but it is spun 90° in a random direction by the force of the impact.
- 2-5 The Juggernaut is badly injured but keeps on coming! Roll a D6 at the end of each of the Chaos player's turns: on a roll of 1-3 the Juggernaut finally expires, but on a roll of 4-6 it may carry on for another turn.
- 6 The attack rips a gapping hole in the Juggernaut's chest and it collapses to the ground stone dead! As the Juggernaut falls it rolls over the rider, crushing him and causing an automatic wound with no saving throw allowed.

LEG

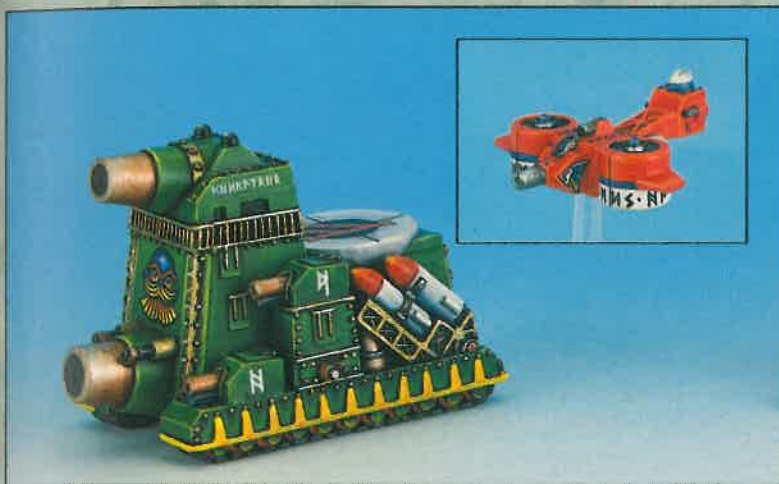
- 1 The Juggernaut suffers a shallow leg wound that causes it to stagger D6" in a random direction, colliding with anything in its path. It then steadies itself and carries on as if nothing had happened.
- 2-5 The Juggernaut's leg is badly wounded, and it can not use it for the rest of the battle. It is forced to limp along only using the other legs which reduces it to half speed. If another leg is badly wounded then the Juggernaut will collapse to the ground and will not be able to move any further.
- 6 With a shower of molten brass the leg is blown off. The Juggernaut is able to limp along at half speed for one more turn and then collapses and dies.

RIDER

- 1 The Rider is knocked off the Juggernaut by the force impact but is otherwise unharmed.
- 2-5 The rider gets his normal saving throw modified by the save modifier for the penetrating weapon. If this is successful he is unharmed. If he doesn't save then he sustains the number of wounds normally caused by the weapon.
- 6 The rider gets his normal saving throw modified by the save modifier for the penetrating weapon. If this is successful he is knocked off the Juggernaut by the force impact but is otherwise unharmed. If he doesn't save then he sustains the number of wounds normally caused by the weapon as well as being knocked off the Juggernaut.

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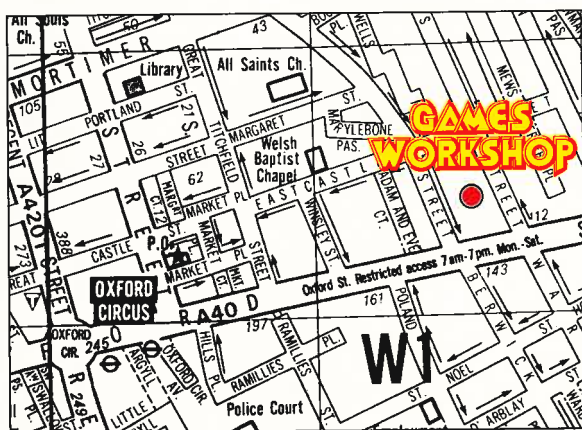


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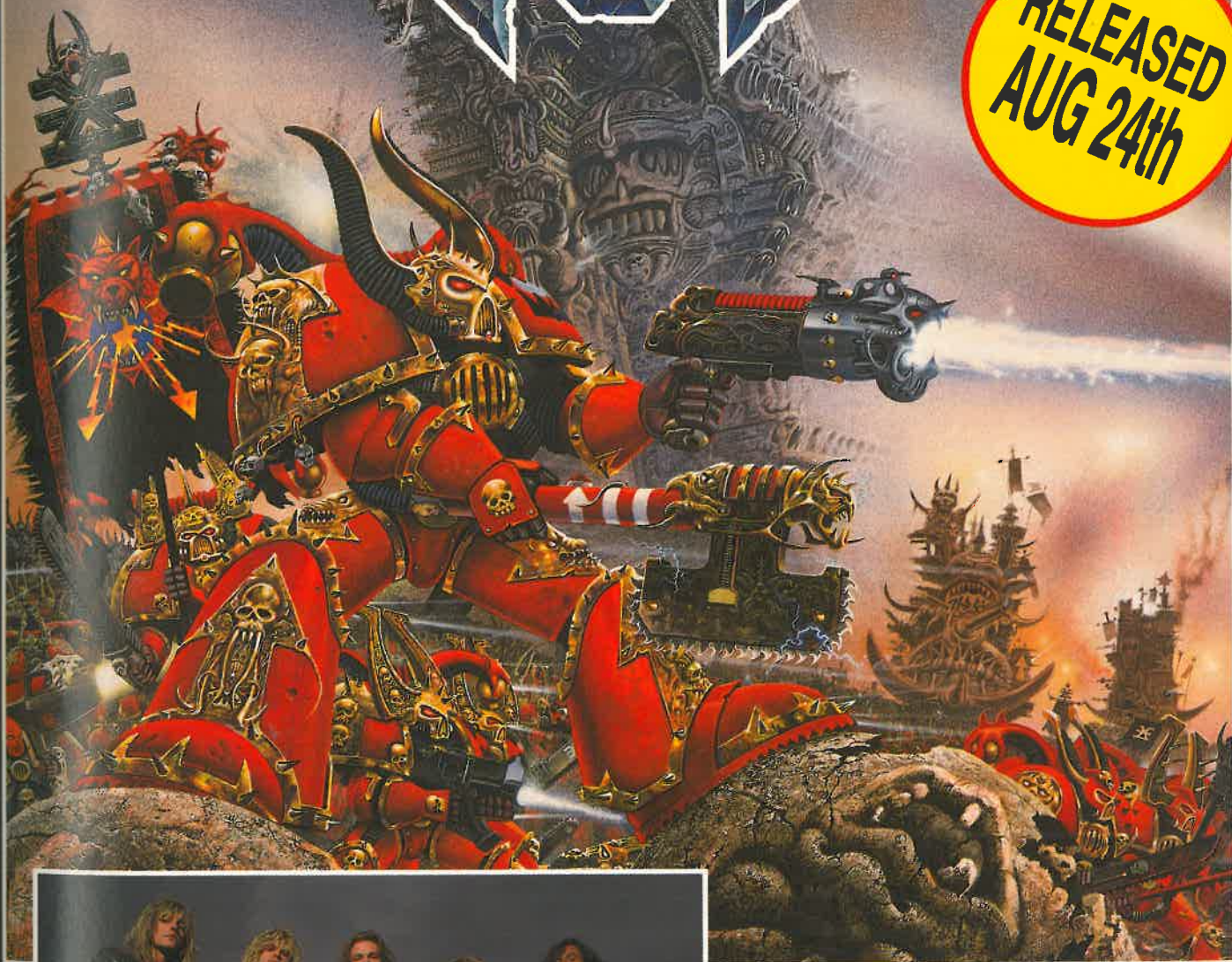


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DWARF RUNE WEAPONS

By Nigel Stillman

In last month's issue of White Dwarf, we took a close look at the history and language of the Dwarf race. This month we focus upon the ancient Guild of Dwarf Runesmiths and their magic rune weapons.

DWARFS AND MAGIC

Magic pervades the Warhammer World and permeates all things. It flows into the material realm from beyond the Chaos Wastes as an ever shifting flux of energy. This force can be tapped by those who have learned to perceive it, or by races who are sensitive to its presence.

Elf wizards are able to comprehend the vast spectrum of this magical essence in its entirety, and can channel and manipulate any of the different shades of magic. Men learned their magical lore from the Elves, but lacking their subtle

nature, were only able to focus upon one shade of the magical force at a time. Most human wizards devote a lifetime's study to one of the Colleges of Magic in order to be able to master one of the colours of magic. Occasionally, a particularly gifted human wizard can increase his learning to the point where he is able to work with more than one type of magic energy and thus become a High Wizard, but these are rare and talented individuals indeed.

As a race, Dwarfs lack the sensitivity needed to perceive the magical force. It does not flow through them and they are unable to comprehend its subtle shades or feel its vibrations. Dwarfs are far happier dealing with material things that they can work with their skilful hands. As a result, they are less easily disturbed or corrupted by the magic of their enemies. However, this lack of magical lore means that most Dwarfs are wary of its power.

Dwarfs have no wizards as such, and instead rely on a few rare individuals who are able to manipulate the magical force in special ways. These Dwarfs are called Runesmiths, an ancient guild of craftsmen who construct elaborate magical devices and weapons inscribed with secret runes. Magical essence pervades all things, and so is naturally present in all the metals, rocks, gems and relics the Dwarfs work with. By using secret runes, the Runesmiths can temper and bind this essence in the fires of the forge and the quenching waters.

This use of runic magic is the true magical lore of the Dwarfs; they are its sole practitioners and its masters. Even though few of the Dwarf Runesmiths really understand the theory behind what they do, their knowledge of the secret runes and rituals, passed down by word of mouth from the time of the ancestors, guides and enriches their work.

DWARF RUNESMITHS

All Dwarf smiths are famed throughout the world for their craftsmanship, but even their skill is far excelled by that of the Runesmiths. These belong to a small and select caste of great antiquity. The art of smithying is hereditary and so too is the arcane art of the Runesmith.

When an ordinary smith forges weapons, armour and jewellery, his works are inert. Although cunningly worked, and superior to the works of men and equal to the finest work



of Elves, they contain no magic. Only the artifacts forged by a Runesmith are magical, because only a Runesmith knows the secret of trapping magical force within a sword, helm or jewel.

The ancient secrets of the Runesmiths have been passed down by word of mouth from the time of the ancestors. Each Runesmith adopts as a son his most talented apprentice to whom he teaches the ancient lore. Upon the death of his master, the apprentice adds his master's name to his own, and so the arcane traditions have been passed from generation to generation.

Runesmiths rarely write down their lore. In times of severe danger they may imprint their knowledge into a stone or metal tablet or artifact. Even then, the secret lore will be written in riddles and codes which only another Runesmith will be able to unlock after years of experiment and study. The secret may be a technique of forging or the shape of a rune. Usually it will involve a combination of both, together with rituals and incantations which accompany the forging.

The more accomplished the Runesmith, the more secrets and runes he will know. Runesmiths devote years of their lives to the search for ancient secrets which have been lost since the Age of Darkness. If a Runesmith finds a weapon or artifact of great antiquity, he will examine it, looking for the name rune of some ancient and fabled Runesmith. This is the most important rune to find for it marks out a weapon as special and valuable beyond price. Many name runes are completely invisible to the casual observer. Only another Runesmith would be able to recognise and follow a trail of clues which might lead to the appearance of the glowing form of a name rune.

Most of the Runesmiths are now long dead and only their work and reputation remain. Many fell in the great wars the Dwarfs waged against the Elves and the Goblins. Others fell in untold skirmishes against Goblin raiders, Cave Trolls, Dragons and Chaos marauders or became refugees, plying their trade in far away human cities. Some disappeared from history and only their name is remembered. Few have endured the centuries it would take to pass on all the secrets they learned from their own ancestors. Nevertheless, a handful of the most ancient and venerable Runesmiths are still living and working in the Dwarf strongholds.

These remaining Runesmiths are centuries old, and it is they who know the deepest and greatest secrets. Their accumulated knowledge of the runes is vast and beyond value. Among the Dwarfs, they are respected as much as living ancestors, and their names and work are renowned far and wide just as that of the great Runesmiths of the distant past. Those Dwarfs living far away from the strongholds in which these ancient ones dwell are not even sure if they are still alive or whether they have already become true ancestors. Any weapon or artifact wrought by them is treated as though it was the last of its kind, and is given the same awe and reverence as those antique and irreplaceable weapons made by the legendary Runesmiths of the past.

Sometimes a Runesmith will accompany a Dwarf army or expedition. Although his own motive might be to search for legendary lost artifacts, his presence will be welcomed by the army general for the additional strength he will bring to the force. Not only will he be likely to possess an awesome rune weapon of his own, but his arcane rune artifacts will protect the army against hostile enemy magic and any other sorcery which they may encounter.



DWARF RUNES

The Dwarf language is written in runes – marks that can be written or engraved on metal or in stone. Many runes are capable of trapping or binding magic because of their shape and the incantations recited as they are inscribed. Most simple alphabetic runes trap weak amounts of magic, but other runes can draw into themselves greater power. Such runes include the name runes of Runesmiths and certain secret runes known only to them and the priests and priestesses of the temples of Grunni, Grimnir and Valaya.

Each Runesmith is skilled enough in the lore of runes to create a magical name rune for himself, which he endows with special powers. He engraves this upon all his works to designate them as his for all time.

A great magical rune inscribed onto a weapon binds magic into its form. The rune itself either glows with a dull red glow, or flashes, especially when the weapon is unsheathed in battle, when the blade touches blood or in the presence of magic. Most runes fade gradually over time, although this may take thousands of years. Some of the oldest runes, wrought by the greatest Runesmiths, are eternal runes, which never fade.

FORGING A RUNE WEAPON

To understand how a rune weapon binds magic it is necessary to understand the entire process of its forging. A sword for example, will be wrought by the Runesmith according to a secret lore. This will depend on the intended properties of the sword. The work usually takes place in secret and in darkness. Sometimes an apprentice, usually a blood relative, will be present to observe the technique so that the knowledge can be

passed on. Each Runesmith will only pass on his lore to his best apprentice.

The arcane ritual of forging a magic sword is best described by giving an example of a Runesmith's spell.

*Find the heart of the mountain
Take it on the last day of the third moon
Stoke the furnace at midnight
When the ore glows red
Hammer it before the dawn
Bend seven times the white hot metal upon itself
Recite seven times the rune of forging
Quench in the blood of a dragon
Slake red hot in the quicksilver of Karak Ungol
Do this in the name of Haki the ancestor
Temper in the waters of Varn
Hone the blade upon the dragon's horn
On the third moon of the winter carve the rune of slaying
Anoint in the blood of a Troll slain on the day of Grungni
Bind the hilt with Dragon hide, with the horn inside
Haft the hilt with Azgal's gold, bind with azul-metal
Mark the Orc-fang pommel with the sign of Grimmur
Perform the naming rite with ale upon Valaya's altar
The slaying of a Troll by night will make the rune to glow
For a thousand years*

The heart of the mountain refers to metal mined from the very deepest places of a mountain. Dwarf lore speaks much of the hearts of mountains. These are the metals and gems found at the very core of the mountain and are believed by the Dwarfs to contain the essence of the mountain's magical power.

As can be seen from the example, careful consideration is given to the exact materials used and how they are obtained. The time at which certain processes are performed is also important. Some mention is made of the incantations, but only a portion of the ritual is betrayed by this spell. The Runesmith will keep the most important information to himself – such as the shape of the rune and the words of the rune spell to be intoned as the rune is engraved upon the blade.

The forging process will proceed by stages and may take months or even years to complete. The spell states that certain materials must be obtained from specific places. Some of these will be far away and may even be in enemy hands, which can necessitate perilous expeditions to obtain the materials. Acquiring the various bits of Troll, Orc and Dragon will undoubtedly be a challenge. Such items may be found in a Runesmith's relic chest, or be obtained by a hefty weight of gold in the palm of a Troll Slayer.

Certain parts of the ritual can only be performed at certain times or the whole forging process will be worthless. It is almost certain that a key element of the ritual has been deliberately omitted by the Runesmith who recited this spell

(in this case known only because it was hastily and furtively noted down by a watching apprentice). This secret makes it impossible for anyone to mimic the Runesmith's work unless he chooses to reveal it to them. Much rune lore was lost with the fall of the Dwarf strongholds during the Goblin wars. Many Runesmiths fled taking their secrets with them, many others were slain and their secrets perished when they died.

USING DWARF RUNES IN WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE

Any Dwarf character model may have a rune weapon. Rank-and-file models may not have them or any other rune artifact, with the exception of standard bearers who may carry runic standards. Most Dwarf rune artifacts take effect when they are used in combat or when they are subject to magical attack. A few runic items such as the Runestaff or the Stonebreaker Rune must be used in the magic phase take effect.

Rune weapons can be swords, hammers, great two-handed swords or axes. These are known as 'noble weapons' by the Dwarfs. Lesser weapons, such as spears, are not forged by Runesmiths and do not bear runes. Certain items of armour may bear runes, but these are also restricted to the war panoply of characters. Such items are either helmets or shields. Mail, scale and breastplates never bear runes.

The points value of a rune weapon depends on the name rune of the Runesmith who wrought it. This name rune endows the weapon with its own special qualities and powers.

Additional runes can then be selected at a specific points cost for each rune. You can add as many runes as you wish to an artifact making it as powerful as you like. However, you may never increase the score required to hit or to wound above 2+. Weapons in Warhammer Fantasy Battle *never* automatically hit or wound.

A rune can only appear once on an artifact. Several runes of the same type cannot be used to make cumulative modifiers affecting a single characteristic. This is not done by Runesmiths for ritual reasons. Repeating a rune does not double the effect because magic does not obey such mathematical laws!

Certain Dwarf runes can be used on war banners and may spell the name of the clan, the guild, the stronghold, ancestors or renowned battle honours. They may also spell religious texts and include special magical runes. These are woven by priestesses from the temple of Valaya with golden thread according to rituals as elaborate as those for forging weapons. Warhorns and occasionally other items such as crowns or sceptres can be adorned with magical runes in the same way. The cost of the runes is added to the basic cost of the standard or magical item to which they are applied.

The runes given to a weapon or other artifact should be carefully recorded and the points cost of the weapon noted down. This should be done at the same time as you work out the composition of your army from the army list. The points for buying rune weapons, armour runes and sacred runes are taken from the allocation for character models. Runic regimental standards are paid for from the rank and file allocation in the army list.

All Dwarf magic items and weapons are runic. Dwarfs do not choose from the other magic weapons and items listed in Warhammer Armies.

DWARF NAME RUNES

All rune weapons are inscribed with the Runesmith's name which automatically makes the weapon magical. The weapon may have other runes in addition to the name rune. Each rune endows the weapon with a magical property. These properties take effect in combination when the weapon is used in battle. The name runes listed here belong to the most famous Runesmiths of Dwarf legend.

Alaric the Mad. The Runesmith who forged the famous and rightly feared Runefangs of the Elector Counts of the Empire. Alaric made twelve swords, one for each of Sigmar's warlords in return for his help in recapturing Alaric's stronghold of Zhufbar after it had been overrun by Orcs. Alaric kept his word and delivered twelve rune swords to the Imperial counts. The forging took so long that Sigmar had long passed from his mortal form, but the swords were presented to his successor, the Emperor. No one knows exactly what happened to Alaric after this. Some say he wrought rune weapons for the Khan Queens of Kislev, possibly even the dreaded blade Fearfrost.

Skalf Blackhammer. Legendary Runesmith of the distant past, who worked in Karaz-a-Karak before the days of the great Dwarf Empire. Skalf forged many great hammers, and some say even Sigmar's hammer was his work. Many of his hammers were later held by Dwarf warlords as symbols of power and kingship.

Haki Skavensplitter. The Runesmith who worked night and day by the last glimmering furnaces of Karak Eight Peaks during the dying days of the stronghold. He wrought weapons inscribed to cut down the terrible Skaven who invaded the city from all sides. Many such blades must certainly remain beside their Dwarf defenders where they fell, defending their caverns and vaults to the death. They are highly prized by Dwarfs who have to delve into the old tunnel workings of ruined strongholds, or those guarding mining expeditions as there is always the ever present threat of the Skaven hordes below ground. Haki is believed to have perished in Karak Eight Peaks, while defending his forges.

Trygg Trollslayer. The greatest slayer of Trolls ever known, great two-handed axes were Trygg's speciality. He worked in Karak-Kadrin in the great days of the Dwarf Empire, making weapons for the Troll Slayers who set out from there into the highest peaks seeking Cave Trolls or whatever fate had in store for them. His weapons also proved effective against Goblinoids and were sought after throughout the length and breadth of the Dwarf realm. Whenever Goblins or Orks discover his works among ruins or ransacked tombs they attempt to destroy them, so that surviving examples of Trygg's work are rare and exceptionally valuable.

Snorri Spangelhelm. Runesmith to the high king in Karaz-a-Karak during the Golden Age of the Dwarf Empire. He wrought the exquisite war panoply of the high kings for several generations, and lived to a great age. Snorri fought in many great battles and was renowned for his magnificent Gromril armour. This unique suit of mail and plate was strong enough to turn the hardest blade or heaviest blow and yet was as light and flexible as silk.

Arngrim Redbeard. A Runesmith who lived during the dark times when Chaos hordes swept across the eastern plains and attempted to break through the mountain passes. Arngrim forged weapons with which the vile fiends of Chaos could be hewn down. He worked in the deep forges of Karak Azul, and the renowned Runesmiths who work there honour him as their craft-ancestor to this day.



Baldrik the Bad. A Runesmith who lived during the Dwarf and Elf wars. He forged many weapons capable of slaying Elves, wrought using secret knowledge captured from Elven smiths and turned against them. Baldrik proved a better artificer than any of them, and many a great Elf hero fell to one of his swords. His weapons are rare, and most must still lie buried in deep tombs with their owners, sought after by Goblin tomb robbers and Chaos followers alike. The Elves never forgot Baldrik's terrible weapons and will seek revenge against any foe who uses one.

Kragg the Grim. Rumoured to be still living in Karaz-a-Karak, and if this is true, must be ancient indeed. He is honoured there as an ancestor, though this does not necessarily mean that he is dead. His weapons are rightly dreaded by all the Dwarfs' enemies and humans and Dwarfs alike will pay great wealth for one. Kragg's forefathers fled from Karak Ungol and later again from Karak Varn, when those strongholds fell, keeping alive the precious secrets of the runes which would otherwise have been lost. Now Kragg in his turn has passed them on to the Runesmiths of Karaz-a-Karak.

DWARF RUNE WEAPONS

Some runes are appropriate for use on weapons, while others are only suitable for armour or shields. Some can be used on standards and runic artifacts as well. The tables indicate how the various runes can be used. Runes given to the wrong items will have no effect. The only weapons able to bear runes are swords, axes and hammers. Spears, arrows, firearms and other weapons cannot be rune weapons. Armour refers to helms and shields. Giving a model more than one identical rune on the same item or different items does not increase the effect. Runes on unit standards give a bonus to the unit accompanying it. Runes on the army standard benefit any unit within 12" and line of sight of the banner. Runes on a character's weapons or armour only apply to the character himself, not the unit he is with.

Each rune has a points cost which is added to the basic cost of a magical weapon with a name rune. The basic points cost of each name rune is given in the tables. There is no limit to the number of additional runes inscribed on a weapon except the cost in points. Remember that duplicate runes do not increase the effect.

DWARF MAGICAL NAME RUNES

Rune	Name	PV	Magic Effect of the Name Rune
	Haki Skavensplitter	25	Wounds Skaven and Beastmen on 2+. (Roll to hit, if hit roll to wound, a score of 2+ wounds.)
	Trygg Trollslayer	25	Wounds Trolls and Goblinoids on 2+. (Roll to hit, if hit roll to wound, a score of 2+ wounds.) Trolls cannot regenerate wounds.
	Baldrikk the Bad	25	Wounds Elves on 2+ if hits. (Roll to hit, if hit roll to wound, 2+ wounds.)
	Kragg the Grim	50	+1 to hit, +1 to wound, -1 opponent's save.
	Alaric the Mad	50	Cancels opponent's armour saving throw. Effective against all armour, ordinary or magical.
	Skalf Blackhammer	50	Wounds on 2+ if hits. (Roll to hit, if hit roll to wound, a score of 2+ wounds.)
	Snorri Spangelhelm	50	Effective against magical weapons, armour and protective magic. (Roll to hit and wound and save as normal. ignores opponent's magical abilities.)
	Arngrim Redbeard	50	Wounds Chaos Daemons on a 2+ if hits (Roll to hit, if hit roll to wound, a score of 2+ wounds)

WEAPON RUNES

Rune of Cutting

Hakka-Rhun. One of the oldest and simplest weapon runes (runes made of simple strokes are usually of great antiquity). This rune is commonly found inscribed on weapons and is far too old to be attributed to any known Runesmith. The rune's form suggests that it was originally carved onto the wooden or bone handles of weapons. Since these could have been stone axes, this could be the most archaic of Dwarf weapon runes, pre-dating their discovery of metal and therefore older than Grunni himself.

Rune of Striking

Dang-Rhun. Another old rune, probably originally used on the earliest metal weapons. The rune seems to symbolise pointed weapons piercing a shield. Like the Rune of Cutting, this rune is also commonly used, and is especially favoured for use on swords.

Mighty Strike

Drengdang-Rhun. This very ancient rune appears on great axes and hammers and like the Rune of Cutting, may date from the time when such weapons were made of stone. The form of the rune is a doubling of an old rune for striking, indicating a blow of twice as much force.

Rune of Cleaving

Azz-Rhun. This rune is not as old as the previously mentioned runes, since it must date to after the invention of metal armour. This was invented by Dwarfs even before it was used by Elves, and long before any men ever thought of it. Once again this rune is of such antiquity that it cannot be attributed to any particular Runesmith, though it is credited to several ancestors.

Rune of Banishment

Ghull-Dreng-Rhun. This rune is said to have been devised by Snorri Spangelhelm so he could safely delve into ancient burial mounds in search of artifacts without fear of anything lurking there. It is commonly used on burial goods, interred with Dwarf Lords to prevent their vaults becoming inhabited by wights and ghouls. Should any such weapons be recovered by living warriors they are exceptionally potent against all kinds of undead and ethereal creatures. The ritual for inscribing this rune is very long and complicated.

Dragon Rune

Drakk-Dreng-Rhun. This rune seems to portray a stretched hide and thus stands for a slain monster. This gives the weapon magical power over any Dragons, Chaos monsters or giant creatures. The origin of the rune is old, and probably reflects the frequent invasion of Dwarf strongholds by Dragons attracted by the smell of gold and the gleam of treasure hoards. It may indicate the former existence of an ancient and now extinct cult of Dwarf Dragon Slayers, for whom this rune was devised. This would have been most likely during the golden age of Karaz-a-Karak.

Rune of Fortune

Akrak-Rhun. This rune seems to be derived from that for bond or promise and may indicate that a bond or promise to an ancestor or deity is necessary for the ritual of inscribing. This would bring good fortune to the user of the weapon. This is a commonly occurring rune on all swords and axes.

Berserker Rune

Bakraz-Rhun. The existence of this rune suggests that the Norse berserkers may be derived from a lost cult of Dwarf berserkers for whom such runes were devised. The rune shows a stylised warrior with weapons in both hands making its purpose clear. Its simple form indicates a very old rune.

Rune of Might

Duruk-Rhun. This is especially favoured for inscribing on hammers made in Karak-a-Karaz and is usually the sign of a weapon made for a particularly strong Dwarf. The rune is simple in form, but represents a less primitive stage in rune lore than the single stroke runes, so it may date to the golden age of the Dwarfs rather than earlier. Several ancestors are credited with its invention leading to much enmity between their descendants!

Rune of Swiftess

Alabrin-Rhun. The name of this rune suggests Elven influence which seems to confirm the story that Thurgard the Treacherous, Runesmith of Karak during the Dwarf-Elf wars stole the ritual from the Elves and devised his own rune using Elven magical words in the ritual incantations. Since his lore is kept so utterly secret by his descendants, this is impossible to confirm. Nevertheless, the rune works!

Rune of Parrying

Klang-Rhun. This rune clearly depicts a weapon which has been stopped from penetrating or hitting. A very simple and therefore ancient rune.

GROMRIL SWORDS

Some ancient runeswords are forged of Gromril (meteoric iron). These are notable for dark grey or bluish black colour of their blades. Gromril blades endow the weapon with a -1 modifier to the opponent's armour saving throw. A Rune of Cutting inscribed upon a Gromril blade would increase this to a deadly -3 save modifier. Gromril costs an additional 25 points on top of basic cost of the weapon.

RUNES ON HELMS AND SHIELDS**Iron Rune**

Azul-Rhun. Although azul means metal, more specifically it means iron, the commonest ore found by Dwarf miners. The rune seems to depict a furnace for smelting iron and it is likely that the ritual of the rune involves some special arcane variation on the normal iron smelting process.

Shield Rune

Thrung-Rhun. The rune clearly depicts a shield reinforced with a simple vertical stroke. It is very similar to the rune for clan and it may have some strange magical connection with it which is now obscure.

RUNES FOR USE ON SWORDS, HAMMERS OR AXES

Rune	Name	PV	Magic Power	Weapon
	Rune of Cutting	25	-2 to opponent's save	Sword / Axe
	Rune of Striking	25	+1 to hit and +1 to wound	Any
	Berserker Rune	25	Model gains 1 extra attack	Any
	Rune of Cleaving	50	No save for non-magical armour	Axe
	Rune of Swiftess	50	Model always strikes first	Sword
	Dragon Rune	50	D6 wounds on a Dragons, Giant Races. and Chaos Creatures. (Roll to hit, if successful causes D6 wounds.)	Axe
	Rune of Fortune	50	Re-roll to hit (Once per game)	Any
	Rune of Might	50	+2 Strength	Hammer
	Rune of Parrying	50	Cancels 1 attack from 1 opponent	Sword
	Mighty Strike	100	Hits count as double strength	Two-handed Weapon
	Rune of Banishment	100	Destroys Undead or Ethereals on 2+ (Roll to hit, if successful opponent is destroyed on a roll of 2+)	Any

RUNES FOR USE ON SHIELDS OR HELMS

Rune	Name	PV	Magic Power	Location
	Shield Rune	25	Re-roll to save against missiles	Shield
	Iron Rune	50	+1 Toughness	Helm

BANNER RUNES

Rune of Courage

Kuzz-Rhun. This rune portrays the flayed pelt of a savage beast. In the remote past, young Dwarfs were required to prove their worth by going out into the wilds and returning with the pelt of a wild creature. The skin was then made into a personal banner to demonstrate the Dwarf's courage to his Clan. Over the ages Runesmiths have enshrined this tradition in the form of the Rune of Courage.

Rune of Fear

Dwor-Rhun. This rune is said to have been invented by the Runesmith Okri Two-Hoards, who earned his name because he had a hoard of treasure in two different strongholds. Naturally Okri needed a weapon to defend these and set about inventing a new rune. He came up with Dwor-Rhun, which has the power to deter opponents before they get near enough to strike.

Spelleater Rune

Narga-Rhun. A complex rune with a very difficult ritual. This rune is the speciality of the Runesmiths of Karak Azgal. It is very difficult to create runes which can nullify non-runic magic and the lore required is highly secret, so it is quite rare to find artifacts which have such runes. Naturally many of these are owned by Runesmiths or renowned Dwarf Lords.

SACRED RUNES

Grungni's Rune

Grungni-Rhun. Grungni is a very powerful and venerated ancestor and is the chief Dwarf deity. He was the first Dwarf to delve into the rocks, mine the ores and smelt them into metals. His discovery changed the course of Dwarf history as their newly forged weapons enabled the Dwarfs to gain the upper hand over all their enemies. His greatest shrine is in Karak Azul and it was here that an ancient Runesmith first created Grungni's Rune. Indeed, it was due to the power of the rune and the courage of the Dwarf warriors that Karak Azul never fell to the invaders during the Orc and Goblin Wars.

RUNES FOR USE ON BANNERS

Rune	Name	PV	Magic Power
	Spelleater Rune	50	Magical Save (dispel 5+). (Whenever the unit is attacked by a magical spell roll a D6. On a result of 5 or 6 the magic is dispelled and has no effect.)
	Rune of Courage	50	Re-roll rout, panic or fear tests. (Whenever the unit fails a rout, panic or fear test you can choose to re-roll the result. You must abide by the result of the second roll.)
	Rune of Fear	100	Opponents must take a fear test before they charge. (The sight of the rune casts dread into hearts of the enemy. Any enemy unit wishing to charge a Dwarf regiment with a Rune of Fear banner must first pass a fear test. If they fail the test they are unable to move or take any other action for the rest of the turn.)

SACRED RUNES

These are only used on army standards. The effects apply to any unit with which the army standard bearer associates or within 12" of the army standard and in line of sight of it.

Rune	Name	PV	Magic Power
	Grungni's Rune	100	+1 to all Combat resolution.
	Grimnir's Rune	100	Immune to Fear. (Any friendly unit with 12" and line of sight of the army standard may ignore all fear tests.)
	Valaya's Rune	100	Magical Save (dispel 4+) (Whenever any unit within 12" and line of sight of the army standard is attacked by a magical spell, roll a D6. On a result of 4, 5 or 6 the magic is dispelled.)

Grimnir's Rune

Grimnir-Rhun. According to myth, Grimnir the fearless protected the Dwarf people on their ancient migration by fighting Ice Giants, huge Trolls, Dragons and bands of marauding Orcs. Grimnir represents the undaunted courage and fearlessness of the Dwarf race. Trollslayers and Giantslayers venerate Grimnir in particular and paint his rune on their bare flesh to fill themselves with courage.

Valaya's Rune

Valaya-Rhun. Valaya is the only Dwarf goddess and an ancestress of Karaz-a-Karak. Her rune seems to depict a shield, which also stands for the Dwarf concept of clan. Valaya may have originated as a protector of hearth and home and consequently of the clan later developing into the special city-deity of Karaz-a-Karak. Valaya has special powers of protection against magical attack, the very thing which traditionally the Dwarfs have been most vulnerable to. Valaya's Rune is only ever inscribed during rituals in the temple of Valaya in Karaz-a-Karak.

RUNIC ARTIFACTS

As well as rune weapons and armour, Runesmiths make many other kinds of rune artifacts which have magical power. As we develop the rules for these will print them in White

Dwarf. In the 'Battle for Grimdal's Tomb' which appears in this issue, the two following artifacts are used by Kazgar – the Dwarf Champion.

Runestaff

This is a staff of wood or iron inscribed with runes in precious metal. The principal rune wrought into it is the Earthshaker Rune. When the Runesmith rams the staff into the ground he activates the rune's power and causes an earth tremor. An ear-splitting roar erupts from the ground, huge cracks and splits appear around the tip of the staff and the earth shakes and trembles. For the turn following the magic phase in which it is activated, all movement is reduced by half in 12" zone around the Runesmith. This prevents any models from charging.

The staff may also be inscribed with the Stonebreaker Rune. When the Runesmith strikes a stone wall with the staff. The stone shatters and crumbles away, creating a 2" gap.

The Earthshaker Rune and Stonebreaker Rune may both be used once per game.

Runic Talisman

Each Runesmith may wear a runic talisman. This gives him a basic saving throw of 4+ against weapons and missiles and a save of 6+ against spells.

RUNIC ARTIFACTS

Rune	Name	PV	Magic Power
	Runic Talisman	10	Confers a saving throw of 4+ to the Runesmith against weapons and missiles and a save of 6+ against spells.
	Stonebreaker Rune	10	May be inscribed upon a Runestaff. Shatters stone walls leaving a 2" gap.
	Runestaff	50	Earthshaker Rune. (Reduces all movement by half in a 12" zone around the Runesmith. Effects last for one full turn.



HIGH ELF SPEARMEN

This regiment of High Elf Spearmen displays a standard of Ulthuan depicting the World Dragon coiled into a ring. This symbol forms the shape of the continent of Ulthuan itself. Variations on this banner are carried by many regiments High Elves.



HIGH ELF SPEARMAN



STANDARD BEARER



REGIMENTAL CHAMPION



HIGH ELF WITH WAR HORN



HIGH ELF SPEARMEN REGIMENT WITH COMMAND GROUP

HIGH ELF ARCHERS

The High Elf Archers carry a standard emblazoned with the symbols of the Hawk and the Moon. Predatory birds or animals are common designs for archer regiments symbolising grace and striking power.



HIGH ELF ARCHER



STANDARD BEARER



REGIMENTAL CHAMPION



HIGH ELF WITH WAR HORN



HIGH ELF ARCHER REGIMENT WITH COMMAND GROUP



PAINTING UNITS FOR WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE

By Mike McVey

Painting an army for Warhammer Fantasy battle is great fun and the satisfaction of fielding your well-painted force on the battlefield is hard to beat.

This month's 'Eavy Metal features units of High Elf and Goblin miniatures from the boxed edition of Warhammer Fantasy Battle. These are going to form the basis of two new studio armies and as more miniatures are released we will be painting them up and featuring them in White Dwarf. The techniques used to paint these can just as easily be applied to a unit of troops from any race.

The trick to painting up an army is to break it down into individual units that you can work on one at a time. When we paint the studio armies you see in the photographs in White Dwarf, we generally paint all the rank and file models in a clean, neat fashion with minimal shading and detail. All the extra effort and attention to detail is invested in our elite troops and personality models. These models then become the focus of the army and make it look really spectacular.

To speed up the painting process, it is best to work on more than one model at a time. I find that five or six is just about the right number to tackle in one go. If you try to paint more than this, it's likely that you won't complete them all and there's nothing more disheartening than having loads of unfinished models in your collection. Your aim is to paint at such a rate that by the time you've finished applying a colour to the last model of your group, the first one has dried and is ready for the next stage. The timing is important when painting up several miniatures at once. When you come back to a model, make sure that the first coat is dry before applying the second, don't just assume that it is.

Whenever you do any miniature painting, the first step is to clean up and undercoat the castings. This is just as important as any other stage of painting – a sloppily cleaned miniature will stand out from the rest and bring the whole standard of the unit down. All that is required is for the mould lines to be carefully removed with either a needle file or a modelling knife before the undercoat is applied.

The colour of the undercoat depends on the overall colour scheme of the finished miniature. As the units of Night Goblins shown were going to end up almost entirely black, they were given a black undercoat. Units of models that are going to have bright and colourful uniforms, such as the High Elves are best undercoated white, as this gives a far cleaner finish.

I find it best to start a model by painting any armour on the miniature first. This normally involves drybrushing metallic colours over a black undercoat. When you drybrush a model, it's difficult not to spread the paint onto other areas of the miniature. If you start with the armour then you can cover up any unwanted colour with the subsequent layers.

The fine scale mail armour on the high Elves involved a

slightly different technique to the normal drybrushing. Because the detail on these miniatures is so fine, it's very easy to obscure it by drybrushing too heavily with silver. I also wanted to achieve a really bright, clean finish and this is more difficult to achieve starting over a black base. I decided to apply Mithril Silver straight over a white undercoat and then shade this by applying washes of a darker colour. In this case I mixed equal quantities of Brown and Blue Ink and applied in slightly watered down form to all of the armoured areas. The ink runs into the recesses and really brings out the detail. If you find that the finish is a little dark, then a very light drybrush of Mithril Silver can be applied over the top to pick out the highest points.

When the armour was finished the High Elf Spearmen were almost complete. When you are painting up troops for a unit, it is not really necessary to add much shading and highlighting. However, as the robes on these Elves are white, a little shading is required to bring out the contrast and prevent them looking flat and boring. A base coat of Elf Grey was applied to the clothing and then highlighted with Skull White. The highlights were applied fairly heavily, covering most of the area and just leaving the grey showing around the edges and in the deep folds.

Once the armour was finished and the the rest of the detail had been added, the only other major area left to be painted was the face. Unless a lot of the miniature is bare flesh, I usually leave the face until last, that way it can be re-undercoated to get rid of any stray paint and neatly painted in. When painting up rank and file miniatures I use a base coat of Bronzed Flesh washed with Chestnut Ink to provide the shading, a little Brown can be added to the Chestnut to give more contrast. I usually just paint the eyes in black, but on the High Elves the eye detail was so sharp that I couldn't resist dotting in the whites as well. Of course you don't really need to paint in the eyes at all on most of the rank and file unit miniatures because by the time they are all together on the tabletop you won't be able to tell the difference. So long as all of the miniatures in a unit are painted up neatly and in the correct colour schemes they'll look great.

Painting up the Night Goblins was really quick and easy. The finished models are predominantly black, so once a black undercoat had been applied most of the work was done. When this was dry, I lightly drybrushed the whole model with dark grey. This gave a basic highlight to the black and brought out the detail. Next, the skin was painted with a mix of Ork Flesh and Goblin Green. This was highlighted first with Goblin Green and then Bilious Green. All that then had to be done was for the spears to be picked out in Go Fasta Red. I first painted the hafts of the spears white, as this makes the red far brighter.

There are plenty of things that you can add to models once they are finished. For instance, I may well go back to the archers at some point and add a brightly coloured or patterned

border around the bottom of the robes or some decorative patterning on the bows. All you are aiming to do to start with is to get the models painted up and into battle. Once you've reached this stage, you can keep adding to the paint scheme as often as you like.

It's very important that gaming miniatures are organised into regiments and units. The easiest way to do this is to pick on a least one device that can be added to the models to really tie the whole unit together. A good example of this can be seen on the Night Goblin regiment. The red eye and yellow crescent moon designs have been repeated throughout the unit and on the banner to link the models together. Transfers are great for repeated designs, especially on shields, as they are quick and easy to apply and offer a level of accuracy and detail that would take hours of valuable painting time. Shields should be painted up separately from the miniatures themselves and should also be worked on in groups of five or six at a time. This way you won't be left with all of the shields to do for a unit in one go. Anything more complicated in the way of insignia and decoration should be left to the champions and personality miniatures. These are the focal points of a unit and deserve a little extra care and attention.

When all of the group of models that you are working on are completed, they should be all based up and varnished before you move on to the next group. Working on groups of miniatures rather than one at a time takes some getting used to, but when you've got the swing of it, the time that you save allows you to concentrate on the really interesting parts of the army.

Banners are a vital part of the look of a unit and should be added wherever possible. We have printed colour and black and white versions of some of the banners from the featured units for you to cut out and use on your own models. Take your time when you are attaching them to the banner pole. If the banner is double sided, then the inside surface of the paper needs to be painted with a thin layer of PVA glue and bent round the pole until the two surfaces meet. It is best to get a good accurate fit on one of the corners first to ensure that the edges will meet properly. If the banner is a one sided hanging type, then the glue needs to be applied to the back of the tabs and these bent round the pole and stuck to the back of the banner itself.

When the rank and file of the unit are finished you can concentrate on the command models. These always include a leader and a standard bearer and sometimes a musician as well. These miniatures should be painted up in the same basic uniform as the troops but with more attention to detail, the shading and highlights should be taken a stage further and a greater level of detail applied. Notice how the feathers on the High Elf Archer Champion have been painted up in several bright, contrasting colours, making them really stand out from the others. The sword on the Night Goblin Champion is another good example, the subtle way it has been shaded from bright red to black marks it out from the other weapons. Details like these take the command group a stage further than the rest of the troops, making them fitting centre pieces for the unit.



These banners can be cut-out and added to your Goblin regiments.



HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS

The High Elf Silver Helms have been painted up in the same basic colour scheme of white and bright silver as the rest of our Elven units. In this case we used blue as the contrasting colour with small areas of red detail. This gives them a very bright appearance quite fitting for Elven Knights. The helmets needed to be especially bright as befits the Silver Helms, so they were painted Mithril Silver and a little of the brown/blue ink mix was used round the edges for definition.

The only decoration we added was the Elven star design on the barding of the horses. This was lightly drawn onto the model with a sharp pencil before being painted on. The blue star was first painted in silhouette before the gem was added and then both parts of the design were highlighted in the normal way. This takes a little time, but as the Silver Helms are one of the most powerful and evocative units in the army, the extra work is well worth while.



THE WORLD EATERS

The colours of Khorne are red, black and bronze and so the painting scheme for these miniatures was fairly straight forward. We chose bright red for the main colour and this was edged with black and bronze to pick out the detail. All of the skulls were painted in Bleached Bone to make them stand out on the model. Once all of the painting was completed, the finishing touch was to add World Eater's symbols and runes from the chaos transfer sheet. These were applied to any flat areas on the models power armour, smaller runes were then painted onto the blades of the chainswords using a 00 size brush.

BLOOD SLAUGHTERER AND JUGGERNAUT

The Blood Slaughterer is a really exciting model to add to a World Eaters force. This is a multi-part kit that must be assembled before it can be painted. To give it extra strength, it's best to drill into the separate parts and pin them together with short lengths of wire as you assemble the miniature.

Take one of the pieces and drill a hole about five millimetres deep in the centre of the area to be fastened and insert a short piece of wire into this hole so that it stands about one millimetre proud of the surface. Don't glue this piece as it needs to be removed in a minute. Line up the two pieces to be joined and press them firmly together. When they are pulled apart there should be a small mark left by the wire on the surface of the second piece – this is where the second hole needs to be drilled. When this has been done, cut a longer length of wire and superglue it into one of the holes. The surfaces of the two pieces can then be glued together to form a strong, permanent bond. This process needs to be repeated on all of the joins that are going to take any weight.

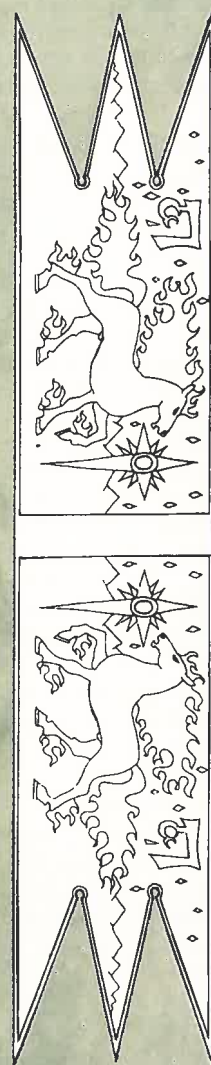
The Blood Slaughterer and Juggernaut were painted up in the same colour scheme as the Marines, mainly bright red with gold detail. The rich gold colour on the head of the Juggernaut was achieved by giving it a base coat of Dwarf Bronze mixed with Brown Ink, this was then highlighted with Dwarf Bronze and Glistening Gold.

HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS



SILVER HELM STANDARD BEARER

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A SILVER HELM



A UNIT OF HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS IN FULL CHARGE

GAMES WORKSHOP

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The Games Workshop Chaos Roadshow has now been on the road for months, bringing madness, mayhem and anarchy to innocent, unsuspecting Games Workshop stores. The response to the Roadshows has been really great with loads of gamers turning up and bringing along their models and armies to join in the fun.

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● FANTASY BATTLE ●

NIGHT GOBLINS

Orcs and Goblins share a common body chemistry with each other and with their smaller relatives the Snotlings. Orcs are ferocious raiders and relentless warriors. Their constant attacks threaten to engulf the human lands of the Old World and plunge the entire continent into a dark age of endless and unrelenting warfare. It is the fact that all Orcs live to fight that makes them so dangerous, it is also their greatest weakness as it means they expend much of their energy fighting each other. Goblins are smarter than Orcs but nowhere near as warlike. They are cunning rather than strong, and rely a great deal on their Orcish cousins when it comes to the serious business of fighting.

Orcs and their relatives are different to humans and other human-like creatures in a number of ways. These differences have been studied for many years by people with an interest in such matters, including alchemists and necromancers who have tried to harness Orc properties by means of unspeakable magic. Scholars in the Empire have examined Orc anatomy by dissecting warriors who have fallen in battle. In an age where even human anatomy is a source of wonder and speculation, the insides of an Orc provides endless subject matter for debate. This has led to all sorts of popular speculation that Orcs are the spawn of daemons or even that they are fathered by the nightmares of evil men. All this is nonsense of course, but so little is known for sure that the superstitious and fearful minds of ordinary folk are willing to believe almost anything. The more rational and intelligent of those who have studied such matters have managed to agree on the following points.

Orcs and their relatives have a tough and waxy green skin, which becomes scabby, gnarled and even tougher as they grow older. Their blood varies in colour from red to purple or black and is thick and sticky. They do not seem to feel pain to anything like the extent that humans do, and it takes a quite serious wound to stop an Orc from fighting.

Orc bodies are capable of healing very quickly. It is claimed that if an Orc's arm is severed from his body then it can be stitched crudely back in place and within a short time it will have healed back almost as good as new. No one really understands why Orcs are like this, least of all the Orcs themselves who naturally take their tough bodies for granted and regard humans as weak, fragile and 'squishy'.

All Orcs and Goblins live in tribes. Some of these are huge with thousands of individuals, while others number little more than a few hundred warriors. Tribes are led by a powerful chieftain called a Warboss or, if he is very powerful, a Warlord. The more successful a Warboss is the more Orcs or Goblins will flock to join his tribe. As the tribe gets bigger the Warboss leads it to fight bigger battles, so he either becomes more famous still and his tribe gets even bigger or he is finally killed and his tribe breaks apart. As Orcs enjoy fighting more

than anything else, a successful Orc always tries to find bigger and more powerful opponents, until eventually he has to face a large Imperial or Bretonnian army, or a strong force of Dwarfs or Elves.

Once a powerful Warboss starts to win battles Orcs from all over the Old World will mass around him anticipating fresh conquests and glorious victories. As tribes are constantly fighting amongst themselves and breaking up, there is never any shortage of Orcs and Goblins wandering about, ready to ally themselves under a powerful leader. The way a successful Orc force gathers strength and momentum is what makes Orcs so dangerous.

Most of these tribes will be Orc tribes, led by an Orc Warboss, or Goblin tribes, led by a Goblin Warboss. On the whole the two creatures live apart, but as most Orc tribes have Goblin servants or slaves it is common to find Goblins under the sway of Orcs. In many cases these servant Goblins are more than happy with their lot, because it gives them a chance to be near Orcs and take part in their battles. Every Goblin knows that Orcs are good fighters, certainly better than Goblins, so it is a good life being in an Orc tribe even if their big masters do sometimes box their ears and treat them rather harshly.

Orc and Goblin tribes live all over the Old World in areas which are sparsely inhabited or where humans cannot survive at all. They also live on the boundaries of the Old World in the lands to the south and east, and it is in these areas where they are most prolific.

If there can be said to be an Orc homeland it is probably the area between the southern Worlds Edge Mountains and the Black Mountains known as the Badlands, and the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains between Blood River and Black Fire Pass. These areas are infested with Orc tribes, and the adjoining lands of the human Border Princes are little better, although fortified human settlements maintain the presence of men on the very edge of civilisation. There are also many Orcs and Goblins inside the Old World, especially in the high mountain passes and deep forests which are virtually impenetrable by humans.

GOBLINS



GOBLIN STANDARD BEARER



NIGHT GOBLIN STANDARD BEARER



GOBLIN CHAMPION



NIGHT GOBLIN CHAMPION



A REGIMENT OF NIGHT GOBLIN ARCHERS



A REGIMENT OF SPEAR ARMED GOBLINS

NIGHT GOBLINS



GOBLIN STANDARD BEARER



GOBLIN WITH WAR GONG



GOBLIN CHAMPION



BALL AND CHAIN FANATICS



WITH SPEAR



WITH CLUB



WITH SPEAR



FANATIC



WITH AXE



WITH SPEAR



WITH MACE



WITH SWORD



WITH AXE



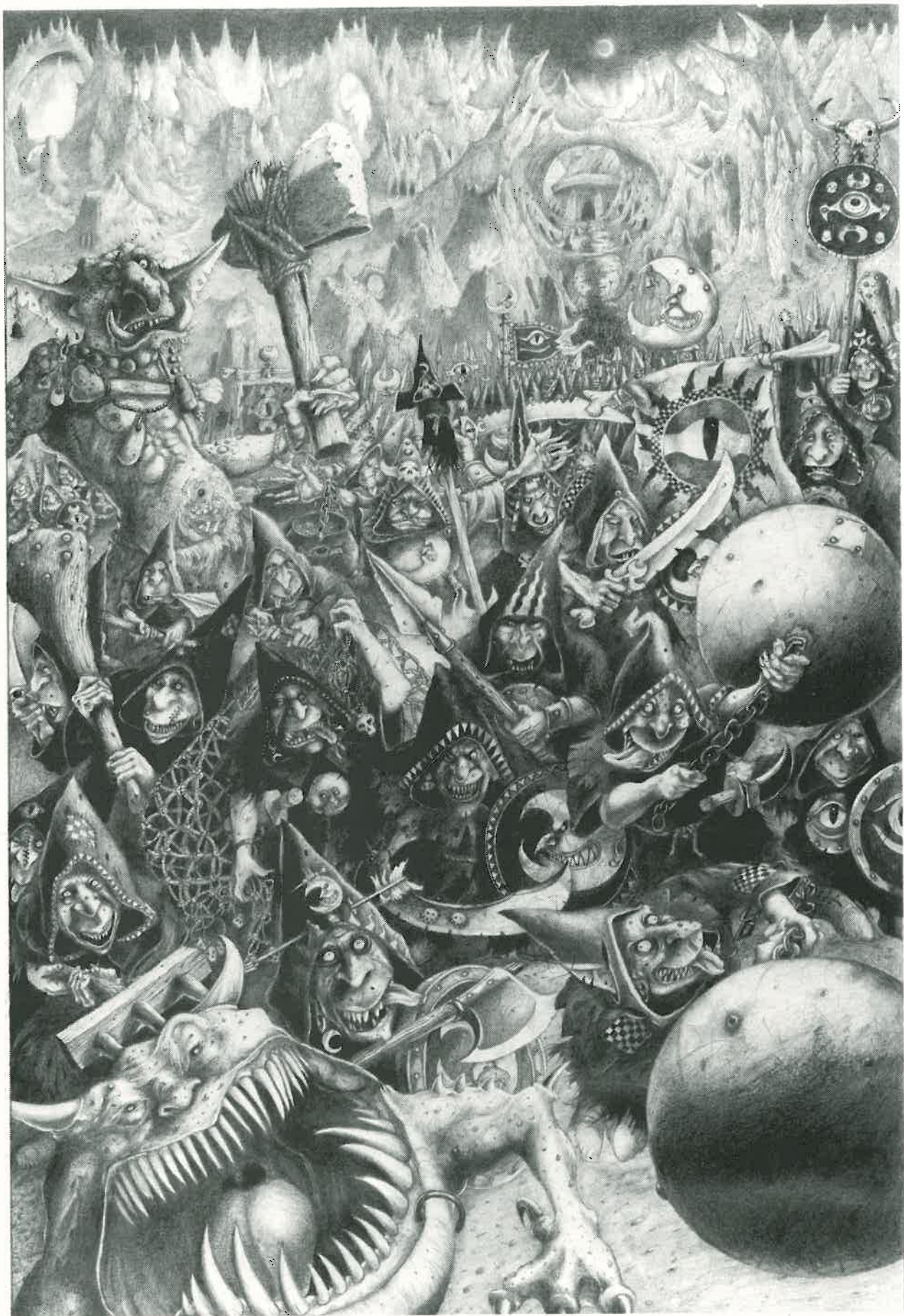
WITH FLAIL



WITH AXE AND SHIELD



WITH SPEAR

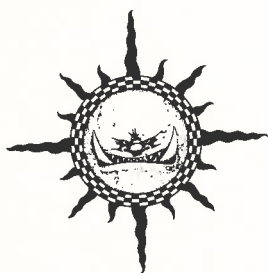


JOHN BLANCHE

Orc and Goblin tribes will ally and trade with each other, but they have little to do with humans or the other civilised races of the Old World. The Orcs do have dealings with a few other races, including Snotlings, their smallest related species. They also have some dealing with Trolls, though these creatures are not so much intelligent allies as animals that the Orcs keep as mascots. Ogre bands will sometimes hire out their services to Orcs although Ogres are equally happy to fight for humans or anyone else for that matter.

The most complex relationship Orcs have with another intelligent race is that between their tribes and Chaos Dwarfs. According to Orc belief, when the Orcs were simple brute creatures, without knowledge of metal working or how to make weapons, it was the Chaos Dwarfs who taught them how to construct war machines, smelt iron, and fashion war gear. Even today, Goblins trade gold and captives with the Chaos Dwarfs which they sell on to the Orcs.

Chaos Dwarf Mages are always made welcome in the Orc camps and treated with honour and respect. The Orcs rely on Chaos Dwarf Mages to help them make some of the most complex war machines and magically arcane devices. For their part the Chaos Mages recruit Orcs as bodyguards and take Goblin slaves and human captives who they put to work in their sorcerous towers.



THE WAAAGH!

When Orcs mass together to conquer and fight this great belligerent gathering is called a Waaagh! or a Waaa-Orc! A Waaa-Orc is a really big aggressive push, when some successful Warboss throws everything he's got against his chosen enemy and all the other Orcs and Goblins flock to join him. A Waaa-Orc is truly terrifying – a sea of green skinned monsters swarming across the horizon, whooping, jeering, and yelling their barbarous war cries.

A Waaa-Orc is virtually unstoppable. The best defence is to retreat before it, hoping that the energy of the Waaagh will be soon be dissipated by petty squabbling and break apart. Sometimes this does happen, as Orcs are extremely quarrelsome and cannot cooperate for long, but all too often the Orcs reach a big city and there is no choice other than to send an army out against them.

One of the most notorious Waaaghs of all time was the Waaa-Gorbad, when Orc Warlord Gorbad Ironclaw led his hordes through Black Fire Pass and on a trail of devastation throughout the Empire. Having rampaged through the Moot and sacked the city of Nuln, Gorbad defeated a large Empire army on the banks of the river Reik and then marched on the capital city of Altdorf. During the siege that followed the then Emperor Sigismund was killed when Orc Wyverns dropped from the sky and attacked his palace. The whole Empire was overcome with terror, but Altdorf held out for over a year during which time the Waaa-Orc gradually lost enthusiasm and broke up into smaller armies. Gorbad eventually rallied

the much reduced remnants of his force and fought his way back to the Worlds Edge Mountains. Here he was brought to task by the Dwarf Lords of Karak Varn in a huge and fierce battle fought under the shadow of the mountain still known as Blood Peak in memory of that day's slaughter.

NIGHT GOBLINS

Many years ago some Goblins took to living in the caves beneath the Worlds Edge mountains. Over the centuries these became distinct in type and are now known as Night Goblins.

Night Goblins have become so accustomed to the dark that when they come out into the open they prefer to move around at night and hide away during the day. Many of them wear long ragged cloaks, hooded coats, and dangling caps which cover their bodies and protect them from the sunlight.

Night Goblins raise special subterranean fungi deep beneath the mountains in their cool damp caves. They cultivate many types of fungus and are always searching for new ones to experiment with. Some fungus is used as food for the Night Goblins and their strange animals, but many are grown for their hallucinogenic or intoxicating properties or because they affect the Goblin metabolism in some other way. These fungi are traded with other Goblins for weapons and many of the other items the Night Goblins need. Night Goblin Shamans are expert at identifying, growing and using fungi, and they grow many special strains to use as poisons or even weapons.

When the Night Goblins prepare for battle they brew huge quantities of fungus beer to bolster their courage. As they get steadily more drunk they sing loudly so that their voices fill the tunnels of the Worlds Edge Mountains and echo through the Dwarf strongholds. When the time is right Shamans pick the special fungus and make the vile brew which sends the Fanatics crazy and turns them into uncontrolled whirling maniacs.

Night Goblins often take over abandoned Dwarf strongholds to live in, and much of the ancient Dwarf Empire is now infested with these creatures. Occasionally the Dwarfs will try to drive the Goblins out, or the Goblins will find some tunnel which leads them into the Dwarf tunnels, and the two races battle it out beneath the mountains. Due to this ancient enmity Dwarfs and Goblins are implacable foes and will often fight to the death rather than give an inch of ground to their enemies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5
Boss Goblin	4	3	4	4	3	1	3	2	5
Big Boss	4	4	5	4	4	2	4	3	6
War Boss	4	5	6	4	4	3	5	4	7

HATE DWARFS

Night Goblins *hate* their old rivals the Dwarfs so intensely that they will often fight to the death rather than run away. When fighting Dwarfs Night Goblins are affected by the rules for *hatred* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

FEAR

Like other Goblins, Night Goblins strongly dislike fighting Elves. A unit of Night Goblins *fears* any unit of Elves which it does not outnumber by at least two to one. The unit is affected by fear as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

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● FANTASY BATTLE ●

The Battle of Grimdal's Tomb

by Nigel Stillman

Elsewhere in this issue of White Dwarf, we preview the brand new Warhammer Fantasy Battle. As you can imagine, work on this game has involved our playing loads of battles at the Games Workshop studio. In one recent encounter, Bill King and Nigel Stillman played a game using the new system for Dwarf rune magic. Although the forces were quite small it turned out to be an epic encounter and so we asked Nigel to write up the battle for publication in White Dwarf. Here is the result.

DWARFS AND MAGIC

We've been working on a new Warhammer Magic game for some time in which each race and culture in the Warhammer World will have its own unique kind of magic. For most races, this involves the study and manipulation of the winds of raw energy that are sucked in through the collapsed warp gates beyond the Chaos Wastes.

Dwarfs are not inclined towards the same kind of magic as

Elves and Men. Their magic is bound up with the art of making things. Dwarfs make poor wizards, but excellent master craftsmen. This does not mean that Dwarfs cannot use magic or defend themselves against it. Instead, over the many thousands of years of Dwarf civilisation, they have perfected the secret of binding magical power into artifacts. They do this by means of ancient Runes engraved into their weapons, armour, banners, warhorns and talismans. It is not the Rune alone which binds this magical power, but the secret rituals performed at every stage of the forging of a runic artifact. These secrets are known only to the Runesmiths, a select and elite caste of Dwarf master craftsmen. A Runesmith is the Dwarf equivalent of a wizard, but his power is bound up in the rune artifacts he has made, rather than in the casting of spells.

We've been devising a system of rune magic for the Dwarfs and having some fun playing Warhammer Fantasy Battle and seeing how it works out in actual games. Recently we fought a truly heroic encounter between Dwarfs and Bretonnians in which the runes played a prominent role.

THE GAME

Instead of just setting up two large and sprawling armies facing each other at each table edge, we decided to declare an objective for each side and choose the forces appropriate to the task. This meant that each side had a reason for fighting and had to adopt the tactics which would best achieve their objective. It also meant that the forces actually had to march onto the table, form a line of battle in the face of the enemy and if possible escape afterwards in order to claim victory. A small army was chosen for each side, and the troops were selected with the purpose of the encounter in mind. A third force, hostile to both sides was hidden on the battlefield with its own objective. Since their role was to be straightforward, these troops did not require a player. The result was a very interesting and exciting battle, made all the better because each side had definite objectives and because the story and characters we created gave real meaning to the encounter.

The battle unfolded like one of the sagas of old Dwarf legend. A heroic expedition is sent out from one of the remaining



KAZGAR'S DWARF EXPEDITION



Kazgar the Fearless – Runesmith: Hand weapon, light armour, shield, Runehammer (Tryggs Rune, Rune of Banishment). Runestaff, Runic talisman.



Garag the Devout – Priest of Valaya: (Army Standard Bearer) Rune Banner, hand weapon, light armour.



Hellgrind Bad-Axe – Champion: Double-handed axe, light armour, shield.
9 Grinnir's Clan Dwarfs: Hand weapon, light armour, shield, banner.



Thord Trollbiter – Trollslayer Champion: Double-handed axe, shield.
9 Trollslayers: Double-handed axe.



9 Hammerers: Double-handed weapon, light armour, shield, banner.



One Eye – Kislevite Scout: Horse, bow, hand weapon.

Total:

1122 points

BARON FLAUBERT BONSANTE'S BRETONNIANS



Baron Flaubert Bonsanté: Warhorse, lance, hand weapon, heavy armour, shield.



Helena Bonsanté – Sorceress (level 3, Amethyst): Warhorse, hand weapon.



Baron's standard bearer – Champion: Warhorse, heavy armour, hand weapon, shield.

10 Chevaliers Rampants: Warhorse, heavy armour, lance, hand weapon, shield, banner.



Reynard Boar-Spear – Champion: Horse, spear, shield, hand weapon, light armour.
5 Chasseurs de la Mort: Horse, spear, shield, hand weapon, light armour, banner.



Bertrand Casséconque – Champion: Hand weapon, shield, heavy armour
9 Foot Knights: Heavy armour, double handed weapons, banner.



Fingol Two-Feathers – Wood Elf scout: Longbow, hand weapon.

Total:

1023 points

Dwarf strongholds to recover the lost Rune weapons of their ancestors. In this case, the treasure was to be found in Bretonnia. Other similar treasures remain lost but not forgotten; in the forests of the Empire, in the wilderness of Kislev, in the Chaos Wastes, in the territory of the Orcs and Goblins and in the farthest corners of the known world. Wherever the Dwarfs seek their lost treasures, they meet resistance from those who covet these rune weapons for themselves.

An encounter such as this could and often does occur between Dwarfs and other races and nations of the Old World. You may re-fight the battle with Dwarfs against the Empire, Elves, Orcs, Chaos or any army in whose territory the treasure is hidden. Nor is it only Dwarfs who send out such expeditions. There are many arcane Elven treasures lost in far off lands which the Elves seek to recover, and many relics which the Knights errant of Bretonnia and the Empire seek in vain and heroic quests. Indeed, for most heroes of the Old World, to meet one's fate heroically on such a mission is considered preferable and more honourable than to fall in battle serving only the vain ambition of Kings and Warlords in foreign wars of conquest.

GAME BACKGROUND

According to Grimdal's Saga, the Great Hammer of Wrath was forged by Skalf Blackhammer in the distant age of wanderings before the rise of the Dwarf Empire. It was given to Grimdal Runeskar by King Brand of Kazak-a-Karaz, when he set out on an expedition into the far west in search of riches. Grimdal entered the wild, densely forested wilderness which lay where the kingdom of Bretonnia was later to rise, and never returned.

Thousands of years later a Dwarf trader returned to Kazak-a-Karaz from a journey to the trading ports of Bretonnia. He brought with him ancient Wood Elf scroll maps telling of the whereabouts of ancient places in the regions around the forest of Loren. The map was purchased by the Guild of Runesmiths in Karaz. A huge burial mound with massive boulders was marked on the map with the name 'Grimdal's barrow'. Kazgar the Fearless, a Runesmith and notable warrior, believed this to be the last resting place of Grimdal Runeskar. He decided to lead an expedition to recover the Great Hammer of Wrath which, he reasoned, would undoubtedly be buried with him in the mound.

The expedition was given the blessing of the king of Karaz and it was decided to send two other Champions and a force of Dwarf troops to help Kazgar. These were to be Helgrind Bad-Axe and Thord Trollbiter, a renowned Troll Slayer. Both had a reputation for extreme savagery and the king was somewhat relieved to get them out of the kingdom! It was also decided, against the king's better judgement, to take along a priest of Valaya, who volunteered to come in order to purify the tomb of Grimdal, possibly even to recover his relics for burial among his ancestors. The priest was called Garag the Devout.

The plan was for the small party to trek through the mountains and down into Bretonnia without arousing the suspicions of the Bretonnians or for that matter the Wood Elves. This would require stealth. To this end, Kazgar hired two Kislevite mercenaries as scouts. Years ago, while in the pay of the Empire, these soldiers of fortune had made raids into Bretonnia and knew the secret ways into the west. These unsavoury characters were called Scarface and One-Eye.

Three bands of warriors were selected. The first was a unit of Hammerers to be led by Kazgar and accompanied by Garag

the Devout in the vanguard. Before they departed, Kazgar selected an appropriate Rune weapon from his relic chest: a hammer inscribed with Runes of Banishment which could crumble skeletons and banish wraiths and the much vaunted 'Tryggs Rune', that would spell doom for any Trolls who might be dwelling in the gloom of the burial chamber. Garag the Devout was to carry a Rune Banner from the temple of Valaya in Karak a Karaz. This had the power to ward off evil sorcery which might be encountered.

The second party consisted of a unit of Troll Slayers commanded by Thord Trollbiter who would fight their way into the barrow itself. If the barrow was inhabited by Trolls or similar creatures, the Trollslayers were undoubtedly the ones who could clear them out.

The third party consisted of Dwarfs belonging to Grimnir's clan. They had all volunteered for the expedition to seek their ancestor, and led by Helgrind, they would act as a rearguard force.

After a trek of many weeks, the expedition reached Bretonnia, but on the first morning after encamping on the borders of the Loren Forest, Scarface, the Kislevite scout, was found to be missing.

In a drunken brawl the previous night, Scarface had fallen out with his companion One-Eye. He'd then ridden to a nearby castle belonging to a certain Baron Flaubert Bonsanté, known locally as the Black-Hearted Beast of Bretonnia. Following an encounter with a dragon in his young days, the Baron had had a dragon's fang embedded in his skull which sometimes affected his temper. Obtaining an audience with the Baron, Scarface proceeded to betray the Dwarf expedition in return for a handful of gold.

The Baron was most interested in Scarface's story and the possible location of the Hammer of Wrath. Scarface drank away most of the gold in the village tavern, where the Baron's men found him and dragged him off to the dog pits as food for the Baron's wolfhounds. Meanwhile the Baron organised an expedition of his own from among the uncouth and thoroughly bad knights and retainers who were currently staying at his castle for a jousting tournament in honour of his daughter, Helena the Raven. Since she was a Sorceress of no mean ability, the Baron decided to take her along as well, offering her hand in marriage to any Knight who could capture the Hammer of Wrath.

The Baron, accompanied by Helena rode out at the head of a band of unruly Chevaliers Rampants. He planned to ride down and slaughter the Dwarfs as they emerged from the barrow with the Hammer. They would be supported by a band of Foot Knights led by Bertrand Casséconque, who would take care of much of the close order fighting required to wipe out a strong force of Dwarfs. Finally he recruited a band of mounted retainers – Chasseurs de la Mort led by Reynard Boar-Spear, who would cut off any attempt at retreat by the Dwarfs. It was not difficult to find a Wood Elf scout by the name of Fingol Two-Feathers, who agreed to trail the slow moving Dwarf expedition for a handful of gold.

It was late afternoon as the Dwarfs approached the barrow, unaware that the Baron's forces were closing in. As the sun cast lengthening shadows from the standing stones and cromlechs scattered across the clearing, the Bretonnians lurked on the reverse slope of a ridge of pines waiting the moment to strike.

Meanwhile, within the tomb dark horrors which had dwelt there undisturbed for thousands of years began to stir.

Additional Forces

In addition to the Bretonnians, in order to recover the Hammer, the Dwarfs have to fight against the Dwellers in the Mound. These consisted of 10 Skeletons and a Troll, so 225 points were added to the Bretonnian total.

Skeleton Champion, hand weapon, shield
10 skeletons, hand weapon, shield

Troll, hand weapon

Total 225 points

The Hammer of Wrath

Double-handed weapon: Skalf's Name Rune, Rune of Fortune, Rune of Cleaving.

Points value: 125

THE BATTLEFIELD

Dense woods and low hills surround a vast clearing in which the burial mound is located, together with various other megalithic cromlechs and stone circles built by the ancestors of the Bretonnians. Grimdal's barrow is obvious because of its enormous size and the half-eroded runic inscriptions on the stone work flanking the entrance. The Dwarfs of Grimdal's ill-fated expedition seem to have re-used a still more ancient mound for their leader's last resting place.

Within the chambers of the mound lurk a group of Skeletons and a Troll. Long before Grimdal's was interred in the tomb the Skeletons – in life, ancestors of the current race of Bretonnians – had fought and died in this place. The Cave-Troll entered many centuries later, finding the dank dark tomb to be an ideal dwelling place. They will attack anyone who enter the mound. Dwarfs and men on foot are able to get through the entrance, but mounted troops would have to dismount to do so. Inside is a very large antechamber, big enough to admit a regiment of Dwarfs, leading to a slightly smaller burial chamber.

Special Rules

The Dwarfs approach the mound through the forest, entering the battlefield from its southern edge. The Dwarfs have the first turn of the game. The Bretonnians appear on the northern

edge of the battlefield, concealed behind a low ridge of hills. They have the second turn of the game.

The Hammer of Wrath cannot be taken until the Skeletons and Troll are slain or driven out of mound. If the Skeletons are pushed back out of the mound into the light, they will crumble to dust and are removed from play. If the Troll routs, it leaves the tomb and runs off to find another cave to hide in.

The Hammer can be taken by any character model within the tomb when it is finally clear of Skeletons and the Troll. Only a character can lift it. It can be captured by another character model if he slays his opponent and takes it. The Hammer cannot be picked up by rank and file troops, nor is it dropped if its owner is routed or becomes the victim of a spell.

The Elf scout and the Kislevite move and fight as independent models, as does the Troll.

If Garag the Devout enters the tomb and all the Skeletons and the Troll are slain or gone, he is assumed to collect Grimdal's bones and remains and put them in a leather bag. Belonging as they do to a powerful ancestor, the bones have magical properties. Any Dwarf unit accompanied by Garag and the bones can re-roll any rout or panic test and add +1 to their combat dice rolls.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The victory conditions are very simple. Whoever gets away from the battle with the Hammer of Wrath has won.

Dwarfs

The Dwarfs win if they escape via the southern table edge with the Hammer of Wrath, (back to the cover of the forest and ultimately Karak a Karaz). At least one character must survive to claim victory.

Bretonnian Victory Conditions

The Bretonnians win if they capture the Hammer and leave with it via the northern edge, back to the Baron's castle. Either the Baron or his daughter and at least 1 knight must survive in order to claim victory.

If no one succeeds in their objectives, the game is a draw.



The Dwellers in the Tomb



Map 1. As the Dwarfs enter the clearing they are unaware of the Baron's force positioned out of sight behind the ridge.

This is not just a story. It is a true account of events which actually took place on the table in a Warhammer Fantasy Battle game played at the Games Workshop studio. We have chosen to tell it in a heroic style befitting such a legendary encounter, describing the battle from the point of view of the Dwarfs and Bretonnians who were there. We leave it up to the reader to guess where the good and bad dice rolls occurred!

THE BATTLE

Having spent several weeks travelling from Karaz-a-Karak, the Dwarfs were now finally approaching their objective, Grimdal's Barrow. They had broken camp that morning and discovered that Scarface had disappeared. One-Eye warned Kazgar of possible treachery, but Kazgar and the rest decided to go on. Now that they were in sight of their objective, they were not to be put off. Some Dwarfs had already been lost back on the mountain passes and in the chasms of the Grey Mountains. For the Dwarves, there was no turning back.

It was mid afternoon when One-Eye led them out of the dense woodland into a vast sunlit clearing rimmed on all sides by forested ridges. Mounds, cromlechs and a great stone circle could be seen scattered about the plain. Among the rocks grew stunted and wizened trees blasted by lightning. It was an eerie place without the song of birds or the animal noises of the forest. Just the mournful cry of a bird of prey. A huge burial mound with its dark mouth flanked by great boulders dominated the scene – Grimdal's Barrow.

One-Eye indicated to Kazgar that he thought the eerie quiet was a bad sign. Sorcery perhaps? Kazgar, being a Dwarf, was sceptical and sent One Eye on ahead to scout for more tangible

threats, such as Men or Elves. One-Eye spurred his pony and cantered off through the high grass towards the mound.

Baron Bonsanté, the Black-Hearted Beast of Bretonnia had seen the glint of Dwarf armour from his vantage point in a cleft of the ridge overlooking the barrow plain. He gestured to Two Feathers who ran off towards the stone circle and took up a position among the great standing stones.

The Dwarfs saw nothing of this, but they did see One Eye suddenly slump in the saddle, transfixed by an Elf arrow through his neck. He fell and was dragged for some distance with his foot caught in the stirrup. The Dwarfs looked on with dismay when suddenly one pointed his hammer at the distant ridge shouting "Look! Look!" Suddenly the ridge was lined with horsemen, lance-pennants fluttering in the breeze.

Kazgar signalled to advance and led the way towards the big mound with the Dwarfs hurrying after him. He signalled to the Clan Dwarfs to break off from the column to try and hold off the expected onslaught for as long as possible, while the rest ran headlong for the mound. Up on the hills, the Bretonnian Knights began edging forward down the slope. The Baron raised his great helm shouting "Nobody move until I give the command!". Enclosed in their grim helms and unable to hear his words clearly, half drunk, and now crazed with the thought of spearing Dwarfs on the plain, the knights jostled forward ignoring the Baron. The Bretonnians began edging forward down the slope, and of course, where the knights went, the Retainers were bound to follow. The clatter of their war panoply and horse harness could be heard in the stillness. The Baron cursed. "Too soon you fools!" he yelled as he clamped down his helm and spurred his way to the fore. He knew well



Map 2. *The Hammerers and the Troll Slayers head for Grimdal's Barrow as the Dwarfs of Grimmir's clan turn to face the Bretonnian Knights.*

from many a campaign that Bretonnian Knights were almost impossible to control.

It seemed a desperately long way to the mound, especially for Dwarfs running through long grass in mail armour with shields and heavy, two-handed hammers and axes. As they struggled on, two fell to the ground with Elf arrows embedded in their backs. The riders were gaining on them every minute. The enemy line of horsemen had now split into two groups making for either flank, with a third force of footsoldiers coming into view between them. Already one band of horsemen, who could now be made out as Bretonnian Knights where wheeling around the rear of the Dwarf column. The Clan Dwarfs turned and formed a line to face the oncoming knights. With a thud that echoed across the clearing, they locked their shields into a shieldwall.

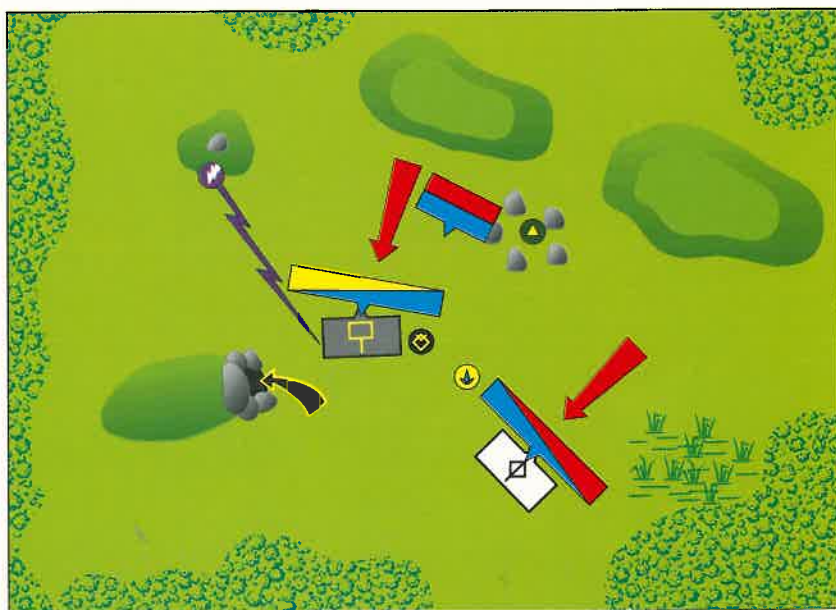
Meanwhile, the unit of Bretonnian Retainers was rapidly approaching the front end of the Dwarf column. As the rest of the Dwarfs came nearer to the barrow, Kazgar ran across to join Thord and the Trollslayers. "Trust in Valaya and smash them into the ground!" he yelled to the Hammerers as they formed a battle line in front of Garag's Rune banner. As the Troll Slayers followed Kazgar up to the entrance to the barrow their hearts leapt as they saw the worn Dwarf runes engraved upon the stones. Here indeed was Grimdal's tomb.

Then the sorcery was unleashed. From somewhere on the flank of the approaching riders a wave of glimmering violet light swept across the plain just above the swaying grass. It came on fast directly towards the Hammerers but suddenly disappeared just yards in front of them as if the ground has swallowed it up. Someone yelled "Valaya's Rune! We should

have been slain but Valaya's Rune saved us'. Then a second wave of magic sped towards them, this time snaking its way rapidly through the grass like a serpent of purple light. The Dwarfs in its path flinched. From behind his masked helm came the stern voice of the Garag the Devout, "Have faith!". The light serpent suddenly leapt from the grass and twisted into the form of Valaya's rune, hanging there for a moment before fading into thin air. Immediately there was a great cheer and clanging of metal against metal from all along the Dwarf line. "Val-ay-ya, Val-ay-ya, Val-ay-ya" they chanted.

Helena the sorceress bit her lip in annoyance. She threw back the diaphanous violet robes from her purple tinted armour and spurred her horse further around the shadowy side of the great mound. She unveiled her amethyst diadem and let the wind unfurl her long red hair. Angrily she shook her silver wand with the great amethyst jewel. 'I hate runes!' she spat.

An almighty crack echoed across the plain, a noise like great iron nails driving home into solid oak under the almighty blow of a colossal hammer. This was the sound of knightly lances breaking on a Dwarf shieldwall. Baron Bonsanté and his knights had charged into the Clan Dwarf battle line. They had broken many lances on the solid shield wall, thrown it backwards with the impact of thundering warhorses, but only one Dwarf had fallen and the wall held. The Dwarf who fell was Bad-Axe. The Baron had singled him out and charged directly at him, aiming his lance at his helm, Kislevite style. Naturally, Bad-Axe had seen this tactic on the plains of Kislev (as the cunning Baron had guessed he would have), and raised his shield to meet it. At the last moment the Baron dropped his lance head and transfixed Bad-Axe through his mail.



Map 3. *As the Troll Slayers enter the barrow, the Bretonnian Knights charge home and Helena lets fly her first magical serpent.*

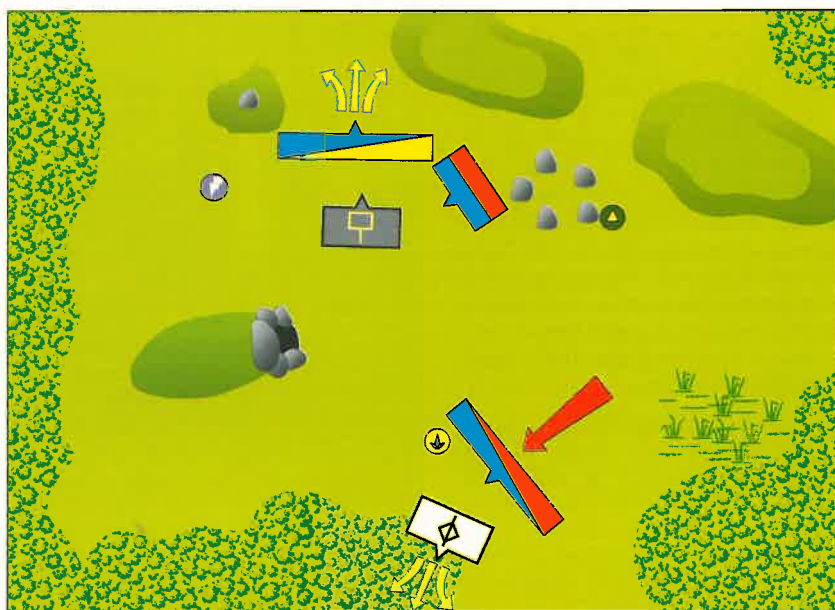


The Chevaliers Rampants led by the Baron, charge into the Hammerers' shieldwall while the Kazgar and Troll Slayers head into the tomb.

For their part, the Dwarfs brought down only one knight as they struggled to keep their footing against the snorting and barging warhorses. The knights drew their long swords and began hacking at the Dwarf shields. Knights and Dwarfs began falling in the confusion. Suddenly the shieldwall gave way before the onslaught. The knights surged in among the Dwarfs hacking them down on all sides, and only half-heartedly bothered to pursue the two survivors who fled to the cover of the trees. The Baron rode among and in front of them, striking here and there with the flat of his sword, trying to regain control of his men.

Nearer the mound, the retainers had spurred their horses into a charge against the Hammerers. Once again the Dwarf line held against the onslaught. Two retainers fell to the hammers swung by the veteran Dwarf warriors with great skill and ferocity. Only one Dwarf fell, but it was Garag the Devout. The rune banner was trampled beneath the hooves of the Bretonnian horses. The fight continued, with retainers falling to the hammer blows of the Dwarfs. Steadily the Dwarfs stepped forward as riders reeled backwards. The standard bearer of the Hammerers grasped the fallen rune banner from the ground and raised it

aloft beside the standard of his regiment. A great surge of wrath gripped every Dwarf as they saw Valaya's standard with the mud and blood upon it raised up again. With a yell they swung their hammers and brought down all the Bretonnians save one, who spurred his horse out of the fray and galloped headlong for the distant hills.



Map 4. *In the fury of battle, the Clan Dwarfs are routed and slain by the Baron's Chevaliers Rampant while the Hammerers put the Chasseurs to flight.*

The din of battle receded as Kazgar, Thord and the Troll Slayers pressed on along the dank entrance passage into the mound. Dwarf eyes, accustomed to gloom, saw the red glimmer of skeleton eyes in the darkness of the antechamber. Soon the skeletons were upon them slashing and hacking with corroded swords and dirks. The Champion, in rusty armour came upon Kazgar only to be smashed into fragments with his rune hammer. The Undead fell back as Troll Slayers strode forward scattering ribs and bones as they went, and the Skeletons began to crumble as their magic ebbed away. One Troll Slayer fell to a deadly jab from a Skeleton hidden in a niche, as the rest advanced relentlessly over the threshold of the burial chamber.

Kazgar stepped down into the burial chamber. His keen Dwarf eyes picked out the glint of the goldwork on the great Hammer of Wrath. The gaping maw of a vile Cave Troll suddenly filled his field of vision. Instinctively he swung his rune-hammer. The Troll was hewn down instantly. It had no chance against Tryggs rune and no chance of regeneration either. Kazgar stumbled over the huge loathsome corpse and grasped the hammer. It was heavy. He let go of Tryggs hammer and set his Runestaff aside to take it with both hands.

The Hammerers stood gasping for breath, gathering together around the two standards. Unseen, Helena raised her wand and dispatched another writhing purple serpent towards the Dwarfs. This time, they did not see the enchantment snaking through the grass. The runes upon Valaya's tattered banner were covered in mud, their power was weak. The purple worm coiled around the standard pole and its bearer in an instant, choking the terrified Dwarf. He fell to his knees and the standard, now licked by purple flame, shrivelled to ash.

The Hammerers hardly had time to appreciate what had happened before the foot knights, unperturbed by the fate of the retainers, began advancing towards them. The Dwarfs hurriedly formed a new battle-line where they stood, as the knights came on. To no avail, the Hammerers decided to seize the initiative against superior numbers of fresh enemy and



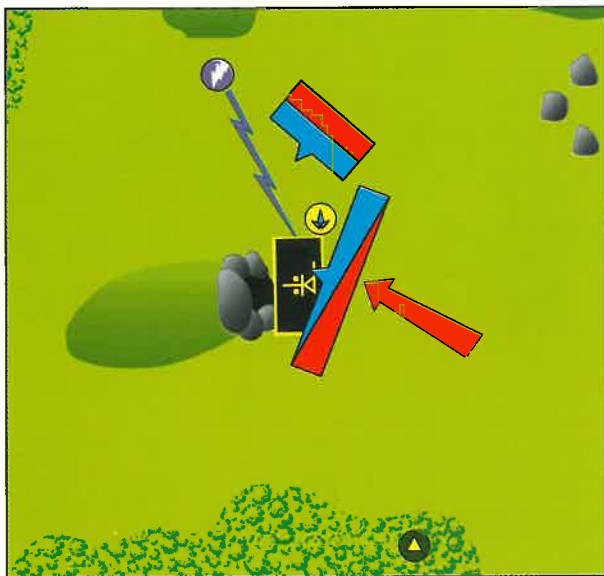
Map 5. *The Hammerers charge at the foot knights as Helena's magic destroys the standard of Valaya*

charged. Hammers clashed against two handed swords and axes amid the yells and cries of men and Dwarfs. Slowly the Hammerers were enveloped and overwhelmed.

Kazgar, Thord and the Troll Slayers groped their way out of the burial mound. They stumbled out into the glare of the sinking sun and face to face with a line of grim, blood-



The Dwarf Hammerers charge forward into the Foot Knights. In the background, the Chevaliers Rampants are reforming for another attack.



Map 7. As the Bretonnians close in, the Troll Slayers make their last stand at the entrance to the tomb.

spattered Bretonnian knights with lances levelled. The knights were barely a hundred yards away. Kazgar thought immediately of the Earthshaker spell which would stop their charge in its tracks, but then remembered that he had left his runestaff inside the mound. Now it was too late. The knights were cantering towards them increasing their pace. His men were taking their places among the boulders around the entrance to the tomb. Kazgar stood on the great fallen entrance slab and gripped the Hammer of Wrath. Then the knights struck.

The Baron charged directly at Kazgar, who skilfully dodged the well aimed lance tip and swung the Hammer of Wrath around his head. The hammer struck the Baron's great helm with an awesome clang, knocking it sideways around his head. As he reeled drunkenly in the saddle, blood began to trickle from under his coif. Elsewhere among the boulders, knights were spearing Dwarfs faster than the Dwarfs were felling knights.

Helena had ridden up close to the action in company with the foot knights who were hurrying to help the mounted companions. Seeing her father in mortal combat with the mad hammer-wielding Dwarf, she raised her wand and unleashed the serpent of purple light at Kazgar. The worm coiled about his throat for an instant then faded to nothing. The runic talisman hanging from the Runesmith's neck had saved his life and absorbed the spell.

While the battle raged, Two-Feathers, the Elf, had worked his way around into the woods on the far side of the mound, carefully avoiding getting involved in the fighting. He now had a good vantage point to watch the last stand of the Dwarfs amid the boulders. Even though he could see Trollslayers standing on great stones wielding their axes, he found no good opportunities to strike with his arrows. Nor did he think much of his fate if he hit a Bretonnian by mistake! No, he decided to let the knights get on with it on their own, and drew satisfaction from seeing them hacking down his ancestral enemies. After all, Grimdal was an invader in the ancient Elf lands, so was this other band of Dwarfs and so for that matter were the Bretonnians. But alas! the latter were now masters of the land and had to be endured. So if two bands of intolerable invaders wanted to wipe each other out, Two-Feathers didn't mind!

Momentarily distracted by the dissipating violet haze around his head, Kazgar missed the baron with his next swipe of the Hammer of Wrath. The baron had dropped his lance and drawn his sword and was slashing in all directions unable to see his opponent clearly because his helm was askew and he was severely wounded by the last hammer blow. Nevertheless his sword hacked into Kazgar shearing through his mail and inflicting two severe gashes.

All around Troll Slayers were being cut down by the knights, while the knights seemed to be escaping the blows of their axes. The barging, snorting and trampling warhorses battered the Dwarfs backwards against the great boulders where they could not swing their axes without crashing them against rock instead of knight. The Bretonnians were getting the better of the fight now and the Dwarfs fell back through the entrance of the tomb into the safe darkness of the antechamber. When they were all inside, Kazgar stood in the cleft brandishing the Hammer of Wrath at the angry knights jabbing through the gap with their lances.

When it was obvious to the knights that they could not get at the Dwarfs they drew back to catch their breath. The Dwarfs also retreated deeper into the antechamber, fell back onto the ground and gasped for breath. Kazgar began searching for the runestaff. Both sides paused with exhaustion. At this moment, Helena who had been watching the fighting from afar, rode up to the knights and over to her father the baron. He was slowly lifting the battered helm from over his blood-drenched coif.

His head was not a pretty sight. The great dragon fang imbedded in it seemed to have been driven further in. Despite the severe wound he was still awesome in his wrath, haranguing the knights and demanding to know who was brave enough to go into the mound and get the Hammer. As Helena rode up he gestured to her and reminded them that whoever accomplished this feat could claim her hand in marriage as a reward. Helena took one glance at this rabble of knighthood, among whom were the least rich, least attractive and least heroic of all the nobility of Bretonnia, and decided that this was not what she wanted!

She turned to face the great entrance of the mound and brandished her wand, uttering arcane commands. The ground rumbled and shook as the great fallen door raised itself up to clamp the entrance cleft of the tomb shut. The Dwarfs were entombed! "That's where the Hammer has been for five thousand years and that's where it can stay!" she said triumphantly, adding scathingly, "I hate runes!"

The baron had long known not to argue with her when she was in one of her moods, and was not really in a fit state to do so anyway. The knights, many of whom had removed their helms to get air (and thus probably helped Helena make up her mind to have none of them!) looked relieved that they were to be spared the ordeal of going into the mound in the face of frenzied Dwarfs in the dark! And who knows what else?

The faint sound of frantic Dwarf hammering against solid rock could be heard as the sun set and the knights left the battlefield for the crude comfort of the baron's castle. The knocking went on late into the night and faded with the rising of the sun as the air inside the mound ran out. Kazgar and Thord and a handful of Trollslayer joined Grimdal in his last resting place. The mound was now the keeper of quite a horde of Dwarf rune treasures.

The fallen of Bretonnia and Karak-a-Karaz alike were left on the battlefield for the wolves and ravens. The only Dwarf survivors of the battle were the two Dwarfs of Grimnir's Clan, who had fled from the pursuing knights into the wood.

They slunk back at nightfall but could find no trace of Kazgar among the fallen, nor the Hammer. They found no survivors and were soon prevented from searching any more by the packs of hungry wolves scouring the stricken field. They heard the hammering from inside the mound, but feared it was sorcery. They were left with no option but to try and return to Karak-a-Karaz to tell the king what had become of the expedition.

After only a few days in the wilderness, they agreed that the dishonour would be too great to endure. They stripped off their armour, cut their hair off with their swords and painted their bodies with their own blood. Then by the firelight they took the vows of Trollslayers. In the Grey Mountains they met their fate. In the lairs of Trolls their bones lie.

A year later, the king in Karak-a-Karaz ordered it to be written in the Great Book of Remembering in the temple of Valaya, that the hero Kazgar and his expedition were lost in the wilderness of Bretonnia.



CONCLUSIONS

The battle of Grimald's Tomb raises many questions. The first being whether or not the Dwarf expedition was adequate for the task. Did they take enough troops? It might appear that the odds were against them, since they had to fight the Bretonnians and the dwellers in the mound at the same time. While they were not expecting to meet the Baron's men – the result of treachery, they could have expected to encounter warbands of Orcs or Goblins or other foes on their way there and back. They were expecting to find things in the tomb and came prepared to deal with them, which they did well enough.

However, while one part of the Dwarf force was occupied inside the mound, the rest was outnumbered on the plain.

Perhaps the Dwarfs should have had a few more troops or taken along a few more heroes with rune weapons. On the other hand a large force would only attract more attention and may not have been able to penetrate Bretonnia undetected at all. This could have been construed by the Bretonnians as an act of war leading to a Bretonnian expedition against Karak-a-Karaz! No doubt the king considered this when he assembled the expedition.

The Baron undoubtedly wanted to wait until the Dwarfs had entered the barrow and come out with the Hammer of Wrath. He would then ride them down on their return journey and take it. The Dwarfs would thus have done all the work in finding it and retrieving it from the dwellers of the mound. It is quite likely that his own Bretonnian troops would have been far too superstitious to enter the barrow themselves. What he overlooked was the fact that the Dwarf force would immediately become more formidable with the hammer in Kazgar's possession. As a Bretonnian, he was far too arrogant to consider the possibility that the Dwarfs might win! He regarded their destruction as a forgone conclusion.

In the event, Bretonnian impetuosity took the matter out of his hands and by the time that Kazgar emerged with the hammer, there were few Dwarfs left to defend it. The Bretonnians had caught them by surprise and exploited their advantage to the full, dealing with the Dwarf regiments while they were separated from each other.

The knights ultimately proved better than Dwarf infantry, but it was a near thing. The knights did not fight too well, whereas the Dwarfs fought ferociously. The retainers were no match for them at all. Perhaps surprisingly, the foot knights proved worth their pay in finishing off the most dangerous of the Dwarf regiments.

Helena's magic was as formidable as it was cunning, but the runes proved their worth against it, and more of her spells were countered than got through. The rune weapons proved utterly effective in battle. The Baron himself narrowly escaped being slain by one, while the Troll and Skeletons stood no chance.

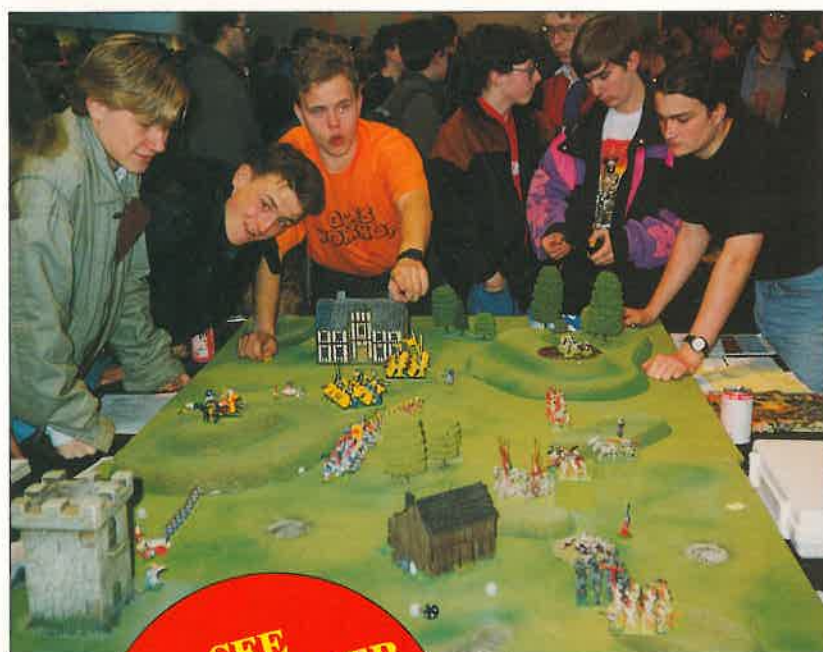


Kazgar and the Troll Slayers make their last stand as the Bretonnian Knights thunder home their charge.

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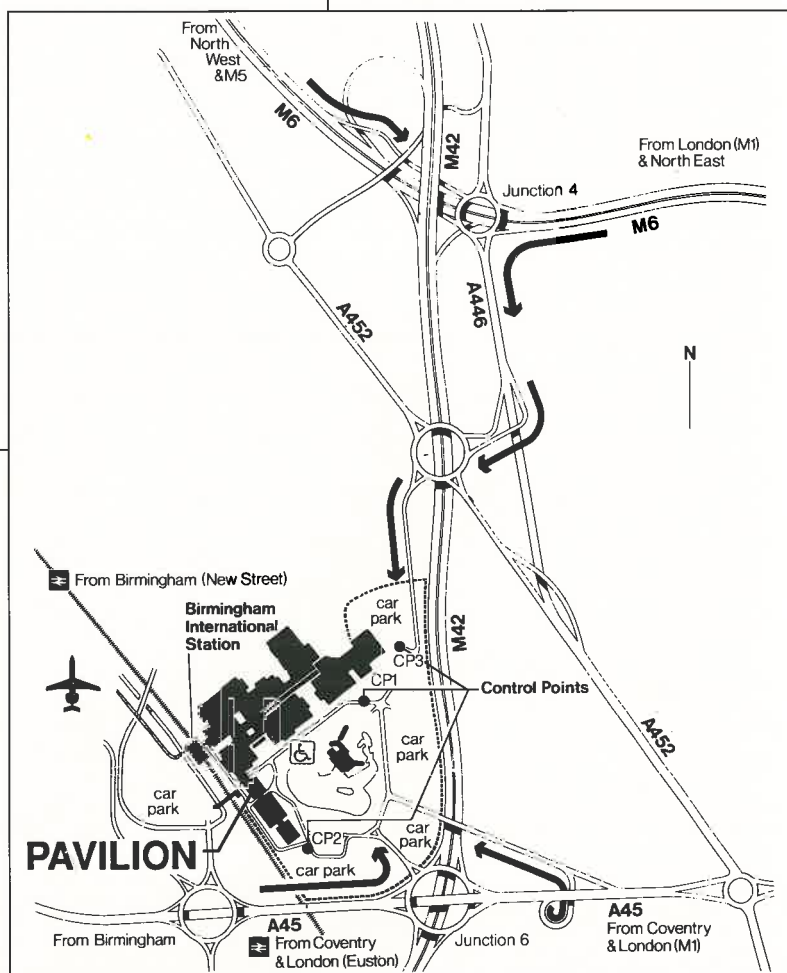
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WARHAMMER®

SKAVEN'S CLAW – PART TWO

By Bill King

After many bizarre adventures, Gotrek Gurnisson the Dwarf Troll Slayer and his companion Felix Jaeger have fallen on hard times in the City State of Nuln. Swallowing their pride they've taken a job with the Sewerjacks, clearing out the sewers of vermin and protecting the city from Chaos incursions. In the dank depths they came across a strange meeting between a mysterious figure and a deadly Skaven. The Ratman was killed but the human escaped into the labyrinth of dark passages. Later whilst meeting his wealthy brother in an inn, Felix recognises the fugitive and is shocked to learn that it is Von Halstadt, chief of the Nuln secret police. Returning to the sewers to investigate, Gotrek and Felix don't realise that they've walked straight into a trap. From the darkness feral Skaven eyes are watching them...

Tzarkual saw that his prey had stopped. They were huddling together in the passage and talking in low tones. He knew they were afraid. It had finally dawned on even their dim manbrains that they were being followed. He knew the righteous fear that the true Skaven warrior inspired in most humans. He had seen the look of cringing horror in many a human eye. The awful majesty and dignity of the Skaven form filled the manthings with awe.

He stood taller and preened his fur with his tongue. At times, looking in the polished mirror of his shield he almost understood their feelings. There was no denying he cut an impressive figure even among the regal forms of his fellow high rank Skaven. It was only proper that manthings should be suitably impressed by the master race.

He gestured for his Stormvermin to halt. He would allow his victims a minute's grace to fully savour their fear. He wanted them to understand the hopelessness of their position. Perhaps he might even allow them to beg for their lives. Some victims did. He knew it was a tribute to the impressive bearing he mustered.

"Hostleader. Should we not attack now? – Maimslay the manthings while they are in confusion?" asked Clawleader Gazat. Tzarkual shook his head; Gazat had showed his true lack of understanding of the finer points of strategy. He thought it better to simply attack rather than wait for the correct moment when their foes were paralysed with fear.

The Hostleader twitched his tail indulgently. "No-no. Let them know fear. When they spray musk and know hopelessness then we shall charge-charge."

Tzarkual could see that Gazat was dubious. Well let him be. Soon he would see the superiority of his leader's tactical knowledge for himself.

"Hostleader. They come back to our path."

"Doubtless they flee in panicked terror. Prepare to meet them with fixed weapons." The ledge here was wide enough for two Skaven abreast. The Stormvermin took up position, their polearms braced to meet the charge. Tzarkual waited expectantly.

Triumph filled his heart as the terror-struck manthings confronted his elite warriors. So full of fear were they that they did not even stop their headlong rush. Blind panic drove them to throw themselves onto the blades.





WAYNE ENGLAND

Surely it was only luck that allowed the sweep of the Dwarf's hatchet to chop through both weapons. Yes, he could see more clearly now. The Dwarf was so scared that he frothed at the mouth like a clanrat with rabies. He howled fearful prayers to whatever gods he worshipped. He knew he was doomed.

In his terror though he was doing terrible damage, as panic-stricken brutes often did. One blind swing clove the head of a trooper. The frantic thrashing of his axe knocked two trusty Stormvermin into the channel of the sewer.

If Tzarkual had not known better he would have sworn that the Skaven had leapt into the filth to avoid the blade. Surely not! A tall blonde-tufted manthing had joined the Dwarf. He fought with a certain precision. A well-aimed thrust from his shortsword took another Skaven in the throat.

No this wasn't happening. Four of his best warriors had gone down and the manthings had not even taken a casualty. The furless ones had been lucky. He was filled with pride as more brave Stormvermin leapt into the fray.

Now, he felt certain that victory would be his. The manthings didn't know it. They kept coming. More worthless vermin fell before their weapons. Tzarkual knew that he had been betrayed! Instead of elite Stormvermin he had been sent useless Clanrats. Some cunning enemy back in Skavenblight must have arranged it to discredit him.

It was the only explanation of how two puny surface-dwellers could chop through half-a-dozen Skaven so-called warriors without taking a cut. Tzarkual steeled himself to face the foe. He, at least, was not afraid to face the Dwarf's hatchet or the man's sword. He was a hostleader. He knew no fear.

It was simply excitement that made his tail twitch and his muskglands swell as the Dwarf painted the sewerwall with blood with a flick of the small axe. Tzarkual knew he could take any manthing. He decided to hang back as Clawleader Gazat tackled the Dwarf. He wanted to study his foe's fighting style to best advantage.

It was certainly impressive the way the Dwarf caught the flying Skaven by the throat and dashed his brains out against the ledge floor.

It definitely wasn't terror that made Tzarkual fling himself into the sewage when he confronted the foaming mouthed berserker. It was just that he knew that this was not the correct time to fight. It would be more elegant to take the foe off guard, by surprise, say when they were asleep. Less wasteful of Skaven lives too. He would tell Thanquol this as soon as he had finished his swim.



"They were after us weren't they?" said Felix, glancing around worriedly. He dabbed at some of the blood on his face and inspected the tips of his fingers distastefully. He was not surprised to learn that Skaven blood was black.

"Don't be foolish manling, why would they be after us?"

Felix was getting annoyed at people telling him not to be foolish. "Well, doesn't it seem odd that we managed to go for two weeks without meeting a single thing down here, then barely two days after you kill that Skaven we're ambushed. Come to think of it, it's only one day after I saw Von Halstadt at the Golden Hammer. Perhaps he recognised me."

Gotrek flicked his hatchet forward. Black blood speckled the ledge where the droplets fell. "Manling - he couldn't recognise you. For a start you were dressed differently. And you were behind the lantern that Gant shone on him - all he could make out would be your outline. That's if he saw anything at all. I think he was too busy running."

It slowly sank in what Gotrek had said. Or rather what he hadn't said. He hadn't questioned the fact that Felix had seen Von Halstadt at the Golden Hammer. "But you believe it was Von Halstadt I saw."

"If you say you saw him manling, I believe you. Why should you lie?"

Felix felt unreasoningly grateful to the Trollslayer. "Thank you," he said. The other sewerjacks back from inspecting the bodies. "Good work, you two," said Hef. "You can certainly fight."

"Might have left us some though? I thought there was some coming up behind us but they seemed to stop when you two got stuck in."

"Probably scared them away."

"Well let's take a body and show it to the Watch Captain. Maybe they'll believe us this time."

"Right-o, young Felix. You going to carry it?"

Felix kept his mouth shut as he bent to lift the smelly furry

carcass. Even amid the stink of the sewers the smell of the corpse was offensive. Felix was quite pleased when half-way back to the watchstation exit Hef offered to take a turn carrying it.



"And you say that there are rat-men below the city, brother. In the sewers even?"

Looking around the dining chamber of Otto's house, Felix found it easy to understand his brother's incredulity. Everything here seemed solid and safe and unthreatening. The expensive brocade curtains shut out the night just as effectively as the high walls enclosing the garden shut out the city. The solid teak furniture spoke of wealth based on a firm foundation of prosperity. The silver cutlery, different for each course, reflected an ordered world where everything had its place. Here in his brother's stone-walled house it was hard to recall details of the nightmare battle he had fought that morning.

"Oh yes," as he said it he saw again the snarling feral rat-face of the Skaven he had killed. He remembered the bubbles of bloody froth blowing from its lips. He felt its stinking weight press against his body as it fell. He forced the memory back and concentrated on the goblet of fine Parravonian wine his brother had placed before him.

"It seems almost impossible to believe. Even though you do hear rumours."

"Rumours, Otto?"

The merchant looked around. He got up and walked around the chamber, making sure each of the doors was securely closed. His Brettonian wife Annabella had retired to her chambers, leaving the two men to talk business in private. Otto returned to his seat. His face was flushed from the wine. Candlelight flickered off little beads of sweat on his face.

"They say that there are mutants in the sewers and goblins and other monsters." Felix smiled at his seriousness. He was telling this to a sewerjack as if it were a great secret.

"You may smile but I've talked to folk who swear it's true."

"Really?" It was hard to keep a note of irony from his voice. Otto didn't notice it.

"Oh yes, the same folk who swear that there's a great mutant undertown called the night market. They say it's on the edge of the city. In an abandoned graveyard. It's frequented by followers of certain depraved cults."

"Slaanesh worshippers you mean."

Otto pursed his lips primly. "Don't use that word in my home. It's cursed unlucky and I don't want to attract the attention of the Dark Powers. Or their followers."

"Unlucky or not these things exist," he said.

"Enough, brother." At first Felix found it hard to believe his brother was serious. He wondered what Otto would say if he told him that he had once witnessed a Slaaneshi orgy on Geheimnisnacht. Best not to, he decided. Seeing his brother's serious fear-filled face he realised quite how large the gap between them had grown.

Could he really once have been as sheltered as his elder brother, shivering and fearful at the mention of a dark power about which he knew not the slightest thing. He had to admit that it was perhaps possible. He began to understand how the cultists got away with it.

There was a veil of secrecy drawn over the whole subject in polite society; it wasn't mentioned or discussed. People preferred to believe or pretend to believe that such things as Chaos cults couldn't exist. If they were mentioned they didn't want to talk about them. Everyone abhorred mutants and talked about that widely.

That was fine; it was easy to pick on visible targets, they provided a focus on which to vent deep seated unease. But bring up the fact that normal, supposedly sane folk might be interested in the worship of the dark ones and a door was slammed in your face.

The playwright Detlef Sierck had been right when he wrote: "Ours is a land chained by silence, ours is a time when the truth goes unspoken." People just didn't want to know.

Why? Felix did not understand. Did they honestly think that pretending a problem did not exist would make it go away? The watch captain today had looked at the body and could not deny its existence. Even though he had obviously wanted to. He was forced to report the matter to higher authority.

A chill ran through Felix when he recalled who had come to collect the corpse for examination. They were men from the office of Chief Magistrate Von Halstadt. Felix wondered if the body of the dead Skaven would ever be seen again.

"Tell me about Von Halstadt," said Felix. "Where does he live?"

Otto seemed glad to change the subject. "His father was a minor noble, killed in one of the peasant uprisings in the early seventies. He studied for the Sigmarte priesthood, was never ordained. There were hints of a scandal, something to do with spying on the nunnery. He is efficient. He's said to keep files on everyone. And his enemies disappear mysteriously."

Felix fell silent; a pattern had emerged. He believed he understood what had happened. It would take a little checking though. He'd make a start early tomorrow. "You say he lives nearby."

"Two streets away. Near the palace – on Emmanuelleplatz."

"Well it's late and I really must go. I have work tomorrow."

"Very well." Otto rang the small bell that sat beside his plate. "I'll have Franz bring your cloak."



"I told your predecessor never to come here," said Von Halstadt, staring at the Skaven with barely concealed distaste. He hated it when anyone else but him entered his filing chamber. "The servants might see you."

The Rat-man met his gaze levelly. There was something about this one that made Von Halstadt nervous. Perhaps it was the greyish fur or perhaps it was the strange blind-seeming eyes but there was something different about this one. Something scary, almost.

SPACE MARINE DEVASTATORS

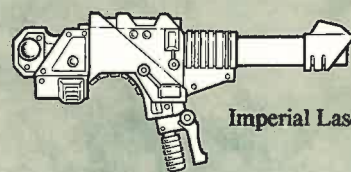


Space Marines designed by Jes Goodwin and Norman Swales.

The Space Marine Devastators box contains five new Space Marine models designed by sculptors Jes Goodwin and Norman Swales. Four Space Marines carry awesome heavy weapons: two have Heavy Bolters, ideal for laying down a withering curtain of fire; one is armed with a Lascannon, the ultimate tank buster of the 41st Millennium and the fourth has a Missile Launcher, a long ranged weapon which can fire either armour penetrating shells or explosives. The fifth Space Marine is a sergeant armed with a deadly power fist – an energised gauntlet that can tear apart armour and crush enemies in hand-to-hand combat.

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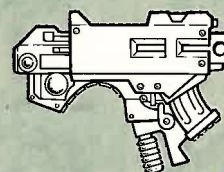
All five of the Space Marines are supplied with separate metal weapons and plastic arms and shoulder pads, allowing you to assemble them in a variety of combinations and poses.



Imperial Lascannon



Missile Launcher



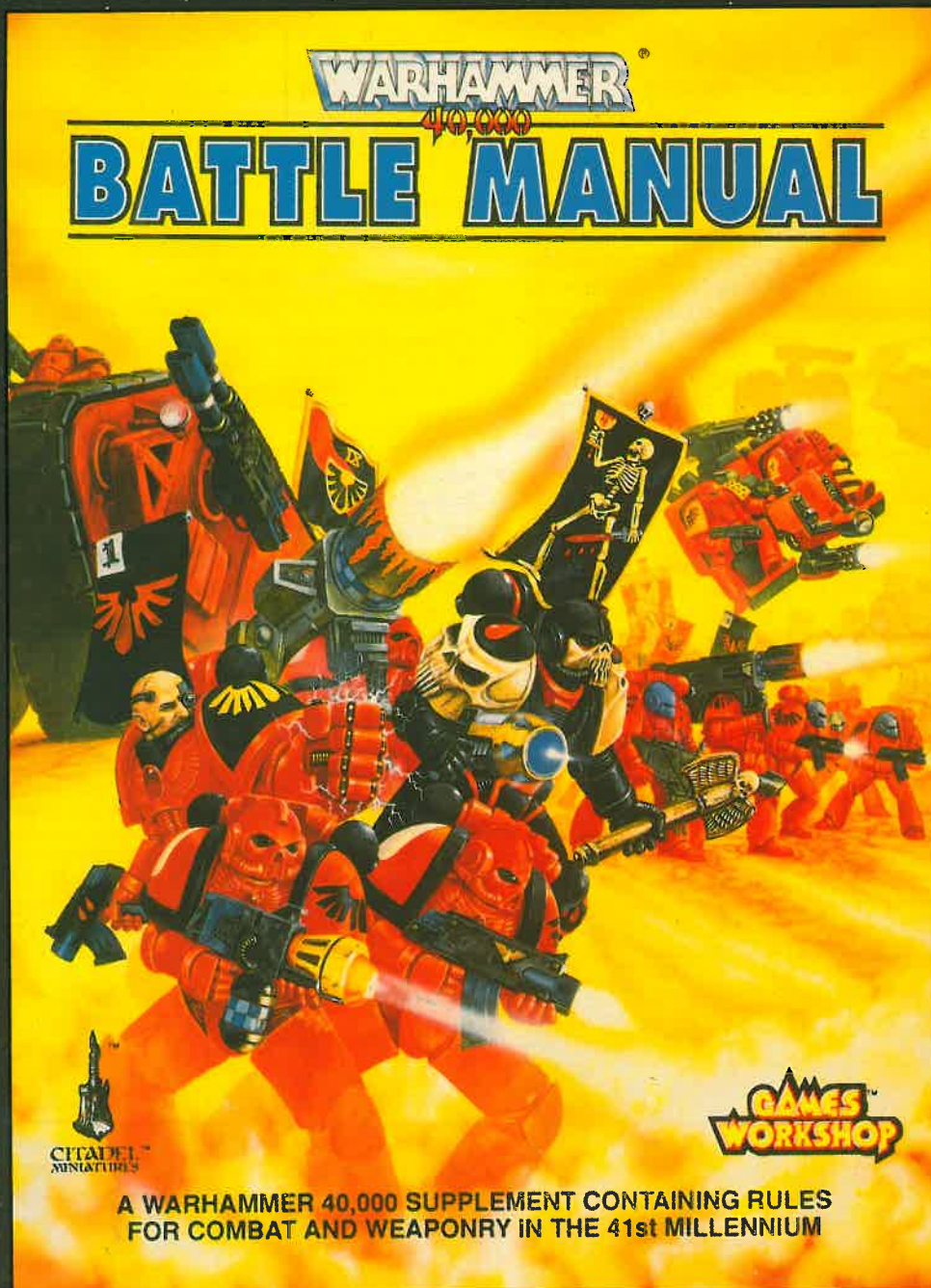
Heavy Bolter



Models supplied unpainted. Banners not supplied.

WARNING! This model contains lead and may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.

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The Warhammer 40,000 Battle Manual updates and expands the combat rules and weapon details from the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. This book is an essential guide for all players of Warhammer 40,000.

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**GAMES
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**WARHAMMER
40,000**

"This one is not as the other, manthing. Greyseer this is, Magelord in the service of the Thirteen. Contracted to the clan but not of it. Important I see you. Things went badly with the guards. Many Skaven dead."

"But my servants..."

"Worry not foolish manthing – they snoresleep. A simple spell."

Von Halstadt laid down his file. He marked the place with a uninked quill and closed it gently. He let his hand fall near the hilt of his blade. The touch of it re-assured him somewhat. He met the Skaven's stare and willed it to look away. "I'm unused to being called foolish. Do not do so again."

The Skaven smiled. It was not re-assuring. For a second he felt as if it might leap forward and bite him. He kept his hand on his weapon. With an almost imperceptible shake of its head the Skaven stopped smiling. It twitched its tail.

"Of course. So-sorry. Many apologies. Grieve for the loss of kin. Cost many warptokens to replace."

"I accept your apology." Von Halstadt was re-assured. It was obscurely pleasing that even so monstrous seeming a creature as the Rat-man felt a sense of loss at the death of its relatives. Still he found himself longing for the day when he would no longer have to deal with the Rat-men and could have them destroyed. He picked up the file and returned it to its precise place in the proper cabinet.

"The menthings are dangerous to our association. Know your appearance and can pickchoose you from others. They must not be allowed to threaten you or us."



JOHN BLANCHE

"True." The thought was worrying. Von Halstadt's enemies were legion and the slightest hint of scandal would be used against him. The treacherous sewerjacks would sell that information to the highest bidder he felt sure. Their lack of loyalty to the cause of humanity sickened him. They deserved to die. And to think he had once felt sorry for them. "They must die."

"Yes-yes and you must show us where to find them."

"That is straightforward enough. I had their watch captain interviewed today." he opened a new cabinet and pulled out a slim dossier. "Here is my file on them."

"Good-good. Soon they will all die."



Once safely back in the sewer, Grey Seer Thanquol cursed to himself. He was tired of dealing with morons like Tzarkual and the manthing Von Halstadt. He would have preferred to have been back home in his warm burrow in Skavenblight surrounded by his breeders and with a few captive humans to run through his maze.

He missed the beautiful rotting aroma of the swamps and he was worried about the intrigues that might be taking place against him in his absence. He hated working with the idiot Tzarkual who could not even carry out the simple assassination of five manthings properly.

The thought of the Hostleader's chattered excuses made Thanquol want to bite his tail with anger. By the Thirteen it was true, if you wanted a bone gnawed properly you had to gnaw it yourself. No sense entrusting vital tasks to the likes of the Hostleader.

Still, his services had been purchased by Tzarkual's clan and he was obliged by the binding oaths of his order to implement and expedite their plans. And this one was sound, it resounded to the clan's credit in the Great Game being played back in Skavenblight. He could see that foolish though he was Von Halstadt represented a valuable agent to have in place.

Of all the humans he had ever met the spymaster thought most like a Skaven – a very stupid Skaven, admittedly, but still a Skaven. He was easy to manipulate due to his strange jealousy of and attraction to the breeder Emmanuelle, prepared to believe anything so long as it was connected to her. Imagine thinking that the Skaven use the cities rats as spies, foolish manthing.

He had proven useful in removing those who might prove to be a threat to the long term plans of the Thirteen and he was an adroit and effective collector of the warptone so necessary for the continued research plans of the Seers.

Yes-yes, it would be wise to resist the urge to poison the manthing. He was more useful alive than dead at least until the Great Day came and the Thirteen walked the earth once more.

Thanquol easily deciphered the strange scratchmarks humans called writing; he had trained all his life for this. The study of mankind and its arts were his particular forte. Von Halstadt had thoughtfully attached the maps showing the closest sewerpaths to the victim's dwellings. The manthing was not entirely incompetent. How convenient – two of the manthings dwelled together in an easily accessible place. He would start with them.

"Come-come, Boneripper. I have work for you this night," squeaked Thanquol.

The Rat-Ogre growled its assent. Enormous claws slid smoothly from their sheaths at the prospect of food.



Hef was lurching drunkenly down the muddy sidestreet when he heard the sounds of struggle coming from the hovel he shared with Gilda and his brother. He knew he shouldn't have stayed in the tavern for that last pint with Gotrek. If Big Jax and his men had returned for vengeance while he was away he would never forgive himself.

The hook knife felt cool and re-assuring in his hand; he wished he were more sober but that was not to be helped. He broke into a trot and almost immediately tripped over a pile of rotting garbage in the path. At night, without street lighting the New Quarter was a deathtrap.

He picked himself up and moved carefully along. As he recalled there was an open sewer near here and it wouldn't do to fall in. He heard Gilda scream and all thought of caution vanished when the scream ended in a moan of pain.

He ran, scrabbling over the garbage, knocking over a pile of muck. He knew that no-one else but him would answer a scream for help in Cheap Street. It was that sort of area.

Flames started to leap skyward over the hovel. Someone must have knocked over a lamp in the struggle. He heard a feral snarl from within the hut. Maybe Jax had brought his tame wardogs, as he had threatened. Hef covered the open ground near the entrance in one final spurt. By the light of the flames flickering within he could see that the door had been ripped off its hinges.

Something moved within. His brother met him at the door. He opened his mouth and tried to speak. Blood gushed forth. Hef caught Spider as he fell forward. As his arms met round his brother's back, he felt the hole and the great soft mass of the lungs pumping though it. Spider moaned and was still.

It was a nightmare; he had returned home and his home was in flames. His brother was dead. No that could not be. He and Spider had been inseparable since they could walk. They had served on the same fishing boat, stolen the same money, ran off together to the same city, lived with the same girl. They had the same life. If Spider was dead then....

Hef stood absolutely still. Tears streamed down his face as the monstrous shape emerged from the ruins of the burning hut and loomed over him. The last thing he heard was the sound of chittering nearby.



The sun was up bright and early. Felix made his way down the muddy streets of the new Quarter, ignoring the pall of smoke that rose from the shantytown near Cheap Street. Another fire he supposed.

Well, he had been lucky, the wind had not fanned the flames in the direction of Frau Zorin's tenement. If they had he might

have died in his sleep. He couldn't afford to die just now; he still had things to do.

He turned left down Rotten Row and hit the cobbled streets of Commercial Way. Coaches clattered past as merchants made their way to the coffee houses before starting business for the day. He found his way to the Hall of Archives and made his way to the division of the planning office with responsibility for Sewers.

He knew he would find what he needed there. Three quarters of an hour, much browsing through dust-covered files and plans, two threats and one bribe later, he proved himself to be correct. Pleased with himself he made his way to the Watchhouse.



"You were an engineer once, Gotrek. Tell me what these mean."

Felix ignored the Trollslayer's incredulous look. He cleared a space on the table in the watchroom and spread out the charts. Rudi watched curiously as he smoothed the cracked old parchment flat and weighed down each corner with an empty tea mug.

"You're late, young Felix. I should have you up on a charge but those lazy swine Hef and Spider are late too. I'll wait and see if they show up. There was a fire along Cheap Street last night." "Hef probably kicked over a lantern when he was drunk," said Gotrek. "He was reeling like an elf after his second shandy when I saw him last."

The Trollslayer gave his attention back to the papers.

"These are charts of the sewers, manling. Dwarf-made plans of the Old Quarter."

"They show the area beneath Chief Magistrate Von Halstadt's mansion. If you look closely you'll discover that it's not too far from the place where Gant was killed. I'd also bet if we looked we'd find a way up from the sewers to his house."

"You're suggesting that we break into Fritz Von Halstadt's house! We'll be hung if we're caught. We might even lose our jobs!" A frown creased Rudi's low brow.

"That would be a pity. What do you say, are you in? Rudi?"

"I don't know?"

"Gotrek?"

"Yes, manling, with one provision."

"What's that?"

"If Von Halstadt is the Chaos worshipping, Skaven-loving, Snotling-fondler we saw in the sewer then we kill him."

An appalled silence hung over the chamber. The import of the Trollslayer's words sunk into their brains. Felix felt his mouth go dry. What the Dwarf was suggesting was murder, pure and simple. No he decided, thinking of Gant's corpse, it wasn't murder, it was justice. He'd go along with that. "Fine."

"There's no backing out then. Rudi?" The bald-headed man looked shocked. His face was pale and fear was in his eyes.

"You don't know what you're suggesting."

"Are you coming with us or not?" Rudi didn't answer for a second. "Yes," he said. "I'll come. I just hope you're wrong, that's all."

"I'm not," said Felix.

"That's what I'm afraid of."



They were assigned to help out the rest of the Watch in the area that had burned; burying the dead, searching the rubble for the living. They marched up to shantytown to take a look. The fire had ripped through many hovels, burned and the disfigured dead were everywhere.

A little boy, his face blackened by soot sat near an old woman who whimpered quietly to herself.

"What happened here, son," Felix asked.

"It was the rat-daemon did it," the boy said "I saw it myself. It killed the men who lived there and carried them below to feast. Ma says it'll come for me next if I don't behave."

Felix exchanged looks with Gotrek. Savage interest was evident in the Trollslayer's one good eye.

"There's no such thing as rat-daemons, lad. Don't lie to us — we're with the Watch."

"There is too. I saw it with my own eyes. It was taller than you and heavier than that one-eyed Dwarf. It was led by a smaller Rat-man with grey skin."

"Did anyone else see it?"

"Don't know. I hid. I thought they might take me too."

Felix shook his head and went to check the ruins of Hef and Spider's hut. There was little left of the pitiful building save the burned out remains and the charred corpse of a woman.

"No sign of Hef or Spider?"

Gotrek shook his head and pointed with his toe to something grey and sharp lying in the ashes. "That's Hef's knife."

Felix bent and picked it up. The metal was still warm from lying in the embers. Felix looked at the corpse. The smell of burnt meat filled his nostrils.

"Gilda?" said Felix.

"I think so," said Gotrek. "She would have been about the same height." Fear filled Felix. Over half the people who had seen Von Halstadt with the Skaven in the sewer were dead or had vanished. It was beginning to look like the same thing would happen to him and the Troll Slayer unless they did something fast.

"I think we'd better pay our friend Von Halstadt a visit this very evening."

"I think you're right manling."



The sewers had never seemed so ominous to Felix. Shadows danced away from the lantern light. Every time he heard Rudi's heavy tread behind him he had to fight the urge to look around.

The sound of the Troll Slayer continually tapping the walls with his hatchet blade was getting on his nerves. He knew that Gotrek was only doing it to see if he could find a hollow area but that did not make it any easier to take.

Something was out there. He knew that now. Something had killed Hef and Spider, and it would surely kill the rest of them if they let it. It was the not knowing that was so terrifying.

Not knowing what it was that hunted them. Not really knowing why. Not knowing how many Skaven might appear or what daemonic henchmen they might have. The brothers had been formidable fighters and they were gone.

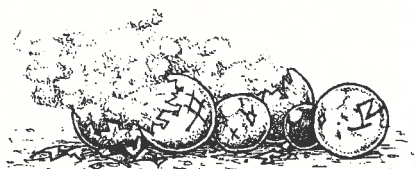
Worse, half of the Cheap Street shanty town was gone with them. Whatever dark thing sought them it had no qualms about killing a lot of people to get the ones it wanted. He asked himself why he had not simply fled the town.

He could be on the road even now, not creeping about in this dark, smelly stinkhole. Why did he have to be cursed with this urge to interfere in what was really none of his business?

He already knew the answer: you have to take a stand somewhere for something, he told himself. Because if he did not he would be exactly like his brother Otto and the others like him: pretending that he did not know what was going on; making deals with the darkness so that it would leave him alone; pretending all was right with the world when he knew that it wasn't. Knowing that something was wrong meant that he had to do something about it, even if the only reason for doing it was to keep his self-image intact and allow him to feel superior to those he despised. And if that made him feel a little more like the heroes he used to read about when he was young, so much the better.

Thinking about his reasons kept his mind occupied and allowed him to forget his fears. He made himself concentrate on what he knew. The only real lead he had was that he knew that the head of the Elector's secret police was in league with the Skaven. He had seen it with his own eyes. He did not know why such a thing should be; he only knew that it was so. And that it should be stopped.

"Stop daydreaming manling. We've been down here for hours and we still haven't found this secret entrance of yours. It'll soon be dark up above and we're still no further forward." Felix gave his attention back to scanning the walls. From up ahead the sound of Gotrek tapping the brickwork with the blade of his hatchet continued.



Thanquol stared around the darkened room. He felt exposed here on the surface so high above the ground. He gazed out through the single window and then looked at the straw pallet. Boneripper stood hunched near the doorway, flexing his great claws.

They had stood here in the dark for nearly two hours and still there was no sign of their prey. He lashed his tail in

frustration. Where was the stupid manthing? Why wasn't he home in bed where he should be? They were all the same, frittering away their time in drunkenness and debauchery. They deserved to be replaced by the Master Race. He swore that he would make this particular manthing pay for wasting a Grey Seer's valuable time.

He didn't have any more time to waste, he had to meet with Von Halstadt and check on the arrangements that had been made for the Elector's homecoming ball. Soon it would be time to reveal to him that Emmanuelle's guest, the Emperor's own brother-in-law was secretly a mutant and worse yet the Countess's latest lover.

The fact that neither of these things were true was not in the slightest important. What was important was that when Von Halstadt had the Graf kidnapped and tortured word of it would be released. War would come between Nuln and the Empire. The Emperor could not stand for the insult of his own brother-in-law being tortured by the Elector's secret police. Civil war would erupt. The greatest kingdom of mankind would be thrown into anarchy. The power of the Skaven would grow. The thought so excited Thanquol that he had to take some powdered warpstone snuff to calm his nerves. The drug bubbled into his brain and filled him with delightful visions of torture and bloodshed and agony.

The sound of footsteps coming on the stairway brought him out of his reverie. He nodded to Boneripper. There was a tentative knock on the door. "Herr Jaeger, it's me, Frau Zorin. Rent time!"

Before Thanquol could countermand him Boneripper threw open the door and dragged the old woman inside.

"Herr Jaeger there's no need to be so rough," she said. They were her last words before Boneripper tore her throat out. Well, at least he wouldn't have to feed the rat-ogre for another three hours, thought the Grey Seer. Politely he waited for Boneripper to finish his meal.

"Come-come, we have business elsewhere," he told him. They headed for the sewers and their meeting with Von Halstadt.



"Success, manling!" exclaimed Gotrek, and tapped again to make sure. He nodded his head smugly. "I've found the passage or my mother was a troll!"

I wouldn't bet against that, thought Felix, but kept the thought to himself. He watched as the Troll Slayer set down his hatchet and began to run his fingers around the brickwork.

"Nice bit of work this; well concealed. Probably dwarfish I'd say. No wonder I missed it the other day. The git must have paid a Dwarf crew to dig his bolt-tunnel and then sworn them to secrecy. Now if I'm right there should be a..."

His stubby powerful fingers pushed against a single brick. It sank into the wall. There came a quiet grinding sound, as of perfectly balanced counterweights shifting. A section of the wall slid back. Felix saw a small vestibule and a metal ladder leading up. Gotrek turned and smiled, revealing his missing teeth, he looked genuinely pleased. "Very nice work indeed. Git must have outdistanced me, turned that corner and ducked in - no wonder I couldn't find him. My eyes were still stinging

from the gas too."

"There's no need to make excuses, Gotrek," said Felix.

"It's not an excuse, manling. I just want..."

"Are we going to stand here all night, Young Felix, or are you going to go up and take a look around."

"Me?"

"Well all this was your idea." Felix saw the unease written on Rudi's face. The big man was scared by the prospect of burgling so important a citizen's home. Not surprisingly, thought Felix. He's a watchman, he's spent the last ten years catching criminals, not being one.

"Are you going to do it, manling or should I?" The thought of the Troll Slayer clumping around upstairs galvanised Felix into action. He remembered Otto's words about there being White Wolves on guard above. He didn't relish the prospect of being discovered by them.

"I'll take a look first," he said, "and I'll let you know if it's safe."



Felix held his breath and looked around. The ladder emerged in another small chamber with a single door. This led out into a wine cellar.



JOHN BLANCHE

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Designed by Norman Swales with Michael Perry

The Steam Tank is a fearsome armoured war engine from the Imperial Engineers School. It is powered by a high pressure boiler, an ingenious device which drives the Steam Tank relentlessly forwards, scattering enemy formations and crushing foes under its heavy wheels. The Steam Tank's main weapon is its great steam-powered cannon, which can inflict terrible damage as it thunders through enemy ranks. The crew is protected by thick armoured plates and their commander fires a repeater pistol at the enemy from the top of the war engine.

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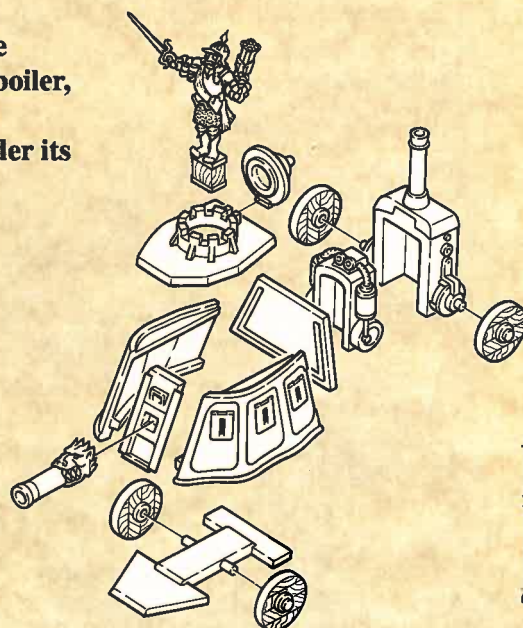


Diagram not to scale

GAMES
WORKSHOP

Looking back, Felix saw that the door was attached to a wine rack so that when it was closed it was virtually invisible among the wine racks. The cellar was large; Felix checked a label on one of the bottles. He blew away dust to reveal the emblem of one of the best Parravonian vineyards, Desghulles.

"Someone has expensive tastes," he told himself. He turned swiftly reaching for his sword when he heard the ladder creak behind him. Gotrek's head poked round the edge of the doorway.

"Don't wet yourself manling, it's me," he said. Rudi emerged from behind him. "Right, let's check the house and see if we can find our friend Von Halstadt."

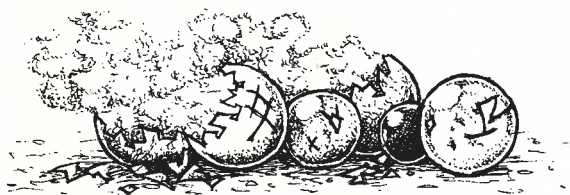
"Not much noise above. The place sounds empty."

"Let's hope so."

"I'll stay here," said Rudi. "And make sure your line of retreat is covered."

Felix shrugged. It was probably better than having the big man blundering about up above.

"You do that."



Felix cautiously made his way to the foot of the stairs, keeping his lantern to the narrowest aperture so that only the faintest glimmer of light showed.

"I told you so – the house is empty."

Felix had to admit it looked like the Dwarf was right. Where were the White Wolf guards? Where were the servants?

"Guards are most likely at the gatehouse," said Gotrek. "But where are the house-servants? A place this size should have some."

"You'd know about that, I suppose."

"It'd be the first noble house I've been in that didn't."

Felix gently put his foot on the stairs. A shiver ran down his spine as it creaked under his weight. He paused and held his breath. No-one came to investigate.

"Why are you being so quiet, manling. There's no-one here."

"I don't know. Maybe it's just because it's not my house. I feel like a criminal. Why are you whispering?"

"You are being a criminal. So am I. Let's search this place and see what we can find. You take upstairs. I'll take below."

It was only after he padded off near silently that Felix noticed that Gotrek was moving stealthily too. Felix moved upstairs, hoping that the stairs would not creak. The upstairs were empty.

In a bedroom Felix closed the aperture of the lantern completely before sliding aside a curtain and looking outside. He glanced down into a large walled courtyard and he could see over the high walls into the street beyond. A large gate opened into the courtyard.

On the left of the square was a stable and coach-house; on the right was a small barracks and a privy for the servants. Old

oak trees lined the square. There were sentries: tall blonde men in full armour, white wolfskins draped round their shoulder. One walked from the gatehouse across the courtyard.

For a moment Felix feared that he might be coming inside but he turned off and headed towards a small barracks next to the stables. Slowly he let the curtain slide back into place and then he allowed himself to exhale.

No, it wouldn't do to get caught here. The White Wolves had a reputation for ferocity that equalled that of a Troll Slayer and there was at least half-a-dozen of them out there.



The most appropriate thing to do when he found the locked door was to force it. He jimmied it open with the blade of his shortsword and went in. He found himself in a place that reminded him of the ledgerhall in his father's warehouse back in Altdorf.

It was a big room dominated by an oak desk large enough to hold a party on. The walls were lined with filing boxes, hundreds and hundreds of them. He opened one at random and pulled out a thick sheaf of papers written in a clinically precise hand.

Glancing through it he came upon the names of the Elector Countess and notes referring to several of her better known lovers. There was an extensive section dealing with suspected mutation in her family; many sources were quoted.

What drew Felix's attention were the references to "our most special source" and "our friends down below". He picked up another file and went through it. There were similar notes. One referred to the need for a certain Slazinger to disappear. The files were sorted alphabetically. He couldn't resist it. He sought out the one on the Jaeger family. After finding one concerning a family of bakers on Cake Street he got his own family file on the second try.

Felix felt his stomach lurch when he came across references to the merchant house of Jaeger and sons. The file remarked on how amenable his brother Otto was and noted that he was a sound man who gave generously to the Elector's fund for the maintenance of civil order.

Felix noticed that every generous donation Jaeger and Sons made was followed by the granting of certain municipal contracts.

It was corruption on a grand scale, and his own brother was part of it. It made him angry to think his family would deal with murderers and Chaos allies like Von Halstadt. As he flipped the page he saw his own name mentioned. He read on.



Thanquol noticed that the secret entrance to Von Halstadt's had been disturbed almost as soon as he entered. There was a strange manscent in the air of the chamber at the foot of the ladder. Several manscents in fact, and something that smelled like Dwarf.



Fool-fool, he cursed, gnawing at the tip of his tail. The spymaster had been discovered. It didn't take the application of a mind as clever as Thanquol's to work out by whom. He had two manthings and a Dwarf left to kill.

Well, the manthings had saved him the bother of tracking them down. Their desire to meddle in business that was not theirs would prove to be their undoing.

He nodded to Boneripper, and chittered his instructions. The ladder groaned under the weight of the Rat-Ogre. It swarmed up the rungs, agile as a monkey.



Felix shook his head; he was referred to as a spendthrift younger son who had vanished under mysterious circumstances. There was a line devoted to his duel with Krassner and a hastily scribbled memo in pencil to the effect that a further investigation should be conducted.

Well, perhaps there were worse things to be than the black sheep of the Jaeger family. Perhaps he should show Gotrek. Maybe there was something in the files about him too. He was just about to look when he heard the door open down below.

Damn, he thought, closing the chamber door. He'd have to wait.



Von Halstadt knew he was running late – he hoped the Skaven was also. He deplored giving the wrong impression even to a brute like the Skaven. But Emmanuelle was due back tomorrow and he wanted every little detail of her ball to be perfect.

He imagined the smile with which she would reward his diligence and knew that all his care had been worthwhile. Even if he had been forced to waste fifteen minutes punishing that young footman for his clumsiness in setting the paintings. The flogging had left him tired and sweaty and in need of a bath.

He picked up a house-lantern and lit it. Darkness rushed away from him. He was going to call a servant and ask him to draw water when he recalled that he had given them all the night of because the Skaven was coming. He would have to forgo the pleasure of a wash till later. The Skaven's tidings were more important.

Before departing last night he had intimated that his agents were about to ferret out a particularly important mutant plot. Von Halstadt had to admit he was far more concerned with the assassination attempt on the sewerjacks. He knew that Hef and Spider were dead, his agents had reported on the fire in Cheap Street.

That had been a neat bit of work, disposing of two traitors and half a hundred riff-raff at the same time. Come to think of it, perhaps the Rat-man had inadvertently provided a solution to another problem. Perhaps he could have fires set across the New Quarter; that would certainly cut down on the numbers

of the mutant-worshipping scum who dwelled there.

The thought of burning the dregs of society out of their festering sinkhole of vice warmed the cockles of his heart. He took the stairs two at a time and rushed down the corridor to his filing room. His heart sank when he saw the door had been forced. Anger filled him. Someone had desecrated his sanctum.

After Emmanuelle, his beloved files were the most important thing in his life. If someone had harmed a page of them... He drew his sword and pushed the door open with his foot. A lantern shone in his face.

"Good evening, Von Halstadt," said a cultured voice. "I think you and I have some business."

As his eyes grew accustomed to the illumination he recognised the face of the young man he had seen with Otto Jaeger the other night.

"Who are you, whelp?" he asked.

"My name is Felix Jaeger. I'm the man who's going to kill you."



Rudi had never seen so much wine before. It was everywhere in the cellar – old bottles covered in a thick layer of dust and cobwebs, newer ones with only the slightest gilding of dirt. There was so much of it he wondered whether how any one man could drink it all. Maybe if he had guests, he supposed.

What was that noise? Probably nothing. It would be best to pretend there was nothing there.

Ever since they had found the Ratman in the sewers nothing had gone right. Perhaps he could hide. But there was no place into which he could squeeze his large frame.

He should go back to the top of the ladder and take a look. He was sure he had heard the rungs of the metal ladder creak. Yes, he should.

He swallowed and tried to make himself move back to the hidden niche. His limbs responded slowly. It was as if all strength had been drained out of them. His heart beat sounded loud in his ears. It raced like he'd run a mile.

He realised he had been holding his breath and let it out in a long sigh. The sound seemed unnaturally loud in the silence. He wished Gotrek or even that cocky young snob Felix would come back. He didn't like being here on his own, in the basement of a powerful noble whose wealth and influence he could hardly imagine.

It was ridiculous, he told himself; he'd spent nearly fifteen years, man and boy, in the sewers, hunting mutants and monsters in the dark. He shouldn't be frightened. Ah, but it had been different then, he'd been younger and he'd been with friends and comrades, Gant and the brothers and the others now dead or gone.

The last few days had shaken him. The solid foundations of his life had vanished. He was alone: no wife, no children. His last friends had vanished or died. And if young Felix was right, the order he had sworn to protect, the city's rulers who he was pledged to defend against all enemies *were* the enemy.

Life didn't make sense any more. There was definitely something moving inside the niche. Something heavy had stealthily pulled itself over the lip of the sinkhole. It was here in the cellar.

"Who's there?" asked Rudi. His voice sounded weak and strange to him, it was the voice of a stranger. The soft padding footfalls came closer.

His lantern revealed the shape as it emerged into the wine cellar. It was huge – a head taller than him and perhaps twice as heavy. Great muscles bulged under its ruddy fur, long claws slid from the sheaths in its fingertips. Its face was a mixture of rat and wolf, a chilling, malign intelligence burned in its pink, beady little eyes.

Rudi raised its club to defend himself. It was on him with one leap, startlingly swift for so large a creature. Pain flared through Rudi's weapon arm as claws bit into the flesh of his wrist. He opened his mouth to scream. He looked up into the pink eyes of death, he felt the breath of the monster on him. It smelled of blood and fresh meat.



"Don't be foolish young man," said Von Halstadt. As he spoke he put his hand on the hilt of his longsword. He was confident. He was a formidable swordsman and his opponent had only a short stabbing blade. "One shout and I'll have six Knights of the White Wolf in here. They'll hand me your head."

"Perhaps they'll be interested in the fact that you consort with Skaven and keep a ledger of your dealings with them." Felix's words chilled Von Halstadt. He didn't know whether the Grey Seer was in the house already or about to arrive. He couldn't risk summoning the knights if that was the case. They were reassuringly anti-mutant but their zeal also extended to dealing with the likes of the Skaven.

"You don't know what you're talking about, boy," said Von Halstadt. His blade rung as he pulled it from the scabbard.

"I'm afraid I do. You see I saw you in the sewers the other day. I saw you with my own eyes. I nearly didn't believe them when I saw you again in the Golden Hammer."

The young man seemed certain. There would be no reasoning with him, he would have to die. Von Halstadt let his blade point to the floor as he moved closer. He let his shoulders slump in defeat.

"How did you know?"

"I'm a sewerjack."

"You can't be. Sewerjacks don't eat at the Golden Hammer. Not in the company of Otto Jaeger..." As he spoke the words, realisation dawned on Von Halstadt. Felix Jaeger, Otto Jaeger. The family black sheep. He knew that had been worth looking into.

"What do you want boy? Money? Preferment? I can arrange for either but it will take time." He edged ever closer. The young man had relaxed a little, seeing how cowed he had become. Soon it would be time to strike.

"No, I think I want your head..."

Even as he spoke Von Halstadt struck, serpent-swift. To his surprise the young man parried. Steel sparked where the blades met. Jaeger lashed out with his foot catching Von Halstadt on the shin. Pain flared in his leg. He only just managed to leap back out of the way as the younger man thrust. He knew he had to keep his distance, to use his longer blade to advantage.

To think was to act; he implemented his strategy. Backing away towards the open door. They circled and wheeled, moved with the precision of masters as they sought out openings. Blades wheeled and glittered in the shadows of the two lanterns. They moved too fast for the eye to follow, danced with a life of their own, seeking holes in the others' defences. Von Halstadt allowed himself a snarl of satisfaction as he pinked Jaeger's arm. It turned into a smile as he cut open a nasty gash above the young man's eye.

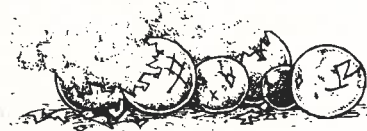
Soon blood would drip down blinding him. Both breathed hard now. But Von Halstadt knew that he would win. He could sense it. He would fight defensively for the moment. It was simply a matter of waiting.



Thanquol heard the noise upstairs. It sounded like a dance was taking place. Heavy boots slammed into the stone floor. Well, well, he thought, it was fortunate that he had arrived when he did. It would seem that Von Halstadt's enemies had tracked him to his lair. And were even now in the process of assassinating him.

Assassination had a long and honourable history in Skaven politics and Thanquol was tempted to let things run their course. It would gratify his sense of petty malice to let the man thing die. Pleasing though the thought was he couldn't allow himself the pleasure. It would interfere too much with the great plan.

He kicked Boneripper. The Rat-Ogre raised its bloody muzzle from the remnants of its meal. It growled at him. He glared at it, letting his slave feel his will. Slowly the Rat-Ogre rose. They headed up the stairs out of the cellar towards the battle above.

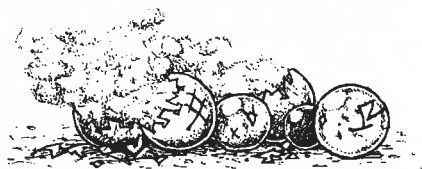


Felix was forced to admit that perhaps this had not been such a good idea after all. He blamed too much watching the plays of Detlef Sierck as a youth – he had always wanted to play out one of those melodramatic scenes where the hero confronts the scheming villain.

Unfortunately things were not quite going according to script. It was the story of his life. His arms burned with fatigue and the pain of the wound Von Halstadt had inflicted. He jerked his head quickly to one side to shake off the blood running down his forehead, a risky move against a swordsman as skilled as Von Halstadt.

Red droplets splattered onto the desktop. Felix was relieved that Von Halstadt hadn't been quite swift enough to take advantage of the opening. His breathing was coming swift and laboured. It sounded like a bellows. Pain interfered with the smooth flow of his movements.

Von Halstadt's long blade seemed to be everywhere. It was the sword that made the difference. Felix believed that had the blades been of equal length he would just have been the nobleman's superior. But they were not and that was killing him.



"Hurry-hurry," Thanquol told Boneripper as they ran towards the bottom of the stair. The fight above was still going on but now that he had decided to save his pawn he didn't want to take the chance of fate intervening.

An accident at this stage would be most annoying. Boneripper let out a little moan and stopped so suddenly that Thanquol ran into the solid wall of his back and bounced. The pain in his snout was considerable. The grey seer glanced around his pet. He saw why Boneripper had halted.

A Dwarf stood there, blocking the way to the stairs. He was massive and his fur was strangely crested. In one hand he held an enormous battleaxe. He too looked as if he had been racing to get up the steps and intervene in the ongoing fight. He too looked astonished to discover there was another in the house.

"Bloody palaces," he grumbled. "You never know who you'll meet in them."

"Die-die, foolish dwarfthing," chittered Thanquol. "Boneripper - kill-kill!"

Boneripper surged forward, claws extended. He loomed up over the Dwarf, a terrifying daemonic apparition, a living tribute to the fearsome imaginations of the sorcerer-scientists of Clan Moulder. It would not have surprised Thanquol if the Dwarf too was paralysed with fear by the very sight of him as the others had been.

"Chew on this," said the Dwarf. Brains splattered everywhere as the axe clove Boneripper's head in two. Thanquol found himself confronting an irate Troll Slayer.

The musk of fear sprayed as he reached into his pouch for a weapon. Then deciding discretion was the better part of valour, he turned and scuttled off. To his relief the Dwarf did not follow but raced up the stair. Thanquol headed for the sewers, swearing that if it took him a lifetime, he'd make that Dwarf pay.



Both men heard the noise from below. It sounded like a huge tree had crashed to the ground. Felix saw Von Halstadt's eyes flicker to the window. He knew this would be his only chance. Throwing caution to the wind he dived straight at the nobleman, all defences down. Momentarily he expected to feel Von Halstadt's blade bite into his chest. The split-second of distraction proved almost enough. Too late Von Halstadt tried to bring his blade round. Felix was already within the sweep. It bit into his side as his own shortsword tore up through Von Halstadt's stomach, under his ribs and into the heart. With a gurgle the Chief Magistrate died. Agony seared Felix's brain and he fell.



"Wake up, manling, this is no time to be lying around." Felix felt water splash over his face. He coughed and spluttered and shook his head.

"What the..."

"We'd better get out of here before the White Wolves arrive."

"Leave me alone." Felix just wanted to lie there. "You go and fight them. You always wanted to die heroically." Gotrek shuffled his feet and looked embarrassed. "I can't manling. I'm a Troll Slayer. I'm supposed to die honourably. If we're caught now folk might think we were committing a burglary."

"So?"

"Among Dwarfs theft brings disgrace. I'm trying to atone for my disgrace."

"I can imagine some worse crimes, like drowning a dying man, for instance."

"You're not dying manling. That's barely a scratch"

"Well, if we must." Felix pulled himself to his feet. He looked around at the files. It occurred to him that the information here would be worth a fortune to the right person. And he knew the right person, his brother Otto. Even a small selection of what was here would be invaluable. The possibilities for blackmail and extortion were endless.

He looked at the Troll Slayer and remembered what he had said of theft. Gotrek wouldn't condone him taking the papers. Even if he would Felix decided he wouldn't take them. It was corrupt, the life work of a maniac like Von Halstadt. Contained in those papers were things that could ruin men's lives.

There were too many secrets already in Nuln; these represented too much power to fall into anybody's hands. He thought of what he had learned of Otto and the Jaeger cartel. He certainly wouldn't want them in the hands of his brother. He took the lanterns and poured their oil over the filing cases. Then he set them alight.

Heading downstairs with the smell of burning paper filling his nostrils he felt oddly free. He realised that he would not be going to work with Otto after all and that pleased him.



Felix and Gotrek's earlier adventures can be found in the anthologies: **Ignorant Armies**, **Wolf Riders** and **Red Thirst**, all available from GW Books.



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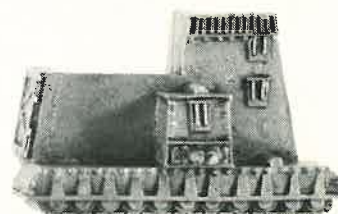
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SQUAT GYROCOPTER
076722/8

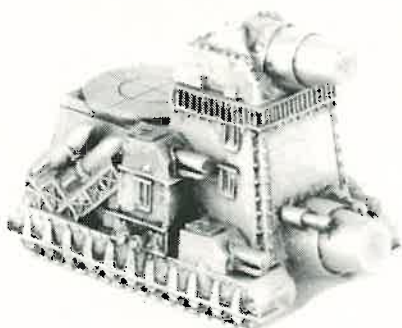


COLOSSUS LEFT SIDE
076722/1



COLOSSUS RIGHT SIDE
076722/2

SQUAT COLOSSUS



THE COMPLETE COLOSSUS
CONSISTS OF;
1 x COLOSSUS THUNDERER CANNON
1 x COLOSSUS DOOMSDAY CANNON
1 x IRON EAGLE GYROCOPTER
4 x BATTLE CANNON TURRETS
1 x COLOSSUS RIGHT SIDE
1 x COLOSSUS LEFT SIDE
2 x MISSILE RACKS
1 x LANDING PAD



COLCSSUS
THUNDERER CANNON
076722/4



COLOSSUS
DOOMSDAY CANNON
076722/3



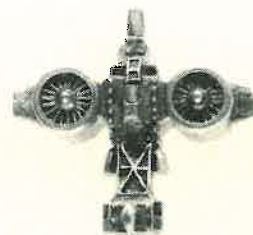
LANDING PAD
076722/5



MISSILE RACKS
076722/7



BATTLE CANNON
TURRETS
076722/6



SQUAT GYROCOPTER
076722/8

Designed by Norman Swales

EPIC SQUATS

GOLIATH MEGA CANNON



**GOLIATH MEGA CANNON
TRACK UNIT**
076734/1

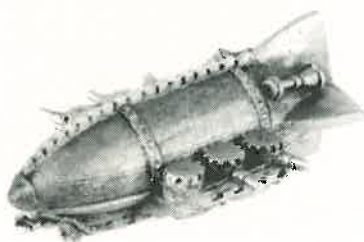
**THE COMPLETE GOLIATH MEGA CANNON
CONSISTS OF:**
1 x GOLIATH MEGA CANNON BARREL
1 x GOLIATH MEGA CANNON TRACK UNIT



**GOLIATH MEGA
CANNON BARREL**
076734/2

Designed by Norman Swales

OVERLORD AIRSHIP



**THE COMPLETE OVERLORD AIRSHIP
CONSISTS OF:**
2 x OVERLORD AIRSHIP BATTLE CANNONS
1 x OVERLORD AIRSHIP UPPER HALF
1 x OVERLORD AIRSHIP LOWER HALF
1 x PLASTIC FLYING BASE



**OVERLORD AIRSHIP
BATTLE CANNONS**
076746/3

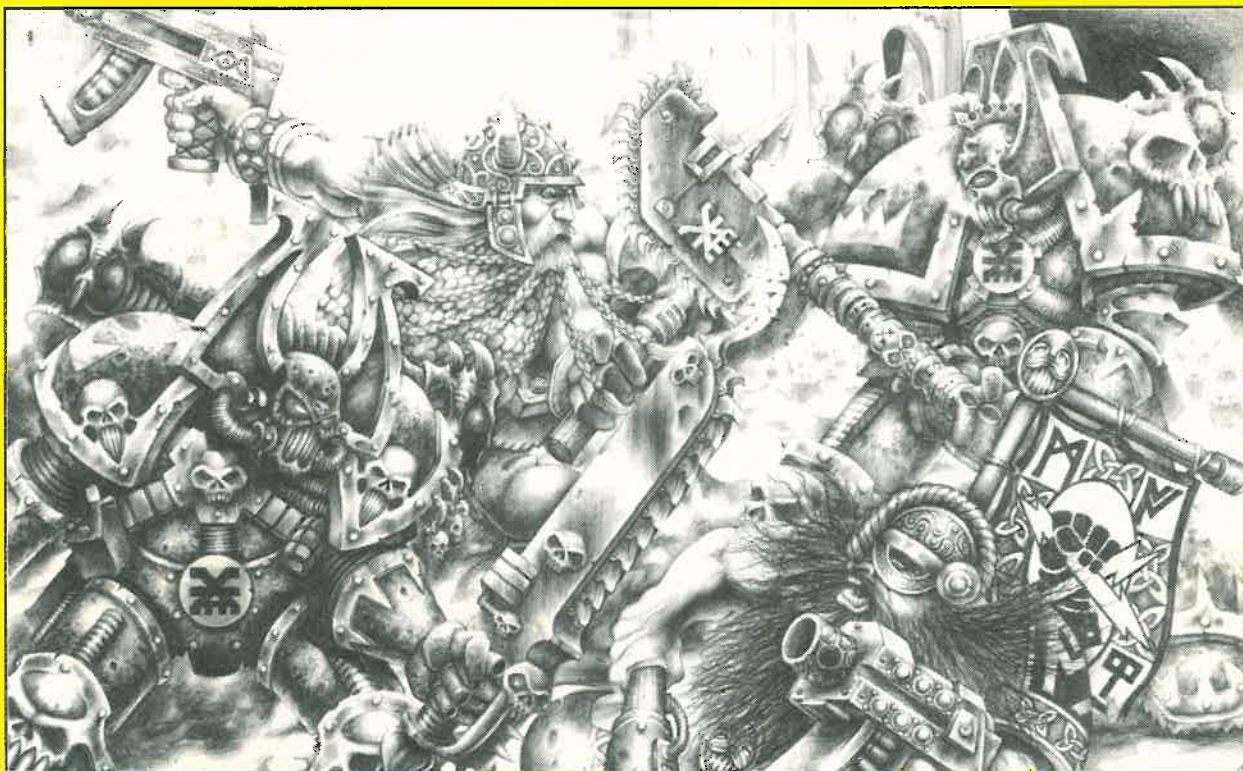


**OVERLORD AIRSHIP
UPPER HALF**
076746/1



**OVERLORD AIRSHIP
LOWER HALF**
076746/2

Designed by Norman Swales



MARK GIBBONS

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CITADEL
MINIATURES



CITADEL
MINIATURES

CHAOS SPACE MARINES

WORLD EATERS JUGGERNAUT OF KHORNE



**THE COMPLETE
WORLD EATER JUGGERNAUT OF KHORNE
CONSISTS OF:**

- 1 x JUGGERNAUT RIGHT SIDE
- 1 x JUGGERNAUT LEFT SIDE
- 1 x JUGGERNAUT HEAD
- 1 x BANNER POLE
- 2 x SIDE WEAPONS
- 1 x WORLD EATER TORSO
- 1 x WORLD EATER LEGS
- 1 x PLASTIC CHAOS RENEGADE
BACK PACK SPRUE



**JUGGERNAUT
HEAD 1**
070437/29



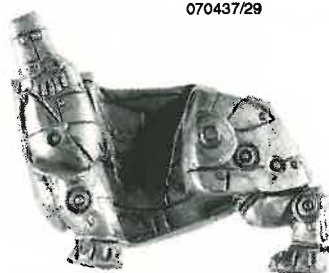
**JUGGERNAUT
HEAD 2**
070437/22



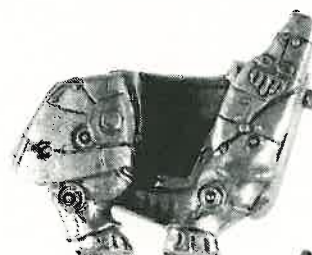
**JUGGERNAUT
HEAD 3**
070437/26



**JUGGERNAUT
HEAD 4**
070437/19



JUGGERNAUT LEFT SIDE
070437/11



JUGGERNAUT RIGHT SIDE
070437/12



SWORD AND SCABBARD
070437/15



**WORLD EATER TORSO
WITH CHAIN SWORD
AND BOLTER**
070437/1



**SKULL
BANNER POLE**
070437/17



**KHORNE SYMBOL
BANNER POLE**
070437/28



**BLOODTHIRSTER
BANNER POLE**
070437/21



**BLOODLETTER
BANNER POLE**
070437/24



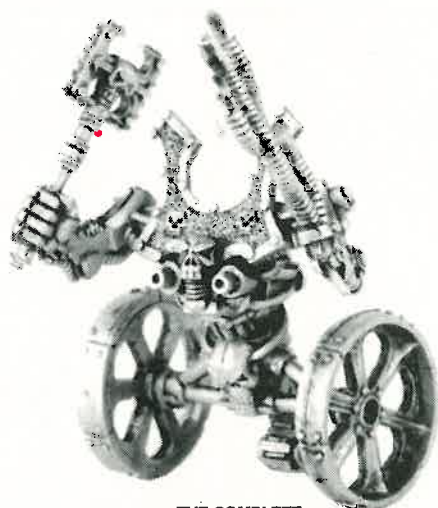
**WORLD EATER
RIDERS LEGS**
070437/2



LANCE
070437/13

Designed by Kev Adams and Dave Andrews

BLOOD SLAUGHTERER DAEMONIC ROBOT OF KHORNE



**THE COMPLETE
BLOOD SLAUGHTERER DAEMONIC ROBOT OF
KHORNE CONSISTS OF:**

- 1 x SLAUGHTERER ARM WITH CHAIN AXE
- 1 x SLAUGHTERER LASH OF KHORNE
- 1 x SLAUGHTERER TRACTOR UNIT
- 1 x SLAUGHTERER HEAD
- 1 x SLAUGHTERER BODY
- 2 x WHEELS



**SLAUGHTERER
ROBOT HEAD**
070425/1



**SLAUGHTERER
LASH OF KHORNE**
070425/4



**SLAUGHTERER
ROBOT ARM
WITH CHAINAXE**
070425/5



**SLAUGHTERER
ROBOT BODY**
070425/2



**SLAUGHTERER
ROBOT TRACTOR UNIT**
070425/3



WHEEL
072045/8

Designed by Dave Andrews

CHAOS SPACE MARINES

WORLD EATERS OF KHORNE



**WORLD EATER
WITH TWO HANDED AXE**
070413/3



**WORLD EATER
WITH CHAIN SWORD
AND POWER FIST**
070413/1



**WORLD EATER
WITH CHAIN SWORD
AND BOLTER**
070413/2



**WORLD EATER
WITH BOLTER AND AXE**
070413/4

ALL OF THE ABOVE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH A CHAOS RENEGADE BACK PACK SPRUE AS STANDARD

Designed by Dave Andrews

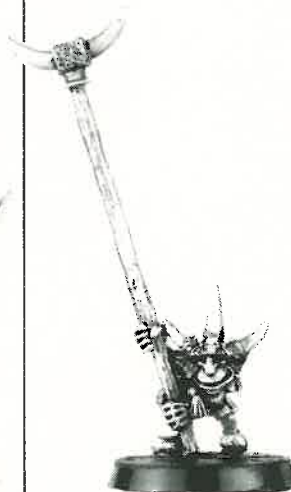
COMMISSAR YARRICK



**YARRICK'S
BACK BANNER**
072195/2

COMMISSAR YARRICK
072195/1

WARLORD GHAZGHKULL THRAKA



**GRETCHIN
STANDARD BEARER**
070794/2



**WARLORD
GHAZGHKULL THRAKA**
070794/1

Designed by Jes Goodwin

Designed by Kev Adams

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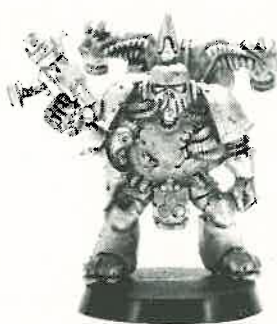
CHAOS SPACE MARINES



**WORLD EATER
(KHORNE)**
070378/4



**EMPERORS CHILDREN
(SLAANESH)**
070378/3



**DEATH GUARD
(NURGLE)**
070378/2



**THOUSAND SONS
(TZEENTCH)**
070378/1

ALL THE ABOVE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH A CHAOS RENAGADE BACKPACK SPRUE AS STANDARD

Designed by Jes Goodwin

CHAOS DREADNOUGHT



**RIGHT ARM WITH
HEAVY PLASMA GUN**
070184/18



**LEFT ARM WITH
POWER CLAW**
070184/19



**SHOULDER
JOINT**
070184/17



RIGHT LEG
070184/16



LEFT LEG
070184/15



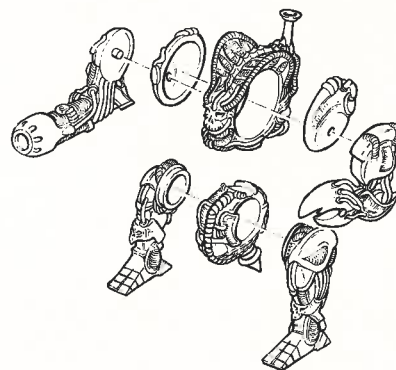
EXAMPLE OF THE COMPLETE CHAOS DREADNOUGHT



UPPER TORSO
070184/13



LOWER TORSO
070184/14



THE COMPLETE CHAOS DREADNOUGHT CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x UPPER TORSO
- 1 x LOWER TORSO
- 1 x RIGHT ARM WITH PLASMA GUN
- 1 x LEFT ARM WITH POWER CLAW
- 2 x SHOULDER JOINTS
- 1 x RIGHT LEG
- 1 x LEFT LEG

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Designed by Alan Perry

NIGHT GOBLINS

NIGHT GOBLIN COMMAND GROUP



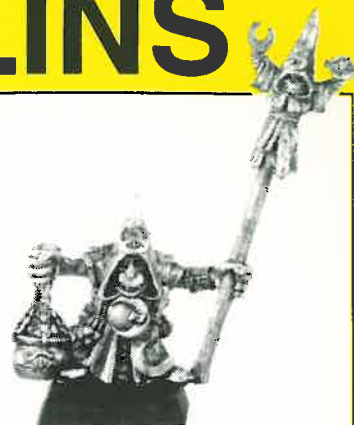
**NIGHT GOBLIN
STANDARD BEARER**
075418/1



**NIGHT GOBLIN
CHAMPION**
075418/2



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH WAR GONG**
075418/3



**NIGHT GOBLIN
SHAMAN**
075418/4



**NIGHT GOBLIN
BALL AND CHAIN
FANATIC 1**
075420/1



**NIGHT GOBLIN
BALL AND CHAIN
FANATIC 2**
075420/2



**NIGHT GOBLIN
BALL AND CHAIN
FANATIC 3**
075420/3



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH AXE 1**
075405/9



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH AXE 2**
075405/14



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH AXE 3**
075405/17



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH MACE 1**
075405/10



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH SWORD 1**
075405/13



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH SPEAR 1**
075405/4



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH SPEAR 2**
075405/5



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH SPEAR 3**
075405/6



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH SPEAR 4**
075405/16



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH SPEAR 5**
075405/15



**NIGHT GOBLIN
ARCHER 1**
075405/11



**NIGHT GOBLIN
ARCHER 2**
075405/12



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH FLAIL 1**
075405/8



**NIGHT GOBLIN
WITH CLUB 1**
075405/7

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH THE APPROPRIATE PLASTIC SHIELDS

Designed by Kev Adams

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HIPPOGRIFF



HIPPOGRIFF
REAR LEG
MM98/2



HIPPOGRIFF
BODY
MM98/1



HIPPOGRIFF
FRONT LEG
MM98/3



HIPPOGRIFF
RIGHT WING
MM98/5



HIPPOGRIFF
LEFT WING
MM98/4



THE COMPLETE MARAUDER HIPPOGRIFF CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x HIPPOGRIFF BODY
- 1 x HIPPOGRIFF FRONT LEG
- 1 x HIPPOGRIFF LEFT LEG
- 1 x HIPPOGRIFF RIGHT WING
- 1 x HIPPOGRIFF LEFT WING

TREEMAN A



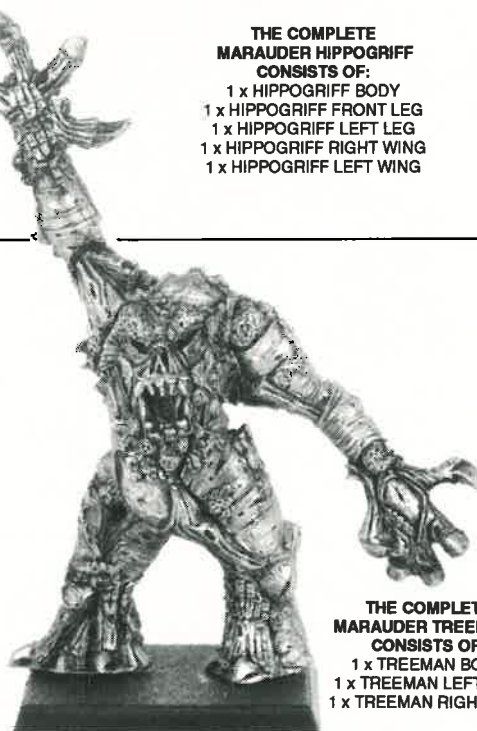
TREEMAN BODY A
MM48/1



TREEMAN A
RIGHT ARM
MM48/2



TREEMAN A
LEFT ARM
MM48/3



THE COMPLETE MARAUDER TREEMAN A CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x TREEMAN BODY
- 1 x TREEMAN LEFT ARM
- 1 x TREEMAN RIGHT ARM

TREEMAN B



TREEMAN BODY B
MM48/4



TREEMAN B
RIGHT ARM
MM48/6



TREEMAN B
LEFT ARM
MM48/5

THE COMPLETE MARAUDER TREEMAN B CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x TREEMAN BODY
- 1 x TREEMAN LEFT ARM
- 1 x TREEMAN RIGHT ARM





Battle for Armageddon is a two-player board game of strategic conquest in the 41st millennium.

One player takes command of the massive Ork force which has invaded the planet Armageddon, and the other plays the human defenders – the hiveworld troops, Imperial Guard and Space Marines.

The opposing forces fighting in the campaign are represented by counters, which are moved and fight on a full-colour map board. The winner is the player who defeats his enemy's armies in battle to conquer the hive cities and burning ash wastes of Armageddon.

Battle for Armageddon contains a full-colour board and double sided colour counters representing the Ork Clans that have invaded Armageddon, the Hive Defence forces, the Imperial Guard and three Chapters of Space Marines: the Blood Angels, the Salamanders and the Ultramarines.

The game also includes a rule book with a history of the Armageddon Campaign and background details on the most important commanders, two sets of strategy cards, twelve special cards, a reference sheet, and two six-sided dice.

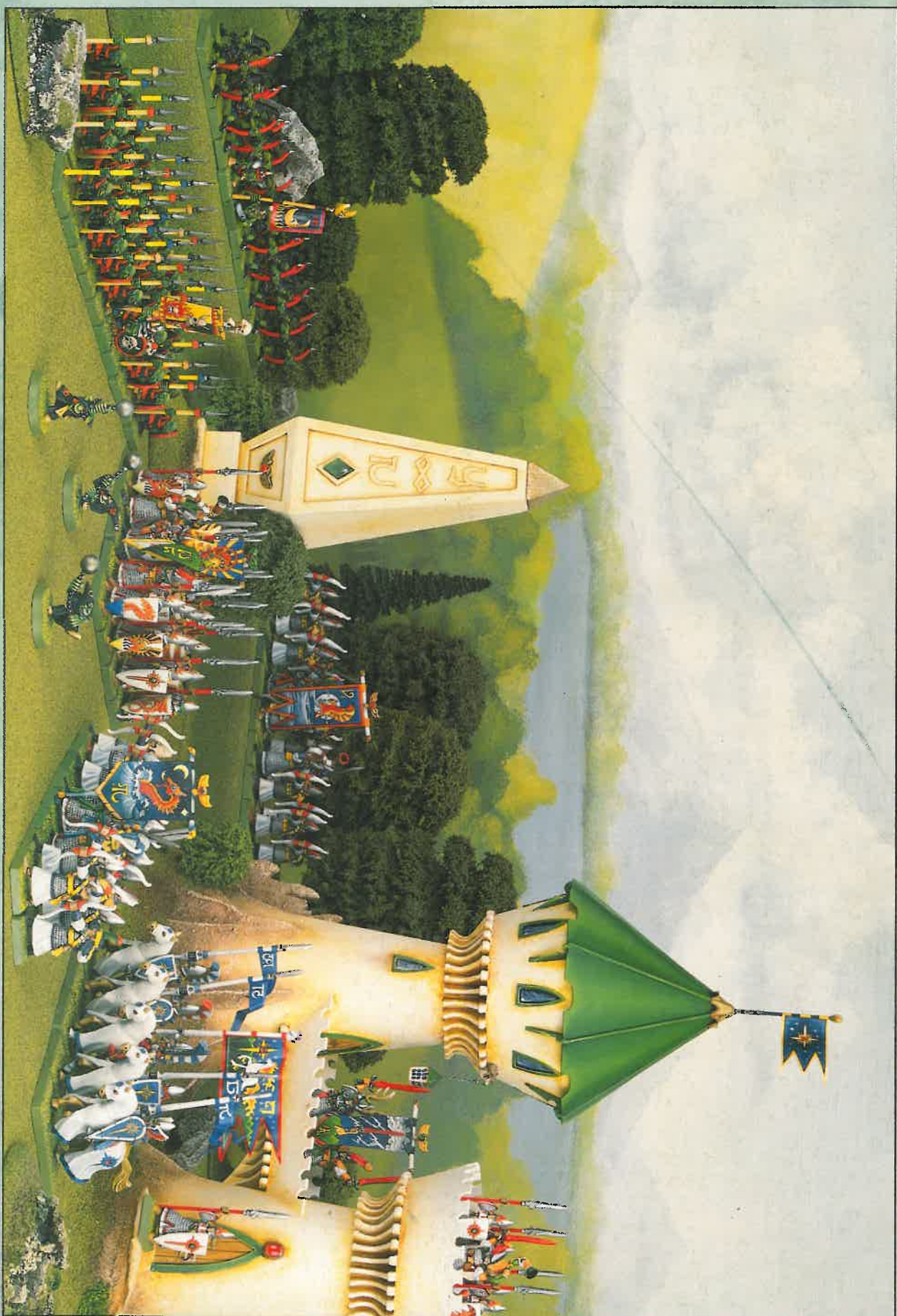
Battle for Armageddon is designed by Jervis Johnson, designer of Blood Bowl and Space Marine.



**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

Battle for Armageddon is the first in Games Workshop's planned series of strategic board wargames.

**WARGAME
SERIES**



A GOBLIN HORDE ATTACKS A HIGH ELF TOWER