

INSIDE

Chaos Dwarf Regiments of Renown special section!



CDO

THE WORD OF HASHUT

VOL.III — NO.11 — WINTER 2011



THE EZINE FOR CHAOS DWARF GENERALS— WWW.CHAOS-DWARFS.COM



What better way to kick off the new year then with a number of hobgoblins on a rampage? For the last time (at least for the time being as he is taking a break from Dawi Zharr) our intrepid artist Igorvet comes up with another stunner. Who knew Hobgoblins could look this cool? - Willmark

THE WORD OF HASHUT

VOL III NO. 11— WINTER 2011

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THE WORDS OF THE DARK LORD

I know, I know, I know, same old story of Word of Hashut late right? Well rather then promise that it will never happen again I'm taking a different tack here. Going forward I think it's going to get a bit smaller as well as less thematic. Rather then try and put together these massive issues with lots of repeating ads future Word of Hashut's will focus more on actually getting out the door.

So why is this? For several reasons to be honest: while I enjoy doing it it has been a chore the last few issues. So with that in mind we are going to be accepting any articles rather then try to hunt down authors to do specific pieces, in short more like it was when it first launched. It's not to say that we haven't been accepting articles all long it's more of a case of we were trying to be selective. Certain folks like Ancient History, Border Reiver, Grimstonefire, Swissdictator and Thommy H deserve special credit along with Baggronor for always coming through with art. The problem is the number of contributors has shrunk. So in order to be more inclusive I'm looking to have everyone just submit what you want. From there we'll put together issue. There will still be some thematic overall goals. but not like in the past, which has been a challenge.

So going into the new year get those articles in to Maul. By doing so we can then have the editors just edit whatever is available rather then worrying about a deadline.

Also I've been running the ads for every ezine out there. Going forward I'm going to rotate them so everyone has a shot over the course of a year but the ezine is not filled with them. This is nothing personal as the Word of Hashut has gotten fat, time for it to go on a diet.

With all this said what we really need is more of a commitment from the community. We are doing Ok but more has to be done. All too often I hear "what do you want me to write?" In this new scenario now, just write it, just build it and we'll take it from there. Slave Pen articles, which anyone can do prove to be exceedingly frustrating for responses as are hobby articles. Battle Reports are always welcome and ones with maps even better. Going forward the Battle Reports will not be tied to the theme of the issue, sad I know but it's getting too difficult to coordinate these.

So with all that said here is the lates issue and on to (hopefully) many more.

Willmark



Editor-in-Chief of the Word of Hashut



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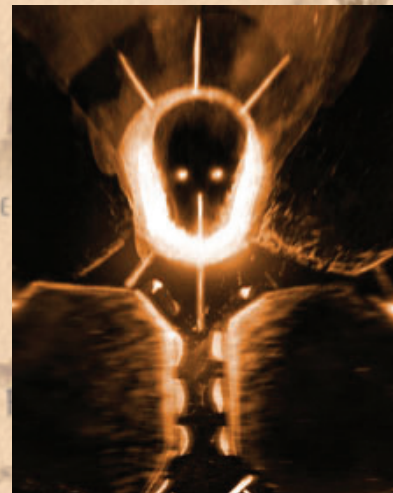
Dawi Zharr Regiments of Renown for use in your games including Thommy H's winning Artisian's Contest IX entry. Also included are regiments from the Mini Contest one year ago!

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Shadow And Flame by Baggronor, enough said...



Fer all
fings green!



DA WARPATH QUARTERLY

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THE SLAVE PEN

LETTERS FROM THE FORUM

AND ANSWERED BY OUR INTREPID HOBGOBLINS.

SLAVES!

I'm working on a magic poison that will make us, Dawi Zarr stronger and more skilled then ever. I'm not going to tell you where it's all about (alright, I'll give you hint: it has something to do with mutations), but the problem is that it's not finished yet, I need to test it on natural hobgoblin slave with an as big as possible brain (for a slave). And... Well, you can write, so I thought... Does it fit for you to come to the temple tomorrow?

Wargot, great sorcerer of Hashut

Snicker, dis dawi thinkz us ladz a stoopidz or somethinks, hey whatz that rot gutz over der? (drinks) ACCCCCCCK-KK!!!! (sounds of lifeless corpse striking the floor).

Oh Stupid Ones!

I heard the Great Unclean One Befowled Toejam Gotrote'arl loves to eat Hobgoblins as junk food, what dipping sauce works well with Hobgoblins? I'm feeling hungry."
er Gutrote'arl

Signed, "The mighty Bubonicas Flatiticis of Hastings"

No 'O the Ladz mess with those nasty chaos goddies them hard ladz they arez. Whyz justz last week old Magrot

was looking at one of them big badz metal ladz from da north who follows the big puss one and bam his armz fell off, Aint da right ladz? (General mumors of agreement amongst the hobgoblin staff).

Hobgoblins of the Word of Hashut,

Why is it that the "Dark Lord of Hashut" has his genres mixed up? Doesn't he know that this site is about Warhammer and not Star Wars? I don't get it, I thought he was smarter than that? Sounds like he is thoroughly confused, and by the way I uh, lost the rebel prisoners from the cell block on my level... I aploigize...

Signed Captain Needa, commander of the 4th Gate of Zharr Naggrund

Well I have it on good acounttz dat da Big Boss is some sort of Dawi shamn or somethinkz. If I was you I would question the big boss. Heyz Why are usz clawing at your neck and choking? Uh? What was dat boss? Something about "Apology Accepted Captain Needa?" Huh? I'm confuzeded now tooz...

Dear pathetic pieces of Snotling dung,

I have recently seen a Juggernaut in my fridge, and it screamed at me. I slammed the fridge door, and left the room to get my Obsidian Blade. However, when I came back, my fridge was normal and the jerk even turned all my Coke into Pepsi!! What should I do?

Manvenk the Elder

A juggerz? Them lotz are em hardz they are! But what a minutez what is this rotgutz called Coke? sounds like sortz drug, rumor haz it the boss is somethimes seenz with des stuff "Pepsi". Right before Magrot say that big iron canz lads of teh puss god, he stole a "Pepsi" said it was goodz. Wait what waz the questionz?

Dear Cannon Fodder,

Do Hobgoblins compare nose sizes?

Your Superior, *namewithheld*

(puffs up with pride!) Of course wez do, dem ladz know who the most importantz ladz is datz is me! (Sounds of general scuffle, knives unsheathed and backstabbing; followed by cries of anguish and bodies hitting the floor.)





By Clam 



By Sjoerdo



Minis by
Golder
Goldeater



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GOLDEN HAT—XIII

 **GOLD—Blind Berzerker**



Well, as mentioned in my first post on the forum, I accidentally stumbled onto the Golden Hat contest when I was searching for good Chaos Dwarf material and decided to participate. The actual flash of inspiration was linking the absurdly high chaos Dwarf hats and organ pipes, in terms of physical appearance. This idea came to me when I woke up in the middle of the night. I got up, went into the hobby room to fetch my sketchbook and doodled the idea in there in a couple of minutes, then went back to sleep. As I was working on a Chaos Dwarf Blood Bowl team and had already gotten some miniatures off Ebay for that project, they were the obvious starting point. So I spent a good amount of time looking them over, taking in the signature Chaos Dwarf details and style.

The Musician, as I envisaged him, would not be easily converted from an existing miniature, so I took the plunge and ventured to sculpt it from scratch. This was my very first full sculpt, and I read up on sculpting techniques a lot beforehand and during the process. From bending paperclips into the framework to the final result took me approximately one week's worth of evenings, spread over a two week period. I then painted the little bugger on the very last day; 'Deadline Sunday', starting in the morning and finishing him early in the evening, giving me the opportunity to take pictures at leisure. Still, there were some areas, particularly the lack of blacklining, shoddy dags on the chimney and some other stuff, I have corrected since then. I was mightily surprised that I won, as I had not expected it in the least; the competition was closely fought, but all the sweeter the reward has been...

GOLDEN HAT—XIII

 **SILVER—Obsidian**



At first I must say I didn't feel anything for this theme and left it alone for a while but then after two weeks or so I started thinking about it again and pictured a musician wandering the battlefield wearing some strangely manufactured instrument, Daemonbound maybe? I then did some rough sketches to get something visualized. I had two options worked out, one being a backpack with a few pipes coming out like an organ and the one I eventually went for, the boombox hat. Once I chose the one I wanted to build I rummaged around my bitzboxes and quickly came up with all components needed and started to work. All in all I think I spent five hours sculpting and converting and another ten or so to paint him. I really like the way he turned out both modelling and painting wise and also the fact that he is not anything like your standard musician but looks more like some special character. Grim envisioned him like some wandering prophet, stalking the battlefields praising Hashut and boosting the morale of the troops and demoralizing that of the enemy. The Voice of Hashut he called him and I think that sums him up pretty well!

CHAOS DWARFS ONLINE
PRESENTS

GOLDEN HAT—XIII

 **BRONZE—** Grimstonefire



The basic idea behind my entry was to make a model I felt would fit in with the concept art we've seen of the Warhammer Forge Chaos Dwarfs. One of the bits looks like a champion of sorts, so that was the one I went with. I mentioned on the forum that I had changed my idea, and Cornixt asked if it was going to have a backpack steam horn thing. It wasn't going to, but I thought about it and it seemed a good idea.

The model was sculpted and cast, incase I needed more. The bits for the backpack were from a dreadnought, the dwarf warriors regiment and a plague monk flail. Long ago I decided that when GW finally brought out some Chaos Dwarfs I'd paint them as best as I possibly could, so for this model I thought I'd see how feasible non-metallic metal (NMM) would be for the whole army...

the BELLOWER

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THE ARTIFICER'S ANVIL

RULES DEVELOPMENT

Chaos Dwarf Battle Wagon

By Grimstonefire

The Chaos Dwarf Battle Wagons are mobile fortresses capable of housing entire regiments of warriors.

Battle Wagon general rules

- Deduct 1” movement for each of the Engine Crew killed (presumed the wagons can move 3”).-
- The Battle Wagon housing is solid iron and will provide Hard Cover for all models.
- Missile fire from the wagons are treated as if the entire crew can fire on the same target and have a 360 degree line of sight, regardless of where they are standing.

Treat as a War Machine in all regards, with the exception that it is not permitted to be deployed in a building. Engine Crew and any other crew are considered a single crew, except that only the Engine Crew can move the wagon. All crew members can operate any War Machine(s) on board.

In combat the crew are treated as having ‘ranks’ 5 wide and will provide Supporting Attacks.

Blunderbuss Wagon	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Chaos Dwarf Battle Wagon	3	-	-	6	6	23	-	*	-
Chaos Dwarf Warrior Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
CD Warrior Crew Champion	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9
Chaos Dwarf Engine Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

- 10 Chaos Dwarf Warrior crew equipped with hand weapon and heavy armour
- 10 Chaos Dwarf Warrior crew equipped with hand weapon, blunderbuss and heavy armour
- 3 Chaos Dwarf Engine crew equipped with hand weapon and heavy armour

Options (excludes Engine crew)

- May be armed with shields (+1pt).
- Upgrade the 10 Warrior crew to have a blunderbuss (+50 pts).
- One Warrior crew may be upgraded to Champion (+10 pts).

Special Rules

Stubborn

Hobgoblin Battle Wagon	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Hobgoblin Battle Wagon	3	-	-	6	6	*	-	**	-
Hobgoblin Crew	3	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Hobgoblin Crew Champion	3	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Chaos Dwarf Engine Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

* 33 if the Bolt Thrower is not taken, 27 if it is. / ** The Battle Wagon has Scythes, D6+1 Impact hits.

- 30 Hobgoblin crew equipped with hand weapon.
- 3 Chaos Dwarf Engine crew equipped with hand weapon and heavy armour

Options (excludes Engine crew)

- May have light armour (+1 pt) and/or shields (+1pt).
- May have a bow (+3 pt).
- One Hobgoblin crew may be upgraded to Champion (+10 pts).
- May replace 5 Hobgoblin crew with a Bolt Thrower.

Special Rules

Stubborn, Animosity (only once the CD crew are dead)





Minis By Disastro



Minis By Baggronor



By Matt Birdoff



By Blue in Vermont

Minis By Bassman



By Greenskin



Minis By Willmark



Greenskins. Pesky things, occasionally troublesome, and always something to keeps one's eye on, but a vital component of our economy due to their durability, limited intelligence and their fecundity, it behoves us as Dawi Zharr to know our slaves. Even the feral ones.

Orcs and goblins are one of the most successful species in the Warhammer world – they are found everywhere,

THE BARRACKS OF ZHARR—NAGGRUND

Tips and Tactics for dealing with Orcs and Goblins

By Border Reiver

are alleged to be able to eat anything, seemingly are able to reproduce from nothing more than a bash on the head, and exist in astounding variety. They have been described as a force of nature and have been responsible for many of the significant events of the Warhammer world's history, from the destruction of Strigos, to the unification of both the Empire and Bretonnia, to the destruction of the province of Solland and the defeat of Archaon. There is no race that does not have significant fluff about a near disaster suffered at their hands and they are one of the most popular armies to get started with. There are even rumours of there being orcs beyond the stars...

Simply put, as a Chaos Dwarf general you need to know the capabilities of the O&G army so that you can defeat them and add their distinctiveness to your own. As has become somewhat expected from me, I'll give an overview of how I see the O&G army's overall strengths and weaknesses, then go into the troop types, and follow up with a few tactical suggestions for dealing with them. Throughout the article, I'll inject a few comments on the inclusion of some of the slaves into our own armies.

The troubling truth is that there is no such thing as a typical O&G army – there are more troop types and hero permutations than should be legal, and nobody combines them in the same way, and rare is the player who doesn't alter their own army composition frequently. This leads to one defining characteristic of this army – variety. There is frankly, no right or wrong way to do this army, and there is a tool for every need – from cheap throwaway troops to solid infantry to elite infantry, excellent fast cavalry, good medium/heavy cavalry, war machines, cheap spell casters and rock solid fighting characters. Anyone trying to guess what an O&G general will bring to the party is just asking for a headache, provided that player has a decent enough sized collection.

This leads into the other defining characteristic of an O&G army – unpredictability. Even their own generals cannot predict what they will do with any great certainty. Some of their troops may decide that they would rather fight amongst themselves than deal with you – or they may be infused with a child-like enthusiasm to bash your head in and gain a substantial boost in speed. Others may become distracted by the “purty flowers” and not move. Sometimes they may use different attacking styles – in the same combat. Depending on the dice, you may be facing an unusually dedicated and dangerous force, or one that is tough for its own general to shift out of the deployment zone.

Leaders of “Da Band”

Following the pattern set out by every other army, there are two very broad categories of characters – fighting and magical, divided into Lord and Hero categories for the powerful and less powerful. Now, while most races make do with a single category for each, O&G have a multiplicity, for the major subraces of the O&G army. In descending order of power they are: Black Orcs, Orcs, Savage Orcs, Goblins, and Night Goblins. While few will dispute that the Black Orcs belong at the top of the heap with their high weapon skill, strength, toughness and their ability to carry a multitude of weapons at no additional cost, while quelling animosity in their followers and driving them forward you may have some questions about the other rankings. Don't worry, I get to my reasons in a moment and if you disagree, too bad, I'm the one writing the article.

Black Orc characters are amongst the most powerful combat characters in the Warhammer world, and are the equal of our own Chaos Dwarf Lord in a fight. Orcs and savage orcs are slightly less capable fighters and leaders, but are let down by their inability to prevent animosity in their followers. All Orc combat characters can inspire their troops to get into combat by “Callin' da WAAAAAAGH!” at the beginning of a turn – those units within the command radius of the general may surge forward up to 6” and then they can move, declare charges,

etc. Cunningly applied O&G armies can have a significant portion of their armies in combat very early in the game (as an example, an infantry unit constantly rolling sixes for their WAAAGH! Move and their Charge could potentially end up moving 22" in a single turn... While it is not as vital to charge first now as it was in previous editions with the advent of striking in initiative order, being the charger still gives some benefits and we need to keep this in mind when moving our own troops. Goblin characters of both flavours are less capable fighters than orcs, and are less capable leaders as well, due to their lower leadership values, but make up for it by being significantly cheaper.

Orc and goblin magic users are called shamen, each use a specific type of magic – orc shamen use the “Big WAAAGH”, and the gobbos appropriately use “Da little WAAAAGH!” Both are destructive lores with plenty of damage causing spells, and spells to either move units or buff them up. My boy prefers to use one of each in his armies, to get a little of both lores. As spell casters go, these guys aren’t too bad – an orc shaman will generate additional power and dispel dice if they are close to orc units in close combat. O&G spells are destructive, and these casters should be shut down ASAP, either by causing them to run off, or by killing the blighters.

Onto savage orc characters – both types tend to be rare, at least amongst non-themed armies. There are a couple of reasons for this, but the higher costs of these characters and the problems brought about by frenzy and the limitations they have with respect to armour mean that few people use them, understandably so in the case of shamen whom sane generals generally try to keep out of combat, but also in the case of fighting characters. The loss of control occasioned by compelling your character and likely the unit he is in to charge after the nearest potential target and the resultant damage to battle plans generally cause players to select the less expensive orc general option. Should you encounter such a character, it would be smart to use divert and deflect them from your own battleline.

Da Band More troop types than should be legal.

Let’s look at the basic model – the orc. A common orc is a decent fighter with a boosted toughness and slightly decreased initiative when compared to a standard human. He comes with light armour and a special weapon called a “choppa” as standard. The choppa will give the orc a slight strength bonus on the first turn of combat and represents the best deal in the O&G army. Orcs have a wide range of equipment options, from a second choppa to shields, and or spears. The only common option they don’t have is great weapons.

The choppa’s strength bonus makes orcs quite dangerous in the first round of combat, combined with the low cost of a basic orc, and the 8th ed rules for close combat a horde of orcs can pose a serious threat to most opponents. In fact, the only thing that really betrays orcs and prevents them from being a “super troop” would be animosity.

Savage orcs are just like regular orcs, only frenzied. They need to be dealt with in the same way as their character counterparts – diverted or dealt with by troops with lots of armour. The lots of armour bit here is the important part – after the initial round of combat, the average orc is only S3 and finds it challenging to get through lots of armour without the bonus from the choppa.

Orcs with bows are as dangerous in close-in work as they are their more melee oriented cousins, and cost the same as an orc boy and a shield – not a bad deal. They still get the benefit of having a choppa and can shoot reasonably up to 24". The only problem (other than animosity) that they have is their base size which makes long lines impractical, the new “shoot in 2 ranks” and volley fire rules go a long way towards mitigating this weakness.

Orc cavalry is mounted on boars and carry spears – they do not hit as hard as human cavalry, but their mounts do. In addition, they are less well protected than knights with only light armour, but they make up for it with higher toughness, all in all, boar cavalry are a real threat, and our only save here is their predilection for squabbling amongst themselves, probably over who gets to hit you first. These models should be targeted with your bolt throwers or earthshakers to reduce combat effectiveness before they impact your line.

Black orcs need no introductions. They are the elite of the army – tough, strong, well protected and equipped to deal with any threat. These are the troops that we need to focus our ranged game on – warmachines, spells, missile weapons, harsh language, whatever we have. Just as in our own armies, these troops hit like a ton of bricks and have the focus to come at us whatever we throw at them. Black orcs are unlikely to panic and run, so to ensure success, cripple the unit BEFORE it gets to grips.

Goblins

Bane of many a plan due to their lesser combat skills and cowardly nature, they still find their way into many armies. This is due to their low points per model cost and the devastating toys they bring to the party. I’m not talking about close combat weapons, or even regular missile weapons, but the special toys of the Night Goblins, the steeds of the standard gobbos and the war machines

Minis By Angrybeaver at DaWarpath!



Goblins come at you in large units – always. The minimum size for any infantry unit is 20 models and their low points per model cost means that even fully kitted out, a horde of 60 models can cost less than 250 points. Steadfast units of goblins with a battle standard nearby can be challenging to shift. You will be unlikely to kill enough of the unit to prevent them from getting all their attacks back, but the sheer number of attacks they can make means that we need to take care to ensure that we don’t get bogged down in protracted combats, or that if we do that the flanks of our own units are protected.

Night Goblins are a bit of a special case. They are not as well protected as their surface relatives, apparently having forgotten how to wear heavy leather coats or to plunder dwarf corpses, but they have other benefits. They can bring along nets, to entangle foes and (usually) reduce the strength of incoming close combat attacks, and the dreaded fanatics – otherwise known as the goblins with the big balls.

Drug added to the point where they don’t care if they

slip a disc, fanatics are pushed out at enemy troops when they get close (8" in game terms). They then move a random distance towards the enemy, and if they come in contact with enemy formations they do D6 S5 hits – painful to infantry units, but potentially devastating to cavalry or small units. Fanatics, once unleashed, are devastating to both sides and should be shot if they get close to any of our units – preferably with bows, as a blunderbuss unit will only ever cause 1 potential hit on the model. This is why we keep slave units around, to both draw out the fanatics, absorb the casualties, and to shoot them once out.

Goblin cavalry comes in two flavours - wolf, or spider. Spiders are slower, but are forest striders, are able to scale walls and are able to deliver poisoned attacks – oh and the goblin can fight as well.

Goblin Wolf Riders are more versatile than our own. They can come in smaller units (5 or 6 is most common), and can come with short bows or spears to make them more capable of dealing with war machine crews. The major differences between their gobbo cavalry and ours is the smaller unit sizes they can use and our abil-

ity to remain fast cavalry if we pick up shields.

A pseudo cavalry type can be found with the squig riders. Able to skirmish and coming with an unpredictable charge distance they can do a number on large formations with a high strength attack.

Goblin war machines can be deadly. Bolt throwers are slightly more expensive than ours, but are still cheap enough for many generals to spam. Stone throwers are better with the new indirect fire rules and the Doom diver is almost as accurate, due to the “pilot’s” ability to redirect himself back on target. Our Wolfriders will do nasty things to war machines, so send them round for a visit. Start with the bolt throwers and work your way to the stone throwers and then the doom divers, or alternately, the doom divers and finally the stone throwers. Either way, take out the reliable bolt throwers first, preferably while deployed in a single line to reduce casualties.

Specialist/Oddball troops

Snotlings are a kind of swarm, but unlike a swarm, don’t take extra wounds if they lose combat. They have generally pitiful combat skills and will take a beating when fighting a ranked unit. At present, they will be used to redirect our units and expose our flanks to something that wishes us ill. Don’t take the bait. Let them come to us, and they’ll break on us like china cups in the toddler room.

Chariots are infantry support units, capable of tipping the balance of combat in favour of the feral slaves. While no longer subject to autodestruct from high strength hits, they are still vulnerable to being wounded. They are also vulnerable to being damaged on difficult terrain, so use that to guard the flanks of our units if possible, as having a chariot in the flank and a ranked unit to the front is no fun for us. As may be expected, orc chariots are a much tougher proposition – but the goblin ones are faster and able to be taken in greater numbers

Trolls – monstrous infantry with the ability to either lay down a multitude of high Strength attacks or a single S5 hit that will ignore our amour with acidic vomit. Evidently, they were partying with Delta House the night before. Their ability to regenerate makes them hard to take down, but flaming attacks will stop that from happening, so the Banner of Eternal Flame would be useful, as would the multitude of flaming attacks available to our army in general, if we know that “They have a ---- Troll.” The downside to trolls, other than their rather hefty cost is their stupidity, augmented by a lamentably low leadership. Cunning

Orc generals will mitigate this by either keeping the big unit of trolls inside the general’s leadership bubble, even better if the Battle Standard Bearer can be close by as well. Your mission

Giants – big, no armour, moderate toughness. Consider them targets for the bolt throwers and archers. The giant’s attacks are not particularly devastating – but a good roll when he’s jumping up and down, or if it decides to yell and bawl, means that we may end up running.

I’m going to ignore squig herds and snotling pump wagons for two reasons – 1. I’m lazy, and 2. in over 15 years of playing I’ve fought exactly 1 squig herd and never faced a pump wagon.

Army wide rules and features

Fluff would have you believe that orcs are so eager for a scrap that if they aren’t already involved in a scrap that they will fight amongst themselves in lieu of getting up close and personal with your troops. The bane of our own slave troops, animosity is something to exploit when we face it. This is the time to get the blunderbuss troops up close to maximize potential hits and let fly – just do it fast because that whole unpredictable thing will come into play and next turn you’ll probably end up with a orc in your face....

Greenskins are like us in a lot of ways, one of which is their potential to not panic when part of their army legs it past them. Goblins will not cause orcs to panic, and orcs won’t cause black orcs to panic, while giants don’t care if the rest of the army suddenly remembers a pie in the oven or an important phone call. This is important to remember, as a smart O&G general can minimize the risk of panic by alternating units of orcs

and goblins, with units like giants, or black orcs mixed in to stop panic cold.

O&G are not known for their manufacturing skills. Goblins may be considered to be clever, but they still haven’t figured out how to make heavy armour for anybody but the Black Orcs, even Orc Warbosses are limited to light armour so don’t expect Orcs to have much in the way of an armour save, they make up for it by being tougher though, so this needs to be considered, but in general, if we can hit it, we can wound it.

Orc and Goblin tactics

The lack of control inherent in an army that may just decide to start fighting amongst itself, or to charge forward unsupported leads many an O&G general to adopt a simple strategy – the frontal attack. Simple, easy to brief the troops on and requiring no special training it is the primary choice of many generals. It is easy to defeat though if applied stupidly, but a cunning orc general will do what he needs to get his troops into combat, while not leaving himself vulnerable. This usually entails a perfunctory attempt at flanking – usually with the wolf riders. At other times an orc general will send the goblins out first to wear you down, knowing that if they break and run, no one will care.

The O&G army is not renowned for its staying power as a result of its average to low leadership. Although the better fighters in the army won’t care if the lesser troops break and run, the inverse is not true. Do whatever you can to beat the best troops in combat and stack the deck in your favour to make them break and run – the Lore of Death spells to reduce leadership are quite useful here. The trick is not to go for the easy win against the goblin units, but rather to take on and defeat the horde of big ‘uns with two choppas right next to them. If you can win the combat or cause a panic test you can get potentially get the lesser units on the flanks to book and run, opening up a good sized gap in the lines for you to exploit.

Counter tactics

When facing an O&G army I recommend setting up just outside of 24” away from the feral slaves. If you get the first turn – don’t move. As the O&G army does not have a decent ranged capability, they will advance on you. Use our war machines, and missile troops to bring the large enemy formations down to reasonable size before contact. They will come to you and depending on how you deploy may take at least 2 to 3 turns before they are in position to charge. Use this time to your advantage.

The judicious use of our flyers can tip the battle in our favour. Terror, when used against an army with low leadership can be a game winner, as the size of an O&G army often means that many units are outside of the general’s leadership bubble. Take advantage of the generally low leadership value of their troops and cause them to flee. Opening up gaps in their battle-lines gives us something to exploit and any time that the O&G general spends re-establishing his line is time for you to be shooting him.

Terrain can play a big part in battles – anchor the flanks of key units with terrain that he can’t exploit for his own purposes – woods will do against chariots, but you need fences, walls or buildings if you end up facing an infantry horde. The terrain will likely yield one or two lines of advance for the big units – use them to your advantage. These areas should be covered by war machines to annihilate those units that choose to advance through your beaten zone. If you don’t have war machines, use blunderbusses. Buildings are also a potential keystone in your strategy – a unit of Blunderbusses in a multi-story building can be ridiculously hard to shift.

After your opponent has broken himself on the bastion that is your Dawi Zharr infantry unleash the Bull Centaurs to the pursuit, the Wolfriders can tag along and torment the captives for you.



Mini By Warboss Kurgan
at Da Warpath!



Minis By Mostyn

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The Forge of Hashut

Playtesting the Chaos Dwarf expansion for Warhammer Quest – Chaos Dwarf Bull Centaur and Hobgoblin Sneaky Git characters.



By Nicodemus

From the record scrolls of Master Imperious Gharzakh Goldgreed – I, one of many Slave Pens housed in the High Priest of Hashut's Inner Sanctum, transcribed from a lowly Snotling the recounted tale of the Scouring of Ungdrin Ankor and then copied the record to another scroll. Though my limbs may be lopped from my body for this, I wish it that all my enslaved brothers may know the story of how Fozzric the Disembolwer met his grizzly end in service to our Masters.

-Anonymous Slave Pen of Hashut's Inner Sanctum

"It woz s'posed to be an easy mission, the Masters said. We woz sent to scour the ruins of the Dwarf Underway, kill the Master's hated ancestors an' collect some shinys. Alls I had to do woz carry the Master's Lamp. Most times I'm kicked by more Master's feet than I gots numberz in me 'ead, but this day it was different. My tricky Master an' the Master with the big noisy stick that goes 'boom' decides to bring another slave, sum

Hobgoblin git or other. Fozzric sumfink. Me thinks he said Fozzric the Disembowler; or summit like that. 'E woz nice enough, never kicked me or beat me. Never looked or spoke at me neither. Bad news woz a real mean Master that woz part bull came too. Them ones are the meanest an' gots too many legs fer kicking woz all I thought.



Into the Underway we went. Me carryin' the Lamp an' avoidin' just enough kicks sos the Masters don't think I'm tryin' to not get kicked. The Masters and Fozzric did lots of fighting. Those nasty, stinky ratmen woz gone pretty quick, an' the Gobbs, an' the flappy bat fings. They all went splat. Spiderziz I no like... too big and hairy. Between the fightin' Fozzric was drinking from the bottles he 'ad, an' after a while he woz real relaxed an' spittin insults at our enemies more than the Masters! Me's real sneaky. After battles me used to sneak a few bits of gold to eat an' would 'collect' it later. After word got out that another slave was caught doin' that an' woz chooped open to get the gold back I stopped sneakin' from the Masters. Now me woz





thinkin' instead to sneak some of Fozzric's brew. 'E had lots of those there bottles and 'e wouldn't notice one gone would 'e? As soon as me saw him throw a bottle at some ratmen and they went 'shoom' up in fire me let him drink 'em alone. Me didn't think the Masters cared much for Fozzric, 'e woz a slave like me, but as we went further down in the Underway lookin' for shinys me saw fings I never seen before in the Master's cities or forges.



Masters found some Dwarf room that was special. Dwarfs always do that me think. An' they always put traps in, me think that too now. Soon as we step in a big heavy door locks us in. Masters said it was some 'Unexpected Event' or other, but me no understand why it matter. Trickys Master found sum special Dwarf treasure 'e called Hargon's Hammer. Master thought the Hammer

was why the Dwarfs were in this part of the Underway again. Master thought it would be summit called 'ironic' if 'e went an' hit sum Dwarfs with their own hammer; they all laughed. Me was more worried though. We woz locked in for so long! No way out, but somehow monsters and Master's enemies kept sneaking in. Bats, rats, spiders, then some man-fings the Master's called Barbarians surprised us. How they sneak in and we no find way out, me not smart enough to know, but Master's not know everything either! Me thinks we in that room for days. An' more days too."

[Author's comment: In game time it was close to 2 hours. There was a lot of waiting for an Unexpected Event to trigger and then hoping the Event was the one with the key to the Portcullis. Unfortunately it wasn't until the Event deck was nearly exhausted that it was

discovered one of the players didn't return the Portcullis Key Event card to the deck from a previous game!]

"Masters didn't give up hope, or Fozzric, but I did. Was about to smash that Lamp an' claim horrible, horrible freedom in the darkness of the Underway, but then we found the Portcullis Key in the old Dwarf bones. But 'soon as we finded the key sum big meaty Minotaurs showed up. Me knows it was three, cuz that's how high me counts. They wuz meaner than the Masters, an' Fozzric said they 'Brought the hurt'. Me no wanted that, so I stayed away an' watched. After so much time trapped in that room the Masters were getting weak cuz they ate most of their Stonebread an' used most of their bandages waiting in that tomb. Fozzric was close to death too, even two tiny cuts and I recon 'e'd be deader than that Dwarf in the tomb. When all hope was lost an' the Minotaurs were closing in to finish us off in one-go it was Fozzric that saved us! Fozzric tossed some pretty sparklies in the air that made the Minotaurs so crazy that the Masters and

Fozzric were able to attack twice! The Masters got some hits in, but not enough to finish any Minotaur. Leaping in the air with his two stikka's Fozzric stuck one of the Minotaurs so good 'e woz dead before his meaty 'ead hit the floor. Fozzric landed like some jumpy, twirly, stabby, landy thing, then he tossed another one of those fire bottles an' another Minotaur went up – 'shoom!' Master's faces say everything, but without words. I never



seen that before, an' neither did Masters! It wasn't long after that the Master with the bull's body (an' kit to match) took down the last Minotaur and we escape the tomb. The Masters never said nuffin to Fozzric, an' I know 'e didn't expect nuffin neither. It was only a little later when we woz attacked again by some Orcs that my tricksy Master drained the life from sum Orcs and healed Fozzric! Then me knew what to do, I had to tell every slave in the pits what me saw with my own eyes – a Master healing one of us slaves!

Down in the Underway it wasn't long before fings were back to the way they always was. I looked at Fozzric a lot, but 'e didn't look at me. I could tell 'e wasn't happy. Fozzric spent a lot of time standing behind that Bull-Master's backside. I no like it back there neither, at least Fozzric is taller than a yarble.

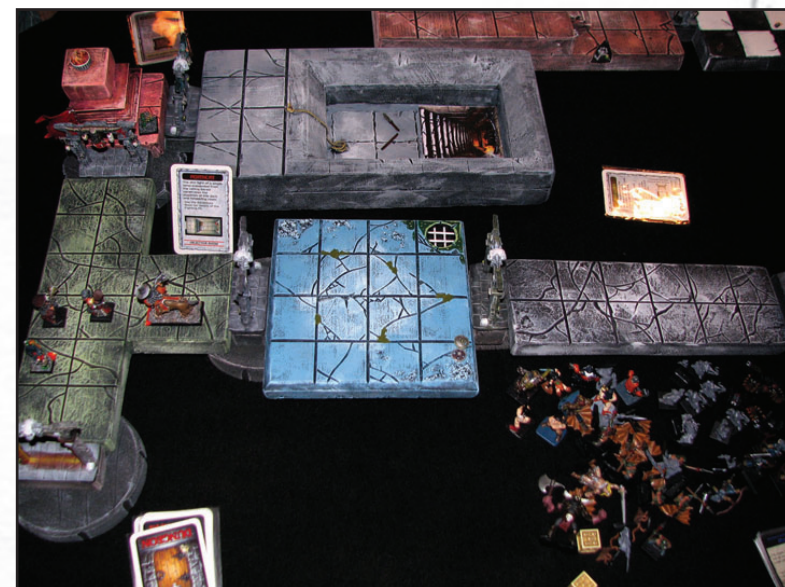
The Master's refused to leave the Underway even though they were weak an' didn't have food or nuffink.

Before long we found where it was we was goin' – a sneaky door where we'd catch some Dwarfs and kill 'em all. As we lined up in the passageway ready to spring on them the worst happened. Those nasty bugger Dwarfs sneaked US! We woz surrounded by very many Dwarfs and then even more Dwarfs with loud sticks that sounded like thunder. So many Dwarfs there was that we 'ad no room to move, fer as far as we could see! The Masters and Fozzric

held firm and cut through many, but it was too slow. Those nasty Dwarfs will make nice with anything, an' before we knows it there's bats helping them, then Orcs! Chopping through Bat and Orc and Dwarf, Fozzric was doing great. Then it happened, more Minotaurs jumped us. Three more, an' me thinks they friends with the Dwarfs an' were told who killed their friends before. Not long an' all the Dwarfs, Bats, Orcs and Minotaurs 'ad the Masters an' Fozzric near death. There were so many they choked the passages an' we couldn't run out of the Underway or further in. Before I knows it one of the Masters is beaten by a Minotaur, Dead. Tricksy Master tried to heal Fozzric again, but as quick as a wink Fozzric is smashed into the floor an' dead too!

What happened next me needs not tell, cuz where Fozzric ends me story ended."

~ A Lamp Slave (true name withheld to protect the enslaved)





10 ISSUES OF THE WORD OF HASHUT





Black Orcs by Bassman!

Minis By Bassman





Black Orcs by Bassman!

Minis By Bassman



THE RUNES OF HASHUT

MEMBER FICTION

Heinrache's Lament

By Abecedar

Zhek'dar watched the approaching caravan from his position deep within the thicket. Yes this was just so perfect he almost laughed out loud. A sound that would have been filled with notes that defied the term joyful laughter that the humans were fond of. Just a bit more time to let all of them file down into this dell and the trap could be sprung. He eased back away deeper into the thicket and exited out the back. He turned to give the waiting Hobgoblin bosses and their lackeys another repeat of his orders. No moves and no noises from any of them until his signal, or he'd be using the inside of their worthless skins to clean the bottoms of his boots, while they were still living in them. He left them there, sure of their compliance, to go prepare himself. The Wolfriders were terrified of him as he had made sure they were. Terrified but loyal as much as creatures like them could be loyal. Terrified into obedience but not into insensate stupidity. They knew that he did reward well and that failure was still failure, but that complete obedience was not punished unjustly. Something that from the other lords they'd served was not a consideration, not like the random spontaneous unwarranted violence any of them could and did suffer at the hands of the erstwhile leader of this raid.

In amongst the foremost wagons trudged Ser Heinrache, and as with all the others, he was eager to arrive at the Dwarven Enclave. Their guide had said "not too far now" in typical dwarf gruffness the last time he had asked, which could mean soon or a somewhat greater length of time than that. He brought his thoughts away from when and back to why and why was profits. The opportunity to make those profits and the opportunities that the profits themselves would open the way for. It was this constant planning and having all the possible options thought through that had made Heinrache such a successful merchant. The journey had been relatively easy almost an

extended and oversized picnic, but travelling off major ways had never been to his liking and moving into this hinterland area even less so. But the guide seemed to know his way and it was to be expected that dwarfs wouldn't have set up anywhere really close to human settlements. They liked mountains and rough country and such, liked it much better than man usually did. The enclave that his guide's clan had made for themselves was only temporary or semi permanent as their needs may turn out to be. For how long depended on the ways and roads further south becoming useable again after the unexpected early season of flooding that had caught a lot of people unprepared.

His wagons and the others in the extended cavalcade were spreading out now and all moving forward to get out of the dust of those in front as they rolled over the hill and down into this meadow. Maybe they'd camp earlier tonight? it looked like an easy spot to bivouac in. Originally it had been only him and his goods, along with the beer merchant with his fully laden wagon and a dozen labourers as per the original requirements of the dwarf. Of the fifteen heavily laden wagons in this bloody great circus, only three were his, one the blacksmith's and another was the beer merchant, one the attached guards supplies but all the others were pedro's-come-lately who'd come tagging along on his coat-tails. They had all spied on his preparations and then done their own, and then jumped onto the bandwagon after he'd arranged everything with the dwarf. Spoilers all they were, hoping to take a cut of this hard earned trading opportunity out from under him. Well his goods were far better quality, he had bought up and gathered all the best he could before word had gotten out and he knew that dwarfs were always picky traders and very discerning of quality. And knowing dwarfs always had superior weapons and armour available he had borrowed heavily and brought a large stash of gold as well. Definitely no trinkets would be coming from him but the confounded dwarf had ruined it. Him stating that there was plenty of gold and gems to be had had brought out lots of would be entrepreneurs with thoughts of getting rich if they were lucky. Though the smith and his wagon, half taken up with its travelling forge and tools were a very late addition arranged by the dwarf. Maybe he hadn't known there was one available that could fill his needs until late.

Heinrache mentally and visually took stock of his three wagons. One of them was the families travelling home, but it too was laden with goods, but

mainly with food and other supplies. No need to take up good space from trading stock in the other wagons. His wife and daughter enjoyed its comforts at night but oh no not him, he had been evicted by his wife, to make room for a friend. He had been dismayed by his wife's decision to bring the family but could not say no. She always knew about his trading plans as her organisational skills were a part of his success but someone had rumoured that the enclave had whole dwarf families, dwarf women and children no less. Nobody they knew had ever seen any before ever and this was their chance to do so and his wife had been very adamant about going. When she had blurted out to the dwarf that they would all love to come along and meet his family he had looked dumbstruck for a long moment and then had said they were all very welcome to come along and meet his whole family.

She must have boasted to her friends of what she was going to see and do. Her friends of course were the wives of the other merchants and it had all run out of his control from there on. Later the seemingly bemused dwarf had declined his request to refuse there pleas and told the gathered crowd of vultures that they could all come and all would be welcomed the same.

All the hub-bub had attracted the attention of the Earl of Sandrakes household. The Earl was away at present, off to the north with the bulk of his cavalry and guards. Goblin raiders had been making a nuisance of themselves somewhere up there and the earl had gone to the assistance of his neighbours at the behest of the Baron. The earl's eldest son had as yet received no reports of any raids or problems in our area or near our intended destination and he had summarised that it must be due to the new dwarf presence out there. Even so he insisted on sending an extended squad of militia with us to guarantee the safety of so many of his people. His younger brother, Falaren, had volunteered to lead the expedition as he was now calling it. The result was that now the young noble was here accompanying the caravan but also quite often his daughter. He was the only one normally mounted but could usually be found strolling with Millein. That particular opportunity would have to be managed carefully and if at the end of this trip a very eligible marriage did occur, it would be the icing on the cake for his family's fortunes this year.

Their guide the dwarven trader Kethdah (he never could say that right) was back walking with Millein, in tandem with Falaren as usual. Probably both were being pestered by the excitable girl again. The lad of course did not mind at

all, considering the young beauties charms, and the dwarf kept taking everything in his stride quite amiably. At the last village they had passed the dwarf had suggested to them all that they hire some more labourers from the locals in the village as the travelling would be getting harder and that it was the last such place they would see before getting there. His thoughts turned back to planning, snippets of information he'd gleaned from the other merchants over the days had given him much to think about and he must sort it all out for any advantages he could gain if he was to gain the upper hand in the up coming trading.

A crunch echoed through the clearing and Millein's scream pierced the air. Heinrache looked over to see the dwarf dragging his daughter away from under Falaren's collapsing horse, his hammer drawn. He was saving her from being crushed but what has happened? The horse fell down limply, trapping the swearing young noble who was scrambling to draw his sword. Heinrache realised that Falaren wasn't cursing his horse or something else, his anger was directed solely at the dwarf as he finally got his sword out and swung it madly at Kethdah. The dwarf knocked the sword away with a simply twitch of his hammer then kicked the noble unconscious with one blow. Why? and why was he holding the still screaming Millein of the ground by her hair! What was going on here?

The dwarf slowly turned a full circle looking at them all and pointing his war hammer at us. "Stay where you are, surrender and you will live!" His words easily broke through the noises of the other traders and the screams and cries of the shocked families. The Militia Sergeant Hanseln charged, yelling something and thrust his spear at the dwarf but the dwarf batted it away with a lazy downward half circle block then thunderously drove the hammer forward like a piston into the sergeants body as the veteran soldier continued to go barrelling in. The broken body landed with a clatter in the stunned silence. He looked over at the confused squad of militiamen and spoke again, "Lay down your arms and you will live, Do not and first your lordling dies, then her and then you all". With that dozens of howling wolfs with goblins on their backs burst out from the trees around us and from behind us back over the hill, until they surrounded us all.

None of us tried to escape at first, we were too stunned. And we didn't think about it at all after he let the wolves tear apart and devour Falaren's horse and the sergeant. Their bodies were both gone in minutes leaving scraps that the wolves continued to snap and snarl over. They pushed us all together with some of us being forced to drive the wagons

at spear point and then they began herding us along in the direction we had been going. A few hours later, our backs stinging from the whips and our minds still not sure what had befallen us, we came upon an encampment hidden in a mountain foothill, with more dwarfs and a large metal contraption with cages on it. These dwarves were more of his type and just like The Betrayer they were different. Different from the other dwarfs he'd known and met before now that he could see their once-was-a-guide with open eyes. Another dwarf had emerged from a tent, dishevelled and drunk it looked. As it came towards us it bellowed orders to the others in a language that was dwarven but not the dwarven he knew. Orders that appeared to be followed only half hearted if at all by the other dwarfs. It stomped up to the dwarf obviously demanding answers but the answers it got only seemed to enrage him more. He was obviously trying to cower the dwarf and it didn't happen. He got louder and the grating replies seemed to make it worse and in his fury he slapped the dwarf. That hammer rose up from where it had been held unnoticed by his side and cracked up into the belligerent dwarfs chin, and then slammed back down. Once to fell the raving brute and the next to slay him. The dwarf guards or warriors or whatever they were had looked on without lifting a finger to help the leader. Our betrayer spoke something in that un-dwarf language and the others barked something back and then all at one they dropped to one knee with eyes down. After a moment one of them snapped out an order as it rose then bowed to our betrayer. The rest then rose and began to move about on their tasks. The goblins and their wolves had dropped to their bellies in obeisance but did not rise with the dwarfs. Our betrayer now gave them some orders and they leapt up with shrill cries and howls. Some stayed to guard us but the majority went racing off back the way we came. All this meant nothing at first but it all became clearer over the days and weeks that followed. Kethdah or whatever he was called had staged a coup. All organised long before he ever met with us. The deference the others showed him was obvious, not at all like what we had briefly seen them giving to the now dead leader. Zhek'dar almost howled in elation as he felled Grobham but restrained himself. The distant cousin that the clan chiefs had lumbered him with had made mistake after mistake since embarking on this mission. Half of the creatures they had already captured had died from mistreatment or due to Grobham's own cowardly killing lust. He had not risked his own skin in any of the prior skirmishes so far and he would have squandered far too much of this bounty if left alive. His cousin had believed in his unassailable right to do what he wanted, not what was best for the clans. So he, Zhek'dar the Scout, had decided to make the dwarven raiders loyal to him for the good of the clan. The poor showings of Grobham's leadership made things easier for the warriors to choose, easily helped on by the strength of his will. The breaking down of the steam driven slave cart through stupid directions and shoddy maintenance had been the final nail in his coffin. The loyalty of the Hobgoblins was easily gained

through applied pain and rewards. A confrontation with Grobham over his actions would have happened eventually, one way or another if not at a time of his choosing.

The wisdom of his clan's sorcerer in sending him out to scout through the human lands and learn to fit in with them had shown itself to be very wise. And learn he had or he probably wouldn't have survived. He had given His Raiders orders before he left, not to raid anywhere in the human area. Leave them unaware until his return. That had been his orders and they had been followed to the letter. Now that he had this prize secure, he sent the Hobgoblin wolfers back to the village they had last passed through. The village that now conveniently left with far fewer defenders, he sent them of as a reward, sent them to have some fun and if they brought more humans back? well they knew him enough now to know he would reward them even more.

Heinrache lamented his lot as the train of captives plodded along. Long weeks of marching had brought them here, wherever here was. The wretched condition of other groups of captives that they passed appalled him and the wanton cruelty of those others captor's outstripped belief. Their betrayer and his troopers did not seem to treat them so poorly and protected them from those who would. The goblin helpers were fanatical about as well, as it was not worth their lives to damage us. They had been shown what would happen to them after a wolf had been let to stray to close and it had killed someone, he didn't know who it had been. They had pinned the wolf's rider down with stakes while the howling goblin was still very much alive and ordered the others to eat him starting at its feet. They still cuffed and whipped us if we didn't move quickly enough but they had kept us fed and watered, the other groups looked starved and despondent with no life or hope left in their eyes.

The meanings of lots of things had changed now for Heinrache. Some becoming clear others not so well. Things like why one of the normally standoffish dwarfs would have been delighted to have more and more humans travelling with them. Why the blacksmith had been convinced to come along. His wagon with its travelling forge, and those piles of flat iron straps, and especially all of the chains that he could fit into his wagon. The drag of the chains and manacles weighing him down were a constant reminder of where they had come from. The sight of another bull headed image emblazoned on an edifice brought understanding as to why the dwarf had steadfastly refused to listen to reason and change his mind when he insisted on draft horses instead of oxen to pull the wagons. The story one of the militiamen had told of the old dwarf fur trapper in one of the taverns and

how he had suddenly gone homicidal upon seeing their betrayer. How he stopped drinking suddenly with a gasping splutter. How he had surged towards the betrayer raising his axe and screaming "YOU!!! YOU HERE!, NO NEVER, YOU WILL DIE". He had told them of how the false dwarf trader had reacted after he had killed the old trapper, how the dwarf had stated self defence and that it was a case of mistaken identity by the drunken clansmen and a possible clan feud. No, now that was revealed to be the reaction of a real dwarf recognising this monster for what he was.

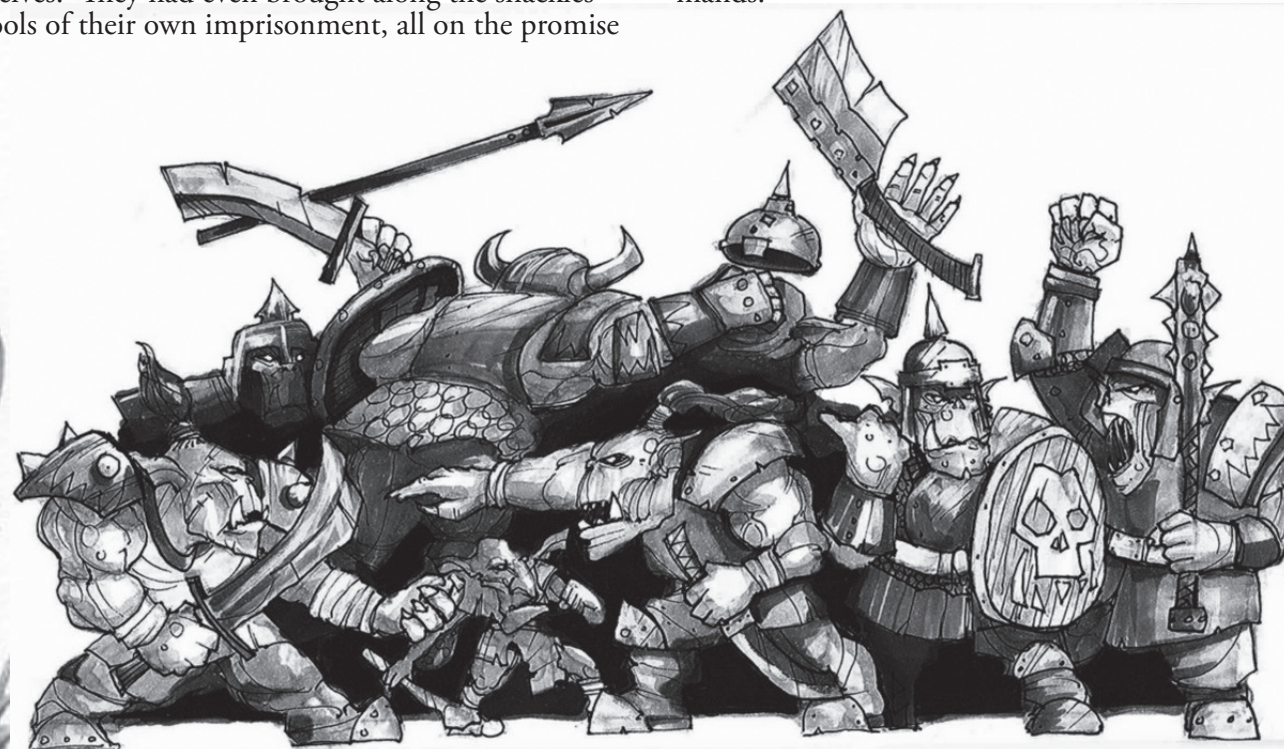
Heinrache looked out over the vista of a barren harshly lit plain. It was broken and wracked by streams of lava and pollution and the distance hidden by goutts of steam and smoke, and he thought on opportunities. Not many yet but he was sure there would be some. He stared at the towering ziggurats and at the sprawling outer areas. Save his family, yes he could, Escape, yes he would if it became possible. They weren't going to kill us. They wouldn't look after us this well if they were. Kethdah had said, hale and whole they were worth far more than all the others. Yes there was hope. Healthy they could survive and he kept that hope close to his heart.

A simple plan, Zhek'dar thought, yes it had been a simple plan. Convince a few humans to come with him and re-supply him (and unbeknownst to them his units of raiders) and then make them his slaves into the bargain. It had all been working quite smoothly to begin with. But the greed of these creatures when gold was mentioned had utterly surprised him. More and more had begged to join in, without any effort on his part. They had brought along mounds of valuables and other goods. They didn't know that the most valuable items would be themselves. They had even brought along the shackles and tools of their own imprisonment, all on the promise

and lure of the gold to be had at the end. Almost a hundred slaves, the other booty and the delicious horses, nothing would be wasted. All would be taken to his clan's holdings in as good a condition as he could make possible as per his lords wishes.

His family's fortunes had continued to rise ever since the old sorcerer had told them of his vision and at his pursuant lords orders the clan had acted on it. Strong healthy sacrifices, with their minds unbroken before they meet his God. Not the weak and broken semblances of living beings that other clans often gave. Beings that still held fire and hope within their hearts and souls, these were those that god would crush and devour. That was what Hashut had wanted and that is what his clan had given him. Hashut's favours had kept flowing back to his clan in blessings and strength. And now they would be able to offer up more to him again. These humans did not know it yet but the gold that they would receive would be the blinding glow of Hashut's presence as he embraces them and their eternal servitude to him in his realm as their souls form the carpet beneath his hooves.

Zhek'dar pondered more on his future and concluded with the thought that maybe this time he had been too clever and far too lucky. Luck often will suffice a Dwarf if his courage holds. No he decided, it was not his luck but the Blessings of Hashut which favoured him this time. The Clan's expectations to do better next time, however unspoken they may be, would always be there. His own expectations also would always be there, at least until he ever dared to fail in his lords demands.





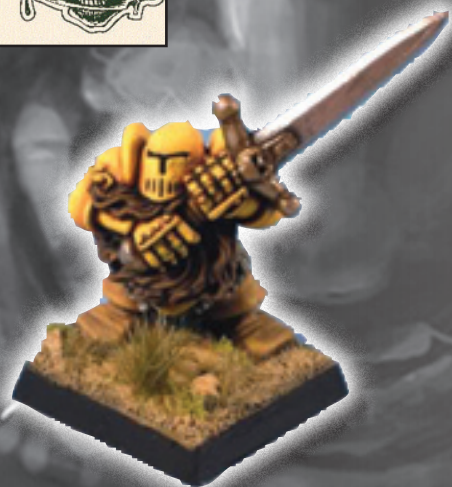


Minis By Svernn

<http://www.lead-adventure.de/index.php?topic=25799.0>



Minis By Blue in VT





Minis By Blue in VT 



THE ARTIFICER'S ANVIL

RULES DEVELOPMENT

Chaos Dwarf Land Train

By Thommy H

Troop Type: Unique

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Steam Engine	*	-	-	6	6	5	1	-	10
Car	-	-	-	-	-	+5	-	-	-

Weapons: Many and varied!

Unit Composition: 1 Steam Engine and up to 5 Cars.

SPECIAL RULES

Unbreakable, 4+ armour save, 5+ ward save

Land Train: A Land Train consists of a Steam Engine pulling up to five Cars. The Steam Engine has five Wounds and, for each Car, the Land Train has five additional Wounds. The Land Train is considered a single (huge!) model for all purposes. For every five Wounds it suffers, remove one Car. Always remove the rear-most Car in the Train (it is assumed the crew make running repairs throughout the battle, cannibalising parts from damaged Cars so the most important parts of the Train survive). If a Land Train moves into contact with an enemy unit, it inflicts Impact Hits (see below), but it cannot otherwise make any other attacks. A Land Train is highly vulnerable to being attacked in close combat, as enemy troops can simply swarm over it and hack it to pieces – all models in an enemy unit in base contact with the Land Train can fight with their full number of Attacks. A Land Train must make a Dangerous Terrain test if it moves over any kind of terrain, and will suffer D6 Wounds if it fails.

Steam Power: The Land Train is powered by steam and, while the crew are able to control how much coal they put on the furnace and therefore dictate the speed of the engine, this is not always an exact science. In the Remaining Moves sub-phase, the Land Train can either remain stationary, or move 1D6", 2D6" or 3D6", following the Random Movement special rule if it does so. If you roll a double, roll on the Engine Malfunction Table below. If you roll

a triple, add 1 to the result rolled. If the Land Train contacts an enemy unit it will inflict D6 Impact Hits for every D6" it moved (i.e. if it opted to move 2D6", it will inflict 2D6 Impact Hits).

Steam Engine: The Steam Engine is the glowering, coal-powered machine that pulls the entire Land Train. It sits at the front of the Train and all movement is measured from the front of this model (but note that the Land Train can pivot freely before moving, as per the Random Movement rule). The Steam Engine can be equipped with a Skullcracker or a Twin Cannonade (see below).

Cars: The Cars are deployed behind the Steam Engine. They extend the size of the Land Train, but are not otherwise considered separate models. When the rear most Car is removed, any special weapon it has been given are lost with it. A Car can be equipped with a Magma Cannon, a Siege Bombard, Demolition Rockets or a Fighting Platform.

Special Weapons: The Steam Engine and the Cars can be given one special weapon each. A Land Train can fire all of its weapons in the same turn and may even fire if it moves. Measure ranges and draw line of sight from the applicable section of the Land Train. All special weapons use the Black Powder Weapon misfire chart. If a special weapon Misfires and rolls a 'Destroyed!' result, the weapon in question may not be used for the rest of the game and the Land Train suffers D6 Wounds. A Land Train can of course suffer multiple Misfires in the same turn – such is the price for being horrifically overgunned! You may only have one of each special weapon per Land Train.

Skullcracker: This monstrous array of motorised spikes, blades and hammers makes the Land Train far more deadly when it runs into enemies. The Land Train has +1 Strength and Random Attacks (4D6).

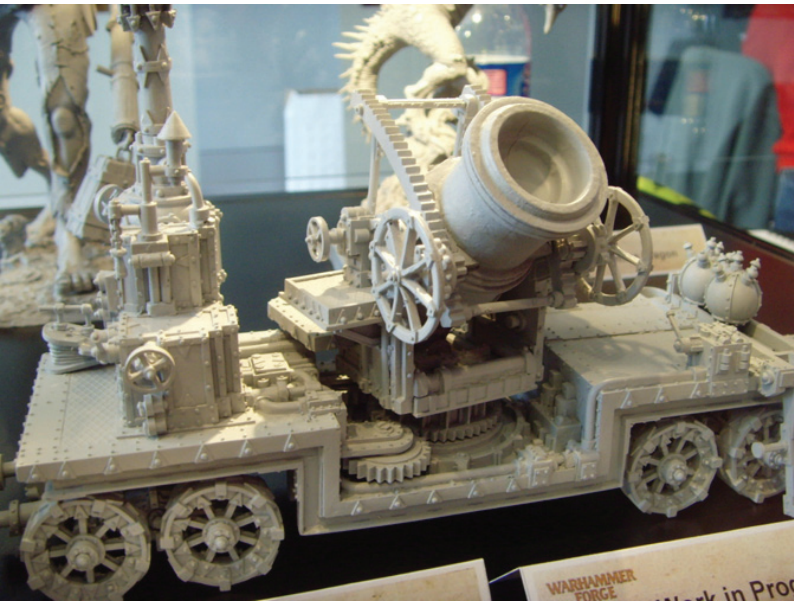
Twin Cannonade: The Steam Engine mounts a fearsome pair of cannon on its prow. A Twin Cannonade counts as two of the smaller type of cannon as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.

Magma Cannon: This horrific device launches a stream of molten metal at hapless foes. A Magma Cannon counts as a Fire Thrower.

Siege Bombard: This is a huge mortar that launches massive shells into the air which land amongst the enemy, shaking them off their feet with the impact as it lands. A Siege Bombard counts as a stone thrower. Any unit that is hit by the Siege Bombard cannot march in its next turn and counts as having moved for the purposes of shooting. If the affected unit wishes to charge, it must take a Dangerous Terrain test. Any war machine hit may not fire on a D6 roll of 4+.

Demolition Rockets: These monstrous rockets are launched screaming into the air and descend as a terrifying barrage. Demolition Rockets count as a stone thrower that may re-roll failed to wound rolls (due to sheer weight of fire). In addition, any unit wounded by Demolition Rockets must take a Panic test with a -1 Leadership modifier.

Fighting Platform: A Fighting Platform allows Chaos Dwarf troops to mount up in the Land Train, benefitting from both its increased speed and protection. Any friendly infantry unit with 20 models or less may mount a Land Train with a Fighting Platform as if entering a building. While mounted, up to 10 models can shoot out, just as if inside a building. Any hits on the unit are resolved against the Land Train itself rather than the unit riding on board. If the Car with the Fighting Platform has to be removed while it is carrying a unit, they suffer 2D6 Strength 4 hits. A unit mounted in a Fighting Platform can fight in close combat if the Land Train is attacked – all models can fight against any enemy units using their full number of Attacks (it is assumed the mêlée rages across the entire Land Train). A Land Train may not move in the same turn that a unit enters or leaves a Fighting Platform.



Engine Malfunction Chart

D6 Roll	Effect
1	Emergency Stop: the engine overheats, but the safety valve kicks in, halting the Land Train before any damage is done. Move the Train the distance indicated by the dice, but next turn it may only opt to move 1D6".
2	Overheat: the engine overheats and scalding steam erupts from the valves, seriously hurting the crew. The Land Train loses D3 Wounds for every D6" it opted to move.
3	Overdrive: the engine goes into furious overdrive. Move the Land Train an additional D6".
4	Crash!: the engine blows a gasket, bringing the Land Train to a juddering halt. The Land Train does not move, and none of its special weapons may be used that turn.
5	Bang!: the engine spectacularly explodes, rendering it useless. The Land Train does not move, and may not move for the rest of the game.
6	Kaboom!: the engine explodes, ripping apart the Engine in a monstrous conflagration! The Land Train suffers D6 wounds for every D6" it opted to move, does not move this turn and may not move for the rest of the game.

EARTHSHAKING CANON

The Black Orc Rebellion

By Ancient History

The Black Orcs first appeared in the Old World during the time of Sigmar, pushing their way through the World's Edge Mountains from the Dark Lands and leading a Greenskin invasion into the lands that would become the Empire (Orcs & Goblins, 2006). The pitched battles with the Black Orcs were some of the most desperate that the allied Human tribes and Dwarfs faced. From that point forward, Black Orcs were a staple of Orc & Goblin armies in the Old World, and Black Orc Warbosses like Grimgor Ironhide have played a large part in the story of Warhammer Fantasy.

Black Orcs are the largest and toughest of their kind, with skin that varies from dark green to black. Their terrific size affords them the best equipment and the ability to quell the squabbling of their smaller Greenskin cousins with a stern look or throaty growl. On a battlefield, Black Orcs create a semblance of discipline in the sea of green, directing the enemy lines. But where did the Black Orcs come from in the first place?

Unnatural Origins

The earliest reference to Black Orcs comes from the 1985 Citadel Journal. Here the Black Orcs are established as the biggest and toughest of Orc species due to a Darwinian selective breeding program known as “runt noshing” – the smallest Black Orcs were cannibalized, ensuring only the biggest and strongest would breed – and inbreeding. Cannibalization remained a part of the Black Orc backstory when Warhammer advanced, but in subsequent books a different picture of Black Orcs emerges – as the sorcerous products of the Chaos Dwarfs.

Chaos Dwarfs have been noted as being on generally good terms with the Greenskin races almost as long as they have been distinct as a race; the Battle Bestiary (1992) remarks on how the Chaos Dwarfs taught the Orc tribes metalsmithing and that Chaos Dwarf Mages were involved in the creation of the Greenskin's most complicated war machines and arcane devices.

White Dwarf Presents:



Minis By Elendro

Chaos Dwarfs (1994) further expanded this relationship, turning Chaos Dwarfs into a race of slavers that alternately dealt with and preyed upon the Greenskin tribes of the Dark Lands. Here, and in Orcs & Goblins (1996), the Black Orcs are presented as products of a sorcerous breeding program designed to produce a stronger, tougher slave-caste that could survive the harsh environment of the Dark Lands and rule their lesser cousins.

The creation of the Black Orcs from normal Orcs using selective breeding and magic has obvious parallels in the creation of the Uruk-Hai by the wizard Saruman in *The Lord of the Rings*. The Uruk-Hai of Isengard and Mordor were black-skinned, larger and stronger than their smaller cousins, whom they bullied and berated. It is likely that industrial Isengard provided the inspiration for Rick Priestly's interpretation of Black Orcs and their origins, and all subsequent versions except the Goffs of Warhammer 40,000 are based on Priestly's.

The Black Orc Rebellion(s)

The fullest chronicle of the Black Orc Rebellion is given in *White Dwarf Presents: Chaos Dwarfs*. The Black Orcs as a race were created in -150 I.C. by the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, who had been experimenting on Orc and Goblin slaves. However, the Black Orcs were too independent-minded to make good slaves; the result was a series of armed revolts. The factitious Greenskins were too riven with animosity to start large-scale rebellions, but the disciplined and (relatively) organized Black Orcs would often lead Orc and Goblin slaves into open revolution against their Chaos Dwarf masters. Several Black Orc-led armies ravaged the lower levels of Zharr-Naggrund, and in -100 I.C. the Chaos Dwarfs began a campaign to purge the lower levels and drive the Black Orcs from the city forever.

During the height of the largest and most savage of the Black Orc-led slave uprising, the Chaos Dwarf armies were nearly overcome. The outnumbered Chaos Dwarfs were forced upward level by level by their former Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orc and Black Orc slaves, to the very Temple of Hashut. Then, the Hobgoblins turned against the other Greenskins. The sudden and momentous betrayal routed the slaves, and forever cemented the Hobgoblins' treachery in Greenskin memory. The Black Orcs were driven out of Zharr-Naggrund and into the Dark Lands, some towards the Mountains of Mourn to the East, and others to the World's Edge Mountains in the West. The Black Orc Rebellion was over.

The Hobgoblins, for their aid, became the

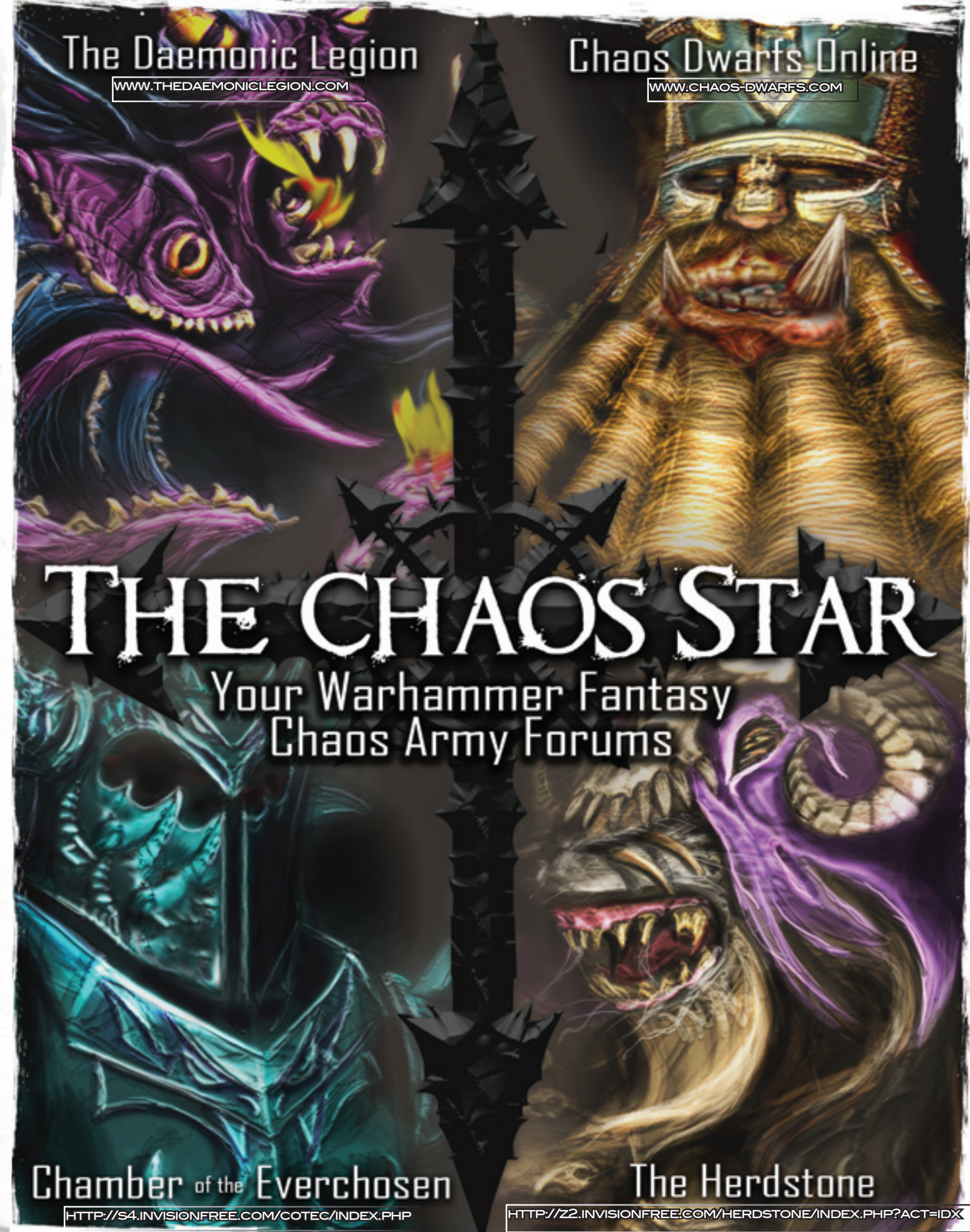
avored—if not quite trusted—overseers of the Chaos Dwarfs. The enmity between Hobgoblins and the Orcs & Goblins helps explain, from an in-universe perspective, why Chaos Dwarf armies fielded Hobgoblins while Orcs & Goblins armies did not. Indeed, in *White Dwarf Presents: Chaos Dwarfs*, the other Greenskins want nothing to do with leading a contingent of Hobgoblins!

Many of the routed Black Orcs were killed, but the Chaos Dwarfs allowed some to escape and forge tribes, which the Chaos Dwarfs would occasionally recruit from into their armies—hence the reason Black Orcs could be seen in Chaos Dwarf armies, from 4th edition through *Ravening Hordes*. Black Orc tribes still roam the Dark Lands, and occasionally members such as Morglum Necksnapper and Grimgor Ironhide and his Immortulz.

Uncanonical—but Interesting!

The earliest Warhammer material generally assumes Goblins and Orcs breed the same way that humans do, and so makes occasional mention of half-orcs and the like (again, probably based on Tolkien's writings), and which explains in part the selective breeding practiced by the earliest Black Orcs. However, when the transition was made from *Rogue Trader* (1987) to Warhammer 40,000, the Orcs—including the Black Orc analogues, the Goffs—were slowly molded into a more definably alien race, with distinctly non-human methods of reproduction. Since this time, the general question of how Warhammer Fantasy Greenskins reproduce is has not been addressed.

The novels *Heldenhammer* (2008) and *The Life of Sigmar* (2005), trace the rise of Sigmar and the founding of the Empire, describes the Greenskin invasion of the Old World as driven by the Black Orcs from the Dark Lands. At least one Black Orc Boss that Sigmar faces wields a magical axe made from obsidian and etched with runes. The threat of the massive Orc invasion was what allowed Sigmar to unite the human tribes under his leadership, and his rescue of a Dwarf king from the Orcs provided the basis for the alliance of Men and Dwarf. It is possible that the Chaos Dwarfs, in putting down the Black Orc Rebellion and driving the Black Orcs into the Dark Lands inadvertently set the stage for the Empire. Of course, such speculation without confirmation is really non-canonical!



The Daemonic Legion
WWW.THEDAEMONICLEGION.COM

Chaos Dwarfs Online
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THE TEMPLEDOG RIDERS OF DUN Khardrakk

Many years ago a Frurndar warband of a small outpost at the Road of Skulls named Dun Kardrakk raided an ogre trade caravan. Beside the “normal” loot they captured strange stone statues which looked like an unusual kind of lions.

The Commander of the outpost sent for a Familiar Sorcerer who should examine the lion statues. The lions were no ordinary ones they were Templedogs made in Cathay and they owned a strong magic. After a quite long time the Sorcerer managed to vitalize the Templedogs and to bless them in the name of Hashut the only one!

Later on the Clan’s own Daemonsmiths and Sorcerers managed to create new Templedogs as

a source of power for the Frurndar Clan of Dun Khardrakk.

The ruler of the outpost was able with the help of the Templedogs to repel an attack of a huge Khorne marauder invasion force. Also a perilous Greenskin tribe near the city of Uzkulak was defeated and after the campaign a great amount of slaves could sacrificed. The small outpost grew more and more and a mighty stronghold was established.

Since this time the Templedogs are heirlooms of the rulers of the new stronghold of Dun Khardrakk and the source of their power.

Nowadays the leader of the Templedog Riders is Farrakh Rockstepper the first born son of the current Commander of Dun Khardrakk.

The Templedog Riders of Dun Khardrakk

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rider	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Farrakh	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9
Templedog	5	5	0	5	5	1	3	3	8

Points: Farrakh and 2 Templedog Riders 145 pts. May hire additional Templedog Riders at a cost of 39 points per model.

Unit Size: 3+ **Unit Type:** Monstrous Cavalry

May Be Hired:
The Templedog riders of Dun Khardrakk may be included as a **Special choice** in a Chaos Dwarfs army.

Equipment: Hand weapon, heavy armour and shield.

- Options:**
- Upgrade one Rider to a Musician +6 points.
 - Upgrade one Rider to a Standard Bearer +12 points.
 - The Standard Bearer can carry a Magic Standard worth up to 25pts.

Special Rules

Templedogs:

Temple Dogs cause Fear. All attacks are considered to be Magical.

Templedogs are powerful creatures, all attacks made by them will reduce an enemy’s armour save by -2.

Mountainous

The Templedogs can move over hills, mountains and stone made obstacles as easy as a normal mount on normal land. The Templedogs suffer no Movement penalties on stone based landscape.

Stone Skin

Enemies attacking the Templedog and his rider in close combat suffer -1 to their strength.

Chaos Dwarfs:

All special rules mentioned in the Ravening Hordes list are valid.

GHUZ SLAVETAKER AND THE CREW OF THE BULL'S FURY

Though the Chaos Dwarfs' empire is essentially landlocked, they nonetheless have an infamous history of naval warfare. Their fearsome ironclad warships are able to ply the seas of the Warhammer world thanks to the polluted River Ruin that runs through their realm and sluices into the Sea of Dread, and the great sea tunnel they carved centuries ago between the Falls of Doom and Uzkulak that gives them access to the Sea of Chaos. By such means they are able to travel across oceans and capture slaves from nations that have never even heard the name of the Dawi'Zharr. But amongst the many pirate captains that serve the Sorcerer Lords of Zharr-Naggrund, one name stands out: that of Ghuz Slavetaker. Ghuz is unique in that he is bound to no single Sorcerer Lord. Instead, he has carved out influence of his own as a mercenary captain, serving in exchange for gold and slaves. He has been allowed to continue to live outside Chaos Dwarf society because he is so successful, so ruthless and so completely cold-blooded in his dealings.

As much as Zharr-Naggrund needs slaves to power its foul industry, Ghuz's ships' need is so much more immediate – after a particularly bloody sea battle, many of the slaves who toil in the bowels of his vessels will have drowned, and Ghuz will need to replace them with new slaves taken from the vanquished foe right away. For this reason, Ghuz and his crew are exemplars of the Chaos Dwarf ideals of greed, consumption and the need for instant gratification. Ghuz himself is short-sighted, boisterous and rude; a

vile, black-hearted pirate covered in ritual brands and tattoos, face hung with piercings, flesh embedded with runic talismans, who is most often found at the prow of his flagship, The Bull's Fury, gesticulating wildly and bellowing angrily at his crew and slaves to bring him to the enemy faster.

His crew are a gang of scurvy sea-dogs, likewise tattooed and bedecked with daemonic totems. Of particular note is the first mate, known only as Uzkulak Hands, a ruthless kleptomaniac who has developed a habit in recent years of appropriating anything dropped by the victims of The Bull's Fury's crew as they are hauled off in chains, usually with a mind towards selling them for his own profit – his favourite prizes are the standards and banners of conquered foes though, and these he waves above his head in drunken glee, unwittingly contributing to the erosion of enemy morale. Ghuz has noticed this habit, and he makes sure that Hands always shows up carrying whatever flag he last stole, in lieu of having an actual recognised standard for his warriors. When they appear on the battlefield at the behest of a Chaos Dwarf Lord (or another unscrupulous employer...) the crew of The Bull's Fury advance to the accompaniment of Bosun Ignatiuzh's bagpipes, joining in the cacophony with their trademark pistols; they are quite different from the usual stoic Chaos Dwarf legions and, one suspects, the envy of them too, for the crew of The Bull's Fury are everything a Dwarf of Zharr-Naggrund longs to be, if only he could be liberated from the strict bonds of his society.



By Thommy H



Ghuz Slavetaker and the crew of the Bull's Fury

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Captain Ghuz	3	4	4	3	4	2	2	2	9
Uzkulak Hands	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9
Ignatiuzh	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Points: Ghuz, Hands and Ignatiuzh plus 7 Crew cost 200 points. You may add additional Crew to the unit at a cost of 13 points per model.

Unit Size: 10+ (Ghuz, Hands and Ignatiuzh plus 7 Crew is the minimum sized unit you can hire).

Unit Type: Infantry

May Be Hired:
The Crew of the Bull's Fury may be included as a **Core choice** in a Chaos Dwarfs or Dwarfs of Chaos army, or a **Rare choice** in any Force of Destruction or Ogre Kingdoms army.

Equipment: Brace of pistols, Chaos Armour. Ghuz has the Daemonscurge Pistols instead of ordinary pistols. Hands's plundered banner means he counts as a standard bearer, and Ignatiuzh's bagpipes allow him to count as a musician (of a kind...).

SPECIAL RULES

Ambush: The Crew of the Bull's Fury are unreliable mercenaries, but this is tempered by their habit of appearing in the worst possible place for the enemy, as their ship makes landing behind enemy lines, delivering them into the heart of the battle! To represent this, the unit has the Ambush special deployment rule.

Chaos Dwarfs: The Crew of the Bull's Fury are Chaos Dwarfs and follow any army specific rules for Chaos Dwarfs (or Dwarfs of Chaos) appropriate to the rules being used. If used as mercenaries in any other army, they have no special rules except Ambush and those described below.

Bloodthirsty Pirates: The Crew of the Bull's Fury are a band of ruthless sea-dogs, owing allegiance to no Lord of the Chaos Dwarfs – or lord of anyone else for that matter. The unit may not benefit from the army general's Inspiring Presence rule, nor may they use the battle standard bearer's Hold Your Ground rule.

Slavetakers: The Crew of the Bull's Fury will always try to capture the enemy instead of simply cutting them down. The unit always pursues only 1D6" after winning a close combat as they stop to subdue and bind the fallen foe, but any unit caught in this manner is worth double victory points.

Plunder!: Hands's eyes light up at the sight of stuff to nick – especially enemy banners! If the Crew of the Bull's Fury slays an enemy standard bearer due to the Last Stand rule, they will capture the banner and parade it aloft. For each enemy standard stolen in this way, they gain +1 combat resolution in subsequent combats; this is in addition to the +1 combat resolution for having their own standard. If the unit flees, any standards seized in this way will be dropped. In addition, if they manage to loot a magic standard in this way, they will gain the benefit of it (assuming they are able to). Because Hands is always looking for shiny new things to steal, the Crew of the Bull's Fury will only benefit from the last standard looted in this way (even if the effect is worse!) and magic standards taken earlier in the battle will be discarded (it is assumed they are shuffled to the back of the unit and stowed away to be sold later). If Hands is slain, any benefits from a stolen magic standard are lost.

MAGIC ITEMS

Daemonscurge Pistols: Magic Weapon. Ghuz carries a pair of matched pistols given to him as payment by a Sorcerer for a particularly tricky sea raid. They contain the bound essence of a Daemon, its soul magically torn in half and split between the guns. They count as a brace of pistols with Flaming Attacks.

THUGMAN’S INEBRIATED BRAWLERS

The Dawi Zharr’s Guild of Brewmasters are renown throughout the Dark Lands and beyond. Even within the faltering realm of the Dawi to the West are the spirits from the Dark lands known, although none of the Dawi’s scruffy-bearded ilk would ever speak of such a thing, much less imbibe any of the stuff. No Dawi Zharr forge, temple, training ground or home is without multiple casks of ale or bottles of spirits, all stamped with the iconic image of the Warhammer and Grand Tankard – the mark of the Brewmasters’ guild.

The governing lord of the Brewmasters is Thugman, a despicably cruel and calculating individual, when he’s not drunk. Luckily for his fellow Brewmaster brethren, Thugman is rarely sober. Thugman prefers to spend much of his time at his remote Brewhouse, hidden somewhere in the Mountains of Mourn. Although the region is plagued by Orc and Goblin tribes, Thugman’s alliances with various Ogre tribes who are devoted to the beverages he concocts affords a measure of protection, over and above the regiment of fifty warriors and countless slaves personally assigned by the High Priest to guard and maintain Thugman’s brewing operations.

Thugman and his guard’s presence are a welcome sight on the battlefield for all Dawi Zharr. Such is his importance to morale that Thugman has been ordered on many occasions to accompany entire legions of troops as they march their slaves into battle. There, Thugman dispenses brew and spirits to his brethren after their victory. Thugman rarely sits on the sidelines however, as both he and his personal guard have a reputation of drunken brawling and are often eager to wade into combat where they can better channel their drunken rage.

Thugman and his inebriated, brawling guardsmen often arrive for battle properly tanked and spoiling for a drag-out fight with anyone. Because of their close bonds of comradery, formed over many long nights drinking together in Thugman’s Great Hall, their unbridled tempers and raging blood lust are always keenly focussed on the enemy. There has never been an incident of in-fighting among Thugman’s ranks no matter how intoxicated they become. Thugman, however, has a particular dislike for

Sorcerers who use fire magic and he refuses to allow them to march with his men following an unfortunate mishap with one of his portable distillation apparatuses many years ago.

Thugman’s Inebriated Brawlers, as they are known throughout the Dark Lands, arrive for battle sporting hefty tankards that double as small shields. Thugman marches with his men into battle and carries the Grand Tankard, a symbolic artifact massive enough to serve as a shield and also identifies Thugman as Lord of the Guild of Brewmasters. Thugman also brandishes a mighty warhammer – a powerful artifact acquired by Thugman following a great victory at Karak Kadrin many years past. How the warhammer came to be in the hands of the scruffy-bearded catamites of Karak Kadrin isn’t known to his men, but Thugman insists that the warhammer was rightfully his and ever since he has referred it to as “The Reclaimed”.

Thugman and his personal guard were temporarily banished from the Dark Lands for their failure to hold a critical outpost, although Thugman was too drunk to recall the details. In actual fact, Thugman and his men were too drunk to fight and decided to rescue Thugman’s portable Diabolical Still before the crushing defeat. Thugman’s recollection of the incident remains foggy, but it is an episode the High Priest reminds him of on the rare occasions that he is summoned to the Temple of Hashut. There have also been occasions when Thugman has been ordered to accompany temporary allies and trading partners of the Dawi Zharr in order to smooth over relations and ensure that the interests of the imperium are secured. Thugman and his men, as well as his portable Diabolical Still of Spirits, have travelled the Dark Lands many times over. In spite of his contributions to successes on the battlefield Thugman prefers to spend his time building larger and more elaborate distillation apparatuses and experimenting with brewing technology in his secluded Brewhouse. It is only at the direct order of the High Priest of Hashut that he will march into battle.

As for Thugman’s secret to success? Thugman is a master brewer and has built many custom stills, distillation apparatuses and fermenters, the full understanding of which is only known to

Thugman himself. His Brewmasters each only know of a few steps in any stage of the process for the various ales and spirits that are concocted. The High Priest of Hashut was once heard to

growl that the whole process was like the laws of Ogre sausages or the Zharr Naggrund slave breeding pits – it was better to enjoy the end result than worry about the process itself!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Inebriated Brawler	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Thugman	3	6	4	4	4	2	3	3	10

Points: Thugman and 9 Inebriated Brawlers 198 pts. May hire additional Inebriated Brawlers at a cost of 12 points per model.

Unit Size: 10+ **Unit Type:** Infantry

- Options:**
- The unit of Inebriated Brawlers may also carry Great Axes for +2 points per model.
 - Upgrade one Inebriated Brawler to a Musician for +10 points.
 - Upgrade one Inebriated Brawler to a Standard Bearer for +10 points.
 - Allow the unit to “*Stop for a Pint First!*” for +1 point/model.

May be Hired:
Can be hired as a 0-1 **Core choice** in a Chaos Dwarfs army, as a Special choice in a Warriors of Chaos army, or as a Rare choice in an Ogre Kingdoms or Dogs of War army.

They will never join a Dogs of War army if there are any Dwarfs present. Although the unit is not considered Flammable (they keep their stronger spirits sealed up tightly until consumed), characters with Flaming Attacks are never permitted to join Thugman's Inebriated Brawlers, nor may any magical items or banners be brought into the unit which would confer any model in the unit to with Flaming Attacks. Sorcerers or other models who use magic from the Lore of Fire may never join the unit.

Inebriated Brawlers

Equipment: Hand weapon, heavy armour and a Hefty Tankard.

Hefty Tankard: The large Tankards are massive enough to serve as a shield. What's more, the Brawlers each begin battle with enough brew in their hip flasks for one hearty drink (see Swig of Brew special rule).

Special Rules: Bad Tempered, Stubborn, Swig of Brew

Thugman

Equipment: The Reclaimed, heavy armour, Grand Tankard.

The Reclaimed: Confers +1 Strength for each foe in base contact with Thugman and he may also re-roll any missed to hit rolls.

Grand Tankard: The Grand Tankard is massive enough to serve as a shield. It grants Thugman an armour save one higher than a normal shield would provide. The Grand Tankard also provides Thugman with a 4+ ward save. Thugman begins battle with enough brew in his hip flask for one hearty drink (see Swig of Brew special rule).

Special Rules: Bad Tempered, Indefatigable, Next One's On Me!, Stubborn, Swig of Brew

Special Rules

Bad Tempered. Thugman's surly and contemptuous Inebriated Brawlers have a particularly short fuse and are ready to fight at the drop of a hat. If there is an enemy model that is an eligible target to charge during the Declare Charges part of the Movement phase, the unit must immediately pass a Leadership test or declare a charge – if there is a choice of models to charge, then the controlling player may freely choose between them.

Indefatigable. Thugman’s charisma and unfaltering confidence are legendary (at least after he's had a few) and his wild drunken boasts and almost idiotic level of fearlessness are infectious among his inebriated brethren in battle. While Thugman lives, if his unit is engaged in close combat he becomes Unbreakable

Unbreakable and also confers this attribute to any other models in the unit.

Next One's On Me! Following combat, Thugman musters his men with promises of great feasts and bottomless tankards of his finest. When resolving Combat Result Points following a fight, add +1 to the combat result if the result would be a loss or tie. The bonus is not granted if Thugman's unit wins the combat.

Stop for a Pint First! Before arriving for battle Thugman cracks open several kegs for his men and they get a little carried away. At the start of the deployment phase roll 2D6 on the following table before any player places their models:

1 A little too carried away. Unfortunately the entire unit deploys a turn late. Deploy them as they would have been deployed during the next Start of Turn sub-phase. If for any reason the unit cannot be placed they are considered destroyed and Victory Points should be evenly divided among any opponents.

2 Lost a bet. The unit deploys a turn late. They refuse to talk about the circumstances but they are really annoyed! The unit has Hatred for their first round of close combat.

3 Drinking buddies! With the help of some spirits the unit makes friends with some like-minded Dawi Zharr before battle and bring them along! Add +1 Inebriated Brawler for every 10 points spent on this ability.

4 Drunken metal state. A debate started among members of the unit, the point and topic of which has been forgotten, but they are still in a state of stern concentration, pondering deep irrational thoughts that border on insanity. This strange and ponderous mental state, however, grants them Magic Resistance (1). Once a spell has been cast on this unit, even if it was resisted or Dispelled, this ability is lost.

5 We were here drinking and got started without ye! The unit is placed first during the deployment phase, before any other player's models, and they are treated as having the Vanguard special rule.

6 We acquired this trophy from, erm, doesn't matter! Huzzah! It's Ours! Hail to thee, great spoil of victory! If there's a

standard bearer in the unit then this odd ill-gotten "trophy" dangles from the standard and adds a further +1 to each combat resolution result.

Swig of Brew. Each model has a small personal flask, there is enough for each model in the unit to have a quaff. These effects are also passed on to any characters who may be in the unit at the time the Swig of Brew is used (the Inebriated Brawlers are always happy to share with allies and brethren). Roll a D6 on the following table:

1 Feint of the Still. Tastes like manfolk ale. It has no effect.

2 Liquid Courage. The unit gains Frenzy for the next round of close combat.

3 Hair of the Warhound. The unit gains a 6+ Ward Save. Following the first hit to inflict damage to any model this effect is lost.

4 Drunken Rage. The unit gains Hatred for the next round of close combat.

5 Black Spire Spirits. The unit gains +1 Strength for the next D3 turns.

6 Breath of Hashut. The unit gains Always Strikes First for the next round of close combat, and +1 Strength for the next D3 turns.



CHOSEN OF HASHUT

Since the earliest period of know Chaos Dwarf history mutations have affected their race. Many of the believes mutations are easy to spot like the Bull Centaurs, Bull Taurus and Lammasu. The one least known of these mutations are the Chosen of Hashut. Born with the mark of Hashut on their bodies they are believed to be taken at birth and raised by the Priests of Hashut. They seem to have skin like armour and an ability to destroy all in their path. Many have reported that arrows and weapons just bounce off or their bodies with no effect other than to anger them. The main way to recognise the Chosen amongst the warriors in a Chaos Dwarf army if that they

do not wear armour into battle.

No body of a Chosen has ever been found dead on the field of battle some have reported that if a Chosen takes a mortal wound his body is enveloped in a bright light and disappears. Since these reports are from unreliable sources, fighters whose minds have been lost from the magic unleashed during the battle. From what we gather from our spies and from reports from the Ogres is that the Chosen believe that they cannot be harmed by anything and if they do fall in battle it is believed that it was Hashut's will to punish them for not being faithful.

<u>Chosen of Hashut</u>									
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chosen	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1 (2)	10
Faithful	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2 (3)	10

Points: 5 Chosen of Hashut 70pts. May hire additional Chosen at a cost of 14 points per model.

Unit Size: 5 - 30 **Unit Type:** Infantry

May Be Hired: Chosen of Hashut may be included as a **Special choice** in a Chaos Dwarfs army.

Equipment: Pair of Axes (2 hand weapons).

Options:

- May replace Pair of Axes with Great Weapon for no points cost.
- May upgrade one Chosen to Musician for 6 points.
- May upgrade one Chosen to Standard Bearer for 12 points.
- May upgrade any number of Chosen to Faithful for 15 points per model.

SPECIAL RULES

Chosen: All have been ordained by Hashut by a bull head birthmark on their body. They have unusual Strength that is always one higher than the opponents Toughness (Max S7). They also have been blessed by the Priests of Hashut, this gives them a 5+ Ward Save against non-magical attacks.

Faithful: They are so strong in their faith that they will never back down from battle (*Unbreakable*) and will always chase down their enemies that break before them.



KAZRIN Irontusk’s Chaos Slayer Brotherhood

A Dwarf who fails to fulfil an oath or loses his honour will often take a Slayer oath and seek his death against the greatest and most powerful enemy he can find. Whilst the Chaos Dwarves do not quite share the legendary Dwarven sense of honour, sometimes they will find it necessary to swear take the Slayer oath, although they do not cast off their armour and seek death in the same way as their mountain descendants. They maintain the oath for eighty-eight years and then rejoin the Dawi’Zharr society, and they will ever after be quiet and brooding, although they regain a little of their former personality upon the field of battle. They retain their thick armour, but cast aside their old weaponry in favour of paired runic axes that can cleave through almost any armour.

Often, a Chaos Slayer will swear revenge on an enemy that escaped them, and will bend all his efforts to matching their fighting style. These legendary warriors are known as Champion Slayers, and will often bear very specialised weapons, such as Zhordor the Fearcauser, who was wounded by a Wood Elf named Iseldi Valerin, and afterwards carried an enchanted spear made from the arms of a Dryad and the

blade of Valerin’s own broken sword, and soaked in the bitter tears and blood of Lord Valerin’s slain family. Zhordor did slay Valerin, but then was killed by a mysterious event involving a huge tree and a lot of Dwarven blood.

In order to swear the oath, a Dwarf will have to find the hidden lair of Kazrin Irontusk, the Chaos Dwarf responsible for the oath’s creation, deep within the Plain Of Zharr. They may have to wait for years for Kazrin’s return, but he always will, for he has a rudimentary grasp of magic, and that which he can use, he can manipulate more easily than any Daemonsmith or Sorceror of the Plain of Zharr. Many tales tell of how he can teleport and summon flames and searing molten metals to aid his many quests, and how he is followed by a possessed child’s doll known only as Geno everywhere he goes.

Many of his slayers will fall in battle, but Kazrin has never taken a step back from the enemy in his life. He will stand at the forefront of battle, crushing his foes with his enchanted hammer, Haddakk Ghal, and returning life to his fallen slayers with a magical emerald green ring, so that they may fulfil their eighty-eight year oaths.

Kazrin Irontusk’s Chaos Slayer Brotherhood

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Slayer	3	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	9
Champion Slayer	3	5	3	4	3	1	3	3	10
Kazrin Irontusk	3	6	4	4	4	2	4	3	10

Points: Kazrin Irontusk and 4 Chaos Slayers 140 pts. May hire additional Chaos Slayers at a cost of 15 points per model.

Unit Size: 5 - 50 **Unit Type:** Infantry

May Be Hired: Kazrin Irontusk’s Chaos Slayer Brotherhood may be included as a 0-1 **Special choice** in a Chaos Dwarfs army.

Equipment (Slayers): Hand weapon, Chaos Slayer Axes and Black Armour.

Equipment (Kazrin): Hand weapon, Haddakk Ghal, Black Armour, Emerald Ring Of Resurrection.

Options:

- The unit may take throwing axes for +2pts per model.
- One Chaos Slayer may be upgraded to a Standard Bearer for +15pts. He may carry the War banner for +25pts.
- One Chaos Slayer may be upgraded to a musician for +8pts.
- One Chaos Slayer may be upgraded to a Champion Slayer for +15pts.
- The Champion Slayer may carry a Nemesis Weapon for +30pts

Black Armour:

This much sought-after blackened plate will turn aside the most vicious of blows. Black Armour confers a 4+ armour save that can only be reduced to a 6+. Even if an attack ignores armour saves, the model still gets a 6+ save.

Haddakk Ghal:

Kazrin Irontusk’s personally enchanted hammer can smite any foe. Haddakk Ghal is a magical great weapon that confers an additional +4 strength instead of the usual +2. Emerald Ring Of Resurrection: *This ring contains potent oaths of servitude that can literally raise the dead!* Bound Spell, Power Level: 3. Each successful casting allows you to add D6 wound’s worth of rank-and-file models to the user’s unit. The unit cannot exceed its starting strength.

Nemesis Weapon:

These weapons take many forms, but all have been made to be the undoing of one race in particular. The Nemesis weapon is magical, must be wielded it two hands and wounds any model on a 2+. However, if a 1 is rolled to hit, the weapon has broken as the entity within rebels, the blade melts, or similar.

Emerald Ring Of Resurrection:

This ring contains potent oaths of servitude that can literally raise the dead! Bound Spell, Power Level: 3. Each successful casting allows you to add D6 wound’s worth of rank-and-file models to the user’s unit. The unit cannot exceed its starting strength.

SPECIAL RULES

Slayers:

Unbreakable, Immune to Psychology, Honour Shall Be Ours!, Chaos Slayer Axes.

Kazrin:

Unbreakable, Immune to Psychology, Unhinged, Geno, Pyrocaster.

Chaos Slayer Axes: *Chaos Slayers will come across all manner of weapons on their travels. They will lay about themselves with these mighty tools, dealing death to all who oppose them.* Chaos Slayer Axes are magical weapons that can either be wielded one in each hand (counting as two hand weapons), or two-handed (counting as a great weapon).

The entire unit must use the same weapons, and they cannot swap weapons during a duel. *While the weapon is called an axe, it could just as easily be a hammer, a halberd, a falx, a wailing daemonic entity, or even just a sword. In fact, anything goes, as long as your opponent is clear that they all use the Chaos Slayer Axes rules.*

Honour Shall Be Ours! *Many of the Chaos Slayers will be bloodthirsty, and often, only semi-sane. They will happily challenge any foe, from an upstart Hobgoblin Boss, to a Great Unclean One.* Any member of the unit may accept or issue challenges, but any challenge issued to the unit must be accepted.

Unhinged: *Kazrin is about as sane as a bag of Goblin Fanatics.* Kazrin must take a Leadership test at the start of each of your turn. Should he fail, he becomes *Stupid*, as detailed in the main rulebook.

Geno: *Kazrin’s assistant, Geno is a powerful magical conductor.* Geno may add a single die to the power or dispel pools at the beginning of the magic phase. In combat, Geno makes one attack at Strength 2 that ignores any form of Save or Regeneration. Geno counts as part of Kazrin, and may not be affected separately. *Geno can be placed on a separate base for modelling purposes, but is not a part of the unit and remains outside of the main*

Pyrocaster: *Kazrin can summon mighty flames and burning metals at a glance.* Kazrin has two bound spells, *Fireball* at Power Level 3 and *Searing Doom* at Power Level 4. These are considered to be innate abilities and cannot be destroyed.



KHARNASH’S THIEVING GITS

Kharnash’s Thieving Gits started out as a band of thieves within Zharr Naggrund. For several years they preyed on their fellow hobgoblins, stealing whatever trinkets they could whenever they could to sell to their Dawi Zharr masters. It was only once Kharnash started to boss them around that the legends began.

Under instructions from da Boss, the Thieving Gits pulled off ever more daring raids; working their way sneakily into the camps of Hobgoblin Khans and bankrupting them overnight.

On one occasion they somehow managed to steal the weapons and armour from a entire army of their brethren over the course of a few days. Quite how this amazing feat was accomplished has never truly been explained, though there are many versions of the story.

The legends also tell of them stealing items from Khans and selling them back at an extortionate rate. Occasionally the foolish Khans did not even realise they were their own items in the first place!

Their sneaky deeds did not go unnoticed by several Sorcerer Lords, their reputation for gold gathering no doubt being a natural affront to their greed and will to dominate all beneath them. Why should the Hobgoblin scum hide away their profits when it should go the rightful owners?

Ghorth the Cruel was the first to employ their services outside Zharr Naggrund, tasking them with many dastardly operations behind enemy lines.

The Gits go to battle dressed in suitably sneaky clothes, their long cloaks provide a basic form of camouflage and enable them to work their way around the battlefield unnoticed. Kharnash and his Thieving Gits are covered in countless trophies, the rings, necklaces and gold coins they carry with them making them amazingly wealthy compared to all other Hobgoblins.

The Thieving Gits are always available as mercenaries for any sort of mission. Chaos Dwarf Lords have even hired them to scupper the plans of the Arcane Engineers by stealing a crucial gear or mechanism the night before the items was due to be purchased. The inferior quality always demanded a lower price and the Engineers were left scratching their heads trying to work out how the parts could have been missed.

Kharnash is rightly very proud of his ladz, his cunning and natural leadership has taken them on countless sneaky missions. Rarely have his missions failed, they normally they come back with something to sell even if they lose a few Gits along the way. Fewer people to split da gold with!

Kharnash’s Thieving Gits										
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Thieving Git	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	
Kharnash	4	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	6	

Points: Kharnash and 9 Thieving Gits (66 pts). Additional Thieving Gits may be added for +4 pts per model.

Unit Size: 10+

Unit Type: Infantry

May Be Hired: Kharnash’s Thieving Gits may be included as a **Core choice** in a Chaos Dwarfs army, but will not count towards the minimum core % required.

Equipment: Hand Weapon and Light Armour.

- Options:**
- May carry a Shield +1pt.
 - Upgrade one Theiving Git to Musician +5pts
 - Upgrade one Theiving Git to Standard Bearer +10pts

Special Rules

Scouts
 Kharnash’s Thieving Gits have the Scout special rule.

Animosity
 The Thieving Gits are Hobgoblins and suffer Animosity exactly as described in Ravening Hordes: Chaos Dwarfs.

Thieving Gits
 The Thieving Gits capture magic items from the enemy in exactly the same manner as standards. For each magic item controlled by the Thieving Gits at the end of the game, that player gains an additional 50 victory points.

Used “One use only” or exhausted items do not generate any points. Only items clearly marked as “Magic items” count for these bonuses, so upgrades like daemonic gifts and Vampire bloodline powers do not.

Kharnash is the only Thieving Git permitted to actually use enemy magic items, specifically weapons, all other magical items the Gits steal may not be used by them. He may carry and use one magic weapon and will drop the current one for the remainder of the battle if he picks up a new one. Used “One use only” weapons will be treated as a hand weapon. All the special rules that apply to the magic weapon will apply to Kharnash as well.



1 Hero and 1 Special Choice

Piter Molatov and the Fire Guard	Points: 260
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	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Piter Molatov	3	4	3	3	4	2	1	1	9
Ugwan	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Fire Guard	3	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	9

Can be used as a Hero and Special choice in Chaos Dwarf army, and as a Hero and Rare choice in Ogre, Skaven and all Chaos Armies.

Unit Strength: 10+

Starting Strength: Piter Molatov (Level 1 Sorcerer must use Lore of Fire), Ugwan (must stay by his side) and 8 Fire Guards including Standard and Musician. May hire additional Fire Guard at 16 points per model.

Equipment:

Sorcerer: Hand Weapon, Staff of Flames, Power Stone

Fire Guard: Hand Weapon, Heavy Armour, Shield and Lava Crossbow

Ugwan: Hand Weapon, Light Armour, and Shield

Armour Save:

Guard: 4+ (3+ CC)

Hobgoblin: 5+ (4+ CC)

Options:

- Piter Molatov may be upgraded to a level 2 wizard for 35 points.

Special Rules

Deadly Fire: Can always fire Lava Crossbows with extra rank.

Ugwan: The familiar is the guard's lucky charm and gives the unit a 6+ Ward Save.

Staff of Fire: Once per turn can cast Fiery Blast (Lore of Fire) as a Bound Spell at Power Level 3.

Lava Crossbow: Fires flaming bolts. Attacks are both flaming and magical.

From an early age Piter Molatov found he was able to make fire bend to his will. His abilities didn't go unnoticed and Astrogoth himself trained him for many years. During his early service he was stationed with a group of Warriors guarding a convoy from the Ogre Kingdoms. It was during this mission a Hobgoblin known as Ugwan was first spotted following them at a distance. Ugwan has been drawn towards Piter for many years, always trying to stay in the background but ready if needed in a moments notice.

Soon they spotted a party of invading humans that outnumbered by over ten-fold. Thinking quickly he used the power of fire to create crossbows and bolts out of lava that he had spew from the ground below them. He handed them to the warriors who found them cool to the touch. They took aim and fired, the bolts glowed while travelling to the target. Each that found its mark cause the target to burst into flames. Though they weakened the incoming humans but the ensuing battle was still an extremely long and hard fought engagement.

They were able to beat back the enemy and the after the battle they found Ugwan was bruised and battered but Standing Tall after protecting the sorcerer the whole time. Piter and the warriors decided he must be the Sorcerers familiar and meant to travel with them. He was definitely a good luck charm and mascot for the unit for while he was there the warriors were unharmed.

Upon their return their story became well known, the warriors decided to stay and protect the young Piter and took the name Fire Guard because of the rain of fire their crossbow can release on enemy units. Since then Ugwan joined them on all their missions and they seem to survive battles that other units suffer heavy losses. Many leaders of Chaos Dwarf armies, and even armies of their allies have heard the stories and do their best to acquire the services of Piter Molatov and the Fire Guard.

Blackhand's Daemonhunters

Many warbands of Dawi Zharr roam the Darklands and beyond; most merely seek slaves for the mines of the Chaos Dwarf empire, but some are in search of something else entirely. These are the Embersworn, known as Daemonhunters to the tribes of the north. These Chaos Dwarfs wander the lands, seeking out Daemonic entities and capturing them, binding their souls within arcane prisons, and sell them to Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers and Daemonsmiths for colossal rewards of gold and slaves. House Blackhand was once the greatest of all the Embersworn clans; roaming far and wide, they brought daemons and gods alike in chains to the forges of Zharr Naggrund, there to be bound within sorcerous engines of war. When the Everchosen began his war upon the Old World, he came to Zharr Naggrund to barter for the services of the Dawi Zharr. He was met by Krunngar Blackhand, Sorcerer Lord and head of House Blackhand. After weeks of bargaining (for the Dawi Zharr drive a hard bargain and enjoy wringing the best possible deal out of any client) it was agreed that several dozen Hellcannons and three hundred Dawi Zharr would be sent to reinforce the Lord of the End Times, and that Krunngar himself would accompany the Chaos Dwarf contingent to battle. He was never seen again. Some say that he was slain by the vengeful Dwarfs of the west, but many others claim that he lives still, held in a magical prison somewhere in the Empire. Regardless of Krunngar's fate, his disappearance was the downfall of his House, for his eldest son, Kromlek, did not possess the Gift; he was not a Sorcerer, and so could not take his father's place upon the Council of Sorcerers. As House Blackhand's influence waned, many of their allies moved to support more powerful Houses, and it seemed the name of Blackhand would fall into obscurity; but though Krunngar's talent did not manifest in his eldest, his second son, Marrog, was a prodigy. Spurred on by his father's unsolved disappearance, Marrog completed his apprenticeship under the legendary Kthaark Daemonbane in record time, and has dragged the name of Blackhand back into the limelight almost singe-handedly. Indeed, there are those who whisper that Daemonbane himself is both fiercely proud and consumed with jealousy at his young pupil's talents. After several successful ventures, the revitalised House Blackhand was hired by Ghorth the Cruel to aid in the eradication of a Kurgan tribe that had encroached upon Dawi Zharr territory, despite repeated warnings. The subsequent disappearance of House Blackhand's key members has prompted wild rumours. Some claim that Ghorth had them assassinated, others that they crossed the mountains to look for clues as to their missing father; some even claim that they went to search for the lost fortress of Thagg-a-Durz, but surely such tales are nothing more than the wild fancies of drunken Beardlings.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marrog Blackhand	3	4	5	4	4	2	3	2	9
Kromlek Blackhand	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9
Daemonhunters	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9



For Hire: Blackhand's Daemonhunters are available for hire as a Special choice in Chaos Dwarfs and Dogs of War armies.

Marrog, Kromlek and 8 Daemonhunters with standard bearer and musician cost 315 points (Marrog is worth 130 VPs if slain). Additional rank and file may be purchased as normal up to a maximum of 25 members.

Points/model: 15

Weapons and Armour: Marrog carries a hand weapon, a shield and his pistol. Kromlek carries a hand

weapon, great weapon and a shield. The Daemonhunters have hand weapons, shields and Blunderbusses. All wear chaos armour.

Daemonhunters: The Daemonhunter’s trade is the capturing, binding and selling of Daemonic creatures. This requires bravery verging on insanity. The Daemonhunters are immune to *fear* and *terror*. If the Daemonhunters slay an enemy Hero or Lord model that is a Daemon or a Forest Spirit, they will bind it’s essence and the Chaos Dwarf player gains an additional 100VPs.

Icon of the Magma Storm: Fashioned from meteoric iron, this icon has the soul of a lava Daemon bound within it, and constantly trails flames. While bearing this banner, all shooting from the Daemonhunters becomes magical and flaming.

Daemonsmith: Marrog is a Daemonsmith and generates a Dispel Dice. The runes and wards inscribed on his armour and in his tattoos deaden the winds of magic around him, and he also bears the Rune of Hashut. These give him a 3+ ward save against magical attacks only, and render him immune to flaming attacks.

Doomfire Handcannon: Only a Dawi Zharr could possibly refer to this monstrous weapon as a pistol. Only the thick bones and dense muscle of a Dwarf could absorb the bone-shattering recoil of this gun, crafted in the deepest forges of Zharr Naggrund as Marrog’s final rite of passage as a Daemonsmith, under the stern eye of the great Kthaark Daemonbane. It is a magic weapon, fashioned specifically to slay Daemons, and has the following profile:

Range: 12” **Strength:** 6
Other: Armour-piercing, always stand-and-shoot, ignores ward saves, 2x multiple shots

Counts as a Special choice in Chaos Dwarf and Warriors of Chaos Armies. Counts as a Rare choice in Orcs and Goblins, Beasts of Chaos, Ogre Kingdoms, and Dogs of War armies.

Bharka's Berserkers					Points: 280				
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Berserkers	3	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	10
Bharka	3	5	3	4	5	2	5	3	10

Unit Strength: Bharka, a standard bearer, a musician and seven Berserkers.
Number of Crew: N/A
Weapons and Armour: Berserker Axes

Armour Save: None
Base Size: 20mm

- Options:**
- Additional Berserkers may be added to the unit for +15 pts/model, up to a maximum of 15 additional models.

Special Rules

Berserker Axes
Berserker axes may be used as either two hand weapons or as great weapons. The whole unit does not have to use them the same way. Decide at the beginning of each round of combat which models will be using them in each manner.

Tainted Runes
All berserkers paint themselves with strange runes, many of them are completely unknown even to learned scholars. They grant a 5+ ward save against mundane attacks and a 4+ ward save against magical attacks.

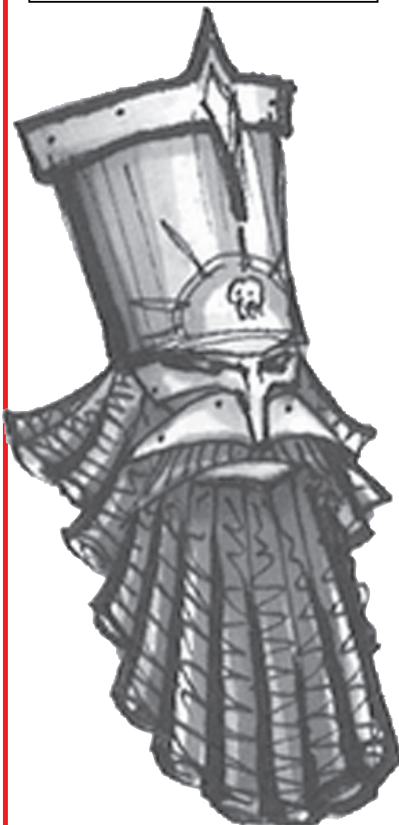
Bharka’s Rage
In the first round of any combat, Bharka may choose to let his guard down and unleash his rage. All his attacks automatically hit. Opponents gain +1 to hit him.

Unbreakable

Background
Berserkers are nearly always loners, wandering around the wastes on their own, relying only on their axe and the indecipherable runes that cover their skin. Bharka defied this convention, seeking out his compatriots to form a temporary group. No one is quite sure how he managed to do this, and with so many foul dwarfs who would sooner cut off your head than say a single word in reply, but the rumour is that he has bested each of them in combat three times armed with nothing more than his ill-fitting jockstrap. Even less known is the purpose of forming the group, other than that it will not be understood until after the event has long passed.



Counts as 1 Hero, 1 Rare, and 1 Special choice.



Tersi'glock's Artillerists	Points/model: 11
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	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tersi'glock Painhammer	3	5	5	4	4	2	3	3	10
Grundump	4	3	4	3	3	2	2	1	6
Dawi-Zharr Artillerists	3	4	4	3	4	1	2	1	9

***Important Notes: Tersi'glock and Grundump must be taken with this unit, add their costs to the total cost of the unit.**

Unit Strength: 1

Number of Crew: 1+ (Not including Tersi'glock and Grundump)

Crew's Weapons and Armour: Hand Weapons, Heavy Armour

Armour Save: 5+

Base Size: 20mm x 20mm

Options:

- (REQUIRED) Tersi'glock and Gtundump +129 points
- Death Rocket (Can take no more than 3) +64 points each
- Earth Shaker Cannon (Can take no more than 2) +86 points each

Special Rules

Artillerists follow the rules for skirmishers and are expertly trained in the use of all Chaos Dwarf artillery pieces. Artillerists can shift between war machines without movement penalty, as long as the war machines themselves do not move: no matter how far along the battery (the entire group of war machines) they travel. Each war machine in the unit must be no more than three inches away from at least one other machine (if the unit includes more than 1). Each war machine in the unit can be operated at full capacity by only 1 artillerist. Each War Machine must have at least 1 artillerist in order to fire. If at any point there are fewer crew than war machines, you must choose which artillery pieces to fire.

Tersi'glock can act as a crewmember and fire one of the war machines, but then no artillery shots during that round can benefit from either the telescope or the monocle. Grundump can never act as a war machine's crew.

Tersi'glock comes with a special telescope infused with an Opticocular Daemon, and a self designed monocle device to ensure artillery fire accuracy. As a result up to 2 artillery dice or deviation dice rolled can be re-rolled once per turn (the re-roll must be accepted, you can not re-roll a re-roll: a maximum of 2 re-rolls allowed per turn) and any artillery die number rolled can be halved (ex if an 8 is rolled for deviation it counts as a 4).

Grundump comes with the *Snifter of Hashut's Ichor* which is a potion that Tersi'glock can drink once per game that allows the re-roll of any die.

Tersi'glock flips the aiming lens of his specially designed range-finding monocle down over his eye and peers into the end of the Opticocular Daemon possessed telescopic device. The amassed ranks of repugnant orcs and goblins arranging themselves across the battlefield instantly jumps into crisp focus.

“45 degrees.” he grunts to Grundump.

“Forty...” Grundump shouts but is instantly silenced by a swift kick to the shin from Tersi'glock's spiked boot.

“... no, 43” Tersi'glock purrs, then nods.

“Forty Three degrees!” Grundump shouts to the waiting Dawi Zharr gathered around their massed machineries of destruction.

Tersi'glock listens to the various clicks and grinds as the Chaos Dwarves adjust the angles on their artillery pieces. When the sounds of the frantic crew finish he slightly raises his right fist. With his eye still held flush to the telescope he drops it in one viciously swift motion.

With a cacophony of wooshes, thumps, and coughs the air suddenly fills with missiles, shrapnel, explosive shells and other various projectiles. Seconds later the writhing horde of greenskins in the telescope visor turns into an exploding mass of limbs, armor, weapons, dirt and gore. Tersi'glock grunts in satisfaction as the remaining revolting slaves rout in horror, dropping their weapons and fleeing from the advancing Dawi Zharr footsoldiers.

“Fetch me my snifter!” he barks at Grundump. While the hobgoblin servant scoots quickly to the command tent to retrieve the requested chalice Tersi'glock pulls away from the telescope and surveys the rabble being cleared out far across the scorched plain. He turns to his waiting Dawi Zharr just as Grundump returns to his side. Once the jewel encrusted glass is placed in his hand he swirls the dark liquid inside, and raises it to his awaiting artillerists.

“To Hashut!” He shouts, and the mingled voices of his soldiers echo his prayer as he gulps down the ichor swishing in his cup.



Luca Gozzadini and Khazharn Firestorm

The Old World is rife with tales of unusual individuals, courageous or treacherous men and women who have embarked on a life of adventure for reasons of greed, psychosis or, occasionally, honour and patriotism. Often, these dangerous types band together, forming loose alliances as they sack dungeons for loot and burn villages for fun or further profit – but, as disparate as these groups are, they are usually united by a common purpose, culture or worldview. It is rare indeed to see a Dark Elf of Naggaroth travelling with one of their hated cousins from Ulthuan, or a Dwarf of the Worlds Edge Mountains joining forces with a Chaos barbarian of the uttermost north. There is one famed exception to this rule however: two cutthroats thrown together by sheer circumstance who have no common cause save survival and gold. They are one of the most unlikely pairings of all: a Tilean mercenary and a Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmith.

How they came to become companions is a complicated story, tied up in the politics of the Old World and beyond. Luca Gozzadini, for his part, was once the son a lesser scion of a Tilean noble and therefore part of a relatively wealthy merchant family. He lived a life of ease, but was naturally trained in the martial arts, particularly the Tilean style of duelling with a whip-thin rapier. Gozzadini was looking forward to a life of aimless corruption, exploiting the lower classes and growing fat off the trade that came into his future estates, but all this changed when his grandfather was seduced by Lucrezzia Belladonna, the famed Tilean beauty. His grandfather was over eighty years old at the time, and it was obvious to everyone that she was interested only in his money. Sure enough, the elder Gozzadini soon died of a mysterious ailment and it was found that he had willed all his land and wealth to Lucrezzia – Gozzadini and his father were left penniless. Considering his options, Gozzadini did what any good Tilean would do and abandoned his now-destitute family to their fate, joining a mercenary company. His superb skills with a blade and absolute disregard for honour soon brought him success as a sell-sword and he rose to become captain of the regiment, which he renamed Gozzadini’s Garroters after killing the old captain with a length of piano wire.

All was going well, especially with war brewing in The Empire, but the short-sighted Gozzadini failed to foresee how destructive Archaon’s invasion of the Old World would truly be, and he found his company embroiled in the Storm of Chaos: the most brutal war against Chaos in centuries. Eventually, Gozzadini’s Garroters were absorbed fully into the provincial army of Ostland and, soon enough, Gozzadini found himself the only survivor. Stranded in the smouldering ruins of the northern Empire he had no choice but to assume command of the garrison he found himself in, being the most experienced and highest-ranked man around. There was a silver lining though: the small fortress had a prisoner in the dungeons, a Chaos Dwarf engineer captured while trying to repair his smashed Hellicannon, one of the feared Daemon engines that Archaon had brought south from the forges of far off Zharr-Naggrund. When an Imperial official ordered the Chaos Dwarf executed, Gozzadini saw his chance to escape. He slaughtered the other soldiers guarding him and bartered for his life with the prisoner, who told him his name was Khazharn Firestorm. Khazharn said he would lead Gozzadini to the Dark Lands, where he would reward him with the great wealth of the Chaos Dwarfs.

Of course, this was a cruel trick. Khazharn intended to sell Gozzadini into slavery in hopes of bartering for his own life with the Sorcerer Lords of Zharr-Naggrund. In being captured, Khazharn had brought disgrace on himself and his master, Ghorth the Cruel, and could expect only a swift death. Luckily for them both, they ran into a scouting force of Chaos Dwarf Immortals led by Rykarth the Unbreakable as they crossed the Worlds Edge Mountains. They were both captured, but the timely intervention of Kislevite forces allowed them to escape. Both now exiles, they had little choice but to fall in with each other, although there was no love lost between them. Gozzadini knows perfectly well that Khazharn was going to profit from his bondage, and Khazhran has the usual Chaos Dwarf contempt for other races, tempered with his utter lack of respect for the man’s dishonourable way of life. Nonetheless, they need each other to survive, so they both grudgingly endure the partnership and pool their despicable skills in order to prosper.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Luca Gozzadini	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Khazharn Firestorm	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish

Wanted: Gozzadini is a wanted criminal in The Empire and Khazharn is sought by the agents of Ghorth the Cruel. They may not be hired by Empire armies or by Chaos Dwarf armies that contain Rykarth the Unbreakable, Zhatan the Black or Ghorth the Cruel.

Tilean Fighting Style: Even before he became a mercenary, Luca Gozzadini was an exceptional fighter, trained by the finest Tilean weapons masters. His skill with his rapier is legendary, and he is able to bat aside attacks using the speed and manoeuvrability of his weapon. Gozzadini has a 5+ ward save in close combat, but he may only use it against attacks made a Strength 5 or less – more powerful attacks can simply batter through his defences.

Dirty Fighters: Gozzadini has no compunctions about using whatever techniques are necessary to get the job done. On more than one occasion he has bested a foe by kicking sand in their face or simply kneeling them between the legs. He may chose to sacrifice all his usual attacks to make a single special attack against one enemy model at his usual WS. This attack always wounds on a 4+ and ignores armour saves. If Khazharn is also in base contact with the target model then the roll to wound is increased to 3+, as the Chaos Dwarf lends aid to his sometime protector with a well-aimed rock to the face or a distracting arrogant speech.

Arcane Engineer: In his former life, Khazharn was a skilled Daemonsmith, a master of the Chaos Dwarfs’ foul Daemon engines. He is still able to turn these abilities to good use when given the opportunity. If Gozzadini and Khazharn join a war machine crew it may re-roll a Misfire when it shoots.

Hero Choice

Gozzadini and Khazharn count as a unit of two models and may not separate during the battle, but they may join other units like a single character.

Luca Gozzadini and Khazharn Firestorm – 165 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Luca Gozzadini	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Khazharn Firestorm	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Weapons and armour: Gozzadini carries a rapier (hand weapon) and wears light armour. Khazharn has an axe (hand weapon) and wears heavy armour.

Special Rules: Skirmish, Wanted, Tilean Fighting Style, Dirty Fighters, Arcane Engineer

For Hire: *Gozzadini and Khazharn may be hired by Dark Elves, Lizardmen, Ogre Kingdoms, Orcs and Goblins, Skaven, Vampire Counts, Warriors of Chaos and, of course, Chaos Dwarfs and their variants, subject to the ‘Wanted’ rule above.*

Khazrak’s Bull Brothers

Many centuries ago the Chaos Dwarf engineers experimented with a variety of missile weapons in the hope of developing an improvement to the Blunderbuss. They realised that its limited range meant it had very limited tactical uses.

Draghzi was one such engineer. He successfully produced a version of a repeater handgun, but upon presenting it to his master catastrophe struck. The weapon backfired and blew apart the Sorcerer.

Draghzi was ritually sacrificed in a horrific way, and his repeater handgun design was ordained to be a cursed weapon. Nobody even mentioned it in over a century, until Khazrak the Bull Centaur found it. Khazrak possessed an unusual interest in all things mechanical, and after many failed attempts managed to duplicate the gun. Naturally he had to have the most powerful version, the only one of its kind in all the Chaos Dwarf empire.

Khazrak gathered together his Bull Centaur Temple brothers and showed them the awesome power of the Skullsplitter. Many of them looked upon him with disdain for having dabbled in arcane engineering. They thought there was little that a sharp axe and an absolute belief in the power of Hashut could not solve.

Some however saw the potential of this weapon. They would be free from their duties guarding temples to crusade and slay in the name of Hashut. With righteous zeal they would travel the world bringing glory for their god of darkness.

Khazrak and his Bull Brothers have become highly sought after as guns for hire, selling their services for extortionate amounts of gold and the chance to reap a higher tally of deaths for Hashut.

1 SPECIAL SLOT	KHAZRAK’S BULL BROTHERS										Points: 150
		M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Khazrak’s Bull Brothers may be hired by the following armies:	Bull Brother	8	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	9	
	Khazrak	8	4	5	4	4	1	3	2	9	
Warriors of Chaos Empire Orcs and Goblins Dark Elves Skaven Chaos Dwarfs* Beastmen Tomb Kings Vampire Counts Dogs of War	Unit Size: Khazrak and 4 Bull Brothers. Additional Bull Brothers may be added for 30 pts/ model										
	Unit Strength: 2 per model										
* They may be hired by Chaos Dwarfs, but if they are fighting Chaos Dwarfs they will only have x2 multiple shots.	Equipment: Hand Weapon, Repeater Handgun, Heavy Armour. Khazrak is armed with Skull Splitter in place of a regular Repeater Handgun.										
	Armour Save: 5+										
Better to show a degree of respect for a fellow worshiper of Hashut than to invoke His wrath.	Base Size: Cavalry										
	Options:										
	• Shields (1pt/ model)										
	• Upgrade one Bull Brother to Musician for 8 points										
	• Upgrade one Bull Brother to Standard Bearer for 16 points										
	Special Rules										
	<i>Move or Shoot</i>										
	Repeater Handgun: <i>Range: 24” Strength 4. x3 Multiple shots. Armour piercing</i>										
	Skull Splitter: <i>Range: 24” Strength 5. x3 Multiple shots. Armour piercing</i>										

Grahthnarh’s Furies

Grahthnarh is marked by Hashut, being granted the gift of bull centaurdom, a mutation rarely earnt. He was gifted a second, perhaps rarer, power by the great bull-god, the power of aethyric command. No known dawí zharr has ever received both gifts in Hashut’s name and it warranted great controversy, one side saying he was a prophet of Hashut and an embodiment of his power, like The Blessed One, others saying that he was a despicable and uncouth barbarian Chaos worshipper, mutated in a sardonic parody of the great bull-god. The divide was solved when the great bull-sorcerer was found to be combining the ancient runic magic of the despised Western dawí, with the still often disputed daemonologist’s practices. The Council of Stone exiled him from their ranks and the duties of Boulder Sentry, bidding him to cleanse himself in the shadows and flames of their patron god upon the field of battle and in his work.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grahthnarh	7	4	3	4	4	2	2	2	9
Grahthnarh’s Fury	8	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	9

Number of Models: Grahthnarh and 4 furies (may be increased).

Points/model: 225+27/model

***0-1 rare choice**

Unit Strength: 2/model

1 special and 1 rare choice (Chaos Dwarfs may take this unit as a single rare choice).

Options:

Unit’s Weapons and Armour: Great Weapon, Heavy Armour, Shield.

- May add additional furies at a cost of 27 points/model (max. 11 extra)

Armour Save: 2+ (1+ with shield)

Special Rules

Grahthnarh’s Ingenuity: *Grahthnarh was exiled for following runecrafting practices, combined with the sacred daemonology rituals, the result of which were mechanical bulls, with potent wards and an everburning hatred for all that has lived, does live or will live.* Grathnarh’s Furies have Frenzy, but they may never lose it due to a lost combat. In addition, they have Magic Resistance (1). These mounts provide +3 armour save, opposed to the usual +2 for being mounted on a barded steed. All other bonuses are included in the profiles.

The Staff of Grahthnarh: *Grahthnarh is the only known bull centaur to exhibit the magicks of Hashut and, as such, has learnt to wield them through a daemon-rune etched staff.* Grathnarh counts as a level 2 wizard, generating no dispel dice. He may use spells from the Lore of Fire and the Lore of Metal, choosing the lore of each spell after rolling. Due to his semi-stone form, the unit must move at his lower movement value. As a wizard, he cannot use armour or shield and counts as being armed with just a great weapon/hand weapon.

Base Size: 25mm x 50 mm (cavalry)

TESTAMENT OF A DAWI-ZHARR

— MEMBER SPOTLIGHT

—TJUB—

Who are you?

My name is Tobias Torstensson and I'm 30 years old. Live in the south part of Sweden, in a harbor city called Gothenburg together with my girlfriend and at the moment a cat that we take care of for a friend. I work at a school for intellectually challenged children. I spend my time busy with comics, various miniature games, RPGs, painting and a huge WWII interest. Music also takes a big part in my life, not as important as it used to be though.

When did you start playing warhammer?

I started playing Warhammer when I was 15, I had bought a few models some years before but didn't have any friends who played and didn't own the rules so I just painted and collected. When I found a group of people to play with it more or less opened the doors to a new world. Spending all my spare time painting and gaming for a few years... Had a break from it for about five years when my flatmate and I at the time decided to pick up a Battle For the Skull Pass, the intention was just to play with the forces in the box. But you all know how it gets, so about a year later I had a 2000+pts Night Goblin force.

Why Chaos Dwarfs?

We didn't play much, and still don't play more than a few games a year. The fun part for me is to build, paint and discuss the models, fluff, etc. I wanted to do something more creative than my goblins and so when I found CDO I thought that a Chaos Dwarf warband for Mordheim would be fun. Didn't even start until the idea expanded to an army and in about a year I could field 2000pts of them. In the process I had found my style of how I wanted to Chaos Dwarfs and wasn't satisfied with the standing army I had, so I decided to sell them and start over from scratch. At the moment I have about 1000pts of CDs and I've also done a CD Blood Bowl team as a commission work.

Other armies/wargaming projects?

Actually I have this weird feeling and always have. I can't stand to have too many models, I know it sounds absurd but that's how it is. Usually I just keep one army/fraction for each system. At the moment its Chaos Dwarfs for



WFB which I cant really ever see myself getting rid of. There is just too much love gone into them... I do enjoy Flames of War a lot, a rather simple and fluid game and I get to play with WWII minis as well. I have about 12000pts of Soviets and 4000pts Romanians, and yes that is physical models I can put on the table at the same time. Other than FoW I enjoy Blood Bowl, various skirmish-, home made zombie games and just bought a fleet for Dystopian Wars.... almost forgot mention my growing CD fleet for Naval Warhammer!

What are your goals with your army? Do you ever think you'll be "done" with Chaos Dwarfs? To have fun and get to be creative. The way we play WFB is rather relaxed and if someone builds something cool we agree on the rules and put in our games. Whait that being said, Ill probably never be "done" with my Chaos Dwarfs, my focus tends to go between different projects, one at the time. But Ill never put my CDs in a box in the basement never to



be opened again...

Why did you choose to build your army like you did?

Simply because I felt like doing the models I have, wouldn't convert a really boring models just because its great in the game.

But I do like the idea of the CDs as slave hunters, and I like to keep a lot of slaves and green-skinned minions.

What models interest you as a collector?

Don't really know if I see myself as a collector, since every five years of so I get the idea that I have too many miniatures and that I absolutely have to get rid of some before I can let myself by any more. But I enjoy Battlefronts WWII models a lot, of course my converted CDs, Spartan Games seems really cool too. And Ive been daydreaming about doing something with the Scanian War 1675-1679, being a Scanian myself, but we will have to see about that in the future.

What Do You Listen To While Painting?

Oh, hard one! Usually its old school Hard Core, Thrash metal, Punk or some pre- Rastafari Reggae. Either play loud and fast or make it

instrumental/skinhead reggae.

Favourite Chaos Dwarf Model?

Can't really say that I have a favorite model, but I do love the Big hat era Chaos Dwarfs. The first army I bought and played with and came back to 15 years later.

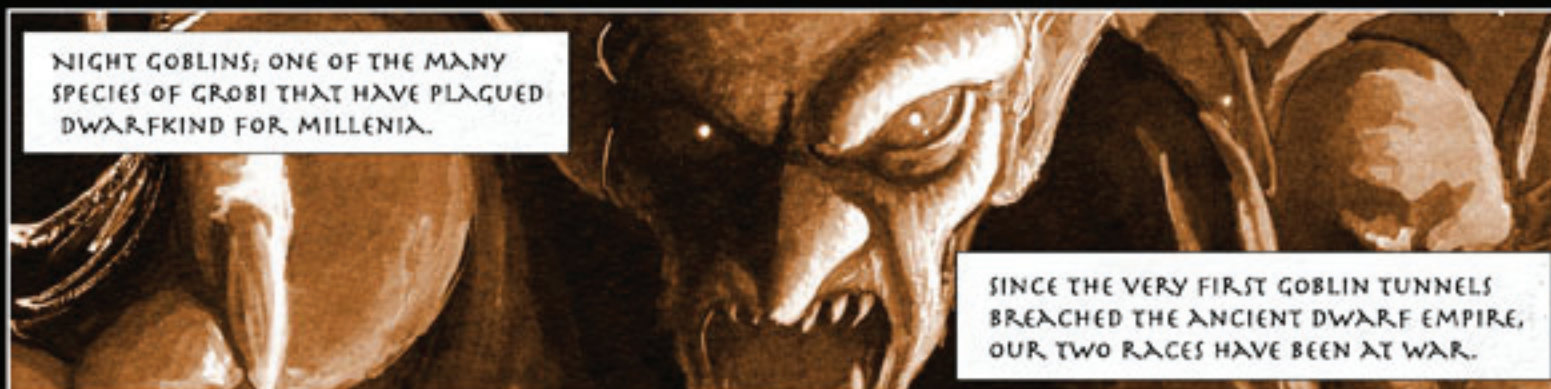
What about the future?

No big plans here, I'll keep doing CDs when I have the time and am in the mood. At the moment I've just played my first battle of naval Warhammer and I have to go back and rebuild some of the ships to make them a bit more battle effective.

And of course to finish our Struggle for Stalingrad FoW campaign we have been running for our a year now, hopefully it will draw to an end during spring. For those interested it can be found here, <http://15mm.se/forum/viewtopic.php?f=42&t=1133>

Lastly I would just like to thank everybody at Chaos Dwarfs Online, without the tremendous work done to keep the great site up and running I wouldn't be doing Chaos Dwarfs of WFB at all! Thanks guys!



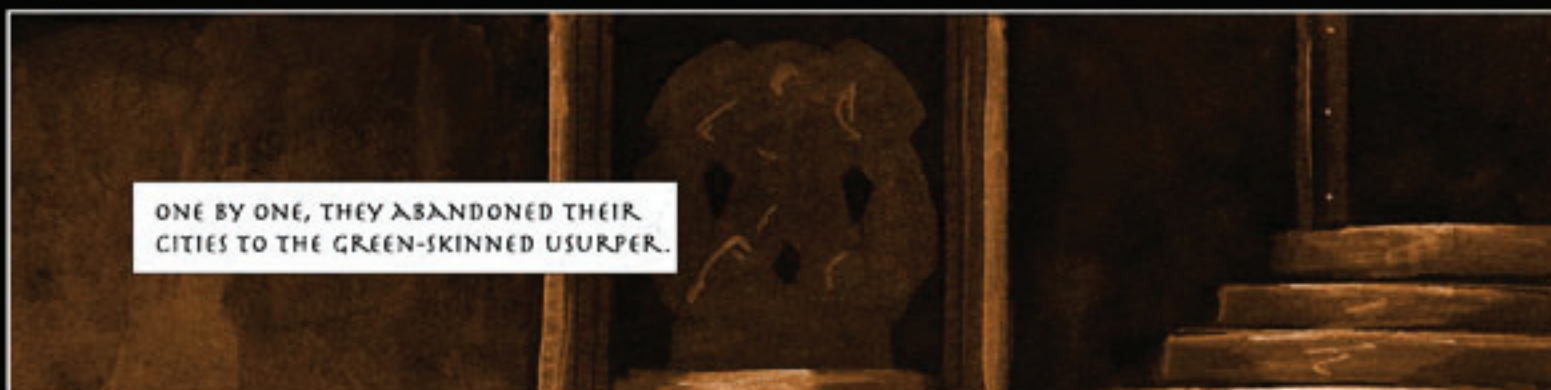


NIGHT GOBLINS, ONE OF THE MANY SPECIES OF GROBI THAT HAVE PLAGUED DWARFKIND FOR MILLENIA.

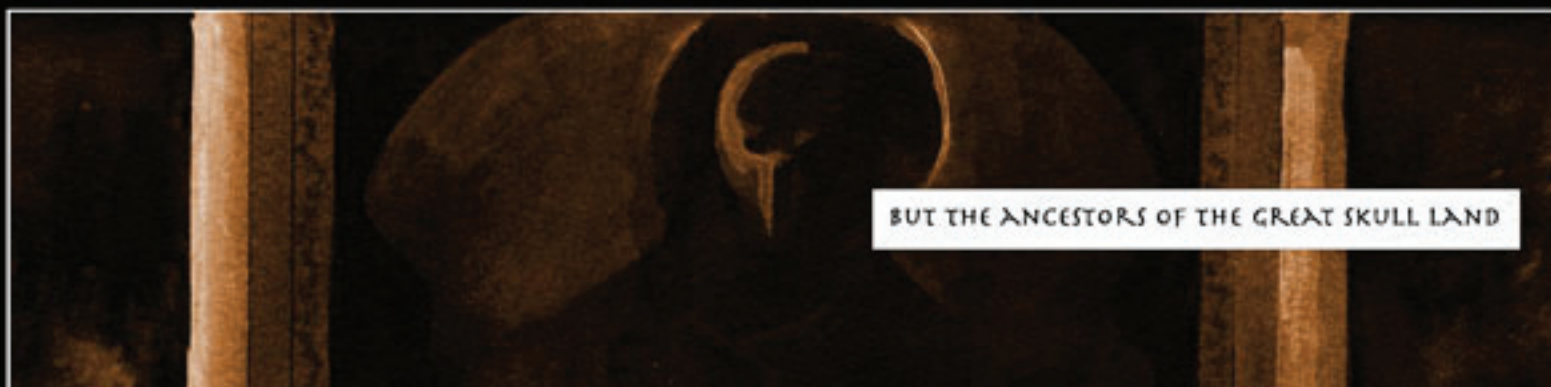
SINCE THE VERY FIRST GOBLIN TUNNELS BREACHED THE ANCIENT DWARF EMPIRE, OUR TWO RACES HAVE BEEN AT WAR.



EACH TIME THE GROBI ATTACKED, THE WESTERN DWARFS GAVE MORE AND MORE GROUND.



ONE BY ONE, THEY ABANDONED THEIR CITIES TO THE GREEN-SKINNED USURPER.



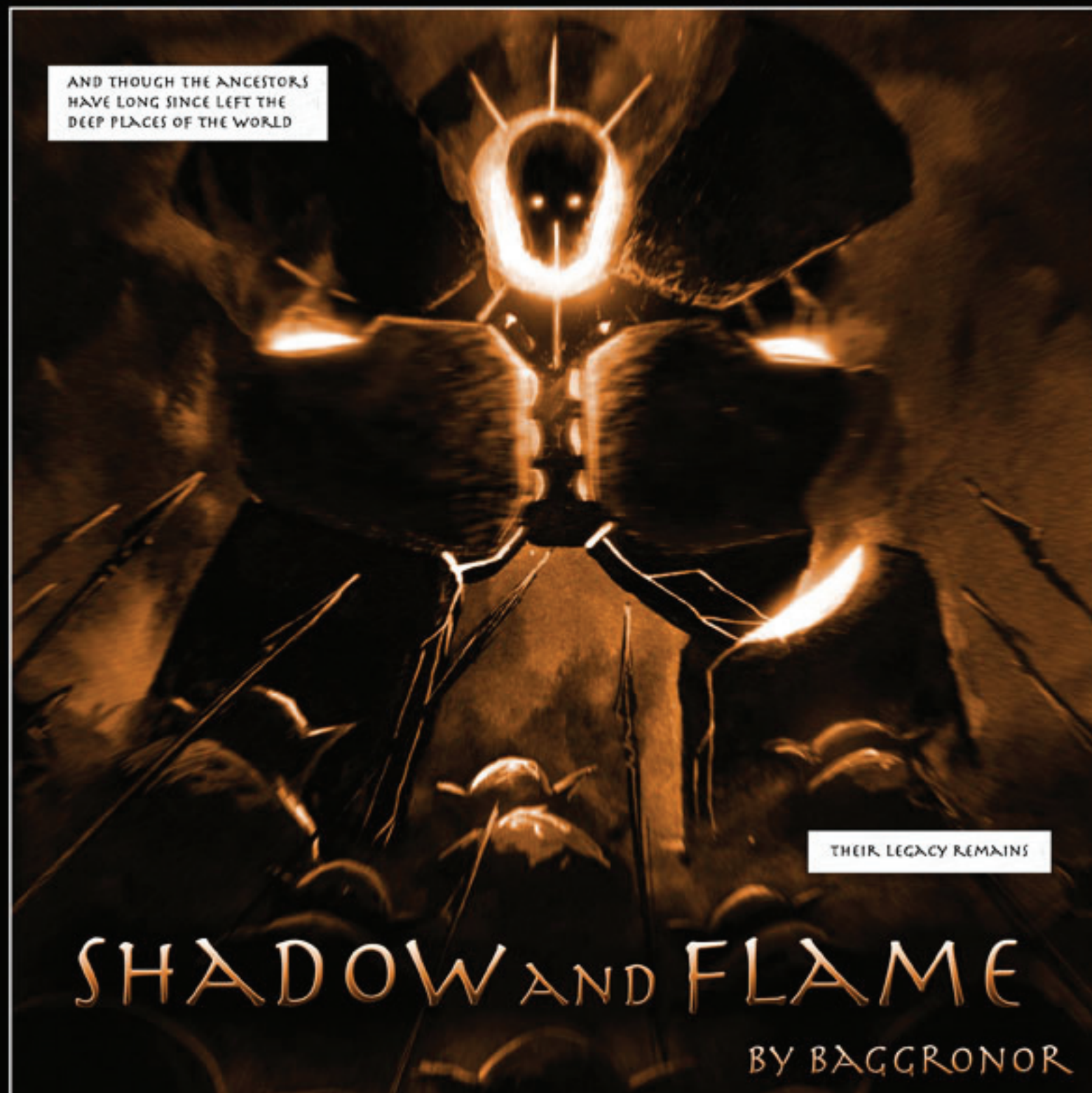
BUT THE ANCESTORS OF THE GREAT SKULL LAND



WERE MADE OF STERNER STUFF.



AND THOUGH THE ANCESTORS HAVE LONG SINCE LEFT THE DEEP PLACES OF THE WORLD



THEIR LEGACY REMAINS

SHADOW AND FLAME

BY BAGGRONOR



WHAT IS IT?

A GOLEM. AN
AUTOMATON OF
THE ANCIENTS.



WILL IT
RECOGNISE US AS
DAWI ZHARR?

UNLIKELY.
THE OLD RECORDS
INDICATE THEY COULD BE
GIVEN SIMPLE COMMANDS
BUT NOTHING
MORE.



THE SECRETS
OF TRUE GOLEM CRAFT
WERE LOST TO US DURING THE
OLD WARS. THE ANCIENT GOLEMS
WERE PERFECTION ITSELF; OBEDIENT,
IMMORTAL AND VIRTUALLY
INDESTRUCTIBLE.

SUPPOSEDLY, THEY WERE
BOUND NOT WITH DAEMONS,
BUT WITH THE SOULS OF SLAIN
DAWI ZHARR.

IT IS SENTIENT
MOLTEN METAL INHABITING
A SHELL OF SOLID GROMMIL;
PROOF AGAINST ANY
GROBI WEAPON.



SO HOW DO
WE KILL IT?!

WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO TAKE
CHANCES. I NEED
TO CONSERVE
AMMUNITION.



'OPE YOU GOT
A BETTER PLAN DAN
DEM NIGHT GOBBOES, BOSS.
DEY'Z RUNNIN'
FER IT.



.....WOT...?



EHM...BOSS?

...YOU SURE DIS IS
DA ONLY WAY?



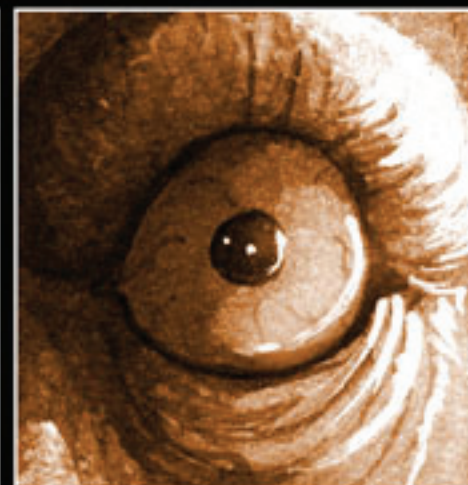
NO.
BUT IT IS THE
SAFEST.

FER WHO??!!



JUST DRAW IT ONTO THE
BRIDGE, YOU'LL BE FINE.
I NEVER MISS.

....MISS??!
MISS WIV WOT...??!!



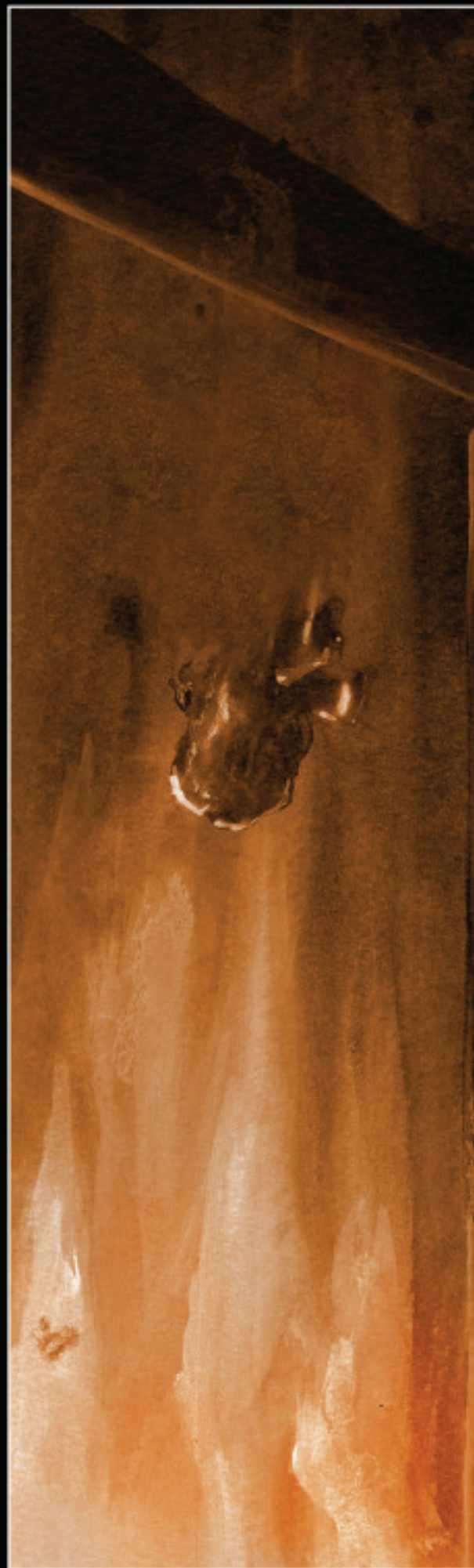
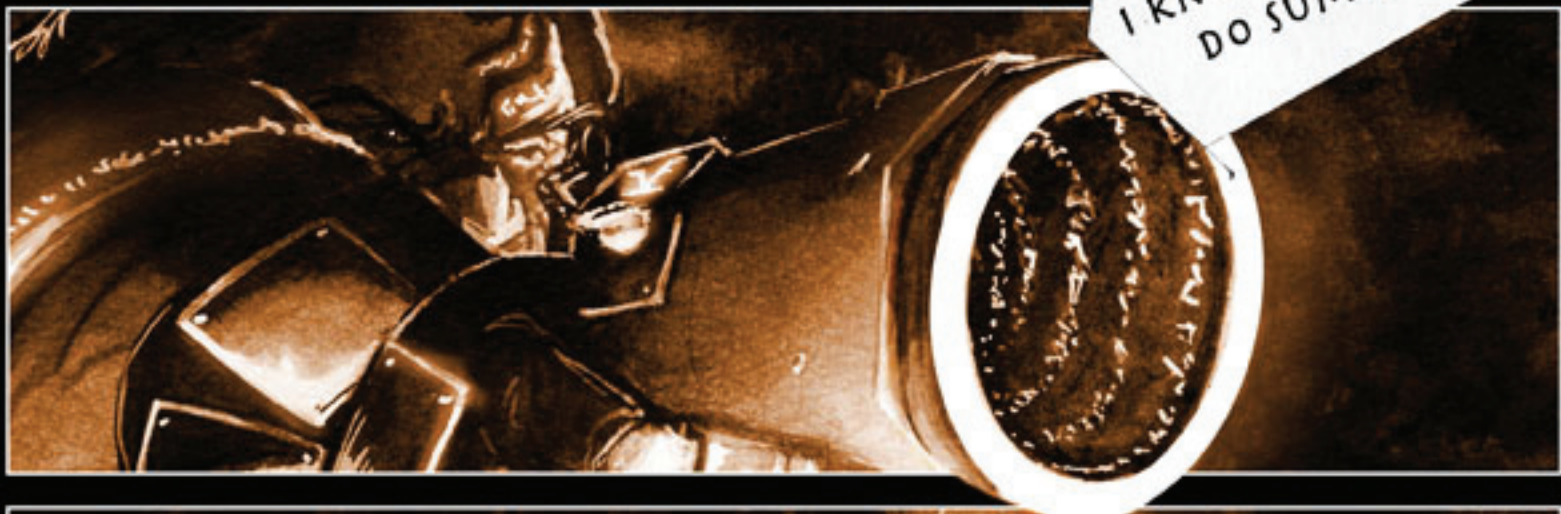
AAAACH



ITS WORKING!!



I KNOW ITS WORKIN',
DO SUMFING!!!!



SUCH A SHAME.
HOPEFULLY THERE WILL
BE MORE INSIDE; PERHAPS
WE CAN REDISCOVER
THEIR SECRETS.

REALLY??!
WELL, I CAN
HARDLY WAIT!!



STOP MOANING.
YOU SURVIVED,
DIDN'T YOU?

THE DOOM SEEKER

The webzine for players who believe in playing the game for fun.



New Slayer Brotherhood
[http://z8.invisionfree.com/SlayerBrotherhood/
Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter](http://z8.invisionfree.com/SlayerBrotherhood/WarhammerFantasyBattleReporter)
<http://battlereporter.freeforums.org/portal.php>

Border Town Burning

Includes complete rules
for playing Chaos Dwarf
warbands in Mordheim!

www.bordertownburning.de.vu

Securing their investments, crimson-cheeked merchants direct mercenary contingents comprised from knights stripped of rank and blackhearted sell-swords. The trappings onboard heavily loaded caravans present a ripe supply source to the tainted dwarfs of the Dark Lands. Ogres will fight for whoever pays the most coin and the children of Hashut will strike an infernal bargain with the maneaters and northmen alike in exchange for their abominable weapons craft.

Chaos chieftains seek dominion upon wide-eyed proclamations of their seer's infernal portents. Tribes pour out of the north and march on the borderlands. Celestial dragon monks move to protect the territory. Their numbers are few when the horde is many. Wary they alone might not succeed, interlopers, normally treated with hostility may provide their only means to repel the threat.

Negotiating the wicked wilderness is a trial of fortitude in itself. Does a band of heroes possess the courage to meet the threat head on or are the border towns doomed to burn?

Border Town Burning is a supplement for Mordheim. This book describes in detail how to make the most of your Mordheim campaigns. It is to be used in conjunction with the Empire in Flames supplement and the Mordheim rulebook.

Inside you will find:

PORTENTS OF DOOM

An in-depth background section describing the journey East of the World's Edge Mountains along the Silk Road and a detailed study of tribal conflict in the Shadowlands and Northern Wastes. *'West of Weijin'* is a new story by Robert E. Waters, the author of *'Ill Met in Mordheim'* (published by Black Library in *'Tales of the Old World'*).

STRANGE TERRITORIES

Environment rules for the wooded borderlands of Cathay and snow-covered Northern Wastes and Exploration charts and Random Happenings represent Chaotic events in the most dangerous territories of the Warhammer World. A complete Bestiary accompanied by new rules for battling non-player models.

EXOTIC TRADE

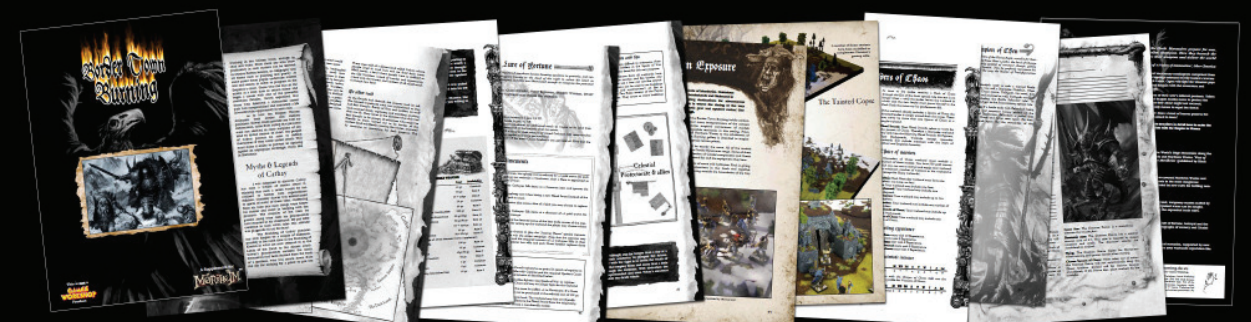
Diabolical equipment traded from the infamous fires of Zharr-Naggrund, weaponry master-crafted by the legendary smiths of Cathay and four infamous Chaos artefacts. Opulent wares can be sought, bought, sold or exchanged by brokering deals with merchants using the expanded trade rules.

DOGS OF WAR

New warband lists, Hired Swords and Dramatis Personae star in this tale of fortune, betrayal and the struggle for domination. 28-page full colour gallery packed with photographs of scenery and Citadel miniatures converted for the setting.

VISIONS OF VICTORY

Captains with grand ambition will have their mettle tested in 16 original scenarios, supported by new rules for running non-linear campaigns. Thrilling missions will enhance your warbands reputation like never before.





NEXT ISSUE

*“Cower in
your tunnels,
O Skaven, for
your reckoning
will soon be at
hand.”*

ISSUE 12 OF THE
WORD
OF HASHUT..
COMING FOR
YOU.. MARCH 2011