

WARHAMMER ARMIES

Dogs of War™



WARHAMMER
SUPPLEMENT

GAMES
WORKSHOP



An army of mercenaries attacks an Orc horde



Regiments of Renown in the employ of an Empire Elector Count



A Beastman warband charges a Dogs of War army

WARHAMMER[®] ARMIES

Dogs of War

BY NIGEL STILLMAN

WITH RICK PRIESTLEY & TUOMAS PIRINEN

BOOK COVER: DAVID GALLAGHER

ART: JOHN BLANCHE, ALEX BOYD, WAYNE ENGLAND,
DES HANLEY, TOBY HYNES, NUALA KENNEDY, PAUL SMITH & JOHN WIGLEY



PRODUCED BY GAMES WORKSHOP

Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo, Citadel, the Citadel castle and Warhammer are all UK registered trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd and are trademarks in other countries around the world. Bretonnia, Chaos Dwarfs, Grail Knight, Gutter Runner, Knight Errant, Naggaroth, Lustria, Saurus, Skaven & Skink are all trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd.

'Scatter' dice are a UK registered design no. 2017484

All artwork in all Games Workshop products and the images contained therein have been produced either in-house or as work for hire. The copyright in the artwork and the images it depicts is the property of Games Workshop Ltd.

British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

© Copyright Games Workshop Ltd, 1998. All rights reserved.

GAMES WORKSHOP[®]

UK
GAMES WORKSHOP LTD.
WILLOW ROAD,
LENTON,
NOTTINGHAM
NG7 2WS

US
GAMES WORKSHOP INC.
6721 BAYMEADOW DRIVE,
GLEN BURNIE,
MARYLAND, 21060-6401

AUSTRALIA
GAMES WORKSHOP,
23 LIVERPOOL STREET,
INGLEBURN,
NSW 2565

CANADA
GAMES WORKSHOP,
1645 BONHILL ROAD,
UNITS 9-11, MISSISSAUGA,
TORONTO L5T 1R3

HONG KONG
GAMES WORKSHOP,
2002-2006,
HORIZON PLAZA,
LEE WING STREET,
AP LEI CHAU

PRODUCT CODE: 60 03 02 99 001

ISBN: 1 872372 02 3

CONTENTS

DOGS OF WAR INTRODUCTION	3	RICCO'S REPUBLICAN GUARD	56
LEOPOLD'S LEOPARD COMPANY	4	THE BIRDMEN OF CATRAZZA	58
LONG DRONG SLAYER'S PIRATES	5	SPECIAL CHARACTERS	60
ASARNIL THE DRAGONLORD	6	BORGIO THE BESIEGER	60
THE BIRDMEN OF CATRAZZA	7	LEONARDO DA MIRAGLIANO	61
GENERAL ENZO'S DOGS OF WAR ARMY	8-9	LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA	63
BRONZINO'S GALLOPER GUNS	10	MYDAS THE MEAN	64
MARKSMEN OF MIRAGLIANO	11	LORENZO LUPO	66
THE DOGS OF WAR	12-13	MARCO COLOMBO	67
ALCATANI FELLOWSHIP	14	MERCENARIES OF TILEA	70
BEORG BEARSTRUCK & THE BEARMEN OF URSLO ..	15	THE RISE OF THE MERCENARIES	70
MERCENARY CHARACTERS	16	THE MERCENARY BANDS	70
DOGS OF WAR SPECIAL RULES	17	INVASIONS AND STRIFE	71
REGIMENTS OF RENOWN	17	ADVENTURERS	71
THE DOGS OF WAR ARMY	17	THE MERCHANT PRINCES	73
THE MERCENARY GENERAL	18	THE RISE OF	
THE PAYMASTER	18	THE TILEAN MERCHANT PRINCES	73
THE MONEY LENDER	19	AMBITION, TYRANNY AND VENDETTA	73
MERCENARY CAPTAINS	21	THE CITIZENS	74
MERCENARY HEROES		THE LAND OF TILEA	75
& HIRELING WIZARDS	21	THE FABLED ORIGINS OF TILEA	75
PIKES	21	TILEAN LANDSCAPES	76
MERCENARIES FOR HIRE	23	THE DECAYING RUINS	
THE DOGS OF WAR ARMY	26	OF A FORMER GOLDEN AGE	76
ARMY SELECTION	26	THE RISE OF THE TILEAN CITY STATES	76
CHARACTERS	26	TILEAN GENIUS	76
REGIMENTS OF RENOWN	26	THE PRINCIPALITIES OF TILEA	78
SPECIAL MERCENARY CHARACTERS	26	TOBARO	78
CHARACTERS	28	MIRAGLIANO	79
MERCENARY GENERAL	28	TRANTIO	80
PAYMASTER	28	PAVONA	80
MERCENARY HEROES	29	REMAS	81
HIRELING WIZARDS	29	VEREZZO	82
REGIMENTS OF RENOWN	30	LUCCINI	82
GOLGFAG'S MERCENARY OGRES	30	THE MIGHTY FORTRESS OF MONTE CASTELLO ...	82
BRAGANZA'S BESIEGERS	32	THE PIRATE PRINCIPALITY OF SARTOSA	84
LONG DRONG SLAYER'S PIRATES	34	TILEAN CHRONICLE	85
VOLAND'S VENATORS	36	MAP OF TILEA	86
PIRAZZO'S LOST LEGION	38	THE AGE OF EXPLORATION	87
AL MUKTAR'S DESERT DOGS	40	OLD TRADE ROUTES	87
ASARNIL THE DRAGONLORD	42	NORSCA AND THE FAR NORTH	88
LEOPOLD'S LEOPARD COMPANY	44	ARABY AND THE SOUTHLANDS	88
BRONZINO'S		TILEAN SHIPS	90
BATTERY OF GALLOPER GUNS	46	MAP OF TILEAN EXPLORATIONS	91
MARKSMEN OF MIRAGLIANO	48	THE LUSTRIAN ADVENTURE	92
BEORG BEARSTRUCK		THE SILK ROAD	94
AND THE BEARMEN OF URSLO	50		
VESPERO'S VENDETTA	52		
THE ALCATANI FELLOWSHIP	54		

DOGS OF WAR

This is a tale of the Warhammer World – of warlords and bandits, of sell-swords and freebooters, and of brave adventurers who willingly risk all upon the battlefield for the chance to win measureless riches. They are the Dogs of War! This book is about the Dogs of War. It explains how you can incorporate mercenary fighting regiments into any Warhammer army and also how you can create an entire army of Dogs of War under the leadership of a daredevil mercenary general. It's a book which will prove useful to any Warhammer player, whether he wishes to incorporate new mercenary units into an existing force, or start an entirely new Dogs of War army.

ANY TIME, ANY PLACE, ANYWHERE...

Unlike other Warhammer armies, the Dogs of War do not come from a particular place, nor do they comprise a particular race, although men do feature very strongly amongst their number. They are bands of warriors who live by fighting – fighting for pay, fighting for adventure and, most importantly of all, fighting for the chance to win fabulous wealth. Some are merely bandits, pirates and cut-throats of the most untrustworthy kind, but others are gallant Princes and buccaneers who lead bold warriors to adventure and conquest in far away lands.

As already explained, not all mercenaries are human, although many are. Amongst the Dogs of War, freebooters from the frozen wastes of Norsca rub shoulders with Corsairs from Araby and mysterious warrior monks from the east. Mercenaries commonly form into itinerant bands under the leadership of a charismatic or especially brutal leader. The most famous of these bands are, more often than not, known by the name of their leader, such as Hagar Whitefang's Were-Marauders, Khalag's Sure Shots, and the renowned Golphag's Ogres. An entire army of Dogs of War is made up of many of these bands under the overall leadership of a roguish mercenary general.

ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD

Mercenary armies of Dogs of War fight all over the world. They are drawn to places where fortunes can be won by ruthless adventurers. The treasure-houses of the Lizardmen in Lustria are a major prize and have attracted many a would-be conqueror, such as the crazed Piazza Pizzaro and the near-legendary Sven Hasselfriesian. Further east the mysterious Dragon Isles and the shadowy lands of Cathay have tempted soldiers of fortune such as Count Egmond Baernhof and the infamous Thorson Grint. South to the Southlands and the legendary

DA HAPPY PLUNDERER

*We loves ta go a plunderin'
Across da salty seas,
A killin' an a murderin'
An' fightin' if ya please.*

*Fal-da-Reeeeeee!
Fal-da-Raaaaaaa!
Fal-da-Reeeeeee!
Fal-da-ba ba ba ba ba ba ba
Fal-da-Reeeeeee!
Fal-da-Raaaaaaa!
Are ya wiv us all so far?*

*We loves ta go a plunderin'
Across da mountain sides,
But when we comes ta do 'em in,
Dem stunties runs an' bides.
Fal-da... (et cetera, ad nauseam)*

Ogre Camp Fire Song

treasures of Karak Zorn, eastwards to Cathay, and west to the treasure-houses of Lustria, the world is truly awash with rag-tag armies of sell-swords who nurture wishful dreams of empire!

Although Dogs of War ply their bloody trade to every point of the compass, the most notorious breeding-ground of mercenaries is the land of Tilea in the Old World. From all the kingdoms of the Old World and many lands beyond, sell-swords come to Tilea where they can be assured of ready and profitable employment. The reasons for this are quite obvious. Tilea is an anarchic and largely ungovernable country, where self-serving individuals rule precariously over proudly independent cities. The real power lies with wealthy Merchant Princes who plot and scheme against the tax-gathering authorities and each other with almost equal enthusiasm. Indeed, such is the tradition in Tilea that all armies of any size are mercenary armies – paid for and deployed by a wealthy Prince, a devious merchant or some ambitious tyrant.

Tilea is also a melting-pot to which all kinds of mercenaries come with the notion of joining whatever overseas adventure is flavour of the month. Such ventures are sometimes funded by wealthy merchants keen to open up new trade routes east and south, but often the whole thing is down to some crazed adventurer with a theory that the world is round, cubed, the shape of a very tall floppy hat, or some other such nonsense. No matter what the motivation, bold armies of Dogs of War depart every few weeks from the ports of Tilea and sail off into the sunset. On the whole they are never heard of again, but just occasionally a ship sails back stuffed to the gunnels with treasure, bearing a few jewel-encrusted survivors back to a new life of ease and luxury.

The following pages show just a few of the many Regiments of Renown and other mercenaries which commonly make up the Dogs of War army.

LEOPOLD'S LEOPARD COMPANY

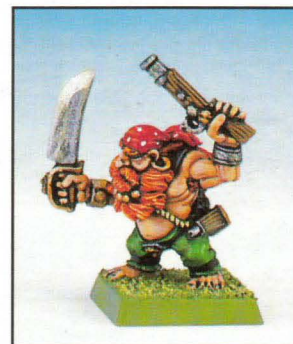
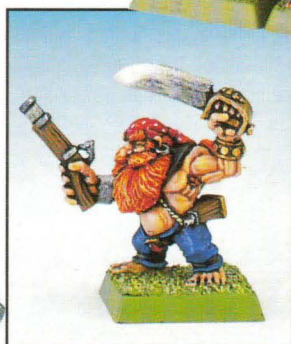


► Captain
Leopoldo di
Lucci: leader of the
Leopard Company.



LONG DRONG SLAYER'S PIRATES

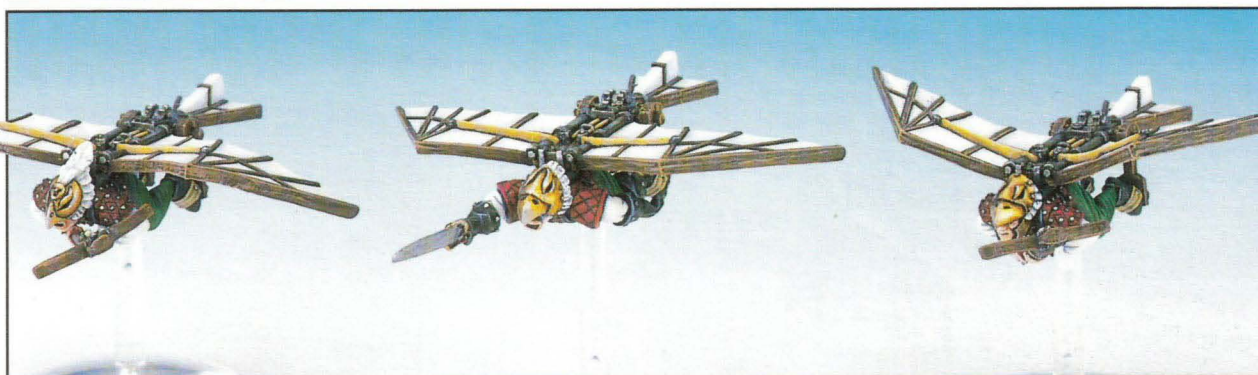
◀ Long Drong Slayer,
Captain of the Dwarf pirates.



ASARNIL THE DRAGONLORD



THE BIRDMEN OF CATRAZZA



◀ Daddallo,
Captain of the Birdmen of Catrazza.



BRAGANZA'S BESIEGERS



▼ Captain Luka Braganza.



WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

GENERAL ENZO'S DOGS OF WAR ARMY

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET										GENERAL ENZO'S VOOGS OF		Notes	Points Value
Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save			
ENZO FERRANTE, GENERAL Barbed Warhorse Sword, heavy armour, shield	4 8	6 3	6 0	4 3	4 3	3 1	6 3	4 1	10 5	2+ -	Magic Weapon, Dragon blade Each hit = 2 hits roll to wound for each hit	171	
LUGREZZIA BELLADONNA Warhorse Sword	4 8	3 3	3 0	4 3	4 3	3 1	5 3	2 1	7 5	6+ -	Level 3 Mage Poisonous items, Phial of Poison, Poisoned Stiletto, Potion of Pavona	358	
BEARMEN OF URSLO BEORG BEARSTRUCK OERL THE YOUNG Axe, light armour, shield BEARMEN Axe, light armour, shield,	4 4 4 4	5 4 4 4	0 3 3 3	6 4 4 4	5 3 4 3	3 1 4 3	5 4 4 1	4 2 1 4	9 7 7 7	4+ 5+ 5+ 5+	*Magic Item, Bearfang Talisman Magic Standard, Bear Banner	352	
BRONZINO'S GALLOPER GUNS BRONZINO Warhorse Sword, heavy armour GUN CREW Sword, light armour	4 8 4	5 3 3	5 0 3	4 3 3	4 3 3	2 1 3	5 3 1	3 1 3	8 5 7	4+ - 6+		269	
MARKSMEN OF MIRAGLIANO MAXIMILIAN DAMARK Crossbow, sword, light armour MARKSMEN Crossbow, sword, light armour	4 4	5 3	5 0	4 3	4 3	4 3	2 1	5 3	3 1	8 7	6+ 6+	257	
LONG DRONG SLAYER'S PIRATES LONG DRONG Cutlass, loads of pistols PIRATES Cutlass, loads of pistols	3 3	6 4	5 3	4 3	4 3	5 4	2 1	4 2	3 1	10 9	- -	Enemy are at -1 to hit in H-T-H	328
ALCATANI FELLOWSHIP RODERIGO DELMONTE Pike, sword, light armour PIKEMEN Pike, sword, light armour	4 4	3 3	3 3	3 3	3 3	3 3	2 1	3 3	2 1	8 7	6+ 6+	261	
TOTAL											1996		

WARHAMMER

UNIT: MERCENARY GENERAL - "ENZO FERRANTE"

POINTS: 171

ARMOUR/WEAPONS:	SWORD, HEAVY ARMOUR, SHIELD & HORSE BREASTING										Pts.
CHAMPION:											Pts.
TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE	
GENERAL	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	10	2+	
WARHORSE	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5		

NOTES: MAGIC WEAPON, DRAGON BLADE
EACH HIT = 2 HITS ROLL TO WOUND FOR EACH HIT

WARHAMMER

UNIT: BRONZINO'S GALLOPER GUNS

POINTS: 269

ARMOUR/WEAPONS:	LIGHT ARMOUR & SWORD										Pts.
CHAMPION:	BRONZINO										Pts.
TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE	
BRONZINO	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	4+	
WARHORSE	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-	
CREW	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	6+	

NOTES: 2 GUN TEAMS

WARHAMMER

UNIT: MARKSMEN OF MIRAGLIANO

POINTS: 257

ARMOUR/WEAPONS:	LIGHT ARMOUR, SWORD & CROSSBOW										Pts.
CHAMPION:	MAXIMILIAN DAMARK										Pts.
TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE	
MAXIMILIAN	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	6+	
MARKSMEN	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	6+	

NOTES: 16 MODELS IN UNIT - MAY SKIRMISH

WARHAMMER

UNIT: BEARMEN OF URSLO

POINTS: 352

ARMOUR/WEAPONS:	LIGHT ARMOUR, AXE & SHIELD										Pts.
CHAMPION:	BEORG BEARSTRUCK										Pts.
TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE	
BEORG	4	5	0	6	5	3	5	4	9	*	
OERL THE YOUNG	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	7	5+	
BEARMEN	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7	5+	

NOTES: 16 MODELS IN UNIT

* BEARFANG TALISMAN (4+ SPECIAL SAVE)
BEAR BANNER (+1 TO HIT IN FIRST TURN OF COMBAT)

GENERAL ENZO'S DOGS OF WAR ARMY



WARHAMMER

UNIT: LUGREZZIA BELLADONNA

ARMOUR/WEAPONS: SWORD

POINTS: 358

CHAMPION:

TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE
LUGREZZIA	4	3	3	4	4	3	5	2	7	6+
WARHORSE	8	3	0							

NOTES: LEVEL 3 MAGE - 3 BATTLE MAGIC SPELLS
PHIAL OF POISON, POISONED STILETTO & POT

WARHAMMER

UNIT: LONG DRONG SLAYER'S PIRATES

ARMOUR/WEAPONS: LOADS OF PISTOLS

POINTS: 328

CHAMPION: LONG DRONG

TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE
DRONG	3	6	5	4	5	2	4	3(+1)	10	-
PIRATES	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1(+1)	9	-

SAVE
IN HAND TO HAND COMBAT

WARHAMMER

UNIT: ALCATANI FELLOWSHIP

ARMOUR/WEAPONS: LIGHT ARMOUR, SWORD & PIKE

POINTS: 281

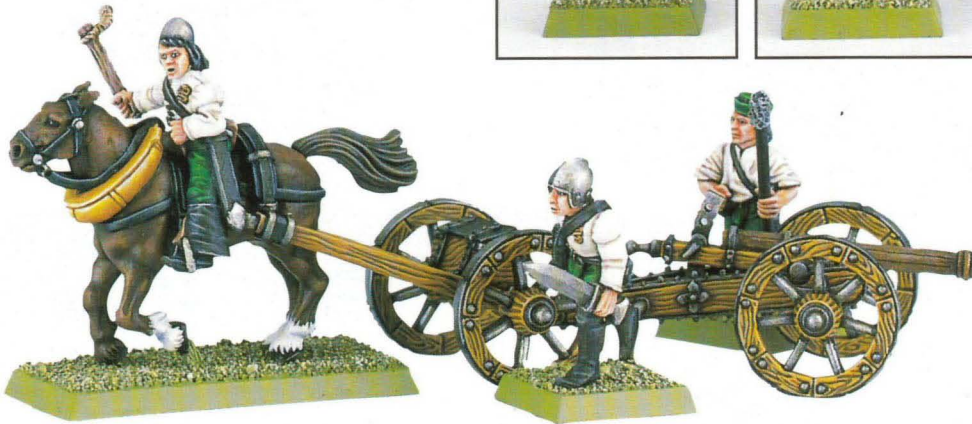
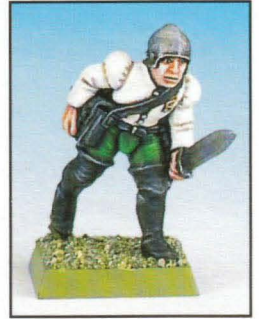
CHAMPION: RODRIGO DELMONTE

TROOP TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	SAVE
RODRIGO	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	8	6+
PIKEMEN	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	6+

NOTES: 24 MODELS IN UNIT

BRONZINO'S GALLOPER GUNS

◀ Captain Bronzino and one of his Galloper guns.



▲ In this battle a Dwarf General has hired Bronzino to fight against the Orcs.

MARKSMEN OF MIRAGLIANO



◀ Maximilian Damark,
Captain of the Marksmen of Miragliano.



▲ Hired by an Empire Count, the Marksmen of Miragliano prepare to meet the charge of this Chaos Beastman chariot.





ALCATANI FELLOWSHIP



► Captain
Rodrigo
Delmonte: leader
of the Alcatani Fellowship.



▲ The Alcatani Fellowship, in the pay of an Empire General.



BEORG BEARSTRUCK & THE BEARMEN OF URSLO



▲ Beorg Bearstruck, leader of the Bearmen.



▲ Oerl the Young, regimental standard bearer of the Bearmen.



▲ Encouraged by the promise of booty, the Bearmen of Urslo fight alongside the ranks of Chaos.



MERCENARY GENERAL

Throughout the Old World there are those who are drawn to the life of the professional soldier. The most successful and powerful of these adventurous sell-swords become the leaders of entire armies of mercenaries.

Mercenary Generals are hard-bitten campaigners, veterans of countless battles across the Old World. Some harbour ambitions of conquest and fame but all fight for money and treasure.



LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA

• HIRELING SORCERESS •

The most beautiful woman in all Tilea, and some say even the whole of the Old World, she is also the most dangerous to know! Lucrezia is a renowned sorceress and rumoured to be an arch poisoner, mistress of many assassins!



GOLGFAG

• OGRE MERCENARY CAPTAIN •



DOGS OF WAR SPECIAL RULES

The notable thing about mercenaries is that they will fight for anyone – anyone willing to pay them that is. They have few scruples when it comes to who they fight for, and will cheerfully pitch in against their own kinsfolk so long as the money's good.

As a Warhammer player you'll find that adding mercenaries to an existing army is extremely useful because they can bring resilience, firepower, or whatever it is that your army might otherwise lack. Alternatively, you can form your mercenary regiments into complete Dogs of War armies under the command of a bold mercenary general.

At this stage it's worth bearing in mind that mercenary units can appear on the battlefield in two quite distinct ways – this book covers both of these, as we shall soon see.

1. This book describes how you can collect an entire army of mercenaries – a Dogs of War army which is a complete Warhammer army in its own right.
2. It also describes how you can use mercenary units as add-ons to other Warhammer armies. For example, you might wish to add a unit of mercenary Halflings to your Dwarf army, or mercenary Ogres to your Dark Elves.

REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

Famous mercenary regiments acquire a certain notoriety because they are remarkably successful, brutal, adventurous, or for some other reason that brings them to the attention of the world. We call them Regiments of Renown and it is these units which form the basis of the Dogs of War armies.

Individual Regiments of Renown are led by famous characters, and indeed are frequently named after these leaders. For example, the notorious Ogre Captain Golgfag, whose Ogre mercenaries have, at one time or another, looted and despoiled most civilised parts Old World... and some not so civilised ones too.

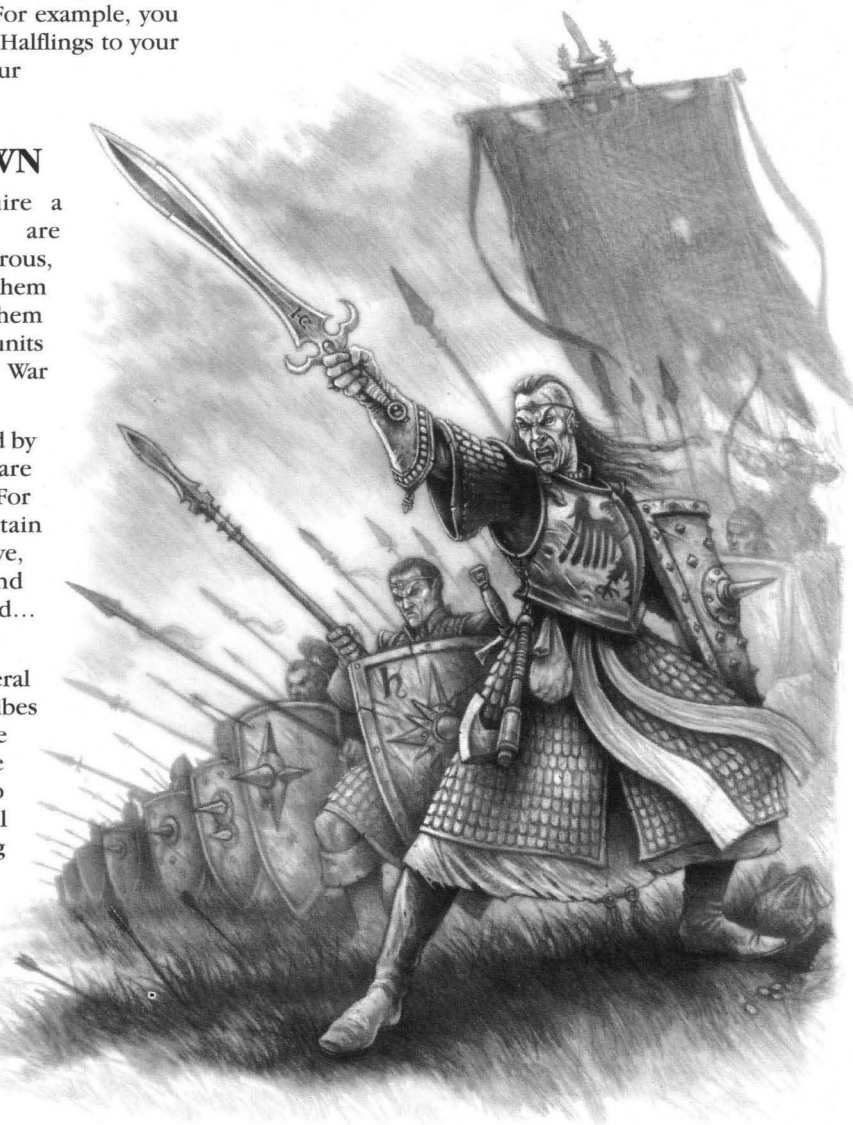
A Dogs of War army is made up of several Regiments of Renown. This book describes fifteen of these, all of which are available as Citadel Miniatures. More Regiments of Renown will be added to the range as time goes on. This will expand the scope of our adventuring armies to include regiments from such out of the way places as the South Lands, the New World, Albion, and the distant lands of the east.

If you wish to add Regiments of Renown to your existing Warhammer army, then you

should check the Army List section of this book. You'll see that each Regiment of Renown is available for hire to a limited selection of armies. This is not because the mercenaries are choosy who they fight for (far from it!), but because some armies would never hire certain races or individuals. No self-respecting Dwarf general is going to hire Morgrog the Dwarf Crusher now is he?

THE DOGS OF WAR ARMY

A Dogs of War army comprises many different Regiments of Renown assembled and paid for by an ambitious mercenary general. A mercenary general is likely to be a bold adventurer who has probably risen from the ranks, or perhaps a renegade lord who has been forced to hire troops to regain lands which rightfully belong to him... or don't, as the case may be. The truth is that mercenary generals come from all walks of life. Whilst many are motivated by honest-to-goodness greed and down-to-earth ambition, there are undoubtedly a few deranged individuals who simply enjoy the life of adventure and discovery in foreign lands.



To keep a mercenary army in the field requires cash. Lots of cash. For this reason the most important individual in a mercenary army, after the general himself, is the Paymaster. The Paymaster controls the cash, and so long as he is unharmed the mercenary army will continue to fight with its customary determination. On the other hand, if the Paymaster is slain and the army's coffers are captured by the enemy, things can get very hairy indeed.

To represent the unusual way in which the Dogs of War army is led (not to mention its uniquely financial perspective on warfare) there are some special rules.

THE MERCENARY GENERAL

The mercenary general is a perfectly normal Warhammer general in terms of his role upon the battlefield. All the usual rules for generals apply to him just as described in the Warhammer Rulebook and just like in any other Warhammer army. No surprises so far!

The mercenary general is chosen from the Dogs of War army list included later in this book. Humans are notoriously

adventurous as well as avaricious, and so we have assumed that the general of the Dogs of War will be human rather than an Orc, Elf or whatever. This is certainly the case amongst the mercenary armies that fight against, over, and on behalf of Tilea, and that is also the assumption we have made for all the Dogs of War characters in this book.

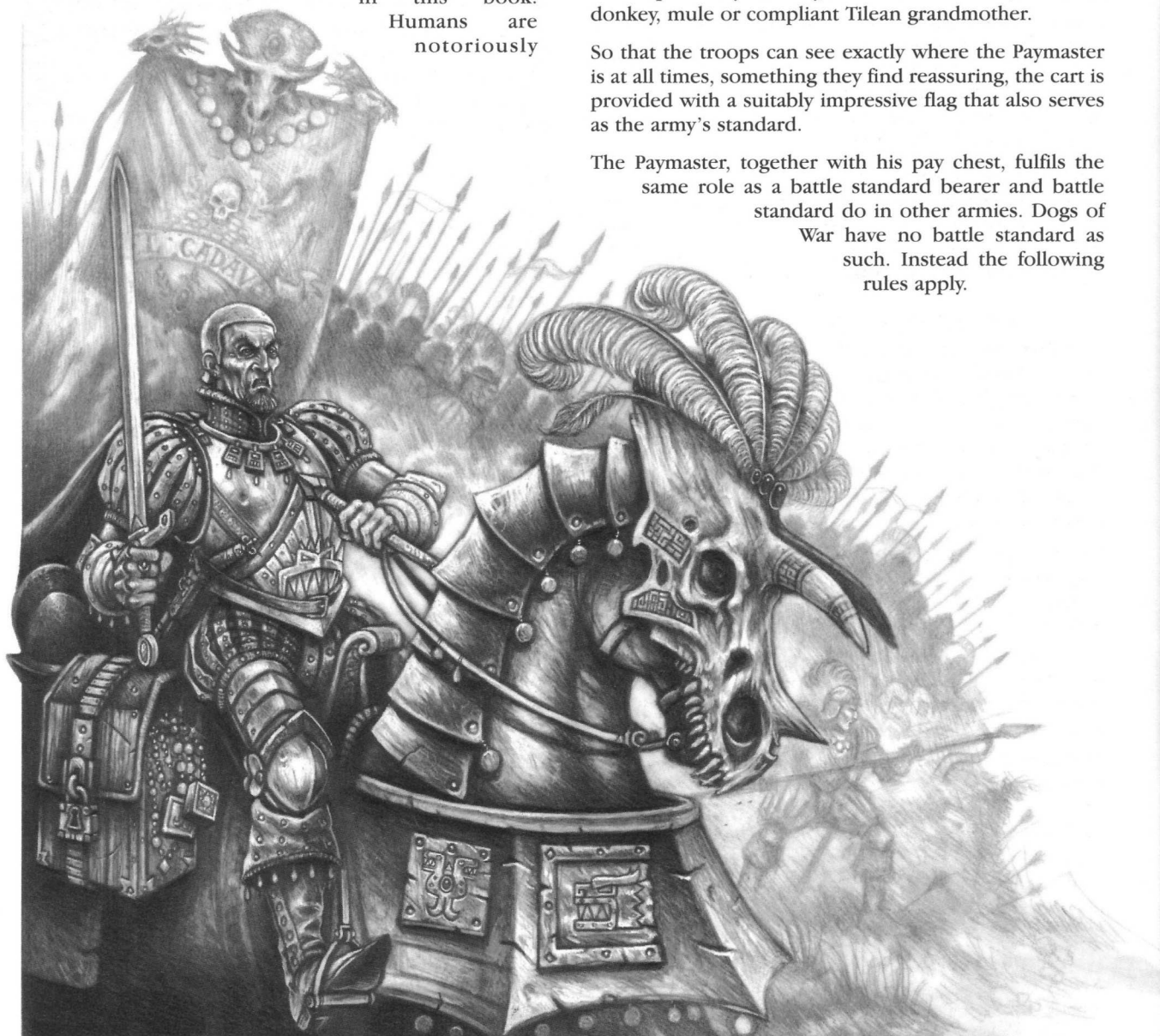
In future publications we may well introduce special characters to represent Dogs of War generals and other characters who are far from human – but such wayward eccentricities lie beyond our immediate concern.

THE PAYMASTER

The Paymaster is possibly as important as the army's general, as he is responsible for all the cash which, as we have all gathered by now, mercenaries are frightfully keen on. He guards this with his life – literally so because he carries the army's pay chest with him at all times. The pay chest is a heavy, iron-bound, secure-looking affair that the Paymaster bring to battle on a cart. This is pulled by a sturdy, non-excitabe beast, such as a donkey, mule or compliant Tilean grandmother.

So that the troops can see exactly where the Paymaster is at all times, something they find reassuring, the cart is provided with a suitably impressive flag that also serves as the army's standard.

The Paymaster, together with his pay chest, fulfils the same role as a battle standard bearer and battle standard do in other armies. Dogs of War have no battle standard as such. Instead the following rules apply.



RE-ROLL BREAK TESTS WITHIN 12"

Any unit within 12" of the pay chest can re-roll a failed Break test in exactly the same way as units in other armies re-roll if they are within 12" of the battle standard. The Paymaster simply directs the attention of the wavering troops towards the vast pile of gold and reminds them about their 'productivity bonus'.

If the pay chest is in hand-to-hand combat then add +1 to the combat resolution in the same way as with a normal battle standard.

If the Paymaster is slain or forced to flee, the pay chest can be lost or captured in hand-to-hand fighting in the same way as a unit standard (as described in the Warhammer Rulebook). If mercenaries flee then their enemies can capture the pay chest by pursuing as they would a standard. If they do not pursue, the pay chest is lost altogether. A captured pay chest is placed behind the regiment that has it and can be recaptured in the same way as a unit standard. It is considered to be a battle standard for purposes of victory points as explained in the Warhammer Battle Book.

If the army's pay chest is captured or lost, the entire mercenary army must take a Panic test in the same way as if the general had been killed. However, should the general be killed and the pay chest captured in the same turn, make only the one test – it is not necessary to take two panic tests in this situation.

If the pay chest is captured, all mercenary units *bate* the enemy unit that captured it. If given the chance they will fight very determinedly to re-capture their cash, and if they succeed the pay chest is re-located behind the regiment that rescues it.

THE PAYMASTER'S BODYGUARDS

The Paymaster is a character model comparable to a hero and as such he is free to join and fight as part of a regiment. Alternatively, he can be accompanied by bodyguards. This costs extra points to upgrade the Paymaster, as explained in the army list, but is a wise precaution. If accompanied by bodyguards the Paymaster cannot join another regiment – in effect the bodyguards form a regiment led by the Paymaster.

The bodyguards are in the employ of the Paymaster. They are extraordinarily burly individuals with flattened noses, huge fists, and sour expressions. They are hand-picked for their lack of mental agility and are therefore likely to stand their ground and fight where other, more imaginative folk might choose to run away. These factors are amply reflected by their characteristic profile as a glance at the army list will confirm.

The bodyguards form a unit of which the Paymaster is the leader. The Paymaster, together with the pay chest, is placed in the middle of the unit's front rank, and the bodyguards form up on either side in a threatening and overbearing manner.

**THE FIELD SURGEON**

he sounds of the battle echoed in the distance, covered from time to time by the cries of the wounded and dying. In the huge pavilion that was the field hospital of the Tilean army, the surgeon was doing his best to save the lives of the soldiers, cursing the lack of medicines to ease the pain of the suffering.

Suddenly, a group of heavily armoured knights appeared in the entrance. They were carrying a wounded man and the surgeon realised with horror that it was the Captain himself!

"The Capitano has been shot in the leg by those cursed rat-men's guns. Quick! Help him!"

The huge warrior was obviously in terrible pain. The surgeon carefully examined the leg, but his expression turned into a grimace of desperation when he realized the devastating effects of the evil weapon. The shot had pierced the plates of armour and the warpstone shards were already blackening and corrupting the flesh around the wound. He had seen many men die from similar wounds.

"A curse on the foul rat-men!" he thought, and then he whispered, "Capitano, I'm afraid that, to save your life, I have to amputate your leg..."

A look of fear and anger passed over the face of the old soldier, but immediately he regained control, sensing that his men were standing around him. Then he spoke, with a calm and confident voice.

"I'm a fighting man. I have been ready for this all my life. Do what you must."

The surgeon froze for a moment, surprised, and then resolution filled him. Preparing his tools, he spoke to his assistant: "Carlo, go and ask for help, I need ten men to hold him while I operate".

The young man turned to leave, but the Captain stopped him and said proudly to the surgeon. "Not even twenty could hold me against my will! Give me that candle, I will hold it for you so that you'll have a proper light and can see what you're doing..."

"...go on, cut!"

THE MONEY LENDER

In the Warhammer world there is never any shortage of merchants willing to lend money to ambitious mercenary captains. Rates of interest vary from the merely extortionate to the downright blood-curdling. The borrower must provide collateral in the form of castles, estates or family jewels, and should the unfortunate debtor prove unable to cough up, his whole family is likely to be sold to the slavers of Araby to settle the bill. Wily merchants have developed sophisticated

THE LEGEND OF THE PAY CHEST

Several historians record the origins of the mercenary general's custom of taking the pay chest into battle. This account was made by Kurt Breizenhof of Nuln.

As everyone knows, it is the custom in a mercenary army to put the pay chest on a wagon in the midst of the troops. The chest, which is invariably very strong and bound with bands of iron and bronze, contains all the treasure and gold with which the employer or the general intends to pay the soldiers after victory is won.

Furthermore, any booty in the form of gold or silver which is captured by the soldiers in the course of the campaign is added to the treasure in the pay chest, to be shared out among the army before it is disbanded. Since the amount of treasure in the pay chest is usually very great, only a small proportion of it will be used up in paying for supplies for the army while the campaign is being fought, leaving the greater part to reward the soldiers.

The pay chest has come to be a symbol of the great faith of the army in their commander and the cause for which they fight, and also of the good faith of the commander and the state he represents towards those who are prepared to shed their blood in his service.

Although the arrogant generals of other armies may mock this custom, the battle standards of their armies are merely relics or tokens inspiring loyalty by honour and pride alone. If such a standard is lost, they simply find or weave another one! Furthermore, their warriors are still paid and supplied, even though they allowed the standard to be lost! However, if the pay chest is captured it is not merely a matter of honour, it can mean the complete ruination of the mercenary general in charge! Also, none of the soldiers will be paid or supplied! For this reason the presence of the pay chest on the field of battle, within sight of the enemy, is a sign to friend and foe alike that the army and its commander will fight with the utmost determination!

The origins of this excellent custom go back to the most distant times. It is said that the first general to bring a pay chest into battle was Justintine of Varena in the days when Orcs and Goblins prowled the lands. Hearing that there was much treasure in the city of Varena, and that the walls of the city had tumbled down in an earthquake, the greedy Orcs gathered together into an army to attack the city. Justintine knew that Varena could not be held and resolved that the treasure should not fall into the hands of the Orcs. Justintine led the entire population, accompanied by a wagon bearing a great treasure chest, out of Varena to found a new city elsewhere.

Unfortunately, the greed of the Orcs and Goblins was so great that they followed Justintine's army wherever it went. Justintine marched his army fast, crossing many rivers and successfully evading the Orcs for many months. Meanwhile the Orc horde grew larger and larger and would not give up the pursuit. Soon all the scattered Orc and Goblin warbands within a hundred

leagues had joined those following the treasure chest, and they had proclaimed a certain Warlord Ugward as their leader.

Thus throughout the land there came a respite from Orc and Goblin attacks as all of them gathered in pursuit of Justintine. At long last Justintine and his army found themselves near the sea. They were tired of forced marching and decided to turn and fight to the death, even though the odds were against them. While the Orcs approached, Justintine sent out word that he would share out the great treasure among any who would come to his aid, rather than let the Orcs have it. As soon as this news spread throughout the Old World, adventurous and impoverished warriors began arriving at Justintine's camp. Some came by sea, others marched by night and day over land.

When the Orc horde drew up for battle, Ugward was amazed at the size of the army opposite him and his dark heart grew faint. Seeing the masts of a few ships upon the shore, his chiefs urged their warlord to lead the attack, desiring to capture the treasure before the enemy made away with it across the sea. They did not know that their enemy had no intention of retreating!

The Orcs and Goblins surged onwards, driven by greed and the warlike instincts of their race. They were soon impaled upon the long spears of the troops arrayed like a solid wall on the shores of the sea. In the midst of the battle line was the treasure chest. Standing upon the chest was Hurcio, a giant of a man, armed with nothing but a club and wearing only the pelt of a lion. Although the Orcs and Goblins surged around him, not one reached the treasure chest and lived.

It is said that the slaughter of Orcs and Goblins on that day was so great that the land was free from marauders for ten years afterwards. So great were the number of fallen that when Justintine shared out the treasure among the survivors every soldier had so much gold that he could buy land and build himself a mansion. Indeed, many Old World nobles claim descent from the victors of the battle!

All the heroes who fought that day took up the custom of taking their treasure chests into battle and were always victorious in their fights against the Orcs, sea raiders or each other! Thus did the custom become established. As to where exactly the great battle was fought, no one knows for sure. The Luccinians say it was fought near to their own city while the citizens of Remas claim that it was fought not far south of that city. The battle does not have a proper name and is known simply as the 'Victory of Justintine' in all the tales. Nor can the city be found which Justintine is said to have established on the seashore for the survivors of his people. As to the ruins of Varena, they do exist. They lie not far from Trantio and they are very old indeed.

banking systems to cope with the demand for money, and have grown fat, rich and unpopular in the process.

A Dogs of War army can include a Money Lender as part of the Paymaster's entourage. The Money Lender is always placed next to the Paymaster where he will fight if necessary, though quite honestly he isn't very good at it and would prefer not to! His purpose is to lend the Paymaster money to increase the pay of the troops and encourage them to fight harder.

If a Paymaster is accompanied by a Money Lender, any Break Test re-roll is taken with a +1 bonus up to a maximum value of 10. The Money Lender promises more money and the troops cheer and return to the fray (hopefully).

MERCENARY CAPTAINS

Mercenary Captain is the term we apply to the leaders of individual bands of mercenaries. For example, Golgfag's Ogres are led by Golgfag... Golgfag is the unit's Mercenary Captain. So far so good!

Mercenary Captains have unique profiles. They are individuals after all and, more likely than not, remarkable members of their race. As such they are almost certainly going to be tougher, stronger, more lucid, more brutal, or, in some other respect, superior to a run-of-the-mill trooper.

If you look at the army list you will see that some Mercenary Captains have profiles which are Champion-ish, some are Hero-ish, and a few especially worthy individuals have profiles that would not disgrace a Lord level character. This does not matter. All Mercenary Captains are treated as if they were Champions of their unit – they always fight as part of their unit and they cannot leave it.

MERCENARY HEROES AND HIRELING WIZARDS

Whilst we're on the subject, it is worthwhile taking a look at the role of Mercenary Heroes and Hireling Wizards in a Dogs of War army. These are individual characters as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.

Being the sort of place it is, every barbarian and farm lad with heroic pretensions heads to Tilea to make his fortune. Fortunately for everyone concerned most come to a bad end very quickly, but one or two inevitably survive and become heroic if not near legendary figures of the kind that keep troubadours warbling and strumming away long into the evening. So it is that heroes for hire can be found in all mercenary armies. They are featured in the army list so that you can include fortune-hunting mercenary heroes in your own Dogs of War army.

It's pretty much the same story when it comes to Hireling Wizards. Demand for sorcerous support always exceeds supply, so it is small wonder that enchanters both great and small make their way to Tilea where their talents can earn them good money. The lure of adventure in foreign lands, weird new magics, and ancient secrets is a major attraction for many Hireling Wizards, though others are in it for the gold like any

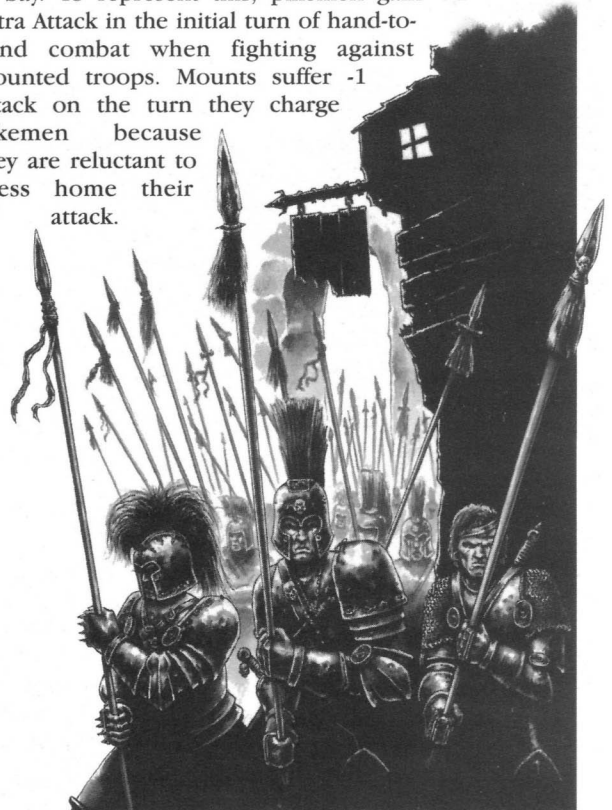
other sane and sensible individual. Hireling Wizards are included in the army list just like Mercenary Heroes.

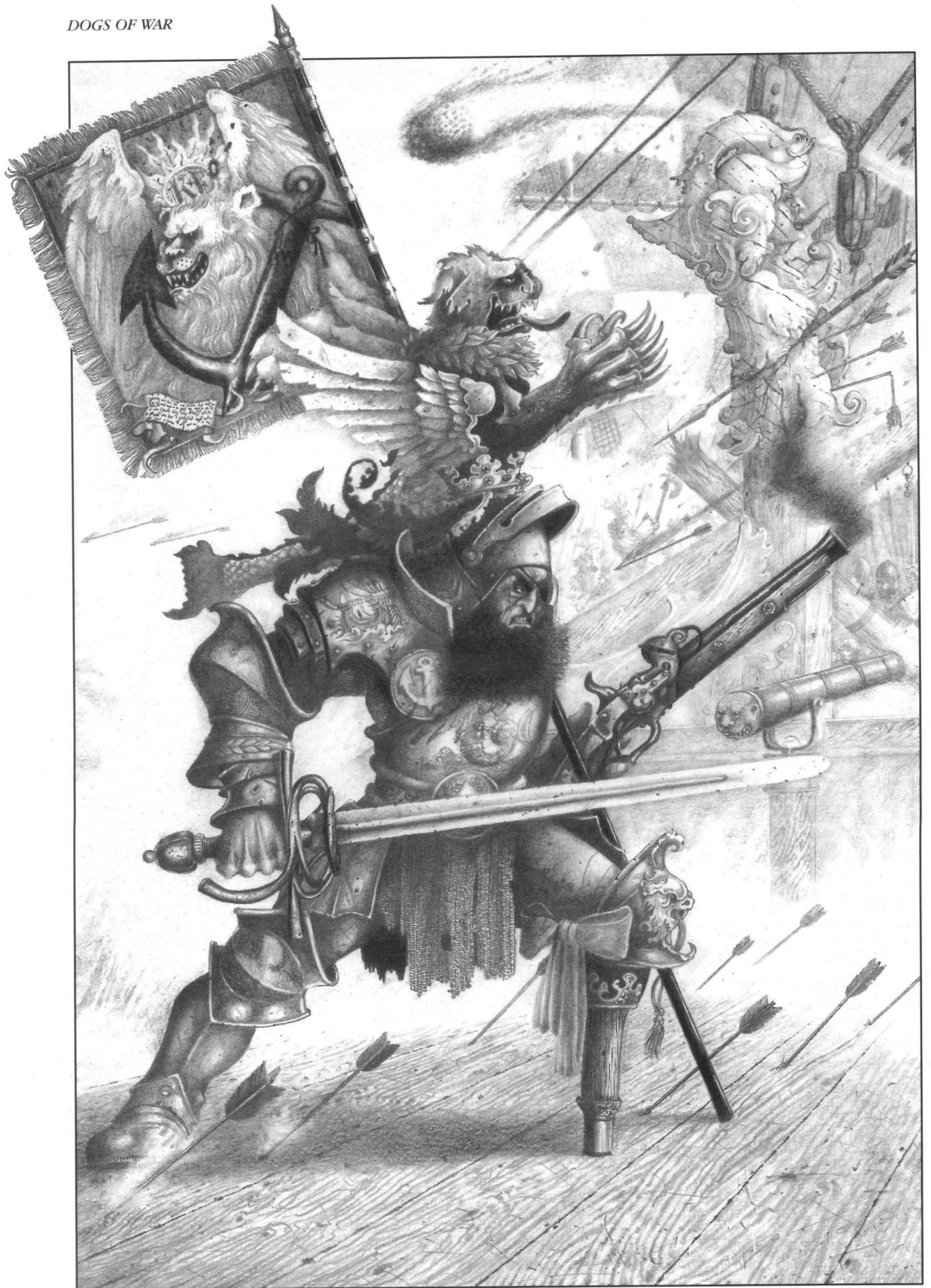
Just as the general is assumed to be human, so the Mercenary Heroes and Hireling Wizards are also human. This is pretty much always the case in the lands of Tilea. Even in foreign parts, the 'human spirit' tends to dominate amongst mercenary armies. In the future we intend to introduce supplementary mercenary special characters as well as Regiments of Renown, and this will cover other places and races as our fancy takes us.

PIKES

A weapon often favoured by mercenary regiments is the pike. Pikes are very long spears, almost twice as long as a normal spear and longer even than a horseman's lance. Because of the great length of the pike, it can reach over three ranks of soldiers (the men behind level their pikes over the shoulders of, or between, the men in front). To represent this, four ranks of pikemen may fight in hand-to-hand combat if the unit stands still. If the unit charges, only two ranks may fight because the ranks behind these must lift up their pikes in order to move. In subsequent rounds of combat, four ranks fight because the rear ranks lower their pikes. Pikes outreach other hand-to-hand combat weapons and so troops armed in this way strike first in the initial round of hand-to-hand combat regardless of who charges or relative Initiative values. Only troops entitled to strike first by magic will strike before them. If opposing troops are both armed with pikes then a unit which charges goes first in the initial turn.

When fighting cavalry, pikemen close ranks and form an impenetrable wall of sharp points. Horses are very reluctant to close with this steel hedgehog and are held at bay. To represent this, pikemen gain +1 extra Attack in the initial turn of hand-to-hand combat when fighting against mounted troops. Mounts suffer -1 Attack on the turn they charge pikemen because they are reluctant to press home their attack.





MERCENARIES FOR HIRE

Mercenary regiments can be hired by most Warhammer armies, although not all armies will happily hire all mercenaries. No High Elf army is going to hire Dark Elf mercenaries, for example, or vice versa for that matter.

REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

A non-Dogs of War army, such as High Elves, Dwarfs, Orcs & Goblins or whatever, can include Regiments of Renown as hired mercenaries. It is not possible to hire mercenary generals, Paymasters, or other individual mercenary characters.

The only army which is not inclined to hire mercenaries is the Bretonnians, who regard the whole idea as rather base and dishonourable. However, even Bretonnians will hire human mercenaries when the occasion demands.

If you wish to hire a Regiment of Renown then its points value is allocated against the proportion of the army's points that can be spent on Allies. This is usually 25% of the total points available. Thus, in an army of 2,000 points you can include up to 500 points of mercenaries. Remember, points spent on other allies also count towards this total and will therefore reduce the points available for mercenaries.

MERCENARIES FOR HIRE

Each Regiment of Renown entry includes a section entitled 'For Hire' that lists the armies the regiment will fight for. Some regiments are more freely available than others, whilst some have committed such terrible deeds of atrocity or treachery that hardly anyone will hire them. The Regiments of Renown included in this book have been chosen deliberately as ones which most armies would willingly hire. Check the 'For Hire' section to determine whether your army is allowed to hire the regiment.

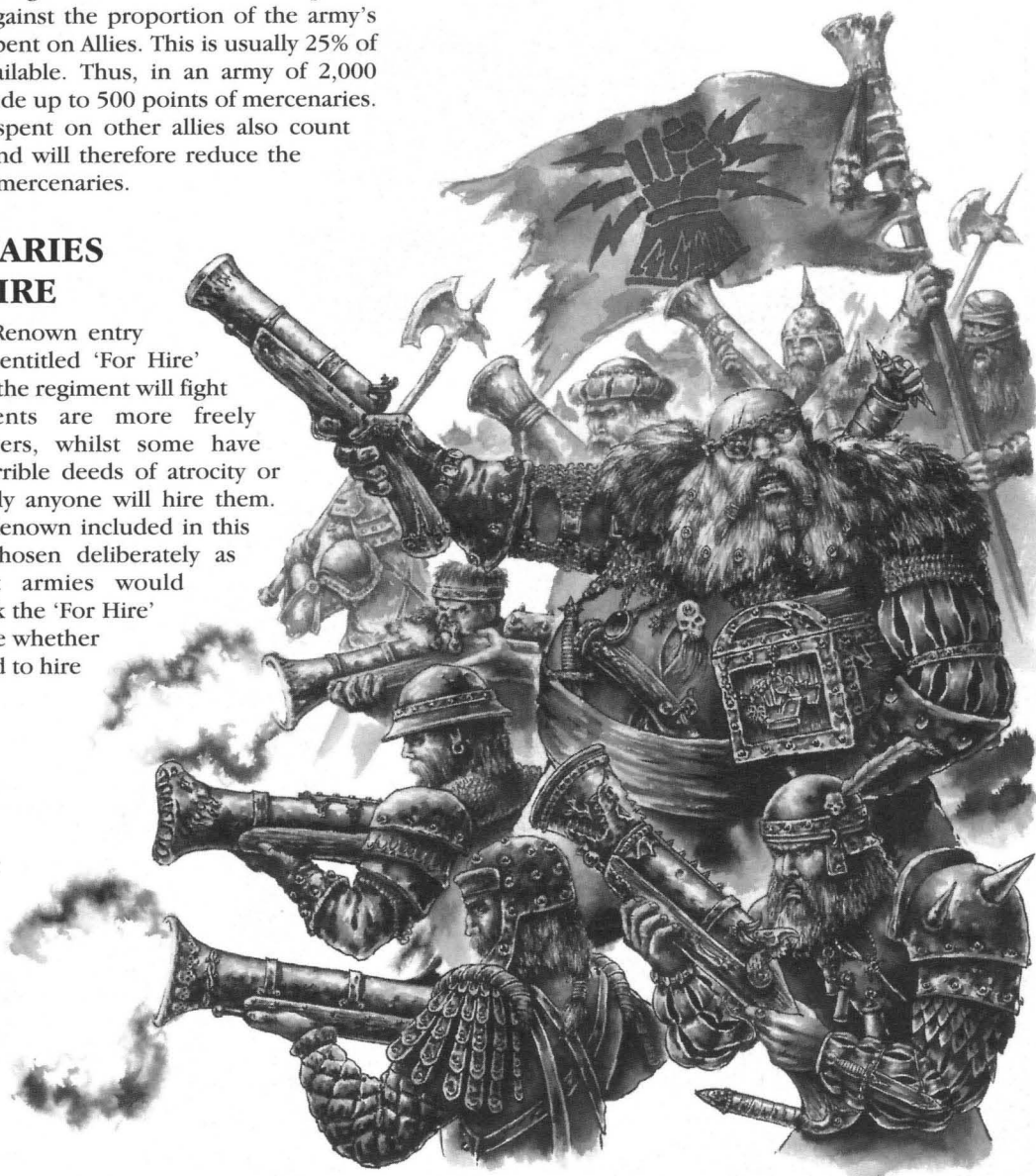
WORKING OUT POINTS

Each Regiment of Renown always includes a character who leads it plus a minimum number of troops. The number of troops can be increased, and some regiments have options for different

weapons or other additions to their ranks such as mascots, magic banners, or ancillary characters. This means that the points cost of each regiment can vary, allowing you to tailor the regiment to the points you want to spend.

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE!

Each Regiment of Renown is unique. You cannot include the same regiment in your army twice! It is quite possible, however, that both you and your opponent might wish to include the same regiment in your respective forces. This is acceptable, in which case one player is assumed to be using a rival or even an impostor cashing in on the famous mercenary's reputation – roll a dice to decide which side is fielding the 'real' regiment if you wish.



Arnulf Schwarz had been summoned by the count. He climbed the stone steps and opened the great oak door into the keep, situated in the midst of the desolate domains of the Border Princes. Count Einhard was there with the other officers, poring over a parchment map as usual.

"Ab Schwarz, ve haf been vaitink vor you. I haf a liddle task vor you to do," said the count in his aristocratic Reikland accent. Arnulf braced himself to receive whatever dire mission his lord had in mind for him. He was no longer in any doubt that the count was an utter nincompoop!

"At your command my lord," said Arnulf.

"Ja, you know zat liddle Orc schtronghold on der vootbills? I vant to conquer it."

"Good my lord, but..." said Arnulf.

"But vot?" said the count.

"But we do not have enough troops, my lord!" replied Arnulf standing rigidly to attention as was his habit. "We lost five hundred and seventy two in the last attack..."

"Ja, ja, very observant of you Schwarz! Das ist vy ve are sendink you into Tilea to hire mercenaries. Take zis golt und make contact viz Tilean agents in Luccini. It iz only a down payment you understand. Tell zem there ist more. Make sure you hire der best!" said the count.

"Jawobl my lord!" said Arnulf, taking the weighty leather bag full of gold coins, rather proud to be entrusted with this important mission. On the other hand, he was the only one of Einhard's officers who knew any smattering of Tilean, which he had picked up while serving alongside crossbowmen in the Empire.

"Ja Arnulf, haf a gut time und don't spend ze money on drink und fraulines!" called the other officers as he went out to fetch a horse. They were buffoons to a man and Arnulf bated their guts.

A week later Arnulf was following a rough track descending the western slopes of the Apuccini Mountains. Before him stretched the undulating green plain of Tilea, rather parched in the hot sun. A couple of days later, having met nobody except shepherds (who ran away) and riding through endless vineyards and olive groves,

Arnulf passed a tumbledown roadside tavern. He let his horse take a drink from the trough and asked the way to Luccini. The keeper pointed him in the right direction. A little way down the road, Arnulf was suddenly set upon from all sides by a dozen bandits with cudgels. In a few moments they were all scattered across the road, very dead. Arnulf wiped his sword and replaced it in his scabbard. Then, realising that the bag of gold tied to his saddle was probably attracting the wrong sort of attention, Arnulf stuffed it into the place he considered safest, his codpiece!

Arnulf continued towards the distant towers of Luccini, several of which appeared to be leaning in different directions. He heard the sound of a bell tolling far away. That evening, Arnulf approached the gates of Luccini which were about to be closed for the night. The guards, who were armed with incredibly long spears, asked him his business in the city. "I have come to hire mercenaries," replied Arnulf with the typical directness of an Ostlander. This seemed to do the trick, and the guards smiled and waved him through. They even bowed and bade him welcome to their fair city!

Arnulf found himself riding along narrow allies flanked by tall houses with overhanging balconies jutting out at all angles. There were all kinds of strange people in the streets. A long haired youth was playing the lute and singing in a high pitched voice beneath one balcony. A very rotund lady appeared and threw a pail of something nasty over him, nearly drenching Arnulf as well. Then another rather noble looking youth scurried past in the typical tightly fitting laced up garb of the Tileans, pursued soon after by a rough looking bunch with daggers drawn, shouting "Vendetta! Vendetta!"

Arnulf was now well and truly lost in the narrow winding streets of Luccini, and evening was drawing nigh. Some rather voluptuous ladies leant out of a window and called to him "Hey watta you got inna your coddapiece?" and "How you lika to come in fora some home cooking; notta much gold!" Arnold, not the most shrewd of men, replied "Nein, thank you very much, but I must keep all my gold for hiring mercenaries!" and rode on, rather perturbed that the bulging bag of gold was so conspicuous from the third story of a tall building.

No sooner had he turned down the next alley than Arnulf was attacked by masked and cloaked men leaping out of the shadows with daggers. A brisk scuffle left them all dead in various agonised postures in the gutter. Arnulf sheathed his sword and rode on. Similar incidents occurred several more times as Arnulf wandered around the city accosting individuals and demanding to know where he could hire mercenaries. He got few answers and was leaving rather too many embarrassing heaps of groaning and dying Tilean assassins. Suddenly everything went dark...

When the sack was taken off Arnulf's head he found himself in the magnificent palazzo of Luccini.

"Hey, welcome to Luccini!" said his most stylishly dressed and obviously princely host. "I am Lorenzo Prince of Luccini. Maybe you heard of me already? Hey, why you been chopping up all my citizens?"

Arnulf stood to attention and announced himself and his mission and apologised for slaying various citizens of Luccini. "Hey is no matter, I didn't like them anyway! So you want to hire mercenaries? If you want mercenaries you talk to me!"

Lorenzo entertained Arnulf lavishly with wine, good food and various courtly entertainments and then got down to business. "Hey Marco, bring me the latest roster," said Lorenzo to one of his elegant henchmen. Then he turned to Arnulf saying, "How much you want to spend?" Arnulf took the gold out of his codpiece and tipped it out over the table. "Hey, you joking with me! This will buy you three Halflings!" Arnulf replied that Count Einhard had much more gold to pay for a whole company of mercenaries.

"Now we are talking!" said Lorenzo. "What you want?" Arnulf had his answer ready. "Those men of yours with the long spears. A company of those would do very nicely!" Lorenzo paused and glanced at Marco. Marco shrugged and shook his head. Then Lorenzo said "I cannot spare any pikemen, I have enemies on all sides, Remas, Verezzo, Trantio, Tobar, Araby, Sartosa and the pesky Rattas." Arnulf looked disappointed.

Then Lorenzo said "Hey I make you an offer you can't refuse. How you like Ogres?" "Ogres!" said Arnulf in disbelief. "Can I trust them?" Lorenzo was quick to reassure Arnulf, "They are good boys, not so bad, they already here in Luccini. They just finished a job for me."

"Why are you prepared to let them go when you have so many enemies?" asked Arnulf. Lorenzo was evasive. "They break up my city a bit, it makes the citizens angry, but they are good boys, they just like to fight! Look, I will make you a very good deal!"

After considering some other mercenary bands on Lorenzo's roster, Arnulf finally settled for the Ogres, mainly because all the other contingents would have to be sent for and this would take time, whereas the Ogres were already at hand. All the gold was apparently required to pay Lorenzo's fee for clinching the deal with the Ogre chief. Lorenzo then took Marco to one side "This is a good deal! Now you go and get that scum out of my dungeons!"

While this was going on Lorenzo entertained Arnulf by showing him the great frescoes which he had commissioned from the world famous artist Tintorezzi. "On this wall we have 'The Triumph of Death'." Arnulf was reminded of an Undead army he had once fought against. "And on this wall we have 'The Triumph of Lorenzo!'" Arnulf marvelled at the serried ranks of pikemen trampling over enemy knights and made a mental note to tell the count that such troops could be hired, perhaps from another city if not Luccini. "And this is 'The Triumph of Love' – it is not yet finito..." Indeed, the master artist was hard at work painting scantily clad nymphs skipping daintily among ruined Elven pillars and cypress trees. What really delighted Arnulf though, were the dozens of live models posing for the great artist!

Arnulf arrived back at the count's castle having endured the company of the Ogres for the two week trek across the Apuccini Mountains. A brief encounter with a rather large mob of Goblins and several Trolls had convinced Arnulf that the mercenaries would be well worth their pay. And if they proved to be treacherous, well, so what – he didn't much like Count Einhard anyway. Serving a Prince of Tilea seemed much more tempting!

THE DOGS OF WAR ARMY LIST

The Dogs of War army list enables players to choose an army to a pre-set points value. There is no upper limit to the size of an army, but 1,000 points is about the smallest size for a battle-worthy force. Battles of 2,000 points a side will generally last an entire evening, while 3,000 points will give enough troops for a battle lasting most of the day.

The usual routine is for both players to choose their army to a mutually agreed points value. Each player chooses a force from the army list in his own Warhammer Armies book. Armies can be a few points short of the agreed total, but they cannot exceed it.

ARMY SELECTION

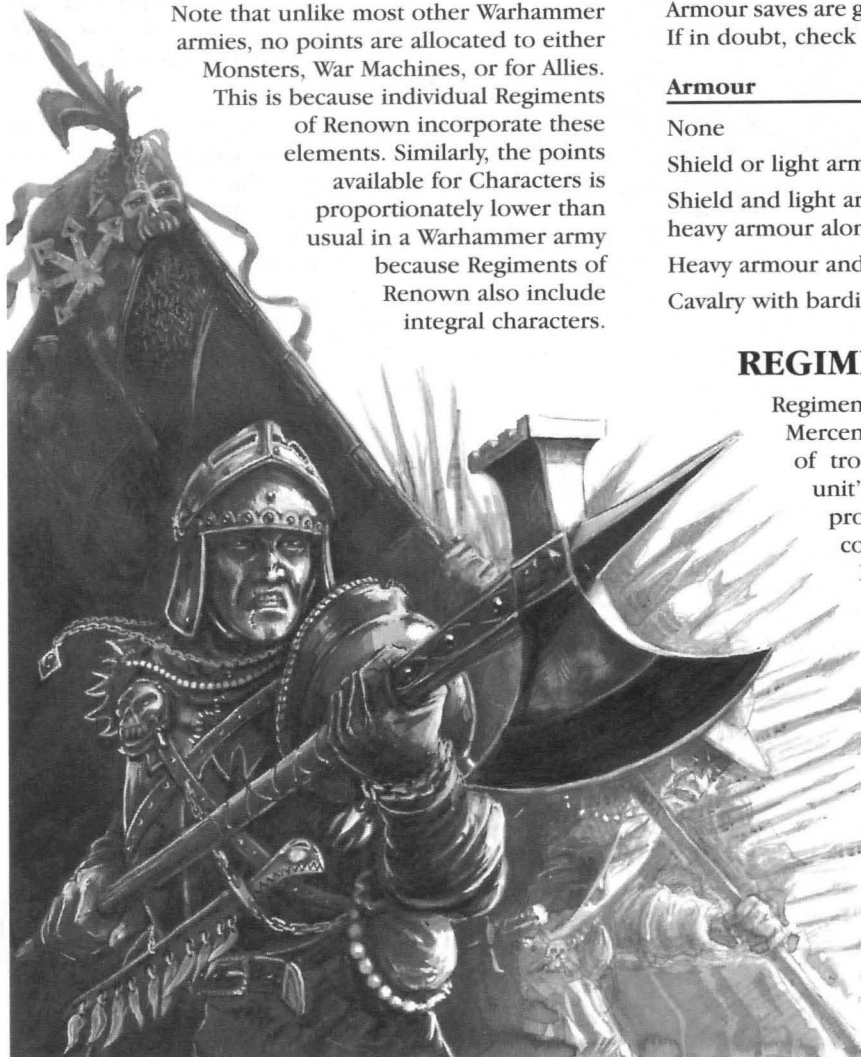
The army list for Dogs of War is divided into two sections, namely *Characters* and *Regiments of Renown*.

You may spend up to 35% of the army's points on Characters. You can spend less if you wish.

You must spend at least 65% of the army's points on Regiments of Renown. You can spend more if you wish.

Note that unlike most other Warhammer armies, no points are allocated to either Monsters, War Machines, or for Allies.

This is because individual Regiments of Renown incorporate these elements. Similarly, the points available for Characters is proportionately lower than usual in a Warhammer army because Regiments of Renown also include integral characters.



CHARACTERS

The Dogs of War army must include a Mercenary General and can include a Paymaster, Mercenary Heroes and Hireling Wizards. These are all individual characters just like other heroes and wizards as described in the Warhammer Rulebook. They are free to join and fight with Regiments of Renown just as, in other armies, heroes are free to join and fight with regular regiments.

The exception is the Paymaster who can have his own bodyguard. If he has a bodyguard he cannot join a Regiment of Renown. The points value of any bodyguard as well as an accompanying Money Lender is included in the Character points allowance.

Characters can have magic items chosen from Warhammer Magic as indicated in the list.

Characters can carry any of the weapons or wear any of the armour indicated in the army list at the points cost indicated. Hireling Wizards may have no armour other than barding for their mounts, as it interferes with their natural magical harmonics and prevents them casting spells.

Armour saves are given in the army list where applicable. If in doubt, check the table below.

Armour	Save	Cavalry Save
None	None	6+
Shield or light armour	6+	5+
Shield and light armour or heavy armour alone	5+	4+
Heavy armour and shield	4+	3+
Cavalry with barding		adds further +1

REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

Regiments of Renown generally consist of a Mercenary Captain plus a minimum number of troops. The Mercenary Captain is the unit's leader and champion – however, his profile is likely to be unique. He may be comparable to a conventional Lord or Hero of his race. This does not matter.

Regardless of his profile, the Mercenary Captain is a member of his unit and cannot leave it. He is, to all intents and purposes, its champion.

All Mercenary Captains have pre-selected equipment and magic items. These cannot be changed unless options are indicated within the list itself.

You can increase the number of models in a Regiment of Renown to make it larger if you wish. The nominal maximum size is fifty, but the optimum size will usually be far smaller than this.

DOGS OF WAR ARMY SELECTION

- Characters 0-35%** Up to 35% of the points value of the army may be spent on independent characters. This includes the cost of any monsters ridden by independent characters.
- Regiments of Renown 65%+** *At least* 65% of the points value of the army *must* be spent on Regiments of Renown. This includes the points values of any associated characters, war machines or monsters who are part of the regiment.

Most Regiments of Renown also incorporate standard bearers and musicians. These are generally compulsory as they are included in the initial minimum number of models, and sometimes have special abilities. Occasionally standards are carried by named individuals with their own unique profile or special abilities.

Some Regiments of Renown have further options to arm troops in slightly different ways. These are indicated in the lists themselves.

All Regiments of Renown also have a 'For Hire' section. This indicates which Warhammer armies are allowed to hire that particular regiment. In a Dogs of War army this is not relevant – all Regiments of Renown can fight in a Dogs of War army.

SPECIAL MERCENARY CHARACTERS

We have included a section of special mercenary characters after the army list. This describes a number of famous Mercenary Generals, Hireling Wizards, and such like that can be used in place of conventional mercenary characters.

All the Warhammer Armies books contain special characters, and it is accepted practice that players agree beforehand if these are to be used. This is because special characters are often powerful individuals whose presence strongly influences the game. Using the same special characters time after time often makes games predictable. It is better to use them now and again, rather than routinely.

If you opt to include special characters then you must take them as described. You cannot change their equipment, magic items, or any other details unless options are indicated within the list.



DOGS OF WAR – THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE!

This book contains rules for fifteen Regiments of Renown. It is our intention to release further Regiments of Renown in the future, and to provide rules for these in supplementary army books. These will allow you to incorporate even more types of troops into your Dogs of War army and also provide a greater variety of mercenaries for other forces to hire.

We'll also be devising more special mercenary characters to include along with the new regiments. We'd like to devise special characters which are non-human as well as human, but we'll see how players react to this lot first. In other words... if you desperately want mercenary Skinks or a selection of Halfling special characters, you'd better write and tell us!

THERE'S ONLY JUAN!

This song of Cornetto's Pikes became famous in Verezzo after their part in the heroic defence of the town's walls.

*That Juan Cornetto!
Send him to me,
Da besta fellow
In old Tileeeee
He's mean an' you will see
That Juan Cornetto
Winsa Victory!*

Cornetto's Pikes – always to the point

CHARACTERS

Your army can include up to 35% of its points value as characters chosen from this section of the army list. You must always include a Mercenary General, but otherwise you are free to choose as many or as few characters as you wish.

1 MERCENARY GENERAL 121 points

The Mercenary General is a bold adventurer and hard-bitten campaigner. He fights for money, for conquest and for the love of battle. This gallant figure leads the Dogs of War in pursuit of victory and plunder!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
General	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	10
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/armour: The Mercenary General is armed with a sword, mace or comparable hand weapon. He wears heavy armour and carries a shield.

Rides: The Mercenary General rides a vicious warhorse with barded armour.

Options: May carry a lance at +2 points and/or a pistol at +2 points. May dismount and fight on foot at a -7 point deduction.

Armour Save: 2+ as mounted figure and 4+ if on foot.

Magic Items: The Mercenary General can carry up to 3 magic items chosen from the Warhammer Magic supplement.

Be it known that Hragged the Black was not killed in the treacherous ambush organised by Reynard 'the Fox'. In fact, General Hragged is at the Black Sow Inn hiring more brave warriors to do a little fox hunting...

0-1 PAYMASTER 125 points

After the Mercenary General, the Paymaster is probably the most important individual in the army – he carries the cash! The Paymaster's importance is indicated by the large flag that accompanies the pay chest. His role is to inspire the mercenaries to fight harder by reminding them what they are fighting for – namely money. The Paymaster can also be accompanied by bodyguards and/or a Money Lender, as described below.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Paymaster	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Money Lender	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6
Bodyguard	4	4	2	4	3	1	4	1	8

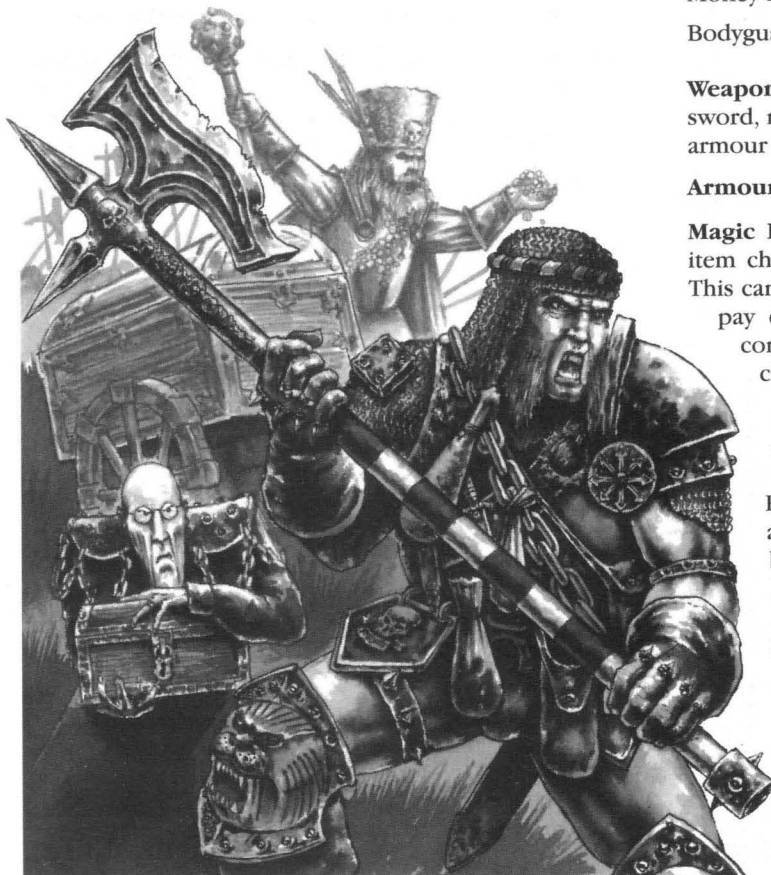
Weapons/armour: The Paymaster is armed with a sword, mace or comparable hand weapon. He has heavy armour and carries a shield.

Armour Save: 4+

Magic Items: The Paymaster can carry up to 1 magic item chosen from the Warhammer Magic supplement. This can be a magic standard, which is mounted on the pay chest in place of the ordinary standard. This confers the standard's magical ability to the pay chest.

Money Lender: The Paymaster can be accompanied by a Money Lender at a cost of +25 points. The model is placed next to the Paymaster. The Money Lender wears no armour and carries only a sword. His presence adds a bonus to pay chest re-rolls as explained in the Dogs of War special rules.

Bodyguard: The Paymaster can be accompanied by between 5 and 20 bodyguards, forming a regiment of which he is the leader. Each bodyguard costs 12 points and is equipped with a halberd and light armour. They may have shields at an additional cost of +1 point per model. The unit may have a regimental standard bearer and/or musician, each costing double the points of a normal trooper.



MERCENARY HEROES 68 points

The Dogs of War army can include Mercenary Heroes: fortune hunters, desperadoes and adventurers of the kind naturally attracted to wars and opportunity. Northern barbarians are especially keen on his sort of thing, possibly because their homelands are so cold and bleak.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mercenary Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/armour: The Mercenary Hero is armed with a sword, mace or comparable hand weapon.

Rides: The Mercenary Hero rides a warhorse.

Options: May carry one of the following hand-to-hand weapons: an additional sword or other hand held weapon at +1 point, a lance at +2 points, a halberd (if dismounted) at +2 points, a spear at +1 point, a double-handed weapon at +2 points. He may also carry one of the following missile weapons: a bow at +2 points, a crossbow at +3 points, or a pistol at +2 points. He may have a shield at +1 point, and either light armour at +2 points or heavy armour at +3 points. If mounted he may ride a barded warhorse at +4 points. He may dismount and fight on foot at a -3 point deduction.

Magic Items: A Mercenary Hero can carry up to 2 magic items chosen from the Warhammer Magic supplement.



HIRELING WIZARDS

Wizard (level 1) 59 points

Wizard Champion (level 2) 121 points

Master Wizard (level 3) 193 points

Wizard Lord (level 4) 290 points

The Dogs of War army can include Hireling Wizards, attracted to the army's ranks by the prospect of adventure overseas and the opportunity to uncover arcane secrets in foreign parts. Also, the money's good.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wizard	4	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	7
Wizard Champion	4	3	3	4	4	2	4	1	7
Master Wizard	4	3	3	4	4	3	5	2	7
Wizard Lord	4	3	3	4	4	4	6	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/armour: The Hireling Wizard is armed with a sword, mace or comparable hand weapon.

Rides: The Hireling Wizard rides a warhorse.

Options: The wizard's steed may have barding at +4 points. He may dismount and fight on foot at a -3 point deduction.

Armour Save: 6+ mounted, 5+ if mounted on a barded warhorse, none on foot.

Spells: Hireling Wizards have Battle Magic Spells. A wizard has 1 spell per level.

Magic Items: Hireling Wizards may have 1 magic item per magic level, chosen from the Warhammer Magic supplement.

FOR HYRE!

Rufus the Magnificent,
famed wizard and animal trainer,
seeks profitable employ.

Rufus is available for:

- Epic battles
- Local skirmishes
- Domestic disturbances

Reasonable rates, block booking
discount. Prestidigitation extra.

Say 'Rufus' three times and he'll find you

GOLGFAG'S MERCENARY OGRES

Who could forget the Ogres? Not anyone with a sense of smell, that's for sure. Worse manners than Trolls, and that's saying something, but there are few troops you'd rather have on your side in the heat of battle.

Elodbir Seamane, Elven gentleman adventurer



Golfag is the biggest, ugliest and quite definitely the loudest Ogre to shamble out of the Northern Wastes in living memory. He soon found himself leading a bunch of almost equally brutal Ogre warriors. He quickly developed a taste for man-flesh and joined forces with an Orc Warlord called Gnashrak Badtooth.

Gnashrak was busy fighting against the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin high up in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Golfag wasn't sure he liked the taste of Dwarf, but was more than happy to find out.

Gnashrak thought the Ogres would prove just the kind of troops he needed to sort out the Dwarfs. However, he soon grew tired of the Ogres' appetite for Goblins, booze and raucous singing. After one particularly loud drinking session Golfag and Gnashrak got into a huge fight. Soon all the Ogres and Orcs were scrapping. Golfag tore off the Orc's arm and used it to bash his way out of the encampment before leading his lads to safety. Gnashrak was completely enraged.

Golfag promptly offered his services to the Dwarf leader Ungrim Ironfist. He showed Gnashrak's arm to Ungrim as proof of his sincerity. In the face of such a convincing offer Ironfist was hardly able to refuse. Golfag led his Ogres and a party of Dwarfs along a secret track to the Orcs' encampment in Broken Leg Gully – so called because of its impossibly steep and treacherous sides. The Orcs were trapped and horribly slaughtered. Gnashrak was captured and subsequently bound in chains and delivered to Ungrim Ironfist.

Pausing only to loot the Dwarf Lord's treasury during the ensuing celebrations, Golfag headed west into the Empire. There he took employment in the ranks of the Imperial army, and it was here that he discovered Halflings were by far his favourite food. Shortly afterwards he turned up in the lands of Tilea in the employ of one Lorenzo Lupo. Lorenzo found the Ogres to be excellent troops, but a considerable nuisance. The citizens of Luccini were forever complaining of being beaten, robbed or bullied by the rowdy Ogres. One night Golfag decided to take rather more than his fair share of wine, directly from Lorenzo's warehouses. When the Ogres fell into a drunken stupor Lorenzo sent a company of pikemen to arrest them and throw them into his dungeons.

Fortunately for Lorenzo, an opportunity to be rid of the Ogres altogether arrived in the form of a messenger from one of the Border Princes. The messenger was hiring mercenaries on behalf of his master. Lorenzo cheerfully fitted him up with the Ogres, took his fee, and released Golfag and his crew from captivity. Golfag was understandably annoyed, but faced with a new offer of employment, a complimentary baggage train of food and a firing squad of Tilean crossbowmen, the Ogre decided to let matters lie for the moment.

Golfag's stay in the Border Princes proved a successful and profitable one. The Ogres grew fat and wealthy. They were kept very busy by one side or another and were given every chance to indulge their appetite for fresh meat. Golfag's only regret was the scarcity of Halflings thereabouts. When he heard that trouble was brewing between the Orcs and Dwarfs he headed northwards once more. He fell in with a bunch of Orcs and Goblins and was soon feasting upon Dwarf again.

It was after a foray against the Dwarfs that Golfag was ambushed by none other than Ungrim Ironfist, his former employer. The canny Dwarf Lord led the Orc army into a trap using a supply convoy as bait. The convoy consisted entirely of wagons full of cheap ale which the greenskins duly captured and drained. Golfag and the Ogres courageously drank themselves into oblivion along with the rest. When they awoke, the Ogres found themselves in the dungeons deep below Karak Kadrin, along with the remnants of the Orc army. The Dwarfs no doubt expected Golfag to die in this cramped and crowded dungeon, and probably thought this would be easier and safer than trying to kill the Ogre in some other fashion.

When the Dwarfs finally opened the dungeon some months later, they were startled to find Golfag still alive. He had eaten every other inmate of the dungeon, including the rest of the Ogres, apart from Skaff. Out of respect for his oldest drinking buddy, Golfag had only, so far, eaten one of Skaff's legs. A great pile of Orc, Goblin and Ogre bones lay in one corner. When he heard of this, Ungrim Ironfist was so impressed that he ordered Golfag to be taken a long way away and released.

Golfag soon gathered together some of his old lads and other keen young Ogres flocked to join him. Skaff decided to stick with Golfag despite everything, and gratefully accepted the position of standard bearer as this gave him something to lean on. Before the summer was out, Golfag headed

south over the Grey Mountains in company with an Orc raiding party. It was there that he fought his first battles against Bretonnians and where he would 'crack a few tinnies' and feast upon man-flesh once more.

From that day to this, Golgfag has never looked back. His reputation has, if anything, grown and grown. So has his girth. But he still has a few scores to settle, not least with the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin and with the treacherous Lorenzo Lupo. However, Ogres are straightforward folk and such things take second place to a good fight and a full belly!

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Golgfag.

Motto: You've hired da rest, now try da best!

Battle-cry: "Gruugh agh agh waaagh" is a reasonable rendering of the Ogrish (a language little understood by other races and hard going even for Ogres). The meaning is obscure. It might mean something like "Feed me – feed me now!"

Appearance: Ugly, ferocious and hungry. Golgfag's Ogres wear dirty, patched clothing made of skins, leather, and such items as they have pillaged or crudely stitched together from old cloaks, blankets, tents, canvas awnings, etc. Their appearance is obviously raggedy and rather crude. Their armour is a hotchpotch of pieces made for other races and strapped over strategically vulnerable bits of the Ogre's body. Ogres have rough, gnarled and warty skin, and, being veterans of countless battles, Golgfag's lads are covered in scars.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire Golgfag's Ogres.

Points: Golgfag and 4 Ogres, including Skaff the standard bearer and a horn blower, cost a total of 500 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The size of the regiment may be increased at a cost of 44 points per additional Ogre.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Golfag	6	6	2	5	6	6	5	5	9
Skaff	6	3	2	4	5	3	3	3	7
Ogre	6	3	2	4	5	3	3	2	7

Weapons/armour: Golgfag carries a massive cleaver in one fist (fer splitting 'eds) and an even larger, spiked club in the other (fer crumpin' 'eds). He wears a heavily armoured coat made of scavenged bits from battlefields across the Old World. Golgfag's Ogres each carry similar weapons to their leader and wear an armoured coat in the same style. Skaff carries only one weapon, but bashes his foes on the head with his banner so counts as having two.

Armour Save: 5+

Cause fear: Golgfag's Ogres instil *fear* in their enemies.



BRAGANZA'S BESIEGERS

As they approached the castle our hearts sank. Braganza's men never lost or fled and we knew we were doomed. Our captain began to explain how safe we were behind the walls, but a crossbow bolt cut him short. No one wanted to be the next victim.

• The mercenary Gunter Friesheim, in his report on the capture of the 'impregnable' Schloss Adlerberg

The famous regiment of Besiegers was originally employed by the ingenious Borgio 'The Besieger', Prince of Miragliano, as a special siege unit of crossbowmen. Borgio wanted marksmen who could pick off defenders on the walls at close range in the face of a hail of enemy missiles, hold ramparts against assault, provide missile support for sappers and miners, man siege towers and, if need be, stand their ground against enemy units sallying out of besieged fortresses. Braganza's troops soon proved their worth in Borgio's many sieges and turned out to be equally good as a rearguard in open battle.

Having stormed, starved out or received the surrender of pretty well every city and fortress that he ever besieged, Borgio was well pleased with

Braganza's Besiegers and offered to find them work in return for a cut of the profits. Braganza accepted Borgio's kind offer at once, knowing full well that to refuse Borgio's kindness was not only impolite but also a terminal course of action.

Soon the Besiegers took ship for Tobaro where they took part in the siege of the pirate stronghold on the island of Cera-Scuro. Then they were hired by the Dwarfs to help recapture a very strong Dwarf outpost in the Badlands which had been captured by Orcs. Braganza was paid handsomely with a massive chest of jewels and the regiment began the long trek back to Miragliano through hostile territory to deliver Borgio's agreed share of the loot (no one ever double-crossed Borgio and lived!). They battled their way across the Apuccinis in winter and fought off Dwarf bandits, Orcs, Beastmen, Empire robber knights, a Tilean outlaw band, renegade Bretonnian commoners who had treacherously slain their lord, starving and extremely desperate Halflings, even more hungry and desperate Ogres, the notorious Red Company of Remas (whose captain had a vendetta against Braganza) and various others – winning by forming a hollow square and shooting them all down as they came.

INVINCIBILITY
at no extra charge!

BRAGANZA'S BESIEGERS

Late of the service of the m
BORGIO the BESIEGER.
BESIEGERS now seek the
patronage of a noble Lord
or famed adventurer.

They are Veterans of
THOUSAND BATTLE

Their **EXPERIENCE**
siege warfare is **UNSURPASSED**

Accept no substitute!
BRAGANZA'S
BESIEGERS!

EMMELBAD'S STREETS RAN RED
WITH BLOOD as rivals fought for control.

Lord Harald Stigvasson's loyal Guard battled bravely to protect him but were cut down as they cleared a path to safety for their master. Early reports of his death seem to have been exaggerated and Lord Stigvasson is now thought to have escaped in the confusion. He is reported to be hiding somewhere in the realms of the Border Princes. He is also rumoured to be assembling a vast mercenary army to recapture the city from his enemies.

ooOoo

Count Ziminski has proclaimed a public holiday to celebrate his victory. For their heroic part in the battle, the valiant men of Braganza's Besiegers will form Count Ziminski's honour guard.

The Guild of Scribes brings you
NEWS OF A
GREAT VICTORY!

Count **ZIMINSKI**
triumphant!

Lord **STIGVASSON'S**
forces scattered!

Besiegers lead the
victorious charge!

On entering Tilea, they heard news that Borgio had been treacherously assassinated and his mighty Dogs of War army had either disbanded or split into factions fighting in the streets of Miragliano. Braganza decided to do the obvious thing and share out the jewels and continue his career as one of the best mercenary regiments ever to come out of Tilea. The Besiegers were soon hired by the Prince of Luccini and sent to Sartosa where the Prince was waging war against one or other of the many pirate chiefs on the island. Since then, the Besiegers have fought for many masters in many sieges and open battles, always standing like a wall of steel and adding to their legendary reputation.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Luka Braganza.

Motto: Invincibility at no extra charge.

Battle-cry: Borgio!

Appearance: The Besiegers wear full plate armour in the exotic Miragliano style, and carry a large pavise on a back-strap.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army except the Skaven can hire the Besiegers. The Skaven regularly raid Miragliano and Braganza's men would never work for the foul ratmen who plague their home city.

Points: Braganza and 4 Besiegers cost a total of 151 points including standard bearer and musician. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra models at a cost of 13 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Braganza	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Besiegers	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

REWARD

5,000 gold Imperials
For the head of Luka Braganza

300 gold Imperials
For the head of each of the brigands
known as 'Braganza's Besiegers'

.....
Apply to Lord Stigvasson of Emmelbad
No questions asked



Weapons/armour: Armed with sword, crossbow, heavy armour and pavise.

Save: 5+

SPECIAL RULES

Pavise: A pavise is a large shield which each crossbowman can prop up in front of him. To represent this, crossbowmen equipped with pavises save on a roll of 3+.



STIGVASSON

ROUTED

ZIMINSKI

PATROL

ALL HOPE FOR

VICTORY LOST

Lord Stigvasson Dead!

Lord Stigvasson, exiled ruler of Emmelbad, was found dead in his scullery by his servants on the festival of St. Muncia. Crumbs of cheese scattered near his body make Skaven Assassins the prime suspects, though his loyal followers claim that the real murderer was in the pay of Count Ziminski.

Skaven suspected

LONG DRONG SLAYER'S PIRATES

As soon as their jolly boat touched the sand they roared ashore, charging straight into the waiting Goblins. It was a short fight. Within moments the greenskins were fleeing for their lives and the pirates were rewarding themselves with a swift tot of rum.

Von Mirrenburg from his book 'My Time with the Dwarfs'



Long Drong, who as his name suggests was a rather tall Dwarf and claimed a dubious line of descent from Drong the Hard, legendary Dwarf ancestor known from many sagas, began his career as a Dwarf seafarer in Barak Varr. He worked his way up from cabin Dwarf to captain of the Dwarf trading ship *The Barrel of Ale* which

brought fine Dwarf brews by the sea route to far away colonies. That was until one terrible voyage around the coast of Sartosa. A storm blew up, the worst for a hundred years, and the ship foundered on the treacherous rocks. Although the crew were washed up on the shore, the entire cargo of rare Dwarf ales was lost.

This disaster was something no Dwarf could bear, and no self-respecting Dwarf captain would wish to survive. Long Drong knew his career as a Dwarf trader was over. He resolved to become a Slayer on the seven seas and to seek a heroic end worthy of a saga. His crew, who were just as shamed by the loss of the cargo as their captain, followed his example and swore upon their ancestors to lead a life of roving Sea Slayers until a worthy death ended their shame and redeemed them in legend.

Having thus sworn, Long Drong, now known as Long Drong Slayer, trekked inland to his destiny, which was to become the most notorious pirate ever to lurk on Sartosa. His first act was to storm the stronghold of the dreaded pirate Capitano Sisicco and capture his ship and treasure stash. With the latter, Long Drong hired Dwarf craftsmen to rebuild the flimsy vessel into something a Dwarf could be proud of, not sparing the iron! He also hired Dwarf smiths to forge cannons for the vessel, which Long Drong named *The*

Fair Fregar after a famous Dwarf maiden of Barak Varr, rumoured to be very beautiful. A figurehead representing her was carved by the crew. Unfortunately, neither Long Drong nor any of his crew had ever seen a real life Dwarf maiden, so they had to rely on their imagination and hearsay. The result, parts of which were shod in brass, made an awesome ram on the prow of the ship!

The prisoners, now chained in Long Drong's dungeons, were freed in return for telling him all they knew about buried treasure and handing over any maps they had. Long Drong learned that the key to success was often the possession of a pay chest full of gold with which to hire a mercenary army and hold it together under your command. Many such pay chests had been lost in battles and there were mercenary generals willing to pay handsomely for their return, even double the value of anything in the chest, or a great fortune for the empty chest alone. This was because recovery of a lost pay chest is a matter of pride among mercenary generals, who regard such chests in the same way as other races do their army standards!

So Long Drong let it be known that, being a seafaring Dwarf, he could seek out and rescue a lost pay chest wherever it may be in the known world and return it to its rightful owner. All he asked was to keep any treasure that he might find in it, plus a reward in gold equal to as much as the chest would hold! By the standards of mercenary generals this was but a small price to pay for the restoration of honour and respect, and soon offers to hire his services came flowing in by swift messengers.

Thus the *Fair Fregar* voyaged to many distant lands; Araby, Lustria, Albion and many uncharted islands, and brought back various pay chests which may or may not have been genuine. In doing so Long Drong raided the treasure hoards of many notorious pirates and corsairs and made countless enemies determined to get their revenge on him. A price was on his head, everyone sought to accomplish his doom. What more could a seafaring Slayer ask for! His only friends turned out to be those mercenary generals for whom he had restored honour, and these soon began to hire Long Drong and his pirate crew to fight as a regiment in their armies. Their task, needless to say, was to seek out and capture the enemy pay chest on the battlefield. Only reckless Dwarf Sea Slayers, seeking a heroic end would take on or succeed in such a task. As yet Long Drong has still not met his doom!

Fifteen Dwarfs and a dead Dwarf's chest,
Yo, ho, ho and a flagon of ale,
Each one a goner means more for the rest!
Yo, ho, ho and a barrel of ale.

Dwarf Pirate sea shanty (it gets worse!)

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Long Drong Slayer.

Motto: Lost pay chest recovery our speciality.

Battle-cry: Fifteen Dwarfs and a dead Dwarf's chest, yo ho ho and a flagon of ale...

Appearance: Long Drong Slayer has a hook hand, peg leg, eyepatch, long red plaited beard, pistols stuffed down his breeches and a parrot on his shoulder which says 'bits o' gold, bits o' gold' all the time. His crew are a swarthy bunch of rogues who are proud to fight under the skull and crossbones flag.

For Hire: Any army except the Orcs & Goblins can hire Long Drong Slayer and his Dwarf pirates – even when they're drunk the Dwarfs still *bate* greenskins!

Points: Long Drong Slayer plus 4 Dwarf pirates including a standard bearer and drummer cost a total of 263 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be increased up to a maximum of 20 models at a cost of 13 points for each additional model.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Drong	3	6	5	4	5	2	4	3(+1)	10
Pirates	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1(+1)	9

Weapons/Armour: All the pirates are armed with hand weapons (cutlass) and loads of pistols.

Save: None.

Immune to Psychology: Like all Slayers, the Dwarf pirates are immune to psychology and Break tests.

Festooned with Pistols: All the pirates, including Long Drong, gain an additional Attack because they are fighting with a weapon in each hand. Since they are festooned with pistols which they shoot off in a hurricane of destruction, all of their attacks are considered to be Strength 4 pistol shots. The Pirates carry so many pistols that they never need to reload.

Dwarf Rum: When unable to get ale, the Dwarf pirates brew their own drink. This dangerous stuff is a sort of rum mixed with gunpowder and iron filings, and each bottle has a skull and crossbones on it as a warning. The pirates swig so much of this concoction that they are now immune to drunkenness, though it wreaks havoc with their insides. Before a battle the Dwarfs will knock back a few bottles each, and the resultant intestinal rumblings and gurglings leave an odious mist hanging around the regiment. Though the pirates claim not to notice the smell the effect is dire on the enemy who suffer -1 to hit in hand-to-hand combat. Obviously, Undead troops, Daemons and followers of Nurgle won't notice the stench either. The great disadvantage to the pirates is that no other troops will stand near them. As a result, the regiment may not be deployed closer than 3" to any other unit in the army at the start of the battle!



VOLAND'S VENATORS

It's not just losing, it's losing to them. They're barely even proper soldiers. No discipline, no uniforms and the worst breath you've ever smelt on anyone that wasn't an Ogre. So *why* do they fight like the personal guard of the Emperor?

Count Emmerschein von Mirrenburg



Voland came to Tilea from somewhere within the Empire. At the time he was just one of many mercenary heroes hired by the Tileans in their never-ending wars. He rose to prominence as leader of a band of mercenary knights called the Venators, which means 'hunters' in low Tilean. The motives of Voland and his brother

knights could not have been more different from the Bretonnian or even the Empire traditions of knighthood! They were soldiers of fortune interested only in two things, namely money and spending it! They were also expert cavalry whose thunderous charge could scatter the deepest enemy formations – something which the Tileans desperately needed, but lacked until that time.

Those who joined Voland were often as not the dispossessed, and frequently disgraced, sons of the rich and famous, owning nothing but magnificent suits of armour and well-bred warhorses. Their ambitions turned mainly to fighting and money though not necessarily in that order. Not only were they good at fighting, but they were eager to practise and get even better. These young wastrels were joined by renegade knights from the Empire, and one or two Bretonnian Knights Errant who somehow forgot their noble errands, leading to a lot of good humoured rivalry and brawling.

Voland decreed that the Venators should abandon all identifying family crests and adopt new names in order to obscure their true origins. It is rumoured that Voland himself was really the disgraced son of some well-known Empire count. There were also rumours that he was none other than the bastard son of the Emperor! Voland himself never sought to affirm or contradict any of these tales, which consequently grew ever more elaborate and unlikely over the years. The story that he was the shameful offspring of the Fay Enchantress of Bretonnia and an extraordinarily intelligent, one-eyed pig called Eric is one of the less credible yarns spun about Voland's mysterious past.

Voland's Venators fought their way through the Old World hiring themselves out for gold, which they spent mainly on debauched drinking sessions in which wine was consumed by the gallon. For a while they travelled east where they were hired by some of the more desperate of the Border Princes, tenaciously holding on to their tiny realms in the Orc-infested wastes. For entertainment between battles the Venators joust against each other while their companions make wagers on the outcome. It is quite common for Venators to be seriously injured or even killed in these fights, or in the drunken brawls which inevitably follow. The regiment is accompanied on the march by a long baggage train of servants, grooms and raucous camp followers piled on top of trundling wagons loaded with casks of looted wine. The noise of their camp can be heard miles away.

Voland and his men once shocked Bretonnian chivalry by the sheer audacity of turning up at the great tourney of Couronne with their armour still tarnished with the mud and blood of Kislevite battlefields. Despite nursing gargantuan hangovers and against all expectations the Venators unhorsed the King's champion and a score of the best knights in the realm. The King of Bretonnia was so incensed

For Hire Voland's Venators

The Answer

to all your...

Outstanding Territorial Claims

Pretensions to Power

Political Opposition

Ungrateful Subjects

Treacherous Relatives

Noisy Neighbours?

No questions asked!

The cost?

very reasonable

Find us at the sign of the Slaughtered Orc



that he swore Voland would never enter his realm again except in chains! Despised by Bretonnian knights and shunned by knights of the Empire, the Venators care not a fig! They have fought in many hard battles, against the worst of enemies, in places where nobler and more sober knights have never been seen.

THE SONG OF VOLAND

We are Voland's Venators
The drunken cavalry!
We cannot march, we cannot fight
What wretched knights are we!
But when we see the enemy
Our heads are very clear
We charge straight for their
baggage camp
And liberate their gear!

One of the favourite drinking songs of Voland's Venators (the others are too rude to print).

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Voland.

Motto: Voland's Venators. The Answer.
No Questions Asked.

Battle-cry: Last One to Die's a Sissy!

Appearance: The regiment wear burnished brass armour and no heraldry except a V sign.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire the Venators except Bretonnia (Voland was banned from the realm upon pain of death following the debacle of the tournament at Couronne).

Points: Voland and 4 Venators cost a total of 215 points including a standard bearer and musician. This is the smallest unit you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra models at a cost of 35 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Voland	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Venators	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/Armour: Sword, lance, heavy armour, shield, barded warhorse.

Save: 2+



PIRAZZO'S LOST LEGION

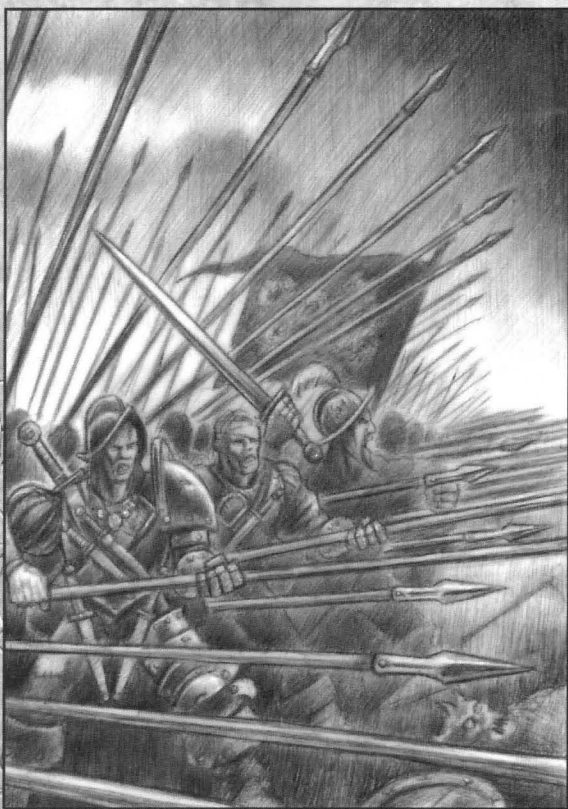
And as the Skinks sank back into the swamp in defeat, Lord Xtloli instructed his Temple Guard to attack once more. This time a cloud of shards from the plunderers' machines stung our warriors like a cloud of enraged hornets and they too were forced to retreat.

Skink Scribe Manquixipolata on the battle against Pirazzo's Lost Legion



Pirazzo's Lost Legion are all that remains of the expedition sent to Lustria by the merchants of Tobaro. The regiment was one of three recruited in Tobaro from among the reckless and poverty-stricken youths of the city. The promise of untold wealth to be found in the jungles of Lustria was a temptation none could resist and they joined the colours in droves.

Fernando Pirazzo was hired to command one of the regiments. Although young, he was already an experienced mercenary captain skilled in the art of war. Before the expedition embarked he trained his men in the use of both pike and crossbow, the two traditional weapons of Tilean mercenaries, foreseeing the conditions that the regiment would encounter in the jungles of Lustria.



No sooner had the expedition arrived in Lustrian waters than it ran into trouble. When all the mercenaries had disembarked, the sailors of the ships, who were also mercenaries, weighed anchor and abandoned them, taking the pay chests of the three regiments with them. Of course, as a precaution against an opposed landing the pay chests had been left to last! Pirazzo had advised against this, but had been outvoted by the other two captains. Now the mercenaries realised that he was by far the best leader and the other two regiments mutinied. Their incompetent and unfortunate captains were cast adrift on rafts in the mangrove swamps and the mercenaries joined together as a single regiment under Pirazzo's command, calling themselves the 'Lost Legion'.

Everybody knew that obeying Pirazzo's orders was their best hope of survival, and so no one objected when he insisted that the troops remain encamped on the coast until everyone was trained to use both pike and crossbow. After several weeks all the bad elements among the stranded mercenaries were either dead, executed or had split off into the jungle, to their inevitable doom, in small groups. The rest were all trained to Pirazzo's exacting standards and all men he could rely on to obey his orders. Now he was ready to lead them into the interior to adventure, riches or death!

After a gruelling march, the Lost Legion came upon some Lizardman ruins. Cautiously they entered the ruined city and soon found gold and gems in various vaults and chambers. As the mercenaries were marching out again, laden with treasures, the Lizardmen launched a series of ambushes on the causeways and amid the spawning ponds of the ruined city. Thanks to Pirazzo's foresight in training his men to use crossbows and pikes none of the enemy could get at the regiment in enough numbers to force them off the causeway. Their first ambush met with a hail of crossbow bolts, while the second ran into massed pikes. In the afternoon, the Skinks met with crossbow volleys again and later the Saurus were repulsed by the pikes. The losses among Skinks and Saurus were terrible and soon the ponds were choked with scaly corpses.

Just when heat, thirst and fatigue were almost beyond endurance, the Mage Priest called off the attacks. The enemy seemed to have the answer to both his skirmishers and his shock troops and so he had to think of more cunning tactics. In the pause, Pirazzo found himself considering the possibility of

striking a deal with the Mage Priest to serve him as a mercenary and ultimately to return home rich. It was strangely as if the idea had been put in his mind from somewhere else. Quickly he ordered his men to put down their loot and retreat along the causeway. He was obeyed without question, though it broke the men's hearts to abandon the gold! The regiment marched back into the ruins and made camp in the plaza to await events, although Pirazzo did not know what to expect.

When the sun rose, the sentries were amazed to see not only the piles of treasure returned to the mercenaries, less the biggest and best tablets of gold, but also heaps of food and great gourds of refreshing water. The plaza was lined with Saurus warriors, permitting only one way out of the ruins: to the south. The Lost Legion took the loot, the supplies and the road appointed for them.

The legion marched for many weeks to the south. They did not encounter any more cities, but did find further piles of supplies along the route. Eventually they entered an eerie landscape of fetid swamps. Here they were attacked by the Zombie hordes of the Vampire Coast. Now it was clear that the priests had sent Pirazzo against their most dreaded enemies. The Lost Legion fought valiantly and defeated the Undead wherever they met them. At last they reached the sea. Here the mercenaries filled their knapsacks with

treasure from shipwrecks which they found scattered along the coast. Then, taking the best timbers, they repaired the most seaworthy of the decaying hulks and put to sea.

Just when the hulk was on the verge on sinking, Pirazzo sighted land. It was the coast of Araby. Not long after the Lost Legion marched inland they were hired by one of the emirs of the corsairs who was afraid of what Pirazzo and his men might do if he didn't hire them. Since then, Pirazzo's Lost Legion has fought its way across Araby, Sartosa and into Tilea once more, serving many masters, winning great wealth and recruiting the reckless and adventurous to the regimental banner.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Pirazzo.

Motto: Trained in Lustria.

Battle-cry: Death or riches!

Appearance: The regiment wears polished brass armour, green uniforms and green crests. They wear their hair long.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire the Lost Legion (if they can find them!).

Points: Pirazzo and 4 troopers cost a total of 96 points including standard bearer and musician. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be increased by adding extra models at a cost of 10 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pirazzo	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	2	8
Crossbow	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Pike	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Pirazzo and his troopers are either **all** armed with sword, crossbow and light armour (save 6+) or **all** armed with sword, pike and heavy armour. Pirazzo is always armed with heavy armour and sword (save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES

You may choose whether the regiment is armed with pikes or crossbows. Whatever you choose, the entire regiment is armed in the same way throughout the battle. So, for example, if the regiment is deployed with its pikes the regimental crossbows are assumed to be left in the baggage wagons back at the camp. Of course, in the next battle the regiment may deploy with crossbows. If you intend to use the regiment with alternative equipment in different battles you will need models depicted with pikes and models depicted with crossbows. The soldiers do not carry both weapons on them in battle!



ARE YOU A POVERTY- STRICKEN YOUTH?

Do you want riches beyond
your wildest dreams?

JOIN
PIRAZZO'S LEGION
(Trained in Lustria)

Recruiting now at the sign of
the Upturned Halfling.

We know where the gold is!

AL MUKTAR'S DESERT DOGS

We never had a chance, sir. They came out of nowhere. Before we could turn they were in among us, shouting their chilling battle-cries as they cut us down. It's true we ran from them sir, but these were not men – they were demons on horseback.

The mercenary Gunter Friesheim, explaining his part in the infamous Rout of Rifrappa



Young Werner Glook was sent by his parents to an exclusive school in Marienburg – a common fate for children of rich and famous parents who couldn't be bothered to raise their offspring for themselves. As a consequence, childhood was a lonely and deeply unhappy time for him. The school masters beat him

frequently and the older boys adopted him as their personal slave. Werner lived in constant anticipation of a sound thrashing. He learned to endure things by immersing himself in dreams of foreign travel and exotic lands.

Years later, Werner Glook stepped from a Tilean merchant ship onto the harbour at Lashiek – City of the Arabian Corsairs. His eagerness to travel the world had brought him to the greatest city in Araby. Swarthy-skinned boys dressed in rags scampered about his feet, offering to carry his bags and attempting to pick his pockets.

He sent them away with a single word of command. The boys gawped in amazement and ran away quickly. They did not expect a blond haired, blue-eyed stranger to speak their language – let alone to be so familiar with the coarse vernacular of Araby. Perhaps he was no ordinary stranger at all, but the mysterious Al Muktar – the Chosen One – whose coming was foretold that very year!

Werner knew nothing of this old legend. He was gratified to find the people of Araby friendly and generous – at least once he had spoken to them after which they generally stopped trying to steal his belongings. The word began to spread through the city. Werner remained oblivious of his growing fame.

One day he decided to undertake a journey out into the desert to see some famous ruins. He hired guides and camels, and set out eastward. After three days the caravan was attacked by bandits. Werner's guides ran off as soon as the bandits attacked, except for blind Ibn the beggar boy who didn't realise what was going on until too late and then ran in exactly the wrong direction and was easily caught. Werner, being too obstinate to flee, was captured after a fierce fight in which he gave a fine display of fist fighting – a skill learned by necessity in his school days.

The bandits' leader was Sheikh Ahmed Shufti, a squint-eyed son of the sand dressed, like his warriors, in voluminous flowing robes. The Sheikh had never seen an Old Worlder before, but was impressed by his captive's pluck! The Sheikh decided to stake out Werner in the desert and beat him to death slowly over several days. Whilst they were entertained by his cries and pitiful pleading, the bandits would roast one of the camels.

After three days of torture and no water, Werner had uttered not one cry of pain and the only words he had spoken were to defy his captors and curse their closer relatives. The Sheikh was impressed, and his men were getting a bit nervous. Surely no ordinary man could endure so much pain. They were not to know that Werner was used to beatings, having suffered far worse at the hands of his fellow pupils at school. Once they had hung him for three days in the flue of the great chimney in the headmaster's study... he had not uttered a word then either, not even when old Meistergriek had lit the fire to warm his old bones.

Werner could hear the bandits muttering about 'Al Muktar', but he had no idea that it meant 'the Chosen One'. 'Al Muktarrrrr' he cried as loudly as he could. The bandits, who were huddled around their camp fire, had grown scared of the Old Worlder after Ibn had told them about the legend and various wondrous things he had supposedly done in Lashiek. Also, things had begun to mysteriously disappear, mostly small valuable possessions, and Ibn was careful to explain that this was a sure sign that the bandits had fallen under Al Muktar's curse. Consequently, when they heard Werner's cry they threw themselves to the ground wailing and crying, 'Al Muktar... Al Muktar... forgive us'.

Needless to say Werner did forgive them. In fact he became one of them – the life of a desert warrior sounded adventurous and exciting. He abandoned his old name, clothes and habits and became Al Muktar. Soon the bandits were known and feared all along the coast of Araby. They became renowned as the Desert Dogs – horsemen of unparalleled ferocity wielding mighty scimitars of gleaming steel. Their battle-cry of 'Al Muktar' became feared throughout the land.

Soon, the Desert Dogs became such a nuisance that the Sheikh of Lashiek was compelled to hire them by means of large bribes. At first he sent them eastwards to fight the Undead. Al Muktar very much enjoyed

travelling the land of the Undead, but the Desert Dogs grew restless, and soon he led them northwards through the Badlands and into the Border Princes. The dashing horsemen proved ideally suited to the fast, mobile kind of warfare in the pioneer country, and Al Muktar was soon as famous in the frontiers of the Old World as he was in Araby!

Only the continued disappearance of small but valuable items from the pockets and saddlebags of the Desert Dogs continued to trouble the warriors. Plainly they must fight harder and more loyally to end the curse that their mistreatment of Al Muktar had invoked.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Al Muktar – Son of the Desert.

Motto: The Desert Dogs have two famous mottos. There is the official version favoured by Al Muktar himself, 'Mighty are the Muktarhin!' and then there is the less righteous version often employed by Sheikh Ahmed Shufti, 'Desert Dogs Run Faster Because the Trees are Farther Apart.'

Battle-cry: Al Muktar!

Appearance: The Desert Dogs ride white horses and are swathed from head to foot in voluminous cloth to protect them from the fierce desert sun. They insist on wearing this clothing regardless of the climate they find themselves in, or whatever time of day or night it happens to be. All that can be seen are their eyes and hands.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire the Desert Dogs.

Points: Al Muktar, Sheikh Ahmed Shufti, Ibn the standard bearer, a horn blower, and 1 rider cost a total of 212 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra riders at a cost of 12 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Al Muktar	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	9
Sheikh Shufti	4	4	4	4	3	2	4	2	8
Ibn	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Rider	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/armour: The Desert Dogs are armed with massive slashing scimitars. They wear no armour, but carry a shield shaped like the moon.

Armour Save: 5+



SPECIAL RULES

Sheikh Shufti. The Desert Dogs' original leader was Sheikh Shufti and he fights on as Al Muktar's right hand man and closest friend. This means the Desert Dogs have two characters who can both lead the unit if required. The Sheikh carries the Scimitar of Dakisir – heirloom of his tribe.

Scimitar of Dakisir

Magic Weapon 25 points

This scimitar is an heirloom of the tribal Sheikhs of the Desert Dogs. It was forged centuries ago in the Kasbah of Dakisir, long ago sacked and ruined by the Undead. The blade is decorated with magical texts inlaid in gold. Thanks to his impressive weapon Sheikh Ahmed Shufti adds +1 Strength to blows he strikes and +2 Strength against blows struck in the turn in which he charges.

Black Banner of the Muktarhin

Magic Standard 25 points

The Black Banner is carried aloft by blind Ibn the beggar boy, who cannot see the peril he is in and so is always at the forefront of battle. When calculating which side wins the combat, all wounds scored by Al Muktar in person count double – so if Al Muktar inflicts 2 wounds and the remaining Desert Dogs inflict 3 wounds their combat score will be 7 before adding bonuses for their standard and ranks.



ASARNIL THE DRAGONLORD

Victory was finally within our grasp. Then, without warning, a vast green Dragon fell from the skies to bar our way. Its teeth were like scythes, bilious green fumes leaked from its nostrils, and on its back rode a proud warrior. This was the first we saw of Asarnil.

Extract from 'The glorious adventures of Gunter Friesheim'

The Legend of Asarnil the Dragonlord is known throughout Ulthuan. Asarnil was the son of Aserion, the hero of a thousand battles. From his earliest years Asarnil was brought up in the martial traditions of Caledor. He became a great warrior and one of the few Elves still able to rouse the Dragons who slept beneath the mountains of the High Elf realm.

His companion, Deathfang, was one of the greatest Dragons that the Princes of Caledor could still wake from their deep slumber. Together they were all but invincible, and their fame reached far beyond the boundaries of Caledor.

During the Great War Against Chaos, Asarnil fought with distinction alongside his brother Dragon Princes. Asarnil commanded them in battle, and it was because of him that Caledor was not overrun during those dark times.

After the Battle of the Finuval Plains Asarnil had been ordered to link up with the High Elf forces marching from Lothorn. Once the Dragon Princes arrived, the combined forces of Lothorn and Caledor could destroy the last major Dark Elf force in Ulthuan.

But before Asarnil could fly to the Phoenix King's aid, word came that Caledor itself was under attack. Under the command of Asarnil, an entire flight of the Dragonriders sped back through the skies to protect their homeland. In a brilliant assault the Dragonriders of Caledor swept the Dark Elves to the sea, and Caledor was saved. Triumphant, Asarnil headed back towards the rendezvous with the Phoenix King, confident that great rewards and honour awaited him upon his arrival.

On hearing that his orders had been disobeyed, Phoenix King Finubar became angry. If his troops had come under attack without the support of the Dragon Princes, they would have faced destruction. When Asarnil and his fellow Dragonriders arrived at the Phoenix King's camp, no parade awaited them. Instead, Asarnil was summoned before the Phoenix King himself. Enraged, Asarnil declined and swore that he was no longer a subject of the crown of Ulthuan. The response of Finubar the Seafarer was quick and harsh: Asarnil would be stripped of his title and lands and banished from Ulthuan, unless he would face the Phoenix King's justice. Proud to the last, Asarnil declined.

Asarnil was now a Prince without a domain, a lord in exile. He gathered his weapons and armour, mounted Deathfang, and left the blessed island of Ulthuan.

Asarnil headed towards the old ruins of an Elf city in the south of the Old World. He found that humans now inhabited the land. His Dragon descended in the city of Remas in the land of Tilea, much to the dismay of the citizens. However, the Prince of Remas realised that such a mighty ally would give them the advantage they needed in their war. He immediately hired the services of Asarnil for the war Remas was waging against its rival city of Miragliano.

With the help of Asarnil and the awesome might of Deathfang, Remas decisively defeated their rivals and brought the war to a successful conclusion. Indeed, such was the terror inspired by Deathfang that most of the men of Miragliano threw down their arms and fled from the field without a battle! In the naval battle of the Siren's Rocks, Asarnil and Deathfang destroyed Miragliano's entire fleet, and ended the city's supremacy at sea.

Since those days the proud banner of Asarnil has flown over countless battlefields in the Old World. Only the greatest Princes can afford the exorbitant fee of the Dragonlord, but a general calling upon Asarnil is almost guaranteed to be victorious.

In his heart of hearts Asarnil still dreams of returning to Caledor in triumph with the riches he has won, but for now his lance and sword are for hire.

ASARNIL AND DEATHEANG

Captain: Asarnil the Dragonlord.

Motto: Victory is a forgone conclusion.

Battle-cry: "Wahnil, wahnil!" is the battle-cry of the Caledorians, calling for Vengeance and Death.

Appearance: Attired in all the splendour of the Dragon Princes of old, Asarnil and his Dragon are a truly magnificent sight on the battlefield. Glittering ithilmar armour and shining gems combined with the sheer presence of the Great Dragon Deathfang are unforgettable – if you survive to tell the tale.

For Hire: Asarnil the Dragonlord despises mere money, an unfortunate affliction for a mercenary, and reserves his services for the following armies only: High Elves, Wood Elves, Dwarfs (when he's feeling generous), Bretonnians, the Empire, Lizardmen and naturally the Dogs of War.

Points: Asarnil and his mighty Dragon Deathfang cost a total of 750 points.



The dazzling light of the Amulet of Dragonheart makes the shape of Asarnil and his Dragon appear blurry and disorientated, as if glanced through a haze. Such is the power of this sorcery that anyone fighting against Asarnil will have his Weapon Skill reduced to 1. This lasts as long as the models are in base contact with Asarnil.

SPECIAL RULES

Dragon: Deathfang the great wyrm is a Great Green Dragon and all the special rules apply. See the Warhammer Battle Book for details.

All the usual rules for High Elves riding Dragons apply to Asarnil and Deathfang. These are repeated below for your convenience.

Dragon Tamer: The Elves of Caledor have a natural empathy for dragon-kind that is recognised by all Dragons (of any type: evil-aligned Dragons, Chaos Dragons, etc). If a High Elf character riding a Dragon is fighting in hand-to-hand combat against another Dragon then the enemy Dragon must take and pass a 2D6 Leadership test before it

attacks. This test is taken in the same way as any other Leadership-based test such as *panic*, *fear*, etc. The test therefore uses the Dragon's Leadership characteristic if unriden, the rider's Leadership if ridden, or the General's Leadership if he is within 12". This test is only taken once at the start of the combat, and the enemy Dragon will either fight for the duration of the combat or refuse to fight for the entire combat. If a Dragon refuses to fight it will not strike blows or use its breath at all. However, a Dragon will only refuse to fight so long as it is not attacked itself. Should the Dragon be attacked it will always fight back.

Dragonrage: If a Dragon's rider is slain then you must roll on the Monster Reaction Table in Warhammer to determine what the Dragon does. When rolling on this chart add +1 to the dice score. This means a Dragon will never fly away from battle. If you roll a 6 then you may choose any result you wish from the Monster Reaction Table.



Profile M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Asarnil	5	6	6	4	4	2	8	3	9
Deathfang	6	7	0	7	7	8	5	8	8

Weapons/armour: Asarnil wears heavy ithilmar armour and carries a shield. He is armed with a sword and a lance. He rides Deathfang, the Great Green Dragon.

Save: 4+

MAGIC ITEMS

Amulet of Dragonheart

Enchanted Item 45 points

This amulet was one of the potent artefacts made by Caledor the Dragontamer for the Elven Dragon Princes. It is said that the gleaming gem hanging around Asarnil's neck is a stone found at the heart of a mountain, blessed by Caledor the Dragontamer himself.

LEOPOLD'S LEOPARD COMPANY

'For the Leopard!' they roared, and charged the greenskins. The Orc line swayed, then fell apart under their assault and the rest of our army took up the victorious cry. 'For the Leopard!' we roared, and charged too. We'd all share the glory – and the loot.

Filimir Tzapinka, mercenary sergeant, on the battle of the Frozen Lakes

The Leopard Company takes its name from the legendary Leopard of Luccini which is a badge and mascot of the city. It is said that this leopard was the guardian of the divine twins Lucan and Luccini, founders of the city. According to the story, the twins became lost in the wilderness when they were still only children and took refuge in a cave on the great rock, later to be the acropolis of the city. The cave was the lair of a leopard, but this was no ordinary leopard, she had two heads and three tails! She could

also speak prophecies from one of her heads and warnings from the other. The leopard protected the twins just as if they were her own cubs until shepherds found them. They also found the bones of many Orcs, wolves, bears and Trolls around the cave which the leopard had slain protecting the twins. According to the myth, the leopard prophesied that Lucan and Luccina would found a great city on the rock and rule it as king and queen. Then the other head warned that the descendants of the twins would fight each other for the realm. After having thus spoken, the leopard disappeared into the cave and was never seen again.

The temple of Lucan and Luccina was built over the cave in which credulous people still believe the leopard lives. The guards of the temple, hired by the priests and paid for by pious donations from the merchants of the city, were called the Leopard Company because their sworn duty was to guard the acropolis as ferociously as the mythical leopard! Thus the regiment adopted the leopard as its badge.

Unfortunately, there was always fighting in the principality between the two lines claiming descent from Lucan or Luccina. This only ended recently when Lorenzo Lupo claimed descent from both and anyone who disagreed either came to a bad end or has since fled the city. Unfortunately for them, the priests of the temple of Lucan and Luccina supported the claim of Lorenzo's rival Leopold who claimed to be a direct descendant of Lucan. Under Leopold's command the Leopard Company held the acropolis for many days against Lorenzo's troops. The state of civil unrest persisted until the priests consulted the oracle of Luccina which came down in favour of Lorenzo, albeit a very cryptic augury. The priests promptly cast the Leopard Company from their employment in an effort to placate the vengeful Lorenzo. The soldiers had grown used to extremely good pay in gold and always dressed immaculately and enjoyed the best that the city could provide in food, wine and entertainment. They were extremely angry.

Consequently the Leopard Company, forgetting their sacred duty, broke down the golden doors of the temples, took the pay owed to them and laid hands on the priests who were thrown off the acropolis into the sea. Then they defiantly held out against Lorenzo for a further two weeks of bloody siege.

Finally Lorenzo decided to offer Leopold a deal he could not refuse. He would allow Leopold and the

Old Veteran: No I won't join your lot! You give all your money away to that temple don't you? If I risk my neck I want to keep the money!

Leopoldo: Well, before we pay the temple we take out expenses. You know, essential things like replacing broken pikes and dented armour, making sure everyone looks smart and each trooper has a clean silk shirt or two. Doctors aren't cheap either, and a couple of the best are with us at all times. Then there are supplies. Only the finest wine is worthy of servants of the temple, so we don't skimp on expenses there. In fact, I think that you'll find we have an excellent selection from all over Tilea. Plenty of it too, as you never know when we'll be stuck in some barbaric backwater. Our chef used to cook for the Prince of Trantio and demands the freshest and best ingredients. He gets very upset if we run out of vital supplies (like those nice baby octopuses for the pasta) in the middle of a siege. Like I said, once we've taken out our expenses we pay the temple.

Old Veteran: Where do I sign?

Leopard Company to march out of the city in return for ending the siege and promising never to make war on him. Leopold reluctantly set aside his claim under pressure from his men who wanted to get away with the gold from the temple rather than die. Also, they were afraid that they had offended the two gods of the city and were anxious to leave the acropolis before divine vengeance struck them, possibly in the form of a rampant two headed leopard!

And so the regiment marched out of Tilea and took service with various other Princes. After much hard campaigning the regiment had been mauled in many unlucky battles. The superstitious soldiers regarded this as the vengeance of the leopard which they had sworn to protect and whose temple they had pillaged. Leopold, anxious to hold his regiment together, called a meeting on the stricken battlefield of Terramorta and told his men that they must regain the favour of the gods. So they voted to appease the leopard by sending back a portion of everything they captured as loot to the temple in Luccini. The next battle ended in overwhelming victory against all the odds, with the Leopard Company taking the lion's, or rather the leopard's, share of the loot! For Leopoldo, it earned him the nickname di Lucci meaning 'the fortunate'. Since then the regiment has gone from strength to strength fighting in many far distant lands, but always remembering to send something back for the coffers of the priests of the temple at Luccini.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Leopoldo di Lucci.

Motto: Proceeds to the Luccini temple's restoration fund.

Battle-cry: For the Leopard!

Appearance: Burnished brass armour, very ornate muscled cuirasses with a leopard's face embossed on the breastplate. Leather tassets attached to the cuirass. White uniforms and white crests. They wear gilded or real wreaths of laurel leaves around their helmets. The banner bearer and drummer wear



leopard pelts, draped over their shoulders. Their banner shows a leopard with two heads and three tails.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire the Leopard Company.

Points: Leopold and 4 pikemen cost a total of 130 points including standard bearer and musician. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be increased by adding extra models at a cost of 10 points each.

Profile	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Leopold	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	
Pikemen	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	

Weapons/Armour: Leopold's Leopard Company wear heavy armour and carry long pikes.

Armour Save: 5+



Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage and imitate the action of the Leopard!

BRONZINO'S BATTERY OF GALLOPER GUNS

Never seen anything like it in all my years. It ain't right, that's what. Guns are supposed to stay put, not gallop off whenever you get anywhere near them. And firing at you while they're doing it is outrageous! I'm gonna file a complaint, that's what. It ain't right.

Burkil Burkilsson after the battle of Dead Man's Hill

Bronzino's Gallopers were first employed at the Battle of Pattio. These were, in fact, lightweight cannons removed from their mountings on the galleys of Remas and fixed to specially made carriages. This was done on the instructions of the Master Gunner Bronzino who had been hired by Borgio the Besieger, Prince of Miragliano. This innovation contributed in no small measure to the victory and Bronzino proceeded to raise a battery of specially designed guns forged in the very same foundry as that used by Leonardo da Miragliano to cast his colossal brass statues.

Bronzino served Borgio well in many more battles, but following the Prince's assassination, and the uncertain state of affairs in Miragliano, Bronzino sought other employment. Since then the battery has turned up in the armies of several notorious mercenary generals, bringing them victory and earning Bronzino enough gold to enable him to forge more and improved designs of lightweight cannon.

The gunners bring the cannons into action rapidly and fire at close range. This can have a devastating effect on the enemy in an open battle. As soon as the enemy move near enough to threaten the guns, the gunners hitch them up and gallop off at speed, finding a new position further back. If the battle goes badly and it is necessary to retreat, the precious cannons can be removed from the battlefield without delay. This not only saves the guns for use again, but makes it unlikely that the enemy will capture them. Nor do the guns have to be abandoned in a hasty retreat like other, more cumbersome artillery.

Having earned an awesome reputation in Tilea, and incurred the undying hatred of the survivors of many

a pike company, Bronzino's battery was shipped across the ocean to take action against the Lizardmen in a doomed treasure hunting expedition led by the Dwarf pirate, Kugar Halfbeard. Bronzino used the speed of the guns to fight a heroic rearguard action through the jungle to the beach, felling pursuing Saurus warriors in droves as they went. Indeed the guns were still firing from the longboats as they were pushed out to sea, sweeping the beach clear of the enemy until they were safely in open water.

The battery subsequently turned up in Araby and took part in the Sultan's war against the Undead, where the speed and mobility of the guns proved decisive in the open expanses of parched sand. Greatly enriched by his efforts, Bronzino brought his battery back to Tilea where he has been reforging and refitting the guns and considering the numerous and very generous offers arriving every day from rival Merchant Princes plotting to make war on each other.

THE BATTERY

Captain: Bronzino.

Motto: The biggest bang for your bucks!

Battle-cry: Ready! Aim! Fire!

Appearance: Small, lightweight bronze or brass cannons harnessed to light limbers drawn by one horse. One of the gunners rides the horse, the others run beside the gun carrying the ramrods and other equipment. Bronzino is a big man riding his own horse and wearing ornate armour.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army except the gun-hating Bretonnians can hire Bronzino's Battery.

Points: Master gunner Bronzino and one galloper gun team cost a total of 169 points. This is the minimum you can hire. The battery may be increased by adding extra galloper gun teams at a cost of 100 points per gun team, up to a maximum of 3.

Just put down your swords and surrender,
It's worse if you fight or you run,
You can do what you please,
You can climb up the trees,
But you can't get away from the guns!

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bronzino	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Gun	8	-	-	4	4	2	-	-	-



	Maximum range you may guess	Strength	Wounds	Save
Galloper gun	24"	5	D3	None

Weapons/Armour: Bronzino is equipped with a sword and heavy armour. He rides a warhorse. The crew are armed with swords and wear light armour.

Armour Save: Bronzino 4+, gun crew 6+.

Cannon Rules

Galloper guns are cannons and so are subject to the normal rules for firing cannons.

1. Align cannon on target and declare the distance you are aiming.
2. Roll the Artillery dice and add the score to the distance aimed. The cannonball travels forward this distance before striking the ground.
3. If you roll a misfire refer to the Misfire Chart in the Warhammer Rulebook.
4. Mark the point where the cannonball strikes the ground and roll the Artillery dice to establish the bounce distance. All models in the path of the bounce are hit.
5. If you roll a misfire for the bounce the cannonball has stuck in the ground and does not bounce.
6. Work out the effect of hits normally. Models have no armour saving throw for a cannon hit.

SPECIAL RULES

Rapid Movement: The galloper gun is harnessed to a warhorse ridden by one of the gunners. This enables the gun to move at a rapid pace like cavalry.

The gun may not march move due to its weight and that of the ammunition. Even so, it has a movement allowance of 8" and the other gunners have to run to keep up! When you move one of Bronzino's guns simply measure the distance and make your move. There is no need to turn or wheel as the galloper guns can turn freely to face any direction they wish.

To represent their extraordinary mobility, galloper guns may move and fire.

If the galloper gun is charged, the crew may hold or flee. If they flee, the gun is assumed to be limbered up immediately without any movement penalty. If the gun and crew are caught they are destroyed.

Note that missile hits on the galloper gun are randomised between the gun and the crew as normal. Roll a D6 for each hit; 1-4 roll to 'wound' the galloper gun, 5-6 roll to wound a crewman.

The crew fight in hand-to-hand combat as normal, the mounted gunner dismounting to fight. The horse and limber are removed when the gun is destroyed.

Deployment: The guns may be deployed as a single battery or the gun teams may be deployed as separate teams, each gun and its crew operating as an independent unit. If so, Bronzino may ride from one team to another and any team he is with can test against his Leadership while he is with it.



MARKSMEN OF MIRAGLIANO

A n' then Bozgrot got 'it, standin' right next to me 'e was. Got it right between the eyes, never knew what 'it 'im. Then da Boss went down with three bolts stickin' in 'im. And finally, after we'd lost half da ladz, we actually got close enough to see 'em...

One-eyed Sukslug, sole Orc survivor of the Porcupine Pass massacre



The crossbow has always been the favoured missile weapon in Tilea, no doubt because its long range enabled the troops to shoot from high on the ramparts, across the broad moats and ditches into the enemy hordes. Crossbow bolts have the striking power to pierce armour and inflict mortal wounds on tough and determined

opponents. The crossbow is also handy for use in confined spaces such as the ramparts, towers, gateways, and narrow streets of Tilean cities and on board Tilean galleys. It is therefore no surprise that the Tileans never really bothered with ordinary bows.

One of the most famous regiments to use the crossbow is known simply, but aptly, as the Marksmen. The Marksmen have been going for a hundred years or more, under several different

Captains. As one Captain fell in battle or retired, the most senior surviving Marksman would assume leadership, and the regiment would continue. The regiment always recruits its soldiers from Miragliano, and returns to its home city every now and again to replenish its ranks and renew family ties. Any recruit must prove his marksmanship by shooting a bolt through the head of the Prince on a gold ducat. The coin is, of course, placed in the centre of a target set at a range of 300 paces! Once accepted, recruits hone their marksmanship to perfection with constant practice. Such is their success that Miragliano has fewer pigeons than any other city in Tilea – and not that many cats or dogs either.

The list of battles in which the Marksmen have won distinction and, needless to say, rich rewards in the Empire alone are too numerous to list! As well as fighting for the Emperor, the regiment has served the Tzarina of Kislev and several Dwarf lords. On other occasions the Marksmen have fought on the same side as High Elves and have taken part in many overseas adventures.



Victors of the fabled
battle of Vlent!

Contrary to earlier reports,
THE MARKSMEN were NOT
'cut to ribbons'

Bounty

*10 ducats paid for the head
bandit, dead or alive. 5 ducats
for the tail of a goblin
for the tail of a
raven ratman*

Join Us!

*Are you good enough to fight alongside
the Best Warriors in the World?*

The Marksmen of
Miragliano are looking
for more men to join
their ranks

*If you can handle a crossbow and a
life of adventure come to the
Merry Archer at noon*

We hit the right spot every time!

**First through the
breach at Schipdorf**

Having broken the siege almost
single-handedly, the MARKSMEN
stormed through the breach and
captured the demoralised defenders.

Captain Damark led the charge
himself and was slightly wounded in
the action.

**Leaders of the army's
victorious charge**

FOR HIRE!

The MARKSMEN of MIRAGLIANO, famed
victors at Schipdorf and Vlent, seek new
employ. No task too arduous, no fee too dire.
Every man able to pierce a coin
at 300 paces!

Ask for Captain Damark at the sign of
the Crooked Crossbow.

XXX

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Maximilian Damark.

Motto: We hit the right spot every time.

Battle-cry: Shoot!

Appearance: The Marksmen are typical of veteran mercenary companies and wear a variety of clothing, armour and equipment gleaned from the four corners of the Warhammer World. Many of the Marksmen wear a badge in their caps or hats, consisting of a tall feather and a pierced gold ducat. The feather represents the swift flight of the crossbow bolt (and it looks very fine too!). The pierced ducat is the very coin that the trooper must strike from 300 paces as a test of marksmanship before he is allowed to join the Marksmen.

For Hire: With the exception of the disease-ridden Skaven who ravage Miragliano, any Warhammer army can hire the Marksmen.

Points: Maximilian and 4 Marksmen cost a total of 136 points including a standard bearer and musician. This is the minimum sized regiment you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra models at a cost of 11 points each.

Profile MWSBS S T W I A Ld

Maximilian 4 5 5 4 4 2 5 3 8

Marksmen 4 3 4 3 3 1 3 1 7

Weapons/Armour: Sword, light armour and crossbow.

Armour Save: 6+

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish: May skirmish as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.



BEORG BEARSTRUCK AND THE BEARMEN OF URSLO

Lock your doors, bar your windows and hide your goats – the Bearmen are coming! If you have a horse then flee, but don't try and run. They can smell your fear and they'll hunt you down like dogs. Ever seen what an angry bear does to a dog?

The village elder's final advice

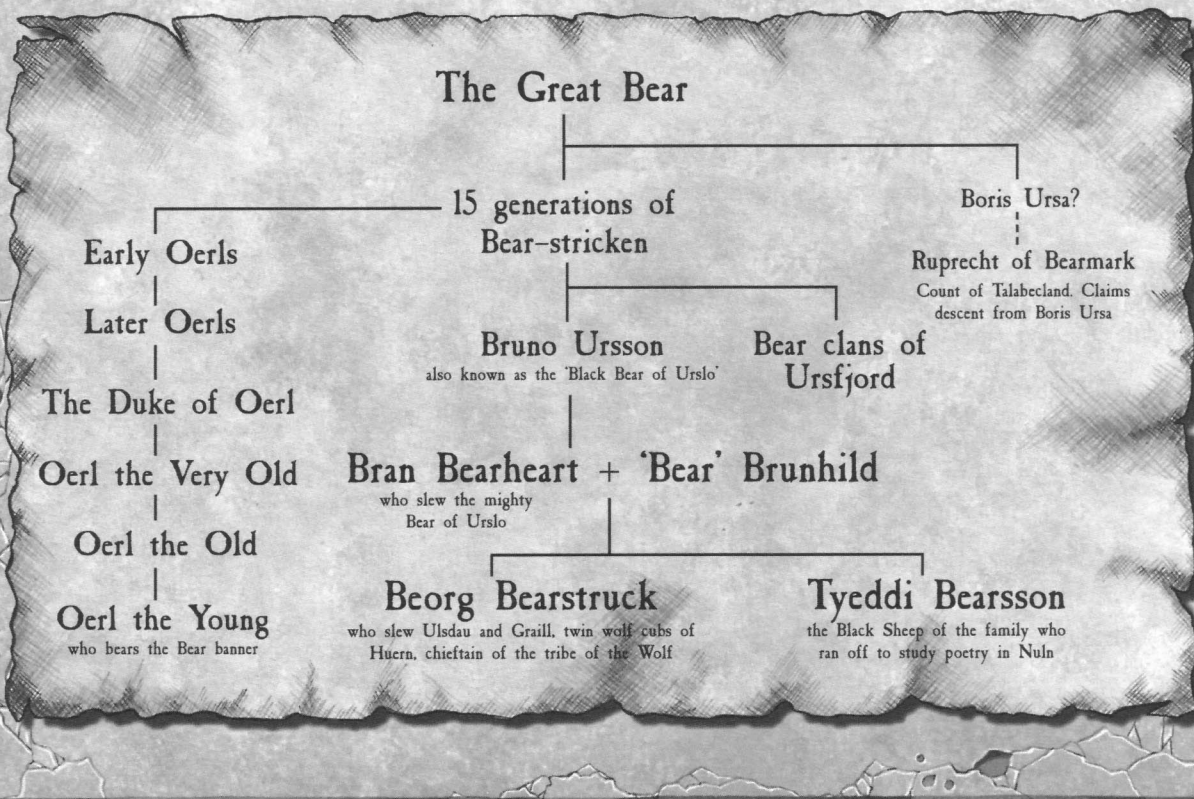
In Ursfjord in the frozen north the great hall of Urslo is to be found. It is built of great timbers hewn from mighty trees. In this hall resides Beorg, chieftain of the Bearmen of Urslo – that is when he is not raiding or fighting!

When Beorg, son of Bran, cracked the skulls of Ulsdau and Graill, twin sons of Huern, chieftain of the tribe of the Wolf, the gods chose to show their considerable favour. As Beorg threw himself upon his enemies his back arched and split, his ribs cracked and turned in upon his body, his face was consumed from within by a snarling black muzzle. The gift of the Were was upon him... the gift of the gods to the people of Norsca. He was Bearstruck.

Beorg is a were-bear of extraordinary power. When he enters battle he turns into a savage bear of immense size. This is a great and marvellous thing even amongst the tribes of the north, many of whose people spontaneously develop were-shapes in battle. Amongst Beorg's folk, the tribe of the Bear, it is common for warriors to sprout claws, snarling teeth,

mane-like fur, and bear-shaped muzzles. But alone of all his people, Beorg carries the full shape of the Bear within him. Only he is Bearstruck – the mark of lordship amongst his people! Beorg was soon acknowledged as the chieftain of his tribe, the Ursfjording or Bearmen.

Like all the savages of the northlands, Beorg despises the weakness of lesser men! He cares nothing for the so-called civilised lands that lie to the south. When the Chaos armies of Warlord Archaon marched upon the lands of the Empire Beorg gladly joined them. His warriors had grown tired of easy conquests amongst the tribes of the north! At the Battle of the Monoliths, Beorg led his warriors against the army of Arch-Lector Mannfeld of Nuln. The soldiers of the Empire were horrified to find themselves confronted by men in half-bear shape, snarling and tearing like the savages they were! Amongst them all was the towering shape of Beorg – casting aside his foes with great swipes of his claws, knocking heads from shoulders and tearing arms from their sockets.



After the battle Beorg realised that the lands of the south offered plenty of opportunity for bloodletting and savagery. His warriors fought their way through the Empire, occasionally finding employment, but more often living by pillage and robbery. Eventually the Bearmen crossed the mountains and found themselves in the Border Princes. This was a time of great battles and much plundering – and Beorg's fame grew rapidly. At night the Bearmen would sit around their camp drinking as only the northmen can, and singing rousing songs of their great adventures!

It was during one such session of drunken revelry that the Bearmen were ambushed by Goblin bandits. Many were shot with black arrows before Beorg strode forward to snap the Goblin chief's neck like a twig. During this battle Oerl the Young was struck by an arrow which took out an eye and left a scar running across his face. Despite his injuries Oerl held onto the tribe's banner, the Bear of Urslo, an immense bearskin slain by Bran to celebrate the birth of his son Beorg. Beorg rewarded the young warrior with gold and the honoured place in battle – by his side.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Beorg Bearstruck.

Motto: The Dark Gods Bless Us.

Battle-cry: Beorg and his men launch themselves upon the foe with a mighty bear-like growl... 'Grrrrrowwwwww.'

Appearance: The Bearmen, like many of the tribes of Norsca, are affected by the dark power of Chaos. This has made them as much beasts as men and all are touched with the mark of the were-bear to some extent with shaggy hair, brutal ursine faces, massive teeth, and slashing claws. They wear barbaric clothing made of furs and held together with leather straps, and they have wild, unkempt hair. Their iron helmets have horns which make them look especially ferocious, and many wear long shaggy cloaks made from wild bears – often with the head or claws left on.

For Hire: Except for High Elves, who shun the taint of Chaos, any Warhammer army can hire the Bearmen.

Points: Beorg and 4 Bearmen, including Oerl the Young (the banner bearer) and a horn blower, cost a total of 231 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra models at a cost of 11 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beorg	4	5	0	6	5	3	5	4	9
Oerl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	7
Bearmen	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7



Weapons/Armour: Beorg is a were-bear – he fights with his claws and teeth! The Bearmen wear crude skin clothes typical of the Norse tribes, fastened with leather straps and iron buckles. They have horned helmets, wear light chainmail armour, and carry axes and shields.

Armour Save: 5+

MAGIC ITEMS

Bear Fang Talisman

Ward 35 points

This gigantic and ancient yellowed canine tooth is the sacred talisman of lordship amongst Beorg's tribe. Beorg wears it about his neck. The Talisman wards off blows that would otherwise harm its wearer, giving him a special save of 4+ against all wounds inflicted upon him. Note that this is a special save and not an armour save – it is not modified by the Strength of the attack as armour saves are, and it is not cancelled out by attacks that nullify armour saves.

Bear Banner

Magic Standard 25 points

Oerl carries the tribe's totem into battle – an entire bear skin whose grizzly head leers out from the top. The skin's power is immense, driving the warriors into a fury that is almost impossible to stop. To represent this, the entire unit receives a +1 to hit bonus in the initial round of each hand-to-hand combat.



VESPERO'S VENDETTA

A poisoned knife between the ribs is the sort of gift that most mercenary generals wish on their foes, but few would relish themselves. This keeps assassins like Vespero in constant employment, if only to make sure they're not working for the other side!



The rivalry between the merchants of Tilea is so violent that everyone of consequence hires bodyguards. These bodyguards protect their master from plotters, assassins, rebels and the like. Inevitably bodyguards end up fighting in the streets with the bodyguards of rivals. Street battles frequently break

out in the narrow alleys and piazzas of Tilean cities in time of war, revolt or civil disturbance, or in other words, pretty much every day!

It is said that Stabbio the Bad, exiled Prince of Luccini, was the first to train his bodyguards as expert duellists, armed in what has since become the traditional duellist style. Others started to copy this

innovative style of fighting after suffering at the hands of Stabbio's henchmen!

A Prince finding himself an exile or a fugitive from his city is wise to hire a band of freelance duellists and use their services to regain or usurp power. Indeed, not only Princes but also adventurers, ambassadors and explorers often hire an escort of duellists who will appear to the uninitiated to be ordinary travelling companions until they are required to cast aside their cloaks to protect their master. Various mercenary generals have even hired duellists for use in battle, to protect the vulnerable flanks and rear of their mercenary pike companies.

The most notorious band for hire in Tilea and the lands beyond is that of Vespero: a young and reckless nobleman, much given to self indulgence and dubious escapades. Vespero is known as 'The Wasp' because of his personal duelling style which is best summed up as stubborn persistence ending in a very nasty sting! Vespero was the younger son of a powerful merchant in Luccini, but due to a quarrel with a rival family over the favours of a noble lady, he was forced into exile in Verezzo where he joined a mercenary bodyguard. Unfortunately, Vespero's romantic adventures got him into trouble here as well and his expert skill resulted in the untimely end of so many noble youths in the city that their families all swore vendettas against him and put a bounty of one million gold ducats on his head! Hunted through the streets by rival duellists, he barely escaped from the city with his life.

From that moment, Vespero, together with his band of reckless young duellists (hand-picked by him as the best exponents of their art) were up for hire to the highest bidder. They soon earned a notorious reputation, not only in street fights but in various battles, coups and revolts throughout Tilea and beyond.

Recently, Vespero turned up in Miragliano, where Borgio gave him the opportunity to get even with his pursuers as part of the great Prince's political intrigues. After the last and most successful assassination of Borgio and the street fighting in Miragliano which followed, Vespero disappeared, although he was in no way implicated since he had been paid well and so was presumably as loyal as could be expected. His motive is more likely to be to seek out those behind Borgio's demise to get posthumous revenge as a final act of loyalty to his former protector. Who knows where Vespero will turn up next?

Contract of employment

Duke Gaston de Baguette of the Chateau Miral graciously agrees to hire the mercenary Captain Vespero and his brave company of warriors as his personal bodyguard for the sum of 80 gold coins per month.



In return, Vespero and his men agree to provide for the safety of the person of the esteemed Duke and his family and to protect them from vile assassins and cutthroats.



THE REGIMENT

Captain: Vespero.

Motto: Vengeance with a Smile.

Battle-cry: Prepare to Die!

Appearance: The duellists of Vespero's Vendetta wear tight-fitting, black clothing and carry a cloak. They are youthful and agile, wear their hair long and dress in the latest Tilean styles. They are armed with an elegant duelling sword and a left-handed dagger. This dagger is used to parry opponents' sword thrusts and its hilt is therefore shaped so as to catch an adversary's blade. These weapons are kept concealed beneath the cloak so that the duellists can accompany their master, carry messages for him or walk the streets of the city without attracting unnecessary attention or revealing that they are armed. In combat, the cloak itself is used to skillfully parry and catch opponents' weapon strikes. Vespero, like many of his men, has several impressive duelling scars.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire Vespero's Vendetta.

Points: Vespero and 4 duellists cost a total of 115 points. The regiment does not have a standard bearer or musician. This is the minimum unit you can hire.

Assassination's a dirty job,
but someone's got to do it!

Vespero

The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra models at a cost of 9 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vespero	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8
Duellists	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Armed with two hand weapons. His cloak counts as a shield in hand-to-hand combat.

Armour Save: 6+ (hand-to-hand combat only).

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish: Duellists are expert street fighters used to dashing through the narrow alleys of Tilean cities and fighting as individuals. Vespero's Vendetta may therefore skirmish as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.

Cloak & Dagger: The duellists are armed with two hand weapons – a sword and a dagger. Duellists also carry a cloak which is draped over the dagger arm and used to parry opponent's weapon thrusts in hand-to-hand combat. The duellists therefore count as shielded as well as using two hand weapons in close combat.

Grimacing Death Mask: Vespero likes to hide his identity behind a mask when he prowls the narrow alleys, pursuing the dubious political ambitions of whatever Prince he is serving at the time.

The mask, which represents the grimacing face of death, is the last thing his duelling opponents see before they meet their sudden end. To represent the scarifying effect of the mask, Vespero's hand-to-hand opponents fumble their attacks and so always lose their first attack in any round of combat.



THE ALCATANI FELLOWSHIP

Miserable do-gooding, no-account, back-stabbing, underhand... 's gettin' so an honest landlord can't even relieve a bunch of farmers of their crops without someone stickin' their ugly noses in. Bunch of lousy, dog-breath... NO I HAVEN'T ANY LAST WORDS.

Last words of Bernado 'the rat'

It was with some desperation that Roderigo Delmonte surveyed the ruins of his crop. Yesterday he had stood upon the same spot and admired the unfolding acres of Alcatani ripening in the hot Tilean sun. Today, where once had grown apples and citrus, vines and olive trees, there was nothing but charred stumps smouldering upon a ravaged landscape. The passage of El Cadavo's rampaging army had left him an impoverished and broken man. The agricultural efforts of a long and hard life had proven utterly and cruelly fruitless.

The life of a farmer, even a wealthy landowner, was never an easy one in the war-torn land of Tilea. When Roderigo Delmonte found himself destitute he

embarked upon the only course of action that remained to him: he became a soldier. His workforce, faced with the unappealing option of starvation, signed up without question. In Remas, Roderigo sold his last and favourite mule and with the proceeds bought some shoddy armour, a few second-hand helmets, and a batch of slightly bent pikes. With a bit of elbow grease, a few hammer blows, and the aid of a steaming kettle, Roderigo's men set about preparing themselves for their first battle. By the time they had finished they didn't look bad!

The Alcatani Fellowship's first job was not particularly glamorous or lucrative – escorting a consignment of dung to a rhubarb grower outside Remas – but soon Roderigo began to gain a reputation for reliability. The rich and successful were prepared to pay top-prices for the best troops... but for every rich merchant there were ten small scale operators who couldn't afford the services of the more expensive mercenaries. The Alcatani Fellowship found a niche!

Despite its rather modest origin the Alcatani Fellowship has proven itself on more than one occasion. Their first battle more or less set the trend. The villagers of Buccolia, a small wine growing community in the lee of the Apuccini mountains, found themselves terrorised by a particularly nasty gang of Orcs. These greenskins had come to Tilea as mercenaries, but had proven so unreliable and untrustworthy that no one would employ them. So they became bandits instead, raiding small farms and villages and generally making life miserable for poor, hard-working village folk. In Buccolia the villagers pooled all their savings to hire mercenaries to help them, but sadly no one was willing to work for seven ducats, three farthings and a goat. Even the money lenders refused to deal with them.

When Roderigo Delmonte heard of their plight he was angered and indignant! The villagers' story was a familiar tale of honest hard-working folk (rare enough in Tilea) unable to find justice because they were poor and powerless. Roderigo knew this tale very well indeed. Although he had not exactly grown rich as a mercenary, what he had was enough, and so he decided to help the desperate villagers. The Alcatani Fellowship arrived in the dead of night, after a long march in the pouring rain. From the roadside they could see the smouldering torches of the Orc raiders as they climbed down the slopes behind the village. Tired and hungry as they were, the valiant pikemen prepared for battle. It was quite a surprise

Alvarez: I don't know why we keep fighting for poor peasants who've got no money?

Roderigo: Ha! Rich Princes with plenty of gold always say 'I'll pay you after the battle'. Then after the battle they forget to pay us!

Alvarez: You mean just like poor peasants?

Roderigo: No, not like poor peasants. Remember last year when we fought for the village of Scintio? They were honest enough to say that they had no money to pay us before the battle even started.

Alvarez: Yes, but we fought for them anyway!

Roderigo: Well remember that scruffy peasant who was hanging round my tent this morning?

Alvarez: I can still smell him! What did he want? Another free battle?

Roderigo: He came to express the gratitude of the villagers of Scintio.

Alvarez: Very nice, but how much breakfast will that buy?

Roderigo: Not much, but he also left us two sacks of goat cheese... and this sack of gold pieces!

Rod-rigo, Rod-rigo, marching through the land
 Rod-rigo, Rod-rigo, with his honest band
 Feared by the greedy
 Loved by the needy
 Rod-rigo, Rod-rigo, Rod-rigo!

for the Orcs. They had expected helpless grovelling peasants. Instead they found themselves confronted by grim faced men with steel-tipped pikes, who fought with the determination of the possessed! After a short struggle the Orc raiders lay dead and scattered. Roderigo had triumphed. In return he asked for no money – but only the thanks of the villagers. This the villagers were more than willing to give!

Since that day the Alcatani Fellowship have fought many battles, for many masters, including many of the richest and most famous mercenary generals in Tilea. But even today they are willing to fight for the poor and helpless at rates which are far below those of most mercenaries. Although he may never be rich himself, amongst the common people of the countryside Roderigo Delmonte is the most popular mercenary captain in the land. He is cheered and greeted wherever he goes and stories of his unselfish deeds are told around the hearths of simple country folk throughout all Tilea.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Roderigo Delmonte.

Motto: The Cut-price Cut-throats You Can Afford!

Battle-cry: Yes!

Appearance: The Alcatani fellowship wear simple, some might say cheap, armour and red crested helmets of unfashionable design. Their clothing is simple, practical and somewhat threadbare. They carry sturdy steel-tipped pikes.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire the Alcatani Fellowship.

Points: Roderigo Delmonte plus 4 pikemen, including a standard bearer and musician, cost a total of 90 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra pikemen at a cost of 9 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Roderigo	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	8
Pikemen	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Roderigo's Alcatani Fellowship wear light armour. They are armed with long pikes – almost twice the height of a man and tipped with sharp steel.

Armour Save: 6+



RICCO'S REPUBLICAN GUARD

No, no, they didn't look dangerous, more like a bunch of rich kids out to show off in their new armour. Very flashy they were, all gems and silk. We'll have a bit of fun, we thought. Easy pickings, we thought. Well anyone can make a mistake. Poor old captain Malvino, last mistake he ever made...

Overheard in the Old Pig and Whistle, Marienburg

The Republican Guard was raised in Remas by a group of rebellious merchants during the time of disastrous famines and widespread revolts that preceded the birth of the Republic. The regiment played a leading part in overthrowing the tyrannical Merchant Prince of Remas, the notorious Omilo Mondo. It was upon one of the Guard's pikes that Mondo's head was paraded around the city to the drunken applause of the mob.

The revolt involved a great deal of vicious street fighting, in which no mercy was shown by either faction, and none asked for either. Several captains of the Republican Guard fell in quick succession, often

shot in the back by Mondo's henchmen who had concealed themselves on the rooftops or high up in the bell towers surrounding the palace. In the thick of battle a common soldier by the name of Ricco, known as 'Ragged' Ricco because of his torn and bloodied clothing, assumed command. He seemed blessed by the war goddess herself and survived even the bloodiest hand-to-hand combat, despite fighting at the forefront of battle.

With the Republic firmly established, the regiment was showered with praise and honours... if not much actual cash. Their bandaged wounds and numerous scars gave the young Guardsmen plenty of opportunity to talk about their courage in battle! The ladies of Remas proved very sympathetic to the poor wounded soldiers, listening attentively to their tales of bravery and derring-do as they tended their wounds. The Guardsmen felt justifiably proud of their torn and bloodstained uniforms and the bandages that proved what fine fighters they were! Another good reason for their rough appearance was that the impoverished new Republic could not afford much for their loyalty, and pay was usually well in arrears!

Desperate to bring in some hard cash 'Ragged' Ricco led the Republican Guard in search of employment in other Tilean cities. The Guard fought well and always made sure they were promptly paid by threatening to mutiny! Since they were far better fighters than any other regiment in the army in which they happened to be serving, the cash was forthcoming in large amounts, with a handsome share of any booty on top.

The reputation of the regiment grew steadily and attracted new recruits from all over Tilea, usually strong young peasant lads fed up with tilling fields for rich land owners. 'Ragged' Ricco tramped the length and breadth of Tilea and helped the citizens of many embattled cities to assert their rights against tyrants and oppressors. When news of the regiment's success reached the ears of the Republican Council they immediately sent for Ricco. They felt that as a citizen of Remas, leading a regiment raised by pro-republican merchants, he owed them a share of the wagonloads of gold and spoils of war won by his pikemen.

Back in Remas, Ricco and the Republican Council soon fell out over the share out and Ricco ordered

Fat Merchant: I propose that Citizen Ricco be put on trial for misappropriating the revenues of the Republic and executed without delay.

Another Fat Merchant: Well said, Citizen Rotundo! I second that proposal and further move that the Republican Guard be disbanded – they cost too much!

[General nods of approval]

Young Noble: Citizens! What ingratitude to the one man who has saved the Republic.

Fat Merchant: Who said that? Put that man's name on a list! I move that we vote on the matter without further ado.

Old Veteran: Wait! You can't do that. There isn't a quorum of Citizens present in the Council Chamber.

[Enter Captain Ricco with a number of men]

Fat Merchant: Hail brave Captain Ricco, saviour of the Republic! We were just talking about you...

several wagons of loot to be taken out of the city under cover of darkness. When the council found out, they voted Ricco's execution by a majority of one. Ricco's loyal soldiers, who had fought side by side with him in many heroic battles, were in no mood to stand by while their beloved captain was chopped into tiny bits and impaled on the leaning tower of Remas! The regiment promptly rescued Ricco from his dungeon in the tower, routing all troops sent against them (which outnumbered them ten to one) in the process.

With Ricco at their head, the regiment marched out of Remas with their loot. The citizens cheered them from the rooftops, and a few tears were shed by the ladies of Remas who threw silken scarves and handkerchiefs which the troopers tied about their arms and helmets as a memento of the hospitality they had enjoyed. They marched from Tilea to Sartosa and travelled over the sea to Estalia, Bretonnia, the Empire, Kislev and the beleaguered Border Princes, where the regiment has continued to win fame and renown ever since.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: 'Ragged' Ricco.

Motto: Ricco's Republican Guard.
The Price of Freedom!

Battle-cry: Liberty! Equity!
Liquidity!

Appearance: Ricco's Republican Guard wear ornate, polished armour and red crested helmets. They have bloodstained bandages tied around their arms, legs or heads – badges of courage of which they are justifiably proud! Such is their popularity that they also wear numerous silken scarves donated by adoring ladies in grateful acknowledgement of their services. Their armour is the best that money can buy, embellished with gems and gold plate, which is the ideal way for a soldier of fortune to look good and carry his wealth close to him.

In the Republic of Remas all Citizens are equal
– anyone who's too tall has his head chopped
off, and anyone who's too short gets stretched.

Popular saying



For Hire: Any Warhammer army can hire Ricco's Republican Guard.

Points: 'Ragged' Ricco plus 4 pikemen, including a standard bearer and musician, cost a total of 141 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. The regiment may be enlarged by adding extra pikemen at a cost of 12 points each.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ricco	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	9
Pikemen	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8

Weapons/Armour: Ricco's Republican Guard wear very ornate heavy armour, encrusted with gems and plated with gold. They are armed with long pikes – almost twice the height of a man and tipped with sharp steel.

Armour Save: 5+



THE BIRDMEN OF CATRAZZA

They came out of a clear blue sky, showering crossbow bolts onto our packed ranks. But before we could react they'd flown off only to return from a different angle, emptying their quivers into our unprotected backs once more. Of course we surrendered.

The mercenary Gunter Friesheim, in his account of the Crookback Pass fiasco

Daddallo was a well-known craftsman and windmill builder in the city of Verezzo. He became obsessed with trying to fly like a bird after he acquired some lost manuscripts of Leonardo da Miragliano. Inspired by the ideas these contained, he began experimenting with flying devices. Only later did it emerge that these manuscripts were clever forgeries. However, by then it was far too late; Daddallo's obsession had quite taken over his life, ousting any vestige of common sense from his fevered brain.

Daddallo's early attempts to fly met with no success. His efforts caused much amusement among the citizens who gathered in the piazza to watch him jumping off various towers. Fortunately for him, Daddallo's version of Leonardo's parachute was one thing that did work!

Daddallo fell foul of the powerful Batta family of Verezzo when he plunged through the roof of their country villa and landed in the marble bath of the mistress of the house while she was bathing in it. Quite apart from this impolite intrusion, Daddallo landed on top of the captain of her bodyguard (who for some reason or other was also in the same bath), killing him outright. Daddallo was immediately imprisoned in the leaning tower of Verezzo, to avoid further embarrassment to the Republic.

Determined to escape, Daddallo whiled away the days by ingeniously constructing a pair of wings using bedsheets stretched over a framework of wooden spindles cut from the furniture. Soon he was ready to jump from his prison window, which had no bars since it was so high up that it was thought no one could escape! Daddallo's exit was rather spectacular. Miraculously, he swooped over the rooftops to freedom instead of plummeting to his death in the piazza!

Flying into exile, Daddallo spent the whole of the following year training a mercenary band of his 'Birdmen'. Only the best and thinnest marksmen were chosen. This was so that the Birdmen could shoot at enemy flyers even whilst they were flying high in the air.

The Birdmen went into action for the first time at the battle of Motta Zorella and snatched victory by descending on the enemy general and carrying him off into captivity. Daddallo's Birdmen were immediately hired by Alfeo Romeo of Remas. Alfeo was determined to rescue the beautiful Isabella Dellecta from the bent tower of Catrazza, where she

had been shut up by her family until she agreed to an arranged marriage to Grobbo, a rich, ugly and cruel merchant from Miragliano. Daddallo's Birdmen succeed in this dangerous task despite a number of marksmen guarding the tower. Henceforth the regiment took the name 'Birdmen of Catrazza', and is much in demand.

Merchant Prince: They tell me that the Birdmen of Catrazza can capture any tower in Tilea, or for that matter the world. So if you can convince me that you can snatch the Orb of the Ancients from the Dread Tower of Dumio, you're fired!

Daddallo: 'Tis simple, my lord. I have a cunning plan! First we buzz in low, hedge-hopping for good measure. Then it's 'up and under' and in from the sun. Keeping an eye out for 'Archie' of course. Corkscrew and pull out, trying not to prang. Then the wingies will strafe. My number two is in and out and we're away!

Merchant Prince: Can you say that again, more slowly?

Biggolo: (Whispers to Daddallo) I don't think he understands our banter, old boy!



THE REGIMENT

Captain: Daddallo.

Motto: Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines.

Battle-cry: Tally Ho!

Appearance: All the Birdmen are equipped with wings made of canvas stretched over a light wooden frame. This is strapped to their shoulders by means of a harness that leaves both hands free to shoot the crossbow.

In flight, the wings can be 'flapped' by means of stirrups attached to the feet. The Birdmen not only glide through the air but can flap their wings to regain height and vary their airspeed.

The Birdmen also wear grotesque masks with long bird-like beaks instead of noses, much like those worn for Tilean carnivals.

For Hire: Daddallo's Birdmen of Catrazza can be hired by any Warhammer army.

Points: Daddallo and 4 Birdmen cost a total of 170 points. This is the minimum unit you can hire. Note that the unit does not have a standard bearer or musician and may not include either. The regiment may be increased by adding extra Birdman models at a cost of 20 points each.

Profile M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Daddallo 4 5 5 4 3 2 5 2 8

Birdmen 4 4 4 3 3 1 3 1 7

Weapons/Armour: Armed with two hand weapons and crossbows.

Save: None.

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish: Birdmen always skirmish as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.

Fly: May fly.

Shoot on the Wing: The wings of the Birdmen are flapped by means of stirrups on their feet. This means that they have both hands free to load and shoot their crossbows while flying. This in turn means that the Birdmen can shoot while making a flying move, whether flying high or low, and suffer no penalty for shooting on the move unless they move on foot in which case they cannot shoot at all.

Shoot at High Flyers: When the Birdmen of Catrazza are flying high, they may shoot at enemy flyers who are also flying high. This is resolved in the shooting phase, counting a -1 to hit. Birdmen cannot shoot at enemy on the ground while flying high.



SPECIAL CHARACTERS

BORGIO THE BESIEGER

Mercenary General

173 points including magic items.

Your Dogs of War army may include Borgio the Besieger. If so, he replaces the Mercenary General in the main list.

Borgio, Prince of Miragliano, was nicknamed 'The Besieger' because of his unsurpassed expertise in siege work. It was said that no city, not even the ingenious ramparts of Miragliano itself, could defy him. Borgio was certainly an expert tactician and won most of his battles. In three great victories he established Miragliano as the most powerful principality in Tilea. After these, his enemies usually avoided open battle and shut themselves up behind the walls of their cities, only to succumb to Borgio's siege techniques. He was equally astute as a politician, but rather tyrannical. Opponents and rivals did not last long!

During his career, Borgio fought against every other principality and republic in Tilea for one reason or another, from wars over trading rights to pure vendettas against rival Princes who had tried to have him assassinated. Indeed, there were so many failed attempts to assassinate Borgio, some of which came very close to success, that he gained a reputation as a man who had to be killed more than once to be sure!

It is said that Borgio once defeated an Orc horde by splitting them into three parts. Opinion is divided as to whether this refers to the horde or the individual Orcs. It is also said that Borgio could ride a horse, go to sleep and read a book at the same time!

Another apocryphal tale says that he was once taken prisoner by the Pirate Princess of Sartosa and escaped by

diving into the sea from the dungeon tower (which was conveniently leaning over a high cliff) and swam the Pirates' Current across to Tilea. Then he returned with a mercenary fleet, captured the princess and would not let her go until the pirates had paid him an enormous tribute gathered from their far-flung stashes of plunder! If this ever happened it must have been early in his career. It is also rumoured that Borgio wrote very good poetry, did all his own cooking (wise man) and wrestled with lions!

Borgio is noted for devising unusual battle tactics and new troop types, which usually took his opponents by surprise. He certainly had access to Leonardo's manuscripts in the library of the princely palazzo in Miragliano. He was a very big and imposing man of robust stature. In a siege he always dismounted to lead the assault over the walls in person and would strip off his armour and jump down into a moat to dig with the common soldiers. This endeared him to the troops and he commanded a loyalty among his mercenaries which has been the envy of every Prince since!

However, Borgio could not always count on similar loyalty from courtiers, intriguers and spies in the pay of rivals, who knew they could not defeat him in battle and so resorted to underhand means. It is said that he finally met his end, after a long and distinguished reign, when he was stabbed with a poisoned Toasting Fork in his bath! The circumstances are mysterious, but this was probably the only occasion that a man such as Borgio could be taken by surprise. Many say that his marriage to Dolchellata, the rather bad-tempered big sister of Lucrezia Belladonna, was his undoing!

MAGIC ITEMS

Borgio the Besieger carries three magic items. These are always the *Monstrous Mask Helm*, the *Mace of Might* and the *Armour of Brazen Bronze*.

Monstrous Mask Helm

Magic Armour 35 points

Borgio wears a grotesque helmet with a fearful visage sculpted on it. This, combined with Borgio's imposing stature, causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.

Mace of Might

Magic Weapon 25 points

Borgio wields a hefty mace made from a cannonball which failed to slay him at the siege of Remas and ended up embedded in his breastplate. Borgio, regarding it as a lucky talisman, had the cannonball made into a mace.

If Borgio rolls a 6 to hit when fighting with the mace, the mace strikes with Strength 10.

Armour of Brazen Bronze

Magic Armour 25 points

This is the very armour which Borgio was wearing when struck by the cannonball at the siege of Remas. The armour was forged in Miragliano from melted down statues dredged out of the blighted marshes. Who knows what deities were represented or what magic was wrought into the metal? The armour certainly proved formidable.

To represent the effect of Borgio's Brazen Bronze armour disregards opponents' Strength modifiers in hand-to-hand combat and disregards Strength modifiers from missile hits. This means his armour save will never be worse than 5+. This even works against war machines that completely ignore armour.

Borgio's demise resulted in street fighting in Miragliano as various factions vied for power. Borgio's excellent army fragmented and many illustrious regiments went their own ways under their own captains, to become notorious Regiments of Renown, available for hire to the highest bidder.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Borgio	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	10
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/armour: Armed with a mace, lance, heavy armour and shield.

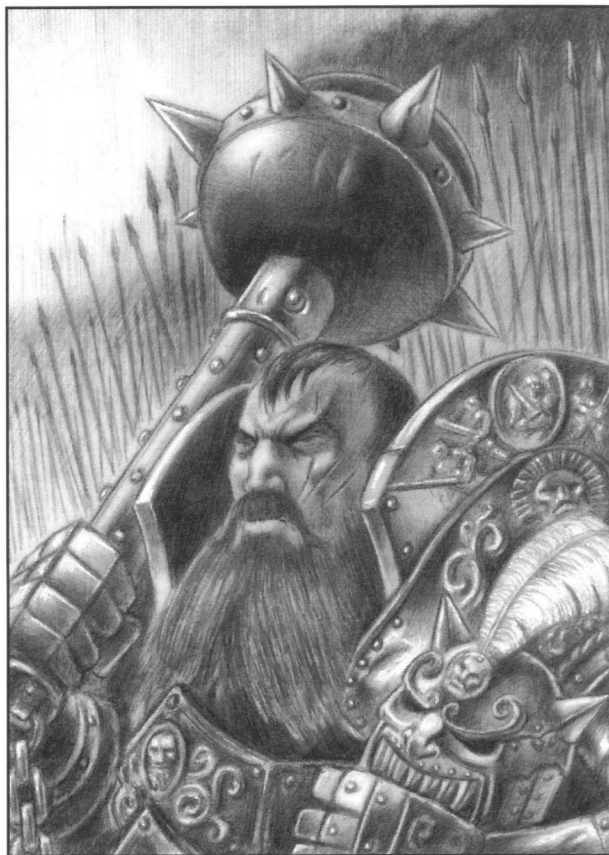
Rides: Rides a barded warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Difficult to Slay

Borgio the Besieger was notoriously difficult to slay. He was finally assassinated in his bath with a poisoned toasting fork. This was one of several deaths which he suffered, but it was the only one that he did not survive. There were numerous assassination attempts and many occasions when he appeared to fall in battle. However, he strangely defied death time and time again, enhancing his awesome reputation.

To represent this, Borgio has a 4+ **special save** against losing his last wound.



LEONARDO DA MIRAGLIANO

Genius for hire

200 points including scientific items.

Your Dogs of War army may include Leonardo da Miragliano. Leonardo is not a wizard, nor a general – he is a unique character best described as a 'genius'. He cannot lead the army, nor can he use spells. Instead his expertise is in science, alchemy and learning.

Leonardo da Miragliano came from humble and obscure origins in the winding streets of the city. His genius first came to light when he was a mere apprentice to one of the architects of the Prince, engaged in the task of rebuilding the city on a new plan. Prince Cosimo came to inspect the work and by chance saw the plans drawn by the young Leonardo. The Prince saw that Leonardo was the genius he had been looking for and immediately placed him in charge of the grand scheme for the whole city. After many years Leonardo had not only completed the master plan for the new Miragliano, but also devised a new set of ramparts, even more ingenious and impregnable than before. Leonardo went on to become court inventor to Cosimo and his house. Leonardo soon found his talents in demand from every Prince and city in Tilea and he set his intellect to many varied problems and served as advisor with several mercenary generals. His fame eventually reached as far as the Empire. This led to Leonardo's most famous achievement which was to found the Imperial Engineering School. Leonardo presided over this establishment and created many new war machines while he was there, most notable of all being the dreaded Imperial steam tanks.

One of Leonardo's favourite hobbies and intellectual exercises was to design leaning towers. He would set himself the problem of designing a tower which would stay up despite the most exaggerated angle of inclination. Soon Princes of Tilea vied with each other to acquire Leonardo's latest design for the most outrageous and gravity-defying tower!

Leonardo also designed an enormous number of strange and potentially very effective war machines. Many of these are doodles on scraps of parchment or on the back of maps or military messages, which Leonardo made to while away the time in camp when on campaign. He would give these doodles to the various Merchant Princes he served, on the off chance that they would actually ask him to make the machine. Usually his patrons were too busy waging war and just stashed the plans for use later on. Many of these devices cannot yet be made with the technology available. Even so, the plans, which are now distributed throughout the Old World, change hands for vast amounts of gold and are eagerly sought by Merchant Princes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Leonardo	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/armour: Armed with a sword.

Rides: Leonardo rides a warhorse.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS

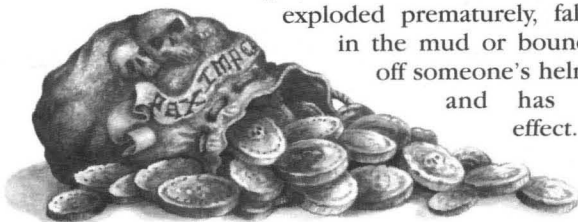
Leonardo is neither a general nor a wizard. He is a scientist, and his genius is illuminated by the light of reason and method, not superstition! Therefore, Leonardo does not have magic items. Instead he has Scientific Items, reflecting his expertise as an inventor and investigator. These items are not affected by anything that normally affects or negates magic items.

Leonardo always carries three Scientific Items. These are the *Sphere of Alchemy*, the *Prism of Power* and the *Compass of Meteoric Silver*.

Sphere of Alchemy

Scientific Item 10 points

Leonardo dabbles in alchemy and has mixed up a powder which he has enclosed in a bronze orb. When thrown, the orb cracks and the powder explodes on contact with the air, creating a small blast. The orb can be thrown in the shooting phase using Leonardo's BS. He can throw it 2+D6 inches, and because this is such a short distance he does not suffer the normal -1 for shooting at targets over half range. If he hits, use the small template to determine the blast area. Each model within this zone suffers D3 Strength 3 hits. Normal armour saves apply. If Leonardo misses his target, the orb is assumed to have exploded prematurely, fallen in the mud or bounced off someone's helmet and has no effect.



Prism of Power

Scientific Item 25 points

Leonardo has a specially shaped glass prism which uses purely physical properties of refraction to diffuse any kind of energy flowing over the battlefield. The effect of this is to steal the winds of magic from the opposing side and dissipate the energy, just as if it were rays of light from the sun. To represent this, roll a dice after the magic cards are dealt. On a score of 4+ you can remove one random magic card from your opponent's hand.

Compass of Meteoric Silver

Scientific Item 10 points

Leonardo has a special compass with a direction arrow made from meteoric silver. This will point to the greatest concentration of magic on the battlefield. To represent this, at the start of the battle your opponent must point to the unit which has the magic item with the highest points value, but he does not have to say what the item is.

SPECIAL RULES

Genius

Leonardo is renowned as a genius. He is able to apply his intellect to any problem and come up with a way of improving things. Of course, mercenary generals find his special talents very useful and will consult with him when making their battle plans, constructing field defences or siege works, planning the order of march or just inspecting the artillery before the battle. To represent this, before the battle you may set Leonardo's formidable intellect to one of the following problems. You may only choose one problem from those listed below. Note that Leonardo's genius will continue to benefit the army even if he is slain in the battle!

Artillery Accuracy: Leonardo inspects one battery of artillery in the army and observes some test shots. He then calculates angles and trajectories and makes corrections to the devices or advises on firing technique, quantity of gunpowder, torque tension and so forth. This improves the accuracy of all artillery or war machines in the battery. To represent the effect of this you may re-roll all misfires in the entire game for that battery. However, if you roll a misfire on the second roll the artillery piece really has misfired!

Crossbow Accuracy: Leonardo inspects one unit of Crossbowmen as they shoot volleys at targets. He checks the tension of the bows and considers wind velocity and

the weight of the crossbow bolts. He may advise certain subtle reshaping of the flights to improve accuracy, or recommend that the crossbowmen aim slightly to the left or right of their target, or just above their heads. The result of this is that the accuracy of the crossbowmen in that unit is improved for the duration of the battle. To represent this, each time the regiment shoots you may re-roll any shots that miss.

Battle Strategy: Leonardo inspects the maps and charts and rides up to high ground to survey the lie of the land with his telescope. Then he discusses the options with the general and his captains in a council of war, explaining his calculations for rates of march and so on. This enables the general to outflank the opposing army. You may therefore allocate one unit to flank march.

This unit is not deployed at the start of the battle, instead you may bring it on at the start of any of your turns on either your right or left hand table edge. It is deployed on the edge at the start of the movement phase and may take a normal turn, but may not charge as they will have missed the opportunity to declare charges. The troops must be placed on the table before the last turn of the game or it is assumed that they have been ambushed, got lost or deserted and your opponent may claim victory points for them as if they were destroyed!

LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA

Hireling Sorceress

358 points including magic items.

Your Dogs of War army may include Lucrezia Belladonna as a Hireling Wizard.

The most beautiful woman in all Tilea, and some say even the whole of the Old World, is Lucrezia Belladonna. She is also the most dangerous to know! Lucrezia is a renowned sorceress and rumoured to be an arch poisoner, mistress of many assassins!

Lucrezia's first husband, Luigi, Prince of Pavona, perished at the hands of paid assassins sent by rival Merchant Princes. Lucrezia, then only a very young woman, was determined to keep her hold on the principality at all costs. Several mercenary generals who commanded armies in defence of her city became her husbands and therefore also Princes of Pavona. Every one met with a mysterious demise, usually when their political and strategic skill was found wanting!

Consider Borso, who lost the battle of Etobrutti and died soon afterwards when his wounds were mistakenly treated with poisonous herbs. The next day, the mercenary captain Donato assumed command, won a great victory and saved the city from the Verezzians. Donato married Lucrezia soon afterwards and became Prince of Pavona. A few years later Donato was about to make a disastrous alliance with Trantio against Borgio the Besieger, who was married to Lucrezia's older sister Dolchellata at the time. However, before the army of Pavona was committed to this unwise course of action, Donato succumbed to a meal of poisonous toadstools which had been gathered from the woods by an ignorant kitchen servant unable to tell the difference between edible and venomous mushrooms. Lucrezia was of course angry and distressed, but not so much as to prevent her subsequent marriage to the dashing captain Ranuccio, after an indecently short interval. He immediately rushed off at the head of the army of Pavona to attack the rear of the Trantine army just as it

POISONOUS ITEMS

Although Lucrezia is a Master Sorceress, she does not have magic items. Instead she has various Poisonous Items, reflecting her special skill as an arch poisoner! These items are not affected by anything that normally affects or negates magic items.

Lucrezia carries three Poisonous Items. These are always the *Phial of Poison*, the *Poisoned Stiletto* and the *Potion of Pavona*.

Phial of Poison

Poisonous Item 50 points

Long before the battle, the enemy camp is infiltrated by Lucrezia's paid assassin, equipped with a phial of poison specially prepared by his mistress. This will be tipped into the drink or meal of one of the enemy characters during the feasting on the eve of battle. There is no telling which character will be poisoned, the agent will just take his best opportunity and slink away. The poison is slow-acting and will strike the next day as the armies draw up for battle.

To represent the effects of the poison, roll a dice for each character in the opposing army starting with the lowest points value and working upwards. The first character to roll a 1 has been poisoned and suffers 2 wounds immediately, which may slay him outright or debilitate him in the battle. No save is possible against the poison. If no character scores a 1, the poison has failed.

Poisoned Stiletto

Poisonous Item 50 points

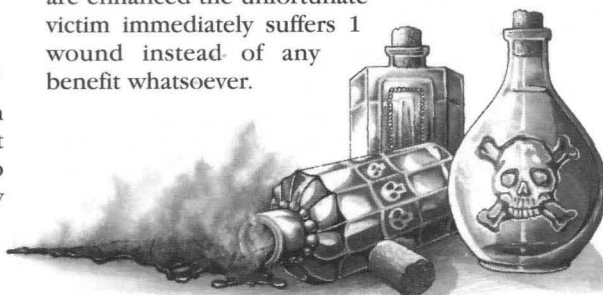
Lucrezia always keeps a stiletto dagger secreted in her garter. This is not only for self defence, but because you never know when you might want to do an off-the-cuff assassination and may not have a ready prepared poison to hand! Of course, Lucrezia's stiletto has been dipped in the venom of a toad and used to chop poisonous mushrooms!

Lucrezia may use her stiletto instead of her sword in hand-to-hand combat. If so, she will strike after her opponent, but any successful hit causes an automatic wound. The victim may make an armour save as normal.

Potion of Pavona

Poisonous Item 50 points

This is a potion which Lucrezia can give to any character on her own side before the battle, or she can drink it herself. The effect of the potion enhances D6 characteristics by +1 each (up to a maximum of 10). You can choose which characteristics are enhanced, though each may only be improved once. Lucrezia will mix up the potion with these in mind, selecting the right ingredients. However, there is a risk! The potion may prove slightly poisonous. To represent this, after you have nominated the character, if you roll a 1 when rolling to see how many characteristics are enhanced the unfortunate victim immediately suffers 1 wound instead of any benefit whatsoever.



was deploying against Borgio and expecting reinforcements from Pavona! For this show of solidarity with an old ally, Pavona was richly rewarded by Borgio.

Lucrezzia's seventh husband, Poggio, recently made an abrupt exit from the political scene after drinking three bottles of very dubious quality wine. Lucrezzia is now casting her eye around for a new husband to share the government of Pavona and lead its armies to victory, with her by his side. Are you man enough for Lucrezzia Belladonna? Mercenary Princes with a delicate digestion should not apply!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lucrezzia	4	3	3	4	4	3	5	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Magic: Lucrezzia has three Battle Magic spells.

Weapons/armour: Armed with a sword.

Rides: Rides a warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Expert Poisoner

Lucrezzia is rumoured to be an expert in the mixing of poisons and potions. Whether this is true or not, no one knows, or at least no one has lived long enough to tell the tale. Her enemies always seem to come to a bad end! Lucrezzia is equipped with three items of a poisonous

nature: the *Phial of Poison*, the *Poisoned Stiletto* and the *Potion of Pavona*.

Stunning Beauty

It is said that Lucrezzia Belladonna is the most beautiful lady in the Old World. However, Bretonnian Knights consider this honour to rightfully belong to the Fay Enchantress of Bretonnia. When a Tilean noble once praised her beauty at a tournament in Bretonnia, he was immediately challenged to a joust by a rash Bretonnian Knight. The Lady Belladonna, who happened to be present, appointed the Tilean as her champion. When the Tilean, following the local custom, asked Lucrezzia for her favour, she simply kissed his lance. Unfortunately the Tilean was unhorsed in the joust, though he did score a glancing blow on the Bretonnian which resulted in nothing more than a scratch. However, the Bretonnian quickly slumped in the saddle and fell down dead. When the heralds asked whether the lance tip was poisoned, Lucrezzia said; "How could it be poisoned, I have just kissed it and I don't feel at all unwell!" Since then no one has claimed to be more beautiful than Lucrezzia Belladonna. To cast doubts on her beauty is the kiss of death!

One amazing effect of Lucrezzia's stunning beauty is that any friendly fleeing unit within 6" of her at the beginning of her turn will immediately rally, being ashamed to be seen running away from the enemy before such a beautiful and commanding lady.

MYDAS THE MEAN

Mercenary Paymaster

Mydas the Mean, Sheikh Yadosh, the pay chest and 5 bodyguards cost 210 points including magic items.

Your Dogs of War army may include Mydas the Mean and his retinue of bodyguards. If so, he replaces the Paymaster in the main list.

The most notorious Paymaster ever to come out of Tilea is Mydas the Mean. His origins are obscure. Some say he was the sheikh of Araby who embezzled a fortune from the sultan and had to flee. Whatever his origin, he first rose to prominence in Sartosa. Here he was put in charge of guarding the treasure stash of the Dwarf Pirate Gridi Scumbeard. The renowned Dwarf leader quickly began to appreciate and admire Mydas's incredible meanness and reluctance to part with gold, even to the extent of refusing to tell the Dwarf where his own stash was. Fortunately for Mydas, Gridi came to a bad end in a fight with the Corsairs before he realised that Mydas had relocated his stash with the intention of keeping it.

Mydas next turned up in the service of Groccolo, Prince of Verezzo, once again in charge of the gold which was to pay a vast mercenary army. Mydas defended the pay chest valiantly in several hard fought battles, assisted by his hand-picked henchmen. When the time

came to pay the mercenaries, Mydas somehow managed to part with so little gold



that he caused a mutiny in the camp. The Prince was promptly deposed and fled back to Verezzo. In the confusion Mydas remembered his duty to defend the pay chest and conducted a fighting retreat, fighting off entire companies of enraged mercenaries seeking their arrears of pay. As it happened, Mydas managed to retreat in a totally different direction to Verezzo, and so neither the Prince nor the mercenaries ever got the pay chest. To this day, its whereabouts is known only to Mydas.

Since then Mydas has turned up in many lands safely beyond the bounds of Tilea, offering his services as Paymaster for mercenary armies or such tasks of tax gathering, gold counting or treasure hiding that might be required by various mighty lords. Although many of his masters have been horribly defeated due to their own dubious qualities of leadership, Mydas has never let any of the pay chests in his charge fall into the hands of the enemy; nor for that matter into the pillaging hands of fleeing mercenaries who don't deserve to be paid for losing a battle!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mydas the Mean	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Sheikh Yadosh	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6
Bodyguard	4	4	2	4	3	1	4	1	8

Weapons/armour: Mydas is armed with a mace, heavy armour and shield.

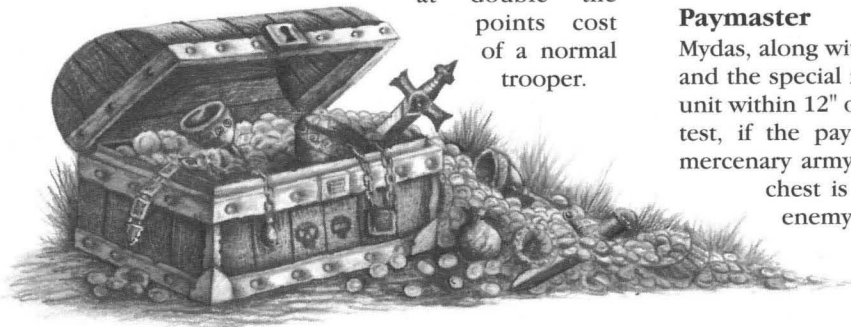
Armour Save: 4+

SPECIAL RULES

Bodyguard

Mydas's bodyguard are hand-picked from among the galley slaves of the pirates of Sartosa. Every one has been personally redeemed from captivity by the generous expenditure of gold by Mydas himself, and so they are all deeply grateful and utterly loyal to their master. As well as this, they are all big, muscular, bronzed men hardened by years labouring at the oars. Mydas may be accompanied by between 5 and 20 bodyguards forming a regiment of which he is the leader. The bodyguards are equipped with a halberd and light armour. Each extra bodyguard after the first five costs 12 points. The bodyguard may include a standard bearer and musician

at double the points cost of a normal trooper.



Sheikh Yadosh the Money Lender

Mydas's Money Lender is none other than the notorious Arabian merchant Sheikh Yadosh. The Sheikh lent Mydas a vast fortune many years ago in Sartosa and has faithfully accompanied him ever since in the hope of repayment. In the meantime, the Sheikh earns a nice return in interest, lending money to mercenaries who are easily parted from their cash in gambling dens and other temptations and are always asking to borrow more. Sheikh Yadosh is immensely fat and his girth is greatly increased by the long cummerbund wrapped around his waist which contains many gold coins within its folds. This acts as armour and gives the Sheikh a save of 5+. He is armed with a hand weapon in the form of a curved dagger.

Paymaster

Mydas, along with his pay chest, is the army's Paymaster and the special rules for Paymasters apply to him – any unit within 12" of the pay chest can re-roll a failed Break test, if the pay chest is captured or lost the entire mercenary army must take a Panic test, and if the pay chest is captured all mercenary units *bate* the enemy unit which has captured it.

MAGIC ITEMS

Mydas the Mean carries a single magic item – a *Treasure Map*. You may not equip Mydas with any more magic items as he is far too tight-fisted to part with enough money to buy them.

Treasure Map

Enchanted Item 25 points

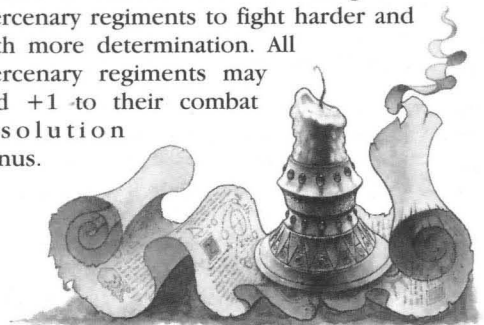
Mydas has a treasure map on which are marked the hiding places of several pay chests which he has heroically rescued from the confusion of battle when defeat seemed inevitable. He keeps the map stuffed down his leggings. The map is drawn on an old scroll which he found in Gridi's treasure chests. On the reverse of the parchment are a number of strange Lizardman glyphs. Mydas does not know or care what these are and thinks they are meaningless doodles by some demented wizard. In reality the scroll is a magical 'warrant of trust' carried by Skink interpreters to give them an aura of credibility when dealing with or misleading outsiders. Some adventurer long ago must have acquired this in Lustria, thinking it was worth something to a wizard, and eventually it found its way into the Dwarf pirate's chest.

The effect of the scroll is that any mercenaries, including the general, will believe whatever Mydas promises at the start of the battle. Their trust in Mydas will be complete. Needless to say, Mydas and the generals who employ him attribute this miraculous effect to Mydas's inspiring qualities of leadership!

After deployment, but before the first turn of the game, roll a dice to see what Mydas promises the army:

D6 Mydas's promise and its effect on the mercenaries

- 1-2 *'A bonus for all my loyal and trusty benchmen!'* This is a promise which Mydas often makes to his pay chest bodyguards. The bodyguards become even more determined to defend the pay chest and Paymaster to the death and count +1 to hit throughout the battle.
- 3-4 *'The pay chest is safe with me lads!'* The mercenaries become confident that Mydas will look after their pay beyond the call of duty. Mercenary units may re-roll Break tests if they are within 18" of the pay chest instead of the usual 12".
- 5-6 *'If we win the battle, all mercenaries will receive a bonus!'* This encourages all mercenary regiments to fight harder and with more determination. All mercenary regiments may add +1 to their combat resolution bonus.



LORENZO LUPO

Mercenary General

225 points including magic items.

Your Dogs of War army may include Lorenzo Lupo. If so, he replaces the Mercenary General in the main list.

Lorenzo is very proud of his line of descent from his city's founders: Lucan and Luccina. As well as this he is quite an antiquarian and collector of art and antique artefacts. His palazzo on the old acropolis of Luccini is decorated with frescoes in the antique style and the gardens and colonnades display old statues found in the acropolis. His prized possessions are heirlooms of his house, said to have been owned by the city's founders.

Lorenzo wears armour of the old-fashioned style and fights on foot in the manner of his ancestors. This is a strange eccentricity of his and would be considered quaint and maybe even ridiculous by his rivals if he wasn't so good a general and didn't beat them so regularly. Instead, his reputation for bravery and fighting

hand-to-hand in the front rank of his troops has earned him the respect and awe of his enemies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lorenzo Lupo	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	10

Weapons/armour: Armed with a sword, heavy armour and shield.

SPECIAL RULES

Fights on Foot

Lorenzo is rather an eccentric in that he prefers to fight on foot in the style of his ancestors. He usually takes his place in the front rank of the pikemen and sometimes fights on board ship. This is very inspiring to the soldiers he accompanies, who not only benefit from his outstanding leadership, but will be eager to protect their Prince in hand-to-hand combat. To represent this, any Tilean infantry unit accompanied by Lorenzo adds +1 to its combat resolution as long as he is in the front rank.

Mighty Athlete

Lorenzo is a well-built, muscular man, much like the colossal bronze statues depicting his ancestor Lucan. He follows the ancient classical Tilean athletic pursuits as practiced in ancient Luccini in the days of his ancestors. This means that he regularly hurls the discus, wrestles or fights hand-to-hand with the strongest opponents, rows on the Tilean sea in the galley races, trains with bronze weights, and runs the great race from one end of his principedom to the other, as messengers did in the distant past. When he trains intensively for one of these pursuits he improves his strength, toughness or agility.

To represent this, roll a dice before the battle to see which athletic pursuit Lorenzo has been training for recently. He will benefit from the effect of the training throughout the battle.

D6	Pursuit	Effect
1-2	Running	+1 Toughness
3-4	Wrestling or gladiatorial combat	+1 Attack
5-6	Weightlifting or rowing	+1 Strength

MAGIC ITEMS

Lorenzo Lupo carries three magic items. These are always the *Sword of Lucan*, the *Ring of Luccina* and the *Shield of Myrmidia*.

Sword of Lucan

Magic Weapon 25 points

Lorenzo carries a short sword believed to be the actual sword used by his remote ancestor, Lucan, the founder of Luccini. The sword is magical and will ignore the effects of magical armour. Magic armour therefore counts as normal armour of its type against the sword, with no unusual effects.

Ring of Luccina

Bound Spell 10 points

Luccina, sister of Lucan, was said to be a sorceress. Lorenzo wears a ring which bears a cameo gem depicting her, and which may even have been hers. The gem contains a spell known as the Glamour of Luccina, which can be used in any one magic phase, requiring no power to cast.

When cast, the Glamour of Luccina will rally all friendly fleeing units within 8" automatically. The ring sings out an inspiring battle-cry exhorting Luccina's warriors to uphold their ancient honour, which no true soldier of the city can resist.

Shield of Myrmidia

Magic Armour 40 points

This old shield was found during the rebuilding of the temple of Myrmidia on Luccini's acropolis. It dates to the time of the founding of the city, or perhaps even earlier. The shield bears the sun symbol of the war goddess and has the magical ability to dazzle one hand-to-hand combat opponent so that he loses D3 attacks. You choose which opponent is dazzled.



MARCO COLOMBO

Merchant Prince

176 points including magic items.

Your Dogs of War army may include the Merchant Prince and notable explorer, Marco Colombo, as your general. If so, he replaces the Mercenary General in the main army list. Marco Colombo can be hired as an independent mercenary character by any Warhammer army which includes at least one Tilean Regiment of Renown.

Marco Colombo is best known as the explorer who 'discovered' Lustria, although it was really discovered years before by the Norse. Marco was, however, the first Old Worlder to establish friendly relations with the Lizardmen – not an easy thing to do! Before Marco's epic voyage to Lustria, he had visited Araby as a merchant and taken part in various sea fights along the coast of Araby and around the pirate stronghold of Sartosa. Marco was therefore already a seasoned campaigner and known as a mercenary captain before making his name as an explorer.

On his return from Lustria with a great fortune in gold and gems, he took over the army of his patron as a mercenary general and made himself Prince of Trantio. After that he led the army of Trantio against rival cities on several occasions, as well as occasional expeditions beyond the Apuccini Mountains. He also sent further expeditions to Lustria, in order to seek the fabled Norse colony of Skeggi, which they eventually discovered after several years of searching. Marco is one of several famous Tilean mercenary generals who not only led armies in the wars of Tilea, but also in distant tropical regions against strange and unknown opponents.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marco Colombo	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	10
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/armour: Armed with sword, lance, light armour, crossbow and shield.

Rides: Rides a warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Crossbow Hunter

Marco is an expert huntsman with the crossbow, who enjoys chasing big game and gigantic monsters on his tropical expeditions. Marco is armed with a crossbow which he can use while mounted and may move and shoot from the saddle. Of course, Marco is quite a marksman with his crossbow, as reflected by his BS.

Navigator's Telescope

Marco has a special high-power telescope which he uses at sea. It is so powerful that he can use it to spy out hidden enemy troops lurking in cover or in the midst of a regiment. Any troops or characters which would normally count as hidden or unseen until revealed, such as Goblin Fanatics, Dark Elf Assassins or Wood Elf Waywatchers, can be seen by Marco on a dice score of 4+. Roll at the start of the battle for each enemy unit as Marco scans the enemy battle line. On a successful score your opponent must reveal the number and type of any hidden troops in that unit.

MAGIC ITEMS

Marco Colombo carries three magic items. These are always the *Gem of Lustria*, the *Gourd of Lustrian Wine* and the *Scroll of Araby*.

Gem of Lustria

Ward 10 points

While in Lustria, Marco acquired this strange gem as part of his reward for serving the Slann Mage Priests as a mercenary. The gem is made of a polished green stone and shaped in the form of a snake's tongue – the mark of the Lizardmen serpent god, Sotek.

While wearing this talisman, Marco may re-roll one failed armour save per turn.

Gourd of Lustrian Wine

Enchanted Item 10 points

Marco always keeps with him his last remaining gourd of cactus juice, which he calls Lustrian Wine! This was given to him by the Skinks during his expedition to Lustria. Although it is about as potent as orange juice for a Lizardman, for a human being it is prickly stuff indeed!

A swig from the gourd at the start of his turn will boost Marco's Strength by +D6 for the rest of that turn. Marco only has a little of this potent Lustrian brew remaining, so he will only use it once per battle.

Scroll of Araby

Enchanted Item 35 points

While stopping off in Lashiek, Marco did the usual foray into the bazaar looking for maps. One map, although uninteresting in itself, was written on an old scroll with partly obliterated, arcane writing of ancient Khemri on the reverse.

The scroll gives Marco (but not the rest of the unit he is with) a magical save of 2+ against the effect of any spell. However, he will only use it once per turn as part of the ancient scroll crumbles to dust each time it is used.



EXTRACTS FROM THE ART OF STATECRAFT

BY GOSSIPPA LOTTA

In her unique career, Gossippa Lotta, exiled Princess of Verezzo, accompanied several Mercenary Generals on campaign. Gossippa rose to prominence when she crushed a mutiny among the unpaid mercenaries of Remas at the siege of Ciarascura. She was in charge of the field kitchens and resolutely refused to feed any of the soldiers until they agreed to finish the siege! After that, her qualities were much in demand by various generals as an advisor, diplomat and courtier. She wrote down her advice, laced with numerous anecdotes and camp gossip, in the classic work for which she has become rightly famous. 'The Art of Statecraft' has become a handbook for Mercenary Generals throughout Tilea and beyond.

How to become a victorious Mercenary General

In all the Mercenary Generals I have known or heard about who always won their battles, I noted the following characteristics. Firstly, they were always decisive. Secondly, they always rolled high numbers when playing any game of dice with the soldiers in camp, except on those occasions when they wanted to roll low numbers. Thirdly, they always listened to my advice and invariably acted upon it so that I did not have to tell them again and again. Finally, and in my opinion most important of all, they always ate properly. After each day on campaign they sat down to a four course meal and drank up all their wine. This made them strong and intelligent and gave them the energy to win battles...

Choosing mercenaries who can be trusted

Borgio used to say that I had an eye for a good soldier, and he often let me look over the mercenaries before he hired them. When I watched them hard at work doing their drilling, and saw how big and strong they were, I could tell which ones would be the best fighters and so I told Borgio 'Hire these boys, but not those others'. If any mercenary captain ever showed me no respect, I told Borgio 'Do not hire him!' If any soldiers do not dress very smart and polish their armour to look good in the battle and make the enemy afraid of them, I would say 'Don't hire these ruffians again! They got no discipline.' Of course, Borgio always listened to my advice and so did many other famous generals I could mention.

Concerning the correct use of pikemen

One day, just before the great battle of Piza, Sandro, who was our general at the time, said to me 'Can you think of any way to use pikemen?' I said, 'Of course, I certainly can!' Then he said that he really wanted to know how he should deploy them in the battle on the

following day. You see he had very many pikemen under his command and hardly any other troops, except some scruffy crossbowmen on the galleys who never showed no respect to anyone.

I will tell you the advice which I gave to him. I said 'Make sure they eat up all of their rations and don't stay up drinking and playing dice with the bad boys from the galleys before the big battle tomorrow. Otherwise the boys will fall over their big long pikes because they are too tired to hold them up straight!' Then I said that in all the battles I have seen, and that is a lot I'll have you know, the pikemen always win when two regiments fight together side by side. First one regiment marches forward while the other one stays still and the boys point their long pikes at the enemy. Then the other regiment stays still and points the pikes while their friends move forward. If the enemy fights one of the regiments, the other one will charge them in the flank. The enemy don't know what to do! It doesn't matter which one they charge, it's the worst for them!

Naturally, Sandro followed my advice and won the battle.

Concerning the correct use of artillery

It was in the battle of Ciabbatta that I saw the general sending all the galloping cannons into the middle of the battle line. When the general rode off to the left flank I went straight over to the guns, even though the enemy were shooting at me all the time – I didn't care! I said to the captain of the gunners, 'What are you doing here in the middle of the battle, it's not a good place for you. Now listen to me! Send half of the guns to the left and the other half to the right, at once!' The captain showed me proper respect and did what I told him. This was very good because the guns could shoot from each side into the middle of the enemy, instead of being in the middle, running away from the enemy when they charge and not doing no firing! Of course, we won the battle and so the general didn't mind me making little changes to his deployment. In the next battle, the general got it right and I didn't have to go and tell them all over again.

How to form an invincible battle line

Firstly all the soldiers must eat up all their pasta like good boys. Then a regiment from each city and from each part of the city should be put next to each other in the battle line, so that every regiment is right next to another regiment from a different place. Then before the battle starts, the soldiers of each regiment will shout out to the ones next to them, 'Hey, your city is no good!' or 'Eh! We will capture more standards than

you!' But they do not start hitting each other like Goblins! No, they go forwards and hit the enemy instead! Each regiment tries to show that it is the best. It don't matter who is the best, but it is worst for the enemy!

How to protect the flanks and rear of the army

The pikemen are such big, strong boys and they hold up the big, long pikes tall and straight so that no one can get near them. All the enemy can do is run away or beg for mercy. So what do they do? They send troops around the back of the pikemen! Give them a nasty surprise that they will never forget! Put all the duellists at the back of the pikemen. If any enemy show their faces behind the battle line, the duellists will set upon them from all sides and chase them off. It don't matter if they are creepy flying things or a big show-off with all the usual magical trinkets!

Why every regiment must have an inspiring standard

Every regiment must have a beautiful standard. The standard should always be a work of art. This inspires the soldiers to be brave. One day, just before the big battle of Venni, the captain of a regiment came to see me. He was very sad because the regiment did not have a very good banner and the general had told him 'Your regimental banner is not very good, everybody gets half pay until you get a new one!'

He decided to make it better by painting on it the figure of Myrmidia. But he needed someone to pose for the figure of the war goddess; someone who would inspire the soldiers to acts of selfless courage to prevent the beautiful image of the goddess falling to the enemy. Despite my busy schedule, I volunteered to pose for the figure of Myrmidia.

Then he said that since he only had one pot of white paint, he would not be able to paint me in my red and gold dress, so I must take it off and pose wearing just a helmet and a flimsy bit of silk like in the very old paintings of Myrmidia. Naturally, I did this little favour for the regiment. Next day the regiment marched into battle under the banner bearing my image which was baring all as Myrmidia! Of course, the regiment was the bravest in the whole army!

Beware of hiring Ogres and Halflings

Do not hire Ogres or Halflings if you expect to be besieged. Nor should anyone put them to hold a fortress or city which may become surrounded by the enemy. The reason for this is very simple. Ogres and Halflings have very big appetites. They eat twice as much food as the most hungry man and then ask for more! If they do not get fed as much as they like, they get very upset. Ogres will go on the rampage and eat anything. Halflings will sit around grumbling and won't do any more fighting. The only thing you can hope for when this happens is that the Ogres will eat the Halflings and solve the problem! If there are limited supplies in the fortress and the mercenaries

are on rations, the Ogres and Halflings will raid the stores and before you know it the garrison will run out of food. The best thing to do if you find yourself in this situation is to say to the Ogres or the Halflings, 'If you want more food, you better go out there and get it from the enemy!' Then send them out on a sally to round up provisions for the whole garrison. They will go out with great enthusiasm and give the enemy a really bad beating, and they are certain to come back with something to replenish the supplies! I myself advised this strategy at the siege of Riccotta. It was so successful that it broke the siege!

How to take over the state and make yourself a Prince

When you have defeated a rival Prince or overthrown the republic, do not execute his entire family or the entire deposed senate of the city (at least, do it straight away or not at all). Everyone who was afraid for their lives will breathe a sigh of relief and feel very, very grateful. You should then announce that you are going to beautify the city with great works of art. All your rivals will give you funds to prove their loyalty and gain your favour. Share out half of everything that comes in among the soldiers and use the rest to hire artists, sculptors and architects!

Now all your rivals will say 'Not only is our Prince merciful, but he is also cultured.' Also the soldiers will say 'Our Prince always pays up on time!'

How to dispose of rivals

When there are rivals who want to become Prince, the best thing to do is poison them. Unfortunately there will always be rivals who are somewhere else when you rise to power and one day they will turn up with a big army on your doorstep. That is why it is important to put your agents in every city. Always be willing to send troops as mercenaries to any Prince who is not at war with you. Send mercenary captains who are loyal to your house with them. In the camp they will meet mercenary captains loyal to your rivals and learn their plans. Then you strike...

Why no one should take any notice of Giovanni Marmalodi

Giovanni Marmalodi wrote a treatise on siegecraft. No one who has ever taken his advice has ever held on to their city or fortress! Marmalodi was never in no sieges ever and he made everything up. One day he came to Remas while I was staying there with the Prince. He went on a tour of the walls. Then he said that the towers on the north gate were leaning over the moat far too much and the angle of fire was all wrong. So I said to him 'What do you know about it Giovanni! It's not so bad, it's a nice tower! You just got no respect for the work of Leonardo da Miragliano!' Of course he knew that I knew that he didn't know that it was the great Leonardo da Miragliano who built the towers. So he shut up his face straight away and went off to another city. I heard that their walls fell down soon afterwards!

MERCENARIES OF TILEA

THE RISE OF MERCENARIES

From early times, the merchants of Tilea hired soldiers to defend their ships from pirates on the high seas and to escort their merchandise on overland trade routes. Of course, warehouses and property also had to be guarded, and so it became usual for merchants to maintain troops more or less all the time.

The various mercantile families also used their mercenaries to further their political ambitions at home, either to make themselves absolute rulers of their cities, or to

oppose such tyrants and proclaim a republic! In Tilea money is power – and power, military might and status all amount to pretty much the same thing.

THE MERCENARY BANDS

The demand for soldiery led to the establishment of numerous mercenary bands – soldiers who sold their services to whichever merchant, trader or banker happened to require them.

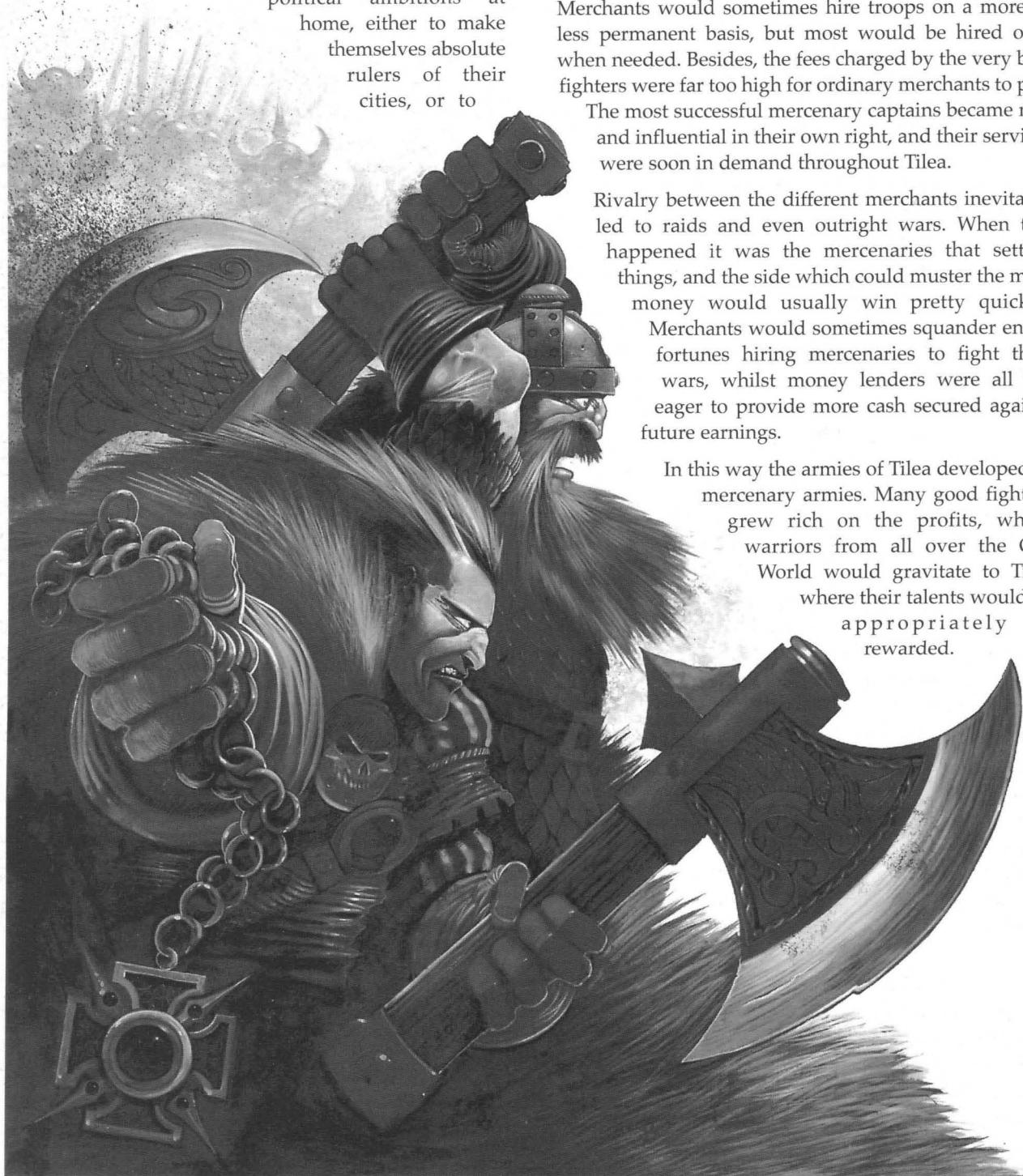
Merchants would sometimes hire troops on a more or less permanent basis, but most would be hired only when needed. Besides, the fees charged by the very best fighters were far too high for ordinary merchants to pay.

The most successful mercenary captains became rich and influential in their own right, and their services were soon in demand throughout Tilea.

Rivalry between the different merchants inevitably led to raids and even outright wars. When this happened it was the mercenaries that settled things, and the side which could muster the most money would usually win pretty quickly!

Merchants would sometimes squander entire fortunes hiring mercenaries to fight their wars, whilst money lenders were all too eager to provide more cash secured against future earnings.

In this way the armies of Tilea developed as mercenary armies. Many good fighters grew rich on the profits, whilst warriors from all over the Old World would gravitate to Tilea where their talents would be appropriately rewarded.



INVASIONS AND STRIFE

The Tileans were lucky that their lands remained largely free of Orcs, Goblins and other monstrous creatures during the early years. However, this could not last for ever, and in 475 a vast horde of greenskins invaded Tilea from the east.

The Tilean merchants were not used to fighting foreign invaders – most of their battles were against each other! The sudden appearance of brutal greenskinned savages burning crops, torching farms, and making off with merchant caravans was quite a shock. So several of the most powerful merchants got together and hired the biggest army ever seen in Tilea up until that time.

The mercenary army marched out to meet the Orc tribes. The Tilean general pitched his tents on one side of a mighty river from where he could observe the Orcs' crude encampment. Obviously he was pretty appalled at the mess and ruin that the Orcs had caused on the other side of the river. The thought of such crude and uncultured creatures running loose in Tilea was too awful to contemplate.

However, the Tileans did notice a very strange thing as they observed the greenskins' camp. The various Orc contingents would occasionally stop whatever task they were about and begin to fight each other. Indeed, the whole Orc army was plainly riven with dissent, and only the personal attention of the big Orc warlord was keeping it together. This gave the cunning Tilean general an idea.

The Tileans decided that rather than fight the Orcs they would simply hire half the Orc army to fight the other half. That way, no matter which side won, the Tileans couldn't possibly lose. What's more, the spoils won by the victorious half would pay for the cost of hiring them!

How exactly this was accomplished is not recorded, but that the plan worked is beyond doubt. The Orcs were promptly defeated. The Orcs who had been hired for the battle were promptly re-employed and sent off to the frontier under the command of a Tilean general, to beat up the Orc tribes that were still there.

Since that day the Tileans have cheerfully employed mercenaries of many races. Encouraged by the willingness of Tileans to pay for good soldiers regardless of race, mercenary bands have flocked to Tilea to find work. As a result, Tilea has become a melting pot where soldiers from many lands can be found.

ADVENTURERS

Eager to open up new trade routes the merchants of Tilea have always been willing to finance expeditions of exploration. Not only can this lead to new discoveries and increased profit, but it also removes a great many mercenary bands from Tilea itself. In times of peace this is seen as a good thing because it means that

The Ogres were encamped some distance from the rest of the army – as was generally preferred. The day's fighting had been both long and hard, and by nightfall the Ogres were ready to feast. There were many dead on both sides, and many mortally wounded who were now abandoned to a lonely death by victors too weary to care. This was good news for the Ogres who were very hungry indeed.

"Fancy a bit of leg Oglog," snarled a particularly big, ugly and brutish Ogre.

"Don't I Captain!" growled Oglog drunkenly. He lurched forward to take the hunk of meat and fell head first into the camp fire. He lay there quietly for some time. The others watched him in a half-interested way until his ears started to curl.

"Shall we haul 'im out Capt'n," asked Flugg, a scrawny Ogre with a jutting jaw and surprising teeth.

"Naaa... I wouldn't bother," advised Golgfag – the big, ugly Ogre who had proffered the leg to Oglog in the first place. He was watching Oglog's hair singe and quite enjoying it.

"Any chance of seconds Capt'n?" squealed one of the youngsters who had joined the company only a month or two before. Golgfag stopped chewing on the chunk of leg and turned to stare at the uppity yelp.

"What do you mean seconds?" he spat. "You 'av'n't finished that Orc head I gave yer yet!"

"Weecell..." squirmed the youngster. "I doesn't really like Orc head very much... but I have eaten the eyeballs, look!" With that he grinned stupidly and held up the grisly remains of the Orc. Even now you could just recognise the annoyed expression the creature had worn just before Golgfag killed it.

"Eyeballs... Eyeballs... never minds the eyeballs. You finish up that nice head an' maybe we'll think about seconds yer little toe-rag."

With that, Golgfag returned to gnawing on his bit of leg and watching Oglog. The drunken Ogre was really going quite nicely now and was definitely in for a bit of a shock when he woke up.

"Kids!" grumbled Golgfag. "Ow does they expect to grow up big and mean if they doesn't eat their greens."

With a flourish the standard bearer plunged the banner pole into the hot sand, the golden threads of the flag glinting in the morning light. Beside it El Cadavo stood proudly with one foot on the pay chest, wishing that one of those fancy court painters were there to capture his moment of glory. New lands! Riches aplenty! All would be his. There just remained the small formality of quelling the natives.

He eyed the treeline at the edge of the beach. Nothing there, even the birds in the palms had stopped their shrieking to admire his army as it came ashore. And a splendid sight it was too. El Cadavo's heart swelled with pride. 'Alright men' he called, a smile splitting his gaunt features, 'let's get these boats unloaded and the tents set up.'

An hour hadn't passed when one of the sentries came running into the growing camp 'Sir, sir... Lizardmen, dozens of 'em!' El Cadavo emerged from his tent and blinked in the noonday sunshine. 'Time to amaze the natives', he said. 'Enrico, bring that chest'. With that he strode off to meet his guests.

The Lizardmen deputation was a dramatic sight. In the centre was their leader, a vast bloated toad of a creature on a palanquin, surrounded by bone-crested warriors and borne up by more of their breed. Around them swarmed dozens of smaller creatures, all the same blue-green hue as their larger brothers. Several Lizardmen carried brilliantly coloured feather banners and crests, and the whole group was laden with golden jewellery. They were a feast for the eyes.

As El Cadavo stared at this spectacle, one of the smaller creatures stepped forwards, and in heavily accented Tilean said 'Greetings most glorious master-of-warriors, most noble of travellers on the World Pond. My lord Xtinki bids me welcome you to the hospitality of our sun-kissed shores. Did you have a nice trip?'

'Greetings to your noble lord' replied El Cadavo, bowing to the toad-thing. 'I have come from across these wide waters to bestow wondrous gifts upon you.' With that he took the chest from Enrico and carefully placed it in front of the palanquin. 'Such valuables are plentiful where we come from' boasted the grizzled general, winking to Enrico and opening the chest. Inside were all manner and colour of cheap glass beads. 'Behold' cried El Cadavo, 'Riches to decorate your... er... majestic brow.' He began to hand the baubles to the nearest Skinks who looked decidedly unimpressed, but handed them round nonetheless. 'And these looking glasses' said Cadavo, waving a piece of broken mirror to catch the light. 'Their like

has never been seen on these shores. All I ask in return is that we be allowed to march inland unmolested and perhaps collect a few mementos to remind us of our visit.'

The Skink interpreter spoke again. 'My lord Xtinki instructs me to thank you for your most generous gifts, but is afraid that he cannot possibly accept offerings of such... quality.' As if on cue, the Lizardmen dropped all the trinkets into the sand and turned to stare at El Cadavo.

'Why, you ungrateful wretches' cried El Cadavo. 'Enrico, bring up the cannon. That'll impress them.' Then, turning back to lord Xtinki, he said 'I'm sorry you dislike my gifts. Perhaps this will be more persuasive.' He turned and nodded to Enrico who had readied the cannon. There was a deafening roar.

'There' said El Cadavo, turning back to the Lizardmen with a wolfish grin. 'That is the power we bring with us. Why don't you take your stone spears and feather skirts and run along now. I promise you shan't be hurt if you stay out of our way.' Lord Xtinki blinked slowly, obviously unimpressed.

Stepping forward, the Skink interpreter pointed to the sky saying 'You have insulted our gods. To show his displeasure Lord Sotek will swallow the sun. All will be in darkness and the world will fall into perpetual night.'

As one the Tileans burst out laughing, clutching their sides and roaring until tears poured down their cheeks. Eventually El Cadavo managed to pull himself together long enough to blurt out 'Alright lads, enough of these primitive savages...' But before he could finish the command a cry went up from his men. 'Look! The sun!' Everyone turned to follow the pointing finger. As they watched a black stain began to cover the sun. 'Sotek, Sotek' chanted the Lizardmen. 'Aaaaaaagh!' cried the Tileans. 'Save us!', 'Help!', 'Disaster!', 'The end of the world has come!'

Panic spread through the Tileans as the air grew chill and the darkness became complete. El Cadavo stood frozen among his panic-stricken men who dashed about tearing their hair, screaming for forgiveness or offering up prayers.

'Ye gods! What have we done' muttered El Cadavo under his breath. Then louder, 'Back to the boats!' There was a stampede.

As the Tileans frantically rowed away the sun began to show its face once more, but they weren't about to stop. 'Row, damn you! Row!' cried the captain, and they rowed even harder.

On the shore the Skinks watched the eclipse complete its divine cycle, grinning as only Lizards can.

unemployed mercenaries, who would otherwise spend their time wandering the cities of Tilea looking for trouble, are diverted towards more profitable pursuits.

The Tileans have always been willing to spend money to make money, and are able to finance and equip expeditions that other peoples would find impossible. Consequently, Tilea has become a haven for navigators, cartographers, explorers, and discoverers. Scarcely a month goes by without one expedition or other setting off for Lustria, the Southlands, or overland to Cathay. Big expeditions require whole armies of hired warriors,

most of whom are destined to perish horribly in the jungles and deserts of some foreign land – assuming they don't get shipwrecked or drowned beforehand!

For the lucky few who meet with success, the rewards are great. The most successful generals return home as heroes, their ships stuffed to the gunnels with treasure, their journals filled with highly imaginative accounts of new lands, exotic tribes, and their own heroic deeds. Others don't return home at all, but set themselves up as rulers of the cities and lands that they discover, where they live in the lap of luxury.

THE MERCHANT PRINCES

THE RISE OF THE TILEAN MERCHANT PRINCES

The Tileans became involved in trade from the earliest times, soon after the old Elven ruins were settled by human tribes and gradually rebuilt as Tilean cities. Because of the location of Tilea, it could be reached by High Elf ships by sea and Dwarf traders over land. The Tileans were therefore in the ideal position to act as middlemen in the exchange of goods between these two races. Such was the animosity between Elves and Dwarfs ever since the War of the Beard that they preferred not to deal with each other directly if they could avoid it! Of course the Tileans made sure they took a respectable share of the profits.

Merchants thrived in all of the city-states of Tilea, and the profits of trade enabled them to become more and more powerful. Naturally they took an active part in the government of their home cities, either as sole rulers or by sitting on the ruling council.

AMBITION, TYRANNY AND THE VENDETTA

In most cases a single merchant family is pre-eminent in each of the Tilean cities at any one time. In republics the power is shared more or less equally between several families, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed in the streets! Often where one household is more powerful and respected, the head of the family becomes the ruling Prince of the city. Such rulers are known as Merchant Princes.

There is no hereditary right to rule and so every Merchant Prince must watch out for rivals making a bid for power. It is quite usual for the ruler to be toppled from power by a rival contender from another family or even from among his own relatives. Such power struggles usually take the form of violent street fights between warriors hired by either side. Sometimes an ambitious pretender to the princely throne will go as far as hiring an entire army to oust his rival. It is a Tilean

He did not have to put up with such shoddy treatment! Was he not, after all, Elodhir Seamane, the most famous swordsman in the world and by far the most handsome of all living Elves?

"One cannot accept this at all," he announced. His accent was impeccable, his voice enchanting, his manner languid. "Some other arrangement will be necessary," he added with suave insistence.

Blackheart sighed the pained sort of sigh that generals of mercenaries often find themselves sighing when dealing with disputes amongst their captains.

"Ahaaa Seamane, me old matey..." began Blackheart somewhat optimistically, "I can't be everywhere at once and camping arrangements are left to you captains to sort out... traditionally... as I'm sure you appreciate..." As he spoke, the general's voice gradually dropped lower and lower until it faded away entirely, leaving Blackheart soundlessly mouthing imagined excuses.

Elodhir Seamane, Captain of Seamane's Reavers and, by his own admission, the best dressed Elf to breathe the breeze, watched Blackheart gape silently for a moment before he answered.

"But Ogres, general! Ogres! We are encamped next to Ogres, and downwind too! It really is quite unbearable, not to say insanitary."

"Ahaaa... ahem... yes! I do see the problem. Most unfortunate." Blackheart reassured the Elf, although what he was expected to do about it he wasn't at all sure.

"I'm so glad," Elodhir replied sardonically. "Let it not be said that Elodhir Seamane is unwilling to rub shoulders with the foulest of creatures when occasion demands - Hobgoblins, Halflings, even Orcs - but this really is beyond the pale."

"Ahaa..." intoned Blackheart in what he genuinely intended to be a helpful manner, "I'll tell you what. I'll have you swap with Croop's lot - they'll be too drunk to notice the Ogres by now - that'll put you next to Juggo 'Senseless' Joriksonn..."

"General!" exclaimed Elodhir at the mention of the notorious Dwarf. "Please don't trouble yourself. I see now that the situation is unavoidable... sorry to have bothered you. Goodnight." The Elf captain turned smartly upon his heel and left as quickly as decorum would permit.

Blackheart poured himself a drink and sat down. The tent flap opened suddenly and a massive shape forced its way inside. It was Golgfag, Ogre Captain.

"Blackheart," growled the Ogre, "'bout these bleedin' Elves next to us. The lads aren't happy... not happy at all..."

From a collection of letters sent by Gossippa Lotta to various Princes and other notables. This letter was sent to Lucrezzia Belladonna and refers to the poisoning of the Mercenary General hired to defend the city of Trantio against besieging forces of Luccini.

Dear Lucrezzia,

At last that idiot Brazino Innuendo ate the wrong kind of mushroom, the one that was meant for him! Of course they think it was you. I heard that the cook was tortured into confession and mentioned your name, like they always do. Far be it from me to point the finger, but one cannot help admiring the expert choice of time and place! Brazino paid far too much attention to that fool Marmalodi. Now someone else will take charge of defending the city and will probably succeed in holding on to it. Of course you can rely on me not to breathe a word of my suspicions to anyone!

Yours, Gossippa Lotta

It is interesting to note that Gossippa is said to have employed a succession of Halfling food tasters in the years following the siege of Trantio.

custom for anyone whose ancestor ever wielded political power to claim the title of Merchant Prince. This alone can lead to political rivalries and never-ending vendettas.

Anyone who rises to power, whether by intrigue, assassination or force of arms, is certain to make enemies on the way. In Tilea the tradition of getting even with your enemies is strong. This has given rise to the notorious custom of the vendetta. Unlike Dwarf grudges, which are struck off the book when resolved, vendettas are permanent. They are not written down, but instead are remembered and cherished for generations within a family, to be set aside or renewed as occasion demands.

Anyone who is looking for an excuse to topple the ruler and usurp his position, or for that matter, any Merchant Prince looking for a reason to make war on a rival principality, simply has to dredge up some long standing vendetta. On the other hand, if reconciliation or a political alliance is in order vendettas are conveniently put aside for another day.

THE CITIZENS

The rulers of Tilea were never feudal landowners in the same way as the mighty nobles of Bretonnia and the Empire. In contrast, the most important Tileans have always, by tradition, resided in the cities and not in castles in the countryside. Trade is the primary source of wealth rather than feudal domains and fields tilled by peasants.

A Merchant Prince's household includes his own family and numerous relatives all of whom look up to him as the head of this extended family. He employs countless craftsmen, artists, traders, sea captains, servants, grooms and many other people besides. Every merchant takes pride in employing the best people he can afford, and the Merchant Prince of a city must always employ the very best people for the sake of appearances.

Rural Tileans farm the extensive and fertile fields outside the city walls. Some of these farms are owned by a family that has lived in the area for years. Others are owned by merchants who run the farms and vineyards to produce commodities that they can sell through their trading networks.

Of course there are frequent border disputes between the cities of Tilea. Sometimes these are settled by skirmishes, sometimes by an agreement to lend a large sum of cash! Some cities control a very large area while others are small enough for a watchman in a watchtower to see the border beacons in every direction. The most powerful merchants usually build lavish villas out in the countryside for themselves.

The coastal regions of Tilea have always been subjected to the ravages of sea raiders including the savage Norse, Corsairs from Araby, and various other pirates. Similarly, marauders coming out of the eastern mountains and swarms of vile Skaven coming out of the ground have frequently menaced the countryside. The quickest and most sensible thing for the country folk to do when this happens is to abandon their farms and seek the safety of the strong walls of their city, swelling the ranks of the defenders. Often they burn the crops in the fields rather than allow the enemy to eat them. Faced with a siege, the raiders usually return to their ships or skulk off empty-handed. In this way the Tilean cities have endured through many dark centuries, keeping the light of civilisation and prudent finance alive and well within their walls.



THE LAND OF TILEA

The fractious principalities and republics which populate Tilea are a diverse lot, wracked with discord and dissent. But although they have fought against each other for centuries, they will still unite on one thing: they all agree that Tileans are the bravest warriors and most skilled artisans in the world!

THE ANCIENT LAND OF TILEA

Tilea is the name of the fertile lands surrounding the warm and tranquil Tilean Sea. This region is separated from the surrounding continent by high mountains. To the north run the Irrana peaks which stand like saw teeth against the sky. Beyond them are the even higher and more dangerous peaks known as the Vaults. Only a Dwarf could hope to cross these except by one of the few passes.

To the east runs the long mountain chain of the rugged Apuccinis, which divide the plains of Tilea from the wilderness that is the Border Princes. In former times, fierce tribes of Orcs would swarm out of the Badlands, across the region now held by the Border Princes and over the Apuccini Mountains to pillage the riches of Tilea. The mountains are still dangerous and Orc raiders are still a nuisance, but nowhere near as much as they were then.

To the west, the Abasko Mountains separate Tilea from the arid plateau of Estalia. The only great Tilean state on this side of the Tilean Sea is Tobaro, which benefits from the natural defences of the mountains and the rugged coastline with its many rocky islands.

Tilea is not a single unified realm by any means. Indeed, the Tileans are said to be naturally anarchic and do not bend easily to government of any kind. Scarce wonder then, that Tilea is a patchwork of fiercely independent principalities, some ruled by despots, others by powerful Merchant Princes, and some by a republican council of one kind or another.

THE FABLED ORIGINS OF THE TILEANS

Elven scholars tell of a mysterious city that disappeared beneath the Blighted Marshes in the remote past. This ancient city was called Til, Tilae, or perhaps Tylos – there is no way of knowing for sure. Tylos or Tyleus is also the name of a legendary figure in Tilean folklore, and is traditionally identified as the father of the Tilean people. If these legends are true it could mean that the modern Tileans are descended from the primitive people who dwelt in and around the strange ancient city which disappeared beneath the Blighted Marshes.

Although today's Tileans are unlikely to be direct descendants of the citizens of Tylos, who presumably perished in the cataclysm that engulfed their city, they might well be descended from the tribesfolk who tended the crops and grazed the flocks that fed and clothed the

inhabitants of the nearby metropolis. One legend records a tithe of slaves levied on the tribes which had to be sent every year to Tyleus to labour on his great building projects. When the city of Tylos (if that was indeed its name) met its destruction, no doubt a great burden of tribute was lifted from the people of the surrounding regions.

My father brought a flickering candle to dispel the darkness. He spoke quickly, his voice tremulous with excitement.

"Yes my son... Tilea is where you must go!" he said. "For from the city of Miragliano, the famous freebooter El Cadavo sets sail this very week upon a voyage to the west, to win new kingdoms, to explore new lands, and boldly go where no man has gone before. Flee now Fleugweiner my boy... before the Knights of the White Wolf discover what you have done this day and bring shame upon us all!"

"Aye father," I replied manfully, "it's goodbye to sleepy Wilderheim forever, I go not in fear of my enemies but to a new life of adventure, fame, fortune..."

"Yes, yes, yes..." stammered my father impatiently. "here's a bag of gold and something your mother made for you... I think it's cheese with a bit of bratwurst... now flee quickly."

"Of course," I concurred, "but... can I not say farewell to little Helgar and Gertrude?"

"Under the circumstances I do not think that would be... appropriate," replied my father, gently.

"No... no I suppose not," I conceded, "then farewell!" I exclaimed dramatically as I climbed through the larder window and into the world of fame and riches that fate had prepared for me.

Memoirs of a Lustrian Adventurer
A personal account by Fleugweiner Sonderblitz
(Vol 1 The Wilderheim Years)

TILEAN LANDSCAPES

Tilea is a warmer and sunnier land than the Empire or Bretonnia. Indeed, the southernmost regions can be quite arid in high summer. Otherwise, the coastal plains are green and fertile and easily cultivated. This is a rich and abundant land. The seas are full of fish and the foothills of the mountains are covered in open woodland which is excellent hunting country. The Tileans are known for eating and drinking well, and there is tremendous rivalry between Bretonnians and Tileans as to which of them knows most about good food!

The Apuccini Mountains are rugged and bare with sparse vegetation, but not so cold or snowbound as the higher mountain ranges further north. The Abasko Mountains are much the same, but the Irrana Mountains, being part of the Vaults, are much colder and more treacherous.

The Blighted Marshes are exactly as their name suggests: a vast expanse of bleak and dangerous stagnation. Tileans hardly ever venture into them and of those that do, few ever return.

The Tilean sea is warm and calm. It is sometimes tempestuous, but only treacherous around the rocky islands of the coast south of Tobaró, and in the Pirates' Current. Apart from this, the sea is calm and easy sailing for small ships and sleek galleys. This has greatly benefited trade around the sea between the Tilean cities, but it has also made the coast vulnerable to pirates, Corsairs of Araby and raiders from as far away as Norsca and even Naggaroth.

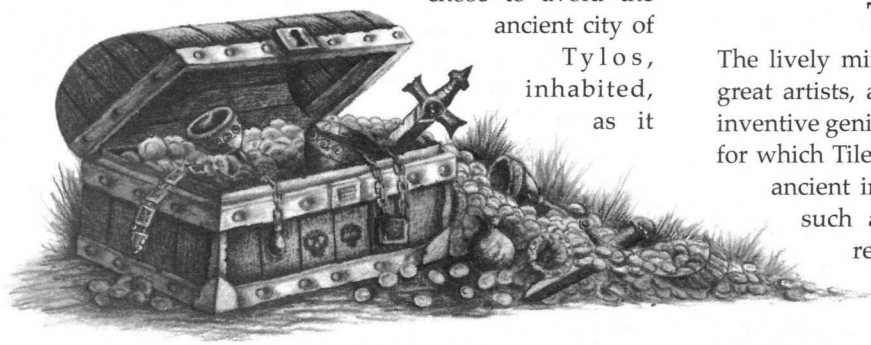
THE DECAYING RUINS OF A FORMER GOLDEN AGE

Many years ago the Elves of Ulthuan were attracted to the shores of the Tilean Sea where they founded several colonies as part of their trading network in the Old World. The ruins of most of these are now buried beneath later Tilean cities, but there are some that still lie abandoned as heaps of masonry and fallen columns overgrown with wild flowers and ivy. Here, tomb robbers dig holes to look for ancient Elf gems and relics.

There are no known Elven ruins situated close to the Blighted Marshes. Perhaps this is because the Elves

chose to avoid the ancient city of

Tylos, inhabited, as it



no doubt was, by savage and primitive humans. The Elves traded with the humans, and perhaps it is from the mercantile Elves that the Tileans inherited their own traditions of trade. The superior culture and highly developed civilisation of the Elves must have made quite an impression on the people of Tylos who had little knowledge of metalwork or even writing before the Elves arrived.

THE RISE OF THE TILEAN CITY STATES

Even before the High Elves abandoned the Old World, Tilean tribes were already settling along the fertile coastal plains. Despite sharing the same origins and traditions, the settlements that grew up on top of the Elven ruins were never united into a single realm. There were two good reasons for this.

Firstly, unlike the Empire and Bretonnia, Tilea was fortunate in not being overrun by Orcs & Goblins in the aftermath of the war between the Elves and Dwarfs and the subsequent abandonment of the Elven cities. This was due to the barrier provided by the high mountains on all sides. The Tileans did not have to struggle for survival with these savage races and fight for possession of the land. It is true that the Skaven came to infest the mouldering ruins in the Blighted Marshes, but these invaders preferred to hide, seldom appearing in the surrounding lands. Civilised life, culture, and especially trade was able to flourish while northern peoples studied only war in a bitter and prolonged struggle against the Orcs & Goblins. When these savage tribes did eventually break into Tilea, they found populous cities with strong walls and well-equipped armies to resist them.

Secondly, the Tileans are independent minded, strong-willed, and, some would say, impossible to govern by force. A Tilean's sense of pride and loyalty is always first and foremost to his own family, his immediate locale, and only then to his city. This meant that any attempts at empire building within Tilea were bitterly resisted. Cities would resist conquering tyrants for years and if anyone managed to subjugate several cities and started calling himself 'King' or 'Emperor', his doom was sealed and a gruesome assassination was certain to follow fairly swiftly!

TILEAN GENIUS

The lively minds of the Tileans account for the many great artists, architects, scholars, explorers, merchants, inventive geniuses, astronomers, diplomats and wizards for which Tilea is renowned. Perhaps this is due to the ancient influence of the Elves. Early contact with such an advanced civilisation could be one reason why the Tileans are so very different from the peoples of the Empire and Bretonnia.

THE CHALLENGE OF RAVOLA

This tale, well known in Tilea, tells how the Tileans put an end to the ambitions of the Bretonnian dukes to acquire lands in Tilea. There had been several indecisive battles in the foothills of the Irrana Mountains, between Bretonnian barons and mercenaries in the pay of the Prince of Miragliano. This version of the story was discovered in the library of Miragliano.

Anxious to make the arrogant Bretonnian dukes and barons respect the borders of his principality, the Prince of Miragliano offered a truce. The Bretonnians agreed to attend a conference, hoping to gain something by intimidating the Prince with the might of Bretonnian chivalry. The meeting place was to be the small town of Ravola, the first settlement on the Tilean side of the mountains and one which was coveted by the Bretonnians because of its fine vineyards, even though all the people were firmly for the Prince.

The Bretonnian deputation consisted of many proud and splendid knights, accompanied by their retinues and many heralds versed in the feudal laws of their country. The Prince, accompanied by an equally fine array of mercenaries, welcomed them. There followed several days of banqueting and dancing before the serious talking began.

Such was the overbearing pride and arrogance of the Bretonnians that one of them, called Baron du Bors, declared that the Bretonnians were better knights than the Tileans and so the Tileans had better just hand over Ravola and be done with it!

Hearing this, the leader of the mercenary Venators, whose name was Etto 'the Fierce', was enraged and challenged the Bretonnian to a joust. he was quickly followed by the rest of the Venators who rose up and issued their own challenges. The Bretonnians accepted the challenge with their typical bravado, and the Bretonnian duke, certain that his knights would unhorse all the Tileans, offered to relinquish his claim to Ravola if the Tileans won the tourney. The Prince, always ready to gamble, and knowing that fortune often smiled on the brave, agreed.

And so it was arranged for there to be a tourney in Ravola in which seven Venators would joust against seven Bretonnian knights. The heralds explained the rules to the Tileans who were not greatly versed in this Bretonnian custom. They made a point of forbidding the use of enchanted weapons of any kind.

The next day the Bretonnians and Tileans stood opposite each other on the field of Ravola. Since there were hardly any Bretonnian ladies present, the pavilion was full of the fine ladies of Ravola and Miragliano who had come to watch the spectacle. Of course the Bretonnians were so arrogant and conceited that they insisted on asking for ladies favours! Then a strange thing happened. Whenever a Bretonnian knight asked for a favour, he was granted it, and not just a veil or a scarf either! This put them in a very good mood indeed and they made ready to joust with even more than their usual confidence.

Soon the jousting began. First one Bretonnian knight was unhorsed, to the dismay of his companions, then another and another until all the Bretonnian knights had been knocked off their warhorses by the Tilean Venators. The contest was fought with blunted lances so all of the Bretonnians survived to endure their undying shame and embarrassment.

One of the Bretonnian heralds took a look at the broken Tilean lances. Turning to the Venators, he angrily shouted out that the Tilean lances were longer than the Bretonnian ones, to which a Tilean lady replied from the pavilion, "Yes we know!" At that the entire field of spectators fell about laughing. The heralds could not argue that long lances were enchanted weapons, and there was nothing for the Bretonnians to do except pack their baggage and beat a hasty retreat from the scene of their humiliation. Since that time there have been no further claims by Bretonnians to any lands in Tilea.

The rumour is that the ladies of Tilea would never have given any favours to the Bretonnian knights had Etto and the Prince not persuaded them with an offer they could not refuse. They did this so that the Bretonnians would be so pleased with themselves and so dazzled by the glamour of the ladies that they would not notice that all the Tilean lances were just a little bit longer than the Bretonnian ones!

THE PRINCIPALITIES OF TILEA

THE TORMENTED PRINCIPALITY OF TOBARO

Tobaro is the only great Tilean city on the western shores of the Tilean Sea. Here the narrow coastal plain of Tilea is separated from the arid uplands of Estalia by the Abasko Mountains. Tobaro is situated on the coast. It is quite a rugged coastline, especially to the south where there are numerous small rocky islands. These are inhabited by bird-like creatures called Sirens, that sing so sweetly that they lure unwary sailors to their doom on the rocks. Most of these islands are uninhabited by men, except for those that are isolated and remote enough to provide lairs for pirates and raiders.

Tobaro was once an Elven outpost and its centre is dominated by a high rock which has become the acropolis of the city. On its flat summit, surrounded by strong walls, is the palazzo of the Princes of Tobaro and the upper city. The lower city is surrounded by an outer wall of great strength. Tobaro has resisted several sieges, holding out against the Estalians and also the hordes of Araby during Sultan Jaffar's attempted conquest of Estalia. Tobaro provided a port from which the Bretonnians and Tileans were able to send help to the beleaguered Estalians.

For this reason the Sultan Jaffar laid siege to it from land and sea, but the city did not fall. A much more serious threat was to emerge later, when Skaven broke through into the honeycomb of ancient Elven catacombs in the acropolis rock. This enabled them to attack the city from within and its strong fortifications were of no avail. The fighting in the streets and destruction in the city was terrible.

The Prince of Tobaro, Meldo Marcelli, managed to escape with many of his soldiers and most of his ships. Arriving in Remas he spent all his wealth hiring a great army of mercenaries, including a strong contingent from Remas.

Returning without delay, and reinforced by a contingent of Elf seafarers, Meldo and his army stormed the city and recaptured it, driving the Skaven back into the catacombs. There followed further bitter fighting within the rock of the acropolis before all the Skaven were finally cleared. Now many of the tunnels have been walled up and a garrison of mercenaries are permanently on guard deep within the acropolis itself.

Tobaro has remained a principality, but only just. Less than three centuries after the heroic recapture of the city by Meldo Marcelli, his family, who had held on to the principality one way or another, finally split up into quarrelling factions. There were several eligible candidates who claimed the title of Prince. These were busy plotting against each other when a prophecy of doom began to circulate in the city. This predicted

that the next Prince of Tobaro was destined to meet a horrible end. The rival claimants agreed to play safe and elected a pig to preside over the council of citizens as

Prince, at least until the prophesy came to pass! Nothing happened. Years passed and the pig presided wearing the princely hat and gold chain of office. Tobaro became rather more peaceful than of late. The would-be contenders for the principedom began to fret and one of them plotted to kill the pig. Then it was pointed out by his rivals that anyone who assassinated the pig, who was now styled Piggolo I, would actually be committing treason and therefore subject to execution himself!

The pig continued to reign into old age, until, while inspecting the guard, he fell off the battlements of Tobaro into the sea!

By that time there was only one of the rival contenders still alive, who assumed the office without opposition. Since then Tobaro has remained a principality despite numerous plots and attempts to set up a republic.



THE MIGHTY PRINCIPALITY OF MIRAGLIANO

Miragliano is a bastion against the Skaven. Because of its position near the Blighted Marshes, which are fetid and ridden with disease, Miragliano has often been victim to outbreaks of plague over the centuries. The Red Pox of 1812 was the worst pestilence, wiping out three quarters of the population of the city. An infestation of large rats was blamed, and since then the city has employed professional rat-catchers among its mercenary troops. As well as exterminating rats, the rat-catchers fight running battles against Skaven Gutter Runners. No one knows exactly where the Skaven come from, except that there are many of them in and around the fringes of the Blighted Marshes. A high price is placed on their heads, dead or alive.

Since the Red Pox, large parts of the old, squalid city have been rebuilt by the Princes of Miragliano. The city was not originally an Elven colony and grew up in a rambling way over many centuries. The Princes have gradually imposed an orderly plan on the city. This was initially drafted by the great Leonardo de Miragliano who was commissioned with this task by Prince Cosimo. It has taken many centuries since then to bring the plan to fruition. Each subsequent Prince and many of the merchant families have endeavoured to beautify the city with palazzi, piazzas, fine bridges and sculptures.

Miragliano is bisected by several broad and elegant canals and many other narrow ones. The populace use these as streets and so there is always a traffic of ornate barges going to and fro through the city, under its many bridges. However, these canals can become smelly and make the city vulnerable to plagues. Besides this, the canals do, of course, make easy ways into the city for Skaven agents. To guard against this there are canal gates, each blocked by a huge iron portcullis and guarded by rat-catchers.

The defences of Miragliano are strong and utilise the marshy nature of the countryside. The moat is very wide and the walls are specially designed to give maximum advantage to artillery. This is all the work of the genius Leonardo, before he entered service with the Emperor.

The Princes of Miragliano have always been patrons of learning and science as much as art, if not more so. Being so close to the mountain passes, and in past centuries under some threat from Bretonnia and the Empire, the Princes have been especially concerned with warfare and defences. It is no surprise that not only Leonardo da Miragliano, but also Borgio the Besieger began their careers in this city.

The defences of Miragliano feature several tall towers which were built to give a view far across the flat landscape. Unfortunately, because of the unstable nature of the ground, most of these are leaning at awkward angles. However, thanks to the exceptional engineering

Intrigue and assassination are as much a part of the Tilean way of life as fine food and music. Any man who dares to cross a powerful Tilean Prince or an influential merchant or money lender is likely to find himself on the wrong end of a dagger or, more likely, feeding the fishes at the bottom of the local harbour. As a consequence, an entire professional class of assassins, poisoners and hired thugs has grown up – all too willing to exact vengeance on behalf of their clients. In a land where money buys power and military might, it is hardly surprising that it also buys justice or, to give it its proper title, revenge!

These hired killers have a formidable reputation and no-one, not even the most powerful Tilean merchants, would want to get on the wrong side of them. A warning is usually enough to banish any thought of betrayal or double-dealing. A bloodied dagger found embedded in a door, or in some innocent servant, is just one recognised sign of disapproval. Finding an unwelcome note beside your pillow in the morning can also be a sobering experience.

Whilst native Tileans are well versed in these rituals of intrigue, this is not always true when it comes to other races. When Golgfrag the Ogre was in the employ of Lorenzo Lupo, he managed to offend most of the locals one way or another. When he awoke to find a horse's severed head upon his pillow he merely remarked that it was the best horse's head he had ever eaten. Several subsequent attempts on his life resulted in a dramatic reduction in the number of professional killers in Luccini. At one point there were so few murderers, assassins and poisoners remaining in his city that Lorenzo Lupo was concerned law and order would break down altogether!

skills of the architects (Leonardo among them) these towers do not fall down. Indeed, Miragliano has set a fashion in architecture which has been copied in other cities, especially Luccini where the Princes are renowned for their great sense of humour. Now every city either boasts its own leaning tower or aspires to have one. Only in Tilea could such a thing happen! Borgio once commented that executed men look so much better hanging from a leaning tower. He should know! He would often execute his opponents a dozen at a time. It is said that the weight made the towers lean over a couple more degrees during his rule!

THE TURBULENT PRINCIPALITY OF TRANTIO

Trantio is rather an upstart city. Many centuries ago it was not very powerful at all. Situated inland in a hilly area, it was a bit of a backwater and did not prosper greatly from trade. It was one of the first cities to overthrow its Prince and become a republic. This republic lasted a long time, but eventually became decadent. However, all attempts to capture the city by mercenary armies from Remas and Miragliano were thwarted by the republic suddenly changing sides at the right moment. Trantio became notorious for playing off rivals against each other in order to keep its independence.

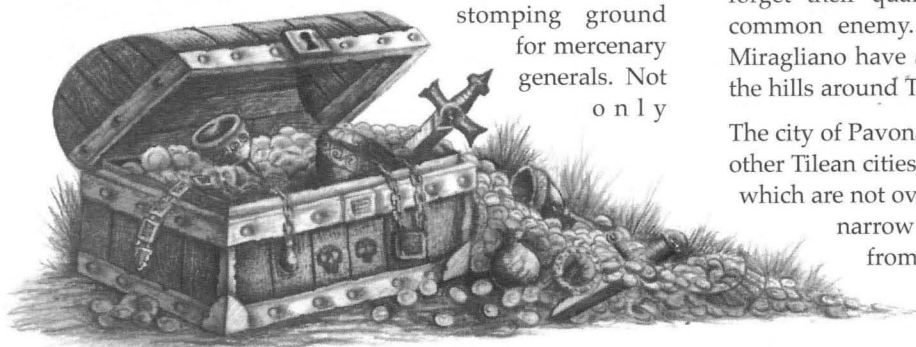
This all changed when Marco Colombo returned from Lustria with enormous wealth. Taking over the mercenary army of his patron, Orlando, exiled Prince of Trantio, he succeeded in capturing the city and becoming its Prince.

Marco was an exemplary Prince and was clever enough to keep his gains and establish his family securely as Merchant Princes in Trantio. The city soon began to prosper from trade and exploited its position to trade westwards across the sea and eastwards over the mountains. Thus Trantio has become one of the most cultured and beautiful of all Tilean cities. Dwarf workmanship and skill travels westwards along old trade routes through Trantio into Tilea and the west. This shows its influence in the quality and ambition of the buildings, raised using many Dwarf techniques of construction. The fortifications, gatehouses and towers are particularly massive. Vast quantities of marble were brought down from quarries in the Apuccini mountains as well as the exotic pink-veined Trantine for which the city is famous. This stone was used for Grotto's huge sculpture 'The Five Graces' which adorns the piazza in Verezzo.

THE PERFIDIOUS PRINCIPALITY OF PAVONA

The small city of Pavona quickly rose to become a serious rival to Trantio for the eastern trade into the Dwarf realms, Border Princes and beyond. So intense was this rivalry that the territory between the two cities

became a famous
stomping ground
for mercenary
generals. Not
only



Dear Heidric,

Sorry for lateness of letter – have been very busy indeed as there is ready work and all at a good price too. Empire soldiery is much in demand here – the native Tileans have little stomach for a real fight and as for the poxy greenskins that seem to infest the place... well they're even worse. Me and the lads are living it up like counts I can tell you! Anyway – to the meat of my news. El Cadavo, my good friend as you'll remember, is getting together a big expedition to the Southlands, whilst that rogue Emelio Cornelius is organising a rival expedition under the patronage of the notorious usurer Belisimo Topolino. Between the two of them they've hired every galley that'll float and every man that can hold a sword. Prices have gone through the roof! I've signed my lads up with El Cadavo for a crown a day, but between you and me Cornelius has already promised twice that plus a share of the plunder. I'm ready to break camp and go with the best deal on the day! I'd suggest you get the boys together and come on down – the price is right!

Your loving cousin,

Fleugweiner

P.S. – lodging at the Sell-Sword Inn in Miragliano until the 21st.

were there many wars, but also many attempts at reconciliation. This led to the princely families becoming entwined through a succession of marriage alliances. The pacts were often short lived, with the marriages ending in poisoning or some other form of assassination.

Trantio and Pavona are usually at each other's throats, their intense rivalry often seeming to others to be a fatal weakness. However, as soon as a hostile army from any other city appears on the scene, the two cities promptly forget their quarrel and join forces to beat up the common enemy. In this way Luccini, Verezzo and Miragliano have all experienced humiliating defeats in the hills around Trantio or Pavona.

The city of Pavona itself remains small in comparison to other Tilean cities. The city is noted for its many bridges which are not over rivers, or canals, but high above the narrow streets, enabling the nobility to go from one house or palazzo to another, without having to descend into the bustle of the streets below.

THE REBELLIOUS REPUBLIC OF REMAS

Remas is a great and old city located on the coast. The huge circular harbour of Remas was built, it is said, by the High Elves for their trading ships. Now, even though it is ruined and colossal chunks of masonry lie half submerged in the sea, it still shelters the large and powerful fleet of Remas. The narrow entrance to the harbour is spanned by a mighty bridge resting on great stone piers. This bridge not only carries the road linking the two sides of the city, but bears the weight of many fine houses and palaces of the Merchant Princes on both sides of the street. These rise up in three, four and five storeys with overhanging balconies. There are towers too at either end and in the middle of the bridge and, being Tilea, some of these are leaning at gravity-defying angles, supported by numerous colossal buttresses!

The rest of Remas is laid out on a grand scale within a long circuit of defences. The city is very populous and is famous for its strong mercenary army, most of which fight as pikemen. These are supplied by the retinues of the many merchant houses. The city state of Remas has been a relatively stable republic for several centuries thanks to these troops, who have resisted tyrants and would-be conquerors on innumerable occasions.

Remas became a republic during the long period of famines which beset the whole of Tilea. These famines were caused by plagues of rats and mice which ate the corn in the fields and the grain in the storehouses. The situation became so bad that grain had to be imported from wherever there was a surplus, but thanks to Tilean mercantile expertise, and Tilean seafarers, deals were done and grain was shipped in from such places as Bretonnia and the Empire.

Some Merchant Princes were tempted to hoard up the grain to sell at a high price. Needless to say there were popular revolts and these Princes were overthrown, which is what happened in Remas and Verezzo.

The worst event to befall Remas was the Dark Elf raid in 1487. The fleet of galleys that would usually defend the approaches to the harbour were all at sea, and the Dark Elves took advantage of an unseasonal mist to reach the harbour entrance. However, their ships were stopped at the terrible 'Battle of the Bridge' in which a large part of the bridge was sacked and burnt by the Dark Elves, who also took away many people as slaves. Remas' mercenary garrison was able to hold either end of the bridge until the enemy, satiated with destruction, decided to leave. This attack angered all of Tilea and the bridge was eventually restored to its former glory. The citizens cherish a deep dislike of the Naggarothi to this day and are very happy to provide mercenaries, artillery and war galleys at a discount price to anyone who happens to be at war with them.

Because of its central position, Remas is often in a state of hostilities with its great trading rivals Miragliano, Verezzo and Luccini. There have been many sea battles between the fleets of Remas and Luccini and also against the pirates of Sartosa. Tobaró, on the other hand, is often the ally of Remas and mercenaries from Remas have helped the Princes of Tobaró hold on to their city in several sieges and against numerous plots.

It is worth examining how the Republic of Remas is governed, since it is one of the least corrupt and longest lived republics. Each of the powerful merchant families is represented on the council of fifty. This assembly debates every issue and makes decisions and laws. Three members of the council are chosen randomly each year to preside over it as a triumvirate. The policy of the republic for that year becomes whatever the special interests of the triumvirs, or their families, may be. So if one of the triumvirs happens to be most concerned with merchant ventures, the republic will probably finance a trading venture in that year. If one of the triumvirs is a patron of the arts, the republic can expect to gain a new public edifice decorated by the finest artists in Tilea. If one or more of the triumvirs happens to be a noteworthy mercenary general then the neighbouring states will become rather alarmed and start renovating their defences!

Unfortunately, one weakness of the system of government in Remas is that the triumvirs sometimes fall out with each other. This results in occasional civil wars in which two triumvirs set upon the other with their mercenary forces. Sudden changing of sides and re-alignment between the contending triumvirs is not



unknown, even leading to confusion in the ranks in the middle of a battle! Usually the cause of the trouble is when one of the triumvirs tries to make himself sole Prince, and his colleagues resist his attempted coup in the interests of the republic. Often such an attempt to take over the state can be pre-empted by assassination or a brisk series of street battles leading to the proscription and exile of the would-be tyrant's supporters.

THE SERENE REPUBLIC OF VEREZZO

Verezzo is also a republic, but of a completely different kind to Remas. Verezzo lies inland, dominating the fertile plain with its walls and many bastions. The city is very compact and crowded with people. The streets are very narrow and winding and the houses are built very tall because of the lack of space. Some have risen so high that they have become towers which have been built into the defences. The reason for this is that the walls are so strong and occupy such a good vantage point on the only rising ground for miles around, that the citizens are reluctant to change them and build a wider and less formidable circuit.

Like Remas, Verezzo became a republic as a result of the great famines. The Prince hoarded up grain and tried to sell it to the citizens at an extortionate price. He was soon toppled from power with the help of mercenaries and a republic was proclaimed. The republic of Verezzo is much more democratic than that of Remas, probably because there are so many merchant families and anyone with aspirations to great power is likely to risk assassination from several quarters.

In Verezzo there is an elaborate voting system in which the merchant families are divided into factions distinguished by voting colours (the reds, greens, blues and yellows). The colours are associated with particular factions and policies, so after the voting in Verezzo it might be said in Remas or Luccini, "the reds are in in Verezzo, we are in for trouble!" or "don't lend Verezzo any gold while the yellows are in", and so on. The colours are also used to designate teams in various rowdy games played in the cramped piazzas of the city. Naturally, these games are flavoured with politics and intrigue!

**All for one
and every man for himself**

Normal mercenary tactics

THE ANCIENT PRINCIPALITY OF LUCCINI

The city of Luccini stands beside the Tilean Sea at the southern tip of Tilea, opposite the island of Sartosa. Luccini is almost continuously at war with the pirates of Sartosa and has a very strong fleet of galleys. Luccini is in fact one of the strongest military powers in Tilea and many mercenary generals of repute have learned their trade there.

The city is very old and clustered around a high rock called the acropolis. Like the acropolis in Tobaro, this was the centre of an ancient Elven colony. There is a legend that Luccini was founded by the twins Lucan and Luccina who were king and queen of a pastoral tribe who settled around the ruin-strewn acropolis. On its summit they built their palace.

The city was named after Luccina who is regarded as a sort of patron goddess. Lucan is also venerated as a deity and there is a fine temple to the divine twins on the acropolis. The Princes of Luccini usually claim descent from these two legendary figures which means that there are two rival factions: those claiming descent from Lucan and those claiming Luccina as their ancestor. Not surprisingly, the principality has changed hands between these dynasties more times than anyone can remember, and not without blood being spilt as abundantly as wine in the notorious revels for which the city is famous!

The Princes of Luccini are noted for their often bizarre sense of humour, a family trait said to go back to their ancestors. If anyone claims to be Prince who seems to be rather dour or miserable he is soon assassinated or banished into exile by a more jovial contender. Indeed, an aspiring Prince often strengthens his claim before the citizens by assassinating or overthrowing his opponents in a particularly humorous manner! So it is said that... "the Prince of Luccini is most dangerous when he is laughing!"

THE MIGHTY FORTRESS OF MONTE CASTELLO

The fortress of Monte Castello is built upon the colossal ruins of one of the easternmost of the ancient Elf citadels. This one was captured and occupied by the Dwarfs who rebuilt the foundations even more massively. Many centuries later the great mercenary general Ferrante 'the fierce' built a fortress on top of the ruins to guard the eastern approaches of Luccini from the sea.

Monte Castello remains the easternmost outpost of Tilea. Beyond stretch the barren lands of the Border Princes which run up the eastern side of the Apuccini mountains. This land is still being won from the Orcs & Goblins. The fortress was originally built to prevent incursions of Orc & Goblin tribes from the east and also

to guard against any enemies coming across the Black Gulf and gaining a foothold on the Tilean peninsula. The fortress stands on a natural knoll of rock overlooking the narrow straits which lead into the long bay known as the Gulf of Tears.

The fortress is immensely strong, its fortifications having been rebuilt and improved many times by some of the best mercenary leaders. The Castello has traditionally been garrisoned by troops from all over Tilea, paid for by all the Tilean cities, since all city states benefit from the security it gives to the entire region. Only the best mercenaries and the best mercenary generals are ever hired to hold it.

The Castello has been besieged many times and has never fallen. The most notable siege lasted over a year. The garrison, reduced to only five hundred Tileans, suddenly found itself surrounded by over one hundred thousand Orcs & Goblins led by a certain Unguth the Vile, who was determined to capture it as a prelude to invading Tilea itself. The garrison of the Castello, beating off countless assaults and enduring endless weeks of bitter siege warfare, dwindled by a few men every day, while the Orc horde was constantly reinforced by numerous fresh contingents eager to join the mighty Orc army.

Cut off by land, the Castello was supplied by sea until this route was maliciously cut by the warships of an unknown enemy desiring to see the fortress fall once and for all. To this day, no one knows for sure who attacked the supply galleys. Tileans often accuse the Corsairs of Araby or the pirates, but the most ominous rumour holds that the ships were overrun by an infestation of rats as part of the evil schemes of the Skaven.

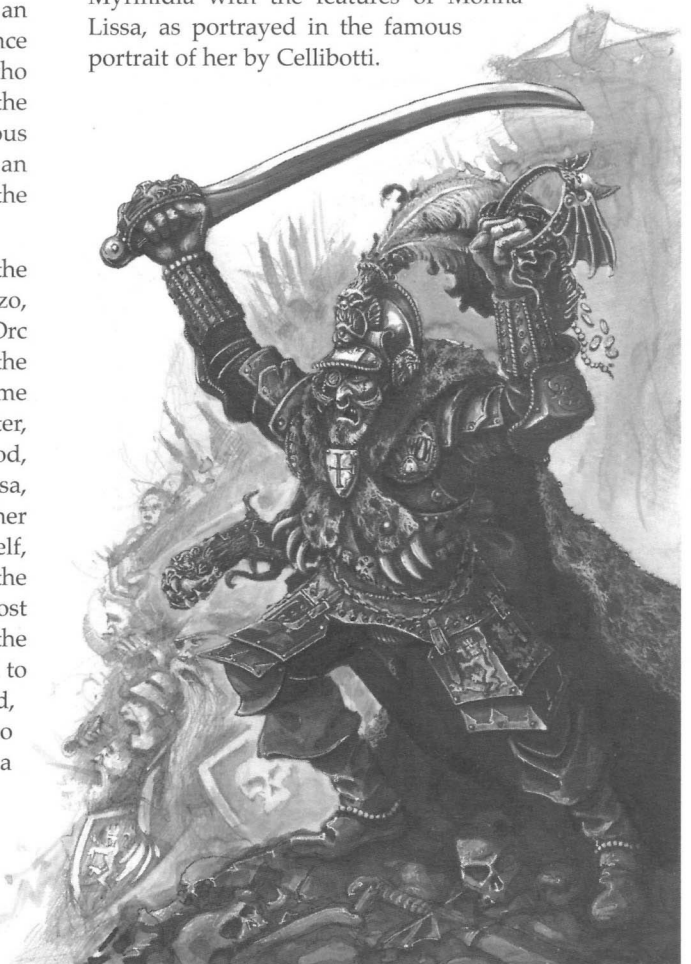
Starving and desperate, the garrison held out until the mercenary commander, the old and resolute Galeazzo, was mortally wounded whilst repelling another Orc assault. He was hurried from the ramparts into the commandantery. Residing in the Castello at this time was the general's formidable and spirited daughter, Monna Lissa. Despite her efforts to staunch the blood, Old Galeazzo succumbed to his wounds. Monna Lissa, fearing that the garrison would lose heart, donned her father's armour and pretending to be Galeazzo himself, led the garrison in repelling three more attacks in the following days. After the third attack, Monna Lissa lost her helmet and her long flowing tresses were seen by the troops. They demanded to know what had happened to their leader. When it was revealed that he was dead, the mercenaries were disheartened. They resolved to stake all on one last sally, abandoning the Castello in a desperate attempt to escape back to Tilea.

Monna Lissa implored them not to sally out to certain death and thereby let the Castello fall into enemy hands, but no persuasion, not even promises of enormous rewards in gold, could

make them change their minds. Then Monna Lissa pointed out that if the Orcs took the Castello they would certainly deface Tintoverdi's masterpiece 'The Five Seasons' which adorned the commandantery banqueting room. This was thought to be the finest fresco in all Tilea if not the world. She begged all those who were willing to stay and defend this treasure to the death to step forward, the rest could go if they wished.

One by one soldiers stepped forward, tears in their eyes, saying: "I will die before Orcs scrawl upon Tintoverdi!" and "No Orc shall ever gaze upon the image of Spring!" and similar such things. Eventually the entire company resolved to remain to the bitter end. The siege continued for a further three months and the Castello did not fall. Monna Lissa herself was mortally wounded by a Goblin arrow on the day the Castello was relieved by an enormous army marching from Luccini. The relieving force broke and scattered the Orc horde. They found only twenty-five pikemen still alive in the Castello. Around the walls the Orc & Goblin corpses lay so thick that the moat had been filled up and was firm enough to bear the weight of Orc siege towers!

Ever since the great siege of Monte Castello, Monna Lissa has become a symbol of good fortune and victory. So much so that it is a tradition for mercenary battle standards to depict the Tilean war goddess Myrmidia with the features of Monna Lissa, as portrayed in the famous portrait of her by Cellibotti.



THE DECADENT PIRATE PRINCIPALITY OF SARTOSA

The island of Sartosa has a rocky coastline and a rugged interior. The Elves had a colony there which was later occupied by Tileans from the mainland. Unfortunately the city they built was destroyed by Dark Elves acting in concert with Settra's fleet. Almost the entire population perished or was carried off into slavery.

The city of Sartosa remained in a ruinous state for a long time. Eventually Norse raiders landed on the island and easily overcame the scattered inhabitants and the small garrison of troops from Luccini. From this base, the Norse ravaged the coasts of Tilea until they were defeated in a sea battle off Cappo Cinno. The remaining Norsemen were hired by Luccini as mercenaries and allowed to stay on the island to guard it. However, their descendants were overwhelmed by an invasion fleet of Corsairs of Araby led by Nafal Muq in 1240. The Corsairs held on to the island for roughly two hundred and fifty years, during which time they were a constant menace. There were several naval battles fought in the seas around Sartosa between the Corsairs and the galleys of Luccini, Remas and Tobarò.

Eventually, the island was wrested from the grip of the Corsairs by a mercenary army led by Luciano Catena. He was a Prince of Luccini and descendant, as his name suggests, of the divine twins Lucan and Luccina. The Emir, Abd al Wazaq, and his Corsairs were driven back into their stronghold in the city of Sartosa and forced to

surrender after a long and extremely bloody siege. Luciano allowed Al Wazaq to escape to Araby in return for leaving behind his considerable stash of treasure, mostly art looted from Tilea. Al Wazaq also had to surrender of his enormous harem which in his desperation he had trained to defend him as his personal bodyguard. These were promptly recruited by the Tileans as a mercenary regiment! The rest of the surviving Corsairs were allowed to stay and were hired by Luciano to serve in his fleet. This was one of the earliest occasions on which mercenaries from Araby were hired by a Tilean general.

Luciano and his heirs ruled Sartosa as a principality for a time. During this period the city was rebuilt and its defences made strong. It soon became a base for the mercenary fleet of the Princes of Luccini. However, this brief period of stability was not to last. There were now many mercenary contingents occupying strongholds on various parts of the island, and some in different fortress towers within the city itself. Rebellions against the Prince became more frequent and Sartosa became increasingly difficult to control. The Prince's rule over the island finally came to an end when the mercenary flotilla of galleys based on Sartosa mutinied. Then the island rapidly fell into anarchy as the mercenary bands set upon each other.

Most of the mercenaries on the island took to piracy, pillaging Tilean shipping and anything else sailing the Tilean Sea. This proved much more lucrative than hiring themselves out to fight, since the chances of survival were greater as were the potential riches. The various mercenary bands occupying the island stopped fighting each other with their usual intensity and began to cooperate in their piratical schemes. The raids on ships and shores around the Tilean sea brought in hordes of captives and hostages who were never ransomed. These augmented the swelling population of Sartosa until it became a notoriously rough and lively den of pirates.

Eventually it became the custom to elect a 'Pirate Prince' of Sartosa. This is a rather grandiose title for one who does not really rule, but just settles disputes over loot with rough justice. Many such Princes have come and gone in the centuries up to the present time. Most have come to a very sticky end one way or another! The longest lasting has been the present notorious 'Pirate Princess of Sartosa', no doubt because her reputation for being ten times more cruel than any of her predecessors is no exaggeration!

The city of Sartosa is a rambling mass of ruins and dwellings with Elf and Dwarf architecture mixed in with that of Tilea and Araby, all patched up in various ways by the inhabitants after the occasional cannonades from passing ships. Many of the pirate taverns are in caves hollowed out of the rock. There are rumoured to be vast stashes of treasure hidden in various places all over the island. However, it should be noted that maps bought in the streets of Sartosa are unlikely to be reliable!



TILEAN CHRONICLE

The history of the quarrelsome city states of Tilea is recorded in many separate chronicles, compiled over the centuries since the distant past. Such are the ancient feuds and rivalries between cities that the various chronicles frequently contradict each other, with both sides often claiming victory in the same battle! Sometimes, when a tyrannical Prince was overthrown and a republic declared in his place, or when a mercenary warlord seized power and made himself Prince of a city, the chronicles would be 'amended' in favour of the new regime. For these reasons, Tilean history is a complicated and confusing subject to say the least. All dates are given in the Sigmarite Calendar of the Empire as is usual amongst Old World historians.

Date Events

c -1780 Tilean legends give this date for the destruction of the ancient city of Tylos in the Blighted Marshes.

c -1500 The Elves abandon their colonies around the Tilean Sea and return to Ulthuan.

Archaic Age

c -700 Elf seafarers report Tilean shepherds grazing their flocks amid the tumbled colonnades of former Elf cities.

Classical Age

1 According to legend, Tilean twins Lucan and Luccina found Luccini among the ruins of an ancient Elf city. In the following centuries, Remas, Sartosa and Tobaro arise on the ruins of former Elf colonies.

451 The shores of the Tilean Sea are ravaged by the combined fleets of Settra and the Dark Elves. Sartosa is destroyed.

Tilean Dark Ages

475 Orc horde invades Tilea. Many cities are sacked.

491-978 Tileans gradually drive the Orcs back over the Apuccini Mountains.

1017 Norse raiders establish a stronghold on Sartosa.

Era of Araby Wars

1240 Sartosa invaded by Corsairs of Araby.

1366 Tilean mercenaries fight on both sides in the civil wars that ravage the Empire.

1425 Tournament of Ravola. Flower of Bretonnian chivalry beaten by Tilean knights, ending Bretonnian pretensions to domains in Tilea.

1448 Tilean mercenaries take part in wars to free Estalia from Sultan Jaffar. Tobaro holds out against the Sultan's army.

1487 Dark Elf raid on Remas.

Age of Exploration

1492 Marco Colombo 'discovers' Lustria.

1501 Sartosa recaptured from Corsairs of Araby by mercenary army of Luciano Catena.

Date Events

1563-5 Tobaro is overrun by Skaven breaking in through the catacombs. Later recaptured by the mercenary army of Meldo Marcelli.

1699 Ricco and Robbio trek east along the silk road and are received at the court of Emperor Wu of Cathay.

1757 Sartosa becomes lair of pirates.

1812 The Red Pox ravages Tilea.

1877 A pig is elected Prince of Tobaro and retains the throne for 12 years.

1948 Year of the Four Tyrannies of Tilea.

Era of Enlightenment

2000 A new age of art, culture and prosperity flourishes throughout Tilea.

2012 The inventive genius Leonardo da Miragliano enters the Emperor's service.

2236 Grottio paints two thousand naked nymphs on the ceiling of the palazzo Verezzo instead of a battle scene and is exiled to the island of Nonucci as punishment.

2321-99 Tilea is gripped by recurrent famines caused by plagues of mice eating the grain. Revolts result in the proclamation of republics in Remas and Verezzo.

2401 At the siege of Monte Castello 500 mercenaries hold out against 10,000 Orcs.

2485 Borgio makes himself Prince of Miragliano.

2489 Battle of Villa Vennia, Miragliano defeats Remas.

2495 Battle of Via Veddia, Miragliano defeats Verezzo.

2497 Battle of Vittoria Viccia, Miragliano defeats Trantio.

2503 Borgio of Miragliano known as 'The Besieger' murdered in his bath with a toasting fork.

2505 Lorenzo Lupo becomes Prince of Luccini.

2513 Lucretia Belladonna poisons her seventh husband, the Prince of Pavona.

MAP OF TILEA



Tilea is the home of the mercenary, where Dogs of War go to find employment and where would-be Lords and rulers go to find them. It is split into many squabbling republics and principalities which ensures that there is always work for a warrior willing to fight for gold. No mercenary worth his sword will ever get bored in Tilea!

Every year, expeditions large and small set off for the fabled lands of Lustria and Cathay, seeking new trade routes or simply off to plunder. This makes Tilea a magnet for every scoundrel with a lust for gold and an eye for adventure. It is the heroes' starting point in countless tales of daring exploits, brave rescues, and impossible deeds – and some stories are true!

THE AGE OF EXPLORATION

OLD TRADE ROUTES

Even from the earliest times the Tileans were sailing to and fro across the Tilean Sea in primitive skin boats. After contact with the Elves they developed swift, oared galleys, and soon became proficient sailors. Prior to the Araby Crusades, the Tilean Sea was plagued by Corsairs and pirates, but afterwards the Tileans gained the upper hand and swept these troublemakers from their waters. From this time Tilean seafarers were able to venture further afield.

Following the defeat of Sultan Jaffar by Old World crusaders, Tilean merchants gained access to the ports of Araby which in turn opened gateways to the west and south. Later still, Tilean ships were seen in all the ports of the Old World, carrying exotic merchandise from Araby and the lands beyond.

Encounters with Elves

The High Elves had never completely abandoned the oceans around the Old World even though they had deserted their ancient colonies. When the Tilean tribes developed into states with their own cities, the Elves were ready to resume contact. At the same time Tilean trade with the Dwarfs to the east was flourishing. Most of this trade was conducted overland.

The main concern of the Tilean merchants has always been expanding their business, or, to put it bluntly, making money. Most of the successful merchants not only attempted to secure the old trade routes, but were interested in opening up new ones. The oldest trade routes where the sea route to Ulthuan, the land route across the mountains to the Dwarf Kingdom, the extension of this route across the mountains and into the Empire, and the route across the Tilean sea to Tobaro.

It was Elf seafarers who re-opened the ancient trade route to their former colonies in the Old World many centuries after they had abandoned them. Here they encountered the Tileans established among the ruins, re-using the tumbled Elven masonry to build their own cities. The Elves found the Tileans to be easy people to trade with, eager to exchange all kinds of things for exotic luxuries from Ulthuan. As for the Elves, they were interested in acquiring ancient artefacts and sculptures which the Tileans were finding among the old Elf ruins. It was no doubt these early contacts which stimulated the Tilean taste for both art and profit.

The Old Dwarf Road

There were also Dwarf traders coming into Tilea along the mountain roads from the east. They were eager to find out what was left after the Elves had finally gone. Dwarf adventurers had doubtless plundered the Elf ruins even before the Tileans resettled them. Eventually the Dwarfs came again and found the cities inhabited once more, this time

by men. There were plenty of things which the Tileans were willing to buy from the Dwarf traders in exchange for gems and exotic metals obtained from the Elves: iron, copper, gold, silver and expertise in metalworking and building. It seems likely that the wily Tileans persuaded the Dwarfs to show them how to build really strong walls for their cities. In fact, it is a joke in Tilea that when Tileans combine Elven architecture with Dwarf masonry you get a leaning tower!

The Dwarfs were eager to get hold of High Elf goods which the Elves themselves would certainly not give them, even for all the gold in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Similarly, the Elves wanted metals and gems but the Dwarfs would not trade with them on account of the great grudge they held. The Tileans traded happily with both and grew rich.

Northern Trade

Items traded from Elves and Dwarfs could be exchanged in Bretonnia and in the Empire for all kinds of things, ranging from gold to furs from the far north and also, of course, warhorses! Since Bretonnians were loath to sell any of their fine breed, and since it was banned by the king in any case, Tileans have always obtained most of their horses from the Empire.



Trade with the Empire expanded, whereas trade with Bretonnia was never as lucrative. This was partly because the hidden realm of Athel Loren lay in the way, and traders did not like to venture into the forest. To go around the edge, through the Irrana Mountains, was equally dangerous. Furthermore, there was a festering state of hostility between Miragliano and the Bretonnian dukes and barons on the other side of the mountains. Sea trade was better, but ran the risk of encountering Corsairs from Araby, Norsemen, Dark Elves and pirates.

The Route to the North

Although the Vaults are higher mountains than the Irranas and are much more perilous, especially in winter, there is a little used Dwarf road which skirts the highest peaks and cuts through the aptly named 'Winter's Teeth Pass'. This joins Tilea to the Dwarf Kingdom, and leads the way to the Empire, either via the Dwarf tunnels beneath the mountains or via Blackfire Pass.

Mercenaries travel this road from the north to reach Tilea where they can be sure of finding ready employment. Merchant convoys use the same route, often travelling through the Dwarf Kingdom to save time. Dwarfs are not always keen to allow free passage to human tradesmen and charge a high toll. However, the alternative is to risk the Dwarf road as it skirts the Border Princes, and crosses into the Empire via Blackfire Pass.

It was this well developed trade between the Empire and the cities of Tilea that made it easy for Elector Counts to hire mercenaries to fight in the civil wars that periodically ravaged the Empire before the time of Magnus the Pious. Indeed, during the time of the Three Emperors there were numerous Tileans serving as mercenaries on opposing sides!

Whoever became Emperor usually considered it prudent not only to continue to use Tilean mercenaries, but to hire all those of his defeated rivals as well, to deprive opponents of the services of such useful troops. Thus it has become a tradition for Emperors to hire Tileans. Crossbowmen are the most favoured, since the Empire originally only had archers recruited from among the foresters or even from Kislev. Even when hand guns became available, a crossbow in the hands of a skilled Tilean marksman still had the edge in terms of range and accuracy.

Leave Luccini by the Great East Road, bearing left at the foothills of the Apuccini mountains. Carry straight on through the Border Princes until you come to the top of the Black Gulf. Pass Barak Varr at night to avoid paying the tolls. Turn sharp left through Death Pass then sharp right by the volcano.

Bear left between the Plain of Bones and the Broken Teeth and then follow the coast of the Sea of Dread for 300 miles. Through the delta and the Dragon Isles are directly in front of you.

Can't miss 'em.

NORSCA AND THE FAR NORTH

Longships full of hairy northern barbarians began appearing in the Tilean sea as long ago as the 800s. The coasts of Tilea were subsequently ravaged on numerous occasions as were the shores of Araby and Estalia. On several occasions raiding warbands were surrounded and cut off from their ships by the Tileans. Recognising that the Norse were good warriors, the Tileans would offer the Norse employment as mercenaries.

Soon a flourishing trade developed, with furs, amber and many other things coming out of the far north in return for Tilean gold, wine and items of Elf and Dwarf work obtained by the Tileans. It was the Dwarf rune weapons which particularly delighted Norse chieftains, such that a single sword might be enough on its own to hire a Norse chief and his warband.

Through contact with the Norse, which increased greatly following the establishment of a Norse stronghold on Sartosa, Tilean merchants heard about the Norse voyages of exploration, such as the renowned expeditions made by Erik the Lost and his son, Losteriksson, to Lustria and other distant lands. Norse maps, written in runes on seal skin and walrus hide, were eagerly bought by Tilean merchants for gold. In this way the Tileans gathered a greater knowledge of the true geography of the known world than any other people except the Elves of Ulthuan.

The Elves would never divulge these secrets to other races, wanting only to keep it all for themselves. Neither would the canny Dwarfs reveal much of what they knew, for fear that others would plunder treasures before they could do so themselves! The Norse, however, were not only willing to tell of their heroic voyages of exploration, but were downright boastful, elaborating the tales with a mixture of vital detail and dubious hearsay which increased in proportion to the ale poured into their tankards in the taverns of Tilea!

ARABY AND THE SOUTHLANDS

The vast desert land of Araby lies across the sea from Tilea and Estalia. There are several inhabited cities, some on the coast and some far inland, and many uninhabited ruins dating back to the legendary Wars of Death. This was when the hordes of Undead came out of the east and devastated the ancient civilisations of Araby. It took many centuries for civilisation to flourish again. During that time the culture of Araby had been kept alive by the nomadic tribes who wandered in the most remote and inhospitable deserts, impossible to destroy and too tough to die. Over generations these tribes gradually resettled many old cities and established new dynasties to rule them.

By 1240, the cities on the coast of Araby were flourishing and prosperous. Corsairs of Araby, sailing in their war dhows, were plundering the coasts of Tilea and Estalia. To counter this threat the Tileans hired more Norse warriors in their longships. This provoked the Corsairs to gather a huge fleet and attack the Norse stronghold

on Sartosa, which was captured with great slaughter. The Norse fought to the death, but the Corsairs, being numerous and cunning, prevailed. From that moment onwards the raids of the Corsairs on the coasts of Tilea became much worse. The Tileans found them to be much more difficult to catch than the Norse, and much less willing to desist from raiding in order to serve as mercenaries. This was because the Corsair leaders were bound by tribal oaths to their Emirs and Sheikhs and could not be tempted to change allegiance for mere gold.

Things became even worse with the rise of the Sultanate of Araby. In 1435 or thereabouts, an obscure Arabian sorcerer known as Jaffar united the nomadic tribes using his charismatic power and ability to summon desert genies. He then swept out of the desert and made himself Sultan of all Araby.

Whether inspired by visions, delusions, genies, ambition, greed or the evil counsels of the Skaven, the Sultan decided to invade Estalia. Leading his enormous horde he landed in Estalia and captured Magritta. Soon after, Tobaro was besieged by his forces. This caused the Araby crusades as thousands of knights from Bretonnia and the Empire answered the belated appeal for help from the proud and beleaguered Estalians. Mercenaries from Tilea joined the crusade in large numbers, relieving Tobaro and helping to recapture Magritta.

After the Sultan was driven back into Araby and finally defeated at Al Haikk, the Tileans turned their attention to clearing the Tilean Sea of Corsairs. In 1501, Sartosa was finally recaptured from the Corsairs by a mercenary army led by Luciano Catena. By this time several Araby contingents were serving Tilean Merchant Princes as mercenaries. The fall of the Sultan had freed them from any bonds of loyalty to him and he was now condemned for his wicked dealings with evil genies.

The march of the crusading forces into Araby and the temporary respite gained from the menace of the Corsairs opened up Araby to the merchants of the Old World. The Tilean merchants were quick to strike up lucrative deals with emirs of the coastal cities and sheikhs of the interior. With most of the wealth of Araby having been plundered by the crusading knights and most of their war dhows burnt or sunk, the merchants of Araby were more than willing to trade.

It was not long before adventurous Tilean merchants were inspecting the wares in the souks and kasbahs of

Araby. Here they traded with desert nomads and heard tales of the mysterious jungles of the Southlands. From local seafarers they heard about the High Elf stronghold in the far south and of how the High Elves tried to prevent anyone sailing into the west or east. Of course, maps were purchased at every opportunity, together with strange astronomical and navigational devices made by the sorcerers of Araby. Tilean merchants quickly mastered the knack of haggling and so most of these artefacts were picked up very cheap!

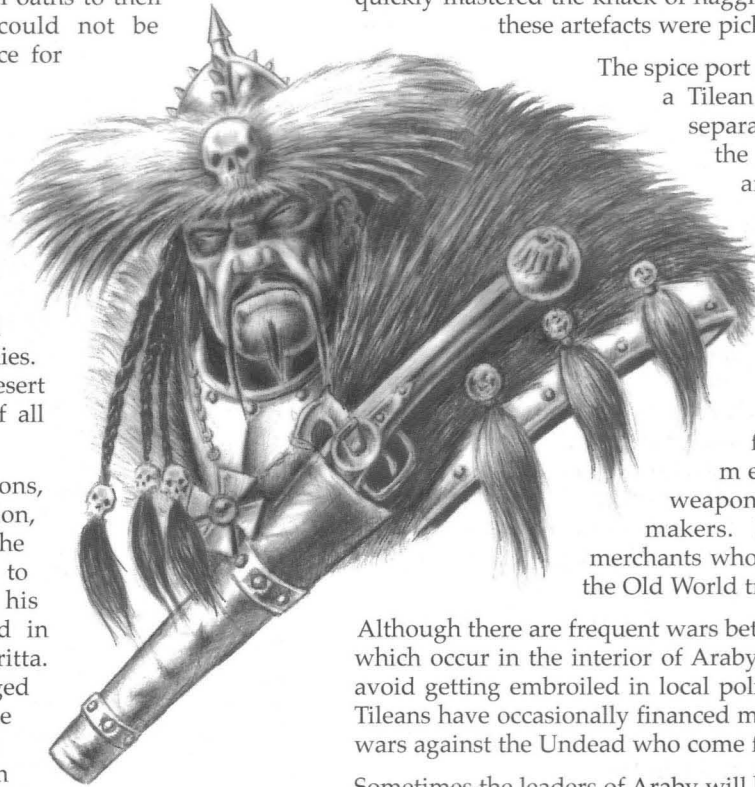
The spice port of Copher now has a Tilean quarter, which is separated by a wall from the upper city. There are small enclaves of traders from other realms too, such as 'The Street of a Hundred Dwarfs' which is noted for its bazaars of metalworkers, weapon smiths and wig makers. It is the Tilean merchants who deal with most of the Old World trade to Araby.

Although there are frequent wars between rival sheikhs which occur in the interior of Araby, the Tileans try to avoid getting embroiled in local politics. However, the Tileans have occasionally financed mercenary armies in wars against the Undead who come from the east.

Sometimes the leaders of Araby will hire mercenaries to investigate the various necropolises or ruined cities. They ransack the tombs to prevent the dead being raised and burn any evil scrolls that may be found. Any gold or treasure which is discovered is shared between the mercenaries as booty. It is not only gold which lures these tomb robbing expeditions. Tilean merchants in places such as Remas and Verezso have been known to pay a high price for exotic stone sphinxes and other statues made by the ancient inhabitants of Khemri, which they use to adorn their villas and plazas. Sometimes the ancient dead are stirred by these depredations and arise to wreak vengeance on the tomb robbers. On one occasion, hundreds of skeleton soldiers suddenly broke out of pottery urns to protect the mummy of their ancient lord. The nomads fled in terror, abandoning the rest of the mercenary army to fight its way out of the necropolis to the sea. Even Tileans cannot negotiate with the Tomb Kings!

'Grab da money and run!'

attributed to Mydas the Mean



TILEAN SHIPS

Tilean merchants would not have got very far had there not been seaworthy ships in Tilea. For a long time the Tileans used galleys propelled by sails and oars, which were ideal for the calm Tilean Sea. The Tilean cities, especially Remas, had large fleets of war galleys which endeavoured to fight off the marauding Corsairs of Araby and Norse raiders. The experience of continuous naval warfare combined with the inventive genius of the Tileans meant that their war galleys became bigger and better over the centuries. The Tileans eventually possessed galleys capable of venturing beyond the Tilean Sea and into northern waters.

Around the time when Tilean mercenaries were being hired in great numbers to fight in the civil wars within the Empire, Marienburg hired a flotilla of war galleys from Remas. Soon afterwards this city was building its own, even heavier war galleys for use in the Sea of Claws. Centuries later when the Tileans began to mount cannon on their galleys, they opted for much lighter guns than those preferred in the Empire, but then the Tilean crews include many expert crossbowmen and so do not have to rely on firepower to the same extent.

Tilean merchant ships, unlike the war galleys, are purely sailing ships and better for riding stormy seas. Such ships are similar to those used by Bretonnia and the Empire, except that they are lighter and more like the ships of the Corsairs in the way that the masts and sails are arranged. This means that they are quite fast and not dependant on a tailing wind, making them very good



for long voyages in uncharted oceans. This enables the Tileans to venture far from their home ports in pursuit of trade.

'Issa very important to understand the minds of these mercenary fellows. Some, they are only interested inna gold. Gold, gold, gold, it's all they care about. Others, well they have their heads inna clouds, anna it's all exploring and discovering. They say, "I wassa first person to discover this famous temple," an', "I wassa first person to sail on such-and-such a sea," anna they is forever boasting and telling enormous whoppers when we all know they's never been further than Blood River. Then again, some, well some is just here for da fighting or da beer or da laydies... anna you 'ave to watch them fellows pretty closely!'

I'll tell you a story to show you what I mean. Once there wassa this Paymaster fellow who says to da general, "Look, we 'as forgotten to pay this Golgfag who issa captain of them big fine Ogres what done so well inna big bash last week." Anna before the general can say a word this Paymaster he takes uppa bag a gold an he rides off to where these Ogres are layin' around breakin' and throwin' things lika they do. He was in sucha rush to give this Golgfag

bissa gold that he didn't stop to listen to da general. Now da general, of course, he coulda told him that this Ogre fellow he doesn't want gold. What use issa gold to da Ogre? You canna notta eat it, now can you? These Ogres they wants paying inna meat... anna real fresh meat too if you takes my meaning.

So, whadya think happens to this Paymaster? I'll tellya whadda happens. He is never seen again! Just this li'll pila bones outside of Golgfag's tent is all that's left of him, anna this funny li'll bat with da feather in it that even da Ogres wouldn't touch. Anna next time Golgfag sees da general he says, "Hey general, me anna da lads didn't think much of da supper lassa night... alla skin and bones it was lika some Elf... and if things don't improve we shall have to be moving on an' no messin'." An dat was dat... anna next Paymaster... well dat was me an, as you know, well I'm mucha too smarta fellow to end up inna Ogre's belly.'

Giovanni Marmalodi
A Treatise upon the Art of Generalship

EXPLORATIONS AND TRADE ROUTES OF THE TILEANS



I stood before the gigantic golden statue at last! Here it was, I thought to myself, the legendary Golden Serpent, the greatest treasure in all of Lustria.

It stood as tall as a house and its trunk was as thick as a carthorse. And I alone was left alive to see it. Behind me lay darkened passages and dusty rooms where my companions had suffered one horrible death after another. How ironic, I thought, that now I had reached the treasure I no longer possessed the means to either break it up or to carry it away.

Yet I could at least take back a memento of my adventure – and no mean one at that – for the serpent's faceted eyes appeared to be fashioned from gigantic rubies. These gems alone would be worth a small fortune, of that I was certain. Drawing my good steel knife I climbed upon the statue and quickly shimmied up to the head. As I prepared to prize the gems from their sockets I felt something shift strangely beneath me. Then I noticed a flicker of the snake's tongue and heard the sharp intake of reptilian breath. It was then that I realised my terrible mistake.

Memoirs of a Lustrian Adventurer
A personal account by Fleugweiner Sonderblitz
(Vol 4 In Search of Sotek)

THE LUSTRIAN VENTURE

Following the Dark Elf raid on Remas in 1487 there was much speculation as to where these raiders were from. The High Elves denounced the Dark Elves, but were not forthcoming with any answers. However, the merchants of Remas were eager for revenge and ready to finance expeditions of exploration into the west.

Maps brought out of Araby after the crusades revealed little of what lay beyond the western ocean, only of the seas and coasts of the Southlands. Then in 1491 Marco Colombo, a merchant of Remas, acquired a map from a Norse seafarer. This had the coast of Lustria marked on it, revealing that there was a western continent beyond Ulthuan. It also had the approximate location of the Norse settlements established centuries before by Losteriksson. There were other interesting details on the map, such as tally marks indicating how many days sailing the voyage would last and runes to mark the prevailing winds and various hazards that had been encountered.

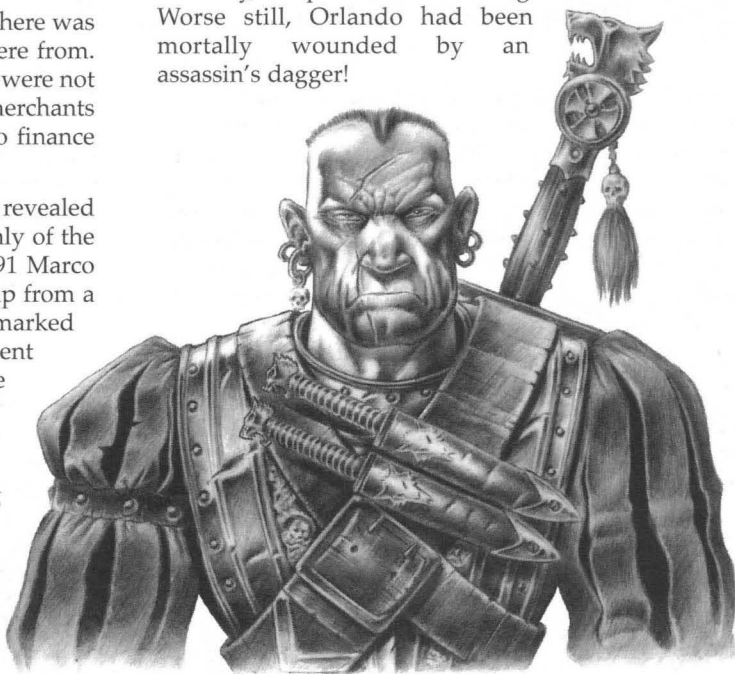
Marco eventually persuaded Orlando, an exiled Prince of Trantio in the service of

Remas, to spare him three of the most up-to-date ships and a mercenary crew. Unfortunately the crew happened to be some troublesome mercenaries which Orlando wished to be rid of! In 1492 Marco set out on the long voyage to Lustria, heading for the Norse township of Skeggi. Marco's ships, the Nino, Bimbo and Pintolaga, miraculously avoided encountering any High Elf ships, which would certainly have tried to stop the expedition to preserve their own monopoly of trade.

The expedition eventually made a safe landing on the coast of Lustria, but far to the south of Skeggi in the vicinity of the Lizardman city of Tlax. Marco already knew of the Lizardmen from questioning Norsemen and sailors from Araby and had brought with him Skaven captives as a present for their serpent god, who apparently had an insatiable appetite for such sacrificial victims. This made certain of a welcome from the local priest-king who even agreed to hire Marco's mercenaries to guard his realm against sea raiders!

After serving as a mercenary for a while and being richly rewarded, Marco had the privilege of seeing the Lizardmen destroy the same Dark Elf raiders who had attacked Remas a few years before. Shortly afterwards, Marco's men became restless and mutinied, sailing off with all the treasure. However, lacking Marco's diplomatic tact, they were soon caught and captured by Lizardmen further up the coast and the treasure was returned to Marco, who enjoyed the trust of the local mage-priests.

By now Marco thought that it was time to return to Tilea before everyone thought he had disappeared for good! Putting to sea with only one ship, he once more slipped past the High Elves and reached Tilea. In the meantime, Orlando, Marco's patron, was no longer in the service of Remas, but had been recently hired by the Republic of Trantio. Unfortunately the republic had not honoured their agreement to him due to old vendettas against his family, and his mercenary army was encamped outside the city, unpaid and starving. Worse still, Orlando had been mortally wounded by an assassin's dagger!



Blackheart laughed grimly and inhaled the scent of gunsmoke as it wafted across the battlefield. "Ahhh..." he mused, "I love that smell. It smells like... like..."

"Like chicken?" chirped Lumpin Croop, Captain of Croop's Fighting Cocks, a notorious Halfling band of desperadoes and cut-throats.

"...I was thinking **LIKE VICTORY** you foolish imp," roared the commander imperiously.

It was very much like victory, too. The Dogs of War had fought well against their scaly skinned foes. The battlefield lay thick with greenish and bluish corpses, and here and there the static bulk of gigantic monsters could be seen like rocks rising from a sea of death.

Blackheart had surely won a great victory, and not the first great victory of a long and glorious career. Perhaps not the greatest victory either, for what battle could rival the assault upon Nan Chu where a hundred thousand perished upon the field and ten times as many during the ensuing Terror of Wang. But in those days Blackheart was a younger man, just one of many mercenary captains whose armies counted Orcs and Hobgoblins, men, Elves and Dwarfs amongst their ranks.

Now Blackheart's hair was grey and his body a criss-cross of livid scars – badges of bloody battle, cruel captivity and occasional inattentiveness. He wore an eye-patch where an Orc blade had gouged out his eye, and he thought it rather fetching. Now he was 'the general', the man whose word drove armies over the

salty seas and to the ends of the earth. Yet true power had always eluded him. Treasures so desperately won had been all too easily lost. He knew this could well be his last chance...

"Captains – rally your warriors," the barked orders fell from his lips with practised rapidity. "Fetch those Orcs back into the lines! Form up the Dwarf gunners. Croop – get those Halflings away from the chuck wagons. Those Ogres over there... I don't know what they're doing but tell them to stop it immediately... this is still an army for heaven's sake!"

Gradually the army formed up. Stragglers shuffled back into the ranks. Wounded warriors struggled from the battlefield nursing injuries of varying severity. The dying suffered in silence, fearful lest their cries should attract the unwelcome attention of the Ogres. Blackheart watched all with satisfaction. Before him lay the gates of a mighty city, a city shining with gold and silver, a city now unprotected and ripe for plundering. He cast his good eye over the weary regiments, their captains stood to the fore waiting for the order to advance. Blackheart noted them all, creatures of many races all driven to serve by an insatiable lust for adventure, glory and... most of all gold. He would give them gold!

"Forward," he cried gesturing towards the prize that lay before them. "By law of battle I give you three days unrestrained pillage!"

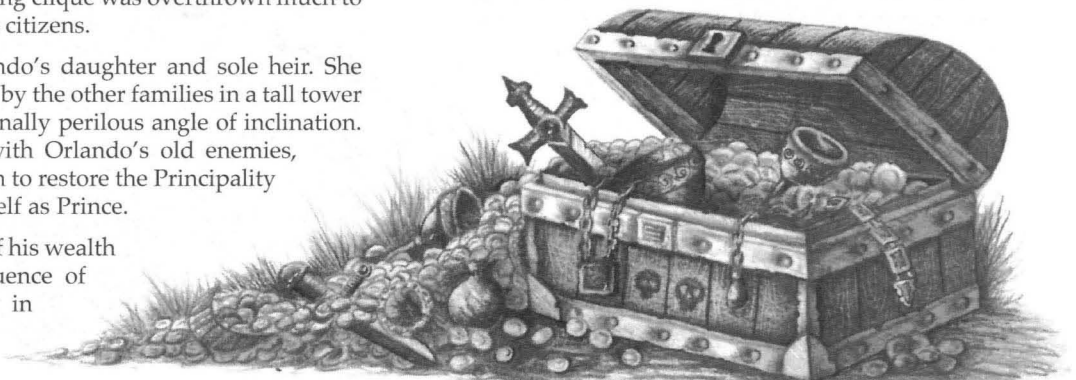
A mighty cheer rose from the army as it descended upon the prize.

He was delighted when Marco arrived laden down with treasure. The army was paid, fed and re-armed and more mercenaries were hired. Thanks to a Lustrian potion brought back by Marco, Orlando lived long enough to see his army rout the forces hired by his rivals to get rid of him. Marco then assumed command on the recommendation of Orlando and captured the city of Trantio itself. The ruling clique was overthrown much to the satisfaction of the citizens.

Marco married Orlando's daughter and sole heir. She had been imprisoned by the other families in a tall tower noted for its exceptionally perilous angle of inclination. After getting even with Orlando's old enemies, Marco was in position to restore the Principality of Trantio, with himself as Prince.

Marco used the rest of his wealth to establish the influence of the Colombo family in Remas and the Orlando family in

Trantio. Together they would monopolise the trade with Lustria. He financed an expedition of five ships which actually reached Skeggi on the third attempt. Thus was opened up a reliable, though intermittent trade route to Lustria from Tilea, with the help of hiring Norse seafarers, who were skilled at evading the ships of the Elves.



WANTED

For expedition to the mysterious east.

Willing freebooters of good reputation and proven ability. Tropical experience an advantage. Be prepared to set sail by the first week of the harvest tide, on a sea voyage of no less than six months duration.

Interested Captains to present themselves to General Blackheart at the Reaver's Return Inn, Dockside.

Blackheart

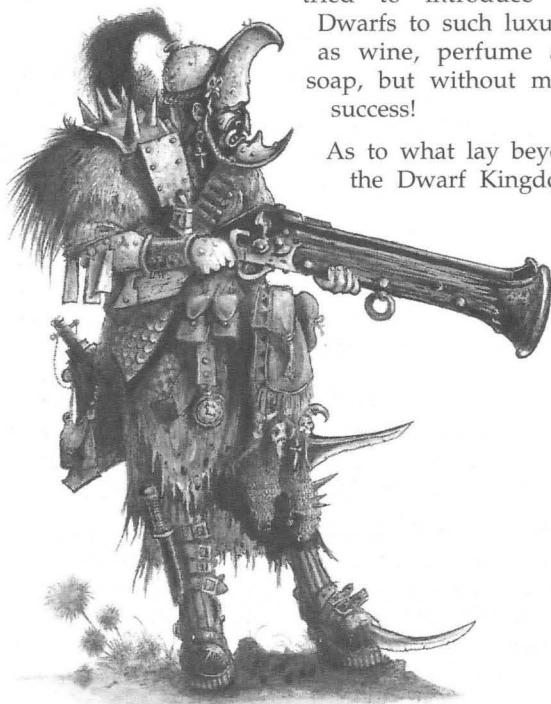
Note ye well – Hobgoblins need not apply.

THE SILK ROAD

The ancient Dwarf road leading from Tilea into the Worlds Edge Mountains and the old Dwarf strongholds had long been known to Tilean merchants. Usually it was Dwarf traders who used this road to reach the cities of Tilea and the coast, where they could exchange metals and gems for Elf gold, pearls, exotic timber and other luxuries brought in on ships from Ulthuan. Of course some enterprising Tilean merchants followed the road

back to the Dwarf Kingdom where they tried to introduce the Dwarfs to such luxuries as wine, perfume and soap, but without much success!

As to what lay beyond the Dwarf Kingdoms



to the east little was known. The Dwarfs just tugged their beards, shook their heads and advised the Tileans not to go there. Beyond the mountains, they said, there was just a barren wilderness inhabited by Goblins and bad Dwarfs. Those who went barely two day's journey into the east found this to be true.

Then one day, the brothers, Ricco and Robbio, Tilean merchants in Karaz-a-Karak, bought a tattered but exceptionally fine silk banner from some Dwarf adventurers who had been far to the east. They claimed to have captured it from a band of Hobgoblins. The banner bore the symbol of a Dragon, and the Dwarfs, not bothered about keeping what they believed to be an Elf banner, were eager to sell it for gold.

The significance of the banner was not lost on Ricco and Robbio. If it was an Elf banner captured by the Hobgoblins, it could be the answer to a question which had been vexing the minds of many Tilean merchants: was it possible to get to Ulthuan by going eastwards as an overland route instead of sailing westwards over the sea? If such a thing were possible, it could mean that Ulthuan was at the eastern end of the great Old World continent! It would also mean that the world was round and not flat as most people believed.

Elf seafarers had never revealed much about Ulthuan. The Norse seemed to think it was an island. Marco Colombo in his writings speculated as to whether it was an island or a peninsula of a great northern continent attached to Lustria. He believed, as did many others, that only this could explain where the Dark Elves came from and why they fought against the High Elves.

Ricco and Robbio suspected that if they journeyed far enough to the east they would either arrive in Ulthuan, or maybe even Lustria, or on the far coast of the Old World continent opposite Ulthuan. Unfortunately this coast might be held by Dark Elves whom it was generally agreed were undesirable trading partners. The fine workmanship of the silk banner and its Dragon motif suggested a High Elf origin. Perhaps it had been lost in battle with the Dark Elves and captured by Hobgoblin lackeys in their employ?

Ricco and Robbio scoured the Dwarf strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains seeking more artefacts of Elven workmanship which had come out of the east. They acquired a small hoard of objects including scrolls bearing what appeared to be Elven writing, weapons, and silks which Dwarf traders were pleased to sell for gold.

The two brothers returned to their home city of Verezzo and tried to raise funds for an expedition into the east. Their intention was to find an overland route to Ulthuan and possibly even Lustria. This would avoid the hazards of a long sea voyage and show the High Elves that they might rule the seas but not the land. Also it would enable Verezzo to get one up on her trading rivals in Remas, which was enjoying a monopoly on the western sea trade at this time.

The Prince of Verezzo was very enthusiastic and all the Merchant Princes of the city followed his example. Merchants from Luccini, Miragliano, and Pavona also

contributed to the enterprise. It was decided that the expedition was so dangerous that only a powerful armed force could be expected to fight its way across the continent. Therefore a great mercenary army was gathered, led by the best mercenary commanders of the day. Furthermore, there was a large civilian contingent of merchants, artisans, craftsmen and others, together with their wives and camp followers. The baggage train stretched for over a mile.

The intention was to set up a trading post as far east as possible. As the expedition passed through the lands of the Border Princes it gathered further contingents motivated by a sense of adventure. When it reached the Dwarf Kingdom, several Dwarf contingents joined the column, notably Troll Slayers, attracted by the generally held belief that the expedition was doomed! In 1699 the expedition, now numbering over a thousand Tileans and various other mercenaries, left Karaz-a-Karak for the east, travelling up the Worlds Edge Mountains to the Road of Skulls and beyond!

It was many years before anyone in Tilea heard of the fate of the expedition or what they had discovered. Then in 1714 a merchant caravan of pack yaks arrived at Verezzo, laden down with bundles of silk. With the bales of silk came a message from Ricco and Robbio explaining that they were now residing in the westernmost outpost of the Empire of Cathay! Of course, up to then no one in Tilea, or for that matter the Old World, had known that Cathay existed at all.

It was now clear that there was no eastern route to Ulthuan or Lustria. The world was indeed flat and much much larger than anyone could have imagined. Instead of Elves, the Tileans had encountered an entirely unknown realm. Indeed it was a populous empire of vast extent and unimaginable wealth.

Apparently Ricco and Robbio had not been permitted to enter the Empire of Cathay because, as the Cathayans had politely explained, they were hairy and uncouth barbarians! However, the Emperor Wu, greatest of all the Cathayan Emperors, had been intrigued by these strangers. He had been delighted with the return of the banner of his Palace Guard and was gratified to receive the submission and tribute of the entire land of Tilea!

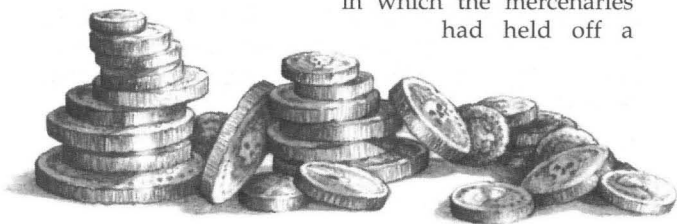
This caused great mirth in Verezzo where they guessed that the cunning Ricco and Robbio had appealed to the vanity of this oriental potentate in order to avoid being summarily beheaded! The message went on to say that the Emperor had agreed to hire the entire expedition having been impressed by a mock battle in which the mercenaries had held off a



small part of the Cathayan army. The Tileans accompanying the pack yaks explained that it had not been a 'mock' battle and the army, although small by Cathayan standards had in fact outnumbered the Tileans by about three to one!

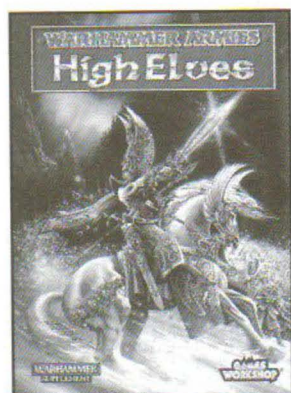
Since that time a mercantile quarter has flourished in Shang-Yang which is the westernmost of the Cathayan fortress towns on the 'Silk Road'. This is the name by which the trade route to Cathay, opened up by Ricco and Robbio has become known. Trading caravans go along this route very rarely and only a few reach their destination due to the terrible hazards of the journey and the scourge of the Hobgoblin Khan and his great horde which, when all his loyal tribes are drawn up for battle, is said to extend from horizon to horizon!

The mercenaries in Shang-Yang have become 'guests' of the Emperor of Cathay and valued warriors in his service. The Emperor uses these troops to help defend his western frontier against the wrath of Hobgoblin Khan. Of course by doing this, the Tileans serve their own interests by keeping open the silk road.

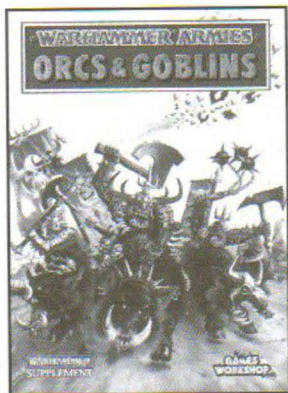


WARHAMMER® ARMIES BOOKS

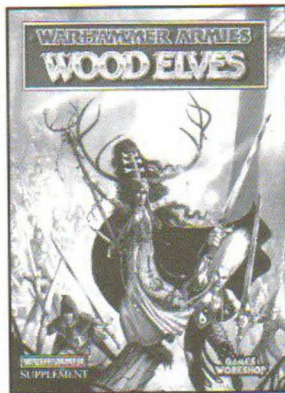
The ever-expanding series of Warhammer Armies books has been designed to complement Warhammer – the game of fantasy battles. Each book deals exclusively with one of the major races of the Old World, and contains extensive background and history, maps, bestiary, special rules, war machines and a full colour section. At the heart of each book is a complete army list, which enables you to select your forces and assemble your army ready to take on your enemies.



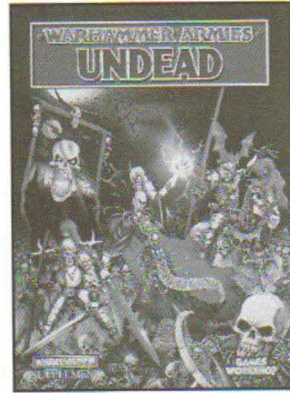
The High Elves are a noble race, known for their mastery of arms and magic. This Warhammer Armies book describes the armies and history of their powerful realms.



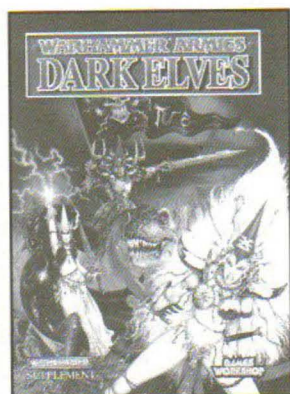
Orcs and Goblins wreak havoc amongst the realms of Men. This companion to the Warhammer game describes the armies of Orcs & Goblins in complete detail.



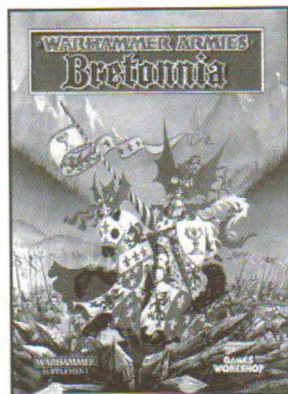
Wood Elves protect their forest realm against all intruders. This book describes the defenders of Athel Loren and includes a history of these guardians of the forest.



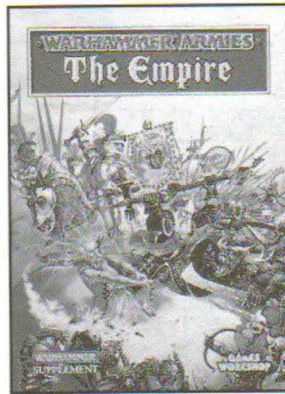
The Undead are heartless creatures who spare no mercy for their foes. This volume describes the armies and heroes of the dead, including the great Necromancer Nagash.



In the far north, Malekith the Witch King gathers his forces and plots his invasion of the Old World. This book describes the history and troops of the Dark Elves.



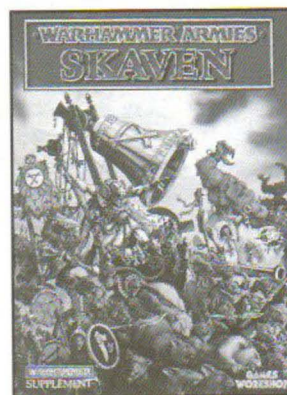
The Knights of Bretonnia are the most skilled human warriors in the Warhammer world. This volume details the history and inhabitants of Bretonnia: the land of chivalry.



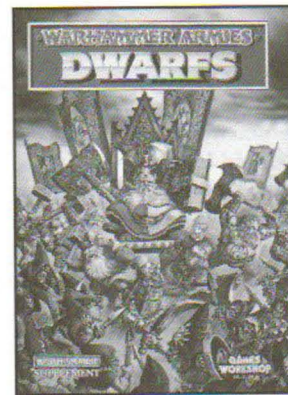
The Empire is the largest realm in the Old World. This Warhammer Armies book describes the lands and history of the Empire, and details its troops and war machines.



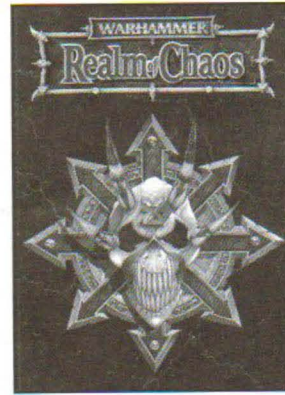
From deep within the jungles of Lustria, the Lizardmen sound the drums of war. This Warhammer Armies book describes the armies of the savage Lizardmen.



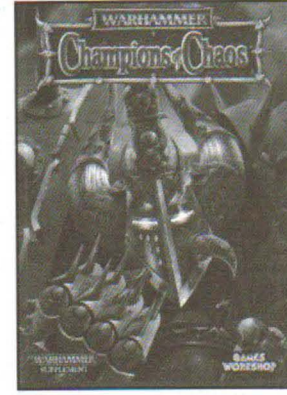
The malevolent Skaven spread decay from their sprawling capital of Skavenblight. This Warhammer Armies book describes the history and armies of the evil Skaven.



Dwarfs are skillful and fearless warriors. This volume describes the armies of the Dwarfs and includes a detailed history of this hardy and unforgiving race.



Within the Realm of Chaos the hordes of the Dark Gods prepare to invade the mortal world. In this book you will find details of these foul servants of Chaos.



Inside this companion volume to Realm of Chaos you'll find rules for twelve of the most feared Chaos Champions ever to do battle in the Warhammer world.



The Dogs of War march to battle

WARHAMMER ARMIES Dogs of War™

The Dogs of War are mercenary armies who live by fighting – fighting for heroic causes, fighting for adventure, but most importantly fighting for cash!

This book explains how to build an entire army of Dogs of War for the Warhammer battlefield and includes rules for recruiting mercenary regiments into any Warhammer army.

REGIMENTS OF RENOWN

Famous mercenary regiments are notorious for their remarkable exploits on the field of battle. This book includes details of fifteen of the most famously bloodthirsty mercenary Regiments of Renown the Warhammer World has for hire.

Alcatani Fellowship

Al Muktar's Desert Dogs

Asarnil the Dragonlord

*Beorg Bearstruck
& the Bearmen of Urslo*

Birdmen of Catrazza

Braganza's Besiegers

Bronzino's Galloper guns

Golgfag's Ogres

Leopold's Leopard Company

Long Drong Slayer's Pirates

Marksmen of Miragliano

Pirazzo's Lost Legion

Ricco's Republican Guard

Vespero's Vendetta

Voland's Venators

ISBN 1 872372 02 3



UK
Games Workshop Ltd.
Willow Road,
Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS.

AUSTRALIA
Games Workshop
23 Liverpool Street,
Ingleburn,
NSW 2565.

USA
Games Workshop Inc.
6721 Baymeadow Drive,
Glen Burnie,
Maryland,
21060-6401.

CANADA
Games Workshop
1645 Bonhill Road,
Units 9-11,
Mississauga,
Toronto, L5T 1R3.

HONG KONG
Games Workshop
2002 - 2006,
Horizon Plaza,
2 Lee Wing Street,
Ap Lei Chau.

GAMES WORKSHOP®

Citadel and the Citadel Castle, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo and Warhammer are UK registered trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd and are trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd in other countries around the world. The exclusive copyright in the contents of this package is the property of Games Workshop Ltd © 1998. All rights reserved.

PRINTED
IN THE UK


**CITADEL®
MINIATURES**
PRODUCT CODE
60 03 02 99 001