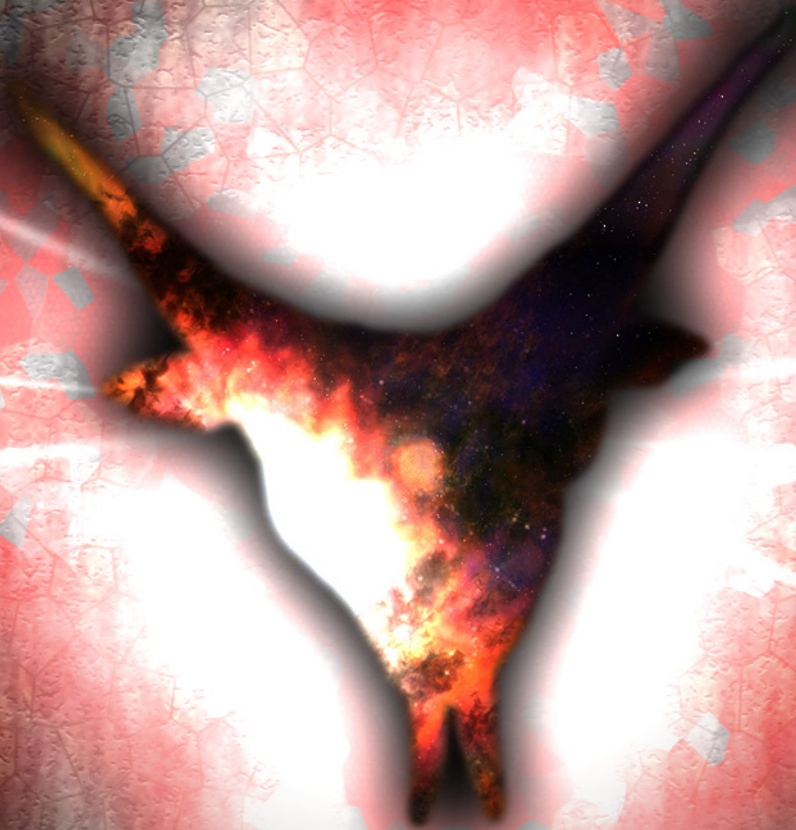


SKATE ENLIGHT

Issue 11

gazette



SKAVENBLIGHT

Issue 11

g a z e t t e

Skavenblight Gazette

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All complainers will be fed to the Mutant Rat Ogre.

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Voices from the dark

Hail foul Children of the Horned One, and slaves.

You asked for it, and here it is. Another issue of Skavenblight Gazette. Praise to the Horned Rat!

A lot has happened in Warhammer since last issue, most notably, the first Army Book of 8th edition has been released. Everyone, welcome the new Orc and Goblin book to the fold.

Important stuff you should know, Skavenblight Gazette is nearing its 13th issue. A milestone for the Skaven, as you would doubtlessly know.

To celebrate we are planning some extra special content, which is where you the readers come in. Pop over to page 9 and get the skinny on what issue 13 holds in store, and how you can help out.

While there, you may also notice we are looking to take on an additional editor-adept. The team at Skavenblight Gazette have talked about this long and hard, and we are ready to push the publication further than ever before.

So to begin this process, new blood is required.

Sweet, warm blood.

If you are interested in helping to put together one of the best Warhammer webzines in the world, then get your application in.

As you doubtlessly know, Skavenblight Gazette is intrinsically bound to The Under Empire Forum. They are the Rat Mother to our pup. The Packmaster to our Rat Ogre.

Recently the forum made the move to a new system, and it is looking great. While some kinks are still being ironed out, the great Skaven community is still there. And behind the scenes gears are turning, Apprentice Engineers are toiling away, and slaves are sacrificed to improve the already excellent experience you get on The Under Empire Forum.

Add that the forum is currently celebrating its seventh year in existence, and you can see that The Under Empire Forum is going from strength to strength.

We at Skavenblight Gazette raise our Skavenbrew high and drink to The Under Empire Forum.

Clanlord Trask

Lead Editor, Skavenblight Gazette

Ask Seer Squeek

by Seer Squeek

Skavenblight Gazette's very own Agony Uncle answering your questions.

Skavenslaves struggle to survive. It is a fact of their existence, and one I try to mitigate. I put them to work, yes, but I don't make life for them any harder than it already is. However, one of them has started refusing to do anything, and seems content to waste away and die. He won't even eat! What should I do? I can't let it happen, other slaves might see it as their way out of work. Same if I give him preferential treatment. I don't want to unnecessarily hurt him, but will do if it BECOMES necessary. HELP!

Warlord AA

Slave-lover,

The first thing we learn as an Apprentice Grey Seer is that fear isn't the only motivator.

Actually, that is wrong. The first thing we learn is that you let someone else go ahead of you in the Maze of the Horned Rat, or at push them into whatever you suspect to be a trap. Either one is fine.

Get creative. If the slave is being uncooperative and not moving, cover it in Black Corn paste and set a rat swarm onto it. Or slice off its buttocks, so it can't sit down.

If ever I have this problem with my slaves I usually fall back onto a more traditional solution. I eat them.

**Recipe not included,
Seer Squeek**

Seer Squeek,

I need help. How do I deal with fanatics?

Kritch Wormtail

Dear fretter,

Any particular type of fanatics? Why, just the other day I had some frothing looney come right at me. Spinning crazily and gibbering madly, it babbled on about whether I was 'Team Jacob' or 'Team Edward'. Of course, the only sensible course of action was to cast Plague on the wretch, which I promptly did.

Fanatics are everywhere, and come in all shapes and sizes. But they can all be dealt with in the same way. Use magic or shooting, but don't get near them.

If you do, prey they are the kind that only kill you in a horrible, bloody fashion. The others are much, much worse.

**Team The Horned Rat,
Seer Squeek**

Dear Seer Squeek,

When is the new issue online?

With regards,
A concerned clanrat slave.

Dear Impatient Minion,

When you are reading this column, the new issue is online and available.

**Silly questions get too obvious answers,
Seer Squeek**

The Yowler

by Clanlord Trask

Legends of the Under Empire



The subterranean world the Skaven inhabit is filled with unseen dangers. It is all too easy for an unknowing Skaven to stumble upon a hidden enemy. Predators can attack not just from the sides, but from the ground below, or clinging to the ceiling above. Out in the dark fringes of the Under-Empire death waits.

There is one predator the Skaven fear over any other, though. A creature, part legend part terrifying reality, which hunts the ratmen where ever they may be. Cloaked in shadow, hidden from the light, it silently creeps up upon its prey. No Skaven is safe from this mythic beast. It is a killer and hunter the Skaven know only as The Yowler.

Much mystery surrounds The Yowler. It has never been seen close up, at least not by anyone who has lived to talk about it. Its existence is largely hearsay and rumour, while its deeds are terrifyingly real. Many Skaven, though, can claim to have seen it at a distance, as it prowled the outskirts of their nest.

It is large, easily taller than a Rat Ogre, though dwarfed by monstrosities like dragons. A quadruped, it moves with silence and purpose as it stalks the ragged network of underground tunnels and caves below the Warhammer world. Lone Skaven are its usual prey, though it has been known to attack larger groups. Even the rickety Skaven structures are no respite, as The Yowler can easily break its way through the rotten wood and loose stone. Missing sentries, and massive claw marks leading to splintered planks or crumbled brickwork, is evidence of this.

While it is unknown what The Yowler is covered in, fur, hide, scales, what is known is that it is as dark as pitch. Rather than be in the darkness, it seems to somehow wrap the dark around it. Those few Skaven who have witnessed The Yowler attack in any kind of light talk about how it seems cloaked in shadow, as if followed by a fog of pure black. Like the void has come to life.

Commonly the beast is known as The Yowler, for the strange, pitching drawl that seems to be its call. This yowl is typically heard coming from the darkness, usually not long before large numbers of Skaven go missing. Names for the beast vary, depending on the culture of the Skaven. For instance, Clan Eshin knows it as Shadowbeast, while the order of Grey Seers often refer to it as The Fathers Lament.

Clan Moulder sit at odds with the rest of Skaven society in their attitude towards The Yowler. Known to them as The Prize, rather than instilling fear it seems to drive them into some kind of frenzy. Master Moulders have been known to run off alone into the darkness after hearing The Yowlers call. Largely this seems to be the obsession with the prestige of catching such a mythical beast. So much so that they are willing to risk their lives to obtain the creature.

Tales of The Yowler stretch back thousands of years. It is an ever present danger in Skaven lore. A hunter that no Skaven can fight. The perfect machine for finding and killing the Children of the Horned Rat. And hunt the Skaven it seems to, for no other subterranean culture has tales of the beast attacking them.

The Grey Seers in particular have many theories as to the origins and aims of The Yowler. Its total focus on the Skaven lead them to believe that it is not a naturally occurring predator, but rather something sent to hunt them specifically. Possibilities vary from the mundane to the supernatural. Could it be a Moulder experiment gone berserk? Or the avatar of some angry god sent to hunt them? Could it be the creation of the mythic Old Ones, a beast created to purge the underground of that which is not part of the Old Ones plan?

In the end it matters not. For The Yowler is unrelenting in its task. The perfect Skaven predator. And all the Skaven can do is wait, look towards the swallowing darkness of the wild underground, and listen for the call of The Yowler.

What follows are some guideline rules for including The Yowler in your games of Warhammer. It shouldn't be too hard to adapt these rules to other settings that The Yowler would be likely to appear in, such as Mordheim or WFRP. These rules are not official.

The Yowler

110 points. It is a 'Dogs of War' unit and can be taken by any army except Skaven.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
---	----	----	---	---	---	---	---	----

6	6	3	4	4	5	8	6	9
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Weapons: Teeth and claws

Armour: None

Troop Type: Monster

Base size: Chariot

The Yowler is a single model and cannot join units.

Special Rules:

The Yowler follows the rules for Monsters in the Warhammer Rulebook, with these additions.

Large Target

Swiftstride

Terror

The Yowler causes Terror against any enemy with the Troop Type: Infantry in the Warhammer Armies: Skaven book.

Killing Blow

The Yowlers killing blow only works against enemies from the Warhammer Armies: Skaven book. Otherwise, all normal rules and restrictions apply.

Void

This grants The Yowler a 4+ Ward Save.

The Prize

Clan Moulder units (Throt the Unclean, Skweel Gnawtooth, Master Moulders, Rat Ogre packs and Giant Rat packs) must charge The Yowler if within range. This does not apply to Rat Ogre and Giant Rat packs that have lost their Packmasters.

On the charge. Throt the Unclean, Skweel Gnawtooth, Master Moulders and Packmasters all gain the Hatred (The Yowler) special rule. Any of these units involved in killing The Yowler will be granted the special rules Unbreakable and Heroic Killing Blow for the rest of the game.

Creed

By Tom Rolland

They aren't real, just a story; a story told by matrons to curb the excesses of unruly children. They aren't real. They can't be.

My name is Marcus Einhoff and I am alone. One cannot feel truly alone until one is stalking furtively through the bowels of a sprawling country manor in search of Sigmar only knows what and dreading each moment that one shall find it.

I have not come unprepared. I am an old man, but robust. Many years of soldiering and an active retirement have seen to a relatively healthy constitution and physique. I have a short sword at my belt – gifted to me by the countess of Nuln herself for acts of bravery on the battlefield – and a loaded pistol in my right hand. Why then, does it waver so like the torch gripped tightly in my left?

My trembling brand casts fitful light upon the walls and floor of the narrow tunnel which I now tread with such hesitation. How can a house that was only yesterday filled with such joy and carousing be so silent and still? If I had the nerve to stop in my tracks and listen, I daresay I might hear the ghostly echoes of laughter and revelry still.



“Ha ha, I tell you Marcus my boy, we're going to be rich! Rich I tell you!” I smile thinly, despite myself.

“You are already rich you old bore. What else could you want that you have not already swindled, robbed, or otherwise obtained through cunning and craft?”

My companion affects a wounded, flustered countenance that is all part of our routine. Otto Schlaff has been my friend and business partner for as long as either of us cares to remember. He is large to the point of being rotund; hearty to the point of being overbearing and more often than not, underestimated by those who should know better. I have just told him of my success at obtaining an agreement in principle for 1500 units of our latest product. He is understandably happy.

Much like his clothing, gregarious manner and dizzy, buxom young wife, Otto's garish but homely mansion is an affectation intended to mask the inherent ugliness of the man and his trade. We are at present, enveloped by a pair of ridiculously comfy chairs; situated by a roaring hearth within Otto's retiring room. The walls are covered in crude frescoes

and portraits; images of the man himself, posing with his wife and equally vulgar, but charming, offspring in a series of outfits, each more ridiculous than the last. He sits back now, smiling at my response. All part of the routine. I swirl my wine and move to take a sip before fixing him with a serious stare. I love Otto like a brother, so I am able to speak to him candidly as no other would dare.

“You have been very quiet about the source of our new product Otto. You know I don't like dealing with Dwarves. Little bloody swindlers.” I add, spilling my wine in the process. The servants have been dismissed in order that we can catch up, as only old friends are truly wont to do, so I top the glass up by myself. He looks uncomfortable, but nods his head in agreement.

“Agreed. Never liked the stumpy little bastards much myself. Too much beard, not enough face if you want my opinion!” I didn't, but snort with laughter in any case. He smiles into his wine for a moment before looking at me intently. He knows that I am unconvinced by his levity.



"They are not Dwarves, though I think they are like Dwarves, in some ways. I can say no more." He grumbles, then drains his glass.

"And why" I asked "Can you say no more?" He glowers at me and in those flushed cheeks, I see for the briefest of instants a little more of the choleric man I used to know; the man I would often drag from some ruined hamlet tavern leaving a trail of human ruin in his wake. As quickly as his temper comes, I see it disappear. Was it flushed away by wine, fear, or the weight of his accumulating years? I cannot say for sure, all I know is that he suddenly looks very, very old and feeble. I place my untouched glass down upon the table and lean over to my old friend, taking his hand in mine.

"What kind of trouble have you gotten yourself into now you old fool? You know you can tell me." He smiles at me ruefully for a moment, then shakes his head once more.

"I can tell you nothing Marcus. I have never met them face to face. They deliver the product to a barn outside Ockenkloss and I leave them payment in kind." His face turns an unhealthy shade of grey when it came to that last word.

"What kind of payment?" I ask, dreading the response, but playing it off with the smile that I usually reserve for our customers in Nuln. He will not look me in the eye, nor speak any more on the particulars of the topic. A sick feeling of dread weighs heavily in my stomach.

"Oh Otto. What have you mixed yourself up in?" I ask, with only the vaguest of ideas regarding the details of this nebulous payment. For a moment, it appears that my gamble has paid off. He looks at me then; eyes wide with fear. I can see that the truth is on his lips, but he wavers instead, casting a nervous glance around the room which suddenly makes me very worried for his sanity. How could anybody hear us on the top floor of the manor? I decide to call for his valet and have Otto put to bed immediately. I will return the next day, once our latest business contract in Nuln has been completed to my satisfaction. As I turn to leave, I feel his hand grip my shirt sleeve. Tightly. I look round into a face wracked with pain, remorse and such fear as I have never known, nor ever wish to know again on the face of another human being.

"It's the only way to protect you, to protect Olga and my boys. I can say no more!"

I shush him, and then have the servants help him up to bed.



With a sick certainty, my heart now knows what my head always did regarding the details of Otto's arrangement. Thick wooden doors flank my narrow subterranean purgatory on either side. The thick wooden spars; the slim apertures and external locks leave little to the imagination regarding their function. What could have driven him to such action? He was no coward or villain in the true sense of the word, certainly any more than I am considering the nature of our trade. I had never seen him intimidated or bullied in all our years of association. I think now of the terror that overwhelmed him so upon the previous night and feel a fresh surge of fear. What could have unmanned someone as indomitable as Otto? I fear that I shall know soon.

Not for the first time, I regret sending Pietro back to Ockenkloss for the magistrate, but I had not anticipated an empty house where only hours before was one full of light and life. We had been travelling on the road back to Nuln for some four hours when my conscience finally bade me halt Pietro and have him return me to the manor. I had designs on rooting out the nature of my friend's anxieties which I was certain lay with our mysterious new suppliers and their equally nebulous product. For all our business was morally dubious, we had never openly broken the law.

Not until now. Perhaps the threat of the magistrate would loosen his tongue before he got us into real trouble? The coach had scarcely ground to a halt outside the gates when I sent Pietro on his way back to the town and shouted for the gate guard.



I can hear the crunch of my coach horses' hooves on the gravel path receding into the distance as I stand in the deep and gloomy twilight. I wait patiently – conscious that I call at a most unsociable hour – until I can wait no longer and instead shout for admittance. Here is poor Otto, scared witless of some third party and his guards asleep or drunk at their posts! By Sigmar, there will be a reckoning once I am within. But wait, worse still than my calls going unnoticed so far, here is an unlocked gate! It swings open with a gentle push and I storm toward the small guard bothy with murder on my mind.

There is a light on within and I find one of the fellows with his head rested on the table; sleeping that catatonic sleep of the truly drunk. Worse still is his fellow who lies slumped against the wall, legs splayed on the floor before him! I kick the one on the floor and slap the head of the drunkard at the table.

"Get up you bastards. Up I say!" affecting something of our hated drillmaster, Illner.

Neither moves and I grip the head on the table in both hands, pulling it upright none too gently. The expression that greets me is one that I know too well. The mouth lolls open slackly; the lips are blue with an inexplicable, bluish tint. The eyes are distant, staring into Morr's realm whence none return. Two empty bottles of wine lie abandoned on the ground. The same vintage and brand that I shared with Otto only scant hours before, or rather tried to.

I run from the bothy, out across the wide, rolling expanse of lawn and over the threshold with the sprawled corpse of my friend's valet. The scene is repeated throughout the household as I race from room to room, looking desperately for Otto, hoping in part that I never find him. He sits in the drawing room clad in a soiled nightshirt, an empty wine glass in his hand. His face is a rictus of anguish and dread. An empty bottle lies at his feet; a filmy, blue-green tinge playing on his lips. I stumble from the room like a drunk man; ironic, given that I appear to be the only one in the household yet to imbibe this cursed wine.

I weep as I pass the nursery. Nothing in blessed Sigmar's domains or beyond could tempt me to open that door. I freeze suddenly as a noise from the hall below snaps me from my unwelcome revelry. I look over the balustrade just in time to see a hideous, ragged shadow scuttling into the hole behind a wooden panel near the front door. It sounded uncomfortably like the sound my dogs make on the wooden floor. Like claws.



That noise again. Snuffling, skittering in the dark. I know that they're just a story. I've been from one end of the old world to the other and I've never met anyone who admits to having seen one. Even our old suppliers in the Dwarf Kingdoms were tight-lipped at the mention.

I reach a junction in the corridor system and pause to take stock of the situation. That is when I realise with mounting dread that the noise has stopped. Tears run unbidden and uncontrolled down my cheeks as the full horror of my poor, lost friend's situation is revealed to me by the sight of uncounted, unblinking red eyes; gleaming balefully in the darkness.

My pistol falls from nerveless fingers as I am engulfed by a hideous wave of squeaking, ravening monstrosities that walk as men.

They're not real. They can't be...



"Well Klaus? What of it?" asked Magistrate Danube. He had been searching the cellars of the house for clues. It was a horrible business and no mistake.

"It's a mess sir. The old man's dead in his study, wife in the bedroom..."

"And the nursery?" asked Danube, gently. The younger man blanched.

"It... it looks like... it looks like an animal's been in there sir. Some kind of big dog, judging by the... the... goring, sir." Danube could tell that Klaus had already been sick and didn't wish to aggravate the fellow any further.

"Shame." He said, solemnly.

"Still, when you make your fortune selling weapons, this is what happens. Any leads on the partner yet? What's his name, Einhoff?"

"No sir, although his man's been asking about him. I expect he feels guilty about leaving him alone." Danube nodded sagely.

"That's to be expected, poor sod. Anyway, there's nothing down here except wine. Here. Old fellow won't miss a couple, will he?" said Danube, tossing a bottle to his companion.

"Sir! We really shouldn't!" hissed Klaus, looking around, tentatively. Klaus smiled.

"Go on boy. Not like it'll kill you!"

"I suppose not." murmured Klaus, smiling bashfully.

"That's the spirit boy." Said Danube, uncorking his bottle. "You know something? I predict a long and fruitful career in law enforcement for you!" they raised their bottles and swigged deeply.

Somewhere, a rat skittered in the darkness and the ghostly echoes of laughter and revelry died away.



SKAVENBLIGHT GAZETTE

FUTURE ISSUES



The following information gives you closing dates for each issues submission deadline, as well as the estimated release date of that issue.

As well as articles, we are always looking for illustrations and miniature photos to use in articles. Contact the editors for details on submitting artwork, or if you are interested in doing commissioned pieces for articles

Editor contact:
editor@skavenblightgazette.com

Issue 12

Submissions in by:
17 July 2011.

Release date:
13 August 2011.

This issues featured miniature gallery is 'Sneaky Infiltrators'. You can submit conversions or painted models from Clan Eshin (Gutter Runners, Assassins, etc), unique units of your own creation, or Clan Eshin-esque variations on existing troop types. Anything is welcome, as long as it is sneaky, stealthy and ready to strike!

Issue 13

Special 13th issue release.

Submissions in by:
05 November 2011.

Release date: 13
December 2011.

We are looking for some extra special content to go into the 13th issue. So if you ever wanted to submit to Skavenblight Gazette, now is the time! In particular we are looking for:

- Recipes to go into a special 'holiday' cooking section. You will need to supply not only the ingredient list and instructions on how to make the dish, but also a photo of it completed.
- Miniatures to go into our feature gallery 'Children of the Horned Rat'. No clan theme this issue, just amazingly converted or painted miniatures.

Issue 14

Submissions in by:
27 March 2012.

Release date:
13 April 2012.

This issues featured miniature gallery is 'Pestilent Blessing'. You can submit conversions or painted models from Clan Pestilens (Plague Monks, Censor Bearers, etc), unique units of your own creation, or Clan Pestilens-esque variations on existing troop types. Anything is welcome, as long as it is devoted to spreading the word of the Horned Rat.



POSITION OPEN

Editor-Adept

Skavenblight Gazette is looking to add an editor-adept to its ranks. Do you have what it takes?

We are looking for someone with:

- A good understanding of English.
- Excellent writing and editing skills.
- Knowledge of the Warhammer World background, Skaven fiction in particular.
- A passion for the Skaven.
- The ability to generate ideas, as well as work with other writers.
- Good organisation.

The main tasks of the editor-adept will be:

- Writing and editing articles given by the Lead Editor.
- Liaising with contributing writers to provide feedback and improve their piece.

Send your name and email address to editor@skavenblightgazette.com, along with a brief description of why you wish to join, what you can offer and links to at least two examples of your work. Submissions close 30 April 2011.

Black Chasm Diaries

by Silas and Clanlord Trask

The manuscript that follows has been translated from some of the collection of writings you provided to me. I am sorry it has taken so long, and only a small portion is currently available, but the almost random scratching took a while to decipher. Rather than follow a linear progression, like our own writing, the unknown text would jump about. Not only in context and subject, but in position upon the very page. I can only surmise that rather than presenting the information in linear form the author has instead arranged the sections in order of importance. Scratchings at the top of the page are of more importance, or relevance, than those further down. The size of the scratching also seems to be important as well as, disgustingly, what the ink was made from. After closer examination some areas of the text appear to have had urine, faeces or even blood applied.

What I have provided to you is, as best as I can tell, the equivalent of what is written in our own tongue. I would like to know, though, who has been writing these preposterous messages using the language of a completely fictional species?

As always, I live to serve.

Garant von Lysoneese

Report 1:

Great and tyrannical master.

Your orders have been received. I, your faithful servant, am on my way to fulfil your commands. You are right to distrust the information given to you by your last spy. He was a traitor and pus-bucket, deserving of all the horrors you inflicted upon him.

As instructed, I will infiltrate the lair of Black Chasm and test the authenticity of the information you currently hold. With it you can secure yourself against your enemies, and the Council of Thirteen.

Your most loyal of all servants.

Report 2:

Cunning and deceitful master

Black Chasm has been reached. I can verify the first of the information. Entry to the lair does indeed funnel through three main gates. The first gate is placed in the main tunnel leading from under the human city of Quenelles. As this is the thoroughfare through which all traffic from Skavenblight must pass, it is the most heavily guarded. The second gate bars the way of the tunnel leading from the lair of Under-Parravon. Normally this tunnel is sparsely used, as Skaven prefer to travel to Under-Nuln via Putrid Stump. However, Clan Skryre appear to be undertaking construction in this tunnel system. My initial investigations reveal that this is possibly the groundwork for a Warprail system, though I cannot uncover anything to confirm this.

The last gate leads out into the wild caverns, and appears to be used for moving construction machinery and other unpredictable devices. Strangely, when I investigated this gate, I found it smashed to pieces. It looks like something exploded against the structure, as there are multiple scorch marks. Also the gates remain closed, though with a massive hole in them, as opposed to how they would splinter if they were bashed open. I will investigate further to determine exactly what happened here.

With utter faithfulness.

Report 3:

Lord of despair and terror

I have surveyed the city in accordance with the information provided, and as you suspected, found some of it to be false. As told, the clans of Clan Pestilens and Clan Eshin do hold major sway here. In opposition of your current intelligence, both Clan Moulder and Clan Flem show no influence. However, a little known warlord clan, called Clan Gual, does possess considerable power within Black Chasm.

Clan Eshin do indeed occupy a vast majority of the ancient strongholds lining Black Chasm, though they were taken from Clan Pestilens after the civil war. Clan Pestilens still maintains a fair number of holdings within the city, though skirmishes between the two clans over ownership of some strongholds seems to happen often.

Scattered between these strongholds are the various abodes of the citizens. Most of these are not attached to a particular clan, instead filling in as makeshift workforces for the powers that be when needed.

The main centre of Black Chasm is heavily fortified. This area contains the Temple of the Horned Rat, as well as some of the main industrial and commercial precincts. The entire area is under the guard of Clan Gual, who appear to draw most of their power from control of this area. Contained within this centre is also a structure known as the Dread Tower, which functions as the meeting place of Black Chasms ruling elite. As you would know, this is largely in accordance with your current information.

Your insignificant and lowly underling.

Report 4:

Great and vindictive master.

I have verified many details about Black Chasms ruling personas, otherwise known as The Council. To further my investigations I even managed to infiltrate the Dread Tower itself and observe a meeting of The Council in session. It was easy enough. I merely assumed the position of a visiting Grey Seers lackey after I did away with him.

This will not suffice, however, if I wish to re-enter the Dread Tower in future. I will attempt to find another, more subtle way in. Doubtless there is one.

As much of the information you already possess asserts, The Council of Black Chasm is a loose collection of the most important Skaven in the city. Unlike the Council of Thirteen, which possesses a set thirteen seats in its makeup, The Councils numbers can fluctuate. It appears that access to a position on The Council is validated by control of one of the numerous areas of the city. So if a clan is doing particular well, it is possible for it to deny the other clans a level of power.

The areas of control are very ill-defined, but appear to mainly revolve around ownership of certain important districts, facilities and amenities. For instance, as Clan Gual controls the central industrial and commercial area, it has obtained a position on The Council.

At the moment those currently on The Council are:

- Grey Seer Terrorfur, current head of the Grey Seers operating the Temple of the Horned Rat.
- Warlord Tafinali, leader of Clan Gual and representing them in their position as the dominant force of security.
- Chieftain Huverd, representing Clan Guals industrial and commercial interests. His role seems to be to support Warlord Tafinali's proposals no matter what.
- Chief Warlock Mecpaw, a representative of Clan Skryre. He was not on the list you provided, but his inclusion on The Council seems recent. It may be linked to Clan Skryres work out in the tunnels.
- Plague Master Tapus, leader of Clan Pestilens in Black Chasm. The power of the clan has been reduced from previous times, ever since Clan Eshin occupied much of their holdings. It is worth noting that Plague Master Tapus passionately opposes all motions set forth by Clan Eshin.
- Nightmaster Darkfur, lead assassin of Clan Eshin. He is connected to a number of motions and schemes proposed by Chief Warlock Mecpaw, which leads me to believe they are working together somehow.
- Warlord Skirslík, leader of Clan Darfun, the main mining clan in Black Chasm. While he displays no outward allegiance to any other party, I have noticed him involved in dealings that can be traced back to Plague Master Tapus.
- Vittrin the Shadow, also from Clan Eshin. He represents the clans interests as the main providers of commerce and vice.

Your most loyal servant.

Report 5:

Terrible master, taker of many breeders.

I have secured entry and exit to the Dread Tower. A number of the members maintain their own secret passages, but Chieftain Huverd's is easiest to traverse undetected.

Information you have on the social stability of Black Chasm is largely correct. The city appears to be in a state of disorder, with Clan Guals troops barely able to keep on top of the chaos. I have seen a number of sizable explosions, not just localised to areas Clan Skryre frequent, but all over the city.

Investigation of several of these sites yields a number of clues. The damage done by these explosions indicates a low threshold warpstone and gunpower bomb. As you would know, these devices require at least four Skaven to move about. Such a device is quite conspicuous, so would doubtlessly require some kind of escort or disguise. Also successful detonation, let alone construction, of such a bomb is quite a technological feat. Quite likely that a Warlock Engineer is involved in their production. This evidence leads me to believe an organised group is attempting to disrupt the established order of Black Chasm.

The emissary of your wrath.



Report 6:

Great and destructive master.

Your information on Clan Guals popularity is totally wrong. While they hold the dominant power in Black Chasm, it appears that the general populace do not favour the clan. Initial digging into this sentiment resulted in an interesting and potentially useful discovery. Much of this anti-Gual attitude stems from both Clan Pestilens and Clan Eshin, who each independently fuel unrest against the ruling clan. However, I do not believe them to be behind the organised attacks.

Warlord Tifinali has, apparently again, put forward a motion to investigate the attacks. Apparently, in order to fully conduct the pursuit of the culprits, Clan Gual requires permission from all the major clans to traverse their areas safely.

Of course, Chieftain Huverd supported the motion. Also, both Clan Eshin representatives put their vote behind the plan. Plague Master Tapus voted against, but my instincts tell me that this is purely because Clan Eshin supports the action.

As much damage is being done to Clan Pestilens property as it is Clan Gual, so this does seem likely. Chief Warlock Mecpaw raised objections at having to fund what he saw as Clan Guals inability to do its job. Warlord Skirslak supported Mecpaw's sentiments.

Oddly Grey Seer Terrorfur seemed to cast his vote by consulting a handful of thrown warpstone rune cubes. After thoroughly studying the cast items he too voted against the motion. This was especially odd, as I know that to use warpstone rune cubes as a diviner of fortune, you need to cast three. Grey Seer Terrorfur cast out five. Either he possesses magical knowledge I do not know about, or he used the cubes as a diversion to mask his vote.

At the moment, though, my suspicions are with Clan Skryre and Clan Darfun. They seemed too eager to stop and investigate. Strange, given how much their clans could potentially loose with mysterious attackers destroying almost at random. I will keep an eye on them

Your silent blade.

Technomancy

Terrors

Identify the hallmark characteristics of the Skaven, and without fail their amazing technology will be near the top of the list. While there are many races in the Warhammer world that can field bizarre and amazing machines, none can rival the Skaven for sheer indiscriminate destruction.

From small personal devices, to bulky rolling war machines, the Skaven have a construction for every occasion. No one, not even the Skaven themselves, are safe from the deadly effects of these diabolical machines.

Here we present a small collection of Skaven technomancy, brought up from some of the deepest and most secret factories in the Under Empire. Marvel at these ingenious inventions, even as you are crushed to a bloody pulp or ripped to shreds.

Next issue we will be looking at the silent and stealthy, in our featured gallery Sneaky Infiltrators. So send in your Assassins, Gutter Runners, Nightrunners or anything else that slips through the darkness to murder and steal. Include your name, the name of the unit, and a brief description on how it was made, to sbgfeatures@gmail.com.



Warp-grinder

by The Rogue General Hunter

The Warp-grinder was made from parts of several Games Workshop collections. The rats are from Plague Monk, Clanrat, and Night Runner kits. The backpack is Space Marine. The grinder staff is made from a Skaven spear, a crank rod from an Imperial Guard tank, 2 shields, 3 Skaven warpstone staff caps and a bit of wire from a Cat5 cable.

The entire model is covered with Skaven bits to hide the Space marine parts. The coils at the back of the Grinder Staff was made by wrapping the wire around a Philips head screwdriver.



Heavy Loaders

by Clanlord Trask

Built to fit my technology themed army, the Heavy Loaders fill in for Rat Ogres. The Foreman acts as a Packmaster, barking orders to the Heavy Loader drivers through a radio device.

The Heavy Loader on the left is primarily built from plasticard and an old Space Crusade Dreadnought. His associate on the right is built from an Ork Killa Kan, with an inverted epic Land Raider serving as part of the cockpit. The industrial magnets are made from round bases filled with Milliput.

A Plague Monk body was used as the base for the Foreman, with a Men-at-Arms helmet cut down for him to wear.





Drill Machine

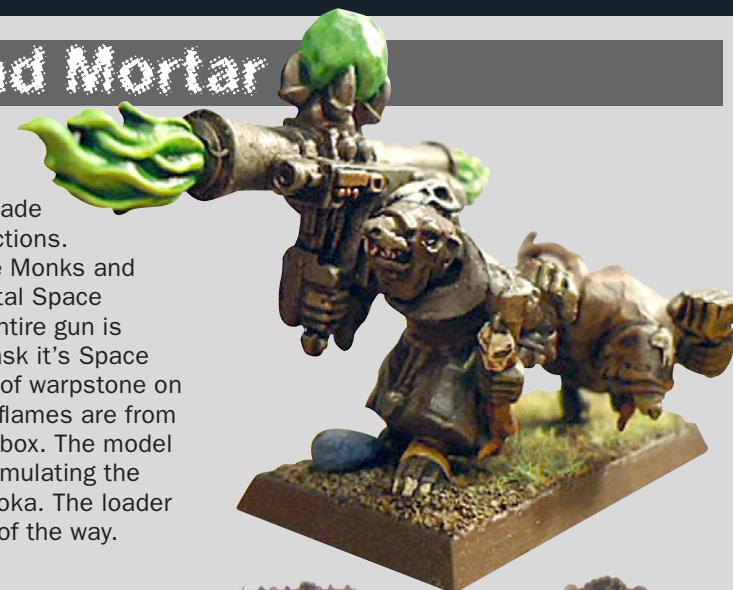
By Scrutitiss



Poison Wind Mortar

by The Rogue General Hunter

The Poison Wind Mortar was made from parts of several GW collections. The Rats are parts from Plague Monks and Clanrats. The gun is an old metal Space Marine missile launcher. The entire gun is covered with Skaven bits to mask it's Space marine origin. There is a piece of warpstone on top of the gun to power it. The flames are from some torches found in my bits box. The model is created in an action pose, simulating the mortar "blowback", like a Bazooka. The loader has wisely decided to dive out of the way.



Gas Gunners

by Clanlord Trask

More troops created to fit my themed army, these are gas gunners that act as Globadiers.

The two regular Gas Gunners at the top are built on a Plague Monk body base. Both heads are from the Clanrat sprue, with a hole drilled through the mouth and plasticard rod inserted to create a breathing apparatus. Greenstuff has then been layered on top to create a mask. Blunderbus arms from the Empire Militia box have been used for the weapons. The gas canisters are made from various containers found in my bits box.



The Bombardier is also made from a Plague Monk base, with the spare head from the Doomwheel. His left arm is from the Plague Monk sprue, while his right is from the Empire Pistoleers box.



THE CONSTRUCTION WORKSHOP

CONVERTING A WARLORD

by Matthew Lee

Multiple use kits have become a big hit, such as the Screaming Bell/Plague Furnace box. But once you have built your Screaming Bell, what do you do with all those interesting pieces left over. Especially if you already have a stunning Plague Priest and don't need a second one!

Here we will look at one way to turn that Plague Priest into a Warlord. Of course, it doesn't have to be a Warlord, it could easily be a Chieftain or Battle Standard Bearer too. However this should give you an idea on the basic steps you will have to go through in any conversion you attempt.



Parts

- Plague Priest body from the Screaming Bell/Plague Furnace box
- Packmaster head
- Arms from the Empire Knights box
- Backpack from a metal Warlock Engineer
- Pistol in holster from the Empire Pistoleers box
- Small shield from the Bretonnian Knights of the Realm box
- Large shield from the Bretonnian Knights of the Realm box
- 25mm slottabase
- Brass rod



Step 1

Using blu-tac, position the head and arms on the Plague Priest body. This will give you a rough idea of what poses you can choose from, as well as the appropriateness of the arms and head you have chosen.



Step 2

Drill a hole through both the flat surfaces the arms are originally supposed to attach to on the Plague Priest. Also drill a hole into the ends of both arms. Cut a length of brass rod long enough to insert through the body, and for an arm to attach at each end.



Step 3

Insert the brass rod and attach the arms. Try out a few poses until you find one you want. You may want to put the empty slottabase into a unit and see how well the model fits in different poses and at different angles on the base. Glue the brass rod into the hole. While this is drying you can detail the weapon if you want. I used a knife to cut a few nicks out of the blade edge to give it a worn appearance. When the brass rod has set a little the arms can be glued onto the end of the rod in their final positions.



Step 4.

Make a hole in the middle of the back large enough for the bump on the Warlock Engineer backpack to slot into.



Step 5.

Using greenstuff, or any other modelling putty, fill in the gaps between the arms and the shoulders. You can also fill in any of the rips and tears on the body that you do not want on your final Warlord.



Step 6.

With the greenstuff dried, glue the Warlock Engineers backpack onto the Warlords back. You can also add armour, such as the small shield from the Knights of the Realm box, at this point.

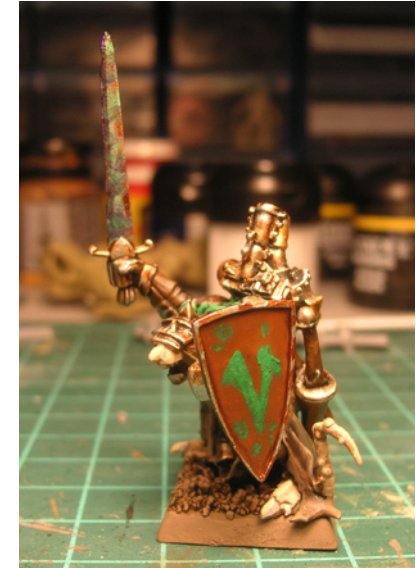
It is easier to cut down the armour to fit around the backpack than attaching the armour and finding the backpack doesn't fit snugly any more. Again, I gave this armour a worn appearance using a hobby knife.

You can also glue on any other little details, like the gun in a holster.



Step 7.

Once he is dried, take the empty slottabase and place it in a unit. Best to give the model one more positioning test before you commit to gluing it to a base. Once you are satisfied with how the model will stand on the base, glue it down, and apply any basing treatment.



Step 8.

After painting you can attach more fiddly items, such as the shield.

There you have it. How to turn that spare Plague Priest body into a fearsome Warlord.



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