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GAMESTM WORKSHOPTM AND CITADELTM NEWS

GAMES DAY 1992

Following on from the success of this year's Golden Demon Awards, Games Workshop's other major gaming event of the year, **Games Day** also makes a move to the Pavillion at the Birmingham NEC on **Sunday the 27th September**.

Due to unprecedented demand, this will be a ticket only event. There will be no ticket sales on the day and no admission without a ticket, so make sure you get yours in advance.

Games Day '92 will feature all the best in our hobby including massive exhibition and participation games. There'll be huge displays of painted miniatures and artwork and all of the Games Workshop staff will be there to chat about what's new in our hobby.

If you play Warhammer Fantasy Battle, Warhammer 40,000 or Space Marine and want to represent your area at Games Day 1992 then pop into your local Games Workshop store and have a chat with one of the staff. Throughout August, all Games Workshop stores in the UK will be running special events as a taster of what to expect at Games Day so see you there!

OFFICIAL RUMOURS

Official Rumours is a newsletter written by the American sales staff exclusively for the US and Canadian retailer. It contains detailed information on all the new releases from Games Workshop and Citadel Miniatures, White Dwarf commentary, and future White Dwarf highlights as well as special sales, promotions and preview deal details. If you've not received Issue #1 sent out in July, please contact the Games Workshop Sales Staff and ask to be included on our subscription list. The newsletter is free to all retailers in the US and Canada.

Call on (410) 644 1400 or write to: Games Workshop US, 3431-C Benson Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21227-1072.



GLI SPACE MARINES VENGONO IN ITALIA!

For a number of years now, Games Workshop games and Citadel Miniatures have been acquiring a following in other European countries. In France, our games have been growing steadily in popularity thanks to the sterling efforts of Danièle Gaudry and Alain Boisseau of Agmat in Paris. Now it's Italy's turn.

RIPA - GAMES WORKSHOP'S SOLE ITALIAN DISTRIBUTOR

The full range of Citadel Miniatures and Games Workshop hobby games have already been distributed throughout Italy by **RIPA sas** of Milan for a number of years. Of course, the fact that our games are published in English means that their popularity has been somewhat limited - but all that is about to change. Last year, RIPA published Italian editions of **Talisman** and **Advanced Heroquest** under a licensing agreement. Next comes **Space Marine**. As the first stage of a major collaboration, Giuseppe Riso - head of RIPA - is providing us with a complete translation of the Space Marine game, which Games Workshop hope to publish in the autumn. Publishing in a foreign language is a completely new venture for us - much more exciting (and difficult) than granting licenses to allow overseas companies to publish their own translations. Hopefully, the Italian Space Marine game is just the beginning - eventually we intend to publish all our major games systems not just in Italian, but in French, Spanish and German. Signor Riso is even drawing up plans to publish an Italian **White Dwarf**!

As you can see from the Italian 'Eavy Metal page in this issue of **White Dwarf**, there's a lot of talent out there, so if you're an Italian gamer or retailer and you'd like to know more about the

Games Workshop world of hobby games (or where you can buy them locally), get in touch with RIPA sas at: Via Mondovi 5, 20132 Milano
Telephone: 39 - (0)2 - 27 20 8282
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GOLDEN DEMON AWARDS

In last month's issue of **White Dwarf**, we featured the winners and a selection of the best models from the 1992 Golden Demon Award Grand Finals. As you can imagine with hundreds of miniatures to choose from it's just not possible to show pictures of every model. Our apologies must go to Dusty Miller whose Greater Daemon of Khorne was labelled as painted by Richard Barnes and to Leigh Read whose second place Diorama we missed out altogether! We look forward to seeing your entries in the 1993 Golden Demon Awards.

US LIMITED EDITION SPACE MARINE OFFER.

When the new Space Marine Devastator Squad boxed set is released in the United States in July some of the boxes will contain a special voucher entitling the purchaser to a free Limited Edition Space Marine Captain as given away at the 1991 UK Golden Demon Awards. This miniature has never been sold by Games Workshop in the US or UK and has never been available through independent Games Workshop Retailers. Each box packaged on the first production run will be identified by a special sticker and may contain a certificate that you can send into Games Workshop US and exchange for your free miniature. Stocks of this special model are almost exhausted so take your chance now and see if you can be one of the lucky owners of this unique Jes Goodwin model.

MASSIMO COLOMBARI

Even though he hadn't entered his miniatures in the '92 Golden Demon awards, Massimo travelled all the way from Bologna in Italy just to show them to us. We were all so impressed by the standard of his work that we thought everyone should have a chance to see it. The attractive painting style and sheer exuberance of the miniatures are quite breathtaking. Massimo has carefully worked up the highlights to produce an almost luminescent finish. This jewel-like quality, along with the careful modelling and some beautiful scratch built elements, really make the miniatures shine out. The models vary from the un-altered Empire soldiers and Dwarfs to the more bizarre chaos conversions. The attention to detail and flair for painting mark Massimo out as a truly exceptional painter, and we hope to see more of his work in the future.



CHAOS CONVERSION



CHAOS CONVERSION



PINK HORROR CONVERSION



DETAIL OF THE CAGED NURGLING AND SQUIG



CHAOS CONVERSION



NOTE THE AMAZING DETAIL MASSIMO HAS PUT INTO THE BASES OF THESE NURGLINGS



MARAUDER FIGHTER



CONVERTED DWARF WIZARD



CONVERTED MARAUDER DWARF



CONVERTED SQUAT ADVENTURER



MARAUDER TROLL SLAYER

HEAVY METAL

USING CITADEL TRANSFERS

by Mike McVey

On the cover of this month's White Dwarf you'll have found a free Citadel Miniatures transfer sheet. In this article Mike McVey explains how to apply transfers to your miniatures. He also provides his hints and tips on using transfers to create the kind of fine detail you see on the models at the Golden Demon awards and on the 'Eavy Metal pages of White Dwarf.



Dark Angels Space Marine Medic. The transfer designs add the finishing touches to both the bike and rider.

One of the most demanding areas of miniature painting is the addition of fine details and insignia to your models. To look good, the designs should be really crisp and sharply rendered. This is something which even the very best miniature painters find hard to achieve when working at such a small scale. Citadel transfers are ideal for adding all sorts of designs, and decoration to individual miniatures and regiments. They are simple to apply and with a little effort can be made to look like really top flight hand-painted designs.

Citadel make a huge range of transfers, and new and exciting designs are being brought out all the time to go with the latest miniature releases. Transfers can be used on Warhammer Fantasy Battle or Warhammer 40,000 miniatures as well as epic scale models for Space Marine. They are perfect for flags and banners and are particularly useful when you are building up squads or regiments and want to have similar markings on the shields or armour of all the miniatures in the unit.

Each transfer sheet is printed in a variety of colours so no matter what base colour you are working over, there should always be a transfer that is suitable. The choice of base colour is one of the most important factors in how a transfer will look once its been positioned on a model. Its not difficult to see which transfers will work over which base colours. If you are

working over a light base colour then its best to use a dark coloured transfer and vice-versa. White and yellow designs look very pale against the white backing sheet, but are stunning when applied over a dark colour such as Chaos Black or Space Marine blue.

When you use transfers on your models its essential that all the paint on the miniature is completely dry. If not, the paint will run as soon as you get any water on it and you'll end up with a terrible mess!

APPLYING YOUR TRANSFERS

Once you've picked an appropriate design for your model, it's a good idea to make sure that it will fit the area of the miniature onto which you intend to place it. Transfers work best when they are applied to smooth flat areas on the miniature such as shields, shoulder pads or horse barding. Curved surfaces such as those on the Eldar Dreadnought will take transfers but just need a little more care to get them into position. The only surfaces you should try to avoid are rounded or domed areas or heavily textured surfaces such as chainmail. Where a surface has some detail, like the riveting on an Ork Gargant, its perfectly fine to file away two or three of the rivets to make a smooth surface for the transfer.

The actual transfer design sits on a microscopically thin carrier film which is attached to thicker backing paper. All you need to do is to measure the design and make sure that it's not bigger than the space and remember to allow a couple of millimetres around the design for the carrier film.

When the transfer is soaked in water, the film comes away from the backing paper allowing you to position the design on your miniature. You obviously don't want to soak the whole



Carefully trim around the transfer you want to use.

sheet just to get a single design off, so the first thing to do is carefully cut round the design with either a craft knife or a pair of sharp scissors. Take your time and be careful not to damage the other designs or your fingers! Ideally you want to leave as much backing paper around the design as you can, as this makes the whole thing easier to handle.



Soak the transfer for thirty seconds in a shallow bowl.

The best way to soak the transfer is to put a little water in a shallow dish and submerge the design in that. If you use a deep container you'll find it difficult to get the transfer out again. It's really handy to have a pair of tweezers to help you with this, but if not, the best way to retrieve the transfer is to use a craft knife. Carefully spear the edge of the backing paper with the tip of the blade and just lift it out. It doesn't take long for the transfer to come free, thirty seconds to a minute should be plenty of time. Much longer than that and the film will float off the backing paper and it will be difficult to retrieve it from the water without it bending or folding back on itself. All you are aiming to do is to loosen the design so that it slides freely on the backing paper.

While the transfer is soaking, use a clean paint brush to moisten the area of the miniature to which you're going to apply the design. If the area is dry, you may find that the transfer will adhere before you've positioned it correctly.



Gently slide the transfer onto the surface of the miniature

Once you've lifted the transfer out of the water, hold it next to the miniature (I find tweezers really handy for this) and use an old brush to slide the design off the backing paper and onto the model. Don't try and lift the transfer right off the sheet as the design will fold over and become very difficult to handle. When you are sure the design is in the right place, use a piece of absorbent tissue to remove the excess water from the model. Use the edge of the tissue to gently draw the water off the miniature. Try not to dab the transfer at this point, otherwise you will alter its position. If everything looks OK then place the model on one side to completely dry.



Remove the excess water with a piece of tissue paper.

If the design does stick in the wrong place, all you need to do is 'flood' the area with water until it comes loose again. Carefully re-position the transfer with your brush and once again dry off the area with a tissue.

Once the transfer is in position, you'll find that there is a very slight 'lip' all around the design caused by the carrier film. Some people don't mind this but if you would rather get rid of it, all you need to do is carefully paint over the edge of the film with a little of the background colour and this will blend it in.

PAINING YOUR TRANSFERS

Once you've mastered the basic technique of getting transfers onto your miniatures, there are several things you can do to further enhance their appearance. The easiest technique is to alter the background colour. On coloured designs the areas



Eldar Dreadnought from the Alaitoc Craftworld. With a little care, transfers were easily applied to the curved surfaces of this model.

CITADEL TRANSFERS

All the miniatures on these pages have had Citadel transfers added to them. Their use ranges from single designs applied to shields, armour or clothing, to the more intricate work visible on the shield of the Champion of Slaanesh. The banner on the Ork Mekboy Gargant involved the application of a dozen or more different glyphs around the central Evil Sunz head to create this stunning design.



ELDAR STRIKING
SCORPION ASPECT
WARRIOR



SLAANESH CHAOS
RENEGADE



ORK WARRIOR



EMPIRE SWORDSMAN



ORK WARRIOR



CHAMPION OF SLAANESH



ELDAR WARLOCK



GENESTEALER MAGUS



FOREST GOBLIN



FOREST GOBLIN



NIGHT GOBLIN



DWARF IRONBREAKER



NURGLE BEASTMAN



EPIC CHAOS CHAMPION
STAND



REIKSGUARD KNIGHT



MEKBOY GARGANT WITH KRUSHA ARM

that appear to be white against the backing paper are in fact clear. You can take advantage of this by adding colour to these areas of the model before you add the transfer. For instance; before you apply a transfer of a skull to a model or banner, paint in a small red area where the eyes will appear. When the transfer is in place the eyes will stand out red. It is far easier to do it this way round than to wait until the transfer is in place and then try and neatly paint in areas of colour. The stage by stage example shows a design being applied to the shield of one of Kevin Adams' as yet unreleased range of Forest Goblins. Note how the shield has been shaded from yellow in the centre to red at the edges. This makes the web design look particularly effective once it is in position. Although you should be as neat as possible, the shading doesn't have to be totally smooth, as once the transfer is in place, the whole design will 'tighten up'.

The next step is to highlight and shade the transfer design itself. This is a bit more tricky and requires practice to get just the right effect. Try and mix a base colour that is an exact match to the transfer and then lighten it by adding a little white for most colours or yellow if you are using red or green. The **secret** is to not overdo the highlights. Try to be quite subtle and you will be surprised by the result. Highlight near to the edges of areas rather than in the middle as this is where objects naturally catch the light.

Transfer designs can be altered and new ones created by either cutting elements off the transfers while they are still on the backing sheet or applying different transfers one on top of another. When you are overlaying designs, make sure that the first one is fully dry before you attempt to apply the second. If you want to cut elements off the transfers I find it best to cut right through the backing paper before you start, leaving the elements of the design that you don't want attached to the backing sheet.

Sometimes, if you are applying a transfer to a curved surface, you may find that the design doesn't sit flat on the miniature or some wrinkles have formed around the design. It's possible to get rid of these but it does require a bit of patience. The best way to flatten down a design is to wait until it is almost dry and then very carefully smooth it out with the handle of a brush, using it almost like a roller. Really bad creases can be cut out with a sharp craft knife. Wait until the design is dry and then very carefully cut a slit down the length of the crease with a sharp new blade. To stick the transfer back down you will need to paint over it with a damp brush to re-wet the carrier film and then smooth it down.

Banners designs are one of the areas of miniature painting that people have most difficulty with, but which can turn a well painted model into a spectacular centre piece for an army. Transfers can be readily used on banners as an alternative to hand-painted designs. Apply the design exactly as you would on a miniature. Paper banners rapidly soak up water and so the transfer usually has to go straight onto the dry surface. As a result, you need to be fairly accurate when you place the design. There should be a little play, but the carrier film will dry out a lot faster.

As with most miniature painting techniques, the secret of success is to take it slowly and be patient. The uses for transfers are almost limitless. Miniatures, vehicles, shields and banners will all benefit from the addition of a couple of well placed designs. Don't expect miracles on your first few attempts. After you've successfully applied a few designs, your confidence and ability will grow and you'll find that applying transfers becomes a normal part of your miniature painting process.

Mike M. V. G.



A selection from the vast range of Citadel Miniatures transfer designs.



Citadel Miniatures Transfers.
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On the cover of this White Dwarf is a free sheet of transfers that has been especially put together to give you a sample of the enormous range of Citadel Miniatures transfer designs. On the 'Eavy Metal pages and in Mike's McVey's guide, you'll find examples of some of the ways in which you can use transfers on your miniatures to create some truly stunning effects. We asked Mike to take us through the special transfer sheet and comment on some of the uses for the different designs.



This Empire eagle design can be used on anything from regimental banners to individual shields. This transfer has been applied over a yellow background to create a dramatic shield for the Empire Swordsman



These classic heraldic designs are primarily intended for use on Bretonnian Knights. The transfers can be applied to shields, horse barding and banners. Each design has been printed in a bright strong colour to allow it to stand out against the background



This eight pointed star of Chaos can be used on almost any Chaos miniature. It could form the centre of an epic Chaos banner or equally fit on the shoulder pad of a Chaos Space Marine.



This transfer has been used on the shield of a Nurgle Beastman. The rotting skull is a common device for the Lord of Decay. The shield has been given a bright red rim and this really helps to set the design off.



This transfer probably has more uses than any other design on the entire sheet. The skull, symbol of death, is a common device for many of the Warhammer races. We've applied it to the shield of a Reiksguard Knight and combined it with an emblazoned scroll to make a strong design.



These Orc designs have been applied to two of Kev Adams' new Orc boyz, due for release soon. The crossed axes look particularly effective against the bright yellow shield.



Before applying the skull and crossbones design the shield was painted a light bone colour. When the design was put in place, the bone colour showed through the 'clear' areas and a realistic effect was achieved.



This is another Empire device that can be added to any large, smooth surface. We chose to place it on the back of the Reiksguard Knight's horse along with some small skulls from another transfer sheet. Note how the skulls have been set against a black strip to make them really stand out.



This Space Marine chapter badge has been printed in bright red so that it stands out against the grey or yellow shoulder pads typical of the Space Wolves. It can also be used to good effect on vehicles and banners.



These designs are intended for use on the forthcoming range of Forest and Night Goblins. The Spider and Web designs have both been set against shields that fade from yellow to red at the edges. The yellow centre really helps to make the design stand out.



The Moonface design is intended for use primarily on Night Goblins, but there is no reason why you can't use it on your Bad Moon Orks.



This transfer is primarily designed to be used on the banner of an Eldar Striking Scorpion Aspect Warrior but it would also make a spectacular shield design for an Elf Warrior.



Squat ancestor head designs look good on both Warhammer 40,000 and Space Marine miniatures, but there is no reason why the can't be used to decorate the shields of fantasy Dwarves as shown here.



This transfer can be used as a banner design on either a Warhammer 40,000 Eldar Fire Dragon Aspect Warrior or a fantasy Elf.



The Imperial Eagle is another design that can be used on a wide variety of miniatures. At this size it is probably best suited to banners and vehicles.

As you become more confident at applying transfers to your models, you'll find that you come up with more and more different ways of using them. It's true to say that almost any miniature will benefit from the application of one or two carefully chosen designs and by combining or altering your transfers you'll find you can create an endless variety of designs to enhance the look of your models.

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Games Workshop Stores are much more than just places where you buy games – they are the centre of hobby gaming in your area. Our friendly staff are more than happy to help you with any questions or queries you might have about the Games Workshop world of hobby gaming. There are exciting activities all year long, including modelling and painting demonstrations, club nights, and not forgetting the mighty Chaos Roadshow! Everyone is welcome, so drop in to or call your local Games Workshop Store for up-to-the-minute news of all the new products and latest special events.

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SPACE HULK

Captain Gabriel glanced quickly at his scanner. The glowing screen showed three red blips moving in quickly from the east and two stationary blips somewhere dead ahead. Sliding back the portal, he raised his armoured power fist and motioned to the four Space Marines that made up the rest of his squad. His words of command echoed through the comlinks in their Terminator armour. "Squad Gabriel advance! Fire at will!"

The crowds at the Golden Demon Awards were stunned by Electronic Arts' brilliant demonstration Space Hulk computer game. For all the Space Hulk gamers who haven't seen it yet, we asked Electronic Arts' Kevin Shrapnell to provide us with some screen shots and a brief background to the development of the game. Space Hulk should be out on Amiga and PC formats at the end of the year, and on the basis of what we've seen already, we can't wait.



After selecting a mission, the Imperial Commander gives you a mission briefing.

"From the first time we saw Space Hulk we knew that we wanted to do a computer version of the game. The struggle to the death in the corridors and rooms of an alien craft coupled with the rich background of the Warhammer 40,000 universe seemed to just lend itself to the kind of real-time strategy games we like to produce.

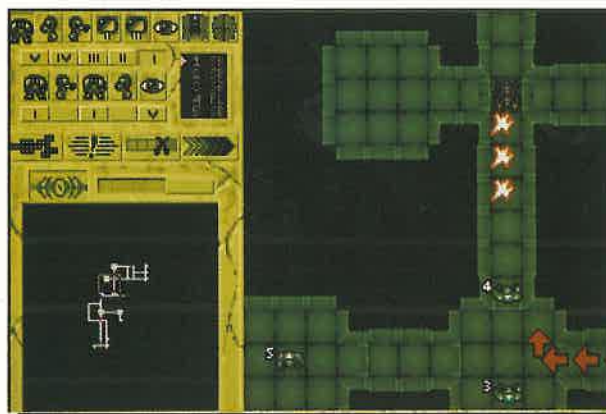
Games Workshop were very keen for us to have a go at producing the game, and over the next few months we made a number of visits to the Design Studio to talk to the people there about the best way to capture all of the tension and excitement of a miniatures based game system on a computer screen. Although we'd produced lots of games before, this was the first time we'd tried a conversion of this kind. The Games Workshop designers clearly understood how to put exciting games together but weren't exactly sure what could and couldn't be done with computers. It was out of this kind of exchange of ideas that the Space Hulk project grew.

Bringing a game like Space Hulk to the computer is not as easy as it may seem. First of all you have to thoroughly understand every aspect of the gameplay, and this involved playing endless games of Space Hulk. Fortunately this was no problem as Space Hulk is such a great game and having once acquired the habit, many of Electronic Arts programmers are now having trouble giving it up!

The next step was to create a detailed list of every element of the board game and figure out how the various game factors

could be presented on a computer. When you are actually playing the miniatures game, this seems like a simple process. You can see the board with the corridors and passages and you just pick up the models, count off the action points and move them to their new positions. If you want to do any special actions such as overwatch then you just place a counter by the model. Combat is simply resolved by rolling dice.

In a computer game, the process is far more complex. Not only do you have to create programming routines to enable the player to tell the computer what you want to do, but the computer must also be able to give the players visual information on what is happening in the game. In Space Hulk, you control a squad of five Space Marines, and at any moment in the game you have to be able to specify who you're ordering, what you want them to do and in what order you want them to do it!



The tactical map showing the command icons for giving orders to your squad.

Not only that, but all of this must be achieved in a way that's simple to use and doesn't interfere with the flow of the game. We think we've achieved this in Space Hulk by using a series of symbols or icons, each of which represents a possible action such as move forward, turn right, fire weapon etc. By pointing and clicking with a mouse or joystick, the player can rapidly give orders to his squad and then watch them move into action.

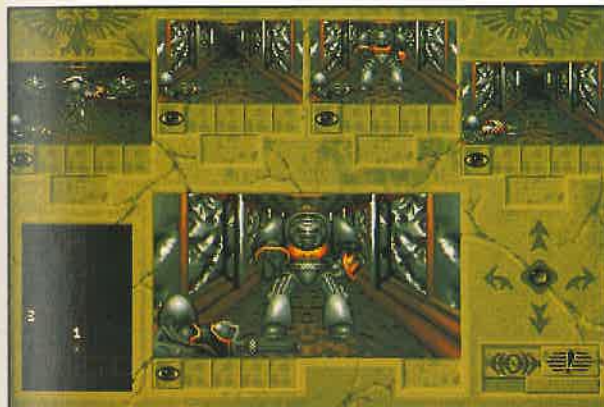
The key difference in the gameplay between the board version and the computer is the way in which time is handled. In the miniatures game, the Space Marine player is kept under



Space Marine weapons. In the computer version you always play the Space Marines, the computer controls the Genestealers.

pressure by having only two or three minutes in which to prepare and implement his moves. When we started to work with ideas for the game, we thought about allowing the game to proceed in turns but felt that this really wasn't using the technology to its full potential.

One of the things that computers do well is process large amounts of information simultaneously, thus allowing you to give orders to your forces at the same time as the computer is controlling the Genestealers. Computer games call this *real-time* because as in real life, time doesn't stop for you to make decisions. As a result the action becomes fast and furious and the whole experience more becomes terrifyingly real, calling for quick reflexes and a steady nerve.



Main screen: as you look back down the corridor, you see a brother Space Marine covering your rear.

In an arcade style game it's easy to play in real-time as you usually only have to control one person or character. However, in a strategy game such as Space Hulk, you command between five and ten Space Marines, each one of which can and should act independently. Not surprisingly, we decided that to make the player plan his strategy, give orders, and fire the weapons for his entire squad in real-time is asking a bit much.

To get round this problem, we came up with an ingenious compromise: in a staggered form of *real-time* that we call *freeze time*. This means you can pause the game to give orders to all of your Space Marines before returning to the action. However there's a catch, freeze time can run out! As you play in real time, you earn "freeze time". When you pause the game, freeze time ticks away. If you run out of freeze time completely, then the game automatically switches back to real time. At this point, the game becomes very nasty as the computer controlled Genestealers can move extremely quickly and show no mercy.

Computers are also extremely good at creating the kind of special effects that you get in films but might miss in a board game. We realised that rather than just setting up the computer screen as a 3D version of the boardgame, we wanted the player to feel as though he'd become a Space Marine, moving into the dark and terrifying depths of the Space Hulk. As you can see from the screen shots, in addition to viewing a tactical map, you can switch to a viewpoint through the eyes of each one of your squad of Space Marines. You actually get to see the rooms and corridors and feel the terror as you see a horde of Genestealers running down the corridor towards you. When you are controlling a Space Marine on the main screen, you can also aim and fire his weapons and watch the Genestealers crumple in a pool of gore.

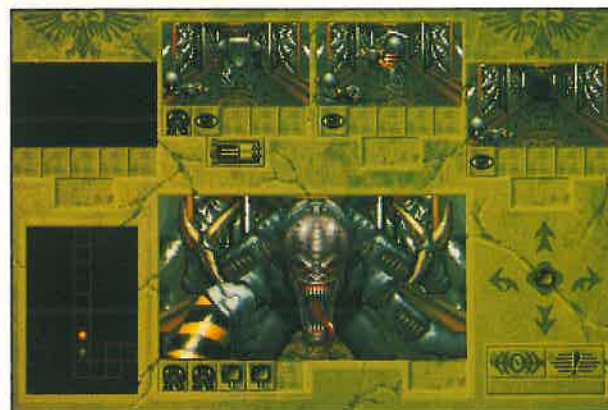


It looks bad for the Imperium as the Genestealers move in for the kill.

Like the Games Workshop game, Space Hulk will come with a range of missions. Some of them are adaptations of the missions that come with the original game and others have been specially created for the computer. There is also a complete "Deathwing" campaign.

It's important to note that these are still "work in progress" screen shots and that the final version will undoubtedly undergo changes and improvements. In the final version, special sound effects such as digitised comlink transmissions, gunfire and explosions as well as background noises of dripping water, distant movements and groans will also add to the atmosphere of the game.

While most of the game is now working, the graphics and sound are still being produced and perfected. The whole thing must then be tested for game balance and playability and any adjustments made ready for release on Amiga and PC formats at the end of the year."



A close-up view of a Genestealer - probably the last thing you'll ever see! The blacked out screen indicates that one of your squad members is down.



COMMISSAR YARRICK AND WARLORD GHAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAKA

By Jervis Johnson

The two main characters in Games Workshop's latest game – the Battle for Armageddon – are Imperial Commissar Yarrick and Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka. Inspired by the game's background, Citadel designers Jes Goodwin and Kevin Adams have created special character miniatures for these mighty warriors. In this article, Jervis Johnson provides rules for including Yarrick and Ghazghkull in your Warhammer 40,000 and Space Marine armies.

HAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAKA, MIGHTY ORK WARLORD AND LEADER OF THE WAAARGH!

**"He was an avalanche from an unexpected quarter. He
was a thunderbolt from a clear sky"**
Commissar Yarrick, on Ghazghkull Thraka

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka started his career as a common Ork trooper on the backwater planet of Urk. During the course of a raid a bolter shell pulped a large area of his cranium and he suffered extensive brain damage. An Ork painboy called Dok Grotsnik replaced part of his cerebellum with a bionic device. It may be that this device somehow triggered latent psychic powers or it may be that Ghazghkull simply suffered from delusions, but, for whatever reason, he claimed to be in contact with the Ork deities Gork and Mork.

Some dark power certainly favoured him, for his rise to prominence among the Orks of Urk was meteoric. He swiftly fought his way through the ranks till he achieved the position of supreme planetary boss. Orks are simple, brutal creatures, respecting little other than courage and battle prowess. It cannot be doubted that Ghazghkull possessed both these qualities in abundance. In addition he had something most Orks lack: he had vision. He stirred the Orks with impassioned speeches telling them that it was their mission to conquer the galaxy, to force all others to bow before them and pay tribute. He gave them a common purpose and an overwhelming sense of destiny. All this might of come to nought had not Urk's sun started to flicker and die. Ghazghkull told the Orks that this was a sign from the Gork that the time had come to launch the Waaargh! Those who wanted to join the great crusade would follow Ghazghkull. Those who wished to disobey their gods would die. To an Ork they chose to follow Ghazghkull. They would conquer the galaxy or die in the attempt!

The first Imperial planet to be attacked by Ghazghkull's hordes was the hive world Armageddon. The full story of the cataclysmic conflict that ensued can be found in the Games Workshop game of the same name, but for the moment suffice to say that Ghazghkull's hordes were defeated and he was presumed killed. However, it is now known that he managed to escape, and is at large within the Imperium. He is rumoured to have been spotted at over half a dozen battles fought in recent months, lending his support to local Ork Warbosses in return for pledges of their support for him in the future. The galaxy has not heard the last of Ghazghkull Thraka!

In battle Ghazghkull is a masterly opportunist and a great tactician, ever ready to exploit any weakness an opponent might present. His only real flaw as a commander is his respect for a particularly courageous or cunning opponent and he has often been known to spare their lives and offer them positions in his retinue. Once combat is joined Ghazghkull will always be found in the thick of the fighting, roaming the battlefield in his highly mobile battlewagon so that he can ensure that everything is going according to "da plan", joining in the fighting at a critical moment, and then moving on quickly to the next crisis point. In close combat Ghazghkull is a truly awesome opponent, gunning down his enemies with his specially kustomised kombi-weapon and demonstrating the devastating effects of his stainless steel skull when the fighting gets 'up close and personal'.

HAZGHKULL IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Ghazghkull may be included in any Warhammer 40,000 Ork army at a cost of 250 points. Ghazghkull wears a specially modified suit of power armour which confers a saving throw of 3, 4, 5 or 6 on a D6. He is armed with a chain sword, a kustom kombi-weapon with two barrels - a kustomised meltagun and kustomised bolter - and 3 grenades generated at random from the random grenade tables in 'Ere We Go' or 'Freebooters'. The characteristics for all of these weapons,

apart from the grenades, are included below. Note that they are somewhat different to the standard characteristics for a normal weapon of the same type.

Ghazghkull's steel skull seems to act as a strange form of communications device with the Ork gods that live in the Warp. Once per game he may call on these gods to invoke the power of the Waaargh! He may do this at any time, including his opponent's turn. As soon as this is declared, any routing Ork units immediately rally. As long as the effect continues Ghazghkull is immune to any damage – he cannot be harmed in any way at all – and all of the Orks on the table (including Ghazghkull himself) receive a +1 modifier to hit in hand to hand combat. However, the Orks are far too excited to aim very carefully and so suffer a -1 to hit modifier with any ranged weapons. The effect lasts for the rest of the turn and all

of the next turn, and then fades away and all of the Orks return to normal.

Ghazghkull's steel skull also allows him to deliver a truly awesome head butt! He may head butt an opponent in close combat instead of making a normal attack. If he does this then he may only roll one dice in the close combat he can't use his power sword to parry. If he wins he only scores 1 hit, no matter what the margin between his own and his opponent's score. The head butt has a strength of 10 and a -4 saving throw modifier, and causes 1D3 wounds. In addition to any damage the victim (or his dead body...) is hurled back a number of inches equal to the number of wounds suffered, only stopping if it collides with something. In the case of a collision both the victim and the thing crashed into take a strength 3 hit which will cause 1 wound.

GHAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAGA

Model	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
Ghazghkull	4	6	6	4	5	4	5	3	10	3+
Weapon	Range		To Hit		Strength	Damage	Save Mod	Armour Pen	Special Rules	
	Short	Long	Short	Long						
Kustom Meltagun	0-6	6-24	+1	0	8	1D12	-4	D12+D6+8	Kustom Meltagun	
Kustom Bolter	0-12	12-24	+1	0	5	1	-1	D6+5	Sustained Fire	
Power Sword	Close Combat		-		5	1	-3	D6+5	May be used to parry	
Head Butt	Close Combat		-		10	1D3	-4	D6+D3+10	See special rules above.	

MAKARI, GHAZGHKULL'S BANNER BEARER

Makari has been Ghazghkull's banner-bearer for longer than either can remember, and now Ghazghkull would feel quite lost without the pointy-headed little chap. Makari can be included in any Ork army that also includes Ghazghkull at no extra cost in points. He must attempt to remain within 2" of Ghazghkull at all times. Makari doesn't carry any weapons.

The main reason for Makari's longevity is his quite extraordinary good luck. The number of times bolter shells have been deflected by medals, grenades landing at his feet proved duds, or attackers have slipped on a patch of oil is legendary. Makari's incredible good luck is represented by a special saving throw of 2+, which is never modified for any reason, and which he gets against any and all damage that he suffers for whatever reason. Such is Makari's reputation that any Gretchin feel that little bit safer while he is around. As long as he is alive and holding Ghazghkull's banner aloft then any Gretchin within 24" that have a line of sight to the banner may reroll any tests that cause them to rout. If Makari should be killed then Ghazghkull will be extremely upset and will immediately call on the power of the Waaargh! if he has not used it already in the game.

Model	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
Makari	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	7	2+

GHAZGHKULL'S BATTLEWAGON AND RETINUE

Ghazghkull often rides into battle on his battlewagon accompanied by his personal retinue. If Ghazghkull is included in your army you may take a battlewagon for him to ride around in for free. You may also include a Goff Warboss's retinue chosen from the Goff army list in 'Ere We Go. Note that you must pay the points for the retinue; you don't get them for free!

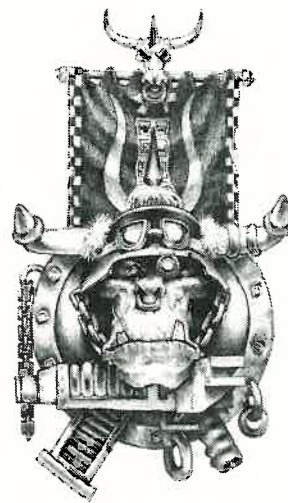


GHAZGHKULL IN SPACE MARINE

Ghazghkull may be included in any Epic scale Ork army by using the new Special Card printed below. He should be represented in the same way as a Warboss or Warlord stand (see page 40 of the Space Marine rules). An example of the banner used for the new Warhammer 40,000 Ghazghkull miniature is included in 'Eavy Metal, and simply making a reduced size photo copy will provide you with an excellent Epic scale banner for your Ghazghkull stand.

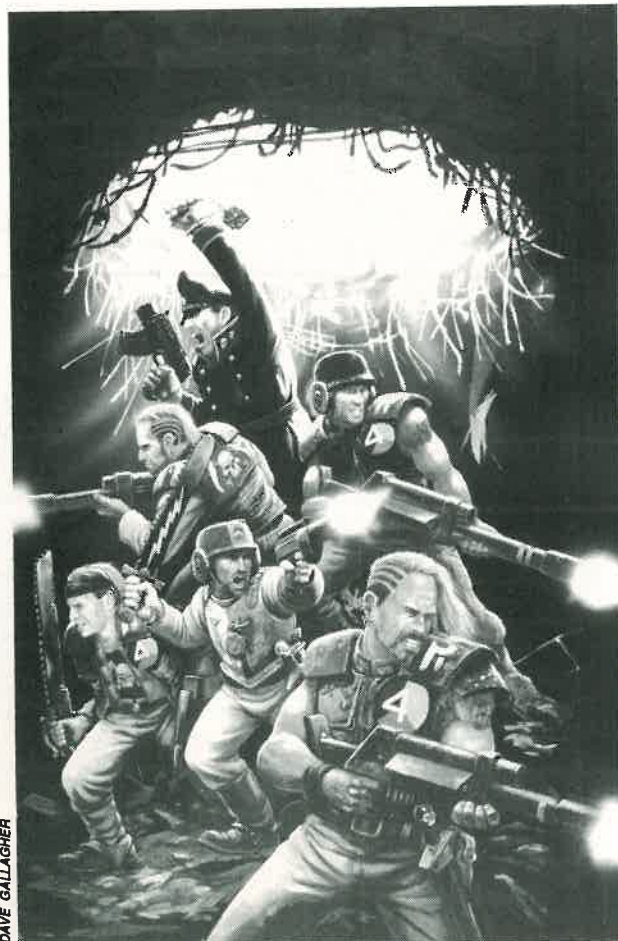
Ghazghkull and his retinue are counted as a command unit and so never have to be given orders and never have to check morale, even if broken. Ghazghkull and his retinue can give orders to other Ork units that are within 10cm in the same way as any other Ork command unit. In addition, any Ork units within 25cm of Ghazghkull's stand may add +1 to any morale rolls they have to make.

Once per game Ghazghkull may invoke the power of the Waaargh! As soon as this is declared any broken Ork units immediately rally, and for the remainder of the turn Ghazghkull is immune to any damage and all Orks roll an extra dice in close combat. However, the Orks are far too excited to aim very carefully and so suffer a -1 to hit modifier with any ranged weapons. The effect lasts for one turn, and then fades away and all of the Orks return to normal.



Ghazghkull is very tough and is protected by an excellent suit of extra-special power armour. To represent this, Ghazghkull has an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6. Furthermore, because of the special nature of his armour, as well as the benefit of small size and agility, the save never drops below 4, 5 or 6, so even a hit from a volcano cannon, tempest laser or other powerful weapon can be saved on 4 or more.

Troop Type	Move	Saving Throw	CAF	Weapons	Range	Attack Dice	Roll to Hit	Target's Save Mod.	Notes
Ghazghkull Thraka	10cm	4+	+8	Kustom Kombi Weapon	25cm	2	4+	-2	May use the power of Waaargh! (see above)



DAVE GALLAGHER

COMMISSAR YARRICK, DEFENDER OF HADES HIVE AND HERO OF THE IMPERIUM

**"There will be no retreat from Hades Hive.
We will fight to the end."**

Commissar Yarrick was an old man when the siege of Hades hive began. He had a long career of distinguished service in the Planetary Defence Force behind him and was scheduled for retirement at the Feast of the Ascension. Yarrick had a reputation for being utterly loyal to the Imperium and an inspiring leader of men. In his youth he had learned the language of the Orks from a captured Ork raider and he was an expert on the way the Ork mind worked. A better leader than Herman Von Strab - Imperial Overlord of Armageddon - would have paid more attention to what he said, but instead Von Strab grew angry with the old man for daring to contradict his views of what the Orks planned to do and banished him to Hades Hive. As it turned out this was one of the few wise decisions that Von Strab made during the campaign.

The Ork attack on Armageddon Secundus shattered the Imperial front line and destroyed most of the Imperial army. Everywhere Imperial forces were in retreat, and hive after hive fell. But then the Orks reached Hades hive, and here Commissar Yarrick supervised the defences. The siege of Hades hive began with a mammoth Ork assault led by Warlord Ugulhard of the Snakebites clan. Outnumbered three to one, the Imperial defenders were being beaten back, and everywhere ferocious hand to hand fights took place between Ork and Human.

At this vital moment Ugulhard and Yarrick met. With a mighty roar the Ork Warboss threw himself at Yarrick, his

battle claw snickered and snapped, and Yarrick's right arm was torn off at the elbow. But Ugulhard's bellow of triumph quickly turned to a scream of horror. Ignoring pain so intense that any normal man would have passed out instantly, Yarrick swung his chainsword and with one slice lopped off Ugulhard's head. The Ork's body stood upright for a moment, fountaining green blood, and then crashed to the ground. Yarrick calmly bent down, pulled the power claw from the Ork's body, and held it above his head in triumph. For a moment a hush fell over the battlefield. Then with a huge cheer the Imperial troops crashed into the stunned Orks and hurled them back. Only once he was sure that Hades had been saved did Yarrick allow himself to pass out.



The events of that day gave Yarrick a terrifying reputation among the Orks, and he was to become one of the very few humans that ever inspired fear (or something like fear) in that warlike and brutal race. It was a commonly held Ork belief that Yarrick could not be killed, and that he had the 'evil eye' which could kill an Ork with a glance. Yarrick understood Ork psychology well, and played on these primitive fears. He kept Ugulhard's battle claw and had it specially modified so that he could use it. Whenever he entered battle he wore the battle claw, and it quickly became a symbol that inspired fear in the Ork attackers and steadfastness in the Imperial defenders. He even had his own left eye modified with a special bionic implant that could fire a powerful pulse of laser energy. If the Orks thought he had the evil eye then, by the Emperor, an evil eye he would have!

For six months the defenders of Hades Hive held out. Who knows what feats of heroism and horror took place in that place, at that time? Those who survived do not talk much about it, save to praise the bravery of Yarrick. In those dark days he seemed to be everywhere, raising the spirits of a people with his own unquenchable belief in ultimate victory. Amazingly he welded together a ragtag army capable of standing off the invaders. The time they bought in blood and death allowed fresh Imperial forces, including three chapters of Space Marines, to arrive and turn the tide against the Orks. Even as the final assault on Hades began a relief force headed by the Salamanders, Blood Angels and Ultra-Marines raced in an effort to relieve the hive. But tragically, just as the Space Marines broke through the Ork lines, Hades fell. Commissar Yarrick was one of the few survivors. His terribly wounded body was found in the ruins, dozens of Ork bodies heaped at his feet.

It took Yarrick many months to recover from his wounds, and by the time he had done so the Battle For Armageddon was over. At last he was able to retire, and for a brief period he was able to find some peace tending the small garden that was the only luxury he allowed himself. Even so, he was deeply troubled by the memories of what had happened at Hades hive, and nearly every night he woke screaming from nightmares spawned by those terrible times. But then the news of Ghazghkull's survival reached him. It is said that the look of fury and hatred that crossed his face was so terrible that the messenger cowered and grovelled before him, fearing for his own life. But Yarrick's hatred was reserved for one being, and one only, Ghazghkull. Spinning on his heel he ordered his valet to bring his famous black uniform and battle claw. Yarrick was coming out of retirement, and he would not rest until he had avenged the brave defenders of Hades hive by spilling the life blood of Ghazghkull Thraka...

COMMISSAR YARRICK IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Yarrick may be included in any Warhammer 40,000 Imperial Guard army at a cost of 250 points. He is armed with a battle claw, a specially modified storm bolter which has a strength of 5 rather than 4, and two grenades generated at random from the tables in the Imperial Guard army list in the Warhammer 40,000 Compendium. As described above, Yarrick had his left eye replaced with a special bionic implant. The implant may be used at the start of any combat phase to attack *one* opponent who is engaged by Yarrick in hand to hand combat. The attack automatically hits, has a strength of 4 and a -1 saving throw modifier. Yarrick wears mesh armour under his uniform which confers a saving roll of 5 or 6 on an D6, and he has a refractor field which reduces the strength of any attack that hits him by 1D6 points.

As we have described above, Yarrick became a highly inspirational figure and his presence of the battlefield has a highly beneficial effect on the morale of any Imperial Guard troops. To represent this, any Imperial Guard units that have a line of sight to his model will *automatically* pass any rout tests or panic tests that they are called to take - as long as at least one model in the unit can see Yarrick you don't even have to bother rolling the dice! In addition, the presence of Yarrick will strike fear into the hearts of any Orks. Any Ork unit that is charged by Yarrick must immediately take a rout test or rout away in terror. In addition, if Yarrick's 'evil eye' attack kills an Ork model then any other Ork units within 12" and with a line of sight must take a rout test.

Yarrick has tremendous willpower, ignoring wounds that would disable another man. To represent this, do not remove Yarrick when his wounds are reduced to 0. Instead, roll once on the wound table to see what damage Yarrick suffered. Note that you only roll once on the table, no matter how much damage Yarrick took from the attack. However, if Yarrick takes damage again in the same turn you do have to roll on the table again.

D6	Result	Effect
1-2	Superficial Wound	It's only a scratch - Yarrick carries on as normal.
3-4	Light Wound	Yarrick suffers a -1 penalty to both his weapon skill & ballistic skill for the rest of the game.
5	Serious Wound	Yarrick suffers a -2 penalty to his weapon skill & ballistic skill. In addition his movement rate is reduced by 1 point.
6	Critical Wound	Out of game. Remove model as casualty.

If any of Yarrick's characteristics are reduced to 0, then he collapses from loss of blood and is removed from play as a casualty. Assuming that Yarrick does not suffer a critical wound or pass out, then his wounds characteristic is restored to 1 point. As an example of how this works, assume that Yarrick has been hit by a lascannon which causes 7 wounds. This (not surprisingly!) reduces Yarrick's wounds characteristic to 0, so the player who made the attack gets to roll to see how badly Yarrick has been hurt. Luckily for Yarrick the player only rolls a 1. This is just a superficial wound, which means that Yarrick carries on as normal and has his wounds characteristic restored to 1 point.

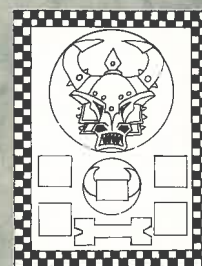
COMMISSAR YARRICK AND WARLORD GHAZGHKULL WARHAMMER 40,000 PERSONALITY MINIATURES



IMPERIAL COMMISSAR YARRICK
HIS PERSONAL BACK BANNER TELLS
THE STORY OF THE LOSS OF HIS ARM
IN COMBAT WITH AN ORK WARLORD.



**COMMISSAR
YARRICK'S
PERSONAL
BACK BANNER**



**GHAZGHKULL'S PERSONAL BACK
BANNER AND BOSSPOLE**



**WARLORD
GHAZGHKULL THRAKA**

Ghazghkull Thraka had half his head blown off by an enemy bolter shell and was lucky enough to have his brain rebuilt by a talented painboy called Dok Grotsnik. The bionik device activated Ghazghkull's latent psychic powers, and he became an Ork with a mission, convinced he was in communication with the Ork deities Gork and Mork. Ghazghkull saw himself as the leader of a great crusade for Orkishness across the universe. He was a masterly opportunist and a great tactician, ever ready to exploit any weakness an opponent might present.



**WARLORD GHAZGHKULL THRAKA WITH PERSONAL BACK BANNER AND
GRETCHIN SERVANT CARRYING GHAZGHKULL'S BOSSPOLE.**

Imperial Commissar Yarrick and Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka

The main characters in the Games Workshop's newest game – The Battle for Armageddon – are Imperial Commissar Yarrick and Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka. Inspired by the game's background, Citadel miniature designers Jes Goodwin and Kevin Adams have created two very special personality models of Ghazghkull and Yarrick. As you can see, these really are stunning miniatures, covered with elaborate attention to detail. Jes and Kevin enjoyed designing the models so much that they can't wait to do some more and we hope that these will be the first in a series of special Warhammer personality miniatures. Elsewhere in this issue you will find full rules, statistics and epic army cards for the miniatures so that you can use them in your games of Warhammer 40,000 and Space Marine.

As with any other miniature, the first thing to do before you start painting is clean up and assemble your model. Both miniatures were glued onto their bases with superglue and Yarrick's backpack and banner pole were also attached to the model in the same way. Once the miniatures are secure on their bases, use a sharp craft knife or needle file to gently remove any flash or mould lines on the castings. Be careful when you do this, as with so much fine detail on the models it's only too easy to make a slip and damage the miniature.

Once the models have been cleaned up, they are ready for undercoating. Yarrick and Makari, Ghazghkull's Gretchin standard bearer, were sprayed with white undercoat. As Ghazghkull is a Goff and was going to end up mainly black, I decided to give him a black undercoat.

COMMISSAR YARRICK

The standard uniform for Commissars is black and so this would be the basic colour for most of Yarrick's clothes. The other large areas on the model are the breast plate and the huge Ork power claw. Whenever you are painting large areas of black on a model, it's fairly essential to create a contrast with a bright colour to avoid making the model look too dull. In this case I decided to paint most of the edging and piping on Yarrick's uniform in a bright golden yellow colour. This was a mix of Sunburst Yellow and Hobgoblin Orange which I highlighted with Skull White. I also used bright red on some of the uniform details such as the cuffs, cap front and his honour sash.

By far the most dominant feature of the miniature is Yarrick's power claw. Yarrick took this from the same Ork that cut off his right arm. The skull of the Ork now decorates the top of his banner pole! To make it really stand out and to give it the feeling of a natural crab claw, I painted it in a bright blend of yellow and deep red paint. This was achieved by first painting the whole claw with Sunburst Yellow. When this was dry it acted as an undercoat for the top colours. The next step was to mix a little Go Fasta Red in with the yellow to produce a deeper tone. This was then thinned down with a little water and applied to the claw starting from just below the tip. The whole process is then repeated over and over again. Each time a little more red is added and the deeper shade is painted slightly further down the claw. The more colours you use when doing this, the subtler the finished effect will be.

The white breast plate is another striking feature of Commissar Yarrick's uniform. I gave this a base coat of Elf Grey and highlighted it with Skull White. When it was finished, I carefully outlined the whole thing with Chaos Black to make it really stand out. To give the whole model a feeling of baroque richness and antiquity I painted in areas of intricate detail on the gun, bayonet and uniform cuffs. The bayonet was first painted Chaos Black and fine swirling lines of Skull White were overlaid on this. When the white was thoroughly dry, the whole blade was given several thin glazes of Yellow Ink to give it a rich golden sheen. The cuff was painted first painted red and then fine lines of deep red were painted over it to create a similar effect.

WARLORD GHAZGHKULL

The model of Goff Warlord Ghazghull Thraka reflects his status as the leader of the Waa Ork on Armageddon. Basically he is the biggest, toughest, fiercest Ork there is! The miniature is so covered in intricate detail it was difficult to know where to start painting. The black undercoat helps, as it provides plenty of the deep shading allowing the detail to be easily picked out. With Ghazghkull I literally started from the feet and worked up. Most areas were painted in the classic Goff colours of black and red, with bone and gold used as contrasts. The huge horns are a dominant feature of the model and were painted in a similar way to the claw on Commissar Yarrick, but fading from red to black instead of yellow to red. When you are blending colours together it is usually best to paint the whole area in the lightest colour and then blend in the darker. In this case the horns were first painted Blood Red and then a little Chaos Black was added and painted onto the model.

To get a rusty and well worn effect on the kustom Meltagun I first painted Chainmail over the black undercoat and then lightly drybrushed it with Mithril Silver. When this was dry several thin washes of Brown and Blue ink were applied to tone it all down. To contrast with this the gun barrel was painted bright red.

In contrast to the other two miniatures, Ghazghull's Gretchin standard bearer was fairly quick and easy to paint. The flesh areas were given a base coat of Goblin Green highlighted with Bad Moon Yellow and Skull White. A realistic effect was achieved by shading the horns on the helmet from white to dark brown.

BANNERS

All the banners shown on the miniatures have been printed here in colour for you to cut out and use on your miniatures and in black and white, for you to paint in your own colours. Commissar Yarrick's banner shows his struggle and heroic victory over the Ork Warlord to whom he lost his arm. Ghazghkull's banner is rendered in stylized Ork pictograms and shows him as a mighty Ork destroying his foes and leading the Ork conquest of space. The boss pole shows the Goff clan symbol and his family backplate design, along with the Ork glyphs which read – 'Deadly Ork Boss leads many mighty Warbands'

IMPERIAL COMMISSAR YARRICK

Model	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
Commissar Yarrick	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	10	5+
Weapon	Range Short Long		To Hit Short Long		Strength	Damage	Save Mod	Armour Pen	Special Rules	
Storm Bolter	0-12	12-24	+1	0	5	1	-1	1D6+4	Sustained Fire	
Power Claw	Close Combat		-		8	1D6	-5	2D6+8		
Evil Eye	Close Combat		Auto		4	1	-1	1D6+4	See special rules above.	

COMMISSAR YARRICK IN SPACE MARINE

Yarrick may be included in any Epic scale Imperial Guard army by using the new Special Card printed below. He should be represented in the same way as a Commissar stand (see page 57 of the Armies of the Imperium rules). An example of the banner used for the new Warhammer 40,000 Yarrick miniature is included in 'Eavy Metal, and simply making a reduced size photo copy will provide you with an excellent Epic scale banner for your Yarrick stand.

Yarrick plus his attendant Rhino are counted as a command unit and so never have to be given orders and never have to check morale, even if broken. Yarrick can give move to within 6cm of any Imperial Guard unit and give them orders in the same way as any other Commissar. In addition, any Imperial Guard units that can see Yarrick's stand

automatically pass any morale rolls that they are called to take, including broken units that are on fall back orders and that are attempting to rally.

Any Ork units that are attacked by Yarrick in close combat must take a morale test. If the Orks fail the test then they go onto fall back orders and suffer a -2 penalty to their close assault factor. See the main Space Marine rule book for details of the fall back rule.

Yarrick is extremely tough, ignoring wounds that would have killed a lesser man. To represent this, Yarrick has an armour saving throw of 3, 4, 5 or 6 on a D6. Furthermore, because of the special nature of this saving roll, as well as the benefit of small size and agility, the save never drops below 3, 4, 5 or 6, so even a hit from a volcano cannon, tempest laser or other powerful weapon can be saved on 3 or more.

Troop Type	Move	Saving Throw	CAF	Weapons	Range	Attack Dice	Roll to Hit	Target's Save Mod.	Notes
Commissar Yarrick	10cm	3+	+8	Storm Bolter	25cm	2	4+	0	See above





COMMISSAR YARRICK AND ORK WARLORD GHAZGHKULL THRAKA

SPECIAL CARD

GHAZGHKULL THRACA

Ghazghkull Thraka is one of the greatest Ork Warlords of all time. He and his retinue are represented by a single unit consisting of Ghazghkull's stand and 5 Nobz stands with 2 Battlewagons. A Battlewagon can carry up to 3 stands.



POINTS VALUE 350

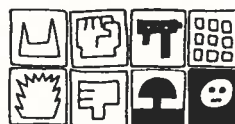
GHAZGHKULL THRACA

Ghazghkull and his retinue form a single command unit and so do not need orders and never check morale. Any Ork units within 25cm of Ghazghkull's stand may add +1 to any morale rolls that they have to make.

Once per game Ghazghkull may invoke the power of the Waaargh! The Waaargh makes Ghazghkull immune to any damage, all Orks on the table suffer a -1 modifier to hit them with ranged fire and all Orks roll an extra dice in close combat. The Waaargh lasts for one turn and then fades away and all of the Orks return to normal.

Thanks to his special armour and the benefits of relatively small size compared to a vehicle Ghazghkull's armour saving throw never drops below 4+ on a D6.

BREAK POINT: Ghazghkull's unit is only ever broken if Ghazghkull is killed; the unit cannot be broken by the destruction of the accompanying retinue.



VICTORY POINTS 4

Your opponent gains 4 VPs when Ghazghkull is killed.

SPECIAL CARD

COMMISSAR YARRICK

Commissar Yarrick is one of the bravest hero's in the Imperium. He is represented by a single unit consisting of a Commissar stand and a Rhino.



POINTS VALUE 150

COMMISSAR YARRICK

Yarrick plus his attendant Rhino are counted as a command unit and so never have to be given orders and never have to check morale.

Yarrick can give orders to any Imperial Guard unit within 6cms. Any Imperial Guard units that can see Yarrick's stand automatically pass any morale rolls.

Any Ork units that are attacked by Yarrick in close combat must take a morale test to avoid going onto fall back orders. Yarrick has a fixed armour saving throw of 3,4,5 or 6 on a D6. The saving throw never drops below this score.

BREAK POINT: Yarrick's unit is only ever broken if Yarrick is killed; the unit cannot be broken by the destruction of the accompanying Rhino.



VICTORY POINTS 2

Your opponent gains 2 VPs when Yarrick is killed.

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WARHAMMER®

SKAVEN'S CLAW

By Bill King

Gotrek Gurnisson is a Troll Slayer, a Dwarf sworn to seek heroic death for some never-to-be-mentioned disgrace. Felix Jaeger is the former poet and political agitator who Gotrek rescued from under the hooves of the Emperor's cavalry during the great tax riots in Altdorf. After a mammoth night's drinking Felix discovered that he was sworn to follow Gotrek and record his doom in an epic poem. Bound by his oath, he has followed the Troll Slayer's ill fated quest across the kingdoms of the Old World. After many bizarre adventures, they have fallen on hard times in the city-state of Nuln...

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



"**S**tuck in a sewer, hunting goblins. What a life," muttered Felix Jaeger with feeling. He cursed all the Gods roundly. In his time he had come to consider himself something of an expert on unprepossessing surroundings but this must surely take the prize. Twenty feet overhead the population of the city of Nuln went about its lawful daily business. And here he was, in the dark, creeping along narrow walkways where a single slip could put him over his head in foulness. His back ached from stooping for hours on end. Truly, in all of his long association with the Trollslayer Gotrek Gurnisson, he had never before plumbed such depths.

"Stop moaning, manling. It's a job isn't it?" said Gotrek cheerfully, paying not the slightest heed to the smell or the narrowness of the ledge or the closeness of the bubbling broth of excrement the sewerjacks called the 'Stew'.

The Trollslayer looked right at home here in the endless maze of brickwork and channels. Gotrek's squat muscular form was far better adapted to the work than Felix's own. He picked his way along the ledges surefooted as a cat. In the two weeks they had been part of the Sewer Watch Gotrek had become far more adroit at it than ten year veterans of the service. But then he was a Dwarf, his people grew up in the lightless places beneath the old world. It probably helped that he could see in the dark, Felix thought, and did not have to depend on the flickering light of the watchmen's lanterns. That still did not explain how he endured the stink though. Felix doubted whether even the dwarfholds smelled quite so bad. The stench was exquisitely vile. His head swam from the fumes.

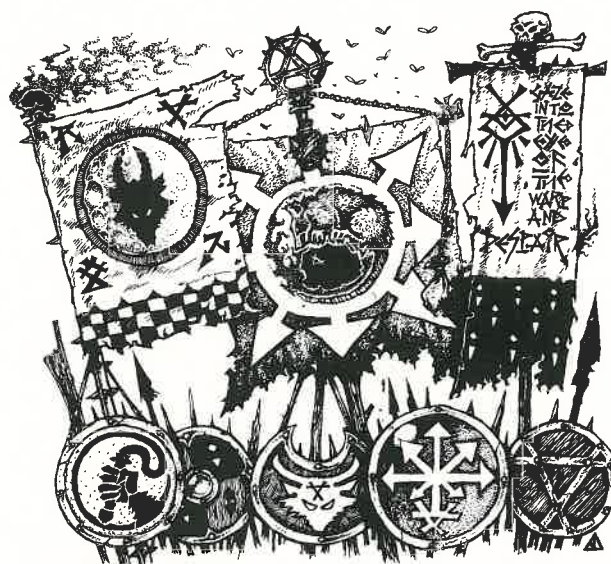
Felix looked at his friend curiously. The Trollslayer looked odd without his usual weapon. Felix had come to think of the battleaxe as being grafted to his hand. Now he had his huge starmetal axe strapped across his back. There was not enough space to swing it in most areas of the sewer. Felix had tried to get Gotrek to leave the weapon in the watch armoury but failed. Not even the prospect of his weight dragging him below the sewage if he fell in could cause the Trollslayer to part with his beloved ancestral heirloom.

In its place he carried a throwing hatchet in his right hand and a military pick in the other. Felix shuddered when he imagined the weapon being used. It resembled a large hammer with a cruel hooked spike on one side. Driven by the dwarf's awesome strength he did not doubt that it could shatter bone and tear through muscle with ease.

Felix tightened his grip on his own short stabbing sword and wished that he still carried the Templar Albrecht's dragon-hilted mageblade. The prospect of facing goblins in the dark made him long for the re-assurance of using his familiar weapon. Perhaps Gotrek was right to keep his axe so close after all.

In the gloom of the lanternlight his fellow sewerjacks were ominous shadowy figures. They wore no uniform save their ubiquitous scarves wrapped round their heads like Arab turbans with a long fold obscuring their mouths. Over the last two weeks, Felix had become familiar enough with them to recognise their silhouettes.

There was tall spare Gant whose scarf concealed a face turned into a moonscape by pockmarks and whose neck was a volcanic archipelago of erupting boils. If ever there was a good advertisement for not staying a sewerjack for twenty



JES GOODWIN

years Gant was it. The thought of his bad breath, bad jokes and toothless smile made Felix want to cringe. He never pointed this out to Gant's face. The sergeant had hinted that he had killed many a man for it.

There was the squat ape-like giant Rudi with his massive barrel chest and hands almost as big as Gotrek's. He and the Trollslayer often arm-wrestled in the tavern after work. Despite straining till the sweat ran down his bald pate Rudi had never beaten the dwarf although he had come closer than any man Felix had ever seen.

Then there was Hef and Spider, the new boys, as Gant liked to call them. They had only been part of the Sewer Watch for seven years. They were identical twins who lived with the same woman on the surface and who had the habit of finishing each other's sentences. So strange were their long lantern-jawed faces and their fish-like staring eyes, that Felix suspected that in-breeding or mutation was part of their heritage. He did not doubt their deadliness in hand to hand combat though or their dedication to each other and their girl Gilda. He had seen them do terrible things with their long hook-bladed knives to a pimp who had insulted her one night.

Along with burly, one-eyed dwarf, these were the men he worked with, as desperate a crew as he had ever known. They were vicious men who couldn't find work that suited them anywhere else and who had finally found an employer who asked no questions.

There were times when he felt like going to the office of his father's company and begging for money. He knew they would give him it. He was still the son of Gustav Jaeger, one of the Empire's wealthiest merchants.

But he also knew that word of his capitulation would get back to his family. They would know that he had come crawling back to them after all his fine boasts. They would know he had taken the money he had affected to so despise.

Of course it had been easy to despise money on the day he had stormed from the house, he had never known the lack of it. His father's threat to disown him was meaningless because he



simply had not understood it. He had grown up rich. The poor were a different species: sad, sickly things that begged on street corners and obstructed the path of one's coach. He had learned since that day. He had endured hardship and he thought he could take it.

But this was nearly the last straw: being forced to become a sewerjack, the lowest of the low among the hired bravoos of Nuln. There simply had been nothing else for it. No-one else would hire two such down at heel rogues as himself and Gotrek. It pained Felix to think of how he must have looked seeking work in his tattered britches and patched cloak. He had always been such a fine dresser. His self-image was one of a certain casual elegance.

Now they needed the money; their long trek through the land of the Border Princes had yielded no reward. They had found the lost treasure of Carag Eight Peaks but they had left it to the ghosts of its owners. It was find work, steal or starve and both he and the Trollslayer were too proud to steal or beg. So here they were in the sewers below the Empire's second greatest city, crawling beneath a seat of learning that Felix had once dreamed of visiting, haunting slimy tunnels below the home of the Elector Countess Emmanuelle, most famous beauty of the nation.

It was not to be borne. Felix wondered what ill-omened star had marked his birth. Still, he consoled himself with the thought that at least things were quiet. It might be dirty work but so far it had not proved dangerous.

"Tracks!" he heard Gant shout. "Ha! Ha! We've found some of the little buggers. Prepare yourselves for action lads."

"Good," rumbled Gotrek.

"Damn!" muttered Felix. Even as inexperienced a sewerjack as Felix could spot these tracks.

"Skaven," Gotrek hawked and spat a huge gob of phlegm out into the main channel of the sewer. It glistened atop a patch of phosphorescent algae. "Rat-men, spawn of Chaos."

Felix cursed; on the job only two weeks and already he was about to meet some of the creatures of the depths. He had almost been able to dismiss Gant's stories as simply the imaginings of a man who had nothing better to fill his long tedious hours with.

Felix wondered if there really could be a whole demented sub-world beneath the city as Gant had hinted. Were there colonies of outcast mutants who sought refuge in the warm darkness and crept out at night to raid the market for scraps? Could there actually be cellars where forbidden cults held ghastly rituals and offered up human sacrifices to the powers of Chaos? Was it possible that giant rats that mocked the form of man really scuttled through the depths. Looking at those tracks it suddenly seemed all too possible.

Felix stood frozen in thought, remembering Gotrek's tales of the Skaven and their continent-spanning webwork of tunnels. Gant tugged his sleeve.

"Well let's get on with it," said the sergeant. "We ain't got all day."



"Never been here before," whispered Hef, his voice echoing away down the long stretch of corridor.

"Never want to come here again," added Spider, rubbing the arachnid tattoo on his cheek. For once Felix was forced to agree with them. Even by the standards of Nuln sewers this was a dismal place. The walls had a crumbled rotten look to them, the little gargoyles on the support arches were blurred by age till their features were no longer visible. The stew bubbled and tiny wisps of vapour rose when the bubbles burst. The air was close, fetid and hot.

And there was something more – the place had an even more oppressive air than usual. The hair on the back of Felix's neck prickled, as it sometimes did when he sensed the undercurrents of sorcery nearby.

"Doesn't look safe," said Rudi, looking at a support arch dubiously. Gotrek's face twisted as if this were a personal insult.

"Nonsense," he said. "These tunnels were dwarf-built a thousand years ago. This is Khazalid workmanship. It'll last an eternity."

To prove his point he banged the arch with his fist. Perhaps it was just bad luck but the gargoyle chose this moment to fall forward from its perch. The Trollslayer had to leap to one side to avoid being hit on the cranium and narrowly avoided skidding into the stew.

"Of course," he added, "Some of the labour was done by human artisans. That gargoyle for instance – typical shoddy manling workmanship." No-one laughed. Only Felix dared even smile. Gant stared up at the ceiling. The lamp set down at his feet underlit his face making him look eerie and daemonic.

"We must be below the Old Quarter," he said wistfully. Felix could see he was contemplating the district of palaces. A strange melancholy expression transfigured his gaunt, bony features. Felix wondered whether he was pondering the difference between his life and the gilded existence of those above, contemplating the splendours he would never know and the opportunities he would never have. Momentarily he felt a certain sympathy for the man.

"There must be a fortune up there," said Gant. "Wish I could climb up and get it. Well no sense in wasting time. Let's get on with it."



"What was that?" Gotrek asked suddenly. The others looked around startled.

"What was what?" asked Hef. "And where was what?" added Spider.

"I heard something. Down that way." All their gazes followed the direction indicated by the Troll Slayer's pointing finger.

"You're imagining things," said Rudi.

"Dwarfs don't imagine things."

"Aw - sarge, do we have to look into this - I want to get home."

Gant rubbed his left eye with the knuckles of right fist. He seemed to be concentrating. Felix could see he was wavering. He wanted to get out and to the tavern just as quickly as the rest of them but this was his responsibility. If something was wrong beneath the palaces and anyone found out they had been there and done nothing about it then it was his neck for the block.

"We'd better look into it," he said eventually, ignoring the groans of his fellow sewerjacks.

"It shouldn't take long. I'll lay odds it's probably nothing anyway." Knowing his luck, Felix decided that was a bet he wouldn't take.



Water dripped down from the arch of the tunnel. Gant had narrowed the aperture of his lantern so that only the faintest glimmering of light was visible. From ahead came the sound of voices. Even Felix could hear them now.

One of them was human, with an aristocratic accent; it was impossible to believe the other voice belonged to a man. It was high-pitched eerie and chittering. If a rat had been given the voice of a human being it would have sounded like that.

Gant stopped and turned to look back at his men. His face was pale and worried. He obviously didn't want to go on. Glancing round the faces of his fellow sewerjacks Felix knew they all felt the same.

It was the end of the day, they were all tired and scared and up ahead was something they didn't want to meet. But they were sewerjacks; men whose only virtue was courage and the willingness to face what others would not in a place where others would not go. They had a certain pride.

Gotrek tossed the hatchet into the air. It spun upward, blades catching a little of the light. With no apparent effort the Trollslayer caught it by the haft as it fell. Spider pulled his long-bladed knife from its sheath and shrugged. Hef smiled ferally. Rudi looked down at his shortsword and nodded. Gant grinned. The Trollslayer looked pleased. He was in the company of the sort of maniacs he could understand.

Gant gestured and they shuffled forward, picking their way carefully and quietly along the slimy ledge. As they turned the bend he opened up his lantern to illuminate their prey.

"Your payment, a token of my esteem. Something for your own personal use," he heard the upper-crust voice say. Two figures stood frozen like trolls in a fairy tale, petrified by the sudden bright light. One was a tall man, garbed in a long black robe like a monk's. His face was patrician: fine-boned, cold and aloof. His black hair was cut short, ending in a widow's peak above his forehead. He was reaching forward to hand the other figure something that glowed eerily. Felix recognised it.

He had seen the substance before, in the abandoned dwarfish fortress of Carag Eight Peaks. It was a ball of warpstone. The recipient was short and inhuman. Its fur was white, its eyes pink; its long hairless tail reminded Felix of a great worm.

As it turned to squint at the light the tail lashed. It reached inside its long, patchwork robes and clutched something in its taloned paws. From its belt hung an unsheathed rusty, saw-toothed blade.

"Skaven," roared Gotrek. "Prepare to die."

"Fool-fool, you said you were not followed," it chittered. "You said no-one knew."

"Stay where you are," said Gant. "Whoever you are you're under arrest on suspicion of witchcraft, treason and unnatural practices with animals."

The sergeant's confidence had been restored by the fact there were only two of them. Even the fact that one of the perpetrators was a monster seemed to leave him undaunted.

"Hef, Spider, take them and bind them." The rat-thing suddenly threw the sphere it had withdrawn from its clothing.

"Die-die, foolish manthings." Gotrek's hatchet hurtled forward simultaneously.

"Hold your breath, manling," he shouted. The Skaven's sphere tinkled and shattered like glass and an unhealthy looking green cloud billowed outward. Gotrek grabbed Rudi and pulled him back and pushed Felix back down the corridor. From inside the gas-cloud came the sound of gurgling, and choking. Felix felt his eyes begin to water.

Suddenly everything went dark as the lantern went out. It was like being caught in a nightmare. He couldn't see, he was afraid to take a breath, he was stuck in a narrow corridor underground and somewhere out there was a monster armed with deadly, incomprehensible weapons.

Felix felt the slick slime of the stone under his hands. As he fumbled he suddenly felt nothing. His hand was over the stew. He felt unbalanced and afraid to move as if he could suddenly topple in any direction, and plunge into the sewage. He closed

his eyes to keep them from stinging and forced himself to move on. His heart pounded. His lungs felt as if they were about to burst. The flesh between his shoulder blades crawled.

Momentarily he expected a saw-toothed blade to be plunged into his back. He could hear someone trying to scream behind him and failing. They gurgled and gasped and their breathing sounded terribly laboured as if their lungs had filled with fluid.

It was the gas, Felix realised. Gotrek had told him of the foul weapons the Skaven used. The products of a chaos-inspired alchemy allied to a warped and inhuman imagination. He knew that to take one breath of that foul smelling air was to die. He also knew that he could not keep from breathing indefinitely.

Think, he told himself. Find a place where the air is clear. Keep moving. Get away from the killing cloud. Don't panic. Don't think about the huge rat-like shape creeping ever closer in the dark with its blade bared. As long as you keep calm you'll be safe. Slowly, inch by torturous inch, while his lungs screamed for air, he forced himself to crawl towards safety.

Then the weight fell on him. Silver stars flickered before his eyes and all the air was driven from his lungs. He screamed. And before he could stop himself took in a mouthful of the foul air. He lay in the dark gasping and slowly it dawned on him that he wasn't dead. He wasn't choking. No knife had been driven into his back. He forced himself to try and move. He couldn't. It was as if a great weight lay across him. Terror flashed through his mind. Maybe his back was broken. Maybe he was a cripple.

"Is that you, Felix?" he heard Rudi whisper. Felix almost laughed with relief. His burden was his huge fellow sewerjack.

"Yes, where are the others?"

"I'm all right," he heard Hef say.

"Me too, brother." That was Spider.

"Gotrek, where are you?" No answer. Had the gas got him? It seemed impossible. The Trollslayer couldn't be dead. Nothing as insidious as gas could have killed him. It wouldn't be fair.

"Where's the sarge?"

"Anybody got some light?"

It became light again. Felix saw that someone was shining the lantern directly at them. Instinctively his hand reached for his sword. It wasn't there. He had dropped it when he fell. The others stood poised along the ledge.

"It's me," said the Trollslayer. "Bloody aristo got away. His legs were longer."

"Where's Gant?" asked Felix.

"Look for yourself manling."

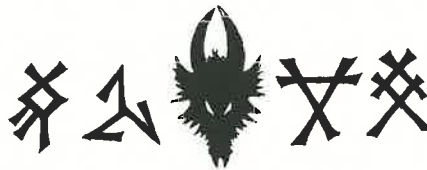
Felix squeezed past and went to do so. The gas had vanished as quickly as it appeared. But it had done its work on sergeant Gant. He lay there in a pool of blood. His eyes were wide and staring, trickles of red emerged from his nostrils and mouth.

Felix checked his body. It was already cooling and there was no pulse. There was no wound on him.

"How did he die, Gotrek?" Felix knew about magic but the fact that a man could be killed and no mark left on him made his mind reel.

"He drowned, manling. He drowned in his own blood." The Trollslayer's voice was cold and furious.

Was that how he dealt with fear, Felix wondered? By turning it into anger. Only after the dwarf went over and started kicking the corpse did he notice the dead Skaven. Its skull had been split by the hatchet.



Wearily Felix lay on his pallet of straw and stared at the cracked ceiling, too tired even to sleep. From below came the sound of shouting as Lisabette argued with one of her seemingly interminable stream of customers.

Felix felt like banging on the floor and telling them to either shut up or get out, but he knew that it would only cause more trouble than it would solve. As he did every night he resolved that he would begin looking for another rooming house tomorrow. He knew that tomorrow night he would be too tired to start.

Ideas chased each other like frolicking rats inside the cavern of his brain. He was at that stage where weariness made his thoughts strange even to himself. Odd conjunctions of images and maze-like chains of reasoning came from nowhere and went nowhere in his mind.

He was too tired now even to be angry about the fate of Sergeant Gant; killed in the line of duty and destined for a pauper's grave on the fringes of the fields of Morr. A watch Captain too bored to pay much attention to reports of monsters in the sewers. No family to mourn him, no friends save his fellow sewerjacks who were even now toasting his memory in the Drunken Guardsman. Gant was a cold corpse now.

And the same thing could so easily have happened to me, Felix thought. If I had been in the wrong place when the globe exploded. If Gotrek had not told me to hold my breath, if he had not pushed me away. It was another debt to add to the many he owed the dwarf. He wondered if he would ever get to repay them. If. If. If. So many ifs.

What was he doing anyway? Was this how he intended to spend the rest of his days; chasing monsters in the dark. His life seemed to have no reason to it any more; it merely moved from one violent episode to the next.

He thought of the alternatives. Where would he have been now if he had not killed Krassner in that duel, had not been expelled from University, had not been disinherited by his father? Would he be like his brothers working in the family business; married, secure, settled? Or would something else have gone wrong? Who could tell?

A rat scuttled across the rafters of the room. When he had first viewed this attic with its one small window he had imagined that it would be at least be free from the rats that infested all the buildings in the New Quarter. He had deluded himself with the thought that they would have heart attacks from the effort of climbing all those stairs. He had been wrong.

The rats of the New Quarter were bold and adventurous and looked better fed than many of the humans. He had seen some of the larger ones chasing a cat. He wished he had not started thinking about rats – it made him think of the mysterious

aristocrat and the Skaven in the sewers. What had been the purpose of that clandestine meeting? What profit could any man find in dealing with such alien monstrosities? And how could it be that outside folk could roister and whore through the teeming streets of Nuln and be unaware of the fact that evil things burrowed and crawled and nested not six yards beneath their feet?

Perhaps they just didn't want to know. Perhaps it was true, as some philosophers claimed, that the end of the world was coming and it was best to simply lose oneself in whatever pleasures one could find.

Footsteps approached on the stair. He could hear the old rickety boards creak under the weight. He had been going to complain that the whole place was a firetrap but Frau Zorin had always seemed too pitiful and poor to bother.

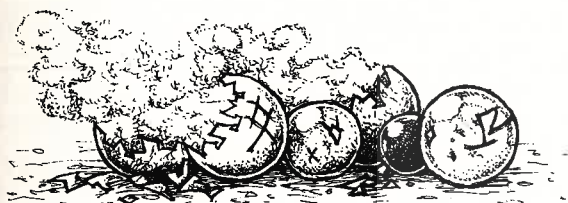
The footsteps did not stop on the landing below but continued to come closer. Felix reached for his knife. He could think of no-one who would be visiting him at this time of night and Frau Zorin's was right in the roughest part of the New Quarter.

Noiselessly he rose and padded on bare feet to the door. He stifled a curse as a splinter embedded itself in the sole of his foot. There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Felix asked, although he already knew the answer. He recognised the old widow woman's wheezing breath even through the thin wood.

"It's me," shrieked Frau Zorin. "You have visitors, Herr Jaeger."

Cautiously Felix opened the door. Outside stood two huge burly men. They carried clubs in their hands and looked as if they knew how to use them. It was the man they flanked that interested Felix. He was handing the landlady a gold coin which she took with an ingratiating smile. As the man turned to look at the door Felix recognised him. It was his brother Otto.



Von Halstadt sat among his files and brooded. That damned dwarf had come within an inch of catching him. He had actually tried to lay his filthy hands on him. He had come so near to undoing all his good work. One blow would have been enough. It would have brought Chaos and darkness to the city. Von Halstadt was sworn to protect.

Von Halstadt reached out and raised his cut glass pitcher. The water was still warm. Good, the servants had boiled it for exactly eleven minutes as he commanded. He was to be commended. Von Halstadt poured some into a glass and inspected it. He raised the glass to the light and checked it for sediment, for stuff floating in it. Good there was none. No contamination.

Chaos could come so easily. It was everywhere. The wise knew that and used it to their advantage. Chaos could take many forms; some were worse than others. There were

relatively benign forms, like the Skaven, and there was the festering evil of mutation.

The Rat-men just wanted to be left alone, to rule their underground kingdom and pursue their own form of civilisation. They were intelligent and sophisticated and they could be dealt with. If you had what they wanted they would make and keep bargains.

Certainly they had their own plans but that made them comprehensible, manipulable. They were not like mutants: vile, insidious, evil things that lurked everywhere, that hid in secret and manipulated the world.

We could all so easily be puppets on the end of their foul strings, he thought. That is why we must be vigilant. The enemy are everywhere and more and more are spawned all the time. The commoners were the worst for it, spawning an endless string of slovenly, lazy good for nothings.

Most mutants were born among the herd. It made sense. There were more of them and they were notoriously immoral and lewd and licentious. The thought made him rigid with horror.

He knew that the mutants took advantage of it; they were clever. They used the ill-educated, lazy oafs: filled their heads with seditious nonsense, fed their envious anger of their betters. Whipped them up to riot and loot and destroy.

Look at how they had ruined his poor father, burned the estate to the ground in one of their brutish uprisings. And his father had been the kindest and gentlest man who had ever lived. Well – he would not make that mistake. He was too clever and too strong. He knew how to deal with revolutionaries and upstarts. He would stand guard and protect mankind from the



menace of the mutant. He would fight them with their own weapons.

That's why he kept the files: all lovingly detailed and carefully cross-indexed. Information was power. He knew who the potential revolutionaries were. His web of spies and agents provocateur kept him informed. He knew which nobles secretly belonged to the dark cults and had them watched.

He had sources that could penetrate any meeting place, and who no-one ever suspected. That was part of his bargain with the Skaven. They knew many things and could find out many more. Their little spies were everywhere, unsuspected. He used their dark wisdom and dealt with the lesser of two evils to keep the greater anarchy at bay. His beloved Emmanuelle laughed at the files, called them his secret pornography. He picked up the small framed portrait she had given him and licked his thin lips, shocked that she had used such a word, even knew what it meant. It must be that brother of hers, he was a bad influence, that Leos. Emmanuelle was too good, too pure, too unsullied to have learned such a word herself. Perhaps he should put his spies on her just too watch out for....

No, she was his ruler, he did this for her, though she could not see its worth now, one day she would. Spying on her would be crossing a line he had set for himself. Besides sometimes he suspected that the lies that he heard about her might just conceivably contain a kernel of truth and finding out that would be too painful. He put the picture back down on his desk. He had been allowing himself to drift from the main problem.

The dwarf and the sewerjacks. Could they have recognised him? And what would he do about it if they had. They were simple men doing their job, like him struggling to keep Chaos at bay. But would they understand the necessity of what he did. If they did not perhaps they would understand that it was necessary to ensure their silence forever.



"Come in," said Felix, holding the door open. Otto stood staring at him for a long time, as if he couldn't quite recognise his younger brother. Then he strode into the room.

"Franz, Karl, remain outside," he said quietly. His voice carried an authority that Felix had not heard in it before, an echo of their father's calm, curt manner.

Felix was suddenly acutely aware of the poverty of his surroundings, the uncarpeted floor, the straw pallet, the bare walls, the hole in the sloping roof. He saw the whole scene through his brother's eyes and wasn't at all impressed.

"What do you want, Otto?" he asked brusquely.

"Your taste in accommodation hasn't changed much, has it? Still slumming."

"You haven't come all the way from Altdorf to discuss my domestic arrangements. What do you want?"

"Do you have to hold that knife so ready. I'm not going to rob you. If I was I think would have brought Karl and Franz in."

Felix slid the knife back into its scabbard. "Maybe I would surprise Karl and Franz."

Otto tilted his head to one side and studied Felix's face. "Maybe you would at that. You've changed, little brother."

"So have you." It was true. Otto was still the same height as Felix but he was broader. He had put on weight. His chest had thickened and his hips broadened. His large soft belly strained against his broad leather belt. Felix guessed that his thick blond beard hid several chins. His cheeks were fatter and seemed padded. His hair was thinner and there were bags under his eyes. His head jutted forward aggressively. He had grown to resemble the old man. "You look more like father."

Otto smiled wryly. "Sad but true. Too much good living I'm afraid. You look like you could use some yourself. You've become very skinny."

"How did you find me?"

"Come on, Felix. How do you think I found you. We have our agents and we wanted to find you. How many tall blonde men travelling in the company of dwarven Trollslayers do you think there are in the Empire? When the report came into my office about two mercenaries answering the description I thought I'd better investigate."

"Your office?"

"I run the business in Nuln now."

"What happened to Schaffer?"

"Vanished."

"With money?"

"Apparently not. We think he was deemed politically undesirable. The Countess has a very efficient secret police. These things happen in Nuln these days."

"Not Schaffer, there was never a more loyal citizen in the Empire. He used to think the sun shone out of the Emperor's fundament."

"Nuln is only just part of the Empire, brother. The Countess Emmanuelle rules the city-state."

"But she's the most flighty woman in the Empire, or so they say."

"Von Halstadt, her Chief Magistrate is very efficient. He's the real ruler of Nuln. He hates mutants. Rumour has it that Schaffer had begun to show stigmata."

"Never."

"That's what I said. But believe this, little brother, Nuln is no place to come under suspicion of being a mutant. Such people vanish."

"But it's the most liberal city of the Empire."

"Not any more." Otto looked around fearfully as if realising that he had said too much. Felix shook his head ruefully. "Don't worry, brother. No spies here."

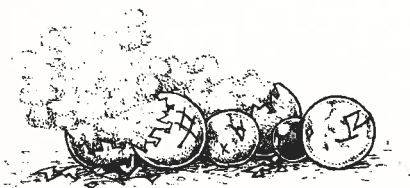
"Don't be too sure about that Felix," he said quietly. "One hears rumours. These days, in this city, walls have ears." When he spoke again his voice was loud and held a note of false heartiness. "Anyway I came around to ask if you'd like to dine with me tomorrow. We can eat out if you'd like."

Felix half-wanted to refuse and half-wanted to talk to his brother some more. There was much family news to catch up on and perhaps the possibility of returning to the fold. That thought alone frightened him as well as intrigued him.

"Yes, I'd like that."

"Good. I'll have my coach collect you from here."

"After I've finished work." Otto shook his head. "Of course, Felix. Of course." They said their goodbyes. It was only after his brother had left that Felix began to wonder what could so frighten a man of Otto's power and influence that he would worry about eavesdroppers in a place like Frau Zorin's.



Slowly the hungover sewerjacks lowered themselves into the depths. One by one they clambered down the ladders lowered through the access ports. Rudi, now acting sergeant, lit the lantern and illuminated the tunnel.

The stink hit Felix like a hammer even as he carefully stepped from the ladder onto the ledge. This was the trickiest part of the operation. There was only about one foot clearance between the ladder and the edge of the walkway. A misstep had carried many a still-drunk sewerjack into the Stew.

"You missed yourself last night, young Felix," said Hef.

"We gave the sarge a fine send-off," added Spider.

"Gotrek downed seven jacks of ale one after the other and wasn't even sick. We took a week's wages off the First Watch."

"I'm very pleased for you," said Felix. Gotrek looked none the worse for his exploits. Of all the sewerjacks he was the only one who didn't appear ill. The rest were ghastly, pale, and walked with the shuffling gait of old men.

"Ah, there's nothing like the smell of the stew to clear your head in the morning," said Hef, proceeding to stick his head out over the edge of the walkway and be violently sick.

"Fair clears the head it does," added Rudi with no trace of irony.

"I can see that," said Felix.

"We're going to sweep through the area where the sarge got taken," said Rudi. "We decided it last night. We want to see if we can find the scumbag who deals with the skaven. And maybe if we can't find him we'll find some of his pink-tailed little friends."

"And what if they've got more of those gas bombs?" asked Felix.

"Not to worry. Gotrek is an old tunnel fighter. He explained how to deal with it."

"Oh did he? Well, I'm sure he would know."

"Yes. We soak our scarves in piss and breath through them. That cuts out the gas."

"I knew it would be something like that," said Felix, glaring at the Trollslayer, wondering if the others were really convinced by Gotrek's claims or whether they were simply humouring him. One look at their haggard, determined faces convinced him that it was the former.

"It's true, manling. My ancestors fought the Skaven at Carag

Eight Peaks and it worked for them."

"If you say so," said Felix. He could tell it was going to be a long day.



They followed the route of the previous day towards the area beneath the old quarter. As they went Felix had time to reflect on how strange his life was. His brother's house was somewhere above his head and he had not known it. He had not even known Otto was in the city. The fact that his brother had found him was a testimony to the efficiency of his spy network.

Felix was starting to suspect that such things were necessary to anyone who wanted to do business in Nuln. What Otto had said about Schaffer and the Countess's secret police was worrying too. Felix was sorry for the old man but he was more worried about himself. Both he and the Trollslayer were wanted by the law for their part in the great Window Tax riots in Altdorf.

If the secret police were so efficient here and he and Gotrek were really so recognisable then they too might vanish. He consoled himself with the thought that the capital was a long way away and that the local authorities would probably not be interested in what happened outside their jurisdiction.

In a way it was even more reassuring that they were part of the Sewer Watch. It was tacitly understood that the Watch did not look too closely into the backgrounds of those who volunteered for it. Indeed it was said to be a sure way of having them ignore your previous crimes.

All of the others had been involved in acts of criminal violence at some point in their lives - or so they claimed. No, there wasn't too much to worry about. He hoped.

More immediately worrying was the prospect that they might actually come across some Skaven. He did not fancy facing such well - adapted vicious foes in their own environment. Frantically he tried to recall what Gotrek had told him of them; searching through the information, hoping to find something that would give him an edge if it came to a fight.

He knew that they were a race of vicious mutant rats, products of warpstone in ancient times. They were said to inhabit a great polluted city called Skavenblight, the location of which nobody knew. Rumour had it that they were divided up into clans, each of which had their own function; the practise of sorcery, the making of war, the breeding of monsters and so forth. They were lighter than a man but faster and more vicious and possessed of a feral intelligence that made them deadly enemies.

He could recall books he had read about the battles of the ancients that described their few interventions on surface battlefields: their terrifying charges in great, chattering hordes, their twisted evil and their penchant for torturing their prisoners. It had been a skaven horde that had undermined the walls of Castle Seigfreid and broke the siege after two years of trying.

Legend said that Prince Karsten had paid a terrible price for the service of his allies. Sigmar himself destroyed an army of

them before his ascension to the heavens. It had been one of his less well-known labours. There was not a lot known about the Skaven save whispered rumours and terrible hints in some of the ancient histories.

Felix himself had seen some evidence of their handywork in Carag Eight Peaks. The thought of the warpstone polluted wells and the great mutated troll gave him the chills even after all this time. He hoped that he would not have to face any more of their monstrous creations in his lifetime. Looking at the others he could tell that they did not share his hope.

Until yesterday Felix had never given a second thought to the number of rats in the sewers. Now he saw that they were everywhere. They scuttled away from the lights as the watchmen approached and he could hear the pitter-patter of their feet behind them after they had gone. Their eyes caught the reflection of the lantern and glittered like tiny stars far off in the darkness of the undercity.

He found himself wondering now if there was any connection between the rats and the Skaven. He started to imagine the little ones as spies for their larger brethren. It was a madman's fantasy he knew, one straight out of the tales of sorcery he had read as a boy, but the more he thought of it the more terrifying the prospect became.

Rats were everywhere in the great cities of man, living amid the garbage and refuse of civilisation. They could see much and overhear much and go, if not unnoticed, at least unsuspected.

He began to feel their cold eyes staring malevolently at him even as he walked. The walls of the sewerway seemed to close in about him threateningly and he imagined himself caught in a vast warren. Thinking of the Skaven out there, it suddenly seemed possible to him that he was in a vast burrow; that he and the others had been shrunk to the size of mice and that the skaven were ordinary rats, walking upright and dressed in a fashion that aped man.

The fantasy became so vivid and compelling that he began to wonder whether the fumes of the stew were going to his head or whether the scent deadening narcotics prescribed by the city alchemists had hallucinatory side-effects.

"Steady, manling," he heard Gotrek say. "You're looking very pale there."

"I was just thinking about the rats."

"As was I. Don't let them get to you. In the tunnels your mind creates its own foes. It's the first thing a tunnel fighter learns to guard against."

"You've done this sort of thing before then," said Felix half-sarcastically.

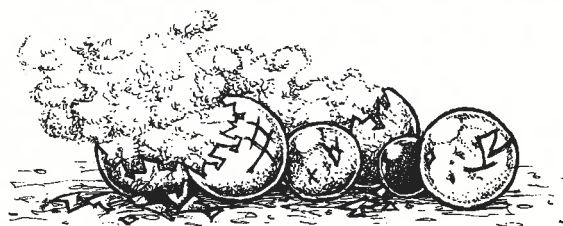
"Yes, manling. I was fighting in the depths before ever your father was born. The ways around the Everpeak are never free of foes and all the citizens of the King's Council do their share of military service in the depths. More young dwarfs die that way than any other."

Gotrek was being unusually forthright as he sometimes was before moments of great peril. Danger made him garrulous as if he wanted to communicate with others only when he realised he might never get another chance. Or perhaps he was simply drunk from the night before. Felix realised he would never know. Fathoming the dwarf's alien mind was nearly as far beyond him as was understanding a Skaven.

"I can remember my first time in the tunnels. Everything

seemed cramped and every sound was the tread of some secret enemy. If you listen with fearful ears you are soon surrounded by foes. When the true foe comes you have no idea from which quarter. Stay calm, manling. You'll live longer."

"Easy for you to say," Felix muttered as the Trollslayer moved past. All the same he was re-assured by Gotrek's presence.



With some trepidation they approached the place where Gant had been killed. Mist still rose from the surface of the stew and in places a slow current was evident in the sludge. The area of the fight looked very much the same as Felix remembered it except that the body was gone. The area where the corpse had lain was disturbed.

There was a trail in the slime that suddenly ended at the ledge, as if the body had been dragged a short way then dumped. He knew they should have shifted it yesterday, when they had the chance but they had been too shaken, disturbed and excited by what had happened to do so. No-one had wanted to carry the mangy, rat-man body. Now it wasn't there.

"Someone took it," said Hef.

"Wonder who?" said Spider. Gotrek scanned the ledge where the body had been. He bent down and peered closely at the tracks. Then rubbed his eyepatch with his right fist. The hatchet that had killed the Skaven came dangerously close to his tattooed scalp.

"Wasn't a man anyway. That's for sure."

"All sorts of scavengers in the sewers," said Rudi. He voiced the common belief of all sewerjacks. "There are things you wouldn't believe living in the stew."

"I don't think it was any scavenging animal," said Gotrek.

"Skaven," said Felix, voicing their unspoken thoughts.

"Too big. One of them was anyway. The other tracks might be Skaven." Felix peered out into the gloom; it suddenly appeared even more menacing.

"How big?" He cursed himself for taking on the same monosyllabic way of speaking as the others. "How large exactly was this creature you referred to Gotrek?"

"I'm not an expert, manling. Perhaps taller than you, perhaps heavier than Rudi."

"Could it be one of the mutants you say the Skaven breed? A hybrid of some sort?"

"That seems like the most likely explanation."

"But how can all those prints simply vanish?" Felix asked. "They can't all have thrown themselves in the stew, can they?"

"Sorcery," said Hef.

"Of the blackest sort," added Spider. Gotrek looked down at

the ledge and cursed in his native tongue. He was angry and his beard bristled. The light of mad violence shone in his one good eye.

"They can't just disappear," he said. "It's not possible."

"Could they have used a boat," asked Felix. The idea had just struck him. The others looked at him incredulously.

"Use a boat?" said Hef. "In the stew," said Spider. "Don't be stupid," said Rudi. Felix flushed.

"I'm not being stupid. Look the tracks end here. It would be quite simple for someone to step down from the ledge into a small skiff."

"That's the daftest thing I've ever heard," said Rudi. "You've got some imagination young Felix. Who'd ever have thought of using a boat down here?"

"There's a lot of things you'd never think of," snapped Felix. "But then thinking's not your strong suit is it."

He looked at the other sewerjacks and shook his head. "You're right – a boat doesn't make sense. Much better to believe they vanished by magic. A cloud of pixies obviously wafted in and carried them away."

"That's right – a cloud of pixies. That's more like it," said Rudi.

"He's being sarcastic, Rudi," said Spider.

"A very sarcastic fellow, young Felix," added Hef.

"He's probably right though," said Gotrek. "A small boat would make sense. It wouldn't be too hard to come by either. The sewers eventually all flow into the Reik, don't they? A small boat could easily be stolen."

"But the outflows into the river all have bars," said Rudi. "To stop vagrants getting in."

"And what's our job, if not hunting down those self-same vagrants," asked Felix. He could see the idea was starting to filter into even Rudi's thick skull.

"But why, manling? Why use boats," Felix felt briefly elated. It wasn't often the Trollslayer admitted that Felix might know more than him. He considered it the matter rapidly.

"Well for a start they don't leave tracks. And they might be connected with a smuggling operation. Suppose someone was bringing warpstone in by river, for instance. Our noble skulker yesterday seemed to be paying the rat-man off with it."

"The only thing I hate more than boats is elves. They make me sick," said Gotrek.

They searched for the rest of the day and found no trace, although they did find that the bars had been sawn away on one of the outflows to the Reik.



Felix stepped out of the street and into the Golden Hammer. He stepped from reality into a dream. The doorman held the great oak door for him. Servile waiters ushered him away from the squalor of the streets into a vast dining hall.



Here richly clad people sat at well-filled tables and dined and talked by the light that sparkled from huge crystal chandeliers. Portraits of great Imperial heroes watched the diners sternly from the walls. Felix recognised Sigmar and Magnus and Frederick the Bold. The style of the brushwork was Vespasian's, the most famous Nulner painter of the past three centuries. The far wall was dominated by a portrait of the Elector Emmanuelle, a ravishing raven-haired beauty garbed in a less than modest ball gown.

Felix wished his borrowed clothing fitted him better. He was wearing some of his brother's old garments. Once he and Otto had been of the same size and build but in the years of his wandering Felix had grown thinner and Otto more stout.

The linen shirt felt baggy and the velvet vest felt loose. The trousers had been cinched with a leather belt tightened to its last notch. The boots were a comfortable fit though, as was the cap. He had tilted it to a rakish angle to show off the peacock feather in the band. He let his hand toy idly with golden pomander that dangled from its chain round his neck. The smell of fine Bretonian perfume wafted up from it. It was nice to smell something other than the sewers.

The servant led him to a booth in the corner in which Otto sat. He had a leatherbound accounts book in front of him and was ticking things off in it with a quill pen. As Felix approached he looked up and smiled. "Welcome, little brother. You're looking much better for a bath and a change of clothes."

Having studied himself in the great silvered mirror in Otto's townhouse earlier, Felix was forced to agree. A warm bath, scented oil and a change of clothing had made him feel like a new man. In the looking glass he had seen the foppish young

dandy he once had been albeit with more lines round the eyes and a firmer, narrower set to the mouth.

"This is a very charming establishment," he said.

"You could dine here every evening if you wished."

"What do you mean brother?"

"Simply that there is a place for you in the family business."

Felix looked around to see if they were being overheard. "You know I'm still a wanted man in Altdorf because of the window tax business."

"You exaggerate your notoriety, little brother. No-one knows who the leaders of that riot were. Altdorf isn't Nuln you know."

"You've said yourself Gotrek is a very easily recognisable figure."

"We're not offering the Trollslayer employment. We're offering you your birthright." And there it was; what Felix had half-hoped for and half-feared. His family would take him back. He could give up the restless uncomfortable life of the adventurer and return once more to Altdorf and his books. It would mean a life chained to the ledgers and the warehouses but it would be safe.

And one day he would be rich. It was a tempting prospect. No more crawling around in sewers. No more beatings at the hands of thugs. No more catching strange illnesses in terrible out-of-the-way places. No more muscle-searing treks through wild, savage lands. No more descents into darkness. No more confrontations with the chaos worshipping minions of obscure cults. No more adventures.

He wouldn't have to put up with Gotrek's sullenness or his whims any more. He could forget his oath to follow the Trollslayer and record his doom in an epic poem. The promise had been made when he was drunk; surely it didn't count. He would be his own master. Still, something held him back.

"I'll have to think about it," he said.

"What is there to think about, man? You can't actually tell me that you prefer being a sewerjack to being a merchant, can you? Most people would kill to be given this opportunity."

"I said: I'll think about it."

They ate in uncomfortable silence. The door to the chamber opened and a tall man was led in by the servant. He was clad in black and his monkish robes made him seem out of place in his opulent setting. His face was thin and ascetic and his black hair ended above his forehead in a widow's peak.

As he crossed the room, silence spread in his wake. Felix saw that the wealthy diners were afraid of him. As he passed close to the table Felix was shocked by the fact he recognised him: it was the man he had seen in the sewers with the Skaven. His mind reeled.

He had assumed that the man was some kind of sorcerer or renegade. He pictured a cultist or a desperado. He had not expected to see him here in the haunts of Nuln's wealthiest and most respectable citizens.

"What's the matter, brother. You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Who is that man?"

Otto let out a long sigh. "You don't want to know. He's not a

man that you ask questions of. He asks them of you."

"Who is he, Otto? Do I have to go over and ask him?" Felix saw a look of alarm and admiration pass across his brother's face.

"I do believe you would too, Felix. Very well, he's Chief Magistrate Fritz Von Halstadt, the head of Emmanuelle's secret police."

"Tell me about him."

"There are those who see him as the enemy of corruption everywhere. He is hard working and no-one doubts his sincerity. He sincerely hates mutants and for that reason he has the backing of the Temple of Ulric. His home is guarded by their Templars."

"I thought the temple of Ulric had no power here, that the Elector disliked it."

"That was before Von Halstadt's rise. He came from being a minor court functionary to the most powerful man in the city-state very quickly. Some say it was by blackmail, some say his enemies have a habit of being found dead under mysterious circumstances. He's risen far for a man whose father was a minor nobleman in an out of the way province. A callous cunning old swine by all accounts.

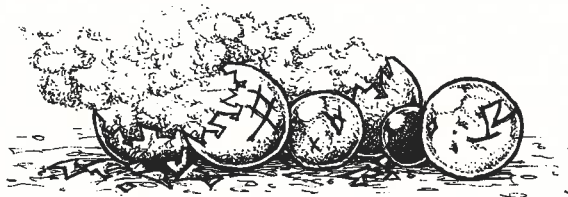
Von Halstadt is cold, cruel and dangerous, not just because of his influence. He's a deadly blade. He's killed several people because they've insulted the honour of the Countess."

"I would have thought her brother Leos did enough of that without him having to."

"Leos is not always about and rumour has it that our chief magistrate would be prepared to fight him over the Countess. Apparently he's got it hard for her."

"Then he's mad. Leos is the deadliest blade in the Empire and Emmanuelle's not worth fighting over."

Otto shrugged. Felix stared at Von Halstadt, wondering what the connection between the Skaven and the head of the Elector's secret police could be. And hoping against hope that the man did not recognise him.



Von Halstadt was tired. Not even his usual excellent supper could cheer him. His mind was filled with worry and the cares of high office. He looked around at his fellow diners and returned their smiles. In his heart of hearts he despised them.

Shallow, indolent cattle. Garbed liked nobles but with the hearts of shopkeepers. He knew that they needed him. They needed him to keep Chaos at bay. They needed him to do the work they were too soft to do themselves. They were barely worth his contempt.

It had been a trying day. Young Helmut Slazinger had failed to confess despite Von Halstadt himself supervising the torture implements. It was strange how some of them maintained their innocence even unto the grave. Even when they knew that he knew they were guilty.

His secret sources had told him that Slazinger belonged to a clandestine cell of Slaanesh cultists. The jailors had been unable to find any of the usual tattoos that marked coven members but that meant nothing. His most trusted informants had let him in on the secret. That in fear of his ruthless crusade his hidden enemies had taken to using sorcerous tattoos visible only to fellow coven members.

Gods, how insidious the mutant fiends were! Now they could be everywhere; they could be sitting right in this very room, their initiation tattoos plain to each other on their faces and he would not know. They could be sitting there right now mocking him and there was nothing he could do about it. That lanky young fellow in the ill-fitting clothes could be one. He was certainly studying Von Halstadt intently enough. And come to think of it there was something quite sinister about him. Perhaps he should be the next subject of an official investigation.

No, get a grip on yourself. They cannot hide for ever. The blinding light of logic can pierce the deepest darkness of falsity. So his father had always told him before yet another beating for his sins real or imagined. No – his father had been correct. Von Halstadt had done wrong. Even if he could not work out exactly what. The beatings had been for his own good, to drive out sin.

His father had been a good man, doing the work of the righteous. That was why he smiled as he punished him. He didn't enjoy it. He told him that often and often. It was for his own good. In a way it had been a great lesson. He had learned that it was often necessary to do painful, bad things for the greater good.

It had made him hard; it enabled him to do what he had to today, free from the weakness of lesser men. It enabled him to stand up for right. It had made him into a man his father could be proud of and he should be grateful. He was strong without being malicious. He was like his father.

He had taken no pleasure in the torture of young Slazinger. He had taken no pleasure in the Skaven report that the nobleman was a Slaanesh cultist. Although he had to admit that it was a fortunate coincidence, given the rumours concerning Slazinger and Emmanuelle.

More malicious lies: someone so pure as the Countess would not, could not, have anything to do with the likes of Slazinger; a notorious rake, the sort of handsome young dandy who thought it witty to speak out against the lawful servants of the state, to criticise the harsh measures needed to maintain law and order in this festering sink of iniquity and sin.

He pushed Slazinger from his mind and gave his thoughts over to other matters. His agent in the Watch-house had brought him the report on the Gant incident. No action was being taken. It would cost too much to make a full sweep through the sewers beneath the Old Quarter and that would cut into the take the Watch Captain got from his station's financial allocation. Well, even corruption sometimes has its uses, thought Von Halstadt.

His spy had brought him word that Gant's patrol had been nosing around in the area of his death though which was more worrying. They might accidentally come across some more Skaven going about their business. They might even discover the skiffs that ran from the docks to Van Niek's Emporium. He doubted that they would discover that the shop was simply a government front which channelled warpstone from outside the city to the Skaven in payment for their services. He smiled.

It was an arrangement with a certain pleasing symmetry. He paid the Skaven in the currency they wanted. They did not seem to realise it was both useless and dangerous. Warpstone actually caused mutation. The Skaven claimed to use it as food. Well, it was a relatively harmless way of disposing of an incredibly dangerous substance and it provided him with a fine source of information at the same time.

Yes, a pleasing symmetry indeed. In a way it was a pity that he could not make known the service he was doing the Empire by disposing of the evil stuff in a safe way. It had been a lucky day for all mankind when Von Halstadt had gotten lost in the sewers and stumbled across the Skaven.

It was fortunate they had recognised him as a man they could do business with. He must get some more. This very evening he must contact another Skaven agent and see to it that the watchmen met with an accident. He was sorry to have to do that to men who were only doing their duty but his security must come first.

He was the only man who understood the real dangers threatening Nuln and he was the only man who could save the city. He knew this wasn't simply vanity; it was the truth. Tonight he would contact the new Skaven leader Thanquil and order him to eliminate his enemies. The thought of this secret use of his power made him shiver. He told himself it was not with pleasure.



"I'm telling you I saw him last night," said Felix. He saw the others staring at him out of the gloom. Overhead he heard the thunder of wheels as a cart passed over a manhole cover. "At the Golden Hammer. He was standing not twenty feet away from me. His name is Fritz Von Halstadt and he's the man we saw dealing with the Skaven."

"Sure," said Rudi, glancing back worriedly. "He was having dinner with the Countess Emmanuelle and the Enchanter Drachenfels. What were you doing in the Golden Hammer anyway. It's where the nobs go. They wouldn't let a sewerjack in if his clothes were made of spun gold. You don't expect us to believe you were there."

"My brother took me. He's a merchant. And I'm telling you that's where I saw our man, Von Halstadt."

"You're not from Nuln, are you young Felix?" enquired Hef. He spoke calmly and helpfully, as if he were genuinely concerned with clearing up any misapprehension the young sewerjack might have. "Do you know who Fritz von Halstadt is?"

"The Head of the Elector's secret police, is who he is. The scourge of mutant scum in this city," said Spider. A tic moved somewhere far back in the twin's jaw. Felix had not realised the twins were such great admirers of Von Halstadt's. "And the head of the secret police don't go about consorting with rat-men."

"Why not?"

"Because he's the head of the secret police and the head of the secret police wouldn't do that sort of thing. It stands to reason, don't it."

"Well – that is irrefutable logic, Rudi. I'm telling you I saw him with my own eyes. It was the man from the sewers."

"Are you sure you're not mistaken, manling. It was very dark down there and human eyesight is not good in the dark."

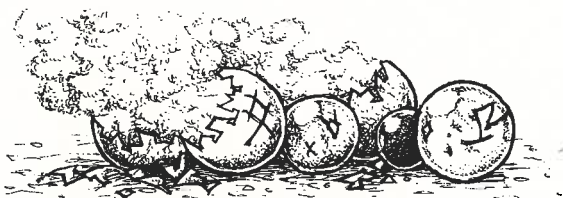
"I'm certain," said Felix. "I've never been more certain of anything in my life."

"Well young Felix, even if you're right, and I'm not saying that you are mind, what can we do about it? We can hardly go marching up to the Countess Emmanuelle and say – by the way your majesty, did you know your most trusted advisor has been sneaking around the sewers below your palace in the company of giant talking rats." Hef didn't smile as he said this.

"She'd ask you how much weirdroot you'd been chewing and order her Kisleveite lover to throw you in the cells," said Spider. Felix could see their point. What could they do? They were just ordinary watchmen and the man he was talking about was the most powerful person in the city. Perhaps it would be best just to forget the whole thing. He was seeing Otto again this evening, was going to have a fine meal in his townhouse. Soon he could be far from here and it wasn't his problem.

But the thought nagged at him. What was the terrible and feared master of the Countess's secret police doing in the company of Skaven? What hold could they possibly have over him?

"Right, lads enough of this," said Rudi. "Back to go to work."



Hostleader Tzerkual Varmatz looked back at his Stormvermin. They filled this tunnel chamber and the smell of their musk was sweet. His heart swelled with something akin to pride. These were big, burly Skaven and their black fur was sleek and well – groomed. It matched their fine lacquered black armour and their rune-encrusted helms of black iron. They were elite: well-fed, well-turned out, disciplined, as far above the lowly clanrats and slaves as he was above them. He commanded two dozen of the finest warriors his clan could field. In war this would be swelled to two hundred or more.

He did not need the full force for this mission: this was simple. The elimination of some pink flesh manthings. Easy. Grey Seer Thanquil had made it plain it would be so. Even though he didn't like Skrequal's replacement he agreed. He doubted he would even need four claws of Stormvermin to deal with some lowly manthing warriors. Behind him Thanquil gave a discreet little bark of impatience. The rat-ogre that accompanied the sorcerer rumbled angrily.

A little shimmer of fear passed through Tzerkual when he contemplated the giant hybrid's formidable muscles and claws. He would not want to face it in battle. It must have cost the Grey Seer a fair stash of warpstone to purchase from the Pack-masters of Clan Moulder, and from what Tzerkual had heard it would prove worth every ounce.

Still he would not let himself be hurried by a youthful upstart like Thanquil. Tzerkual was of his clan's tenth birthing. Thanquil was a mere twelfth. There were certain proprieties to be observed. He must keep face in front of his troops. He allowed none of his anxiety to show in his bearing and he controlled the urge to squirt the musk of fear.

He twitched his nose authoritatively and then lashed his tail to get their attention. Two dozen pairs of alert pink eyes turned to look at him. "We go to the bigstink below the mancify," he told them. "We go to kill five manthings who guard the tunnels. They are enemies of our clanlord and have killed-dead a clanbrother. Vengeance and manblood will be ours. Fight well and more breeders and more warptokens will be yours. Fight badly and I will chew your guts with my own fangs."

"We hear Hostleader," they squeaked thunderously. "Glory to the clan. Vengeance for our clanbrother."

"Yes-yes, blood-vengeance for our clanbrother." Tzerkual smiled, revealing row on row of sharp-serrated teeth. In Skaven it was a gesture of menace and his men fell silent. He was pleased by the fear he had imposed on them.

Yes, he wanted vengeance for Skrequal. They had belonged to the same birthing, had fought their way to the top of their clan together. Had connived and killed and assassinated their way to power. He understood his brother's ambitions and insofar as he trusted anybody he had trusted Skrequal. He wanted the blood of his killers. It would in some way make up for the inconvenience of having to find another ally in the great game of clan politics.

Perhaps Thanquil might do, if the youngling didn't attempt to slip a sawknife into his back first. Well, only the future would tell.

He covered his teeth once more and the stormvermin relaxed. He was looking forward to visiting the undercity once more. He liked slinking through the vast stinking maze that reminded him of Skavenblight. It made a change from the hideously barren outpost he had been forced to occupy since his clanlord dispatched him here. He was glad the stupid manthing had enough sense to contact them about his problem. The guards were potentially a threat to the great plan. Nothing must menace their pawn before they took over the city.

He wasn't sure what the great plan was but that didn't matter. He was a simple and vicious soldier, it was not his place to philosophise on the ways the Thirteen Lords of Decay chose to order the Universe. It was his task simply to kill the enemies of his clan. That's what he intended to do.



Felix was worried. It wasn't just the number of rats he had seen, it was the way they followed him that was worrying. He told himself not to be stupid. The rats weren't following him. They were just there, like they always were in the sewers. His imagination was playing tricks on him, as it always did.

He gazed round what the other sewerjacks called the cathedral. It was a major confluence of several of the city's greatest sewerways. It had been designed in a style he thought



he recognised from the halls of Carag Eight Peaks. He called it Dwarven Imperial. The dwarfs who had built these sewers were refugees, he knew. They had fled from the Worlds Edge Mountains when they became too dangerous to remain in. They had come to the human lands bringing a great store of engineering knowledge and a great nostalgia for their ancestral homes under the mountains.

The Elector of Nuln had been an enlightened man. He put their knowledge and skills to good use improving the sanitation of his fast-growing city. They had responded to the challenge by creating places that resembled great temples rather than sewers. Mighty arches supported masonry that had lasted nearly a thousand years. Intricate carved stonework adorned the arches, revealing the traditional dwarfish hammer and shield designs.

The work had been made beautiful in its way as well as functional. Of course time had eroded much of it, coarse patchworks of plaster and brick filled gaps where human repair teams less skilled than the original builders had been at work. But this place almost directly below the Elector's palace was a sewer fit for an Emperor.

Then suddenly he saw it, he saw how vulnerable those ancient master builders had made the city. He remembered Gotrek's tale of how the Skaven had attacked Carag Eight Peaks from the direction least expected: from below.

The sewers provided a means of access to below any place of importance in the city. Teams of assassins or shocktroops could be moved through them by a foe adapted to the darkness. They were a perfect highway for a Skaven invasion. The great walls of Nuln would prove no barrier to them. The watchers on the roof of the temple of Myrmidia would notice nothing.

The peril to the city was even greater if its own Chief Magistrate were in league with the rat-men. The pieces

clicked. He knew how Von Halstadt's foes disappeared. They were dragged down into the depths by the Skaven. He would bet anything that a web of access tunnels existed that gave access to the palaces and walled houses above. If nothing else a small enough assassin could gain access through the sewage channels, gross as that thought was.

The question now was why? Why was Von Halstadt doing it? What did he stand to gain? The demise of his enemies? Perhaps he was a mutant in league with the forces of darkness. Perhaps he was mad. Felix asked himself whether he could walk away now, knowing what he did. Could he take the offer of a safe job alongside his brothers and leave the second greatest city of the Empire in the hands of its enemies.

It was infuriating; there was nothing he could do. No-one would believe him if he accused the chief magistrate. The word of a sewerjack against that of the most influential man in the city. And if he revealed who he really was that would only get him into deeper trouble.

He was a known revolutionary and an associate of the dwarf who had slaughtered ten of the Emperor's own elite household cavalry. No-one would be too bothered if he himself disappeared. Perhaps it would be best to let things be. It was only then as he came to his decision that he noticed that the rats had vanished and the sound of soft padding could be heard behind him.

"We're being followed, manling," said Gotrek. "By several groups. One behind. Two taking tunnels parallel to us. I wouldn't be surprised if there's more up ahead."

"By what?" Felix had to force his words out. His throat felt constricted and his voice was barely louder than a whisper. "Skaven?"

"Probably. It's not humans. I think we're going to be ambushed. Our scuttling little friends should be quieter. Dwarf ears are keen."

"What can we do?"

"Fight bravely and if need be die heroically, manling."

"That's all very well for you – you're a Trollslayer. The rest of us aren't quite so keen to get ourselves killed."

Gotrek glared at him contemptuously. Felix felt the need to find an excuse for his fear. "What if it's an invasion. Someone has to warn the city. It's our duty. Remember the oath we swore when we joined the Watch."

He could see this made an impression on the Trollslayer. Dwarfs were always impressed by talk of duty and of oaths.

"You have a point, manling. At least one of us should get away and warn the city. Best talk with the others and make up a plan."

The climactic second part of 'Skaven's Claw' will be published in next month's issue of White Dwarf.



KENT MARTIN AND ERICK WATSON

Kent Martin and Erick Watson are both gamers and miniature painters who work for Games Workshop in the USA. Kent's painting style will be familiar to those of you who saw the feature on his superb Dark Elf army in White Dwarf 144. As you can see from the the Ork Kustom Landraider and Goff Braincrusha, Kent is also a skilled modeller who loves to convert and scratch build vehicles for his Warhammer 40,000 armies.



DARK ANGEL MARINE CAPTAIN



NURGLE CHAOS RENEGADE



ELDAR STRIKING
SCORPION EXARCH



SCRATCH BUILT GOFF BRAINCRUSHA



SPACE WOLF MARINE CAPTAIN



EVIL SUNZ ORK WITH
CONVERTED KUSTOM WEAPON



TZEENTCH CHAOS
RENEGADE



ELDAR FARSEER



ELDAR HARLEQUIN



EMPEROR'S SCYTHES
SPACE MARINE CAPTAIN



MENTOR LEGION
SPACE MARINE



ELDAR HARLEQUIN
HIGH AVATAR



CONVERTED BLOOD AXE LANDRAIDER

MODELLING WORKSHOP

HILLS AND WOODS

by Adrian Wild

Many of you will have seen examples of Adrian's stunning gaming terrain at this year's Golden Demon Grand Finals. We receive lots of letters requesting information on how the terrain that appears in our photographs and battle reports has been made, and so we asked Adrian to describe some of his basic modelling techniques. In this month's article he covers the two items of basic terrain that most gamers will want to build – hills and woods.

Making gaming terrain is all part of the fun of our hobby. Although its perfectly practical to play a game of Warhammer Fantasy Battle, Space Marine or Warhammer 40,000 on the kitchen table or your bedroom floor, with a few books and boxes to represent hills and buildings almost all gamers will eventually begin to collect a few items of gaming terrain. Having spent time and effort on collecting and painting your army, it only seems fair they should have the opportunity to battle it out over some exciting and well modelled terrain.

When people write in and ask me about individual pieces – such as the Dwarf Fortress – that have appeared in White

Dwarf, they usually ask me how I have gone about making a *specific* model. This is by far the most difficult question to answer as normally I don't work from plans. More than anything else, successful model making is about applying a few simple *techniques* to the job in hand. In the 'Rivers' article I wrote for White Dwarf 148, I talked about how to go about creating rocky patches in the water. This involves gluing increasingly fine grades of material – gravel, cat litter and coral sand to the model. This technique is precisely the same for any rocky area whether it is the base of a building, a scree slope on a hill, or a simple area of rocks. The same idea





A basic two layer stepped hill

applies to creating grassy areas, stone or wood effects and even the fine details of a model such as the roof tiles or window frames. Once you have mastered a few basic techniques you should be able to apply them to any model you wish to. When I start a new model I sometimes look through a few books on landscape or architecture to get ideas or possibly even make a sketch or two on how I want the finished model to look, but for the most part I just get an idea and start to build. Once you begin your model, you'll be surprised how new ideas will occur to you as you go along.

Although it helps to have a supply of card and other materials at hand to work with, you'll also find that all sorts of bits and pieces will find their way into your model making. Part of the pleasure in building terrain lies in the fact that almost all the materials are either free or very cheap. Most modellers soon develop an eye for spotting and collecting interesting bits of seemingly junk material, particularly polystyrene packaging and cardboard which they can add to their bits box.

When people say to me "How did you make that model?", I'll often reply "Have a go and you'll find out!". I can give you lots of tips and shortcuts to help you, but the best way to learn how to make a model is to get stuck in!

GETTING STARTED

Woods and hills are the most commonly used and practical items of terrain you can make. Even with the most basic set-up, one or two hills together a wooded area will make your battlefield come alive and present all manner of tactical problems for you to solve. Should you place your troops on the hilltop where they have good lines of fire but can also be shot at in turn? Will that wood protect your units from attack? or will it merely block their advance? The list is endless.

All of the hills that you see at Games Day and the Golden Demon Awards or in the pages of White Dwarf are made out of layers of expanded polystyrene glued together.

Polystyrene is cheap to buy either in the form of 10mm thick ceiling tiles or 25mm insulating board. Both of these are readily available from hardware stores or DIY shops. You can also scrounge suitable polystyrene from hi-fi packaging and the like although sometimes this is moulded into solid shapes.

I normally use the thinner material for epic scale terrain and the thicker stuff for Warhammer 40,000 or Warhammer Fantasy Battle terrain. If you've only got the equivalent of ceiling tiles, then there's no problem in gluing two or three pieces together to give you a greater thickness.

The only thing to be careful about when working with polystyrene is your choice of glue. Solvent based adhesives such as polystyrene cement, Bostick or Uhu will dissolve the polystyrene. Always use a non-solvent glue such as PVA or Copydex. If you are unsure, try out the glue on a piece of scrap material as there's nothing worse than watching your carefully contoured hill melt before your eyes!

MAKING A STEPPED HILL

Before you start to cut out or stick anything the first thing to do is decide how large an area you want the hill to cover. This will normally be determined by the size of polystyrene you have to work with. It is possible to glue several bits together to make a really large area, but if this is your first go then it's probably best to use your largest piece as the first layer.

When you've decided on the size of the hill, mark out the area on your polystyrene sheet, or tile. I find a felt tipped pen or marker the best for this. Your hill can be any shape you like, circular, oval or completely irregular, the photographs in White Dwarf should give you some ideas.

There are several methods of actually cutting the polystyrene. You can buy a polystyrene cutter consisting of a handle attached to a heated wire, powered by a low voltage battery. These tend to have only a limited use, being restricted in the thickness of polystyrene that they can easily cut. The most readily available tool is a general purpose hacksaw blade. This has a long cutting edge with which you can shave the polystyrene into shape. You can use a sharp craft knife but be very careful and always make cuts away from yourself. If you press too hard, the polystyrene might snap and the blade could end up in your leg or worse!

Once you've cut out your first contour you can then mark out the next layer on another piece of polystyrene. Remember to leave sufficient room around the edges of the contours to stand your miniatures. You should aim for a gap of about 25 millimetres all round. If you want to slope the edges of your hill, then use your hacksaw blade or knife to shave the polystyrene at an angle of about 45 degrees. To get a really smooth finish you can always lightly sand off any roughness with fine or medium grade foam sanding block.

Using this method, you can build up your hill, one layer at a time. We find that three layers of insulating board are normally enough for Warhammer Fantasy Battle or Warhammer 40,000 hills but it's really up to you.



The rugged cliff-face that's been added to this hill makes a dramatic piece of epic scale terrain.

All of the hills you see in *White Dwarf* have been glued onto hardboard bases. This helps them stand up to the constant wear and tear of endless battles in the Studio without the edges getting chipped and broken. If you want to base your hills, then hardboard or stiff cardboard – such as artist's lineboard – are probably the best materials. Mark out the area of the first contour on your material, cut out the shape and use a non-solvent type glue to join the polystyrene to the base. You can then place some heavy books on the section and get on with cutting out some more contours while it dries.

Should you want to disguise the joins between the base section and the hill, or the joins between the different contours, this can be done with either Das modelling clay or a general purpose filler such as Polyfilla or Tetrion. Apply the Das or filler around the bottom edge of each section, and smooth it off with a wet finger. This will make it conform to the shape of the hill more closely.

ADDING TEXTURE

If you want to you can now paint your model. For small hills you can use Citadel paints, but for larger models, this will prove impractical. Decorating suppliers or DIY stores carry a good choice of paints and some shops will even custom mix paint colours to your choice. I normally use a matt green emulsion of about the same shade as Citadel Goblin Green and give the model two good coats.

However, you may have decided that after putting this much effort into the construction of your hill you would rather take the finish to a higher standard by giving it a textured surface before the final paint job. This can be done in a number of ways.

The easiest method is to use a textured paint. This is available from decorating material outlets in different grades of grain sizes – from fine to coarse. I tend to use the general purpose textured paint for nearly all of my terrain pieces. If I need a heavy texture I use it unthinned, and for lighter textures I add water to the paint to thin it out.

The alternative to textured paint is to make up a thin mix of Tetrion, or Pollyfilla. This will not be as damage resistant as textured paint, so some maintenance will be needed from time to time.

A third option is to cover your hill with sand. Cover your work surface with a plastic bin liner or some large sheets of newspaper. Paint undiluted PVA all over the hill and then

cover it all over with the sand. I actually bury the terrain piece under a mound of sand to ensure that everywhere gets coated. Lift the hill out of the sand, tap away the excess and put it on one side to dry. If you have missed anywhere, then brush some more glue onto the bare patch and re-coat with sand. To tidy away the excess sand, fold up the bin liner or newspaper and funnel the sand into a box.

Once you have textured your hill, you can finish it off by giving it a couple of coats of green paint.

If you want to take your model one stage further, you can apply a layer or several layers of modeller's flock to your hill. (Flock is the name given to a fine covering material consisting of dyed wood dust. You can buy it from Games Workshop stores or Model Railway shops.) This method of covering your model looks very appealing and is the way we make the terrain you see in photographs in *White Dwarf*. The technique is exactly the same as the one used for the sand. First of all, cover your work surface with plastic or paper. Paint neat PVA glue over your hill and cover it in green flock. Tip away the excess material onto the paper and put the model on one side to dry. We find that with lots of use the flock gets worn away, and so from time to time I have to re-cover our hills to keep them looking good.

MAKING SHAPED HILLS

As you can see from the photographs on the pages and elsewhere in *White Dwarf*, many of the hills I make are actually shaped and contoured and lots of extra details such as trees and rubble have been added.



This Squat stronghold has been built with scrap card and polystyrene.

I like to do it in this way because each piece becomes a unique model – a bit like painting a miniature. The techniques are almost exactly the same as with the stepped hill but it just takes a little longer. Shaped hills look great and work best in Space Marine games due to the fact that epic models are very stable and tend not to fall over when placed on a slope. Warhammer Fantasy Battle and Warhammer 40,000 models are far more likely to topple over when placed on a sloping surface. Although shaped hills do look good, it can be very irritating when your models keep falling over at a critical stage of the battle. Which kind of hills you make really depends upon which games you play the most, what level of realism you want and how much inconvenience you are prepared to put up with!

As before, decide upon the size of your hill and cut out the first section of polystyrene. If you are going to base your model, you need to do it at this stage. Continue to add extra layers of polystyrene until you have built up the hill to the rough shape and size you want. Unlike the stepped hill, don't worry too much about cutting or shaping the edges of the different layers. When the layers of polystyrene have dried, form your hill by carving it into the shape that you want with a craft knife or hacksaw blade. As you work, you should test the slope of the hill to make sure that your gaming miniatures will stand up on it. Place a typical model on the slope and if it teeters or falls, you'll need to remove a bit more polystyrene. Use sandpaper or a foam sanding block to remove any roughness from the polystyrene before you texture it using one of the methods described earlier.

MAKING WOODS

As with hills, there are many different ways to make a wooded area for your tabletop games. We'll start with the simplest type and explain the ways in which you can add increasing amounts of detail to your model.

First of all, you'll need to choose a material onto which to build your wood. Thick card is cheap (possibly even free) and easy to cut. However, it is prone to warping when you glue things to it. Plastic sheet or plasticard is another alternative, but the thinner varieties suffer from the same problems as card board and the thicker sizes can be difficult to cut into rounded shapes. I generally opt for hardboard which you can buy from DIY stores or as cheap off-cuts from timber yards. I cut the



A basic wood section for Warhammer Fantasy Battle or Warhammer 40,000.



The uneven surface and ruined building add character to this epic scale wood.

basic shape with a hacksaw and then angle the edges with a strong craft knife. Any rough spots are sanded off with the sanding block. The big advantage of hardboard is that it will not warp when you glue things onto it and it gives a firm solid base to your model.

There are large number of ready-made trees available for hobbyists and modellers in a variety of scales. Games Workshop stores sell one of the best types and we use these on all of our models. We also use the metal tree bases you can buy in your local Games Workshop store. These can be glued to your wood base and any joins covered over with Das putty. If you want to make your own trees, then the best way is to use small twigs with lichen or flock covered steel wool glued onto them. These can then be glued onto your base with PVA and any gaps covered up with small stones, plaster filler or Das.

Once all of the trees are in place you can texture the wood base using one of the methods we described earlier for the hills.

ADDING MORE DETAIL

One of the problems with basic terrain is that your tabletop can end up looking a bit like a golf course rather than a wild and dangerous mountain pass or the corner of some far flung world. The basic woods described above, although perfectly good models, will sometimes look a bit flat and dull. As your confidence grows, you'll be able to add more detail to your terrain pieces and the individual models will each take on their own character.

To give our woods a more natural appearance we normally vary the ground level before adding the trees. We do this by carving small mounds from polystyrene off-cuts, and gluing them to the wood base. When these are dry, you can sand them down to give a more natural look. These mounds can be used to vary the height of the trees and this looks particularly effective if you are using the ready made ones that are normally all the same height. As you can see from the photographs I also like to model additional details such as rocks, ruined buildings, fallen trees etc onto each section to enhance the look of each piece.

If you decide to have a go at this, you should consider the fact that wooded areas with lots of extra details become less clearly defined than other terrain types. This is because in the real world woods aren't normally a discrete item, but grow on and cover other types of terrain feature. For example, trees grow both on hills and in valleys, and are found along river banks, cliff edges, and so on.

The only thing to remember is that no matter how good your terrain looks, it is useless unless your models and war machines can move over it. In this sense, you should always be prepared to compromise 'realism' for 'playability'. You should also ensure that both you and your opponent understand what each model represents before the game starts in order to avoid any arguments later on.

CLIFFS AND ROCKS

Cliffs are easy to model and help make your terrain look more ragged and weatherbeaten. The simplest way to make a cliff is to build up a shaped hill, as we've previously described and then cut a sheer drop into the side of the model where you want the cliff to be. To create the effect of broken and jagged rocks, you can carve out the face of the cliff with a craft knife, or alternatively actually 'melt' the polystyrene to get the rocky effect. As we mentioned earlier, certain types of adhesive actually dissolve polystyrene. Normally you want to avoid using these, but in this case you can take advantage of this property. You should experiment with a bit of waste material before you have a go at your brand new hill, but used carefully this is a really useful technique to create craggy broken areas on your terrain.

Once you've weathered the cliff face, you can cover it with textured paint or, one of the alternatives. I normally paint the cliff face black, and highlight it by drybrushing with increasingly lighter shades of brown.

Rocky areas at the base of cliffs or around your hills can be built up using the technique I described for rivers in White Dwarf 148. What you do, is glue the 'rock' material to your model starting with the largest size first. I normally use four grades of material: small stones, cat litter, coral sand, and bird sand. In this way, the smaller stones or sand fill in the gaps left by the previous layer. Use a brush to apply a fairly generous amount of PVA where you want to have the rocky patches, working around any stones you have already glued into place. Then add the next grade of texture, in my case the cat litter, and tip the whole section upside down to remove any excess. Repeat the process for each grade of material, allowing the glue to dry thoroughly between each stage.



The dramatic crags enliven this basic wood section.



The cliff-face on this wood was sculpted by 'melting' the polystyrene with glue.

When the glue has dried, paint a thin wash of thinned P.V.A. glue over the glued down textures. This will help to fix the different sizes of stones/sand to each other, and thus increase the resistance to wear and tear.

You can use the same technique for making craters. These can very easily be modelled by rolling out a thin sausage of Das, and moulding it into the outline of the crater with a cocktail stick. Add a little rubble effect around the crater using the method for doing the rocky patches.

To model undergrowth or scrub you can use lichen, drybrushed to vary the shade, or the shredded foam. This is sold as "coarse turf" in model railway shops. Stick either of these to the hill with PVA, preferably after you have completed the initial texturing.

Ruins can look effective, either on a hill or in a wood. The most easy way to represent a ruin is to suggest that a building was there. This overcomes the need to actually construct an extensive ruined building. Simply use small shattered wall sections with the rest of the supposed building represented by rubble. Add the odd beam or girder, depending on the type of ruin. Try to work the ruin into the terrain so that it doesn't look like its been added as an after thought. The range of extra details you can add is endless. With a little thought, hedges, walls, pipe lines, fortifications etc will all add to the realism of your model and still enable it to be used as a piece of gaming terrain.

As I said at the start of this article, the best way for you to find out how to make a model is to get stuck in and have a go. In future White Dwarfs I'll be talking about other aspects of terrain building and modelling but it really is true that once you've mastered a few basic ways of working, you'll be able to go on and create any piece you want to.

Good modelling,

Ad

Adrian Wild



GAMES WORKSHOP™

CHAOS ROADSHOW!



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

Don't miss the Roadshow when it storms into your local Games Workshop store. You'll have a chance to meet and talk to Games Workshop artists, designers and miniature painters. You can join in the exciting Warhammer participation games, and watch 'Eavy Metal painting demo's and modelling workshops. All through the day we'll be running special offers and competitions with great prizes. Don't forget to bring along your best painted army banner – you could win a prize!



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● FANTASY BATTLE ●

IMPERIAL OUTRIDERS

By Rick Priestley

The Engineers School of Altdorf is famous for the war machines and engines it builds for the army of the Empire. Its skilled artisans have created such powerful devices as the Steam Tank and the Hellblaster Volley Gun. In battle the Engineers provide many trained men to work these devices and to repair them when they go wrong. The Engineers also provide troops. These carry finely made and extremely complex weapons, such as the repeater musket which can shoot several shots at once. Some fight from heavily armoured War Wagons pulled by mightily armoured horses. Rules for the War Wagon and troops armed with Hochland Long Rifles, Repeater Muskets, Blunderbuss, Giant ball and Chain, Man Catchers and Hook Halberds are covered in White Dwarf 149. Other troops fight mounted on horseback. They are the most mobile of the Engineers and their task is to accompany valuable machines and protect them from unexpected enemy attacks. These are known as Outriders.

Outriders carry repeater weapons such as the repeater musket and pistol. These combine several barrels loaded with gunpowder and a lead ball. Unlike an ordinary hand gun these weapons can fire several shots. As each shot is fired the warrior can revolve the barrel so that a fresh charge is presented. A repeater weapon must be very carefully made from brass and fine quality steel parts, as an inexactitude in construction or weakness in materials would cause the weapon to fail.

Repeater Musket. The repeater musket is a bulky weapon with six separate barrels, and is extremely heavy. The chamber is spun round and heavy firing pins ignite the barrels in turn, unleashing a volley of fire. When you shoot the repeater musket you can automatically shoot again if you hit, and you can keep on shooting so long as each shot hits, up to a maximum of 6 shots. It doesn't matter whether hits score wounds or whether these are saved; the repeater musket can continue to fire so long as it hits. Each shot can be at the same target or you can change targets so long as the new one is within 2" of the previous one. This means you can shoot down a row of troops, picking off each one in turn. The weapon has a range of 20" and a strength value of 4. However, the repeater musket is not an especially reliable weapon. If you roll a 1 on your first to hit roll that turn then the gun has jammed and may not shoot for the remainder of the game. The player must keep a record of any weapons which are unable to shoot and may choose to remove such models as casualties where they occur. Note that this jam rule also applies to the repeater musket in the War Wagon, although it wasn't included in the original description.

Repeater Pistol. The repeater pistol is a much smaller version of the revolving barrelled repeater weapon. The Engineers are

notoriously fond of these clever little devices even though they don't always work very well. The pistol has a range of 10" and a strength of 3. As with the musket, you can shoot again if you score a hit, and may continue to shoot up to 6 shots so long as you keep hitting. You can continue to shoot at the same target, or choose a new target within 2" of the last one. Should the first to hit roll of the turn be a 1 then the gun has jammed solid and cannot be used for the rest of the game. You must make a note of weapons which have jammed.

Outriders wear an armoured breastplate and ride armoured horses. Their armour is emblazoned with the devices of the Altdorf Engineers. They do not carry shields as they need both hands to hold their muskets, and pistol armed warriors carry a sword in addition. A unit of Outriders may contain both types of weapon mixed together. Musket armed warriors suffer a -1 to hit penalty in hand-to-hand fighting because their weapon is so bulky. Pistol armed warriors do not suffer this penalty but cannot use their pistols in close fighting - they have only one attack from their swords. The characteristics of the Engineers are normal for a human warrior - their movement value include a 1/2" encumbrance penalty for weight of armour.

Model	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
Outrider	7 1/2	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	4+

Weapon	Range	Strength
Repeater Musket	20"	4
Repeater Pistol	10"	3

Points Value

Each model costs 26 points and the unit must be at least 5 strong for 130 points. An Empire Army may include 1 unit of Engineer Outriders.

Quite a few players have written in to ask the points value of a Halfling Hot-Pot. The Hot-Pot costs 50 points and you may have a maximum of 1 for every Halfling regiment in the army.

Other players would like to know the points value of the Steam Tank! We have played a quite a few games with the Steam Tank and our estimation is 200 points. Steam Tanks can definitely be battle winning machines if you get them stuck into the thick of things - as witnessed during our Oxford Chaos Roadshow where a Steam Tank ran over two units of Orcs and pretty much spelled the end for the Orc player! You may include a maximum of 1 Steam Tank for every 2 human infantry regiments in your army.

EMPIRE OUTRIDERS AND KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN



EMPIRE OUTRIDER WITH
REPEATING MUSKET



EMPIRE OUTRIDER WITH
REPEATING PISTOL



GRAND MASTER OF THE
KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN



KNIGHT OF THE BLAZING SUN

IMPERIAL OUTRIDERS AND KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN

The Knights of the Blazing Sun and the Empire Outriders are two new types of Imperial cavalry from the talented hands of Michael and Alan Perry.

IMPERIAL OUTRIDERS

Imperial Outriders are recruited from within the Engineers Guild and dress in their characteristic bright uniforms. The task of Outriders on the battlefield is to accompany Imperial war machines such as the War Wagon and Steam Tank and protect them from surprise enemy attacks. We decided that these two Outriders would accompany our Steam Tank into battle and so we decided to paint them in colour schemes that would contrast with those of the tank itself. Our Steam Tank has been painted mainly blue, so a predominantly yellow scheme was chosen for the horse armour, with a band of bright decoration around the hind quarters.

The yellow areas were given a base coat of Sunburst Yellow with a little Blood Angel Orange added to deepen the tone. This was highlighted with Sunburst Yellow and Skull White. A broad band of Chaos Black was painted around the base of the armour, and when this was dry a thinner band of Skull White was applied leaving about 3mm of black showing round the top. This area was then decorated with thin lines of Skull White. The band of white was painted Go Fasta Red and highlighted with Blood Angel Orange. The gem stones and crosses were painted in Chaos Black before being painted in the relevant colour.

The Outriders themselves have been painted in a similar colour scheme to the commander of the Steam Tank (shown in White Dwarf 151), with blue and gold armour, and red and yellow slashed clothing. The blue armour looks particular effective and is a good demonstration of how you shouldn't feel that you have to paint every surface on a model that represents metal in a grey or metallic cover. You only have to look old historical prints and in particular Samurai armour to see how richly it was painted and decorated. The armoured areas were given a base coat of Moody Blue and highlighted with Enchanted Blue mixed with Skull White. The rest of the armoured areas were given a base coat of Dwarf Bronze and were highlighted with Glistening Gold.



KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN

A different kind of paint effect was used on the Knights of the Blazing Sun, where we wanted a dazzling yellow gold. This was achieved by mixing a little Yellow Ink with Glistening Gold and applying this straight over a white undercoat. When this is dry you will find that the white shows through on the

raised areas but there is no deep shading. This can be rectified by giving the armour a wash of Yellow and Brown Ink, which runs into the crevices to give definition, but leaves the white showing for the highlights.

To contrast with the knight's gold armour, the horse armour was given a coat of Chaos Black. This was carefully highlighted with Space Wolf Grey and given a coat of gloss varnish to produce a shining laquered effect. The Sun in Splendour design on the Grand Master's horse was first painted in Skull White and then coloured with Sunburst Yellow. The features were then painted on in Brown Ink using a 00 brush. All the other sun designs on the horse and Knights' shields are transfers from the Bretonnian transfer set. Many of these are general heraldic designs and are useful for decorating both Empire and Bretonnian models. The sun transfers were originally white and were painted yellow once they'd been applied to the model and were dry.



BLOOD ANGELS AND ULTRAMARINE SPACE MARINE SQUADS

In the article on Citadel transfers elsewhere in this issue we mainly talk about applying transfers to individual models and banners. In addition, transfers are incredibly useful for applying designs and unit markings onto squads and regiments of troops. This used to be a demanding task that would take hours of patient effort to complete when painting the designs by hand. With the use of transfers, the same, if not better effect can be accomplished in a fraction of the time. In most cases you'll want to apply the same symbol to all of the models in a squad or regiment of troops for Warhammer 40,000 or Warhammer Fantasy Battle. Leaders and champions can then be given extra detail to mark them out from the rest of the regiment and display their status.

On the inside front cover, are two examples of the use of Citadel transfers on a unit of Blood Angels Space Marines and an Ultramarine Devastator squad. Notice how the chapter insignia visually links all the miniatures together to create a coherent unit.

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SPACE MARINE DEVASTATORS

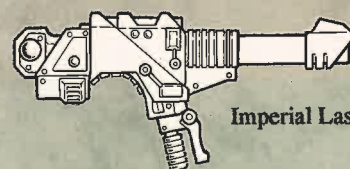


Space Marines designed by Jas Goodwin and Norman Swales

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

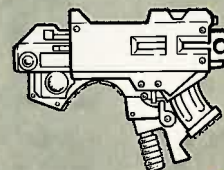
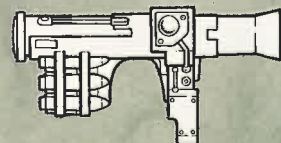
These Space Marines with heavy weapons make an excellent addition to a Devastator Squad or Tactical Space Marine Squad from any Space Marine Chapter. We've chosen to paint our Space Marines as the heavy-weapon element from an Ultramarines Devastator Squad.

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



Imperial Lascannon

Missile Launcher



Heavy Bolter



Models supplied unpainted. Banners not supplied.

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

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● FANTASY BATTLE ●

The Dwarf Realms

~~~~~ By Nigel Stillman ~~~~~

The Dwarfs are one of the most ancient races of the Warhammer world. From the beginning of time their traditional homeland has been the Worlds Edge Mountains, the vast, forbidding mountain chain that marks the eastern boundary of the Old World. Here amidst the high peaks and tumbling chasms, the Dwarfs created their legendary empire, now all but a memory told in ancient sagas sung in the halls of the Strongholds that still remain.

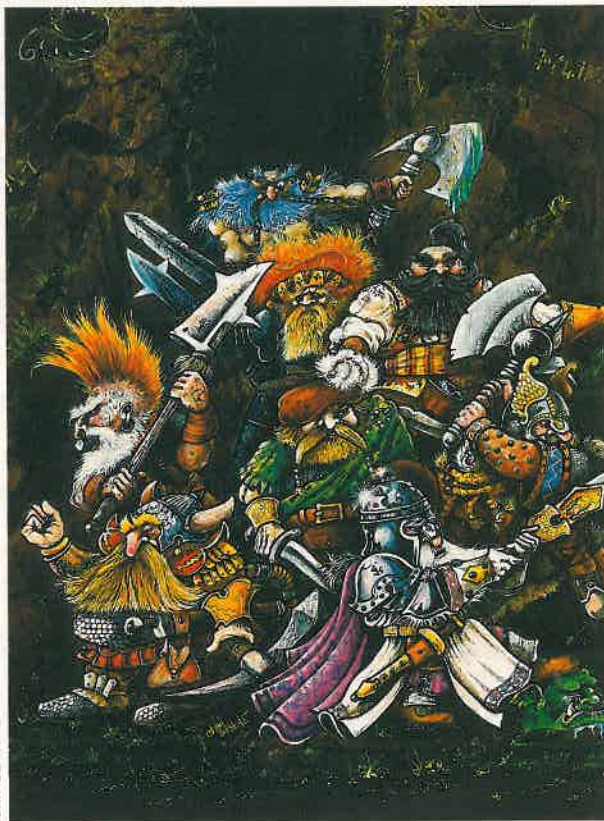
~~~~~  
Dwarfs live by extracting the metals, precious stones and the mineral wealth buried deep beneath their mountain homes. Beneath each Dwarf stronghold there exists a labyrinth of caverns and delvings created and enlarged over centuries as the Dwarfs dug ever deeper in search of new riches.

In addition to mining, craftsmanship of all kinds is the Dwarfs' supreme skill. Metals and gems are worked into artifacts of great cunning and brilliance which are sought after throughout the world. Whether it be forging of weapons and armour, the construction of fortifications or the mechanical inventions of the Engineers Guild, the ingenuity and technical ability of Dwarfs is unsurpassed anywhere in the Old World.

Dwarf societies thrive by trading minerals, ores and artifacts with their neighbouring peoples. A few basic crops are grown within the walls of Dwarf strongholds and hardy livestock do graze on the high pastures, but good land is scarce in the mountains and Dwarfs are not great farmers. Produce such as grain, hides and fruits are brought into the mountains by merchant caravans and exchanged in the strongholds for metalwork and gold. If trade routes are cut by war and the strongholds are besieged, the dour Dwarfs tighten their belts and dine on dragon meat or troll flesh, made almost palatable when washed down with Dwarf ale! Indeed, Dwarf ale is so good and nourishing that Dwarfs can survive for weeks on this alone and every stronghold has a great store of barrels.

In character, Dwarfs are as grim as the mountains and tough as the rocks. They respect only three things: age, wealth and skill. Unless slain in battle, or some other mishap befalls them, Dwarfs live to a very great age and take exceptional pride in their beards. Hence a Dwarf's age and wisdom is shown by the length and fullness of his beard. This means that Dwarfs are always well organised in any task they are doing, because if in doubt they always do what the Dwarf with the longest beard tells them. This is invariably the wisest solution. Among Dwarfs, if something is old it is automatically assumed to be good. Knowing this, young apprentices will sometimes attempt to fake age and patina on their newly made artifacts, in order that buyers take them more seriously. All Dwarf master craftsmen are adept at re-forging ancient weapons or incorporating ancient relics into their new works.

Hoarding wealth is a great passion among Dwarfs. They are an industrious race and work hard for their riches and possessions. The more important a Dwarf is, the greater his hoard will be. When he dies his possessions are divided amongst his family and so are passed on from generation to generation. A family's treasure is held very dear as it is both a source of wealth and a tangible link to its honoured ancestors. No Dwarf feels secure unless his treasure hoard is heaped high enough for him to sit on. The hoards of Dwarf lords and strongholds are of legendary proportions and rumours of their size attract covetous armies and adventurers time and again to



JOHN BLANCHE

the Dwarf realms where most of their bones still remain. Nevertheless, over the millennia several great and proud strongholds have fallen to Orcs and other invaders: their populations dispersed and slain, and their hordes of gold and artifacts broken and scattered across the world.

All Dwarfs have a rigid sense of pride and honour. This centres upon the bond or promise. If a Dwarf makes a deal he will remember it and keep to it. Most Dwarfs will honour the word of an ancestor even if it was made centuries before. If anyone should break faith with a Dwarf, it is the worst possible offence to him. A broken bond will be remembered for ever. At best, the Dwarfs will never trust the offender again, at worst, they will seek vengeance. Great breaches of faith against the Dwarf people or their rulers are recorded in a massive tome known as the Book of Grudges. No dealings are entered into with anybody without reference to this book. The book almost amounts to a chronicle of Dwarf history. It is part of Dwarf folklore and many Dwarfs will know by heart the great wrongs done to their ancestors which are recorded in it.

Dwarfs have little knowledge of magic as it is used by Elves and Humans and they have no wizards equivalent to theirs. The true magical lore of the Dwarfs is bound up with their craftsmanship in weaponry, armour and other arcane artifacts. Even though few of the Dwarf runesmiths themselves understand the theory of Magic as it is known by Men and Elves, their knowledge of runic lore has been passed down by word of mouth from the days of the ancestors. Magical essence pervades the metals, rocks, gems and relics with which they work, and in the fires of the forge and the cold, quenching waters this essence can be bound into an artifact by those who know the secret ways of making. Runesmiths know these secrets and they know how to trap this power in the form of runes.



Among Dwarfs, ancestor worship is their religion. Even the Dwarf gods, like Grungni, god of mining, are really ancestor figures. Grungni is reputed to be the first Dwarf to delve into the rock to discover metals. Of course, although this happened before the dawn of time, many rulers trace their ancestry back to Grungni, who is therefore made into a kind of folk ancestor of all the Dwarfs.

Dwarfs live in extended clan families with strong ties of blood, pride and honour. Ancestor veneration ties the clan together even more. Skill at craftsmanship and engineering is a matter for utmost pride and respect among the Dwarfs and the very names of great craftsmen of the past are considered to have talismanic if not magical power.

Most professions are hereditary and the various craftsmen's guilds are often also clans, tracing descent from a common ancestor. Unlike ordinary clans, however, the guilds have spread out with branches in all the important Dwarf strongholds and even beyond in the cities of the Empire. These are a unifying force among the Dwarfs since it creates ties of blood between separate and sometimes rival Dwarf communities. The complex web of bonds which have been made between clans and guilds and strongholds over the millennia mean that the Dwarfs always show great solidarity in the face of outsiders and enemies. As a result of these traditions, the great Dwarf Empire of the past still exists in spirit if not in physical reality.

THE DWARF STRONGHOLDS

The Dwarf strongholds of the World's Edge Mountains are remnants of the once great Dwarf empire known as **Karaz-Ankor** (The Ever-Realm). This vast Empire was centered on the great city of Karaz a Karak (Everpeak).

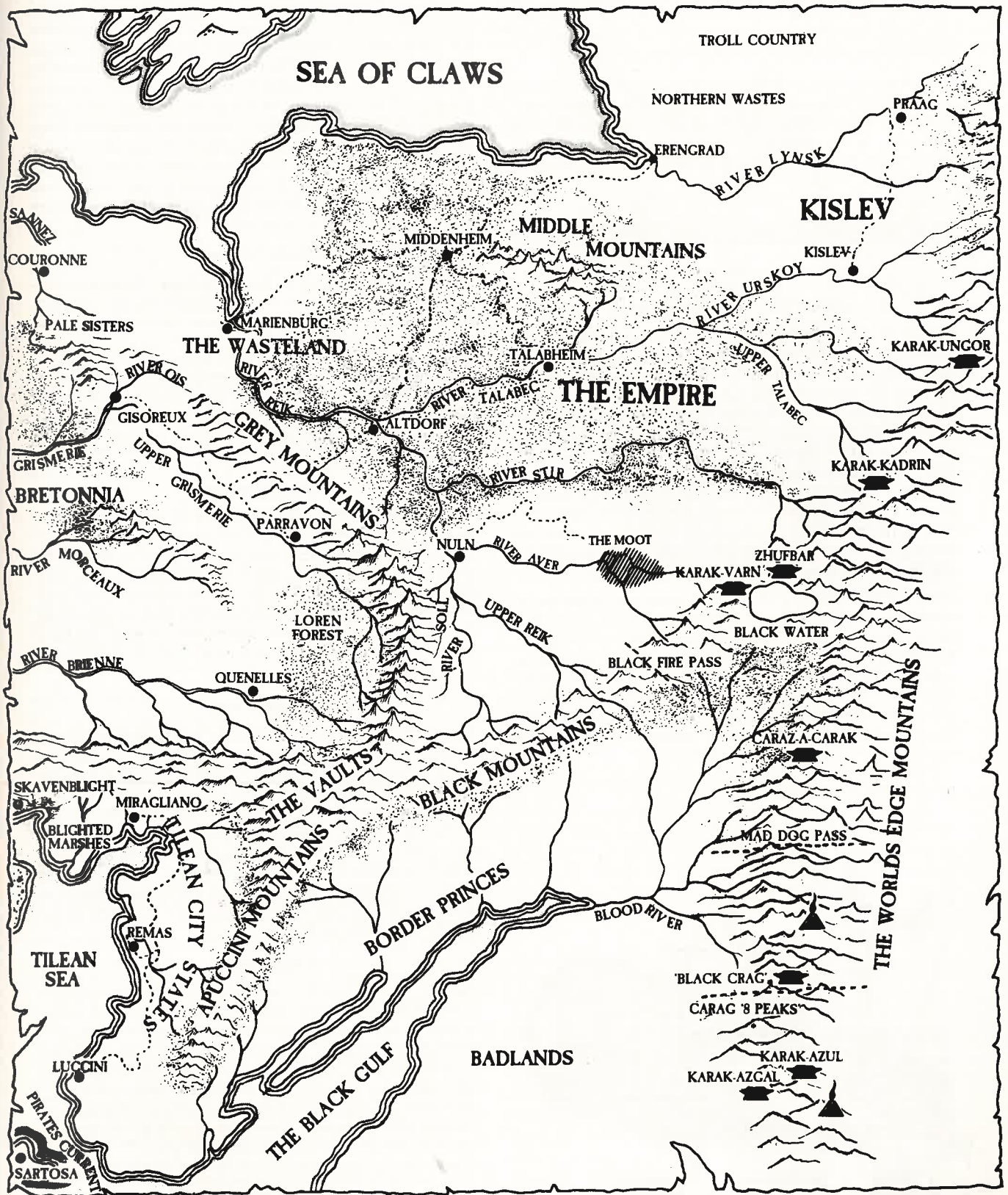
In Karaz a Karak, the Dwarf High King sat upon his carved throne and presided over the Dwarf Lords who ruled the other great strongholds. This was the golden age of the Dwarfs, when in friendship with the Elves from the west, they explored the Old World for its riches. Trade flourished between these two ancient peoples who lived side by side in the trading ports and cities set up in the old world. At this time, men were divided into primitive tribes, eager only to learn from older and wiser races. Elves and Dwarfs were perhaps not as wise as men had thought, for Elven arrogance and Dwarf obstinacy led to friction and eventually outright war. A terrible long slaughter began, which lasted for an entire age until the Elves retreated across the seas to Ulthuan and into the trackless forests of the Old World. The Dwarfs were left to dominate the Old World, but the glory and vigour of the Dwarf race had been expended. The Golden Age was drawing to its close.

The end came amid earthquakes and volcanic eruptions along the entire length of the World's Edge Mountains in the heart of the Dwarf realm. The great walls surrounding the strongholds were broken, the subterranean highways collapsed and mine workings were shattered and flooded. Lava poured into the cavernous vaults beneath the Dwarf cities and the Dwarf Empire was thrown into disarray. In the wake of these natural disasters came hordes of Goblins, Orcs, Skaven and the vile followers of Chaos. They infiltrated the Dwarf tunnel system and overwhelmed the beleaguered outposts and strongholds with surprise attacks from deep below the ground.

Karak Varn was shattered by an earthquake and soon after fell to the invaders. After a bitter siege lasting many years, Karak Azgul was stormed and sacked, but its treasure horde was never found. The Orcs abandoned its vaults in anger leaving the ruins to become a nest for dragons and its catacombs the lair of monsters. Karak Eight Peaks finally fell after a desperate and protracted struggle in the vast network of tunnels and vaults beneath the great city. Karaz a Karak and the remaining strongholds were isolated but held out. Besieged on all sides by the vile hordes of Orcdom and Chaos. The glorious Dwarf Empire lay shattered and in ruins. Its power broken forever, its treasures scattered among the conquering hordes. Orcs and Goblins infested the great subterranean halls where Dwarf bards once recited their heroic sagas, Trolls desecrated the tombs of kings and gnawed upon their bones and fetid Skaven scuttled through the catacombs and passages spreading disease and decay.

The few remaining Dwarfs grimly held onto their surviving strongholds and honed their axes in bitterness.

This was the time in which many Dwarfs forsook their ancient homeland and wandered into the emerging Human realms of the west. Many settled in the cities of what is now the Empire. Here the great Sigmar was welding the tribes together and founding the Empire to defend Humanity against the invading Chaos hordes and the skill of the Dwarfs in metalwork and armaments was much sought after. It was an age of war in which men could make good use of every sword forged by a Dwarf smith, and pay for it in gold. When the Empire was strong, and Sigmar stood triumphant over his enemies, he entered into a bond with the Dwarfs and sent his battle hardened warriors to help the beleaguered Dwarf strongholds. The Orcs and their vile allies were beaten back from the gates of the remaining strongholds and the Dwarfs with their new



THE DWARF REALMS

found friends went onto the offensive. This heralded a new age of reconquest which brings us up to the present time. One by one the ruined strongholds were reconquered and resettled by the descendants of the clans who had fled long ago. This is a long and slow process which is still continuing. Sometimes only a tiny handful of Dwarfs grimly hold on to their hard won foothold amid the ruins of their ancestor's splendour.

The Orcs and their evil allies do not give up their ground easily. Every cavern, tunnel and vault must be fought for and paid for in Dwarf blood. But Dwarfs forget nothing, and they will never let the sword rest or lay the axe aside while their ancestors are dishonoured, and their tombs are desecrated.



THE DWARF REALMS

East of The Empire, east of Kislev rise the ancient, snow capped peaks of Worlds Edge Mountains. Along their length, ridge after jagged ridge thrusts ever upward marking the end of the civilised world, and extinct and still smoking volcanos mark the great fault line that lies deep beneath the earth crust. Here are the rich veins of mineral wealth which the Dwarfs delve deep to find. As the Great Ice retreated from the world, grinding and shattering the rock into twisted peaks and deep chasms, the first Dwarf prospectors led their people into this region in search of riches. Following the way of Grungni, they discovered the wealth of the mountains, hewed their mines into the rock and founded their strongholds amid the loftiest peaks and the most inaccessible valleys.

The Dwarfs were not the only ones to make their homes in the mountains. As their settlements grew, they encountered other ancient races in the Orcs, Goblins, Giants, Trolls and Dragons. Both above the ground amidst the peaks and valleys and in the dark beneath the world, the Dwarfs were forced to battle for their homes and treasures. So began the constant struggle for survival which the Dwarfs fight even to this day and so was forged the Dwarf race, determined, defiant, enterprising and brave.



WAYNE ENGLAND

WD54

Black Water

Known as 'Varn Drazh' in the Dwarfen tongue, this high mountain lake is really a vast meteorite crater filled with the melt water of mountain glaciers. Before the Great Ice, a vast meteor crashed from the sky to pound this huge gaping crater out of the rock. All around the shores are to be found strange metal ores, including the much prized meteoric iron, known as Gromril, with which the hardest blades and armour are forged. Strongholds were founded here to mine the meteoric metals, and also to harness the mountain torrents which gush from the lake. These raging waters wash the ore extracted from the mines and drive the huge waterwheels which power the drop-hammers in the great subterranean forges. The lake itself is black in its depth, and inhabited by dark monsters, locked within since the age before the ice.

Black Fire Pass

Called 'Haz-Drazh-Kadrin' by the Dwarfs, this deep chasm was formed when volcanic eruptions rent apart the mountains in the distant past. Now the chasm is an eerie cleft of twisted lava and high black cliffs of polished volcanic glass. Strange black vapour blows from volcanic vents at the base of the cliffs. The pass is a favourite route through the mountains for the dark hordes of Chaos and their Goblin allies who sometimes harness the power of the vents for their own evil purposes. Dwarfs sometimes come here to quarry volcanic glass and other rare gems.

Mad Dog Pass

'Varag Kadrin' in the Dwarf tongue and so called because it is the principle route through the mountains for tribes of Goblin raiders. These are the tribes who capture savage wolves to ride to war or harness them to their chariots and wagons. Any Dwarf caravan travelling through the pass risks being set upon by hordes of howling, slaving wolves ridden by screaming Goblins intent on loot and bloodshed. They sweep down from the many Goblin forts surmounting the rocky crags that flank the pass.

Black Crag

'Karag-Drazh' as the Dwarfs call it, is the largest and most menacing of the Orc strongholds encroaching on the territory of the former Dwarf empire. This evil fortress overlooks another important route through the mountain chain. The crag and pass are named after the massive black granite outcrops and boulders, which give the whole region a brooding, grim and evil look, especially at dawn and dusk when the mountains throw their shadows over the land. The Orcs of black crag are ruled by a treacherous warlord known as Gorfang Troll-Eater and are in a perpetual state of war with the Dwarfs of the neighbouring strongholds.

Volcanoes

There are two active volcanos at the southern end of the Worlds Edge Mountains. These are Karag-Haraz (flaming mountain) and Karag Dron (thunder mountain). Volcanic activity here continually throws up new riches from the depths of the world, which the most enterprising Dwarf prospectors and miners come here to gather and extract. Mines and mining settlements are frequently destroyed by volcanic explosions or buried beneath ash or lava. Even in the face of this danger, the lure of wealth draws a constant stream of young Dwarfs from far away strongholds who continue to work undeterred.

The Imperial Dwarf Highway

All the cities of the former Dwarf Empire were linked by underground roads hacked through the solid rock. From these highways, tunnels led off to mining communities and outlying

strongholds where Dwarf warriors guarded the routes and kept watch for intruders. Now the tunnels have been invaded by Orcs, Goblins, Trolls and worse and the greater part of the cavern system is in ruins. In recent years, routes through to each of the still inhabited strongholds and outposts have been cleared and Dwarf expeditions are frequently despatched to explore and clear further sections of the old system. This is extremely perilous since the tunnel system itself was invaded from below. Goblins, Orcs and Skaven broke through into the deeper workings and were able to penetrate right into some of the Dwarf strongholds. Where this happened the great walled fortresses built on the peaks by the Dwarfs of old were no avail. Proud strongholds fell after bitter fighting in the tunnels and caverns. The defenders were overwhelmed from below. The enemy are still able to enter the tunnels in this way, although every effort is made to wall up any breaches which are found. Some delvings have been lost completely and have become breeding grounds for Goblins, Trolls and all manner of evil things made more hideous by the taint of Chaos which seems to seep into everything.

Karak-Ungor

In the Dwarf tongue this translates as 'Delving Hold' and is so called because of the vast network of deep caverns beneath the mountain on which the stronghold is built. The mines here are the deepest in the old Dwarf realm and the reason they dug so deep was to reach the rich veins of rare and precious metals in the great fault line which lies beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. But some say the Dwarfs of old burrowed too deeply and created so many caverns that they forgot exactly where they all led. Karak Ungor was the first of the strongholds to fall by surprise attack through the caverns from below. Goblins found their way in through unguarded and abandoned workings. By the time the Dwarfs were alerted, it was too late. One by one the tunnels fell and were abandoned to the enemy. Eventually they swarmed into the stronghold itself forcing the last remaining Dwarfs to abandon the city to its fate.

Karak Ungor has never been retaken, but such is the lure of its legendary mines that expeditions are regularly sent out from Karaz a Karak to re-open the old workings and gain a foothold in the old city in the face of determined Goblin resistance. Many expeditions have never returned or disappeared without trace.

Karak-Kadrin

Called 'Peak Pass' in the Dwarf tongue because it guards one of the main trading routes through the Worlds Edge Mountains from the distant east to the cities of the Old World. It is also an invasion route for Chaos Hordes and the rampaging armies of Orcs and Goblins. Karak Kadrin has never fallen, despite being besieged on many occasions. Perhaps this is because it is the home of the renowned warrior clans of the Troll Slayers and the Giant Slayers as well as other Dwarf elite warrior castes who have set themselves the task of keeping the pass open. Karak Kadrin remains a wealthy centre for trade with the outside world, standing as it does overlooking the caravan route from the eastern steppes of Kislev through the mountains into the Empire. The Dwarfs collect much gold in tolls, paid willingly by merchants in return for the protection of the Dwarf warriors who garrison the many outposts along the way. It is said that there are no Trolls for miles around on account of the Troll Slayers who stray ever wider in search of their prey. Similarly, the Ice Giants are hemmed in to the most inaccessible peaks. As for Orcs and Goblins, their bones litter the slopes around the city, visible among the rocky scree to the hawk-eyed traveller.



Karak-Varn

Known as 'Crag Mere', because it was hewn out of the cliffs overlooking Black Water. This vast crater was made by a meteorite before the dawn of time and has filled with the melt waters of the high glaciers. The rim of the crater is loaded with strata of strange meteoric minerals including the highly prized meteoric iron, known to Dwarfs as Gromril. This exceptionally hard metal is forged into the best swords, axes and armour. The mines became ever deeper and more extensive, until the cliffs overlooking the lake were honeycombed below the water level. When the region was struck by a devastating earthquake this proved disastrous. The waters of the lake poured into the lower mine workings through fissures in the rock. Thousands of Dwarfs perished and a great hoard of treasure was washed away.

As the Dwarfs struggled to rebuild, the Skaven came. Some say they were attracted by traces of warpstone revealed as the waters drained from the lake. They invaded through the wrecked tunnels, bringing Goblins, Orcs and Trolls in their wake. Soon the taint of Chaos had spread throughout the city and no Dwarfs could tolerate living there. The city was abandoned, and it remains uninhabited to this day, except for the horrors that lurk there. Nonetheless the Dwarfs have not forgotten the precious Gromril and expeditions frequently brave the terror of the dark to penetrate into the deepest and most poisoned catacombs in search of the precious metal. Dwarf engineers have devised ingenious diving machines for exploring the deepest and richest workings which are permanently flooded. Needless to say, this is done in the face of the most vicious opposition from the Skaven and other vile creatures which now dwell in Karak-Varn.

Zhufbar

Appropriately, this name means 'Torrent Gate' because it stands in the deep chasm down the mountainside from lake Varn, barely a day's trek from Karak Varn. High above the city, a huge waterfall cascades from the lake and rushes fiercely down the chasm. Here the ingenious Dwarfs have constructed thousands of water wheels to power their drop hammers, ore crushers and washing pans. The chasm resounds to the noise of mining operations, creaking wheels and the rushing waters. Here the Dwarf Engineers Guild has its traditional home and the city is a centre for metalwork and every kind of industry. At night the chasm glows with a thousand furnace fires. Here was where the meteoric iron Gromril mined in Karak Varn was smelted.

Every Orc Warlord and many Chaos Lords look down upon Zhufbar with covetous eyes. Their chance came shortly after the disaster at Karak Varn. As the lake drained, the waterfall diminished to a mere trickle. The giant wheels creaked to a halt and the great drop hammers fell silent. Then the enemy attacked. Zhufbar was besieged on all sides. Fighting spread along the entire length of the chasm and much machinery was wrecked. Eventually the defenders were driven out and hid among the caves and peaks. One of them, a renowned smith known as Alaric the Mad was sent to find help from wherever he could. Alaric found the way through to the other surviving Dwarf strongholds was barred by enemies. He set out for the west, encouraged by rumours of a powerful ruler whom no one could stand against. Indeed, he found Sigmar at the height of his power.

Alaric promised Sigmar twelve swords of fabled Gromril inscribed with his own invincible runes in return for his aid in recapturing Zhufbar. Sigmar knew the worth of such weapons and that the word of a Dwarf would always be kept. Sigmar despatched his best troops with Alaric. They broke through the cordon of evil around Zhufbar and joined up with the beleaguered Dwarfs. In the battle which followed, the chasm ran black with Goblin blood. In the winters that followed, the cleansing melt waters again gushed forth down the chasm turning the great wheels. The lake had refilled. Alaric set to work on his long task to forge the twelve runefangs which he would ultimately deliver to the twelve elector counts of the Empire. Though Sigmar had long passed from his worldly form, the Dwarf kept his promise.

Karaz a Karak

The Dwarf name for the high city of 'Ever Peak'. This mighty and populous city was and remains the ancient capital of the old Dwarf empire and the stronghold of the high king. The high kingship has resided with the clans of Karaz a Karak since the founding of the Dwarf cities in these mountains many thousands of years ago. This is certainly because the noble clans of Karaz a Karak can trace a direct line of ancestry back to the Dwarf gods themselves. Here are the temples of the venerated ancestor figures Grungni, Grinnir and Valaya. Here is kept the Book of Grudges and the Book of Remembering which are objects of awe and veneration in their own right. The Dwarf Empire may have crumbled and the Dwarf realm is but a shadow of its former grandeur, but the spiritual capital remains Karaz.

Karaz never fell to the Orcs or any other besiegers. It is the biggest, oldest and most fortified Dwarf stronghold. Here the traditions of the old Dwarf Empire are kept alive in their purest form. It is a city of ritual, temples, statues hewn from the rock and tombs in deep vaults below the city. The high king holds court in a vast vault large enough to engulf a small human town. The forest of pillars which form the mile-long nave are

of truly colossal proportions. The whole vastness is illuminated by shafts of light, glowgems, and great braziers so that everywhere is the glint of gold, the gleam of bronze and the warm glow of the rock. The tumult of the great throng assembled before the throne in council or in feasting, echoes in the vaults. Karaz a Karak has endured through ages past and will endure forever.

Karag Eight Peaks

In its heyday, the city of Eight Peaks almost rivalled Karaz in splendour. It was originally called the 'Queen of the Silver Depths' (Vala-Azril-Ungol). The city was built in a great bowl ringed by eight high peaks: Karag Zilfin, Karag Yar, Karag Mhonar, Karagril (Silverhorn), Karag Lhune, Karag Rhyn, Karag Nar and Kvinn-Wyr (The White Lady). Not only was the city difficult to approach, protected as it was by eight lofty, snow-clad mountains, but its fortifications were formidable. The walls encompassed a vast area, but there was even more below the surface of the rock than stood above, for here were the great vaulted courts and plazas, deep mines and the tombs of kings.

The end came for Karag Eight Peaks when the volcanoes to the south exploded and belched forth a great smothering cloud of ash. The ashen rain and the clouds that blotted out the sun caused the crops on the terraces to wither. The Dwarfs living outside the walls retreated into the city for safety. The surrounding land was left to marauding Orcs. Thinking themselves secure, the Dwarfs were suddenly attacked by surprise through the tunnels and caves beneath their own city. It was the same sad tale as befell other strongholds. The Dwarfs fought a rearguard action, tunnel by tunnel, cave by cave, vault by vault, dying where they stood. Gradually they were overwhelmed by Orcs, Goblins and their terrible allies, the Skaven. The ratmen brought warpstone up from the hidden depths or perhaps they found it in the ash spewed from the volcanoes, but somehow it polluted the wells and subterranean rivers that fed the city's water supply. The Dwarfs finally abandoned the city, after sealing up what treasures they could not save, and the sacred shrines of their ancestors. The caverns were left to the hideous warped things which bred there, tainted by the fouled water.

The ruin of the city was completed by the warring Goblin tribes which moved in and established their strongholds there. In the following centuries, many expeditions tried in vain to recapture and resettle Karag Eight Peaks. Even those who went only to explore or recover relics seldom returned. Such was the fame of Karag Eight Peaks and its treasure that not all of these adventurers were Dwarfs. Some were men from the western realms. The last expedition was led by Belegar, leading descendants of the clans that once ruled the stronghold. Despite constant fighting, and the slow attrition of their colony, they grimly hold on to a small portion of the ruins which have been reclaimed. It is a slow and costly process, finding and sealing the tunnels by which the Goblins and Skaven entered the city, and walling up those caverns too poisoned by Chaos to be reclaimed. It was here that Gotrek Gurnisson the Troll Slayer and his companion Felix Jaeger slew the monstrous warped Troll who'd desecrated the tomb vaults. When the monster was dead they laid to rest the spirits of the ancestors and reclaimed the sword Karaghul, for which many had tried and perished.

Karak-Azul

The name means 'Iron Peak' in the Dwarf language. Here are to be found the richest metal mines. Many metals are found here, especially iron. Naturally the city has become a centre of metalworking and has a great number of skilled weaponsmiths.



Dwarf Warriors fighting alongside the Empire, their long time allies.

Karak Azul never fell to Orc or Goblin invaders. It was attacked through tunnels, but was so well defended with many good, well-armed warriors that the caverns were held and the invaders turned back. They were then sealed with colossal masonry, unbreachable even by the engines and beasts of Chaos. It was just as well that the city held, because Karak Azul supplied the remaining Dwarf strongholds with armaments throughout the great struggle and continues to do so. Many rune weapons are forged here where the secret art of runes is well understood. Weapons are conveyed by caravans through hidden mountain trails and along the subterranean highway to beleaguered strongholds. They are escorted by elite warriors from the clans of Karak Azul.

Karak-Azgal

The name means 'Hoard Peak'. The stronghold was formerly called Karag-Drakk (Dragon's Crag) during the time of the Dragon, but its original name during the golden age was Karak-Izril, 'City of Jewels'. Here precious metals were mined and gems of all kinds were washed from the gravels of the mountain streams. The city was home to a great and famous guild of jewellers. Not surprisingly, rumours of the city's great wealth and hoard of precious things reached the ears of Orc warlords and men bent to the ways of Chaos. The city was attacked time and again, finally falling to an overwhelming onslaught after the great tower had been brought down in the earthquakes. The invaders ransacked the city but found little gold or jewels. They had been too well hidden by the Dwarfs before they were overwhelmed. Barely a handful of the inhabitants, including some of the best jewellers had escaped. They lived on in exile, handing on their skills to each new generation and retelling the story of their city until the time when it would be regained.

Meanwhile monsters groped their way into the vaults of Karak Azgal. A dragon known as 'Graug the Terrible' tunneled through the ruins and somehow smelt out the jewel hoard. It is well known that dragons gather glittering things to decorate their craggy nests so as to attract a mate. This dragon sat upon the ancient hoard for 1000 years. As the dragon grew older and bigger, so the mound of treasure grew with the artifacts which the dragon gleaned from the scorched ruins of the towns and castles that he preyed upon. Eventually rumours of the enormous size of the dragon's hoard began to attract adventurers from the Empire and Bretonnia seeking to slay the dragon and claim the treasures.

Naturally the Dwarfs of the jeweller's guild claimed title to their ancient treasures and sent many expeditions of their own to secure the treasure. Eventually a young Dwarf called Skalf, later known as 'the Dragonslayer', penetrated the dragon's secret bower and discovered the high heap of gold, liberally scattered with the tarnishing armour and mouldering bones of Bretonnian knights! The dragon was sleeping, and awoke at the very instant that Skalf's gromril runeblade cleft through the horny scale hide of his throat. Runes glowed in dragon's blood and gold scattered about the dark vault as the monster lashed out in his death spasm.

The dragon's bones remain in the vault on top of the treasure heap. The Dwarf jewellers have returned and their hammers ring once more in the workshops. The ivory of the dragon's teeth are fashioned into the hilts of runeswords, its scale hide into shields. The hollow bones of his wings are now the bellows pipes of the gold furnace. Ancient jewels adorn the plump necks of Dwarven princesses of the house of Skalf Dragonslayer.

Barak-Varr

The name means 'Sea Gate' in Khazalid. Barak Varr is unlike any other Dwarf cities, since it is located on the coast and in the lowlands. Barak Varr is a trading port on apex of the Black Gulf. It functions as a seaport for the Dwarf realm, and is the home of the Dwarf fleet. Here Dwarf gold and metalwork is exchanged for the riches of many lands and adventurers have set out to found colonies in far off Lustria and other lands.

The city was founded in the time of the Dwarf Empire, before the Border Princedoms were established in this wilderness region. Barak-Varr is the most cosmopolitan of Dwarf cities. Traders from every realm intermingle. The trade route inland to the Dwarf hinterlands in the mountains follows the course of the Blood river. In the high valleys of the foothills are the workshops and shipyards where the Dwarf Ironclad battleships are built and launched. The ships move downstream to the port and upstream again for refits and repairs. This area was never dominated by Orc invaders, mainly because the Orcs were unable to cross the Blood river in the face of the Dwarf gunboats patrolling its entire length. Indeed the Border Princes benefit greatly from Dwarf domination of Blood river valley, which would otherwise have been the front line against the Orc onslaughts.

Dwarf ships are built and launched on the headwaters of the Blood river and steam down to the sea. If the captains see Goblins massing on the southern banks of the river, they will open fire on them. Dwarfs regularly test the guns of their new ships on any enemies seen on the horizon from the bridges of their Ironclads. The immediate area south of the river is now cleared of Goblin encampments, but further south some enterprising Orc warlords have enlisted the help of Chaos Dwarfs from the far north and built their own coastal strongholds to challenge the supremacy of Barak-Varr.

OTHER DWARF ENCLAVES

During the Age of Ancestors, when the Dwarfs first settled in the Worlds Edge Mountains, bands of Dwarfs wandered yet further into the Black mountains, the Grey mountains and the mountains of far off Norsca. They followed the retreating Great Ice, seeking the riches which were easily prospected in the ice shattered rock.

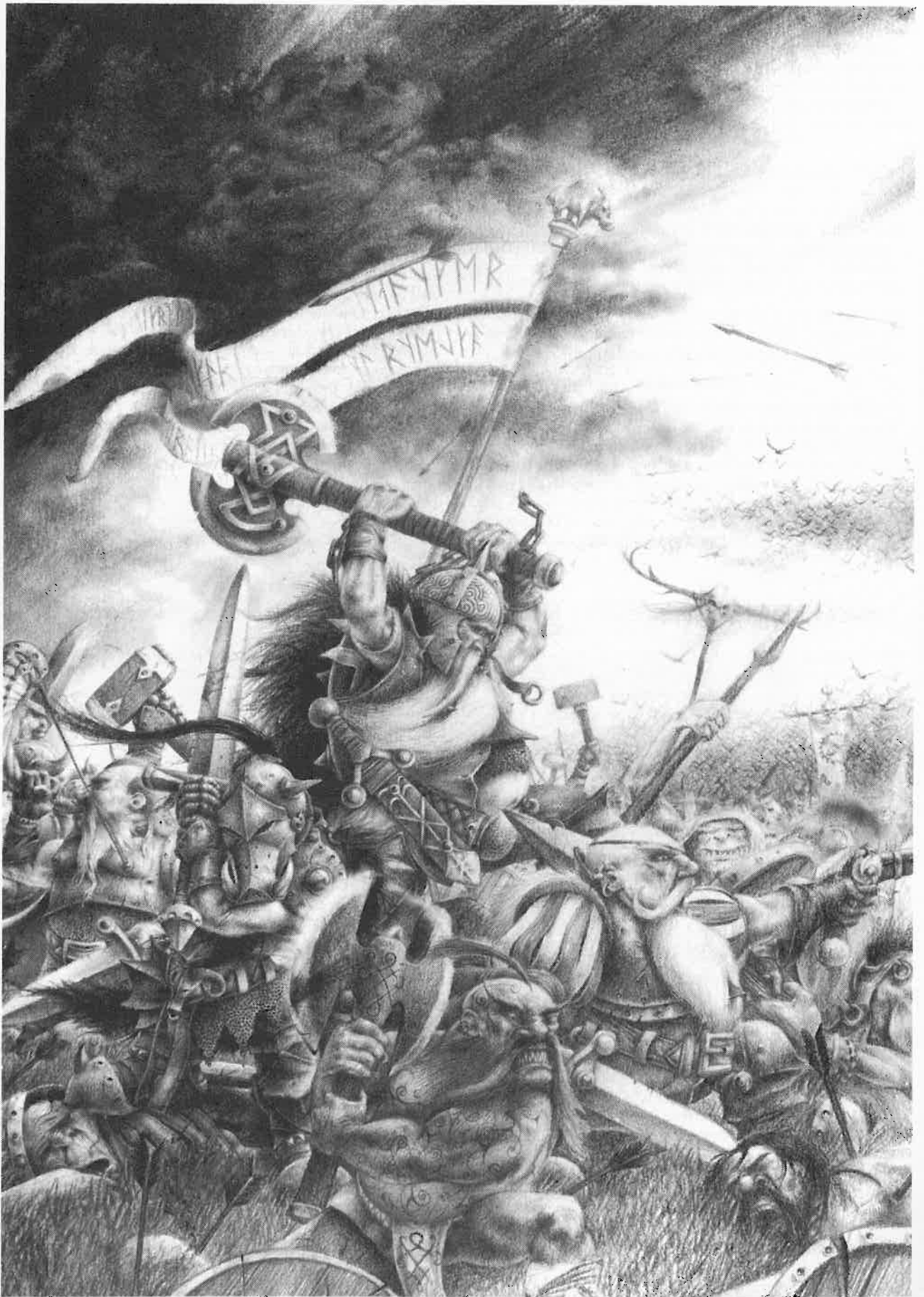
Black Mountains and the Grey Mountains

Here are to be found Dwarf mines and trading outposts which are not linked by the cavern route of the old Imperial highway. They are approached by treacherous mountain passes and cliff-hanging tracks. Rich deposits of precious metals and iron are found here, but as the mountains are not volcanic like the Worlds Edge range, there are fewer lodes of the rarer metals and gems. This means that none of the settlements here have become wealthy or powerful enough to rival the great strongholds of the old Dwarf realm. However they are closer and more accessible to the markets of the Empire, Bretonnia and Tilea and act as trading centres for Dwarf work brought by caravans from further east.

These ranges thrust deep into the Old World and were the scene of the bitterest fighting during the Elf and Dwarf wars. There are many ancient fortresses here from which the Dwarf warriors went forth to attack the Elves of the lowlands.

The Vaults

These deep ice-cut valleys and towering heights form the junction between the Black Mountains and the Grey Mountains. There are very rich loads of iron, copper, tin and other metals here and consequently some of the biggest and



deepest mine workings outside the old Dwarf homeland. Many refugee clans came here after the fall of their original strongholds in the east. The valleys offered them seclusion from the outside world where they could work, remember the past and plan their ultimate return. The valleys and chasms are so difficult to reach that few Goblins or Chaos warriors have ever trod here.

Norse Dwarfs

Dwarfs entered the mountains of Norsca so long ago that over the centuries they evolved a culture and language slightly different from that of the Imperial Dwarfs. In many ways they resemble the mannish folk of Norsca in their expressions, arts and temperament, or perhaps it is the Norse who have been influenced by the Dwarfs who arrived when they were merely primitive ice age hunters wearing skins.

There are several great and strong Norse Dwarf strongholds in the mountains of Norsca. Here the Dwarfs mine for iron and precious metals and prospect along the coastline for amber.

Chaos Dwarfs

Across the ice to the north and east are the windswept Chaos Wastes. Since the seas are frozen for most of the year, it is possible for Chaos incursions to penetrate Norsca even into the mountains of the Norse Dwarfs. The Dwarfs are sometimes reckless enough to wander into the wastes in search of the rare metals and gems to be found there. Not surprisingly this unfortunate contact has made its mark on some Dwarfs who have been tainted with Chaos. Many Chaos Dwarfs originate from among the Norse Dwarfs, a cause of great mistrust

between Imperial Dwarfs and their northern cousins. Several coastal settlements of Norse Dwarfs located in remote fjords on the edges of the Chaos Wastes have become Chaos Dwarf strongholds where the cunning ingenuity of the Dwarf race is willingly put at the service of foul Chaos Lords. Chaos hordes would have few means of crossing the sea if it were not for the artifice of renegade Dwarfs. These strongholds are the bane of Norse Dwarfs, Norsemen, Kislevites and the Empire since they menace the trade routes in the Sea of Claws and threaten the coastlines of the Old World.

Expatriate Dwarfs

Even before the breaking of the Dwarf Empire, Dwarf smiths were to be found in their own quarters in the cities of the Empire, Bretonnia, Kislev and elsewhere in the Old World, as well as colonies in more distant lands. Three things lead to Dwarf settlements in foreign lands. One is the lure of gold which attracts Dwarf artisans to human lands where their work commands a high price. Another is the Dwarf code of honour which forces into exile any Dwarfs who have fallen out with their kinsmen, their lord or who have fallen foul of some long standing grudge. Such exiles set up home far away in foreign lands, and if their offence is irredeemable they might become renegades, ultimately swelling the ranks of the Chaos Dwarfs. Finally, there are the refugees from the many lost and fallen strongholds and fortresses of the mountains. You might encounter such a Dwarf anywhere in the Old World and you can ever be sure of one thing – the burden of the past will always weigh heavily down upon him.

Dwarf Chronology

The Dwarfs of the Old World start their reckoning of time from the founding of the Kingdom of Karaz-a-Karak in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Prior to this event is a 3000 year period known as the Time of the Ancestors which lives on in Dwarf legend. This was preceded by the Era of Migration which reaches back into the history and origins of the Dwarfs themselves and about which almost nothing is known.

Date

Events

-3500

The end of the period of the Great Ice. The ice sheets retreat to reveal the Worlds Edge Mountains. **The Era of Migration.** The Dwarfs begin to move northward and settle in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Some reach as far as Norsca. Grungni discovers metal ore beneath the ground and so alters the history of the Dwarf race.

-3000

The Time of the Ancestors. The Dwarfs establish their footholds in the mountains. All of the ancient strongholds are founded. Rune lore begins.

0

The Founding of the Dwarf Empire. The golden age of the Dwarfs begins with the establishment of Karaz-a-Karak as their capital.

500

The Elf/Dwarf Alliance. The cave tunnels for the Great Highway are cut.

500 – 1000

The Dwarfs expand their empire into the Black Mountains, the Grey Mountains and The Vaults.

1000 – 1400

The Age of War. The Elf/Dwarf wars begin. The Elves retreat from the Old World but the Dwarf Empire is seriously weakened.

1500

The Age of Darkness. Volcanic activity shatters the Dwarf Empire and the Goblin Wars begin. Karak Ungol falls. Karak Varn is flooded and Zhufbar falls.

2500

The rise of humanity sees the first contact between the Dwarfs and Humans. Dwarf communities are established to trade with the emerging human realms. Karak Azgul is taken by the dragon 'Graug the Terrible'. Black Crag is founded and Karag Eight Peaks falls.

3000

The Age of Reconquest. Aided by Sigmar, the Dwarfs defeat the Goblins and retake the strongholds. Zhufbar is recaptured and Alaric 'the mad' forges the Runefangs.

5300

The Chaos incursions. The Norse Dwarfs and humans together repel the invaders. Karag Eight Peaks is re-occupied.

5500

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THE DWARF LANGUAGE AND RUNIC SCRIPT

The language of the Dwarfs is known as Khazalid. Originally in the time of the Dwarf migrations, this language was unique and related to no other language in the known world. Naturally, over the many millennia of Dwarf history, the language has acquired loan words from other languages with which the Dwarfs made contact. However the Dwarf language has remained remarkably pure compared to other Old World languages. This is undoubtedly because of the strong traditionalism of the Dwarfs and their innate resistance to things which come from outside their culture, including words, expressions and ideas. In fact Khazalid has had a much more marked influence on other languages of the Old World than these tongues have had on Khazalid. This accounts for the similarities between many words in other languages and words in Khazalid.

The language of Norsca for example is very greatly influenced by Khazalid. The Dark Tongue (a ritual language used by sorcerers and followers of Chaos) also displays much Khazalid influence. This language in particular borrows words from all other languages, and took many Khazalid words which expressed secret or magical ideas. The borrowed words were of course greatly corrupted. It is likely that the script of the Dark Tongue, known as Chaos runes, may have borrowed and corrupted symbols from Dwarf runes.

Another language influenced by Khazalid is that of the Empire. Together with Norse, these human tongues were influenced because of the trading contact with the Dwarfs lasting many centuries, and because expatriate Dwarf craftsmen lived among these people. Lastly, the Orc language has also been influenced by Khazalid. This is mainly because Goblinoids will take any strong-sounding short word to enrich their crude language, and there are plenty of these in Khazalid. The loan words become very uncouth and debased in the mouths of Orcs and their origin becomes almost unrecognisable.

Khazalid is written using the Dwarf runic script. The Dwarf runes are extremely ancient, dating back to the time of the Dwarf migrations. They owe their distinctive angular form to the need to be able to write them on hard materials, such as wood, metal and stone with a knife or chisel. Indeed, Dwarfs hardly ever write on parchment and in ancient times, perhaps never. They prefer to inscribe their books on long, thin scrolls of beaten metal, such as gold or copper. Occasionally leather is used when metal is scarce. The script therefore is scratched or engraved with a fine pointed stylus, and eloquent cursive forms are inappropriate to this type of writing.

The runic script includes a basic alphabet and a large number of ritual runes with magical significance. Many of these are almost pictographic; others defy analysis. Both kinds of runes can be found mixed together in Khazalid texts. As a rule of thumb, a simple text, like a Dwarf 'bond' agreement or a letter might be written on wood in basic alphabet runes. A metal sheet or scroll featuring many magical runes is likely to be an ancient secret text. The great sacred tomes of Karaz-a-Karak, the Book of Remembering and the Book of Grudges, are actually written on thousands of sheets of gold, or gold-copper alloy, beaten as thin as parchment. Some very ancient scrolls in the collections of Runesmiths are even written on dragon hide or troll hide! These may have been written in desperation to record facts, during a siege when metal was scarce.

Khazalid texts are written by members of the Guild of Runescribes. These know all the secrets of the runes except those belonging only to runesmiths. All runesmiths and priests of the sacred temples and ancestor shrines, and most merchants and craftsmen know how to read and write runic texts to some extent, but only runescribes have mastered more than the alphabetic series and a few others. Runesmiths are invariably also runescribes, and belong to the guild as well as their own select brotherhood. Many ordinary clan Dwarfs are illiterate, but a surprising number can tell the difference between alphabetic and magical runes and thus identify runic artifacts. Many ordinary Dwarf folk can recognise basic words such as a personal name or simple texts used in day to day trading. A great deal of Dwarfish daily life does not require writing at all, which only goes to make the runic script all the more arcane and mysterious to the majority of Dwarfs.

There should be everything you need here in this selection of Dwarf runes to write Khazalid spells and mottos on banners, shields, swords and so on. Simply use the runes to spell out what you want to say, using the Dwarf words from the word list to express particularly Dwarfish ideas. Dwarfs do not bother with small words like 'and', 'the', 'this' and so on. They don't often bother with such words in speaking, let alone writing. Runescribes take the view that metal is too valuable to waste with unimportant words. The runes often convey so much meaning in themselves as to communicate effectively without any kind of grammar or tense.



DWARF RUNES

The Dwarf language consists of a large number of ancient runes which represent individual letters or numbers, and in many cases whole, words, phrases or ideas. Dwarf runic script is sharp and angular since it was originally carved into metal or stone by members of the Guild of Runescribes. Although many records are now kept in books or on scrolls, the angular form has been rigidly retained in respect to the Dwarf ancestors.

	1		B		TH		Ungor: Caverns and tunnels		Grund: Hammer
	2		D		W or U		Kadrin: Mountain, pass		Grong: Anvil
	3		DR or TR		Z or ZH		Varn: Lake enclosed by mountains		Zaraz: Gift
	4		E				Grimaz: Harsh, barren, cruel		Dammaz-Kron: Book of Grudges
	5		F or V		Dawaz: Dwarf		Grom: Tough, hard, brave, defiant		Kron: Book, chronicle, inspiration, scroll
	6		G		Karak: Mountain, Stronghold (Karak a Karak, City of Everpeak)		Az -Dreugl: Great Axe		Troll: Troll
	7		H		Karaz: Strong, Enduring, Old		Ok: Clever		Trolldrengl: Trollslayer
	8		K or KH		Kazad: Fortress, City		Okri: Craftsman (common personal name)		Dreng: Slay
	9		KAR		Dum: Doom, Chaos, darkness		Ori: Work		Drakendrengl: Dragonslayer
	10		L or UL		Duraz: Stone, rock		Und: Keep, capture, keep out, hold down		Grontdrengl: Giantslayer
	100		M		Azak: Axe, Weapon		Rli: Shiny, polished, edged		Gront: Giant
	1000		N		Drakk: Dragon, Monster		Lok: Embellished, Intricate		Urkdrengl: Orcslayer
			NG		Urkk: Orc, enemy, foul thing		Galaz: Precious metal		Grungron: Metalwork, smithying
	A or I		O		Grungl: Dwarf god of mining		Goraz: Uncanny, magical		Ankor: Realm, Empire
	AK		R		Azul: Metal		Grung: Mine		Strommez: Stream
	AZ		T		Azgal: Hoard, treasure		Karag: Peak, Mountain, high		Trogg: Eating a big meal
							Kazak: War, battle		Gazan: Plain, wasteland
							Rhun: Rune, Magical mark, name, word, power		Zorn: Mountainous land
							Baraz: Bond, promise		Vorn: Farmland
							Dammaz: Grudge		Urbar: Trading

	Bolg: Paunch, fat belly		Dharkhangron: Dark beneath the world (underground)		Rhunkri: Runesmith		Mingol: Tower, pinnacle		Thongli: Headband worn by warriors who have slain an Orc or Goblin
	Gorog: Drinking a lot of ale		Grobkhaz: Artifacts made by Orcs and Goblins		Drinn: Road, Highway		Migdhai: Fortified outpost, keep, blockhouse, gatehouse		Ungrim: People who cannot be trusted
	Tromm: Beard		Wytryth: Wood from old gnarled mountain trees		Ungdrinn-Angkor: Great Imperial underground highway		Makkaz: Tools		Vulkhrund: Cavemous hiding place
	Skruft: Insignificant beard (an insult)		Thryngaz: Dense, dark pine forest		Ungl: Humans		Thrund: Gunpowder, firearms, explosion		Vengryn: Vengeance, revenge, justice
	Rikk: Ruler, King		Skree: Rough, rocky ground		Elgi: Elf (also unbearded)		Naggrund: Desolate area where Dragons or Trolls live, ruins		Drung: To hit, smash, fight conquer
	Wand: Magical rune staff		Skrund: To hew out rock with hammers and picks		Gor: Wild beasts (also Beastmen)		Thragh: Tribute		Khrum: Big war drum
	Thag: Treacherously slay		Klad: Iron armour, iron plating		Goruz: Horns, made of horns, bones		Noggarrung: Drinking tankards made from the skulls of Trolls		Ongrun: Mercenaries, allies
	Gromdal: Ancient artifact		Ang: Industrial work		Agrul: Carvings in stone		Brynn: Brilliantly coloured or decorated		Vithang: Merchant, trader
	Grizdal: Ale which has been fermented for at least a century		Kuchungkuchung: Water pump, water wheel		Azkahr: Massive masonry		Thrung: Shieldwall		Wulthrung: Payment, obligation, reward, money
	Hazdal: Ale which has been recently brewed		Rinn: Queen		Iskhrul: Huge pillared vault cut into rock		Baragh: Cannon, siege engine, war machine		Zunthrum: Statues, monuments
	Valdahaz: Brewery		Drangthrong: Huge Dwarf Army		Ekrund: Stairway or passage cut through rock		Oggraz: Ogre		Vorkhul: Migrating horde of Orcs and Goblins
	Aruzkhul: The art of stalking Goblins in caves		Vongal: Raiders from the North or East (Men rather than Goblins)		Huzhrung: Massive city wall		Raggarinn: Coarse clothing made from troll hide		Thrynaz: Rules, laws, code of honour
	Wanaz: A desreputable Dwarf with an unkempt beard		Mizpal: Volcanic glass		Muzkhgrum: Blast furnace slag		Thrag: Wound		Zagaz: Remembering, saga, history
	Khulghur: The art of hunting and catching Trolls		Nathgar: Leather embroidered with gold thread in runic or animal designs		Zhufbar: Torrent Gate (city)		Barak: Gate, tower, wall		Gorm: Old, high, wise, powerful, bearded
	Gnollengrom: Respect for a Dwarf who has a longer and more splendid beard		Fronghol: Cave Mushrooms		Zhuf: Mountain, river, stream		Garaz: Young, fearless, rebellious		Th/Throng: Clan
	Drongnel: Dragon stew with cave mushrooms marinated in ale		Varrkhulg: Chief of enemy tribes (very uncomplimentary)						
	Grindel: Very long flaxen plaits worn by female Dwarfs		Khaz: Palace halls						
	Thingondrongol: Cavemous vaults in which ale or treasure is hidden		Thryng: Shrine of ancestors (temple)						
	Arkhandrazkal: Art of inscribing runes on precious metal with a Trolls tooth		Grongol: Tomb vaults of ancestors						
	Zharr: Fire		Gromthi: Ancestor						

This sample of Runic script was found inscribed upon a stone slab above the gate of the ancient Dwarf city of Kazaz a Karak. It refers to a former king.

KRYNYH RIKK KARAZAKARAK
GORMGROMGROMTHI GNOLLENGROM ORI VARRKHULG ZAGAZ

In Khazalid this reads:

KRANGAL OGGRAZDRENGI RIKK KARAZAKARAK
GORMGROMGROMTHI GNOLLENGROM ORI VARRKHULG ZAGAZ

This translates as:

Krangal Ogre slayer King of Karaz a Karak, The wise, The brave, Ancestor. Look upon his works Ye mighty enemy chiefs and remember!

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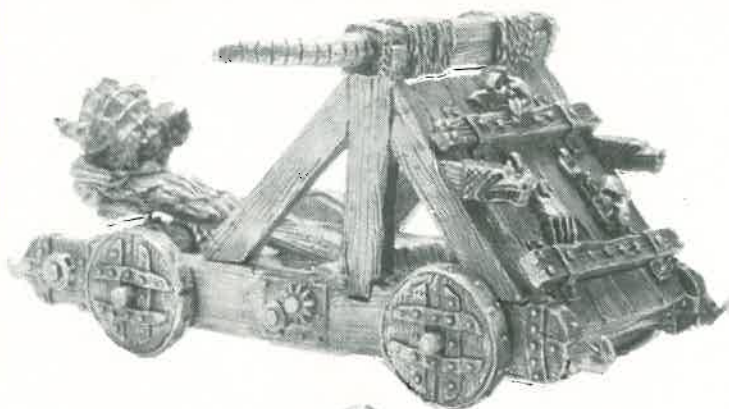
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1 x DWARF SITTING ON GOBLIN
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COMMANDER
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DWARF SITTING
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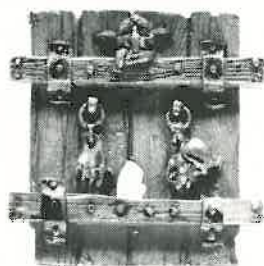
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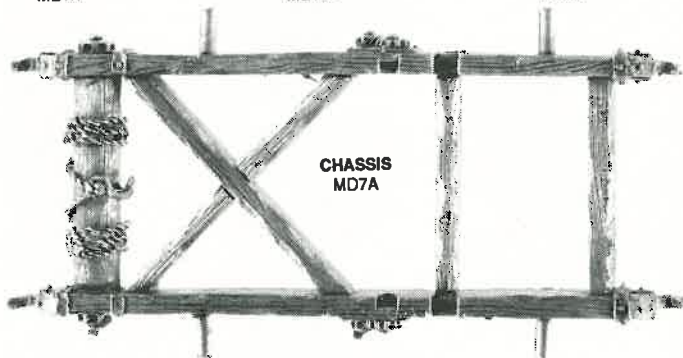
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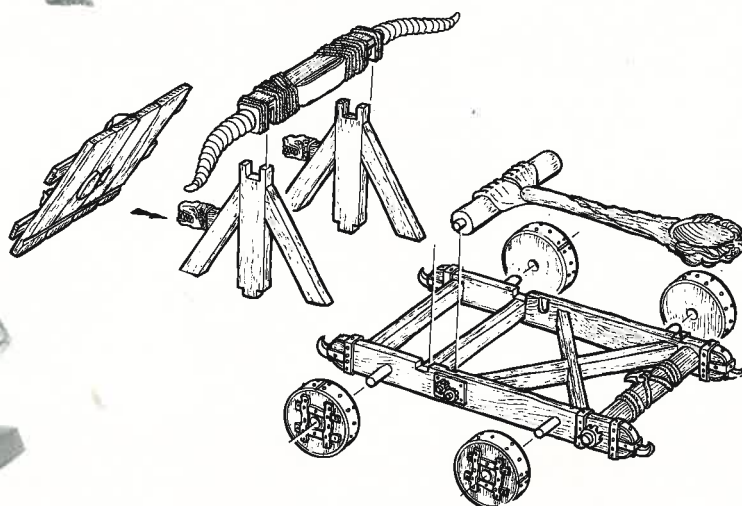
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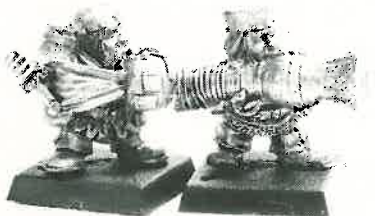
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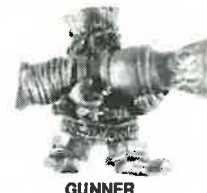
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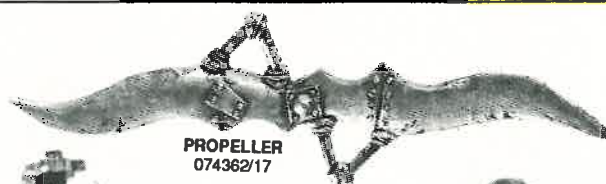
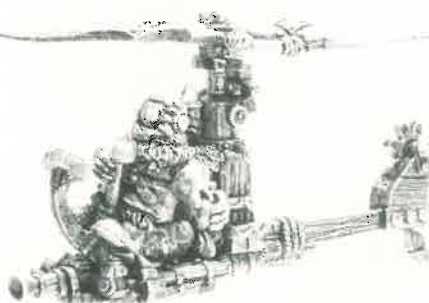


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SEAT
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PONY
074374/2



BEER BARREL SIDE 1
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074347/21



AXE 25
074347/12



SPEAR 4
074347/22



CROSSBOW 1
074347/8



CROSSBOW 2
074347/10



CROSSBOW 3
074347/6



CROSSBOW 4
074347/7



CROSSBOW 5
074347/9



CROSSBOW 6
074347/30



CROSSBOW 7
074347/2



CROSSBOW 8
074347/5



CROSSBOW 9
074347/4



CROSSBOW 10
074347/3

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH A DWARF SHIELDS SPRUE, AND A CROSSBOW SPRUE WHERE APPROPRIATE, AS STANDARD

Designed by Alan and Michael Perry

Miniatures supplied unpainted. WARNING: This product contains lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age. © Copyright Games Workshop Ltd. All rights reserved.



IMPERIAL DWARFS



SPEAR 5
074308/60



SWORD 12
074308/1



CROSSBOW 11
074308/39



LANTERN
074308/46



SWORD 13
074308/57



AXE 26
074308/51



SWORD 14
074308/33



SWORD 15
074308/41



CROSSBOW 12
074308/38



SWORD 16
074308/43



SWORD 17
074308/56



SWORD 18
074308/40



AXE 27
074308/50



AXE 28
074308/45



AXE AND SPEAR
074308/47



AXE 29
074308/35



SWORD 19
074308/59



STAFF
074308/32



AXE 31
074308/37



SWORD 20
074308/42



AXE 32
074308/52



AXE 33
074308/31



AXE 34
074308/18



AXE 35
074308/54



AXE 36
074308/48



HAMMER 10
074308/44



HAMMER 11
074308/49



HAMMER 12
074308/58



AXE 37
074308/36

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Designed by Alan and Michael Perry

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH A DWARF SHIELDS SPRUE AS STANDARD

EPIC SQUATS

SQUAT LAND TRAIN



LAND TRAIN
ENGINE CHASSIS
076707/1A



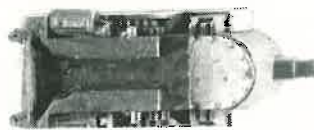
LAND TRAIN ENGINE
SUPERSTRUCTURE
076707/2



BATTLECAR
CHASSIS 1
076707/3A



BATTLECAR
CHASSIS 2
076707/3B



LAND TRAIN
ENGINE CHASSIS
076707/1B



BERSERKER
BATTLECAR
076707/4



DRAGON
BATTLECAR
076707/5



BOMB
BATTLECAR
076707/6



MORTAR
BATTLECAR
076707/7



EXAMPLE OF A SQUAT LAND TRAIN WITH TWO EXTRA BATTLE CARS

THE COMPLETE LAND TRAIN
CONSISTS OF:
1 x LAND TRAIN ENGINE SUPERSTRUCTURE
1 x RANDOM BATTLECAR WEAPON
1 x LAND TRAIN ENGINE CHASSIS
1 x BATTLECAR CHASSIS

IRON EAGLE GYROCOPTER



SQUAT GYROCOPTER
076722/8

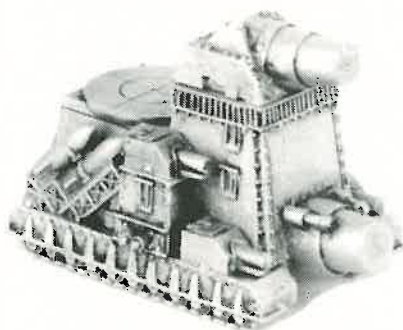


COLOSSUS LEFT SIDE
076722/1



COLOSSUS RIGHT SIDE
076722/2

SQUAT COLOSSUS



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



COLLOSSUS
THUNDERER CANNON
076722/4



COLOSSUS
DOOMSDAY CANNON
076722/3



LANDING PAD
076722/5



MISSILE RACKS
076722/7



BATTLE CANNON
TURRETS
076722/6

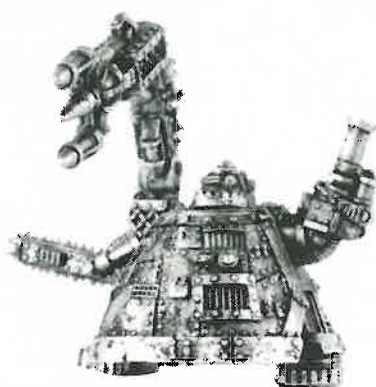


SQUAT GYROCOPTER
076722/8

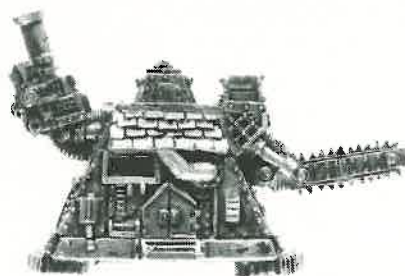
Designed by Norman Swales

ORK WAR MACHINES

MEKBOY GARGANT



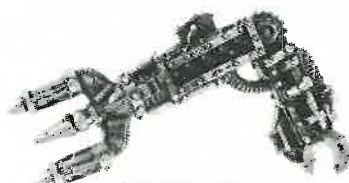
THE COMPLETE MEKBOY GARGANT
CONSISTS OF;
1 x MEKBOY ARM VARIANT
1 x MEKBOY BODY
1 x MEKBOY BELLY



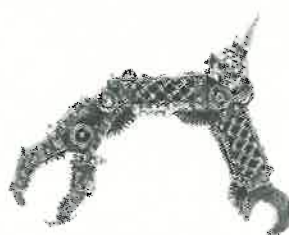
(REAR VIEW)
MEKBOY GARGANT BODY
076223/1



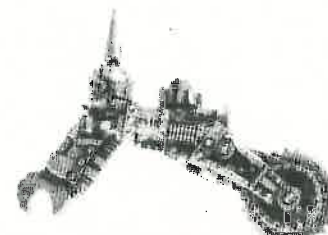
MEKBOY GARGANT BELLY
076223/2



MEKBOY GARGANT
SUPER LIFTA DROPPA ARM
076223/4



MEKBOY GARGANT
KRUSHER ARM
076223/5



MEKBOY GARGANT
BUZZ SAW ARM
076223/3

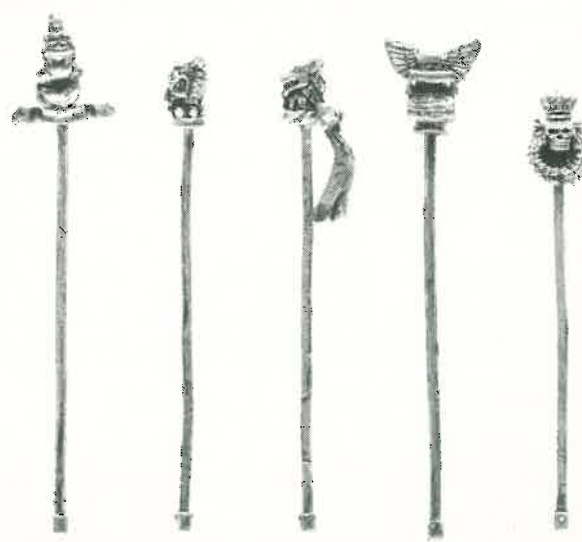
Designed by Kev Adams

IMPERIAL BANNER POLES



A B C D

IMPERIAL BANNER POLES
073725/1



A B C D E

IMPERIAL BANNER POLES
073725/2

Designed by Michael Perry

EMPIRE

IMPERIAL OUTRIDERS



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED IMPERIAL OUTRIDER



OUTRIDER WITH
REPEATING PISTOL
073737/1



OUTRIDER WITH
REPEATING MUSKET
073737/2



KNIGHT'S LEGS
073764/3

Designed by Michael Perry

KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED KNIGHT OF THE BLAZING SUN



BLAZING SUN KNIGHT 1
073713/1



BLAZING SUN KNIGHT 2
073713/2



KNIGHT OF THE BLAZING SUN
STANDARD BEARER
073713/3



KNIGHT'S LEGS
073764/3



GRAND MASTER OF THE
KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN
073713/4

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH PLASTIC ARMoured HORSES AND THE APPROPRIATE PLASTIC SHIELD AS STANDARD

Designed by Alan Perry



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

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

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

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

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

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



**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

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

**WARGAME
SERIES**



THE DWARFS DEFEND A MOUNTAIN PASS AGAINST A HORDE OF GOBLIN WOLFRIDERS