

INSIDE Mordheim • Blood Bowl • 'Eavy Hat • Fan Fiction



THE WORD OF HASHUT

No.1 — SUMMER 2008



MORDHEIM



BLOODBOWL



THE UNOFFICIAL FAN-MAGAZINE FOR CHAOS DWARF GENERALS

WWW.CHAOS-DWARFS.COM

THE WORD OF HASHUT

NO. 1— SUMMER 2008

Chaos Dwarfs Online Webzine
www.chaos-dwarfs.com

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Special Thanks to the guys at Border Town Burning
for the Black Dwarfs Mordheim List.

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UPCOMING EVENTS FOR CDO



GOLDEN HAT VI

May 2008- Entries Due June 28th

ARTISANS CONTEST 2

June 2008- Entries Due June 28th

THE WORD OF HASHUT ISSUE 2 FALL 2008

Saturday, September 27th

NOTE: Dates for GH and AC are always
Subject to change.

DECREES FROM THE SUPREME OVERLORD OF WOH

Hello all and welcome to the inaugural issue of Chaos Dwarf Online's "The Word of Hashut", our very own, quarterly webzine focusing on all aspects of the hobby as it relates to Chaos Dwarfs.

If you feel as I do that Chaos Dwarf Online is one of the best (if not the best) Warhammer site on the web today, then this is just another expression of that fact. However, his webzine will not go very far if it is not populated with great articles, awesome artwork, and other contributions from you ,the members of CDO. So get busy and start sending in those submissions!

So what is needed from you? The stuff mentioned above of course. I will caution everyone thou: Don't try to write a 90 page thesis on the importance of beards to chaos dwarf society for instance.

Start small, focus on small manageable chunks, say a 1 page 3 paragraph article, a small piece of artwork, a blurb of text, s ahort story, a really well photographed mini, etc.. Small steps is what I'm preaching for the first few issues and lets see where it takes us. Bear in mind too, that not everything that gets submitted will make it in to the first issue, never fear there are two more planned for the remainder of the year: Summer and Fall 2008.

Its also important to understand the editorial process. Articles rarely if ever appear exactly the way they are submitted. Editing will be needed in some cases and perhaps rewrites. Don't take it personally, it happens. We may ask for you to rework passages in the text, so keep an open mind.

Next on a personal note, don't take me to be a harsh task master on this project, I'm not nor am I one in real life. Its important to understand that in order to meet the deadlines of producing this thing in the timeframes allotted, strict deadlines will need to be adhered to.

If you are going to do something and say you are, then do it. No excuses.

We're all busy, we all have other commitments in life so think long and hard before you agree to do it. With that being said I'm not trying to scare anyone just asking for focus and diligence.

We're not asking for much. It speaks to Xander's Month in Review from March: take charge of **your** website, make it better, contribute where and when you can.

In closing I hope you enjoy this issue and the ones to follow, its for all of us to enjoy. As always if you have any questions PM me. I usually reply within hours if not minutes.

Till next quarter, glory to Hashut and CDO!

Will MARK



THE SLAVE PEN

a.k.a "The Word of Hashut's letters to the Editor"; Much like any traditional-style magazine this section will be for letters to the editorial staff or any guest writers as needed, or the hobgoblins...

Realizing that we have the forum look at it this way: Have your questions preserved for posterity and all time in future editions of The Word of Hashut!

HEAVY HAT

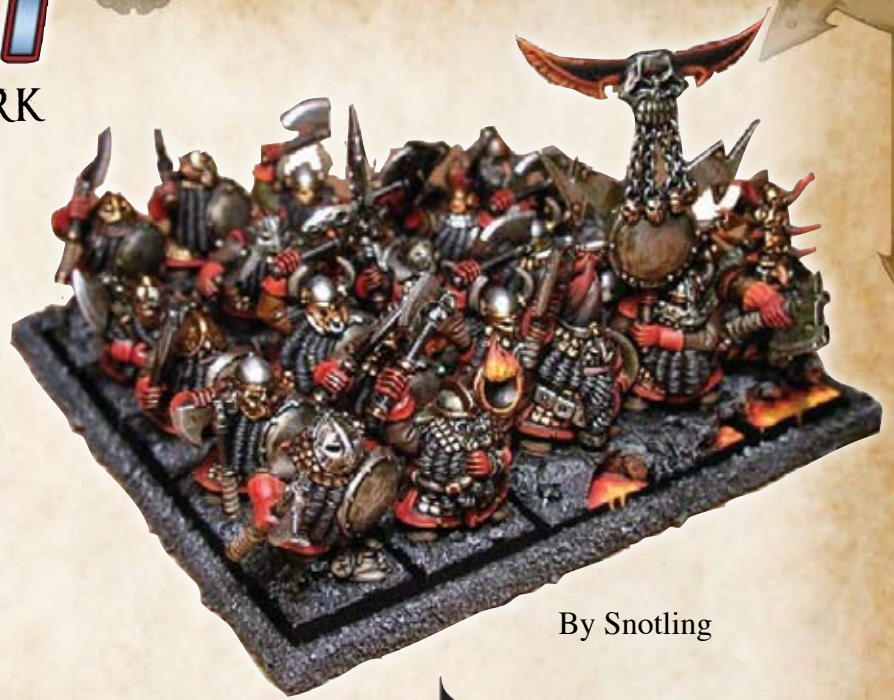
MEMBERS COMPLETED WORK

by Willmark

The hallowed halls of Chaos Dwarf minis by members of the community.



By
Grimstonefire



By Snotling



Chaos Dwarf team by Geckilian



By
Grimstonefire



By Snotling



By Pyro Stick



Border Town Burning

An introduction to the new Mordheim supplement

mordheim supplement

Border Town Burning is an unofficial supplement for *Mordheim*, the fantasy skirmish game system from Specialist Games. Like *Empire in Flames*, *Nemesis Crown* and other previous supplements the aim is to take the players' warbands to an alternate setting and create an invigorating gaming experience. The *Border Town Burning* expansion is a complete campaign, providing rules for playing in the dangerous territories through which the Silk Road leads. Brave adventurers and daredevil merchant caravans are hoping to make a fortune by exploring the mystic eastern realms, unaware of the many horrors this inhospitable environment has in store for them: Ravaging marauders of the dark tribes march from the northern Chaos Wastes, terrible beastmen dwell in the forests of the Cathayan borderlands and tainted ones practicing foul sorceries lurk in the shadows of the mountain.

This supplement describes rules for running campaigns in this exciting setting including new scenarios, exploration charts, random happenings and a special bestiary. A unique campaign system allows the warbands to go in pursuit of their individual objectives throughout and while they advance in their efforts special scenarios and events unfold developing a non-linear narrative storyline.

the protagonists

There are numerous new warbands introduced in the *Border Town Burning* supplement. The Merchants Caravan is centred around a daring merchant. Using gold from his coffers he surrounds his trade wagon with the best thugs and sell-swords available to protect his goods.

The Marauders of Chaos are a continuous threat to the Cathayan townsfolk living near the borders of the Celestial Emperor's realm.

The Battle Monks of Cathay are lead by an emissary who is empowered by the throne and charged with the outer town's defence strategy. While he does command men of the militia he can only hope for cooperation from the venerated Dragon Monks.

The Chaos Dwarf warband features the vilest of their kind practicing twisted crafts. They are often seen with a mobile prison in which they lock captives destined to toil as slaves or be sacrificed to their foul god. The abominable machinations are powered by daemonic engines crafted using the forbidden lore of these Black Dwarfs.

sneaky preview

As a special preview of the upcoming supplement the full rules for playing Chaos Dwarf warbands in your *Mordheim* games are published in this very issue of the Chaos Dwarfs Online webzine. Turn the page to find out what you need to start your own warband and see how many enemies you can enslave!

The *Border Town Burning* development group is preparing a summer release of the *Mordheim* supplement.

Check out the project's website for regular updates and information:

www.bordertownburning.de.vu



The caravan of a wealthy merchant travels through the forests of Cathay prepared to fight off any lurking raiders.

The Black Dwarfs

Few scholars know how exactly these Dwarfs came to be the evil and twisted creatures of Chaos they are now.

A long and slow warping process has changed them forever. Sundered from others of their kind, trapped in

underground holds on the ash-choked Plain of Zharr, darkness swept over them. From a worship born out of desperation, the bull-shaped god Hashut became their saviour and the Dwarfs of Karak Vlag became a perverted mockery of their former selves. Through infernal pacts with their mysterious daemon deity this bitter race has endured and gained an unnatural mastery of foul magic. They practice bloodthirsty rites which involve throwing captives into burning cauldrons of molten metal.

The Black Dwarfs constantly trade armour, weapons and machines forged out of precious metals with their hammers and vile sorcery, for fresh supplies and victims. Those condemned souls are brought back to the Dark Lands. Deep beneath the the ziggurat shaped obsidian tower they are sentenced to toil in the labour pits of Mingol Zharr-Naggrund, the City of Fire and Desolation.

Fell Sorcerer Priests mastermind tactical raids harvesting prisoners on the Silver Road to expand their labour force. Scouting for rich mineral veins and metal ores while scouring the land for wyrdstone deposits, has led detachments of the Children of Darkness to Mordheim.

Special rules

Hard to Kill: Like their uncorrupted brethren, Chaos Dwarfs are tough, resilient individuals who can only be taken *out of action* on a roll of 6 instead of 5-6 when rolling on the Injury chart. Treat a roll of 1-2 as knocked down, 3-5 as stunned, and 6 as out of action.

Hard Head: Chaos Dwarfs ignore the special rules for clubs, maces, etc. They too are not easy to knock out!

Armour: Chaos Dwarfs never suffer movement penalties for wearing armour.

Hired Swords: A Chaos Dwarf warband may hire the following Hired Swords: Ogre Bodyguard, Pit Fighter, Warlock, Imperial Assassin, and Hobgoblin Scout. They may hire any Hired Sword described as *all may hire*, or allowed by Orc warbands and Chaos warbands. They may never hire Elves of any sort!

Choice of warriors

A Chaos Dwarf warband must include a minimum of three models. You have 500 gold crowns which you can use to recruit and equip your warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband is 12.

Sorcerer: Each Chaos Dwarf warband must have one Sorcerer – no more, no less!

Bull Centaur: Your warband may include one Bull Centaur.

Gaolers: Your warband may include up to two Gaolers.

Chaos Dwarfs: Your warband may include up to five Chaos Dwarfs.

Informers: Your warband may include any number of Informers.

Starting experience

A **Sorcerer** starts with 20 Experience.

A **Bull Centaur** starts with 10 Experience.

Gaolers start with 8 Experience.

Henchmen start with 0 Experience.

Characteristic increase

Characteristics for warriors may not be increased beyond the maximum limits shown on the following profiles. Informers are a mixture of races, half-breeds, and mutants. They use the maximum characteristics for humans from the Mordheim rulebook.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Dwarf	3	7	6	4	5	3	5	4	10

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bull Centaur	8	7	6	5	5	4	6	5	10

Chaos Dwarf skill table

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed	Special
Sorcerer	✓		✓	✓		✓
Bull Centaur	✓			✓	✓	
Gaolers	✓	✓		✓		✓

Chaos Dwarf equipment lists

The following lists are used by Chaos Dwarf warbands to pick their equipment:

CHAOS DWARF EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	2 gc
Mace	3 gc
Hammer	3 gc
Axe	5 gc
Sword	10 gc
Steel whip*	10 gc
Double-handed weapon	15 gc
Man-catcher*	25 gc

*Gaolers only

Missile Weapons

Pistol	15 gc (30 gc for a brace)
Blunderbuss	30 gc

Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Heavy armour	50 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc
Mechanical suit**	175 gc

**Sorcerer only

Miscellaneous Equipment

Prison wagon	100 gc
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INFORMER EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	2 gc
Mace	3 gc
Axe	5 gc
Spear	10 gc

Missile Weapons

Sling	2 gc
Bow	10 gc

Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

Chaos Dwarf special skills

Chaos Dwarfs may choose to use the following skill list instead of the standard skill lists.

extra tough

A Chaos Dwarf with this skill is notorious for walking away from wounds that would kill a lesser warrior. When rolling on the Heroes Serious Injury chart for this Hero after a game in which he has been taken *out of action*, the dice may be re-rolled once. The result of this second dice roll must be accepted, even if it is a worse result.

chaos engineer

The Hero has great technical skill and can use this to craft wicked armours. Whenever a Hero with this skill searches for Chaos armour (including Mechanical Suit), he gets +3 on his roll. This represents the Engineer's ability to craft these items himself. Note that the Hero ignores the rarity and gift of chaos special rules of chaos armours.

tyrant

This skill is for the Chaos Dwarf *leader* only. This Priest of Hashut is renowned for his tyranny. His word is absolute so his own warband fears his cruelty more than the enemy. When making a Rout test, and if led by a leader with this skill, the leader may inspire his warband to stick around. This skill allows the leader to re-roll any failed Rout test, as long as the leader is not *knocked down* or *stunned*. If re-rolled, the new result will apply even if the new result is worse. If the leader is taken *out of action* the warband must make an immediate Rout test.

resource hunter

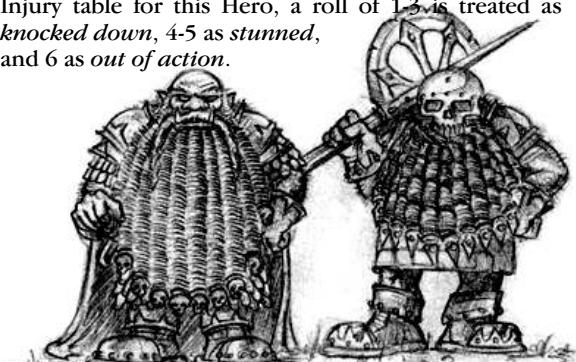
This Chaos Dwarf is especially good at locating valuable resources. When rolling on the Exploration chart at the end of a game, the hero may modify one dice roll by +1/-1.

thick skull

The Hero has a thick skull, even for a Chaos Dwarf. He has a 3+ save on a D6 to avoid being *stunned*. If the save is made, treat a *stunned* result as *knocked down* instead. If the Chaos Dwarf also wears a helmet, this save is 2+ instead of 3+ (this takes the place of the normal Helmet special rule).

true grit

Chaos Dwarfs are hardy individuals and this Hero is resolute, even for a Chaos Dwarf! When rolling on the Injury table for this Hero, a roll of 1-3 is treated as *knocked down*, 4-5 as *stunned*, and 6 as *out of action*.



Chaos Dwarfs special equipment

This equipment is only available to the Chaos Dwarfs, and no other warband may purchase it.

man-catcher

25 gold crowns

Availability: Rare 10, Chaos Dwarfs only

Semi-circular prongs mounted on pole-arms are popular among the Gaolers of Zharr-Naggrund. This non-lethal spring loaded device can ensnare the most violent of prisoners.

Range: Close Combat; **Strength:** As user;

Special Rules: Capture, Two-handed

SPECIAL RULES

Capture: A model taken *out of action* by a Man-catcher becomes captured. Do not roll for Serious Injuries. The 'catch' is locked up in the Prison Wagon instead. If the warband does not include a Prison Wagon, roll for Serious Injuries as normal. Large models, such as Ogres, Trolls and Minotaurs, cannot be captured this way, and neither can animals.

mechanical suit

225 gold crowns

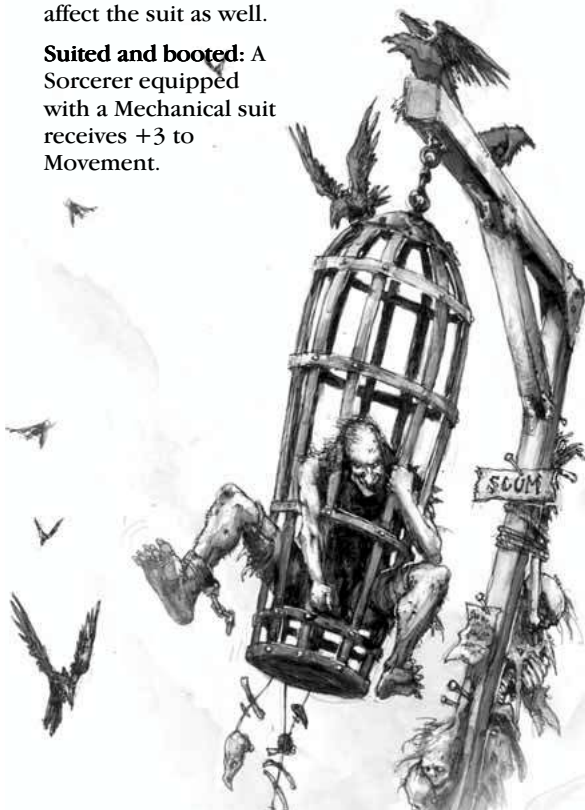
Availability: Rare 14, Chaos Dwarfs only

The Curse of Stone comes to all Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, gradually transforming them to rock from the feet up. Engineers have crafted machines which can transport their Priests as they begin to pay the price for working dark rituals.

SPECIAL RULES

Chaos armour: A Mechanical suit counts as Chaos armour and rules that would affect Chaos armour affect the suit as well.

Suited and booted: A Sorcerer equipped with a Mechanical suit receives +3 to Movement.



prison wagon

100 gold crowns

Availability: Common, Chaos Dwarfs only

The Chaos Dwarfs lock up their victims in an armoured wagon. This 'prison on wheels' is used to transport captives back to the Dark Lands to feed fuel to the furnaces or be sacrificed to Hashut.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prison	-	-	-	-	8	4	-	-	-
Wheel	-	-	-	-	6	1	-	-	-
Daemon Engine	6	-	-	-	6	3	-	-	-

SPECIAL RULES

Wagon: The Prison Wagon follows all rules for Wagons (see *Empire in Flames* Supplement, p. 30-33). A Chaos Dwarf must function as the wagon driver. No other models but captives may board the Prison Wagon. No more than six captives may be locked in the Prison at a time – large creatures (Ogres, Minotaurs, etc.) count as two models.

Engine: The Prison Wagon is powered by a Daemon Engine. All references to draft animals pulling the Wagon should be treated as referring to its Engine. Prison Wagon movement is unaffected by cargo.

Captives: Models become captives by rolling the Captured result on the Serious Injuries table or by being taken *out of action* by a Man-catcher. Note that in both cases their equipment is lost to the Chaos Dwarf warband. Some results on the Mordheim Exploration chart let Chaos Dwarfs acquire captives: *Straggler* (one) and *Prisoners* (D3). From the *Empire in Flames* Exploration chart: *Raving Lunatic* (one), *Lost Children* (two), *Mordheim Refugees* (D3), *The Hanging Tree* (one), *Small Farm* and *Large Farm* (two).

Captives can be set free by destroying the Prison Wagon or by using the prison keys. If a model puts the Chaos Dwarf warband's leader *out of action* they take the keys. A model that takes the keys may free the captives by moving into base contact with the Prison. If the Chaos Dwarfs rout before this happens or if the model with the keys is taken *out of action* (losing the keys to a new keeper), the captives remain captured. Freed captives must move towards the closest board edge. Captives not from warbands use the profile for human Warriors (see Mercenary warband). Rescued captives return to their former warbands.

Hashut's Reward: The Chaos Dwarfs may choose to send captives back to the Dark Lands after a battle. If they do, all captured models are sacrificed to Hashut. The Prison Wagon plus one Hero must miss the next battle. No models may be captured until they return. Captives must be removed from their warbands rosters permanently. After the Hero rejoins the warband consult the following table to determine the reward.

Captives	Hashut's Reward
1-3	+1 Experience point for the leader.
4-5	+D3 Experience points which can be distributed among the Heroes.
6	+2D3 Experience points which can be distributed among the Heroes plus D6x5 gold crowns.

Heroes

1 Sorcerer

85 gold crowns to hire

It is the Priests of Hashut who administrate insidious edicts on behalf of the Chaos Dwarf race. This includes orchestrating trade agreements with the savage Northmen and Ogre tribes. From out of the Dark Lands they frequently lead warbands to plunder the Silk Road.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: The Sorcerer may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Chaos Dwarf Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Leader: Any warrior within 6" of the Sorcerer may use his Leadership when taking Ld tests.

Wizard: The Sorcerer is a wizard and follows the rules for wizards in the magic section. Sorcerers may cast Rituals of Hashut.

Priest: The Sorcerer starts with two rituals. One of them is the Sacrificial Ritual. The other spell is determined as usual from the Rituals of Hashut.

0.1 Bull Centaur

100 gold crowns to hire

Bull Centaurs are keen witted creatures with the upper torso of a Chaos Dwarf and the body of a bull. They are the most favoured disciples to the Father of Darkness. In his divine image these mutated centauroids are fewer in number than Chaos Dwarfs, more powerful and swifter in battle.

Heroes

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

Weapons/Armour: A Bull Centaur may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Chaos Dwarf Equipment list, but may never use any missile weapons.

SPECIAL RULES

Large target: Bull centaurs are large creatures and therefore make tempting targets for archers. Anyone shooting at the Bull Centaur gains a +1 'to hit' and may shoot at it even if it is not the closest target. As large targets a Bull Centaur adds an extra +20 to the warband's rating.

0.2 Gaolers

50 gold crowns to hire

Of all the Black Dwarfs it is the wicked Gaolers who are the most infamous. The minds of these merciless fiends are bent on inflicting pain and their repulsive methods strike fear into the hearts of men. Gaolers delight in the torture of their prisoners for whom death never comes quick enough.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: Gaolers may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Chaos Dwarf Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Nasty Reputation: Gaolers are known for their brutality. The dreaded sight of them and the very thought of being captured causes *fear* in Humans.

Informers

15 gold crowns to hire

For those imprisoned in the foundries of Zharr-Naggrund, the fires of industry burn night and day. There is little reward for a spy, only deceitful promises of freedom. Lies are enough to motivate these treacherous informants into betraying their own kind for small dispensations.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Informers may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Informer Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Drudgery: Informers have had their will broken by their masters and may never become Heroes.

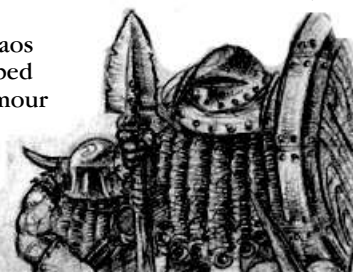
0.5 Chaos Dwarfs

40 gold crowns to hire

These resentful creatures toil in the forges of their city stronghold. To boost the production of weapons and Chaos armour in the foundries they set out on expeditions armed with blunderbusses to bolster the labour force kept shackled in pits beneath the earth.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: Chaos Dwarfs may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Chaos Dwarf Equipment list.



Rituals of Hashut

This is dark sorcery of fire and ash used by wicked Sorcerers among the Chaos Dwarfs. They are Priests and magicians who have carefully mastered the teachings of a daemonic god known as the Father of Darkness.

D6 Result

0 Sacrificial Ritual

Difficulty 10

The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer sacrifices the captives in a bloody ritual, thus carrying out his assignments as a High Priest of Hashut.

The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer must be in contact with the Prison Wagon in order to successfully cast this spell. As the ritual requires the sacrifice of a mortal, remove one captive model from the Prison (and its warband's roster). The Sorcerer may sacrifice additional captives to lower the spell's difficulty by -1 per sacrifice. These models must be sacrificed before rolling for Difficulty. The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer gains +D3 Experience.

1 Spirit of Hashut

Difficulty 9

The air around the Sorcerer thickens to form a billowing avatar of the great Bull-God. In defiance this unholy likeness to the Father of Darkness rolls forward, trampling all before it.

The player draws a line 18" from the Sorcerer. All models crossed by the line, suffer one S4 hit.

2 Bellow of Doom

Difficulty 8

Crackling with arcane energy, the Sorcerer's features contort into the horned visage of the mighty Hashut. Smoke and flame spills from his maw, as he lets loose a deafening sound that none may escape.

All models engaged in base contact with the sorcerer must make an immediate Ld test or break from combat and run.

3 Fumes of Azgorh

Difficulty 7

The Sorcerer's mouth glows. Clouds of black gas are slowly emitted until with an almighty belch, a wave of corrosive smoke erupts from his gaping jaws.

The spell has a range of 8", hitting all models in its path on a D6 score of 4+. Any model hit suffers a S4 hit, roll to wound as normal. No armour saves allowed.

4 Flickering Hide

Difficulty 10

With eldritch power the target begins to burn from within. His skin spits and sparks wherever a blow is struck as if like molten iron.

The Sorcerer may cast this spell upon himself or any one model within 6". The flaming hide will negate any one wound suffered on a D6 roll of 4+. In hand-to-hand combat, any model which hits the flaming hide will suffer one S3 hit for each hit scored. The Flaming Hide lasts until the beginning of the Sorcerer's next shooting phase.

5 Lava Flow

Difficulty 7

The Sorcerer melts into molten magma, burning itself into the earth. The Sorcerer then reappears after seeping unnaturally through the ground.

The Sorcerer may move 12" in any direction, even into combat, counting as a charge. However, due to the nature of this spell the Sorcerer may only reappear on or below the ground.

6 Earthquake

Difficulty 9

Arms raised, the Sorcerer brings his staff crashing to the ground. The earth ripples outwards from the blow, and splits asunder.

All models within 3" of the Sorcerer, friend or foe alike, must roll equal to or under their Initiative or suffer D3 S4 hits.

New Equipment

chaos armour

185 gold crowns

Availability: Rare 13; Marauders of Chaos, Norse, Beastmen, Chaos Dwarfs, Possessed and Carnival of Chaos only

Chaos Armour is a suit of strangely-worked and unnatural metal. It is the mark of a Dark God's favour. While most suits of Chaos Armour are received as Gifts from an Infernal Patron, they can be acquired, though only from Chaos Dwarfs and only in exchange for many captives or some impossible deed to further their interests.

SPECIAL RULES

Rarity: When searching for a Chaos armour a warrior gains +1 on his roll for each model he took *out of action* in the previous battle.

Cost: The cost for a found Chaos armour is decreased by 1 gold crown for each Experience point the Hero has.

Gift of Chaos: A Chaos armour is a gift from the Dark Gods to the worthy warrior. A Hero who has successfully purchased a Chaos armour will never give it away to another warband member but put it on himself immediately. Chaos armours become part of the wearer's body, and can never be removed once put on.

Save: A warrior that is wearing a Chaos armour has a basic D6 saving throw of 4+.

Spellcasters: Chaos armour does not hinder its wearer from casting spells and thus can be used by those. They still cannot combine the armour with a shield or buckler.

gnoblar fighter

15 + D6 gold crowns

Availability: Rare 9; Ogres and Chaos Dwarfs only

Ogres keep Gnoblar as humans keep dogs, except that Ogres don't keep their Gnoblar well. Each Ogre bites his Gnoblar's ear as a form of identification. Once an Ogre starts eating, it's difficult for him to stop. Even if they don't get eaten, the Chaos Dwarfs are likely to round them up and enslave them.

Gnoblar do not count as animals. In all other respects they are treated like War Dogs with the following additional special rules. Gnoblar count as Greenskins but do not suffer from Animosity.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/Armour: Dagger and sharp stuff (treat as *thrown weapon* with S2, range 8" and *fire twice*)

SPECIAL RULES

Largely Insignificant: Gnoblar count towards the number of warriors in a warband but are not considered for Rout tests - neither for determining the initial warband size nor as lost models.

Bicker: Roll a D6 at the beginning of the turn for each Gnoblar within 2" of another Gnoblar and not engaged in close combat. On a result of 1 the Gnoblar starts to bicker, insult and/or bully the other Gnoblar and may do nothing else this turn.

(taken from the new equipment chapter of the "Border Town Burning" supplement. Go to www.bordertownburning.de.vu for more information)



THE RUNES OF HASHUT

MEMBER FICTION

DARK TESTAMENT

By Thommy H

Otto Schmeik lightly raised the small vial of smelling salts to one of his powdered nostrils as he and his guide crossed the open courtyard of the fortified outpost. The wide area was swarming with livestock of all kinds and the smell was testament to how long the poor creatures had been thus imprisoned. In the wake of the Chaos invasion, many of the ordinary citizens of The Empire had turned to crime to make ends meet and, in such a rural area, primary among such transgressions was cattle and sheep rustling. It was no wonder Lord Bernhoff was taking such extreme measures to protect his property from such lawlessness.

"I really don't see how one prisoner can cause such a stir, Captain," Otto said as he averted his eyes from the sidelong glances that the rough-looking soldiers loitering around the courtyard gave him. He hardly needed them to remind him how far he was from his comfortable home in Altdorf where the greatest danger he was likely to face was a withering opening statement from an Advocate for the Defence.

"You're a lawman, aren't you?"

"Well, yes, but I'm actually in this region on behalf of the Imperial Office of..."

"If you're anythin' with 'Imperial' in the title, then you'll do for us."

"Yes, but this isn't even my jurisdiction," Otto protested, jogging to keep up with the Captain's long stride, "and I'm actually here in my capacity as an expert in land taxation to oversee the regeneration efforts following the depredations of..."

"Too many long words," the Captain smirked, "we're just simple country folks here, Prosecutor."

Otto affected a small laugh, but he was beginning to feel increasingly uncomfortable with the situation. The accommodations in Wolfenburg had been quite rustic enough for his tastes, but this bleak fortress that was virtually in Kislev for Sig-

mar's sake, and the whole place looked like it was put together by Bretonnians. Otto reassured himself that this state of disrepair was most likely a result of the war and that the people of The Empire actually had much greater pride in their castles than was evident from this middenheap.

The Captain seemed to suit the castle. Lord Bernhoff was a grotesque, bilious man who had been unable to even lift himself from his bed to greet Otto, but his Captain was a weather-beaten, rangy individual, attired in a rough assortment of armour. The uniform he wore beneath the mismatched plates might once have been the black and white of the province, but now both halves had become shades of filthy grey. When he smirked in that wanton way of his, there were gaps in his teeth. Otto suspected that he had once been a common soldier – perhaps even some mercenary thug – who, in the anarchy of the Chaos invasion, had found himself the recipient of a series of field promotions that left him with a station far above his dubious breeding. There was more than a little Tilean in his colouring and cocksure swagger too.

The swarthy soldier opened a door in the wall of the castle. "Where are we going?" Otto asked, unable to hide the waver in his voice.

"Down to the dungeons, of course," the Captain chuckled.

"Down...down there...?"

He rolled his eyes. "That's right."

"I really don't see how this can be worth my while, Captain...uh...Captain...?" He realised that the man had never given his name.

"Captain Gozzadini," he replied absently.

Well that confirmed it then. The man belonged on the docks in Marienburg or Luccini, brawling with the rest of the drunks and vagabonds, not wearing an Imperial uniform, filthy as it was.

"Are you going in?"

Otto quailed at the darkness on the other side of

the doorway – could this be some kind of elaborate trap masterminded by one of his enemies in Altdorf? Would he spend the rest of his days rotting in some Sigmar forsaken hole beneath a decrepit outpost in a forgotten corner of Ostland? No...it would never work...he had left word with Count von Raukov's people as to his whereabouts, and they would soon come looking for him if he was gone for too long – after all, he was the only one who could open the Emperor's coffers to provide aid for the beleaguered province. He had nothing to fear.

And yet...it was very dark in there...

But it was the look that Captain Gozzadini gave him as well as the amused leers of his men that finally pushed Otto over the threshold. He couldn't stand another moment of their unspoken derision; looking at him like he was some kind of embarrassment to manhood. Didn't they know that he had once been a suitor to some of the most beautiful noblewomen in all of Reikland? Of course, none of them had ever returned his affections in any overt manner, but still.

He swept through the doorway and into the shadows, only to nearly trip over his cape as the floor dropped away into a staircase in front of him. With another of his disgusting smirks, the Captain sidled past him and took a lamp down from a shelf high on the wall. He deftly lit it and then proceeded down the steps. Otto once again had to hurry to keep up, but also had to constantly check his step so as not to slip on the poorly-maintained flagstones. His footwear, a kind of padded slipper, was currently the height of fashion in Altdorf (and he hoped it still would be when he returned), but it was not very practical for negotiating this kind of architecture.

In a few moments, the two men had reached what was evidently the dungeon level. A burly gaoler with an enormous hairy stomach that hung down over his breeches and a festering boil on one cheek opened the main door for them with his heavy set of keys and, as they stepped through, closed it behind them. There was an ominous click as the door was locked again.

"Can't be too careful", Gozzadini winked, but Otto noticed that he had his hand set on the pommel of the sword he carried at his hip. While the rest of the Captain's person was in a state of ill-kept disarray,

Otto suddenly saw that the hilt of his sword was polished to a golden gleam and what he had taken for an arrogant swagger he now saw, in the half-light, was actually catlike grace: the measured, confident movements of a master swordsman. "This way," the Captain indicated with a jerk of his head.

Otto followed obediently, not wanting to be left behind in the darkness outside the reach of the feeble light from Gozzadini's lamp. Eventually, they came to a heavy, reinforced wooden door. Only a bar across the outside fastened it shut, and Gozzadini shifted it with a grunt. He swung the door open and stepped inside. Otto followed and saw that the Captain was fastening the lamp to a hook on one wall. The room – the cell – was small, and the dim light almost totally filled it, leaving only the furthest corners in shadow.

The cell smelled rank: even worse than the courtyard outside. It was windowless, and evidently unventilated. There were a few lumps of filthy straw that served as bedding for the unfortunate occupant, but nothing else in the way of furniture. Otto was an Imperial Prosecutor and, though his particular area of expertise was debts and taxation, he had more than a passing familiarity with prison regulations. This cell would not have passed muster.

But none of that concerned him at this moment for, chained against a wall, was the prisoner of which Gozzadini and, earlier, Lord Bernhoff, had spoken, and he was the most curious figure Otto had ever seen.

The creature uncurled itself from its foul bed of straw and glared at them both with dark, deep-set eyes. At first, Otto thought it was a Halfling or just a deformed Human, but as the being sat up and then pulled itself into a standing position on its thick, short legs, he saw that it was a Dwarf, but like no Dwarf Otto had ever seen.

"What is he...?"

"A Dwarf, as near as we can tell."

"I know that," he snapped, "but where did he come from?"

"We captured him towards the end of the war. He was out in the forest with one of those cannons."

"Cannons?" Otto glanced at the Captain and raised

his eyebrows.

"Aye. The daemon cannons Archaon tried to bring down the walls of Middenheim with."

"I think I heard about them, yes. But I didn't think Chaos forces used artillery."

"They didn't – not until these little buggers started their filthy work," Gozzadini spat as he pointed at the strange looking Dwarf.

The stunted creature stared at them. He was as squat and heavily muscled as all his kind, but there the resemblance ended. His flesh was dark and so bronzed it was almost red, and his beard was as black as soot. Instead of being loose or plaited, as Otto had seen so often in other Dwarfs, it was coiled into tight rings. Elaborate gold and iron jewellery, shaped like arrows and skulls, hung from the end of each coil, covering his pot belly. His nose – long and hooked – was pierced by a fat gold ring but, strangest of all, he had long tusks, like those of a boar, protruding upwards from his mouth. His head was shaved bald. There was a brand in the centre of his forehead; a rune Otto didn't recognise. His shoulders bore other brands and tattoos, but these Otto did recognise them: Chaos runes and stars.

"He is some deviant of Dwarfkind," Otto said dismissively, "a renegade, just like many of the northern warriors and the vile cultists that plague our cities."

"We thought you might know what to do with him."

"Why not simply kill him as you would any other Chaos worshipper?" Otto was not normally a violent man, but, like most other citizens of The Empire these past years, he had little sympathy for the servants of the Dark Gods. Almost everyone had lost at least one friend or relative to the depredations of Chaos, and he was no exception.

"I'll not spill Dwarf blood within these walls," the Captain said darkly, "not without say-so from one of their Kings. You know how they are with their grudges..."

"True enough. When I return to Altdorf, I shall send a man to the Dwarf enclave and have them contact the High King. He will no doubt dispatch a delegation to take this one back to Karaz-a-Karak or else send orders for him to be killed."

"Alright then."

"Now, if you don't mind, Captain Gozzadini," Otto said, suppressing a shudder as he looked around at the cramped cell, "I'd like to get out of here as soon as possible."

"Will you feed me today, manling?"

Otto turned and stared at the Dwarf.

"And none of your mewling infant food," he continued, speaking in heavily accented, guttural tones, "the Dwarf King would want me strong to face his false judgement."

"You...you speak Imperial?"

The Dwarf grinned; a menacing expression with his curved tusks. "I learned your children's tongue before I came to these soft lands so that I might communicate with my so-called allies in the army of the Everchosen."

"Soft lands?"

"Ignore him," Gozzadini said, pulling lightly at one of Otto's puffy, brightly-coloured sleeves, "he always rants about some strange country beyond the mountains. He's mad."

"There are lands beyond the mountains," Otto said. Gozzadini looked dubious. He pulled away and approached the prisoner. "You are not from the Old World then? You are not a Dwarf of the World's Edge Mountains?"

"I am no western traitor, no."

"Then what realm is it that you call home? Are you of some race of Dwarfs from the northern wastes? A part of the teeming Chaos hordes?"

"I am of the Dawi'Zharr, manling, one of the Children of Hashut."

Otto looked at Gozzadini. "Do you speak Dwarf-ish?"
No."

"Tell me then, Child of Hashut," Otto said, turning back to the Dwarf, all his earlier terror suddenly forgotten in the rush of academic curiosity, "of what manner are your people, and how came

they to be estranged from other Dwarfs?”

The Dwarf chuckled a dry, humourless laugh. “You wish to know of the Dawi’Zharr, of the people who are called, by the ignorant softlanders, ‘Chaos Dwarfs’?”

“Yes!”

“To know the Dawi’Zharr, you must know the land from which they come; the land beyond your pitiful hills that you call mountains. Your home, this ‘Empire’, is a place of forests and meadows: a weak, green land. My home, the Dark Lands, is a realm of black earth and dead things. It is a realm that would swallow up your Empire a dozen times and where, from horizon to horizon there is nothing but bare rock, spewing forth the raging fury of the world’s molten heart to bubble across the dead ground. It is a realm of wolves and wind, where no rivers run, and no trees grow. To see it would break your Human mind: shatter it into a thousand pieces.”

“I find your land to be highly dubious. Such a waste would appear on every map. I have heard of the Dark Lands, yes, but they are merely unexplored wilderness, not a desolate hellscape as you pretend.”

“And why are they unexplored, manling?”

“They are rife with tribes of greenskins – another reason you are lying. What Dwarf could stand to live in a land infested with such creatures?”

“The greenskins are our slaves. Tribe after tribe of Orc, Goblin and Hobgoblin bound to our servitude. All across the Dark Lands the influence of the Dawi’Zharr is felt, though our true homeland is in the far north of that realm.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, manling.” He beckoned Otto closer. “Imagine for a moment the dark, pulsing heart of your Empire. The greatest city, in which your foolish clockwork machines are invented, and where your little workshops and factories produce the children’s toys that you call guns.”

“You are speaking of Altdorf...or perhaps Nuln.”

“Maybe. The names of your dwellings do not interest me. But still, fix in your mind the image of the Empire’s industry: the clouds of smoke and chemicals, the effluence of progress staining the earth with its foulness.”

“The scars that our technological advances wreak on the environment are often regrettable, yes...”

The Dwarf laughed. “‘Regrettable’? What a mannish thing to say... But you know of what I speak – the scars, yes, that is the word. The scars of industry. You know of that bleak place in your cities where factories ruin the air and earth. Well, my homeland is that ruin multiplied untold times, stretching over an area a hundred leagues in every direction from our great capital. The very earth cries out in agony as we tear it apart with drills and blades. Every hillock is studded with a chimney belching forth black foulness and every valley is sluiced with thick tar and oil. Our kingdom is built into a great crater where the dark orb you call Morsileb smote the hateful land in hopes it would be destroyed forever. Instead, it unearthed all the wealth of the earth’s bosom for the Dawi’Zharr to claim. And claim it we have, using gold and iron and obsidian and the lives of millions of slaves to build the great tower of Zharr-Naggrund that sits, squat and evil, glowering at our empire of suffering and hatred. And all this misery sits beneath a pall of black smoke that prevents the light of your precious sun from even touching our lands. What would you think if you could see that place, manling?”

Otto considered his words. The strange Dwarf had indeed painted a hellish picture, but he just shook his head. “It is a good story, and you tell it convincingly, but there is no truth in – there is no such place as ‘Zharr-Naggrund’ and the Dark Lands are nothing more than an unexplored foreign clime.”

“What makes you so sure of that, manling?”

“Why would such a powerful empire, capable of such intense industry never have been heard of in The Empire? Why have your people not come marauding across the mountains?”

“What need have we of coming to this weak land? You have nothing here that is precious to us. We have no interest in you.”

Otto scoffed. “How convenient...”

“Yes, for you. Your Empire is weak and ruined after

this war – but one day you shall recover, and your technology will improve and your industries will grow. One day, you may be a power worth conquering. That is when we will come for you, to learn the secrets your engineers will

discover, and enslave your people and machines to serve our ends. Archaon's war will look like an insignificant skirmish compared to the storm the Chaos Dwarfs will unleash upon you. The Dawi'Zharr do not know defeat, and we do not understand mercy: when we come for you, it will be in such force that the very earth and skies will tremble in fear. And we will come for you, manling. We will come for you.”

Otto shook his head. “You were right, Captain. He is insane.”

“Told you.”

The Dwarf slumped back down against the wall, closing his eyes. Wordlessly, Captain Gozzadini took the lamp down from the hook and led the way out of the cell, barring the door behind them and leaving the prisoner in darkness again.



By Ishkur Cinderhat

BLOOD BOWL

BLOOD BOWL INTRO

By Willmark

Recently there has been some interest in the game Blood Bowl in the Off Topic section of the Forum

<http://chaos-dwarfs.com/forum/showthread.php?tid=2590>. A few people have played it but some may not have even heard of it. A few people were surprised to find out that the rules can be freely downloaded from here: <http://www.specialist-games.com/bloodbowl/rulebook.asp>



Zzharg'Madeye, Chaos Dwarf Star Player
(painted by Geckillan)

Blood Bowl is an awesome game and lets see some more in the coming months concerning the formation of teams; its a great way to paint something different in between painting Chaos Dwarfs, assuming you are painting something besides a Chaos Dwarf Team...

Figures for the game are still available from GW on the Specialist website: <http://tinyurl.com/5rolu> including the chaos dwarf team! Other then that its off to “vultureBay” - where prices have not (as of yet) escalated...

For reference the following teams are available in Blood Bowl: Amazon, Chaos, Chaos Dwarf (yah!), Dark Elf, Dwarf, High Elf, Goblin, Halfling (my personal favorite), Human, Khemri, Lizardman, Necromantic, Nurgle, Ogre, Orc, Skaven, Undead, Vampire, and Wood Elf.

So get cracking on those teams, its a great game, quick to “paint up” and fast to play.

Stay tuned for more Blood Bowl articles in upcoming issues of the Word of Hashut!

THE RUNES OF HASHUT

MEMBER FICTION

GROTH STEELBEARD

By Torn

Groth Steelbeard tenses his shoulder muscles. The weight of his new armour felt good resting on his squat frame. He lifted his chin, high and proud, raising the solid black steel helm of his immortal armour.

He marched, left foot, pause, right foot, pause. The clunk of shields on armour was deafening with every step. He couldn't see very much in front of him. As a new initiate into the order he was assigned to a rank near the back. A more glorious position would be his if he could prove himself this day with the blood of his enemy.

The head of the dwarf in front of him bobbed up and down, and those to the side of the one in front were bobbing in perfect rhythm. Those to his sides he could not see, for the slits in his visor didn't allow such vision, yet it was not needed in such a perfectly crafted suit.

'Halt' cried the master immortal, the words barely reaching Groth over the sounds of distant battle. Now that was a position he would like to covet, although it was said the current master had held that position for over nine hundred years, and there were a thousand immortals all wanting the same power.

The immortals all stomped the ground with their right foot, standing to attention. A dust cloud rose to the air, filling the already blackened sky with even more dirt and ash. They lifted their shields to fighting position and held their weapons to the ready. Most carried black-forged axes, although some carried wickedly barbed maces or devastating hammers. Groth himself carried the axe Manflayer, an ancient heirloom of the Steelbeard clan. Its daemon blessed blade could cleave through flesh and bone as if it were butter, and he was getting ready to test it this day on the flesh of a human war host.

'Brace for the charge' he heard the master shout. The masters voice was now much louder, much more urgent. Although Groth had no idea what enemy was coming he knew what to expect. The stench of manlings overpowered even the smoke

and blackpowder of the imperfect human war machines. 'Shields raise!' he heard another voice scream, this time more high pitched. He assumed it was the standard bearer, as no other but he and the master were permitted to issue commands. He had never met this dwarf, but could clearly see the emblem of immortality at the front of their block, lofted high and swaying in the wind.

The sound of a thousand shield rising was something he would never forget, all in perfect unison it was like the footfall of a titan from the north. And it came just in time, as volley after volley of human arrow pelted down onto their upturned shields. It was a feeble attempt Groth knew, as the immortal armour could withstand much more than soft iron heads attached to flimsy wooden stalks.

And then the enemy battle-lines hit. The first thing Groth experienced was the crush. His comrades were being forced back into the lines behind them, and the lines at the back keeping steady feet and pushed their comrades forward again. How he missed being at the forefront. He could hear the pitiful screaming of humans and the whining of their steeds as they were cut down mercilessly and without care.

The immortals had no use for slaves.

Eventually the formation broke. Enemy soldiers, now seen dressed in a gaudy red and white cloth, were making gaps in the immortal line. How the rest of the battle fared Groth knew, or cared, not. The failure of his allies in Hashut's eyes was not his failure, and his glory was his own. Groth rushed forwards bringing Manflayer down at a fortyfive degree angle through the neck and shoulder of a tall lithe human wearing no armour save a light mail hauberk. The creature had no chance. Its head hung limp from its shoulders attached only by a dangling strand of skin and gristle as its body collapsed in a heap. The human behind the first was as easily dispatched by a roundhouse swing through its midsection.

(Continued on page 25)

DIABOLIC FURNANCES

HOBBY SECTION

MODELING SNEAKY GITS

By Lord Archaon

How to make Sneaky Gits from the Night Goblin Archers from the BfSP Starter Set

Many of you may have seen Nemo's cool Sneaky Gits <http://chaos-dwarfs.com/forum/showthread.php?tid=732> that were made out of the BfSP Night Goblin Archers. I was inspired, so I set up a step-by-step tutorial on how to make them.

1. Gather up your Night Goblin Archers from the BfSP and some materials to make the blades. I used Space Marine Scouts arms, an Ogre Gut plate with knives; Goblin bows to show you the difference, so you can decide, what looks the best.

2. Begin by cutting the bows and quivers from away from the Night Goblins. Next up you'll want to cut all the knives from your various bits.

3. Next step is to cut the Night Goblins in half right below the belt line. I also chopped off the top of his hat, or you may opt to keep it depending on what you desire for the look of the finished model.

4. Drill the upper and lower halves in roughly the same spot so they line up. Next cut a piece of wire and insert in both holes in the torso. Use your super glue to hold until sturdy then leave to dry.

5. Next up is to fill the gap(s) with green stuff and try to make the green stuff look more like cloth. If you accidentally damaged some details (like me) ;) then it's time to restore them. To improve the Sneaky Gits, you can add belts, masks, pouches, etc.

And there you have it! An easy way to make Sneaky Gits from the BfSP starter set. (*Or as Willmark likes to say: "It's all about maximum utilization"*).



HOBBY SECTION

CONVERTING CHAOS DWARFS— A GUIDE TO FACES

by Abyss



This is where I'm going to begin for this article, here I have followed the same process as explained in Xander's videos on converting the BFSP dwarfs, however when preparing the model none of the dwarfs faces have been cut off, only the original beard.



The first step is to work on the models nose- this is done by getting an appropriately sized ball of green stuff and pressing it over the models original nose. Make sure its pressed well against the bridge of the original nose otherwise you'll encounter problems when trying to shape it. Once it's secure it's just a case of moulding it to the right shape, just a general triangular shape will do as it's on such a small scale.



This is roughly what the nose should look like once finished, it's not pretty I know but we're aiming for a look that can be achievable by anyone. Next step is the moustache.



To start the moustache you need to have 2 shapes like this for each side. This is achieved by rolling a ball of green stuff between your fingers and applying pressure to only one side. Once this shape is achieved it can be stuck onto the models face (fat end nearest the nose) and have lines pressed in it long ways so it looks like a moustache.

Once both sides are complete the model should now look like the picture shown here.



The last steps are the mouth and teeth; I find that a suitably convincing mouth can be made just using a small roll of green stuff; this can then just be pushed onto the beard in a suitable place.



The second method is to pre-cut triangular teeth from a roll of green stuff, this is the method I prefer as it allows me to make sure the teeth are correct before committing any green stuff to the model and potentially ruining it.



And so once both teeth have been cut and stuck on the model should look something like this and is now ready to be painted. Below are some examples of the same technique applied to some different models as well as the BfSP.



THE ARTIFICER'S ANVIL

RULES DEVELOPMENT

ASTRAGOTH

By Tommy H

(Direct from the forum here are two special characters for use in your games at home courtesy of Tommy- Willmark).

<http://www.chaos-dwarfs.com/forum/showthread.php?tid=993>

Astragoth

Chaos Dwarfs respect age as much as their western kin, and the title of High Priest of Hashut traditionally falls to the oldest Sorcerer Lord currently living. For Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, this takes on particular significance, as during their lives, their use of dark magic gradually turns their bodies to stone. The older a Sorcerer is, the more immobile he becomes, and the more his power wanes. It is only the iron bonds of respect and tradition that allow The High Priests of Hashut to maintain their standing, and they must constantly watch out for the dealings of more unscrupulous, younger Sorcerers.

Astragoth is the current High Priest of Hashut and therefore the oldest living Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer. During the height of his powers, he was the most powerful Sorcerer to walk the Plain of Zharr in a thousand years. Now, however, his petrified body can no longer master magic as it once did, for almost all of Astragoth's body is now stone. He must be carried from place to place by his followers, and his underlings must perform many of the more complex rites of his spells. In an effort to overcome these disabilities, Astragoth ordered the creation of a special device blending sorcery and technology: a mechanical body grafted to his stone limbs that now enables him to move and cast spells. Where other Sorcerers must rely on the help of their servants and become increasingly feeble, Astragoth can now take



part in battles, lending his considerable magical talent to Chaos Dwarf slaving parties, as well as using his mechanical might to physically pummel his enemies something other Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers can only dream of.

Most DawiZharr consider Astragoth quite mad, but while he lives he is still the High Priest of Hashut and they must accept him, mechanical body and all.

Astragoth is the oldest Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer in existence and the High Priest of Hashut. He is a Lord choice, but if used he also takes up a Hero slot. He must be used exactly as described below

and no additional equipment or magic items may be taken.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
6	5	3	5	5	3	3	2	10

Points: 475

Weapons: The Hammerhand

Armour: Stone body (3+ Armour save)

MAGIC

Astragoth is a Level 4 Wizard and may chose to use either the Fire, Metal, Shadow or Death lores of magic from the Warhammer rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES

Mechanical Limbs: Astragoth wears an elaborate construction that combines dark magic and twisted science. This device enables him to move at the increased rate as shown on his profile. However, Astragoth may move no faster than this, and cannot march. He may only charge 6. The only exception to this is fleeing and pursuing, when Astragoth will move 2D6.

Steam Attack: True to his devious and unhinged personality, Astragoth has discovered a brutal method of attack utilising his mechanical limbs that he occasionally uses when the opportunity arises. Switching the pistons that power his limbs around to face nearby foes, Astragoth emits a gout of scalding hot steam that causes agonising burns. Astragoth counts as having a breath weapon attack that hits at Strength 3 and is flaming, however note that he can only use this if he does not move in the Movement phase as it requires him to utilise his pistons for something besides moving.

Stone Body: Astragoths body has almost entirely succumbed to the Sorcerers Curse, and much of him is now made of stone. In addition to its debilitating effects, this horrific transformation also makes Astragoth extremely difficult to harm. He benefits from a 3+ Armour save, which doesnt affect his ability to cast spells. This save may not

be combined with any other form of armour.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Hammerhand

Astragoths mechanical suit is powered by steam-driven pistons. As well as allowing him to move, these pistons are also capable of sending his stone fists into overdrive, pounding on anyone unfortunate to be in his path. The effect of a steam-powered arm made of solid rock is rarely anything but fatal.

The Hammerhand confers the killing blow ability on Astragoths attacks.

The Rod of Obsidian

This short staff crafted of black volcanic glass is the badge of office for the High Priest of Hashut and forces the winds of magic to bend to the will of its holder, creating a vortex of anti-magic that protects him from enemy spells.

The Rod of Obsidian allows any Dispel attempt to be re-rolled.

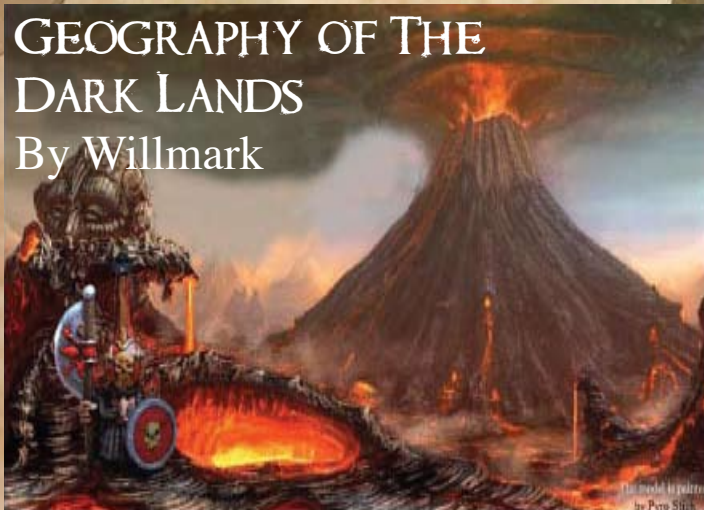
The Mark of Hashut

All Chaos Gods have the power to grant their followers sacred Marks, embodying them with a small portion of their infinite power. Hashut is no different, but the natural resistance that Dwarfs possess towards magic as well as the nature of their strictly ordered society means that Hashut only gifts his mark to his mightiest servant: the High Priest. The Mark of Hashut is unique to Astragoth and gives him unparalleled mastery over his gods chief domain: fire.

The Mark of Hashut grants Astragoth a 5+ Ward save and renders him immune to all fire-based attacks, including spells and magic weapons that involve fire or are flaming. In addition to this, should Astragoth chose to use the Lore of Fire for his spells, he channels the raw ferocity of Hashut into his magic and generates an additional power dice in his own magic phase.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE DARK LANDS

By Willmark



The following is a brief over view of the Dark Lands, domain of the Dawi Zharr.

The Tower of Zharr-Naggrund

The huge and monstrous capital city, the city of Fire and Desolation. Home of the Chaos Dwarfs and focus of all of their toil and endeavors. Zharr Naggrund is a massive ziggurat rising from the plains of Zharrduk. The upper levels are home to the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers and houses the massive Temple of Hashut

The Plain of Zharr

A vast, deep scar on the plain littered with the toil and refuse of thousands of years of exploitation; a place of no plant life and brackish oil slags. Here countless slaves toil and work for their overlords to the point of exhaustion, and ultimately, death.

The River Ruin

Is a cold river that girds the western slopes of the Mountains of Mourn. Upon entering the city of Zharr Naggrund its waters are contaminated with the run-off of thousands of furnaces, machines and other countless industries. When it flows southwards from the city it is stained red and has a noxious, foul, yellow cloud hanging over it.

The Mountains of Mourn

The Mountains of Mourn were first explored by dwarfs travelling eastwards across the Zorn Uzkul ("Great Skull Land") from the World's Edge Mountains (circa -4,300 IC). These mountains form a barrier (that is pierced by a few passes) to the east and the Ogre Kingdoms therein.

The Tower of Gorgoth

Mining site noted for the extraction of volcanic ores from the earth.

The Daemon's Stump

Site of a battle between Ogres and a Daemon of Khorne (-2130). It is reputed that a daemon of Khorne was imprisoned here.

Gash Kardak (the Vale of Woe)

This locale is situated east of Zharr Naggrund. This place is of note as it is the home of the Sneaky Gits tribe.

The Sea of Dread

This vast sea bounds the southern Darklands and is reputed to be full of dangerous sea creatures. Chaos Dwarf fleets sometimes sail its length to gain access to and raid lands in the East- Ind, Cathay and Nippon.

The Falls of Doom

In order to carry out seaborne raids on the Sea of Claws to the north and thus the Old World as a whole) the Chaos Dwarfs built a underground canal linking the River Ruin to the sea to the north. It is through here that their mighty fleets sail from their bases in Zharr Naggrund, exiting at Uzkulak ("The Palace of the Skull").

Zorn Uzkul ("The Great Skull Land"): This is the name of the land east of the World's Edge Mountains and Kislev by the dwarfs in ages past. Its northeasterly trails lead to nomadic tribes of marauders.



IGORVET '09



THE HIGH PASS

UZKULAK

ZORN VZKUL

MINGOL
ZHARR NAGGROND

THE BLASTED WASTES

RIVER RUIN

THE HOWLING WASTES

THE GATES OF ZHARR

DAEMON'S STUMP

THE SENTINELS

THE TOWER OF GORGOTH

BLACK FORTRESS

THE DESOLATION OF AZGORH

FLAYED ROCK

TESTAMENT OF A DAWI—ZHARR

— MEMBER SPOTLIGHT — AGPO —

Who are you?

Outside the site I'm Al, a student studying Politics, Philosophy and Economics. I'm currently living in South East England, although my family is from all over the place. Other than Warhammer I devote my time to Politics (local, national and global), sport, especially martial arts, and cooking. Away from my studies I work in a local pub (an old English Tavern for you foreigners) and occasionally intern at Westminster during my long vacations. I'm hoping to get involved in the New Zealand general election and the Obama campaign later this year and next.



How long have you been playing Warhammer?

I've been into the hobby since I was a wee nipper and the 4th edition was in its dying days. My first army was Wood Elves, closely followed by Bretonnians. I've collected every army (Vampires are the exception) with varying degrees of success but Chaos captured my imagination in the 6th edition. I took a break from the hobby shortly after

Storm of Chaos but returned last year to discover 7th edition has made many of my armies redundant. Remodeling continues apace.

Why Chaos Dwarfs?

One Gamesday I saw the concept art for the Hellcannon and was inspired. I converted a unit of Chaos Dwarf mercenaries and that was about it. When I decided to return to the hobby the first box I opened contained my chaos dwarfs. I decided to do some research and discovered the then fledgling CDO. Inspired I rushed out and bought BFSP. I'd done a lot of conversions but never used green-stuff except for repairs and filling gaps. To say its been a learning curve is an understatement!

The Future:

Obviously I'm continuing to work on Chaos Dwarfs, but I'm also getting my chaos horde ready for the two new lists and 7th ed in general. Other than that, I'm working on some ogres (from the Spawnchompers tribe) and a new version of my first love, the Asrai. Pics soon so keep your eyes peeled



REWARDS FOR CONTRIBUTING TO CHAOS DWARFS ONLINE

Everyone likes to get stuff, but at CDO being the harsh taskmasters that we are we make you work for it! This section will focus on a different way to get your efforts recognized at CDO and the rewards it entails, first up: Gallery Contributor Medals! Here is how to get them:



Post pictures in 9 or more galleries for the Chaos Dwarf Army List and receive a bronze badge for your username!



Post pictures in 15 or more of the galleries for the Chaos Dwarf Army List and receive a silver badge for your username!



Post pictures in every category including the "old school section" (bazuka, mortar, swivel gun, whirlwind, tenderizer, but not a Juggernaut or Chaos Siege Gun) and receive a gold badge for your user-name!



Post pictures of all of the above, plus the juggernaut and chaos siege cannon and receive a "mystery badge". This is some serious bragging rights here!

And there you have it, one great way to get some spiffy tags for your avatar on CDO and a great way to help out the community.

Next issue we will talk about Artisans Medals and perhaps Golden Hat Medals.

NOTE: since this was originally posted the rules have changed slightly, see the Image Gallery section of the forum for more details.

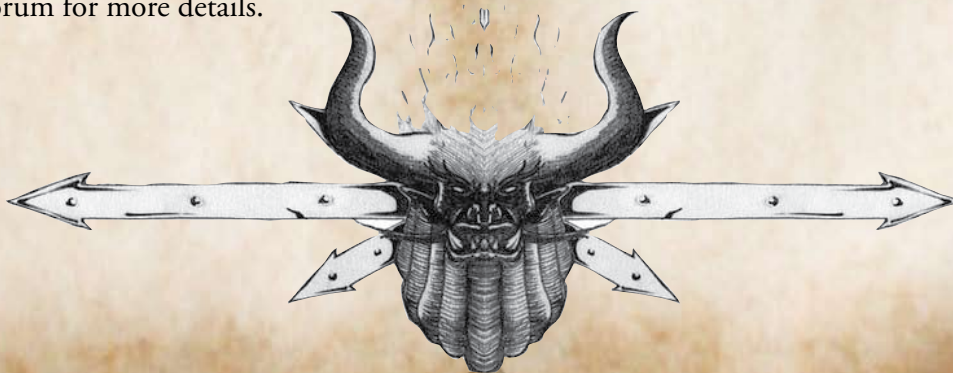
(continued from Page 17)

The imperial gargled blood in its throat and dropped to its knees trying to keep its guts inside. It was crushed by one of its own cavalry officers, who was then skewered by a well place axe haft from Dawi Zharr on Groth's right hand side.

The frenzy was starting to build now. he shook his head and screamed in rage, the jangling of his honorary beard-scales adding to the fear-some effect. The entirety of the immortals all did the same. The humans were wide eyed and terrified, trying to run, but being pushed into the fray by their own men that had nowhere to go. The melee was pure chaos.

Then the Chaos Dwarf artillery let loose. Daemon bound engines firing rockets and shells deep into the enemy line. The battlefield was filled with the acrid stench of daemon-mixed black powder, and the furious explosions tore chunks from the Imperial army. With a roar the immortal master led his regiment in a charge straight into the remnants of the human war host.

When Groth came out of his frenzy, there was not a single human left alive.





:GRABMIL: PLY:GNAR:

IN NEXT ISSUE

What's in store for our next issue, No. 2- Fall 2008

- Cover by Baggronor
- Chaos Dwarf Battle Reports
- Pictures of the WINNER of Golden Hat VI
- Pictures of the WINNER of Artisan's Contest 2

All this and much more!