

THE

WORD OF HASHUT

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WARHAMMER – MAN 'O' WAR – WHFRP



This issue's cover is another astonishing piece by Baggronor. The image of a Chaos Dwarf Lord riding a Great Taurus is an updated version of the classic cover from *White Dwarf* presents: *Chaos Dwarfs*

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

First, I'm not the editor! Word of Hashut has reached the landmark age of twelve editions which, given that this is a (usually) quarterly magazine, is no mean feat. Up until now, we have been guided to greatness by our fearless leader Willmark, but he's had to take a step back from his editorial duties due to real-life commitments. It looked like WoH might go on hiatus with him, as it cannot be overstated just how much of a driving force his talent, hard work and determination was behind this publication, but Hashut's Blessing – another one of arguably the founding fathers of our community – stepped up to the mark and brought together the content for this issue.

So where do I come in? Well, HB did the hard work in pulling in all the articles, artwork and photos, but he left it to me to make something out of it! I'm afraid my talents when it comes to graphic design aren't equal to those of our usual layout guru, Xander, but I hope I've done the content justice with my work. I also won't claim this is the biggest and best ever issue of WoH, but there really is some astonishing stuff inside. I'm especially blown away by Admiral's article, for which he also provided some amazing artwork. Admiral only joined CDO in 2011, and he's a great example of one of the new members that have stumbled across CDO since the Chaos Dwarfs made their return to the mainstream Warhammer world as part of Warhammer Forge's Tamurkhan: The Throne of Chaos. Yes, there really has never been a better time to be passionate about Chaos Dwarfs! With a new list, new models and now loads of new members on CDO as a result, the community is going from strength to strength. Let's hope this issue of WoH marks the beginning of a new golden age for us.

That said, this issue actually has something of a Storm of Magic theme. With the release of that supplement last year, the Chaos Dwarfs returned to Warhammer proper with new rules for the Great Taurus and the Lammasu. So, in honour of this, we have the results of some recent monster- and Arcane Fulcrum-themed painting contests, we have loads of new background for those fearsome Chaos Dwarf monsters and we have a heap of Chaos Dwarf-themed Scrolls of Binding that anyone can use in their Storm of Magic games! There's also the usual helpings of background, models and artwork, the Slave Pen and some experimental WHFRP rules.

Thommy H



THE SLAVE PEN

Slave! Dispatch this message at once:

Sound the call to battle! Empty the guild halls and forges my mighty Dawi Zharr brethren! Scour the depths of the slave pits and leave none behind. The Dawi Zharr and their slave hordes march to war! The Legion of Azgorh shall lead us to victory and we will crush the weak beneath the heel of our boot.

~Nicodemus the Indefatigable, Grand Imperious Dungeon Master, Keeper of Dawi Zharr Laws and Order, Watcher of The Cataract and Arch Lord Forgemaster of Zharr Grungron Ankor

I tried shivvin' thiz 'un good 'n propa in de back, but it weren't despatched. Waitz, did ya mean takez it? Who am me givin' it ta? Ain't dat Azgorh guy de one de big stone bozzes 'ate? More name den message in dis one.

keeps muttering about inadequate information

To all filthy dwarves in existence,

We will no longer tolerate your grubby stranglehold on jobs which rightfully belong to hard-working humans. As of today, no dwarf will be allowed to enter the proud country of the Nether-Swamps. Any who try to put their stubby legs on good Nether-Swamp soil will quickly have their mud-encrusted beards shorn off. Furthermore, anyone who engages in or incites the backwards notion of ancestor-worship will be flogged. Your elders are gone! The time of humankind is at hand. Have a nice day.

Pim Misfortuyne, Border Prince of the Nether-Swamps

Methinkz dem humies is mighty arrergant! I'mza git da masterz ta put dem smelly swampies in dere place! Grovelling at me feet. Might make good footrestz if masterz allow us ta dry 'em first...

To the overseers of the Slave Pen,

Your slaves could use some pepper. And perhaps a touch of radish.

Brop Boulder gut, Slaughtermaster of the Cometchasers

Da masterz sayz ta eat yer own gitz and to giv' 'em recomp... ricumpen... renum.... Sod it, giz us stuff!





BY RYAN LAMMASU



LAMMASU



BENEATH THE TEMPLE OF HASHUT

By Thommy H

Hrukath held up a single gnarled fist and it was enough to bring the two hulking Immortals that flanked him to an abrupt halt. His bodyguards, glowering facelessly behind their black-iron skull masks, heavy-bladed axes held at ease buy ready to spring into murderous action in less than a heartbeat, would have followed him beyond the next gate but Hrukath knew it was wiser for them to remain behind. In theory he was in no danger – this was still the Temple of Hashut, after all – but an ordinary Chaos Dwarf, even one of the elite Immortals, lacked sufficient mental fortitude to enter this deep part of the complex. Even though they were near the top of the great ziggurat of Zharr-Naggrund, these chambers were deep in the heart of the obsidian mass of the fortress-city and it felt to Hrukath as if he were deep underground. It was a testament to the magical origins of the city that this was somehow one of the oldest parts, despite being so close to the summit.

The way ahead was dimly lit by flickering torches set at sparse intervals along the obsidian walls. The labourers who maintained this area did so as rarely as they could get away with and the animal stink that emanated from beyond the rusted portcullis caused Hrukath to wrinkle his nose involuntarily. Nonetheless, he must continue. Gesturing to one of the Immortals, Hrukath ordered the portcullis raised. The bodyguard heaved at the heavy chain, keeping strangely silent – something in the air made it seem a place for quiet – and the creaking barrier lifted until it was high enough for Hrukath to pass beneath. Wisely, he had dispensed with his tall ceremonial helmet that marked him out as a member of the Sorcerer caste. "Wait here," he told his guards unnecessarily as he ducked through the gateway, "and lower that as soon as I'm out of sight."

"Lord?" The Immortal not holding the chain asked.

"Do as I say!" It was a measure of their unease that they would even think to question his orders. Their instincts to protect a Sorcerer, honed by years of training, must be screaming out to them. This place was dangerous. "If I do not return," Hrukath continued, "return to the Tower of Zharr. No one will hold either of you responsible for what happens. I would not be the first lost in these chambers, after all..."

Reluctantly, the Immortals allowed him to continue on his way and Hrukath felt a slight surge of satisfaction as the echoing clang of the portcullis being lowered followed him around a corner. This soon passed, however: he was now alone, and even he was not completely immune to the dread that permeated the black walls around him. He passed between patches of wavering light into absolute darkness. His Dwarfish eyes adapted quickly to the changes in illumination, but it was still an uncomfortable feeling being in total blackness, only a flickering pool of light ahead showing him the way forward. The torches were becoming fewer and further between until, finally, they gave out altogether. Hrukath now descended in pitch darkness, for he had already begun to notice the way the floor was starting to slope downwards, taking him deeper and deeper into the city. *I'm still thousands of feet above the ground*, he reminded himself, but it did no good.

Reflexively, Hrukath clenched and unclenched his hands. He had been fortunate, and the Sorcerers' Curse had advanced slowly in him. Some Sorcerers of his age had entire limbs that had now turned to stone, but only his extremities had been affected so far: his fingertips and toes were now inert and grey, and when he pricked them with a dagger he felt nothing at all. It was disconcerting, but not unexpected. Ironically, being down here would actually help to delay the Curse's progress, so suffused were the chambers with an anti-magic miasma. It was a high price to pay for the sensation of helplessness he had begun to feel a short while ago though: quite apart from the darkness and the solitude, he knew with a certainty he could not articulate that he was currently almost powerless to perform even the simplest cantrip. The very air of this place deadened the world's natural magical field. It was disconcerting to say the least.

Abruptly, Hrukath stumbled out through another narrow doorway and could somehow tell that he was now in a much larger space. He had reached his destination. He drew himself up, trying to look as tall and arrogant as possible. The inhabitant of this chamber was utterly intolerant of weakness, and could see perfectly well. It would not do to appear as frail and pitiful as he currently felt. The

animal stink here was almost overpowering. It was not only a strong, heady musk, but also the stench of years of refuse and offal. How could these denizens of this pit be so intelligent, and yet content to live like brute beasts?

Having come this far, Hrukath was unsure what to do next. Should he call out? He had been told this particular creature's name, but it seemed rude to just call out into the dark. Still, he couldn't just stand here all day. Taking in a breath (and trying not to gag as he did so), Hrukath prepared to speak...and then shut his mouth as a loud flap of leathery wings came from far above his head. It got louder and louder – at first it had been as quiet as a bat, but now he realised that was just distance. As it came closer, he knew it must have been made by a much, much larger creature. Seconds later, a gust of foetid wind washed over him and he heard the noise of something huge and muscular dropping to the ground just a few yards from where he stood. Hrukath staggered backwards despite himself and, dimly, he perceived two glowing lights somewhere before him. No, not lights: eyes. He could see the swirling pupils and, as the seconds passed with his heart thudding in his chest, his eyes adjusted further and he could make out some details of the leering, demoniac face that held them. Huge, snarled tusks protruded from above a thick beard ringed with dozens of brass and gold rings. He knew the story there: some labourers let their curiosity get the better of them and went too far into the lairs of these beasts. There, their weak minds were easy prey, and they became slaves to

the monsters, tending to their needs with fawning adoration, curling their beards and adorning them with rings and jewels. They never lasted long: even if they remembered to eat, they eventually became food for their new masters anyway, eaten raw on a whim, not even screaming, so shattered was their willpower by that time. For a proud Chaos Dwarf, it was a fate worse than death. But still they came, drawn by some dark power exuded by these terrible creatures.

"Welcome."

Its voice was deep and resonant. Hrukath knew that was its magic at work and on some level he could hear the actual sound of the words; harsh and guttural, slurred through oversized fangs and tusks. Nonetheless, his heart beat a little faster now.

"Why do you seek me?"

"You...you are Zharrig'zhur'az...?"

The hideous, mutated face – so like that of a Chaos Dwarf and yet somehow twisted and misshapen – broke into something that might have been a grin. "It is said, in some lands, that to know a creature's name is to have power over them."

The sudden change of direction caught Hrukath off guard. "Yes?" he said feebly.

"Do you seek power over me, Sorcerer?"

"I..."

"Because such magic will not work on one such as I. Here:" The monster pursed its thick, ugly lips and blew out a gust of something that glowed with a weak, greenish light. Hrukath shied away involuntarily as it settled over him. He felt all of his magical talent ebbing away as he involuntarily inhaled the miasma and he knew with a deep sense of dread that if he tried to cast a spell it would only be so many empty words and gestures. Suddenly he let out a cry of agony though – his fingers and toes felt like they were on fire! He stared at his hands in confusion and, in the pale light of the magical glow that still lingered, it seemed as if the cruel, unyielding stone on the tips of his fingers had retreated somewhat...he felt pain because they were transmuting back into flesh! "By Hashut..." he breathed.



"You see what I can do for you, Sorcerer? Why not remain here, and serve me. You will never need fear petrification again."

"Never..." Hrukath repeated, still staring down at his hands, but then he shook himself free of the spell. He could be free of the Curse, yes, but he'd never wield magic again, and he would end his life being eaten alive by this foul thing, never uttering a word of protest as his flesh was torn and his bones crunched by those hideous fangs. "I didn't come here for your honeyed words, Lammasu," he said more firmly. He had spent a lifetime ordering lesser beings around; he was not about to be cowed by this reeking beast.

Zharrig'zhur'az smiled again, and then reared up on its hind legs. With a roar from its bestial throat the cavernous chamber was plunged into light as wall sconces carved into the obsidian walls leapt aflame. Hrukath had not seen the spell that the Lammasu had cast – probably a side-effect of the anti-magic that suffused the monster's lair – and he knew the display of sorcerous power was another attempt to intimidate him. He stood his ground though and drew from the folds of his robes a black amulet. He held it in the air. "Obsidian!" he shouted over the baying of the Lammasu, "in a much purer form than these walls! If I use the power of this charm on you, you will be as powerless as I!"

Zharrig'zhur'az dropped back to the floor with a crash, his huge clawed forelegs digging deep grooves in the flagstones beneath him. He folded his vast wings and adopted a defensive posture, baring his huge teeth and giving the Sorcerer a baleful stare. "I do not fear your trinket. Even without my power, I can leap on you and tear your frail body to pieces."

Hrukath kept the obsidian amulet in the air as he spoke. "Perhaps, but then you will never have what I can offer you."

"What *you* can offer *me*?"

"There is a prophecy. The oldest Sorcerer-Prophets of the Temple have foretold what is to come: a terrible power rises to the west of here, in a far off land. The moons are in alignment, and an ancient treasure has been stolen from our vaults. Warriors of the Blood God are gathering to release their most ancient champion."

Zharrig'zhur'az seemed to consider. "Why should I care about any of this?"

"A storm comes in the wake of all these events. A storm of magic so powerful it may shake the world to its foundations. Mighty creatures gather on the eldritch thermals and items of great power are unleashed. I know you hunger for this as much as I do."

The Lammasu's eyes took on a distant cast. "To ride the storm," he rumbled, his glamour forgotten for a second and his true voice taking over, "that would be a wondrous thing indeed."

"I know you crave the flux of power. I know you feed off it."

"Feed...no, that is not the right word..."

"But you crave it, don't you? You need to feel the Winds of Magic recede from your breath. It gives you..."

"Satisfaction," Zharrig'zhur'az finished, "it pleases me to deny creatures such as you the power that gives you life." He let out a choking noise that Hrukath realised after a moment was laughter. "You would ride upon my back, Sorcerer?"

"It has been the Order of Things for many centuries. Only a Sorcerer may ride a Lammasu."



"And only a Lammasu is a fit mount for one of Hashut's favoured sons. It is said, in your Temple, is it not, that we are the favoured creatures of the Father of Darkness?"

"And your forebears, the Great Tauruses," Hrukath agreed.

"Animals. Dumb beasts. I do not know if Hashut has favoured me. I do not know if we are even truly creatures of your god. But I do believe my ancestors were once like you. Our fates are tied together, and that is why we suffer you to ride us, Sorcerer."

"Yes. Perhaps we are nearing the ultimate purpose of that ancient connection. Perhaps we both have the opportunity to ride towards our two races' destiny."

"Perhaps."

Hrukath had come well-prepared for this meeting. He had been scared, but the Lammasus were not as intelligent as they believed. Once flattered, they could be easily controlled. The Sorcerer bowed his head, as if accepting the majesty of his new mount. Zharrig'zhur'az preened visibly, flapping his great, ragged wings. Hrukath would ride the Lammasu into the storm of magic that the Sorcerer-Prophets foresaw forming in the Old World and he would use his mount's strange powers to achieve his ends.

And then he would do everything in his power to ensure it remained his loyal slave forever, even if Zharrig'zhur'az didn't realise it



Miniature by M3lvin



By Malcolm Neill

Check out the full range of
evil Dwarves sculpted by our
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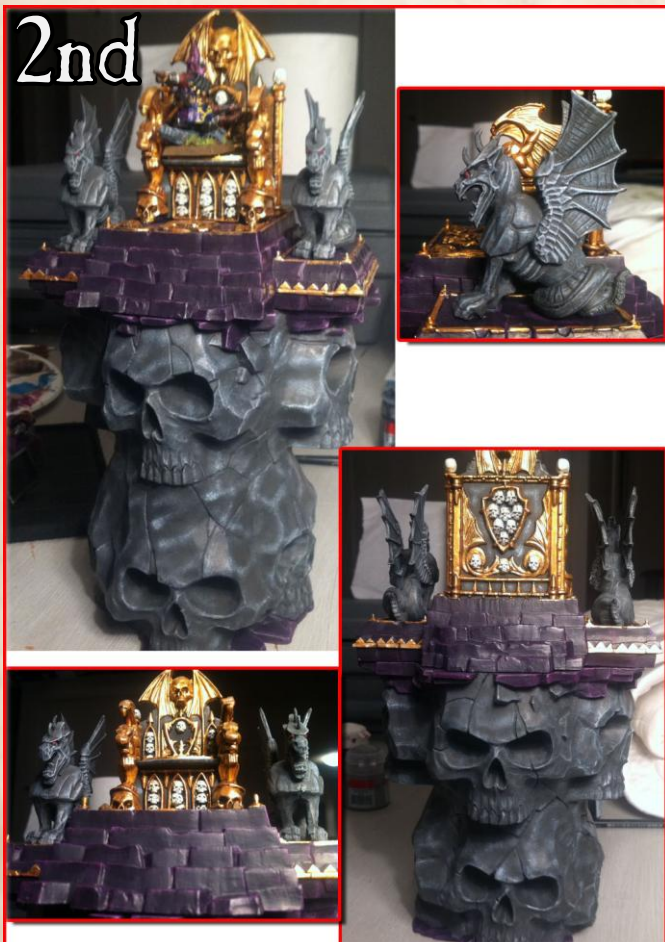


My initial plan for the contest was to make a ziggurat, but decided that it would probably be too big and not very unique. So I thought I'd come up with something better. I haven't actually played the game in the last few years and I didn't really know what to go for, other than a magical place. So a floating rock seemed like a good idea to start with. I needed the chains to make the illusion of it levitating above the ground and, after my first test pieces, it seemed like a good enough idea to go for. It was a rather simple design and build process, which didn't take much more than a few hours in all, drying excluded. I'm still waiting to try it out for my first Storm of Magic game, but I guess it will have to go as a normal terrain piece until then.

BUILD A CHAOS DWARF-THEMED ARCAN FULCRUM

The eleventh CDO Artisan's Contest was to design and build a Chaos Dwarf-themed Arcane Fulcrum – one of the weird magical structures that burst from the ground during fearsome storms of magic! According to the supplement *Warhammer: Storm of Magic*, an arcane fulcrum can be almost anything, of any size, as long as it resembles some kind of tall structure, is ideally fairly tall and can accommodate at least one wizard model. Obviously, if it is clearly some sort of eldritch, bizarre piece of architecture then so much the better! Unsurprisingly, the entries for this contest showed a lot of imagination, with all nine being quite different from one another. The eventual winner was undisputed – master hobbyist Tjub taking away yet another trophy – but the painting, converting and crazy scratch-building on display made this one of the best Artisan's Contests yet.

You can see all the entries at <http://www.chaos-dwarfs.com/forum/showthread.php?tid=10000> and the ones that positioned second and third are shown below.



CAINE



MICODERMUS

SCROLLS OF DAEMON BINDING

By Thommy H

When Storm of Magic came out, it caused a lot of excitement in the community - a whole new way of playing Warhammer, plus dozens of new units and monsters to play with! For me, someone who spends an inordinate amount of time tinkering with rules, this was the most exciting aspect of the supplement. Scrolls of Binding represent a whole new way of thinking about Warhammer armies, because they present a simple, modular way of including new units. As of the time of writing, Warhammer Forge has already previewed a supplement to Storm of Magic called "Monstrous Arcana", that is nothing but scrolls of binding!

For Chaos Dwarf players, there was something else exciting in Storm of Magic: the reappearance and re-imagining of the Great Taurus and the Lammasu. For me, this demonstrated how it was possible to take Chaos Dwarfs into the future. Now, anyone can use some Chaos Dwarf units in their armies, and that can only be a good thing. Even without Warhammer Forge's contribution in Throne of Chaos, Chaos Dwarfs (or at least their monsters!) are now an official part of Warhammer again.

The Great Taurus and Lammasu gave me a lot of ideas too. I love the options that monsters have in Storm of Magic - it's close to my ideas about Daemonic Engines, which were shown in a

previous issue of Word of Hashut, and which I've been developing in my own version of Warhammer: Chaos Dwarfs ever since. It therefore made sense to me to create some scrolls of binding of my own that featured some of the units I'd dreamed up.

Like my previous Daemonic Engine rules, the idea of these is to give players a fairly generic creation that can be quite extensively customised, but I've tried to rationalise the bewildering options of the past and to that end have split "Daemonic Engines" into three new unit types: the close combat focused Infernal Engines, the fearsome artillery of the Doomcannons and whole units of marauding Daemonic Constructs. Like all scrolls of binding, these monsters can be included as part of your Monsters and Magic allowance in a Storm of Magic game. They obviously work best in armies of Chaos Dwarfs or Warriors of Chaos, but anyone else can use them too, perhaps representing the inventions of a renegade Daemonsmith (like Hothgar) who has sold his services for gold, slaves or something more esoteric!

Chaos Dwarf players might also use these as Rare choices in normal Warhammer games (they should be balanced for friendly play at least) and an Infernal Engine might even work as a mount for a Sorcerer or Daemonsmith. Please experiment to see what works.



DAEMONIC CONSTRUCTS

The dark rituals of the Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths are capable of binding an enraged Daemon into a body of living iron. These infernal golems are living machines of pure rage. Most harness the power of deadly fire spites so that their blackened hulls burn with terrific heat, incinerating foes before they even touch them, but there are other kinds of Daemonic Construct. Some are bound with bloodthirsty war spirits and hunger for battle and flesh with equal abandon. Some are hulking brass behemoths, their armoured flesh proof against enemy enchantments. Some drip with vile pus, their hideous internal machinery generating corrosive acids and venomous slimes which coat their fangs and claws. Though the form may vary, all Daemonic Constructs are deadly and furious in equal measure.

When storms of magic rage, Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths can summon and enslave their Daemonic prey, and their mighty creations storm the battlefields of the Dark Lands at the cruel masters' behest.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Daemonic Construct	6	4	0	5	5	3	2	3	8	Monstrous Infantry	1-5	45 per model

SPECIAL RULES:

Unbreakable, Unstable, Fear.

Rampage: At the start of the turn, make a Leadership test for the unit. If they fail, the Daemonic Constructs gain the Random Movement (2D6) rule for that turn. Pivot the unit to face the nearest enemy unit before moving it.

OPTIONS:

May take any of the following (all Daemonic Constructs in the unit must have the same upgrades):

- **Blazing Body**..... 10 points per model
Any model (friend or foe) in base contact with the unit at the start any round of close combat takes an automatic Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule and any non-magical Attacks directed against the Constructs suffer a -1 penalty To Wound. In addition, the Daemonic Constructs have Flaming Attacks.
- **Bloodrage** 15 points per model
Grants the entire unit the Frenzy and Hatred special rules.
- **Fiendish Blast**..... 20 points per model
Grants each Daemonic Construct in the unit a Strength 4 breath weapon.
- **Fuelled by Fire** 15 points per model
The Constructs cannot be wounded by spells from the Lore of Fire. If the unit is the target of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of Fire, it immediately regains D3 Wounds lost earlier in the battle. This may not resurrect destroyed models (excess regained Wounds are ignored).
- **Ironclad**..... 5 points per model
Grants the Daemonic Constructs a 4+ armour save.
- **Obsidian Hull**..... 20 points per model
Grants the entire unit Magic Resistance (2).
- **Razor Claws**..... 10 points per model
Grants the Daemonic Constructs the Killing Blow special rule.
- **Venomous Ooze**..... 15 points per model
Grants the Daemonic Constructs the Poisoned Attacks special rule.
- **Whirling Blades**..... 15 points per model
Grants each Daemonic Construct the Random Attacks (D6) special rule (roll once for the entire unit at the start of each round of close combat).

THE CHAOS DWARFS DO NOT WORSHIP THE USUAL PANTHEON OF CHAOS FAVOURED BY OTHER CORRUPTED MORTALS, BUT HAVE THEIR OWN GOD: HASHUT, THE FATHER OF DARKNESS. CHAOS DWARFS BELIEVE HASHUT IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE FOUR GREAT CHAOS POWERS, ALTHOUGH THEY STILL RESPECT THEIR MIGHT AND INFLUENCE, AND WILL AID THEIR FOLLOWERS WHEN IT IS ADVANTAGEOUS TO THEM. NONETHELESS, THEIR SENSE OF SUPERIORITY TRANSLATES INTO CONTEMPT FOR THE DAEMONS OF THE REALM OF CHAOS, AND THEY TREAT THEM AS NOTHING MORE THAN RAW MATERIAL TO BE HAMMERED INTO SHAPE LIKE IRON. TO A CHAOS DWARF, A DAEMON IS ENSLAVED AS READILY AS A MAN OR A GOBLIN.

DOOMCANNON

The Doomcannon is a highly specialised form of daemonic engine dreamed up by the Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarfs. Essentially a massive artillery piece infused with the bound essence of one or more Daemonic entities, a Doomcannon can hurl its ammunition with more force than any creation of mere iron and steel. But there is a price for this destructive potential: the Daemon within constantly rages against its bonds, and the arcane machine must be literally chained to the ground to stop it lurching forward to slake its thirst for blood.

A Doomcannon may fire eldritch flames, spiralling rockets bound with chittering fire spirits, grotesquely huge shells that cause the earth to shake when they land or even belch a wall of Daemonic fire at short range. All Doomcannons are unique, the jewel in the crown of the crazed Daemonsmith that built them.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Doomcannon	6	4	3	5	6	3	1	3	6	Monster	1 plus	115
Chaos Dwarfs	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-	3 Chaos Dwarfs	

EQUIPMENT:

Hand weapon, heavy armour (Chaos Dwarf handlers only).

SPECIAL RULES:

Unbreakable, Unstable, Terror, Large Target, Monster and Handlers.

Rampage: At the start of the turn, make a Leadership test for the Doomcannon. If it fails, it gains the Random Movement (2D6) rule for that turn. Pivot the Engine to face the nearest enemy unit before moving it.

Doomfire: A Doomcannon can fire in the shooting phase following the rules for a stone thrower, except that hits are resolved at Strength 5(10). If the Doomcannon Misfires, roll on the Black Powder War Machine misfire chart but subtract 1 from the result. On a result of less than 1, the Doomcannon is destroyed and all units within 2D6" suffer D6 Strength 5 hits. The Doomcannon may not shoot if it moved that turn.

OPTIONS:

May take any of the following:

- **Colossal..... 30 points**
Grants the Doomcannon +2 Wounds.
- **Daemonic Barrage..... 25 points**
When the Doomcannon fires, you may re-roll failed To Wound rolls.
- **Diabolic Sentience..... 25 points**
The Doomcannon may re-roll the scatter dice when it fires.
- **Ferocious..... 20 points**
Grants the Doomcannon +2 Attacks, but -2 Leadership. In addition, if the Doomcannon fails its Rampage test, it has the Random Movement (3D6) rule instead.
- **Fiendish Blast..... 30 points**
Grants the Doomcannon a Strength 4 Breath Weapon.
- **Ironclad..... 25 points**
Grants the Doomcannon a 4+ armour save.
- **Warpfire..... 15 points**
Any unit that suffers at least one wound from the Doomcannon's stone thrower attack must take a Panic test with a -1 Leadership penalty.

May take one of the following:

- **Death Rockets..... 20 points**
If a Misfire and a Hit are rolled when firing the Doomcannon, it does not Misfire: instead scatter the shot a further 4D6" in a random direction.
- **Eruption Cannon..... 10 points**
Instead of following the rules for a stone thrower, the Doomcannon's shooting attack follows the rules for a fire thrower, but with hits resolved at Strength 6.
- **Infernal Shells..... 30 points**
Any unit that suffers at least one wound from the Doomcannon's stone thrower attack may not march or shoot in its following turn. War Machines may only shoot on a D6 roll of 4+. If the affected unit charges, it must take a dangerous terrain test.

INFERNAL ENGINE

An Infernal Engine is a half-sentient creature of living metal; a mighty war engine bound with the spirit of a mighty Daemon. It thrums with black energy, and its innards burn with hellfire. The Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarfs build these terrifying monstrosities, and use evil rituals to capture and bind their eldritch occupants. All are unique, each a creation of magical artisanship, with many varied traits. Some have huge grinding blades and saws on their prows, some are bound with great armoured plates of iron, some seep with corrosive ichor or belch deadly fumes, but all are monstrous and terrible.

When a storm of magic brews, Daemons cluster near the boundary with the mortal world, and they are thus vulnerable to a Daemonsmith's attentions. They capture them unawares, enslave them within their creations and, when the storm breaks, the Daemonsmiths arrive with the Infernal Engines in tow, hiring them out to the ambitious, the desperate and the insane.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Infernal Engine	6	4	0	5	6	4	1	4	8	Monster	1	175

SPECIAL RULES:

Unbreakable, Unstable, Terror, Large Target.

Rampage: At the start of the turn, make a Leadership test for the Infernal Engine. If it fails, it gains the Random Movement (2D6) rule for that turn. Pivot the Engine to face the nearest enemy unit before moving it.

OPTIONS:

May take any of the following:

- **Blazing Body..... 25 points**
Any model (friend or foe) in base contact with the Infernal Engine at the start any round of close combat takes an automatic Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule and any non-magical Attacks directed against the Engine suffer a -1 penalty To Wound. In addition, the Infernal Engine has Flaming Attacks.
- **Blessing of Hashut..... 10 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine a 2+ ward save against Flaming Attacks.
- **Bloodrage 30 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine the Frenzy and Hatred special rules.
- **Colossal..... 30 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine +2 Wounds.
- **Crushing Strength..... 20 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine +1 Strength.
- **Ferocious..... 40 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine +2 Attacks, but -2 Leadership. In addition, if the Engine fails its Rampage test, it has the Random Movement (3D6) rule instead.
- **Fiendish Blast..... 30 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine a Strength 4 Breath Weapon.
- **Fuelled by Fire 25 points**
The Infernal Engine cannot be wounded by spells from the Lore of Fire. If it is the target of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of Fire, the Infernal Engine immediately regains D3 Wounds lost earlier in the battle.
- **Ironclad..... 25 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine a 4+ armour save.
- **Mawter..... 30 points**
The Infernal Engine may fire in the shooting phase following the rules for a stone thrower. It may not fire if it moved. If a Misfire is rolled, the Engine does not fire and suffers a single Wound with no saves allowed.
- **Obsidian Hull..... 20 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine Magic Resistance (2).
- **Razor Claws..... 10 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine the Killing Blow special rule.
- **Thunderous Charge..... 25 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine the Impact Hits (D6) special rule.
- **Venomous Ooze..... 15 points**
Grants the Infernal Engines the Poisoned Attacks special rule.
- **Whirling Blades..... 10 points**
Grants the Infernal Engine the Random Attacks (D6) special rule.

THE BULLS OF HASHUT

By Ancient History

In *White Dwarf #161* (1996), Rick Priestly unveiled the core of the Chaos Dwarf army list to the world. No more a ragtag gang of Chaos Renegades, the new army was made a race, culture, and empire of its own, drawing together elements from both its Chaos and Dwarf heritage. Set in the Dark Lands to the east of the Old World, the Chaos Dwarfs were a race of mutants who worshiped the dark bull-god Hashut, were allied with the exotic Mongol-like Hobgoblins of the steppe, with other greenskins their slaves, and wielded terrifying sorcery rather than the predictable runic enchantments of their cousins. In addition to this, their most powerful lords and sorcerers rode terrible monsters into battle: the Great Taurus, also known as the Red Bull of Hashut, and Lammasu.

While Rick Priestly assembled the Chaos Dwarf army and background from elements previously present in Warhammer—mutant dwarfs fallen to Chaos, Hobgoblins, Black Orcs, the Dark Lands, etc.—the two bullish, flying monsters were one of the many novel and unprecedented additions made to the army at the time of its re-imagining in 1996. Many a player must have looked on the photographs of fully-painted models and wondered where they came from.

The Lammasu & The Lamassu

The winged bull with a head of a man is a popular image from Mesopotamian, particularly, Assyrian mythology, and the images of the winged bulls in profile were carved into city gates to awe passers-by. Alternate versions of this “lamassu” or “shedu” used a lion’s body instead of a bull’s. The usage of the “lammasu” (as Priestly spelt it), fit in with the general neo-Assyrian theme of the new Chaos Dwarf army, with their ziggurats, coiled beards, and tall conical helmets. The mythical origins of the Great Taurus, if it has one beyond a recognition of the sacred bulls of the ancient Middle East and Near East, is more obscure. The most obvious candidate is Gugalanna, the Bull of Heaven from the Epic of Gilgamesh, though this great bull from the Underworld is neither winged nor wreathed in flames.

In both the Lamassu and the Great Taurus, the connecting mythological element is bull-worship, which became a central aspect of the new Chaos Dwarf culture—so much so that the Chaos Dwarf

Boar Centaurs of the Chaos Renegades days became Bull Centaurs, mutated Chaos Dwarfs sacred to Hashut. The Father of Darkness himself partakes of the image of the ancient Middle Eastern deity Moloch or Baal, as discussed in “Earthshaking Canon: The Trail of Hashut” in *The Word of Hashut #4*.

The Ultimate Mutations

In *White Dwarf Presents: Chaos Dwarfs*, the Great Taurus was believed by the Chaos Dwarfs to be kindred to the Dawi’Zharr, “mutated by the warping power of Chaos into living bull-furnaces like the statue of the god Hashut himself,” much like the Bull Centaurs, and they were kept in pens beneath the Temple of Hashut. The Lammasu in turn was believed to be a rare mutation of the Great Taurus—a variation that retained the head and intelligence of a Chaos Dwarf, and had the power to inhale and exhale the Winds of Magic, surrounding itself with “whirling clouds of black sorcery.” The figure of a Chaos Dwarf Lord atop a Great Taurus or Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer atop a Lammasu was an iconic image for the new army, and featured in several pieces of artwork including *Worlds of Warhammer*.

However, the Great Taurus and Lammasu received short shrift for many years. Tied so tightly to the new Chaos Dwarf army, they shared its fate in the long slow slide into obsolescence, and appeared very rarely in rules or fiction—though they did receive an update in the *Ravening Hordes* rules with the rest of the Chaos Dwarf army, and a Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer riding a Lammasu even featured as substantial characters in the recent novel *Wulfrik* (2010) by C. L. Werner.

Both the Great Taurus and the Lammasu feature in the new supplement *Storm of Magic* (2011), where the two monsters—now creatures of magic and the Dark Lands, rather than exclusive relations to the Chaos Dwarfs—are available to all armies, as with other monsters. Here, the Lammasu have been steeds to Chaos Dwarfs for thousands of years, but are also wild creatures of the Dark Lands with an unusual ability to use their speech to coerce and befuddle other monsters. They have also been recast as minor sorcerers using many of the same get-you-by Lores of Magic as Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. The Great

Taurus too is represented, not stabled beneath the Temple of Hashut but as dominant predators of the Dark Lands, tied to the fiery volcanic realm by the Fire Wind Aqshy, and unable to venture far from their haunts save for when the Winds of Magic are at their strongest. The Chaos Dwarf Bale Taurus, based on the Great Taurus, is also available as a new Forge World resin model in 2011, with rules to be presented in the upcoming *Tamurkhan: The Throne of Chaos* with the other new Forge World Chaos Dwarf units.

Uncanonical...but Interesting!

In Kevin Coleman's *Dwarfs of Chaos* supplement for the Indy GT, two origins are presented for the Lammasu: one as another breeding project of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, similar to the one that resulted in the creation of the Black Orcs, and sought to marry Chaos Dwarfs and with the Great Taurus; and two as a reward by Hashut, who transformed his most favoured Dwarf elders into Lammasu to act as "demi-gods" guarding and

guiding the Chaos Dwarf race. The Lammasu here is presented in fiction as a sorcerer, presaging *Storm of Magic* by a few years, although this ability is not included in the actual rules—except in the case of Molocharoar, the Scion of Hashut, the first and greatest Lammasu.

In his article "From the Darkness: Chaos Dwarfs" for *Warpstone* #28 (2009) Alfred Nuñez Jr., the author of *Dwarfs: Stone and Steel* (2002) for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay (1st edition), also speculated on the breeding habits of Chaos Dwarfs and the Great Taurus—except this time, the result is a new breed of Minotaur to fill out the Chaos Dwarf forces! Mad Alfred might have been inspired by the ability of Chaos Dwarf teams in Blood Bowl to field Minotaurs as part of the team. Of course, harkening back to their historical origins, the article also discusses gigantic stone images of Lammasu flanking the entrance to the Chaos Dwarf fortress of Gorgoth. Of course, the Lammasu-images are carved wearing the classical Big Hats of the Rick Priestly incarnation Chaos Dwarfs...now that's really uncanonical!



Miniature by Sigmar 79



BY G.2



GREAT
TAURUS



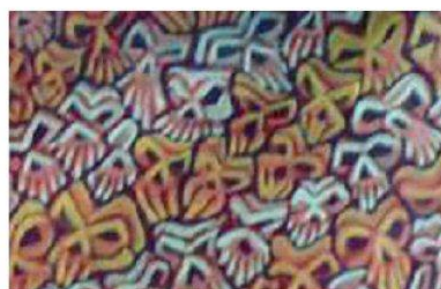
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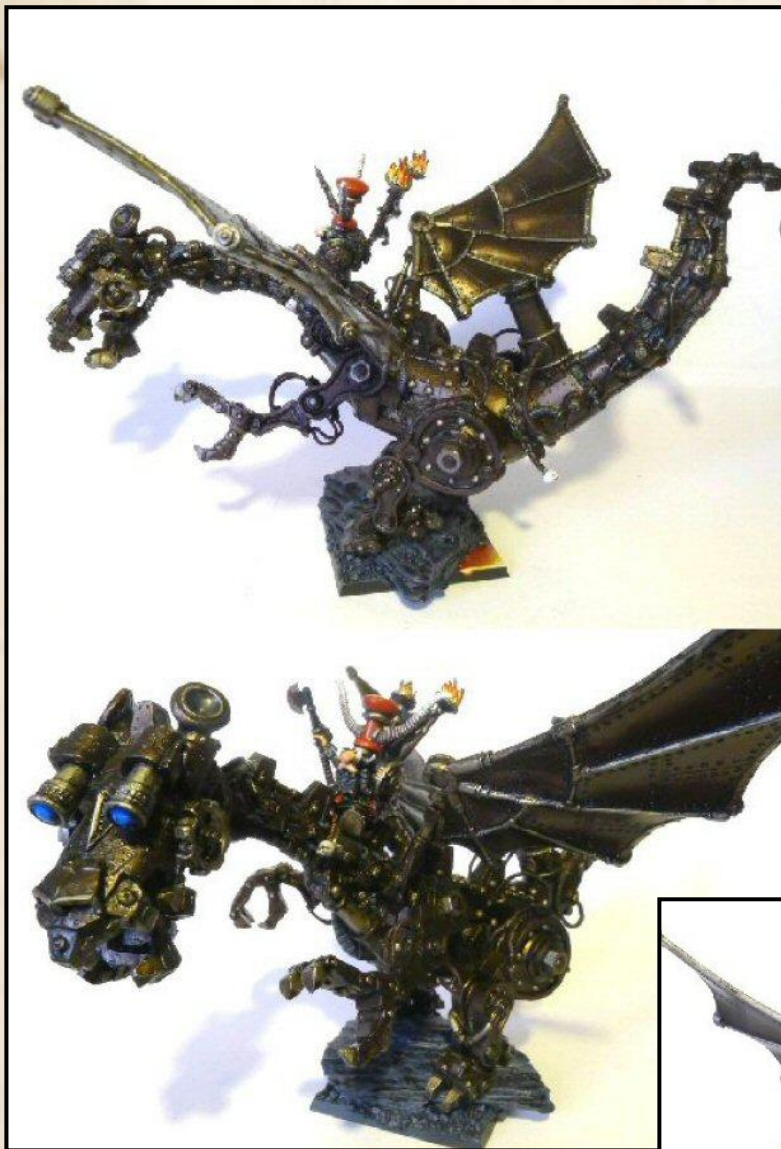
GOLDEN HAT - XIV

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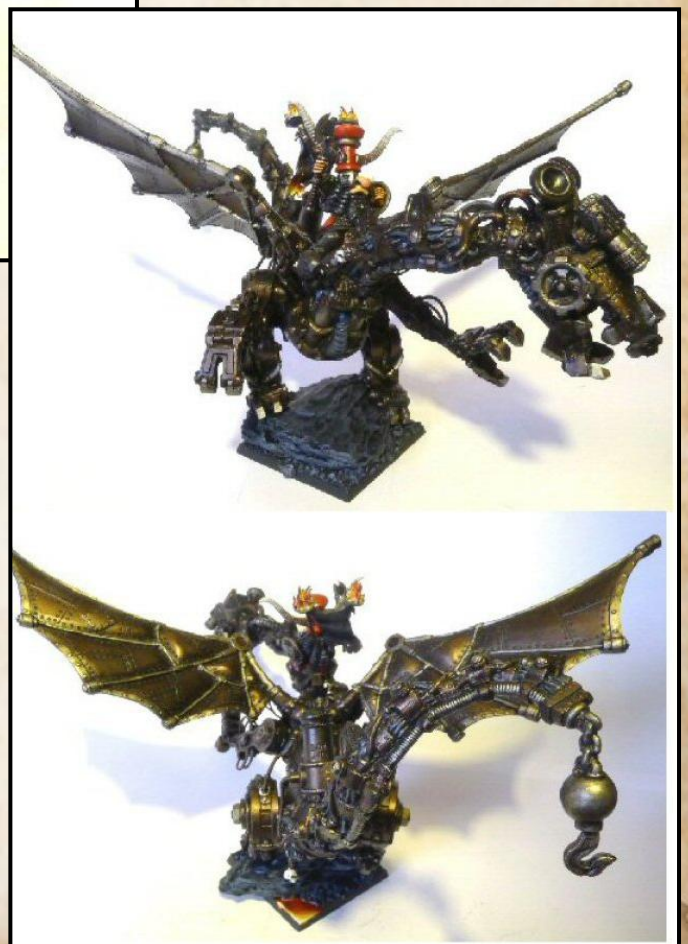


GOLD 
SKIRIK





SILVER TJURB



DIS GIT AGAIN?! 'ERE, WHO
DOES 'E FINK 'E IS, WINNIN' ALL
DESE MEDALS? GIVE SOME A'
DA UVVER LADZ A CHANCE!

BRONZE



CLANN



**ISHIKUR
CINDERHAT**



A MONSTER, MONSTROUS INFANTRY OR MONSTROUS CAVALRY

The fourteenth Golden Hat figure painting competition – arguably the most prestigious contest on CDO – had as its subject matter any model on a 40 or 50mm square base that conformed to one of the following unit types: monster, monstrous infantry or monstrous cavalry. There were a total of twelve entries, covering a huge variety of possible interpretations of the theme. Most could be classified as either a Great Taurus or a Lammasu, but there were a couple of Bull Centaur characters, a giant scorpion and Tjub's amazing clockwork dragon! However, the eventual winner was a somewhat controversial one, in the form of Skink's palanquin – while technically not a single "monster", it was decided that it fit the criteria by being demonstrably a mount for a character and being on the correct sized base. I know I certainly wouldn't want to meet it in a dark alleyway, and that's "monstrous" enough for me!

You can see all the entries at <http://www.chaos-dwarfs.com/forum/showthread.php?tid=9002> and the announcement of the winners at <http://www.chaos-dwarfs.com/forum/showthread.php?tid=9071>

THE DAY OF CHOOSING

By Abecedar

Zhek'dar 2:- "The Day of Choosing."

Prequel to Zhekdar 1 "Heinraches Lament": by 'Abecedar'. September 2011

All the time before this day was as nothing. Everything he or for that matter any of the other Dawi-Zharr supplicants waiting with him, whatever they thought they were, whatever they had been or had done before, all would be as dust blown before the wind. Soon one by one they would step through the massive portals that stood in front of them and go into the hall beyond. All the dust of what they were before just memories upon memories, all created so as to be ready to present themselves before their lord this day. The time it took for those memories to build was itself measurable but the length of time itself meant nothing. No one, not even the heir to the throne, was allowed to be here unless they were ready to become an adult Dawi-Zharr. As it happened, Zhek'dar had gone through the training in a slightly shorter span of time than most but nothing spectacular. Nothing amazing as occasionally happened with those seemingly blessed by Hashut and pre-destined for greatness. Some were just a bit slower than he, some had started well before and were still not ready but none ever gave up. Some had failed and those would never have the chance to stand here and wait upon their future, as failure was usually fatal. Now when those here had finally been deemed ready to become a Dawi-Zharr, they waited. Today they would undergo the Day of Choosing, a ceremony that defined their lives to date and decide what they would be. They must stand before their Lord and all of the Dark Fold Clans masters, stand to be judged worthy and to be chosen.

Infancy was one stage in life, part family, part play, part training, and part learning of life, in fact everything that a normal family group would do to raise a child no matter what species they were, but once they became a beard-ling then life and training changed. Such a one left their family and their own septs holdings and joined the clans training regiments, along with those others from amongst all the other septs that had been deemed ready for this step. Once a beard-ling was accepted into the training barracks, then all the time before as an infant was reckoned to be

as nothing and only their efforts from then and there mattered. But for one raised to honour his clan, his sept and his god, that nothing was the rock on which his identity and ultimately his future rested upon. All the basic training that their families could provide for them during that all too brief time spent as an infant when one considers the long span of life of a Dawi-Zharr. The axe and shield skills and the physical strengthening that were the most basic of priorities needed, because to send a beard-ling out lacking those basics would be a blot on the septs honour. All the time spent listening to and watching their kith and kin, absorbing the knowledge their stories imparted, all helped to mold a beard-ling's inner self.

The beard-ling's training was continuous deliberately, harder, longer and much more brutal than their earlier existence. Life in general was harsher but by no means unendurable. All the beard-ling's were rotated through the many trades that the clan needed to survive and prosper. Irrespective of their caste, household or parentage as well as being put through continuous weapons training. Those showing aptitude or proclivity in an area were duly noted and encouraged. All of the various groups training were always conducted under the eyes of various instructors for the differing regiments, seeing who fitted best and where. Beard-ling's knew they were often being reviewed either openly or surreptitiously by the masters at arms and the Guard Commanders. Experienced warriors and other overseers also were always nearby and all cast their veteran eyes upon the beard-ling's from time to time, assessing anything that may help or hinder the clan and all this collectively would help decide the path the beard-ling's would be set upon.



Zhek'dar had always been driven to be the best he could in whatever tasks were allotted to him though some of the finer crucial points in occupations like brewing and working with beasts escaped him, he excelled at smithing and he'd grasped at least a decent journeyman's working knowledge of nearly all of the holds other disciplines, except two. Sorcery for him was an abject failure much to his relief, as being without even a glimmer of talent or aptitude detectable he was safe from being forced into that life. Any ability in the arcane areas was normally detected very early in ones life, much earlier than the younglings knew. Being "discovered" later once one was a beard-ling was normally sign of unstable or inconsistent ability and unless their talents could be trained into a semblance of usefulness then these ones were often doomed to minor tasks or roles within the temples or the daemon-smiths forges. The other was with weapons, where his aptitude was at the other end of the scale. Lessons with weapons had always made sense, he had an instinctive awareness of where he was and what was around him that marked him well suited for life as a warrior. When asked he fought with skill, teamwork, cunning, even fury when needed and always with determination. But he never found the blood rage. The battle fury that took and propelled some of his peers to greater speed and effort, these seemed to be beyond his grasp and he could not understand from where inside him they were supposed to come from. This bothered him greatly; and somewhat actually added to his drive to do more and be better, but the inspiring roar that others used to drive themselves harder escaped his grasp. His experience in that brief battle had helped hardened his resolve and whereas before his moods when under arms were already a grim, silent wall, they now grew into an imperturbable barrier. He knew he was destined for this life and the taunts the instructors designed to bring forth the rage they felt sure must be in there, failed as he remained in control constantly. He didn't know it but his peers had come to find his demeanour of implacable calm to be more threatening and disquieting to face in training than any of the others roaring and raging attacks. Once one of his friends managed to overhear the instructors discussing the day's efforts and one was saying that "Zhek'dar's fires were cold". None of them had a clue as to what that meant except that he had no fire. A great sense of unease grew within and hearing the same comment come from loftier observers added to worries over his lack of overt rage. He later broached this with his family on a rare brief furlough and his old grandfather had seemed to



peer right through him for a while. "Do not worry lad, it is a good thing in some ways to remain cold in battle, because when it is cold enough, Ice will burn and kill whatever it touches". That was the only answer he got that day or any other. Further days of gnawing at himself over the problem achieved nothing, and finally looking at how all the instructors seemed pleased with him, well as much as they ever showed emotions, he decided if his proud and respected forebear was not concerned, then he must strive to be the same for himself.

All too suddenly a Day of Choosing was announced and those chosen as ready told who they were. No let up in the pace of training happened, just that on that days morning, those chosen packed their gear and left the barracks. What protocols or precedence's decided who went in first or who went last that day the beard-lings knew not and so he waited, as all the others before him had done, until finally Zhek'dar's turn to go before his Lord was ordered. He strode up to stand before the Dias on which the Lord Thun'hor sat; he was unarmed and unarmoured, as to presume what you would be, before being told would be was an inexcusable arrogance. He dropped to one knee and lowered his head in a shallow, slow but obeisance as was proper when coming into the Lords presence. Though his head

bowed down, his eyes never left his lords face until right at the lowest point and then only briefly before returning, as was also proper. A warrior should never take his eyes of the world around him and be as it may that perchance a Dawi-Zharr may be bowed it signified that he may never be broken or cowed.

In the brief walk towards the thrones feet he noted the previous supplicant moving into place of to the sides of the cavernous hall, to stand alongside of those others who had gone before. Who had been chosen by whom he did not know, as they would follow their chosen masters to their futures when those worthies left the Lords Hall. Gathered here were all the heads of all the clan's crafts and other clan elders, all were ranged out to the edges of his vision like the curved horns of a bull, all were silent and all were judging him. Those closest to the throne easy to identify, those further away gradually less discernable and to turn his head questing to see who showed interest would shame him. Only the spaces immediately next to the Lord were unclear as more shadows were somehow cast there. Of these masters standing here, be it a Guards commander, an armourer or smith, or maybe the brew master, one of them would lay claim to him. From that point on he would live as a Dawi-Zharr under that master for final training, of no rank yet but no longer officially a beard-ling. These decisions were usually already decided upon prior to the actual ceremony at least between Hold Craft Masters and between the regimental commanders as separate groups. Formally the Masters would state by rote that the supplicant was worthy or not and let the agreed upon "winner" step forward to lay claim. He had heard that sometimes more than one would lay claim and that even spirited discussions had ensued as to who had the better claim or right to that particular one. The lord of course had the final say if ever discussions became too heated.

He knew his weapons skills had easily brought him well beyond what was needed for acceptance into the warrior regiments, but his friends had all railed at him over the years, for his dogged efforts in the other crafts as they still believed that showing too much skill elsewhere would be his undoing. He stood and waited, sure in his pride that his destiny was as a warrior. His eyes had adjusted enough now to make out those nearest the throne. To his lord's right was the Royal Bodyguard commander. No use looking there to be chosen. Being in the bodyguard was the solely the privilege of veterans. To the left hulked the clan's old sorcerer, Gred'zoed, immobile on his

legs of stone. In turn he was flanked by the Temple Guard Commander on one side and on the other side, the imposing form of Temple Guardian. No choice there as he had repeatedly been told of his distinct lacking in that department and the Temple Guard were considered to be the most elite of all the veterans.

Standing back upright he waited for his fate to be decided. His lord spoke "Zhek'dar of Sept Ghrem, Are you ready?" "Yes my liege" he replied. Lord Thun'nor made a slow almost lazy gesture with his left hand, palm open, signifying that the floor was now open for a master to lay claim to him. A ripple of movement travelled across the side arcs of his vision, a full hand or more of masters had all stepped forward. The Guard Commanders of the Prisons, Caravans and Mines all spoke one word. "Worthy" then with a polite nod to the Regimental Captain stepped back ceding their claims to him. They knew they would have his services anyway whenever he rotated through their divisions as all warriors did, albeit less frequently than if they had owned him outright. Then the Masters of Brewing and Beasts did the same and ceded their claims but the Master Armourer stayed forward and after an pause turned to the lord to state his case as did the Regimental Captain.

The coming statements however were cut off abruptly as the Temple Guardians huge form stepped out of the shadows and stamped an obsidian hard hoof against the flag stones, the echoing clatters sounding loud throughout the now silenced throne room. The Temple Guard Captain now spoke from out of the shadows, "Lord Gred'zoed lays claim to this one. He is in need of an assistant". Whatever was said next was lost to Zhek'dar as the word assistant rang repeatedly through his head. He knew he should make his ceremonial acknowledgement but he could not find his power of speech as he looked around, bewildered for the first time in his life. He saw the last two master's nod and step back, ceding away any hope of salvation. The sorcerer stumped out of the gloom and he seemed to see right into Zhek'dars soul as he pointed and said "Come, Now". Zhek'dars legs obeyed as his mind tried vainly to understand how this had befallen him, words of defiance almost reached his lips but a second shockingly loud clatter broke through the fog surrounding him as the huge guardian stepped back and blessedly forestalled his pending unseemly outburst. Quietly he followed the slow moving form of his new master, his warriors dreams crushed beyond belief.

ARTIFICER'S ANIVIL

Rules Development by Nicodemus

CHAOS DWARF DOOM ENGINE

GRIM MAKAZ DAWIDRANGI — Unyielding weapon of Dwarf Slaying

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	TYPE	Unit Size	Points
Chaos Dwarf Doom Engine	sp.	-	-	6	8	20	-	sp.	-	War Machine	1	400
Pilot	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	2	9	-	-	-
Cannon Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-	-	As Siege Equipment
Furnace Master	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-	-	2000
Slave Ogre	-	3	2	4	-	-	2	3	7	-	-	-



Special Rules:

Armour Plating
(4+ Armour Save)
Contempt
Diabolic Furnace
(4+ Ward save)
Immune to Psychology
Large Target
Resolute
Relentless
Terror
To the Last Breath
Unbreakable

Equipment (Crew):

Hand weapon, Heavy armour

Equipment (Slave Ogre):

Hand weapon

Movement – The Doom Engine can move in the Remaining Moves sub phase. Pivot the Doom Engine up to 90° in any direction and then move it straight forward 2D6". Should this bring the Doom Engine into contact with a unit or terrain feature, then it will stop. The Doom Engine may not move in the same turn it is occupied, and any unit inside may not exit in the same turn that the Doom Engine moves.

To the Last Breath – Doom Engines are held in such high regard within Chaos Dwarf society that going to war within such a behemoth is considered one of the greatest honours one can be bestowed. If forced to take a Break test (using the Pilot's Leadership or that of a nearby General) and they fail, one member of the crew is automatically removed as a casualty (Slave Rabble don't count!). Typically this is the Slave Ogre first, with the pilot being the last to be removed in such a manner. Forced removal of the pilot is generally the only means of stopping a Doom Engine aside from destroying it outright. The Doom Engine is far too complex a device to be piloted by just anyone. Once the crew and any remaining occupants have been routed or slain the Doom Engine is treated as a building.

Doom Engine Cannons – Treated as a Stone Thrower. Uses the Black Powder warmachine misfire chart. Each Cannon is treated as an independent component with a single crew member. If one misfires it does not affect the second cannon or the Doom Engine.

Siege Tower – The Doom Engine is essentially a mobile building, and is treated as a building for all rules purposes except where modified herewith. Units can enter the Doom Engine as if it were a building, or assault it as if it were a building, and so on. It can be destroyed using the rules on page 399 of the Warhammer Rulebook. Attackers require S5 or better in order to have a chance of inflicting damage.

Supporting Fire – Portals at the rear of the Doom Engine as well as on the roof and other small pin point spots afford several firepoints. As with normal buildings, models with ranged attacks, may use them, to a maximum of 10 attackers per floor. See Buildings and Shooting in the Warhammer Rulebook.

The Grinder – Should the Doom Engine move into contact with a building or unit (friend or foe and regardless whether the unit is to the front, rear or flank), it will inflict 2D6 S6 hits. The unit that has been attacked is then moved 1" directly away from the Doom Engine, so that it is no longer in contact with it. With the exception of buildings, obstacles moved into by the Doom Engine are destroyed and removed from play. Other terrain features, including buildings, stop the Doom Engine from moving, except where the terrain feature can be completely straddled beneath the wheel base of the Doom Engine.

Optional Siege Rules – If in contact with a fortress the Doom Engine may use its grinder to breach the fortress and/or any unit within may make an assault as if they had charged. If grinding, a successful breach is made on a 5+ (add +1 to the roll if breaching a gate). Once connected it counts as a connected fortress section, and can be moved way only by its controlling player.

ARCANE ARCHITECTURE

THE DAEMONSMITH'S FORGE

Daemonsmiths are a mad lot and have been known to construct their forges in all manner of bizarre locations, including places where the invisible leylines of arcane magical energy intersect. In such places the Daemonsmiths are thus able to enhance their diabolical craft through channelling the arcane energies into their forges and spell craft. But just as the convergence of magical energies can deliver untold power to a Daemonsmith's forge, so too can those powers deliver untold destruction should the channelling of such powers run unchecked.

Occupying the Daemonsmith's Forge

A wizard may stand atop the Daemonsmith's Forge, treating it as an Arcane Fulcrum in all respects. Additionally a unit may garrison the forge and may do-so even if a friendly wizard is atop the building (the unit garrisoning the structure could also be an additional wizard). A wizard can only move from within the forge to atop the structure in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, provided the top is unoccupied.

Using the Forge as an Arcane Fulcrum

While a wizard stands atop the building the rules for an Arcane Fulcrum apply (but do not apply to a wizard who may be garrisoning the structure). The Daemonsmith's Forge has been constructed so that it naturally channels the winds of magic, granting the wizard atop the fulcrum a +3 to all casting attempts. This enhanced channelling of magical power, however, can also work to the detriment of the caster if there is a miscast! Models attacking the fulcrum must choose to attack the wizard or assault the garrisoning unit (if there is one).

Miscasts

If the wizard atop the fulcrum triggers a Miscast, after dealing with the miscast results even if the wizard is removed a great section of the ground around the Daemonsmith's Forge will tear loose and lift away from the ground. Debris from the eruption automatically hits any models within 6" with D6 S3 hits (roll once for all models). Any unit garrisoning the structure must pass an Initiative test for each model or be removed as casualties. Survivors in a unit are placed so that at least one model is 1" away from the forge, which can no longer be garrisoned.

Garrisoning the Forge

Chaos Dwarf, Hobgoblin, Goblin and Orc (but not Black Orc) units can freely garrison the forge without being attached – provided no other player-controlled unit occupies the forge. Chaos Dwarfs of course are an expected sight in such places, while Hobgoblins, Goblins and Orcs are easily mistaken as slaves and ignored.

All other units besides those listed above must assault the forge before they can gain entry, as the slaves and their Daemonsmith Master won't let the Forge fall into the hands of a lesser race! In such circumstances the forge is treated as occupied by the following force:

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
19 Slaves	–	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	5
1 Chaos Dwarf	–	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

Note that the garrisoning Chaos Dwarf and his horde of slaves will never break and will never abandon the building. They will not attack models which are attacking a wizard atop the fulcrum and will only fight if the forge itself is assaulted. The Host of the Daemonsmith's Forge must be defeated if the unit attempting to enter is not comprised of Chaos Dwarfs, Hobgoblins, Goblins or Orcs (not Black Orcs). The side assaulting the forge should keep track of casualties. Once the host of the Daemonsmith's Forge have been slain the assaulting unit may enter.

A unit can attempt to enter the Daemonsmith's Forge, however, they do-so at their own risk, if not their own peril! The first unit to garrison the forge loots the armoury, receiving +1 To Hit and +1 To Wound and their attacks are considered magical for the rest of the game.

FLAME, SHADOW AND HIS PUPPETS

Chaos Dwarf Characters in WHFRP

By Hashut's Blessing

Chaos Dwarf

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
2D10+30	2D10+20	2D10+20	2D10+30	2D10+10	2D10+20	2D10+20	2D10+10
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	As Dwarf	-	-	3	0	*	As Dwarf

* Roll a D%: 01-50 gives you 1 and 51-00 gives you 0.

Skills:

Common Knowledge (Chaos Dwarfs, Dwarfs), Haggle, Speak Language (Dark Khazalid).

Talents:

Dwarfcraft, Nightvision, Sturdy, Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder).

Special Rules:

Sorcery – Allows Chaos Dwarfs to become wizards, however, they suffer from the Curse of Stone (see Tome of Corruption).

Trappings:

Belt, Blanket, Breeches, Boots, Dagger, Handweapon, Metal Tankard, Purse, Shirt, Slingbag or poor Backpack, Tattered Cloak, 2D10 Gold Crowns.

Starting Career

Apprentice Shaman 01, Apprentice Wizard 02-05, Bailiff 06-07, Barber-Surgeon 08-09, Boatman 10, Bodyguard 11-13, Bounty Hunter 14-18, Burgher 19-23, Coachman 24, Daemonsmith 25-27, Despot 28-29, Enslaver 30-34, Envoy 35-36, Ferryman 37, Forge Guard 38, Gaoler 39-41, Initiate 42-43, Marine 44, Mercenary 45-48, Messenger 49, Militiaman 50-51, Miner 52, Norse Berserker 53-55, Outlaw 56, Pit Fighter 57-59, Protagonist 60, Runebearer 61, Scribe 62-64, Seaman 65-66, Servant 67, Shieldsmasher 68-71, Smuggler 72, Soldier 73-77, Student 78-79, Thief 80, Thug 81, Toll Keeper 82-83, Tradesman 84-89, Troll Butcher 90-93, Valet 94, Watchman 95-97, Zealot 98-00.

Something to note is that many careers have had names changed to more appropriate monikers for the Dawi Zharr. As a result, a little clarification is necessary – so here it is:

Daemonsmith is Apprentice Runesmith (but the runes are daemonbinding), Despot is Noble, Enslaver is a new career (forthcoming!), Forge Guard is a new career (forthcoming!), Gaoler is Jailer, Shieldsmasher is Shieldbreaker, Troll Butcher is Troll Slayer, Steppewarden is Fieldwarden.

Hashut's Blessing: Instead of Shallya's Blessing (not as well), you may replace your roll on the Wounds or Fate Points with a roll of 5.



Miniatures by Paul Batchelor and Malcolm Neill

Hobgoblin

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
2D10+20	2D10+25	2D10+22	2D10+26	2D10+18	2D10+14	2D10+16	2D10+09
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	As Human	-	-	4	0	*	As Human

* Roll a D%: 01-50 gives you 1 and 51-00 gives you 0.

Skills:

Animal Care, Concealment, Speak Language (Goblin tongue, Dark Khazalid), Silent Move, Scale Sheer Surface, Prepare Poison, Ride.

Talents:

Night Vision, Rapid Reload, Rover, Trick Riding.

Special Rules:

Animosity – See rulebook.

Traitors – Scaly Skin (1) on the back of their torso and gain +1 damage when attacking from behind.

Trappings:

Rag Shirt, Rag Breeches, Rag Boots, Rag Cloak, 2 Daggers, Slingbag *or* Poor Backpack, Handweapon, Shortbow, 5 Arrows, Purse, D10GC, 2 doses of Kervalt, Waterskin.

Starting Career

Agitator 01-04, Apprentice Shaman 05-06, Bailiff 07, Barber-Surgeon 08, Boatman 09-10, Bodyguard 11-15, Bone Picker 16-17, Bounty Hunter 18, Camp Follower 19-21, Charcoal 22, Entertainer 23, Ferryman 24, Gaoler 26, Grave Robber 27, Hunter 28-31, Mercenary 32-33, Messenger 34-36, Militiaman 37-39, Miner 40-42, Outlaw 43-45, Outrider 46-50, Peasant 51-54, Pit Fighter 55, Protagonist 56-57, Rat Catcher 58, Roadwarden 59-63, Rogue 64-65, Scribe 66, Servant 67-68, Smuggler 69, Sneaky Sod 70-74, Soldier 75, Squire 76-78, Steppewarden 79-84, Thief 85-87, Thug 88-89, Tomb Robber 90, Vagabond 91-92, Valet 93-97, Watchman 98-99, Woodsman 00.

Something to note is that many careers have had names changed to more appropriate monikers for the Dawi Zharr. As a result, a little clarification is necessary – so here it is:

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Miniatures by Snotling

Bull Centaur

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
2D10+34	2D10+20	2D10+30	2D10+34	2D10+19	2D10+19	2D10+25	2D10+10
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	Dwarf+2	-	-	8	0	*	As Elf

* Roll a D%: 01-50 gives you 1 and 51-00 gives you 0.

Skills:

Academic Knowledge (Hashut), Common Knowledge (Chaos Dwarfs), Intimidate, Speak Language (Dark Khazalid).

Talents:

Nightvision, Sturdy, Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed) *or* Ambidextrous.

Special Rules:

Armoured Torso – Roll a D% when a hit is received on the torso. 01-50 ignores the armour points on the location, 51-00 allows the armour points to be used as normal. Leg armour cannot be worn.

Chosen of Hashut – Bull Centaurs receive no free advance during character creation.

Trappings:

Shirt (Good), Cloak (Good), Dagger, Belt (Good), Slingbag, Metal Tankard, Hand Weapon, Purse, D10-2 Gold Crowns (minimum of 0!).

Starting Career

Bailiff 01-07, Bodyguard 08-14, Bounty Hunter 15-17, Daemonsmith 18-19, Despot 20-23, Envoy 24-25, Forge Guard 26-37, Initiate 38-49, Mercenary 50-52, Militiaman 53-56, Norse Berserker 57-59, Pit Fighter 60-63, Runebearer 64-65, Shieldsmasher 66-75, Soldier 76-86, Toll Keeper 87, Troll Butcher 88-90, Watchman 91-92, Zealot 93-00.

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Miniatures by Bassman

A TALE OF THREE SHIPS

By Admiral

The Chaos Dwarfs' society is a ravenous one, ever hungry for more slaves to toil amongst its industries, mines and quarries. In order to supply all this labour, the Dawi Zharr takes to the sea in smoke-belching metal warships. This is a tale of three types of ship used by the Zharr-Naggrund navy, and a tale of the names that will linger with the vessels long after the infamous Chaos Dwarfs in question died.

The Grappler boarding ship, and the greed of Kar-Zhul

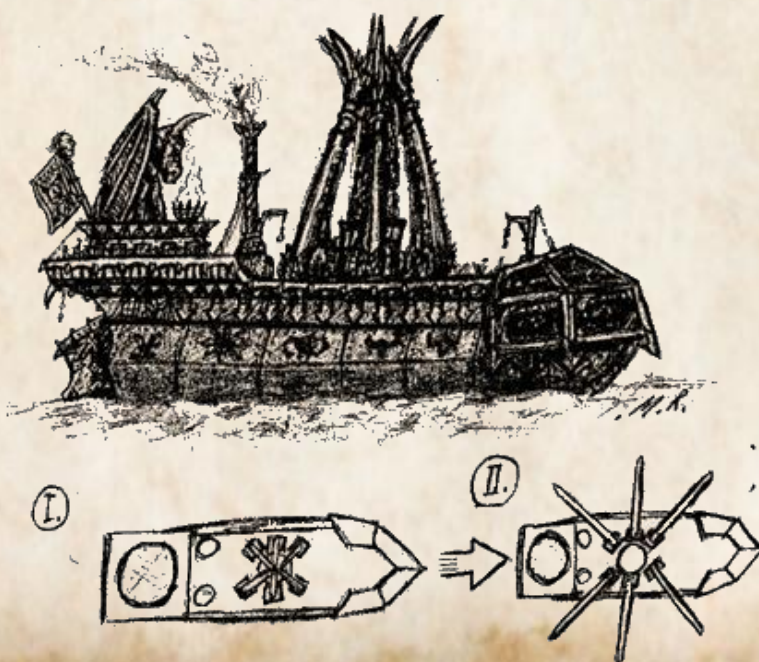
One of many variant vessels in the Chaos Dwarf navy, the Grappler is an ironclad ship designed for locking enemy ships in place by hammering large, clawed metal arms into their decks. With the arms in place, boarding teams of Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblin Sneaky Gits use the arms to attack the victim ship. Normally the arms are pulled into an upright position by heavy chains, drawn by Daemonic machines fuelled with slaves and ensorcelled coal. The Grappler also have frontal Magma Cannons and side cannons for armament, as well as Blunderbuss firing parapets at the fore. With little space to spare beneath deck, the Grappler's grand statuary shrine to Hashut is situated on top of a platform on the poop deck. From here, their god follow the Chaos Dwarfs' boarding actions with a judgemental glow in his eyes.

There is much of value to salvage at sea. Especially for the Chaos Dwarfs, whose hunger for

slaves, mine props, metal and other materials is never sated. Destroying ships would ruin their boarding value, so many Chaos Dwarf captains instead seek to claim victim ships by force and terror through boarding parties.

The Grappler is built for this task of capturing ships, and few vessels have ever escaped its massive arms without them being winched back. The force of the arms' impact, however, is great enough to damage the Grappler's hull despite dampening timber blocks. The renowned Dawi Zharr enslaver Kar-Zhul once prowled the seas in search of coastal-sailing Indan dhows. During his long voyage, Kar-Zhul gathered a whole fleet of captured large merchant dhows, manned by their enslaved crew and commandeered by Chaos Dwarf and Hobgoblin taskmasters.

The opulent Rajah Salihindi's royal dhow was amongst the captured ships, the Rajah's favourite elephant crushed beneath deck by the clawed arms of Kar-Zhul's Grappler *Zhargon's Legacy*. Having amassed dozens of captured dhows, Kar-Zhul set course for the mouth of the River Ruin. The Chaos Dwarf Grappler's metal hull was so weakened by the grappling arms' repeated impacts that it cracked during a monsoon storm, and was swallowed by the roaring waves. Seeing their enslaver drowned in the Lizard Sea, the Indan crewmen attacked their taskmasters, throwing the Hobgoblins and Chaos Dwarfs into the depths of the ocean.





The Hellbarge, and how Itshnik was maimed

A cheap, mass-produced ship, the Hellbarge is a simple freighter with a Daemonic ram at the fore, filthy slave pens beneath deck and a thoroughly chained Hellcannon on deck. Introduced lately into the Chaos Dwarf navy, the Hellbarge is used as a small but powerful artillery platform, well suited for bombarding fortified harbours or for battles in the narrow confines of archipelagos. Some Hellbarges include rocket ammunition that is fed into the Hellcannon's furnace just as the slaves are cast into it, providing the Hellcannon a greater firing impact but also higher risks for the Hellbarge.

Despite some very heavy chains and powerful runes of control, the Hellbarge is a gamble, a short-sighted investment aimed at reaping great profit before its destruction. Perhaps all the ship's crew and slaves will be killed when the Daemon break loose, or perhaps it will thrust forward toward the enemy. In case of the latter eventuality, the Hellbarge is equipped with a Daemonic ram capable of capturing the Hellcannon's forward momentum to propel the vessel straight ahead at the foe. Sometimes the Hellcannon bypass the ram's grip, running through or even jumping over it into the ocean to thrash through the waves in search of prey.

Since the Hellcannon is expected to eventually tear its fetters and run amok, the Hellbarge has but a skeleton crew of low-caste Chaos Dwarf cannoneers, mariners and warriors. The blunderbussers' task is to provide a backbone to possible boarding actions. Most of the crew consist of Hobgoblins, wicked jailers who does not shy away from slashing the live Hellcannon fuel with their curved knives, often letting the slaves bleed half dry before a battle. As long as there is no unexpected shortage of ammunition, their even more cruel Chaos Dwarf overlords do not bother with noticing the agony games of the Greenskins.

One Hellbarge captain was Zakuresh the Harsh, who almost got to join the ranks of the Infernal Guard after slaying a rival in an unorthodox torch duel. Zakuresh barely escaped disgrace by taking to the sea in the Hellbarge *Bloodcast* in search of plunder and slaves to appease his sorcerous master. An unforgiving captain, Zakuresh was known to regularly subject slaves to water torture and roast Hobgoblins alive at the merest hint of disobedience or slow wits. Apart from ordinary physical punishment, wrong-doing crewmen were forced to bear not a high hat or a metal mask, but instead a low hat of humiliation. Truly, Zakuresh was unforgiving like few others.

It was Zakuresh who blasted apart the great Bretonnian Galleon *Heart of Valour*, saving much of its crew only to reload his Hellcannon with it for some high shots against determined Pegasus Knights. It was Zakuresh who denied the Dreadfleet the rich loot in bodies aboard the Dark Elf Death Fortress *Nilyran's Claw* by unleashing the Hellcannon upon the Sea Hydra's towers to devour the whole live cargo while barely escaping Count Noctilus' pursuit with his Hellbarge. It was Zakuresh who let steer *Bloodcast* and two other Hellbarges into a closed Nipponese harbour during night, capturing the great Marienburger vessel *Aterdhome* whilst simultaneously causing havoc amongst the armoured turtle ships that rowed out to stop them.

Through brutality and lucky recklessness, Zakuresh became infamous for carrying through suicidal attacks and surviving them. He also survived several rampaging Hellcannons, once even destroying such a bloodthirsty warmachine by cutting off its heavy wheels with his Daemonic rune axe before rolling the struggling barrel into a raging sea. There, the wounded Daemon and a blood-crazed Megalodon fought each other to death.



The Chaos Dwarf captain's most daring act was carried out at his demise. He was searching for warpstone, a dangerous material often mixed into the coal bins of the Dawi Zharr. With only *Bloodcast* and the Hull Destroyers *Chaos' Fury* and *Death's Gaol* at his command, Zakuresh knew that the chance of successfully completing his mission in time was nil unless allies were found. Striking a pact with the Skaven of Clan Tyzzkrafft, Zakuresh made Warlord Itshnik the Backstabber agree to supply him with warpstone in exchange for the Chaos Dwarf warships' services.

During a three-year long naval campaign across the seas, Zakuresh's squadron earned its payment twice over. Rival Warlord fleets were teared asunder as the brunt of the Dawi Zharr onslaught was released, spearheading Clan Tyzzkrafft's strikes into the enemy's heart. Sleek Elven ships and dozens of merchant vessels were caught, and several vengeful man-things flotillas were sunk by the Hull Destroyers and pulverised by the Hellbarge. *Death's Gaol* was lost during the great hunt for the Black Leviathan Sindra, swallowed whole by the sea monster yet buying time for the Skaven Warpraiders to broil her.

Zakuresh's single-minded determination to fulfil his mission was demonstrated when he once had to return to Zharr-Naggrund to replace his lost Hellcannon. During the voyage, his ships boarded the great Cathayan merchantman *Zin-Lao* close to the High Elf Tower of the Sun, finding a treasure of jade, spices, ivory and exotic furs in its vast cargohold. Most importantly, however, was the thousands of high-quality Cathayan cast iron ingots discovered in the junk's aft section. Such a load of valuable raw material would have fetched

thousands of slaves and plenty of prestige in Zharr-Naggrund, yet Zakuresh sent *Chaos' Fury* to escort the *Zin-Lao* to Clan Tyzzkrafft's secret harbour. No sacrifice was too great to fulfil his assigned duty.

When the three years of settled service to the ratmen were drawing to their end, Warlord Itshnik led his entire fleet against the rival Clan Skiss' rocky coastal bolthole. Zakuresh the Harsh's warships played a pivotal role in the part siege, part sea battle. Loading the Hellcannon to the maximum with slaves, the Hellbarge *Bloodcast* roared and rocked as a mighty shot of shrieking souls cracked the heavy wooden gate to Clan Skiss' sea cave open. The gate, which had been fashioned by Greenskin slaves to make the fortress appear Orcish as a way of feinting, collapsed into the sea as tormented souls broke every tree log and iron nail in it. Through the cave opening, great portions of the recently expanded fleet of Clan Tyzzkrafft moved in for the kill. However, as Skiss and Tyzzkrafft ships made battle in the gloom inside, Warlord Itshnik released his trap in the open day outside.



Not wanting to part with any precious warpstone, Itshnik the Backstabber once again upheld his name by turning against his allies. As seven Deathburner warships hired from Clan Pestilence simultaneously turned against the two remaining Chaos Dwarf vessels, Zakuresh realized that he had been double-crossed. Fuming with black wrath, the Dawi Zharr captain reacted instantly. *Chaos' Fury* was sent toward the assailants, sinking one with its great ram before all of the crew lay dead from the poisonous gasses secreted by the Deathburners. This sacrifice won enough time for *Bloodcast* to escape the toxic air. With its Hellcannon already heaving with anger and bloodlust after the massive shot, Zakuresh ordered all remaining slaves to be shuffled into its furnace. This produced an outburst from the Daemonic warmachine, who broke its shackles and crashed into the Hellbarge's reinforced fore. The Daemonic ram caught the Hellcannon, sending *Bloodcast* dashing across the waves, aimed at Itshnik's flagship, the Doombringer *Itshnik II*. The force of the ramming attack sent the huge Skaven vessel careening portside.

With every Chaos Dwarf and Hobgoblin from *Bloodcast* rounded up behind him, Zakuresh the Harsh led the charge onto *Itshnik II*. With axes, blunderbusses and knives in their hands, the ten Chaos Dwarfs and twentyeight Hobgoblins carved a bloody path to the Skaven warship's command deck. Skavenslaves and Clanrats were massacred in the cramped confines until they turned tail and trampled their comrades. The Chaos Dwarf boarding was vicious in the extreme, and even expensive Moulder creatures proved insufficient to stop Zakuresh's advance. Meanwhile, the Hellcannon was on a bloody tour of its own, smashing its way below deck and slaughtering everything as it went.

As the few surviving Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblins reached the command deck, they found Itshnik hiding behind a massive throne of bone, iron and wood, a masquerading Clanrat sitting on it in his place. The Hobgoblins spread out and knifed down the Eshin Nightrunners hiding about the command deck. Cutting down the Clanrat, Zakuresh pulled out Itshnik by his tail, severing it from the ratman's body and forcing him against a wall. With his axe to the Skaven Warlord's throat, Zakuresh asked his former ally:

"Do you wish a swift death, Vermin?"

"Y-yes-yes, by the Horned One I do," replied Itshnik.

"Such is not the punishment for your crime," Zakuresh informed him.



The four remaining Dawi Zharr crewmen seized Itshnik by his arms and legs, and stretched him out between them. With savage swipes, Zakuresh severed the Skaven's feet from his legs, then his lower legs from his knees, and then his thighs from his hips. Then Itshnik was cast down onto the wooden deck, whereupon the Chaos Dwarf captain first cut off his hands, then his elbows, and then his shoulders. By the time Zakuresh had finished cutting up the Warlord's torso, Itshnik the Backstabber was long dead.

A single Chaos Dwarf warrior escaped the bloodshed and managed to return home to Zharr-Naggrund through years of hardship. Limping on one good leg, he told the Sorcerers of how Itshnik was maimed. He told them how the frenzied Hellcannon eventually sank Clan Tyzzkrafth's flagship, and how Zakuresh the Harsh disappeared beneath a tide of Giant Rats on the open command deck. With a nod, the Sorcerers accepted the disgraced survivor's story and sent him to the barracks of the Infernal Guard.

The Chaos Dwarf tugboat, and the wonder of Azhnerek the Visionary

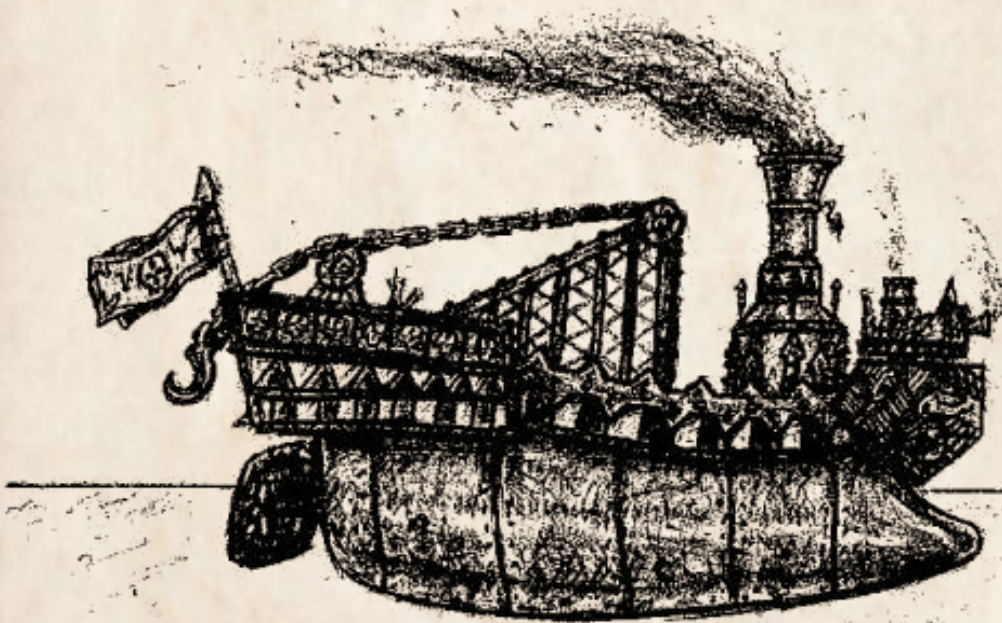
Traditionally, there have been few if any dedicated tugboats in the Chaos Dwarf navy. When large, salvaged vessels or sea monsters had to be tugged, the warships anchored chains and tugged the booty back to port. Occasionally, this could be hazardous if enemy flottillas appeared, or if the sealing work done proved insufficient.

Once, fully half of a Dawi Zharr battleflett was sunk during a major towing operation after a raid against Cathay's southern navy. As the Chaos Dwarfs tugged hundreds of junks filled with slaves and plunder across the ocean, a Dark Elven fleet appeared at the horizon. Though vastly outnumbered and outgunned, the commander of the Dark Elf force, Lokhir Fellheart, seized the golden opportunity to strike when most of the Chaos Dwarf ships were locked in towing service. Sinking many ships, both Cathayan and Chaos Dwarfen, and capturing one quarter of the junks, the Dark Elf captain left the battle as rapidly as he had entered it.

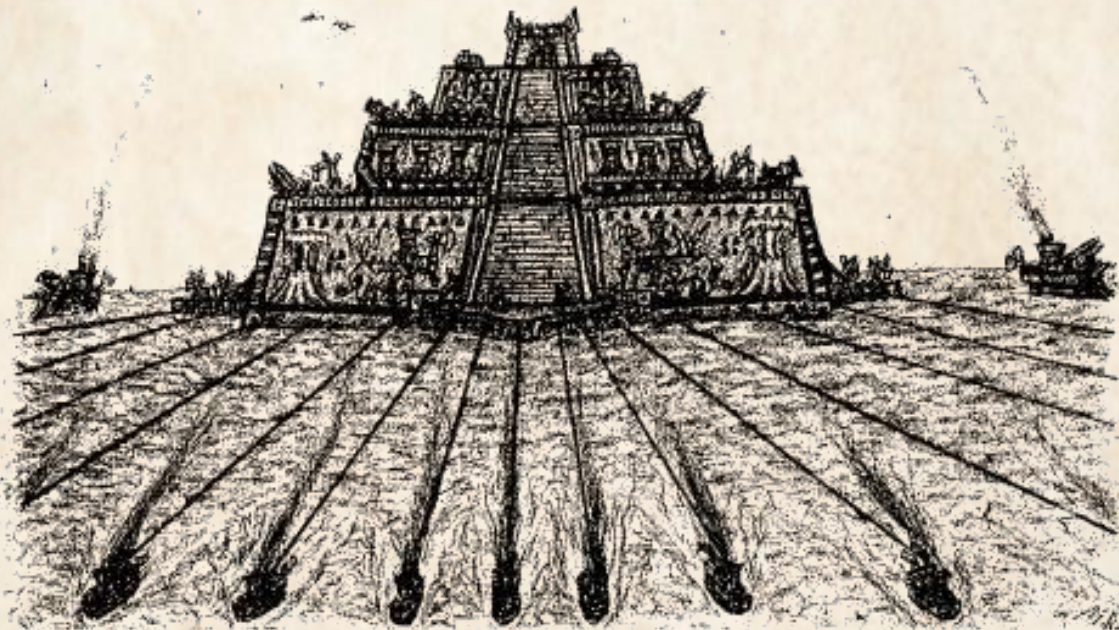
In response to this audacious act, Hellsmith Azhnerek (the husband of three, the father of twelve and an ambitious engineer) constructed his tugboat, which found a place in most larger raiding parties since few Sorcerers wanted to be caught off guard at sea again. Amassing slaves, prestige and metal as payment, Azhnerek the Visionary began his next work.



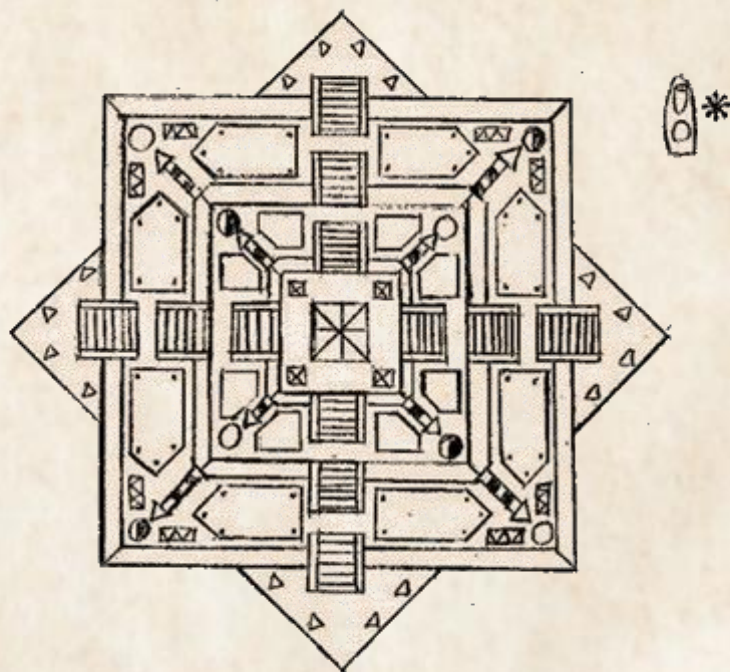
Having observed the need to resupply fuel and ammunition as a hindrance to the Chaos Dwarf navy's long range capabilities, Azhnerek let construct a mobile port and storehouse of immense size. It is built upon a mighty Daemonic rock calfed from the Southern Wastes, and it is shaped akin to Zharr-Naggrund itself. As an engineer's sacrifice to Hashut, the floating base is intentionally oversized and lack mechanized transportation for all but the largest of supply wares. Its battlements bristles with weaponry, and thousands of slaves labour day and night to transport wares up and down its great stairs. A fleet of tugboats is required to move the naval fortress, and it is constantly watched over by at least two Battlebarges plus escort ships. Beneath the water line, docking caves for submersible vessels have been created. In the skies, Great Taurus riders can be seen flying. Through a great investment of slave lives and materials, Azhnerek the Visionary's plans have seen fruitition. Although its practical value for the navy is disputed, the Ziggurat of the Seas is one of the true wonders of the Chaos Dwarfs.



The Ziggurat of the Seas



- = 1
 ● = 2
 ▤ = 3
 ∧ = 4
 ▨ = 5
 ▩ = 6
 ▭ = 7
 ▮ = 8
 ⊠ = 9
 ⊞ = 10
 .M.K.



Key list for Ziggurat top surface overview map

- 1 = Great Leveller Cannon
 2 = Thunderfire Rocket Launcher
 3 = Minor artillery battery
 4 = Crane
 5 = Railroad
 6 = Stairway
 7 = Surface storehouse
 8 = Barracks
 9 = Great Taurus stables
 10 = Shrine of Hashut
 * Battlebarge, for size comparison



NEXT ISSUE:

TAMURKHAN

THE THRONE OF CHAOS