

Clan Skyre rat Ogre

The warlock engineers of Clan Skyre are renowned for their fiendish inventions which utilise a blend of foul magic and arcane machinery. The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is the pinnacle of their devilish engineering, utilising the corpse of a Rat Ogre combined with a mechanical exoskeleton and powered by refined wyrdstone. The Clan hires out the handful that it has made to further test them in combat. In battle it is a terrifying if somewhat unreliable beast.

Hire Fee: 100 gold crowns, 1 piece of Wyrdstone upkeep.

May be hired: Only Skaven warbands may hire the Clan Skyre Rat Ogre.

Rating: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre increases the warband's rating by +25 points.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	3	5	5	3	1	3	10

Weapons/Armour: Jaws and claws! In addition the Rat Ogre is armed with a small Warfire Thrower on its mechanical left arm. The part mechanical body of the Rat Ogre is very hardy and confers 4+ armour save.

SPECIAL RULES

Skills: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is a nightmarish bio-mechanoid creation that is solely driven by the dark sorcery of the Clan Skyre Warlocks and so gains no experience.

Large: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is a huge creature that towers above the heads of its fellow Skaven and men alike. Any warrior may shoot at a Rat Ogre, even if it is not the closet target.

Fear: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is a fearsome, monstrous beast that causes *Fear*.

Bio Machinery: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is not alive as such, being a monstrous combination of dead flesh, arcane Skaven technology and dark sorcery. The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is immune to psychology and never leaves combat.

Wyrdstone Powered: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is a mindless automaton and does not require any pay — it does — however, require Wyrdstone shards to power it. It requires a single piece of Wyrdstone before each game to be 'powered-up'.

May not run: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is a huge lumbering monster-machine that lacks the sheer animal speed of a living Rat Ogre. It may not run.

Immune to Poison: The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre is not affected by any poisons.

Warfire Thrower

The Clan Skyre Rat Ogre has a smaller version of the dreaded warfire thrower built into one of its arms.

Range 6"

Strength 4

Save Modifier -1

SPECIAL RULES

Jet of Flame: Draw a line 6" long and 2" wide. All models in its path are hit on a 4+ with no modifiers. In addition, the warfire thrower causes fire damage (see the rules for the Brazier Iron from page 85 of the Mordheim 2002 annual).

Unreliable: The technology of biomechanics is still pretty much in its infancy and as with most Clan Skryre experiments is neither safe nor entirely reliable! At the beginning of each turn, the Skaven player should roll a D6 to activate and work the Rat Ogre. On a roll of 2-6 everything is fine and the Rat Ogre may be moved normally. On the roll of a 1, something has gone drastically wrong — roll again on the Malfunction table:

Malfunction Table

D6 Result

- 1 Explodes** — Something has gone horribly wrong with the Rat Ogre's warpstone generator and it has overloaded, exploding in a bright green flash! All models within 6" of the Rat Ogre receive a single Strength 5 hit. The Rat Ogre is completely destroyed. Do not roll for injuries after the game.
- 2 Goes berserk!** — From now until the end of the game, the Rat Ogre is out of control. At the start of each of the Skaven player's turns, the Rat Ogre will move randomly (use the Artillery Scatter dice from Warhammer to determine the distance and direction moved) — if there are any warriors within charge range (of either side) it will charge them, otherwise it will move full pace towards the nearest warrior.
- 3 Shuts Down** — The warpstone generator fizzles out and the Rat Ogre comes to a halt for the rest of the battle. It is hit automatically if engaged in close combat.
- 4 Temporary Loss of Control** — The Rat Ogre moves in a random direction and if it comes into contact with any warriors (of either side) it attacks and counts as charging. If it does not move into contact with any warriors but there are warriors within range of its warfire thrower, it will fire this at them instead.
- 5-6 Freezes** — The Rat Ogre just freezes on the spot for this turn. It is hit automatically if engaged in close combat.

The hunched, cloaked figure scurried down the dank passageway to the large cavern deep under the ruins of the former city of Men. The walls of the cavern were encrusted with the filth of ages and the floor was strewn with scraps of fur and damp straw. Water constantly trickled down the roughly hewn walls and collected into a myriad of puddles on the uneven floor. The stench was unbelievable. None of this bothered the cavern's inhabitants however, for this foul burrow was their home.

By the entrance to the cavern stood two black clad, mutated rat-men clutching spears with wickedly barbed heads. In the centre of the dimly lit chamber two more of these creatures stood engaged in what appeared to be conversation, although the speed of their chattering speech made individual sounds near incomprehensible.

"Much-much respect honoured representative of mighty Clan Skryre. It is with affection that we greet Warlock Kraskar..." spoke the black-clad rat-man in its strange tongue carefully observing inter-clan etiquette. The rat-man bowed low, as was the custom of its clan from the east, but it always kept its beady red eyes locked upon its guest and one claw-like hand upon the hilt of a serrated dagger carefully concealed in its cloak.

"Clan Skryre returns most kind regards of good friend-friend Clan Eshin." Replied the taller rat mutant with a nonchalant wave of its paw. Its apparent apathy unsettled the other rat-man so that it tightened its grip upon its poisoned blade. Only the taller rat-man's mangy brown-furred muzzle showed beneath the insane mix of heavy robes and pipes, valves, knobs and other metallic parts that fizzled with barely contained energy. The Warlock's face was obscured by a strange metal hood covered in eldritch runes and its eyes were hidden behind heavy goggles.

"Price of two hundred warp tokens for new Clan Skryre weapon agreeable to Clan Eshin, yes-yes?" the Warlock squeaked. The other rat-man audibly swallowed, its nervousness apparent, as it fought against the desire to squirt the musk of fear.

"M... Mighty Lord Nisquit has instructed payment of one hundred and fifty warp tokens for new-new weap..." the Clan Eshin agent was cut off mid-sentence as the Warlock barked at it aggressively, "Two hundred no less, less!"

The black-robed rat-man snarled, baring its cracked yellow incisors, "New weapon too-too slow, too-too noisy... not, not useful to Clan Eshin." The Clan Eshin agent spat back. Surprisingly the Warlock let out a soft cackle and appeared at ease. "Seen-seen in battle?" the Warlock said in an accusing tone running its slavering tongue over its yellowing teeth. The silence answered the Warlock's question. "Bring-bring most expendable warriors... feast-feast on fine display!" the Warlock shouted maniacally, clearly excited at the prospect of the live test.

The Clan Eshin agent issued some quick orders to the rat-man that had just entered. It quickly scurried off. After a short while, the rat-man returned with a dozen or so emaciated looking rat-slaves armed with an assortment of weapons. The Warlock fiddled with a valve and a few knobs on the rear of the vast Clan Skryre war-machine. A resonating hum filled the dank cavern as the warmachine came to life, its rotten skull moving from side to side as it purveyed the inhabitants of the cavern.

The Clan Eshin agent hissed at the rat-slaves and they warily advanced upon the warmachine, casting cursory glances into the gloomy depths of the cavern where several sets of red eyes glinted. The Warlock pointed at the rat-slaves and the giant ogre-sized warmachine lurched forward in a jerky motion swinging rotten biomechanical limbs at its prey. Rusty swords and spears clashed against the body of the metal monstrosity, leaving little more than scratches against its hide. The beast pounded with its mighty arms leaving red ruin wherever a rat-slave stood. The rat-slaves panicked and tried to flee, throwing down their inadequate weapons and squirting the musk of fear as they squealed in terror. The Clan Skryre mechanoid, utterly emotionless, raised its heavy tube-like left arm and spurted a huge gout of green flame over its fleeing adversaries. The stench of burnt meat and fur filled the cavern and all of the rat-slaves lay dead and dying.

"Two hundred warp tokens?" the Warlock reiterated as it turned towards the shocked form of the Clan Eshin agent.

"T-two hundred, most-most acceptable..."