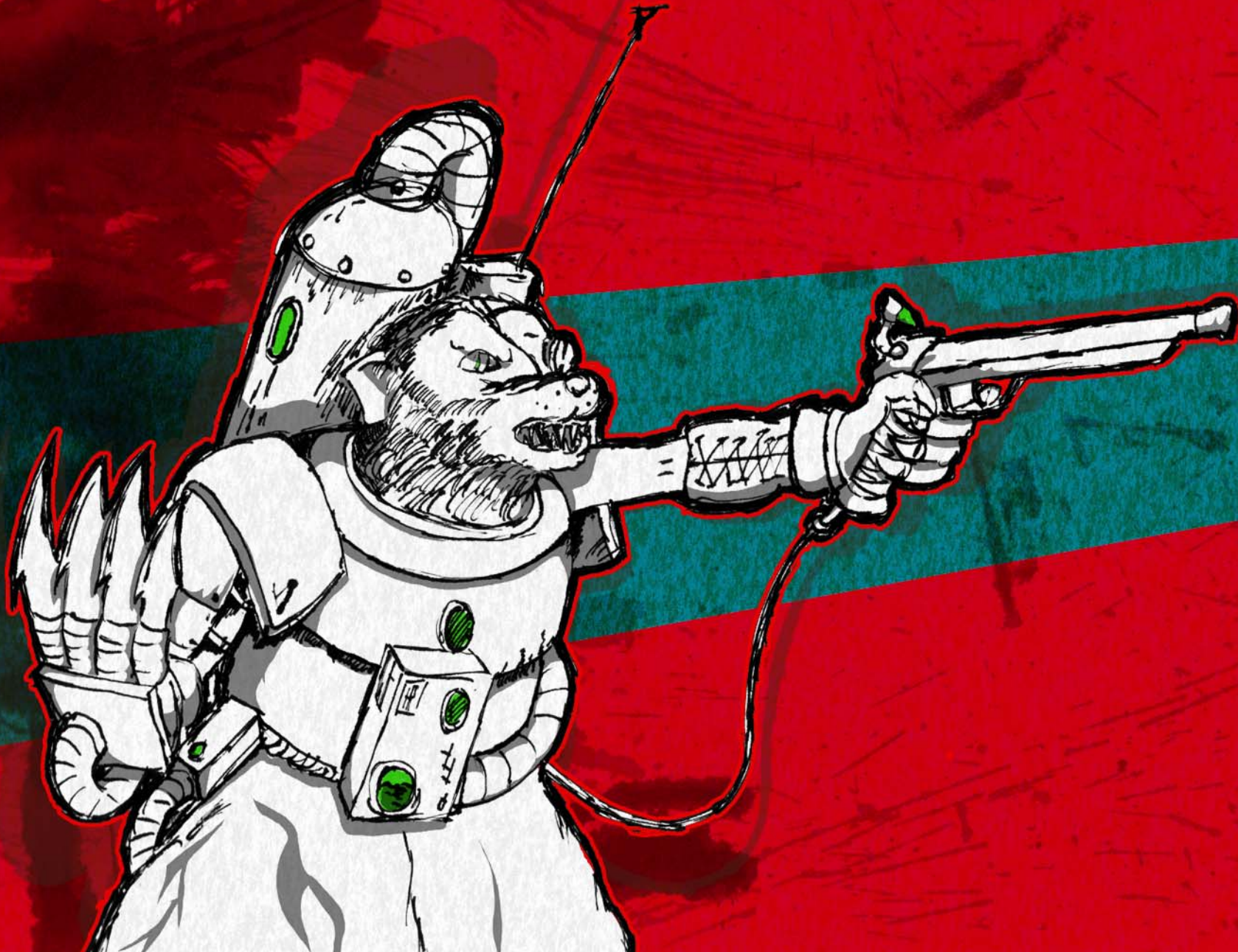


SKAVENBLIGHT

Issue 9

gazette



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First thing is first.

A few days after this issues release we will be seeing a brand new edition of Warhammer. If Games Workshop and the internet are to be believed, this is a massive change in how the game is played.

What this means for the Skaven is unknown. But rest assured, once the smoke has cleared we will be exploring exactly where our beloved Children of the Horned Rat stand.

Personally, for good or for worse, I am looking forward to this new edition. If the rules are great it is going to be fun to learn how the Skaven (and the other armies) fit into it. And if the rules don't impress me, no problem. I'll play last edition against my friends.

Voices from the dark

I'm excited that in this issue we have content aimed at Warhammer Fantasy Role Play. Since issue 1 we have been pushing to get as much varied content as we can, and finally we have broken out of our regular Warhammer Fantasy Battle mould.

We also have our first 'Character Spot', where we look briefly into the mind of important Skaven characters. This issue we feature Grey Seer Thanquol, with text written by C.L. Werner (author of Grey Seer) and illustrated by Craig Lee (he did the Warprail on the cover of issue 5).

Next issue we will be running the first in a series of themed miniature galleries. In this case, we are looking at Clan Moulder in a gallery feature called *In the Flesh*. If you have an interesting or bizarre Moulder creation, send it in to us. You can find more details on the last page of this issue.

As ever, thanks for supporting Skavenblight Gazette. For the Horned Rat!

Clanlord Trask

Editor, Skavenblight Gazette

Ask Seer Squeek

by Seer Squeek

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

Dear Seer Squeek,

I have been playing Warhammer now for 5 years and all this time I have used skaven. I was wondering if your greatness could advise me on how to become a Grey Seer.

With regards,

Warlord Arskittar

Dear Fanboy,

Well, it's not like you see posters hanging around Skavenblight saying "Grey Seer wanted", now do you? You know why? (Probably not, but still...). That is because you are either born to become a Grey Seer, with the white or grey fur being a very obvious trait, or you are not. I guess that if you aren't one by now, then you probably never will be.

Never fear, the mines are always looking for new personnel,

Seer Squeek

Dear Seer Squeek; may your enemies' backs be festooned with your assassins' knives...

I'm a Skaven who recently ventured into the Hell-Pits to make my fortune as a flesh-crafter who sends his beasts to fight in the pit-leagues there. I created a gigantic war beast and he destroyed his opponent, the arena, the stands, most of the crowd and many of the pack-rats who then attempted to subdue him. Much to my consternation the tournament runners have withheld my winnings and even now attempt to fine me for their own lack of foresight: How was I supposed to know about the shoddy workmanship of their arena!

Please, Seer Squeek, help me... I spent all of my tokens on my beast's creation and have none left to pay the fine! What should I do!?

Worried Regards,

Pitmaster Blackdie

Dear Petrified Packmaster,

You have a war beast the size of only the Horned One knows what that managed to destroy an underground stadium and you actually worry about the fact that the organisers of the tournament you participated in wish to fine you for it? I mean: WHAT? Do you actually wish me to tell you what to do? SERIOUSLY? Never heard of extortion before?

To quote the man-thing H.J. Simpson:... D'oh.

Seer Squeek

Dear Seer Squeek,

My clan recently joined a faction in the conflict of the Underdark that some describe as a "campaign"...

As a representative of the only faction backed by the power of the Skavenblight Council, I was surprised to find a Grey Seer leading one of the other factions... We even heard that he's pretending that the most revered Horned Rat himself is telling him to go against the will of the Council!

I don't know who to believe anymore...

Most knowledgeable one, I ask thee this question: How can one tell apart an Heretic Grey Seer from a Grey Seer truly backed by the Horned Rat most holy wisdom?

Fanatically yours,

A Skavenblight Inquisition warlord.

Dear Fanatic in Disguise,

During a conflict, the Skaven are known never to play their battles fair. As such, those with a hidden agenda tend to keep their motives covered in a thick layer of lies and deception, to ensure their minions will believe they fight for "the right cause". So far, I assume you're following and if you're not: My warpstone mines fight for a very, VERY right cause.

Now, not to trail off in the wrong direction, you are wondering how to tell apart a Grey Seers from one with a hidden agenda. Well, robes that can conceal a lot of stuff is an obvious thing to look out for, as well as an extremely nervous nature, as well as paranoia... That ought to give you a good direction to start your investigation.

Extremely confident for a reason,

Seer Squeek

Great Seer,

My warlord just heard about that new beast that clan Moulder supposedly created, the Abomination. Well, nobody knows what it look like (either they all got kill-killed by the beast, or just never seen it). So my warlord just hired clan Moulder and their Abomination with much-much warptokens for the next battle we're supposed to do...

It just arrived today, so I was sent to the pens to make sure the creature we got is the real deal...

Oh Great Seer, bottomless well of knowledge, what does an Abomination look like?

Fearing for his life if he doesn't give an answer to his warlord,
Clueless Cage Master

Dear Mindless Minion,

The most common assumption as to how the Abomination came into existence was that one morning, Throt the Unclean looked into the mirror and realized how he could scare the living daylight out of his opponents. That ought to give you an idea of how hideous it looks... but then again, having worked his whole life with warpstone, there's no surprise he's called the Unclean anyway.

Despite that, I have contacted some of my agents within a certain subdivision of Clan Moulder known as the Workshop of Games and they have informed me that a clear picture will be released with an estimation of how the Hell Pit Abomination will be looking like... most of the times... if a Master Moulder doesn't "add" something to it.

Off to my Island of Blood,

Seer Squeek

Dear Seer Squeek,

As an almighty leader, I have sadly had a few recent "incidents" involving members of a rather prominent clan, namely Clan Pestilens.

The clan is sadly much more powerful then my own and while I have only had incidents involving lowly ranked members of the clan, I fear that word may work its way up the food chain and result in my death.

As an impartial seer would you be able to suggest which mighty Skaven it would be an idea for me to seek out as allies/protectors?

Yours hopefully,

A Warlock Engineer (name edited for protection)

Dear Scared Skryre,

I have not made it to my age by thinking in problems. So, you killed a few Skaven warriors by "accident". Who doesn't?... The knack to survival in our harsh community is knowing how to make your faults appear to have a purpose. One of those is (post-mortem) accusing the Clan Pestilens member in question of planning against the higher-ups. Quite famous for these constant stories would be the cheat known as Thanquol, so you have an example to work towards.

For protection, I tend to turn to my own clan. Having Skaven that rely on my survival is a means of outliving opponents that works quite well.

Talks the talk, walks the walk,

Seer Squeek

Dear Seer Squeek,

I'm new to the Skaven race and was just wondering how you personally equip your heroes. I would like advice on heroes only, please, as I'm not rich enough to get the models for more then a 1500 points army.

Sqweel Chewbone

Dear squeeling chewer,

I never have to equip my hero, as the Horned One exterminates any creature that opposes it.

Now if you meant the minions that have managed to get an elevated position from amongst the rabble that make up my entourage, armed forces and test subjects... companions in the laboratory, I'd have to say that protective gear (armour and/or ward saves) tend to be used mainly over other options. Keeping them alive longer ensures they can keep inspiring those around them...

... and within my clutches, should they fail to properly perform their task and somehow survive.

Likes to think pragmatically,

Seer Squeek

Renegade-Adept Dazkin, Eshin Thief

by Skaven Lord
Vinshqueek

Legends of the UnderEmpire

WANTED

A REWARD OF 1,000 GOLD CROWNS WILL BE PAID BY THE WITCH HUNTERS OF SIGMARHAVEN FOR THE APPREHENSION OF THE THIEF KNOWN AS DAZKIN.

HIS CRIMES ARE NUMEROUS IN QUANTITY AND SINISTER IN NATURE, OF WHICH THE MOST HERETICAL ONES ARE: ILLEGAL DISTRIBUTION OF GROG FROM THE PIRATE WITH THE RED BEARD, KIDNAPPING 169 GOLD CROWNS WORTH OF MARMALADE FROM THE HOLY SISTERS OF THE SOUL, TURNING THE OLDEST CHILD OF MISS FARTOON INTO A FROG, PILFERING THE STOCKADES OF NO LESS THEN SEVEN MARIENBURGER WARBANDED, IMPERSONATION OF A PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF SIGMAR, CONSORTING WITH FOUL BEASTS AND HERETICS, AND STEALING THE HONOUR OF HER LADY DE BAUCHERAY. FOR THESE CRIMES, HE IS TO BE BURNED AT THE STAKE UNTIL HE IS DEAD, DEAD, DEAD."

Even while many Imperial scholars deny the existence of the Skaven race, to the warbands in Mordheim they are a very real threat. The mere mention of the 'walking rat-men', as they are also known, makes any warband wary. For they strike from the shadows, and vanish as quickly as they came. To the Skaven, however, Mordheim is a training ground for Assassin-Adepts that wish to prove their martial prowess. Some eventually become legends in the cursed City of the Damned.

Born in far-off Cathay, fathered from a Master Assassin, Dazkin was destined for great deeds within the annals of Clan Eshin. While his light-grey fur betrayed a keen intelligence, his aptitude for armed combat was less than impressive. During his early seasons his training sessions proved this to be the case. Frequently he was beaten nearly to death, though each time he managed to elude the blow that ought to have ended his life. However, he excelled at espionage, and this made him an exceptional asset when it came to infiltration and gathering intelligence.

Even the most impenetrable of fortresses proved to be no problem for Dazkin, who gained access where others could not. Each success raised his status, and brought accolades from the senior members of the clan. Much to the annoyance of his fellow trainees.

It was therefore not unexpected that he was betrayed by a fellow trainee. During a routine mission a device used for demolition exploded prematurely, killing five Assassins and a cadre of Gutter Runners. Dazkin and the only other surviving trainee returned to the clan. It didn't take long for the survivor to sell Dazkin out as a saboteur and traitor.

Fearing for his life, Dazkin fled west. For many months he travelled alone, through the Mountains of Mourn, the Dark Lands and the World Edge Mountains. Until he came to Mordheim.

It was here that Dazkin experienced a sense of freedom that he had never before felt. No longer bound by the strict regulations of Clan Eshin, he was now free to roam the streets and train himself a completely new set of skills. Chiefly, the art of survival.

For the most finely honed blade skills meant nothing in the harsh, crumbling ruins of Mordheim. In combat finesse, subtly and swiftness had been replaced with brutality, instinct and lust. And to survive here meant keeping your wits about you, and always being one step ahead.

Slowly Dazkin grew in fame. Known as the thief of thieves, he hired himself out as an appropriator of others belongings. No job was too big or small, and he stole from warband and individual alike.

Little is known of what become of Dazkin. It is not recorded if he ever left the relative safety of Mordheim, though it is apparent he amassed quite a personal fortune. Rumours abound as to his eventual fate. Some stories tell of hundreds of shadows perusing him across the roof tops, while others claim he was captured by Chaos Cultists. There are outrageous claims, like that he come into possession of an artefact that let him manipulate time. Or unbelievable claims, such as that he turned himself into a human to avoid discovery by Clan Eshin.

Whatever did happen to Dazkin, it can be certain that he was one of the greatest and most successful thieves of his time. Possibly of all time.

Dazkin may be used in your games of Mordheim and has the following rules:

Dazkin

Hire Fee: 105 gold crowns to hire; +25 gold crowns upkeep cost.

May be Hired: Dazkin may only be hired by Skaven warbands.

Rating: Dazkin increases the warband's rating by +60 points.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
6	2	4	3	3	2	5	2	6

Weapons/Armour: Jewelled Dagger, Duelling Pistol, Caltrops (see Town Cryer 7, page 7), Toughened Leathers (see Town Cryer 2, page 14), Flash Powder (see Town Cryer 7, page 7 and 8), Lock Picks (see Empire in Flames, page 16), Rope & Hook, Lucky Charm.

Skills: Dazkin has the following skill: Acrobat, Nimble and Step Aside.

Special Rules:

Acute Senses.

Dazkin has been trained in the art of infiltration in far-off Cathay. There is no one that has managed to successfully sneak up on him (yet). Dazkin may double his Initiative value for spotting hidden models.

A Marked Rat.

Dazkin is a wanted rat, both by the Imperial authorities, but also by the Skaven themselves. As such, when having hired Dazkin, roll a D6 before each match. On a 1-2, all is well and nothing special happens. On a 3-6, the opposing warband has found out that you have hired Dazkin, which gives them a chance to get their hands on Dazkin and settle a loss they think he's responsible for. All enemy models gain Hatred against your Heroes and Dazkin. (Enemy Skaven warbands gain +2 on this dice roll).

Secrets of the Skaven

by Toby Pilling

Here we present our very first Warhammer Fantasy Role Play article, courtesy of Warpstone regular Toby Pilling.

Here he looks at how to extrapolate and skew the standard background to create interesting and engaging WFRP scenarios.

The subjects explored within this article may shock and dismay loyal Clan members.

Rest assured that the Grey Seers have pronounced the article as false and heretical; it is now a proscribed text.

Uncovering conspiracies is the bread and butter of WFRP adventuring. GMs do not have to look far to find examples of such within the materials available to them – virtually all urban areas have various cultists working towards nefarious ends, whose aims and means are usually outlined in full.

It was only when I recently began running a campaign with Skaven PCs, that I realised that even with the aid of ‘Children of the Horned Rat’ – an otherwise excellent resource - there were almost no examples of conspiracies *within Skaven society* for me to take advantage of.

Beyond Clan Pestilens (which I shall come onto shortly), most sources merely outlined the rivalry between the Clans, the backbiting that characterises the whole race and the overall aim of achieving the Great Ascension, whose main proponents and planners are the Grey Seers.

What I felt was missing from all accounts of Skaven society were some grand conspiracies within it. I aimed therefore to establish some secrets at the heart of their Under Empire; secrets so huge that they could doom Clans or unleash pandemonium should they be revealed. The following article outlines the fruits of my labours.

Before I begin though, I’d like to thank Dave Allen, old of Black Industries, with whom I debated much of what follows – his warped thoughts contributed vastly to my own.

The Four Great Clans

Clan Pestilens

The Pestilens conspiracy I’m about to outline has often been alluded to in official GW material, but never to my knowledge unequivocally confirmed. The background to it is reasonably well known to those familiar with the Skaven race, and the basic secret is not too hard to guess. A large part of the clue towards doing so is revealed in the name taken on by all Arch Plaguelords over the centuries – Nurglitch.

The Horned One

Let me state therefore that it is true that the reason Pestilens refer to their God as the ‘Horned One’ rather than the Horned Rat, is that they effectively worship Nurgle.

This spiritual awakening occurred during their centuries long sojourn in Lustria – a land which they still jealously guard from entrance by all other Skaven.

After initial decimation by new tropical diseases, the survivors and their descendents developed natural resistance and ended up settling in a pre-human temple, rooting out secrets from its catacombs.

So far, so familiar to Warhammer grognards. But what is less well known is that the ‘temple’ was in fact originally a medical research facility built by the Old Ones, specialising in infectious diseases – particularly with regard to those suffered by the races they were creating genetically. Deep within the bowels of the facility, apparatus had been installed to allow interaction and observation of Warp entities – an eye into the Heart of Chaos.

Quite what Nurgle’s relationship was with the Old Ones is unknown – did they attempt to question or capture him or his demons? Did their beliefs and findings actually help mould the nascent Nurgle from the formless Chaos? Were they or their Old Slaan servants corrupted, thereby helping to precipitate the great cataclysm? None can know. But Clan Pestilens found technologies within it, even millennia after its ruin, which provided them with a new belief system.

The Time of Three Nurglitchs

Of course, Skaven being who they are, it is not the case that Pestilens is always happily united under the new credo. The enforced secrecy of their true beliefs, lest they be uncovered and persecuted as heretics, combined with their eventual geographical dislocation, has led to some fragmentation of dogma. Indeed, many rank and file Plague Monks have no idea that they are not simply worshipping a particular aspect of the Horned Rat.

Certainly in Lustria, the Nurglist purists remain dominant – they believe the Horned Rat is but an aspect of their god: a different face of the same being.

In the Old World, those high up in the Pestilens hierarchy instead believe that the Horned Rat is a separate entity from Nurgle, but a subservient one – possibly a Demon Prince. However, they feel he does deserve veneration in his own right, alongside old father Nurgle.

In the Southlands, veneration for the Horned Rat also exists, but to an even greater degree. It is believed that he will one day inherit the mantle of Nurgle, once the Great Ascension has been achieved.

As one can imagine, these rival dogmas constantly threaten to split apart Pestilens, and indeed the Clan has faced schism in the past – their priestly scholars remember the ‘Time of Three Nurglitches’ with a shudder.

Old Father Nurgle

The aim of Clan Pestilens then is to achieve world domination for old father Nurgle. This is, of course, at odds with the schemes and teachings of the Grey Seers, and it is they who Pestilens view as the main obstacle to accomplishing their grand plan. As such, they are constantly researching Warp-laced viral strains that would target the Seers alone – indeed, their top secret laboratories in Lustria actually hold several Grey Seer test subjects.

Though this research is proving extremely difficult, it has yielded some useful by-products over the years - such as the Wormstone from the ‘Grey Seer’ novel by CL Werner (another excellent resource that I heartily recommend the reading of).

However, a strategy championed by Plaguelord Skrolk may yet pay dividends. It did not go unnoticed by him that Clan Skaul’s breeders were birthing far more Grey Seers than the other clans. Skaul of course is notorious for the hedonists and addicts that make up most of its numbers, and Skrolk believes that if he can fathom the secret of their Grey Seer fecundity, it may be possible to develop a disease or virus that would reduce or negate it. The problem of Grey Seers will diminish with time, if none are being born.

Regarding other Clans, Pestilens view Eshin with particular fear and hatred, as they see them as the lickspittles of the Grey Seers and the most likely to uncover their own heretical beliefs and practices.

As for the Great Ascension, Pestilens would rather unite Skavendom under the true faith of Nurgle before the crusade begins above ground. Having said that, they do all they can to further the cause of the Lord of Decay amongst humanity, and actually have the most contact with humans, through Nurglist cultists, than all the other clans, or even the Grey Seers.

Clan Eshin

That Clan Eshin disappeared off the Skaven radar for centuries, learning the ways of stealth and assassination in the Far East, before returning to wreak havoc, is a well-established fact. It is also the case that Eshin acts as the eyes and ears of the Lords of Decay, as well as their enforcers.

Both above and below ground, they are effectively the ‘Secret Police’ of the Council of Thirteen. Primarily they deal in information, harbouring a vast knowledge of various secrets, which they assiduously guard from prying eyes.





All that *Children of the Horned Rat* intimates is that the Clan 'strives to increase its own wealth and power'. Indeed it does – and much more.

The truth is that the Councils greatest servants are actually their greatest betrayers, for the foremost aim of Eshin is to thwart any chance of the Great Ascension ever occurring.

The Caverns of Unyielding Shadow

Nightlord Sneek and the few others at the heart of the Eshin conspiracy realised long ago that the Ascension would mark the end of their Clans primacy. After all, when vast verminous armies sally forth, what need for stealth? The warlord becomes most powerful during a war. And once the humans are conquered, there would be no need to hide in the shadows and sewers – but that is where the Eshin dwell and excel.

Not that the Clan leaders feel they are traitors to the Horned Rat – anything but! For the way of stealth is the true way of the rat, not brute force. And do not the Skaven already rule the unknowing humans from the shadows, in all but name?

Slaves and precious warpstone are purloined from beneath their ignorant noses, often with the connivance of dupes and cultists the Ratmen have subverted. All the Skaven require or desire is already garnered with ease from the topsiders. Why spoil a good thing?

The Grey Seers and the lesser Clans they dominate are putting Skavenkind at unnecessary risk. In Skaven parlance, they are 'scurry-hurrying for the cheese, but blind to the trap!' It is for these reasons that Eshin must remain the prudent overseers of the welfare of their race. A thankless task, but one which their information gathering and death-dealing exploits make them uniquely capable of.

Secret Sorcerers

The Clan leadership recognised that the holy injunction against developing magical mastery was simply a bid by the Grey Seers to retain power in their paws - one that at any rate was being ignored by the Pestilens priests. Utilising their knowledge and contacts within

Eastern traditions has enabled them to found a school of sorcery, where promising candidates receive training in the mystical arts. Of course, breaking the Grey Seers strictures is a risky undertaking and hence the existence of the sorcerers must remain a secret.

But the Clan hopes that magic will add another throwing star to their belts.

Dealing in Death

So it is that, just when a cunning Grey Seer inspired plan to precipitate the Great Ascension is coming to fruition, it always fails. So too do charismatic Clan Leaders and inspirational Grey Seers often either wind up dead, find themselves condemned for heresy or end up missing without trace.

Whilst some of these mishaps can indeed be put down to the propensity to treachery of Skaven underlings, it is Eshin, who keep close tabs on all individuals they see as a risk to the status quo, that targets many of them. They bear Clan Pestilens particular enmity, for they fear the unpredictable nature of the religious fanatic, and so are constantly seeking the 'smoking jezzail' that would prove their heresy. Clan Mors is also becoming a concern, given Gnowdwell's strident militarism.

The leaders of Eshin keep their own counsel for a good reason – to speak it openly would condemn their clan to destruction.

Clan Moulder

The flesh-changers under Packlord Verminkin labour tirelessly to improve their biologically engineered killing machines. The trade in these creatures garners Clan Moulder enormous wealth, power and prestige, and their ferocious creations are commonly found at the forefront of all Skaven battle hosts.

But other Clan leaders are right to be nervous of that which issues from Hell Pit. For behind Moulders seeming loyalty and obedience to the Council of Thirteen hide several factions and plots that would not please the Grey Seers.

Operation Sacred Swarm

The constant drive for physical perfection has had a strange effect on some of the Clans leadership. The desire to improve that which the Horned Rat has imparted, and the ability and means to do so, has led the Master Mutators down some odd psychological pathways. For if the body of an individual can be perfected, why not too the mind and soul? Indeed, why stop at an individual – a whole race could be so perfected: Skavendom, for example. For to improve upon creation is surely to become as the creator.

Is it not obvious therefore that Clan Moulder must be the most blessed of Skavenkind, given the powers He has imparted them? And as the Horned Rat created the Packmasters in His image, so should they re-create an improve Skavenkind in their own. God wills it.

It is true that the Grey Seers desire for greatly enhanced Stormvermin led to the first cloning experiments. They seemed happy enough with the albino brutes that Moulder developed as a result, bred for strength and loyalty. But these ‘elites’ were mute, sterile and prone to disease.

Several amongst the Clan realised that cloning could prove the key to achieving Skaven world domination – or rather, *Moulder* world domination. For too long Skavenkind has been shackled by internecine warfare and treachery. Imagine though an army of identical brothers, totally loyal to each other, their cause and their illustrious leaders!

Achieving such a vision is what some Moulder leaders toil towards. It is not exactly clear whether they act under the auspices of Verminkin himself, not least because of the fractious arguments and inherent suspicion that surround one key issue: the exact warp-laced genetic material to be used as a blueprint for the clone army.

Naturally, most of the Master Mutators and Packlords involved in the conspiracy believe their own to be uniquely suitable, which has led to much fragmentation and dispersal of effort. Nevertheless, far from prying eyes, research continues into ‘Operation Sacred Swarm’ – the development of a Moulder clone army, the completion of which shall trigger the Great Ascension.

Brotherhood of the Blessed Teat

It’s unclear exactly when this Slaaneshi cult became active within Clan Moulder. In fact, judging by the profane idols its member worship, it may be that they believe Slaanesh to merely represent one of the many aspects of the Horned Rat itself, rather than an alternative god.

Certainly, over the years various Mutators have come into contact with captured slaves of all races, faiths and denominations, so it is not impossible to conceive a seed of corruption being planted through such interaction. Whatever the source, the ability to sculpt flesh in order to enhance sensation has led some within the Clan to forego the militaristic improvement of form, to pursue a more sensual one.

In truth, the Brotherhood is tiny – the renowned treachery of Skaven does not encourage the sharing of secrets. But the cult is a growing one, and its members share a dedication to the warping of the central nervous system, inventing wholly new agonies and ecstasies, and improving the capacity of the body to undergo them for prolonged periods.

The Sleepers

Possession of a Rat Ogre bodyguard is as much a status symbol as it is a wise precautionary measure for many Skaven of note. Clan Moulder benefits greatly from the sale of such boons, even if the purchasers are wary of allowing their brutish guardians any subsequent contact with the Packmasters – for all they know the creatures will obey their original trainers commands.

What is a tightly guarded secret though is the development of subconscious hypnotic control methods, mostly through the work of Skweel Gnawtooth – Hell Pits premier Packmaster. Though expensive and time consuming, it has been found that Rat Ogres can be conditioned to react to ‘trigger’ words or phrases, that send them into murderous paroxysms of rage.

Whilst the Clan cannot afford to plant such destructive seeds in the unknowing minds of all Rat Ogres, a selected few are farmed and then sold to targeted Skaven – those that the Moulder leadership particularly fear or view as rivals.

These ‘sleepers’ can then be activated remotely – usually by the dispatch of verbal messages via neutral heralds - though attempts are being made to develop more subtle, cunning methods.

So far, Clan Moulder have been extremely wary of utilising the sleepers, for fear of provoking suspicion and unleashing a wholesale cull. Their existence is mostly seen as an insurance policy against an as yet undiscovered threat.

Whilst accidental activations have occurred, care is taken to make the trigger words exceptionally rare. Of course, any public knowledge of the sleeper strategy would be extremely damaging to Clan Moulder – not least because most of the Council of Thirteen possess Rat Ogre sleepers themselves.

Clan Skryre

It is well known that Skryre are the wealthiest and most powerful of all the greater clans. Their sorcery enhanced technological marvels – though sometimes unreliable (often spectacularly so) – are at the forefront of both civil and military Skaven society. Their inventions are in constant high demand from all other clans, who are willing to pay handsomely for them.

As such, they feel secure at the top of the pile – at least, as secure as Skaven ever can be. In fact, it has noted by the Grey Seers that Skryres pre-eminence has been leading many Warlock Engineers to become increasingly arrogant and independent minded, so convinced of their superiority over the other clans are they.

Certainly there are forces at work and plots afoot, which would surprise and dismay the Council of Thirteen, should they ever become known.

Splatters and Chokers – a Rivalry turning to Schism

Designing weapons of mass destruction is all well and good, but within Clan Skryre there is much disagreement over the correct strategy to pursue in order to expedite the Great Ascension.

Two main schools of thought predominate, and the arguments between them have begun to polarise the clan. This being Skaven society, such polarisation can quickly lead to furious hatred and murderous intent. Each party has become known by widely used nicknames that have proven impossible to expunge – the ‘Splatters’ and the ‘Chokers’.

The Splatters believe that the best route to Ascension is the direct one, and that Skryres main focus should be on researching ever more ways to unleash destructive physical energy on humanity. Ikit Claw has turned into the leader of this party, and the huge workshops of Skavenblight are the faction’s base.

His followers consist in the main of those Warlock Engineers involved in the production of warp fire, warp lightning and solid shot projectiles, as well as other generally explosive devices. Their guiding aim is to obliterate mankind as quickly as possible, before their furless foes can themselves develop counter technologies.

The Chokers on the other hand come mostly from those adherents to an alternative weapon of mass destruction - the newer technology of chemical armaments.

First used barely over a century ago, the method of eliminating enemies with poison gas - its

advocates claim - has many advantages over simple explosive power: First and foremost that it leaves their infrastructure (plunder) intact and safe to exploit after a temporary period while any poison wind disperses. For what point is there, ask the Chokers, in exultation after conquering a burning ruin?

It is also no accident that the Chokers favour a longer game than their Splatter counterparts, by pressing for the destruction of the Dwarven menace below before the Ascension be attempted: Not only are their murderous methods more effective below ground in confined spaces with limited ventilation, but they strongly desire the capture of more Dwarven technologies; especially those related to flying machines.

Many plans are being researched to effect an airborne dispersal of toxic gas over human settlements, but so far no breakthroughs have been made.

Splatters may mock the Choker leadership as fume-addled human-lovers, and it is true that the spokesman of the faction, Warplord Quilisk, is the Clan leader in Under-Altdorf (and everyone knows how its residents ape the foul human customs and fashions above).





It is also the case that the Chokers lack a central base, tending instead to be more prevalent in those Skaven holds that exist in closer proximity to Dwarven or Imperial population centres. But the Chokers would say (through their toxic-vapour raddled voice boxes) that it is this very propinquity to the most technologically advanced of Skavendoms foes that persuades them of the rightness of their cause.

So far Lord Morskittar has not come down on one side or the other in the raging debates – many think he secretly encourages the ideological competition that seems to be inspiring his Warplock Engineers to ever more prodigious feats of invention. If so, it is a dangerous game he plays.

Already scuffles have broken out between the adherents of each faction, as increasingly vehement accusations of spying or sabotage are made. Without a firm paw to lead the way, it can only be a matter of time before things turn nasty. And in the Clan Skryre world, that tends to be extremely destructive.

The Doomsday Device

The top-secret brainpup of Ikit Claw, this weapon is one he hoped would confirm the superiority of Splatter technology and policy. Lord Morskittar was kept out of the loop in its development – the destruction of Middenheim during the Vermintide festival was meant to be a fitting surprise gift to the Clan head and the Council of Thirteen.

The fact that it appears to have gone missing is causing no end of consternation to those in the Splatter leadership who knew of the plot. If word gets out of the calamitous loss, it would do no end of harm to their cause.

(Regarding the devices provenance – see ‘*The Incredible Hulk*’ in the adventure seed section for more details.)

Blast-Fly me to the Moon. Quick! Quick!

There is one other Clan Skryre research project of note – top-secret of course – that is worthy of mention. Inspired by the same source of fissile warpstone material that helped construct the Doomsday device, and one of the few Skaven with any experience of piloted flight, High Warlock Gnawlich Shun is lavishing enormous resources on developing a quite remarkable invention.

Deep within the Darklands, far from other Skaven holds, and beneath a now dormant volcano that has been hollowed out and fitted with a false roof, Gnawlich sits, stroking his pet albino giant rat. What he works towards is a way to access the greatest source of warpstone known to exist – Morrslieb itself! To do so, construction has started on a vast warp-rocket ship.

A fool’s quest? Perhaps. But Gnawlich has powerful and wealthy backers.

Whilst his Clan may have set him up with the initial resources, he has since disappeared off their radar and appears to have become a renegade – one they are eager to track down. For beside his loyal Skryre subordinates (who he has fooled into believing they are still acting under Clan auspices), other workers can be seen scurrying about the flashing nodes and dials of the warp-blast pad: Clad in bulky protective gear of orange boiler suits, Chaos Dwarves labour alongside their yellow clad Skaven co-workers!

Just what Gnawlich had to promise or trade the tainted Dwarves for their aid and support is not known. Nor indeed is his full agenda. But work continues apace on the startling ship, and the time cannot be far way before a launch attempt is made.



The Grey Seers

The independent priesthood of the Horned Rat see it as their role to guide, cajole and otherwise bully Skavendom towards the Great Ascendancy; such they perceive as their holy duty. Their intervention to end the second Skaven civil war a mere two centuries ago was heralded as their greatest achievement. It was also their greatest deceit.

The Great Summoning

Thirteen times thirteen is the number of the Order of Grey Seers. When they assembled at the Great Temple to the Horned Rat in Skavenblight, the last to exit were the highest ranked – Seerlord Kritislik and the other twelve most powerful of the sorcerer priests. It is these alone that know the secret of the Great Summoning: That whatever it was that appeared through the rent in the fabric of reality, it certainly was not the Horned Rat.

It may have been mere illusion – if an astonishingly complex and effective one. Those few Skaven who noticed that the main effect of the summoning (and the convenient arrival of the Black Pillar of Commandments) was the cementing of power even more firmly in the paws of the Seers, were too over-awed by the spectacle to voice their reservations – even the Plague Lords of Pestilens were squirting fear musk at the apocalyptic vista.

However, whilst none of the Seers of the Inner Sanctum are letting any secrets slip, a more than normal sense of paranoia and impending doom has been settling on many. For, as the decades have turned into centuries since their feat, their numbers have steadily been pruned – at a far higher rate than usual mishap, murder or mayhem would predict.

Some of them are convinced that one or others amongst the cabal are plotting against their fellows – eradicating witnesses to the deceit, probably in order to take advantage of any new ‘commandments’ that mysteriously appear on the Black Pillar. Others of the few remaining original Seer Lords though are convinced that a darker doom awaits them.

It might be because they fear the curse of the Horned Rat for their heresy. But another possibility exists: For if the visitation was in truth an entity from some other place (the swirling stuff of Chaos; the Warp – call it what you will), such aid usually comes at a price...

They may have averted a civil war, but their scheming may yet unleash a worse fate upon Skavendom – either if their grand manipulation is ever revealed, or if any darker bargains they made come home to roost.

Clan Mors

Warlord Gnawdwell has led Mors to a position of power that rivals that of the Great Clans themselves, as well as earning himself a place on the Council of Thirteen. With a ruthlessness rivalled only by his cunning, he has swallowed up lesser clans and established dominance of the City of Pillars. His forces are renowned for exhibiting a most un-Skavenlike loyalty to his person, and in the battlesewer display stunning flexibility and tactical versatility in the means and methods by which they prosecute total war. Gnawdwell’s ambition – to lead the Ratmen towards the Great Ascension – worries many of the other clans, though the Seerlord looks with favour upon his crusading zeal.

Whilst none can doubt his unswerving belief in the cause, many wonder at quite how Gnawdwell has established such an uncharacteristic loyalty amongst his followers. They might be quite surprised at the answer.

Dead Ringers

‘Gnawdwell’ is not one Skaven. He was one of a small batch of prototype clones that inspired Clan Moulder’s *Operation Sacred Swarm*.

His creator was a renegade Shaper, working in isolation to develop a master race within a secret facility. When his erstwhile ‘children’ dispatched the foolish Master Mutator, they also destroyed all records of their multiple existences.

Certainly, the ability of one of the brothers to always pose as Gnawdwell at any one time explains their ability to foil seemingly certain assassination attempts – when one was destroyed, another assumed the mantle. Masters of disguise, the brothers were also able to infiltrate any discontented groups within Mors, quickly dispatching any plots. Hence, over time, a commanding dominance has developed.

How many of them remain is not known – it could be that the current Gnawdwell is the last. Only the brothers know their secret – or at least, that’s what they hope. Clan Moulder have always been inexplicable supporters of Gnawdwell and Mors, and the possibility exists that someone in the Moulder hierarchy knows the truth, but is content to let their creations flourish – for now, at least.

Other RPG Adventure Seeds

The Blessed Litter

Many GMs tire of having adventures with Skaven PCs degenerate into frenzies of backstabbing quicker than you can screech 'Die! Die!' The option exists though to have the party represent one of the small, secret batches of clones that various Master Moulders are developing.

Of course, as identical birthkin, they will hopefully exhibit greater group loyalty – part of the reason for cloning in the first place. Their exact origins can be kept secret, or be revealed during the course of play as you wish. Just remember to keep all their initial stats exactly the same – they are clones, after all.

The Great Ascension

The Gnawdwell persona is planning to kick-start the Great Ascension. Under the auspices of a sympathetic Grey Seer, a secret weapon has been designed and a large-scale raid is planned.

Indeed, the target of the raid – Talabheim – is so high profile that it is hoped that by uncovering the secret of the Skaven menace, and proving their superiority with a quick win, the rest of the Ratmen will have no choice but to follow the clawprints of Clan Mors and swarm above ground.

Of course, other Clans – particularly Eshin and Pestilens – have their own reasons to foil Gnawdwell's plans. Either the PCs can attempt to prevent them unfolding in the first place – perhaps by aiding or provoking Skarsnik's Night Goblins of the Broken Moon tribe in an assault on the City of Pillars - or, if the GM has the *'Terror in Talabheim'* WFRP v2 scenario, with some changes and amendments the Skaven PCs can be aiming to sabotage the raid.

Golden Claw

Clan Moulder is producing fewer creatures and has developed an insatiable demand for gold. Rumours abound that Throt the Unclean has once again captured some beast of import – which indeed he has: A Dragon Ogre. The Clan are experimenting on the creature, hoping to develop a near immortal strain of Dragon Rat-Ogres – the gold is required as electrically conductive material in order to construct warp-power packs that will prevent the super monsters becoming dormant.

The problem is that other Dragon-Ogres (or a Shaggoth) may become aware of the experiments on their kin, and will certainly not be happy. The PCs can become involved to help or hinder Moulder efforts as required.

The Incredible Hulk

Clan Skar have indeed become suspiciously secretive about their mines on the outskirts of Queekwell – the increased seismic activity has not gone unnoticed either.

What they've actually discovered is the ruined hulk of some kind of vast, strange metallic vessel. Could it be a star ship of the fabled Old Ones, entombed for countless millennia?

Whatever its origins, somehow the enriched Warpstone core drive still managed to maintain a slender life-support apparatus. Trapped but alive, and in suspended animation, dangerous fanged and clawed creatures remain in sealed pods.

Whilst all such advanced technology is beyond Skars means to fathom, they have largely sold the salvage rights to Skryre, whose Warlock Engineers have been stripping it greedily. The PCs get involved when rival Clans once again desire to know what is going on.

Cue weird creatures getting awoken to stalk the wreck, and a self-destruction mechanism getting inadvertently and comically triggered.

Drowned Rats

The ship-going Clan Skurvy grow concerned at the increase in wealth of their naval rivals in Clan Skuttel, so hire the PCs to investigate. What they find is the Skryre aided secret development of submersible craft and diving technologies that are enabling Skuttel to locate and retrieve warpstone deposits on the sea bed.

Allied Clan Moulder breeders are also mutating some creatures of the deep to aid exploration – prototype warp sharks that can sense and lead parties to warpstone now exist (though the process of mutation seems to have strange effects on their musculature and brains, which are growing at rapid rates). Most intriguing of all, the starving, half-mad remnants of one Clan Skuttel expedition claim to have found the remains of a whole city beneath the waves.

That they swore it held a vast octopus headed being of pure warpstone was discounted as fantasy, and the survivors quickly executed for fraud, deception and presumed dereliction of duty. The approximate co-ordinates have been noted though, and the tale of the city of *Rat'lyeh* may some day bear further examination.

Conclusion

I've tried to demonstrate within this article the vast potential for secret plots and dark conspiracies that exist within Skaven society, beyond mere Clan rivalry. Even if as a GM you never run a campaign with Skaven PCs, I hope the ideas presented herein will enrich and add depth to those encounters your PCs do have with the Ratmen.

May the Horned Rat inspire and guide you!

Toby Pilling is a regular contributor to Warpstone magazine.

GREY SEER THANQUOL

I am the Hand of the Horned Rat! I am the Voice of He Who Gnaws! By the might of my magic, by the power of my genius and the greatness of my courage, I have been blessed above all the teeming hosts of skavendom! It is my destiny to cast down the weak, treacherous cowards who dare call themselves masters of the Under-Empire! It is my fate to lead the Children of the Horned One to the kingdom that has been promised them! The snivelling surface-things will be cast into chains when the skaven rise to claim the over-world for their own! They will suffer as slaves in our mines and when they can slave no more, they shall provide meat for our larders! Then shall the prophecy of the Horned Rat be fulfilled! We shall inherit!

I, the great Grey Seer Thanquol, shall selflessly lead my people to eternal glory! Then that deranged ginger-furred dwarf-thing and its manling pet shall know the madness of defying the mightiest hero in all skavendom!



THE CONFESSIONS OF A DWARF SLAVE

by Bruenor Odinson



Well here I am again, Bruenor Odinson with some more painting tips from the scabby rat thing dungeons.

This time we'll look at dipping.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the term, it's called dipping as it originally involved dipping a painted miniature into a pot of stained wood varnish or wood stain, and vigorously shaking off the excess to leave the whole miniature shaded.

Things have evolved from using old wood varnish and stains to actual products designed to do this, though some people still prefer the latter.



For this guide I will be using Coat D'Arms Super Shader 421 Dark Brown.

Most of the companies that make these 'dipping' shaders produce a few shades, ranging from a light brown to an almost black. But it seems the most useful is the mid to dark brown.



First off clean and prepare your mini as you would if you were going to paint it normally. Cleaning the mould lines and excess metal/plastic are a top priority, as these will spoil the end result.

Then undercoat your miniature. I don't recommend a black undercoat, as it will make the base colours darker and the end result will appear more muted and dark.

I do recommend a grey or white under coat, this will give you a bright and sharp base for the colours on top of it.



Paint the whole miniature in your chosen base colours, again try to keep them bright as the shaders don't work as well on darker colours. Big tip here is to be as neat as possible, cover over any mistakes, as they will show up at the end. Its well worth the little extra time spent at this stage. If you are using a sand covered base this can be painted too, as the shader will cover everything. I haven't done the base on this example though.



The next stage is to liberally apply the shader. This is where the term 'dipping' loses it's meaning, as I won't actually be dipping the miniature into anything. Instead I have found it better to apply with a brush. It gives much more control over the shader, and can be removed if any large pools start to form.

The trick here is not to swamp the miniature, but give it a good covering so the shader lies in the recesses and cracks. This is where the clean up of mould lines and such pays off, as they will stand out like a sore thumb.

Big tip, use an old brush. This method can ruin brushes, though the shader I'm using here is water based and can be rinsed out easily.

You'll see that it looks very gloopy and messy at this stage. Don't worry. Set it aside to dry and have a cuppa (bloody rats don't serve tea here, just dirty water in rusty cans, I'd kill for a cuppa).



Once dry you'll see that it has effectively shaded the whole mini, and has also varnished it for you as well. It is a tad shiny for my tastes, though some like the gloss look. This makes the next stage optional and not essential.



I gave this one a blast of matt varnish to take away the shine, and voila, a decent rank and file miniature that would look great as a unit on any battlefield.



This technique can be applied to any model, and can also be similarly recreated using Games Workshop's Devlan Mud. The result is slightly different, but gives the same overall look. Albeit without the benefit of varnishing.



Take a look at these two snotling slaves here and you can see that at the end the result is very similar. The Devlan Mud wash is on the left, and the Super Shader on the right. I didn't remove the mould lines on these examples so you could see how retaining them stands out.



Overall the whole process took around 20 minutes, not including drying time which, on a warm sunny day, was around 15 minutes. If you batch painted a regiment box, I don't see why you couldn't do a decent sized unit in a day.

The other bonus is that it can be used on characters too. With additional highlights they can be made that bit more special.

Hope you enjoyed this article and have found it useful, back to me cell now til next time.

After the change

An analysis on the mutating effects, and subsequent ramifications, of the Dreaded Thirteenth Spell

One of the most terrifying spells in the Skaven lore book is undoubtedly The Dreaded Thirteenth Spell. An arcane rite so powerful and vile it twists the very flesh of its victim into that of a skaven. Those who suffer its mutating power are reviled and ejected by those who once knew them, often attacked with vicious fury.

To those who view the skaven as merely a variant of beastman, and just another vile creation of Chaos, this spell does not seem that extraordinary. The very fundamentals of Chaos are based on corrupting the physical being. However, for those learned in the rat men, those who know the skaven to be a wholly separate species in itself totally removed from any connection with the Ruinous Powers, this spell is a curious puzzle.

First, you have to marvel at the terrifying simplicity of the spell. Take one race, one species, and turn it into another. Can you imagine any other being able to do this? What if armies of our Empire could march to war, turning their dreaded orc enemies into valuable human allies? What if the Elves had transformed the Dwarfs into their own kin during the War of the Beard?

If the skaven are able to create functioning warriors from their enemies with relative ease, why isn't the skaven population ten times what it currently is? Why haven't we heard about skaven armies bursting from the ground and using the element of surprise to quickly turn a cities populace into troops?

The real rub lies in the transformation itself. It is a violent and sudden mutation brought about by the most foul of magics. A being is essentially made anew in an instant, both physically and mentally. Indeed, how much of its former existence the skaven-mutant is aware of is unknown, though the evidence for the retention of some memories is high.

This skaven-mutant is initially, for all intents and purposes, a real skaven. Physically it resembles a skaven, both externally and internally, and even the most knowledgeable of scholars would be hard pressed to tell the difference. Mentally it follows all the regular skaven behaviours too, suffering from inflated self-worth, susceptible to crippling fear, and possessed of the black hunger. They even manifest with a basic grasp of Queekish, the skaven language.

However, this state does not last long. Depending on the stock the skaven-mutant was created from, it can take anywhere between one hour to one day for the spell to unwind. During this period the skaven-mutant goes through a number of changes. Each individuals suffering is unique, though they all fall into the same rough categories.

Initially the bindings on the memory slip. For some skaven-mutants this has no real effect, for others it sends them into a babbling insanity, while others may go berserk with rage and fear. After this, the physical form starts to decay.

Rather than simply revert to their past form, the skaven-mutants instead liquefy from the inside out. Organs turn to jelly as their flesh slides from their bones. It is not unheard of for the skaven-mutants to projectile vomit, squirt from open sores, or even outright explode.

As if this wasn't bad enough, in most cases the liquids coming from the skaven-mutant are highly toxic. Coupled with the skaven-mutants mental state, and the random nature of the physical degradation, this can spell disaster for anyone nearby.

Even death does not stop the skaven-mutants purification. Corpses of skaven-mutants, killed hours before, can also start to decay and liquefy. Though the severity of the transformation these corpses go through is significantly less than their living counterparts.

Obviously the volatile and unpredictable nature of the skaven-mutants means they are never kept for long. There are a number of ways skaven dispose of them. Often they are herded into open pits or holes, and buried alive. While this may not kill them outright, it usually keeps them trapped for at least long enough for the skaven army to vacate the area. Other forms of disposal are drowning and burning, though both pose certain dangers pits do not.

The reason for this decay is easily explained. While the Dreaded Thirteenth Spell reconstructs the targets physical form, this new skaven is obviously held together by magic. Such a sudden and drastic change could not be achieved in any natural way, not like the relatively stable and consistent pace of the standard Chaos mutation.

Without someone there to channel and focus it, the magic binding the skaven-mutant together slowly disperses. Unfortunately, rather than springing back into its original shape, it instead merely melts away as the physical stuff of its form literally separates into its very base components. Such prolonged and direct exposure to magic also leaves traces of warpstone dust, as well as elements of raw magic. These are the foreign components that give the skaven-mutant its toxic characteristics at the time of decay.

In conclusion, the Dreaded Thirteenth Spell is indeed a terrifying weapon. While we do not need to worry about the skaven using it to boost their numbers and create hordes of unimaginable size, we do need to be mindful of its power. I pray to Sigmar for those that have suffered at the hands of this diabolical incantation, and I pray harder for those who have yet to be touched by its corrupting influence.

Krisoph Fulgher
Wizard of the Empire, Servant of the Orders

CONVERTING YOUR RAT OGRE

by Manuel

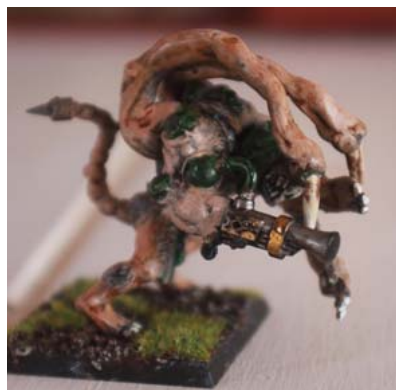
Converting the Rat Ogre

Rat Ogres present an interesting modelling opportunity, being the only standard monster choice in the Skaven army list. In the average sized army you would typically find a half dozen at most. So there is ample opportunity to really convert and individualise each Rat Ogre. This issue Manuel looks at using bits from the Screaming Bell/Plague Furnace kit to construct a dynamically posed Rat Ogre.

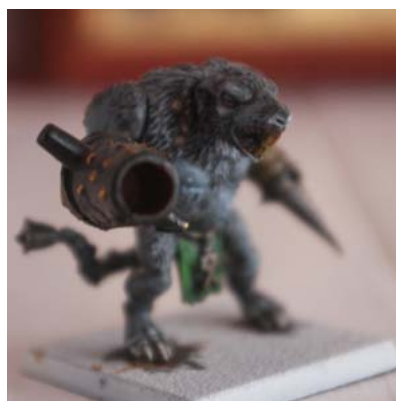
In any army your monsters get a lot of attention from the enemy. You might as well make them a memorable target. And when you think Skaven monsters, you immediately think Clan Moulder Rat Ogres. So what options are available?

You can do a huge variety of things. From the classic 'Warhammer tentacle monster' to the heavily armed 'Clan Skryre beast', all the way up to the Rat Ogre wielding the burning flail.

Wait a second. There is no Rat Ogre with a burning flail! Luckily, this can be remedied.



Tentacle Rat Ogre



Clan Skryre Rat Ogre

The Steps

1.



To build the burning flail Rat Ogre we are going to use parts from the Screaming Bell/Plague Furnace kit.

- Rat Ogre Bell Ringer body
- Rat Ogre Bell Ringer chest
- Rat Ogre Bell Ringer head
- Rat Ogre Bell Ringer hand
- Plague Furnace Wrecking Ball body and harness
- Plague Furnace Wrecking Ball body side

2.



Equally as important are the tools. For this project I used

- Greenstuff
- Super Glue
- Sculpting Tools
- Clippers
- Citadel Modelling Drill
- Wire
- Balsa Wood or some other sturdy material (approx. 2.5mm thick)

3.



I start by gluing the chest onto the Rat Ogres body. Then the chain in its right fist is removed at the top of the hand. Green stuff is used to fill any holes.



The head and left hand are then glued on, and green stuff is used to fix any unsightly joins.

4.



Next we glue the two parts of the Wrecking Ball together, and use green stuff to fill the gaps.



Using the drill we make a small hole in the tip of the Wrecking Ball chain and insert a length of wire. Also drill a hole into the top of the Rat Ogres right hand.

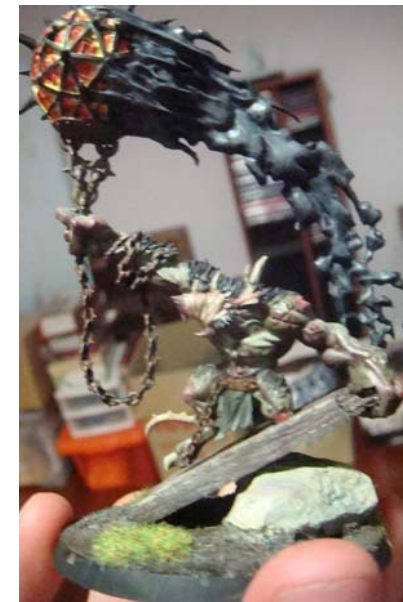


Pin the Wrecking Ball to the hand.

5.



To attach it to the base it looks best, and is easiest, to have the Rat Ogre 'hanging' from something. The left hand can slot onto any material that is roughly 2.5mm thick. In this case, I have used balsa wood. This can then be attached to a standard monster base and customised to fit the rest of your army.



And there we have it. Some spare pieces used creatively have produced an interesting and deadly addition to any Skaven army. I hope this inspires you to go away and create your own unique Rat Ogre creation. Do the clan proud!



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PROCLAMATION

Portents have revealed themselves to the powerful and wise order of the Grey Seers. Soon, a new age is upon us. An age where even the lowly Clanrat can stand before the most terrible of foes.

If, one day, you are charging into combat, and even that feels different, then you know the change has started.

Take heed, the rules are changing. Be prepared.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Beware of the green cheese. It has been deemed a health hazard by the Council of Thirteen. Report all green cheese found to your local Council representative.

Next issue



Ply the whip to your most horrific creations. Break their will under your heel. Bring forth the monsters of war!

Next issue we will be featuring In the Flesh, a gallery of your Clan Moulder creations. So if you have a Rat Ogre, Abomination, or any other bizarre creation that you feel needs showing off, send it in.

Email a high quality JPG image, with your name, what the monster is, and any other interesting details, to:

sbgfeatures@gmail.com

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Then perhaps you need to ask Seer Squeek a question of your own! Send your questions to Seer Squeek at the UnderEmpire.net community and look for his response in the next issue of the Skavenblight Gazette.