

## Incarnate Elemental of Fire

The wind of Aqshy is one of the most wantonly destructive of all the winds of magic. It is all-consuming and insatiably hungry for it embodies fire and blazing heat. It is said that the Incarnate Elemental of Fire of which is born from it has such terrible wrath made manifest and possesses malignity and fury the equal of any Daemon.

Manifesting within colossal pyres lit by those whose arts are fanned by the dry, hot wind of Aqshy, the Incarnate Elemental of Fire towers over the battlefield — a lean and terrible form, cinder-black and ash-strewn, from which phenomenal heat radiates. Few can withstand its wrath and it can unleash such a firestorm that armour turns to molten metal and artillery explodes, red-hot shards of metal slicing through the air and the flesh of those who stand nearby. Known in the lore and legend of the Empire as the Charred Ones, the Black Harvestmen and Jack O'Cinders, stories speak of the wrath of the wizards of the Bright College during the brutally fratricidal wars that wracked the Empire in centuries past, where these conjured creatures were used to wantonly destroy entire towns and villages that had provoked the ire of one or other Imperial faction, laying swathes of the land to ash-strewn waste. Despite the nightmarish quality of these towering monsters and the tales that crowd them, they hold a place of honour in the legends of the peasants that dwell in the hardscrabble lands in the lee of the Grey Mountains of Bretonnia. Here stories hold that a score of these burning creatures, called up by a mysterious warlock, defeated a tide of unliving horrors that swept the lands after a local lord succumbed to the temptations of a bloodless bride. The nobility of the region still begs to differ with the folktales however, and makes a point of tearing down the burned-wood fetishes with which the commoners seek to protect their hovels; however the scorched and blackened fortresses and keeps that dot the region offer evidence to the contrary.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
7	5	0	5	5	5	5	4	7	Monster	1	275

### SPECIAL RULES

**5+ Ward save, Large Target, Terror, Unbreakable, Unstable, Incarnate Elemental, Ashes to Ashes, Gift of Fire & Flaming Attacks.** Its combat attacks (but not its Thunderstomp) also have the **Multiple Wounds (D3)** special rule.

**Ashes to Ashes:** The charred body of the Incarnate Elemental of Fire is a living pyre, radiating appalling heat and difficult to harm. Non-magical attacks suffer a -1 to hit against the Incarnate Elemental of Fire, and it has a 2+ Ward save against Flaming attacks.

**Gift of Fire:** The very presence of the Incarnate Elemental of Fire can be enough to set off powder and shot, and kindle flame in wood and tinder. At the start of the Magic phase roll a D6 for any war machine or building within 12" of the Incarnate Elemental of Fire. On a 6 it suffers D3 wounds with no Armour save. If the war machine uses the Blackpowder Misfire chart and is destroyed by this attack, all other models within D6" suffer a Strength 3 hit.

Additionally, during the Magic phase the Incarnate Elemental of Fire can unleash one of the following Bound spells:

- **Cascading Fire-Cloak**  
Bound Spell 4+, see page 492 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.
- **Piercing Bolts of Burning**  
Bound Spell 7+, see page 492 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

...So it came to be that I was with the gunnery train of Captain Santos when the army assaulted the granite fortress of Kerbros the Reaver. For seven days we pounded the walls and gatehouse with shot, and the dust was so thick in the air that everyone was coated in thick grimy layers of grey. But once the great clouds had cleared, the gates still stood firm and the walls were battered, but unbreached.

It was then that with heavy heart the general summoned Albrecht, the Bright Wizard, after our failure. The wizard set up a massive pyre before the army, and set his acolytes to chanting around it. For three days the fire burned, and with some misgiving on the part of the common soldiery—myself included—the captives we had were fed to the fire until the acolytes' ceaseless chanting had the army on edge and many questioned the wizard's purpose. Then on the fourth day the chanting ended and the great pyre rose up and walked like a man. The behemoth of cinders and flame reached the gate of the fortress in but a few immense strides, the fierce heat of its body scorched the stone of the walls and caused the great oaken gates to burst into flame. Missiles hurled by the defenders were mere annoyances to the creature, and minutes later it shouldered aside the charred remains of the gates.

The fortress fell that day, brought low by the wizard's summoned fiend rather than our great cannon.

*From the journal of Juren Volsrung, mercenary soldier serving in the armies of the Principality of Scarosio*