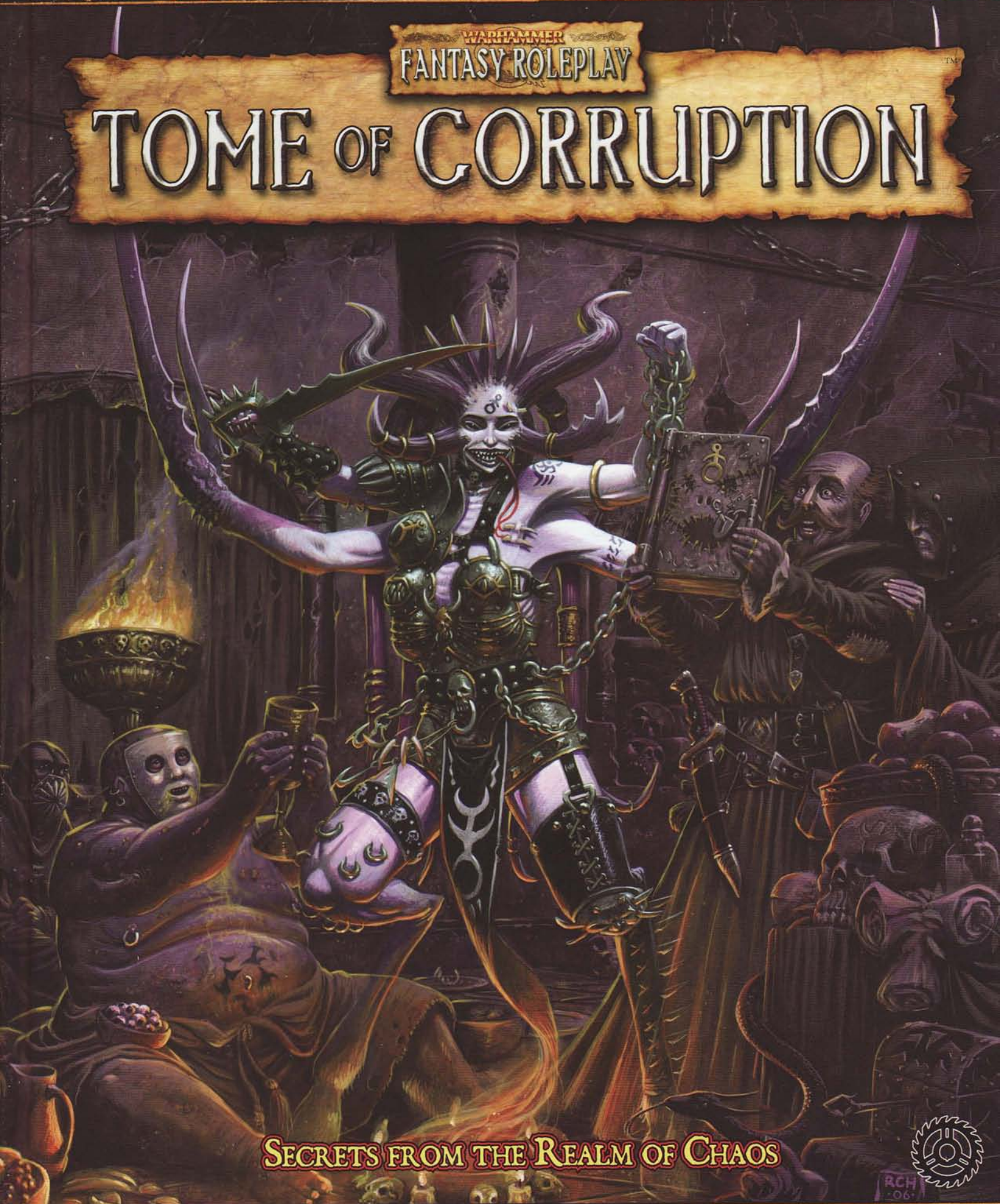
WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

TOME OF CORRUPTION



SECRETS FROM THE REALM OF CHAOS

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY™

TOME OF CORRUPTION

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Stupid fool. Fat, stinking, bastard. Thinks he knows something of Chaos? Why I bet he believes he's some sort of expert. Well the truth struck him as I sunk my knife in his belly. He whimpered and cried, and I laughed. He moans even now. There. On the floor in a spreading pool of his blood. His sadness makes me chuckle.

So, what's this book about? I paged through it. Miserable book, it is; badly written, fraught with inconsistencies and lies. No good for anyone. But, since I have nothing to do until this "writer" dies, I might as well tell you something about what half-truths and ramblings one might find.

It seems this is a book about Chaos, as you could probably tell already. Why would anyone want to read about Chaos when one can simply live it, I'll never understand. Such foolishness. I suppose it's to be expected from people who actually believe Sigmar is a God.

The book has four parts. Of course, mortals like neat categories. They like to define things; put their house in order, so to speak.

Part I: The Enemy Within

This section clearly reveals this writer's ignorance. He meanders from one subject to the next, all in some failed attempt to nail down how Chaos has infiltrated the Empire. What silliness! I should stab him once more for good measure. He goes on and on about how people get mutations; but, I'll tell you from experience, you get mutations because it's the way of things, not because you sat in a field where some Daemon defecated. Oh, and then he talks about mutations. The lists! It goes on and on but doesn't even scratch the surface of Tchar's touch. I must say his comments on the Cults are na...ve, but charming. I love how he dances around what the Slaanesh Cults really do behind closed doors. Ah, and look at all those relics! I think I'll cut off one of his fingers to take his mind off things.

Part II: Shadows of Chaos

When I first flipped through this section, I laughed and laughed. How little you mortals understand the Beastmen. Don't you know? They're you! Your little delusions and explanations are entertaining, but don't you think it's time to embrace your nature and bow down before the proper Gods? Looking through the rest, it's all nonsense really. There's a smattering of information about what Chaos Spawn really are and some effort to paint the "Enemies of Chaos" as heroes. Bah!

Part: III: Chaos Wastes

The pretension! Wait just one minute... he's moaning. He won't be silent. I'll cut out his tongue...

Ah, where was I? Yes. Chaos Wastes. He describes the Norsemen, tries to shed some light on the Kurgan and the Huns, even spends a little time with the Chaos Dwarfs. He's wrong of course. All wrong. And it shows in his meagre writing style. He does redeem himself a little when he speaks of Chaos' Champions. Again, he's largely missing the point, but it's clear it was at this point that he started to slide in his beliefs. The weapons are interesting, if incomplete. If allowed to go on, he might tell me what a sword is. His arrogance defies belief. Thankfully, this section is brief.

Part IV: Realm of Chaos

Of all the sections, this is clearly the least important as he obviously knows nothing about Chaos and its servants. If you've suffered this far, you're clearly mad. He starts with some mention of the Dark Gods, all cast in the most unfavourable light, and then has the hubris to talk about some of the most important holy sites whose existences are only whispered about. For that, I shall take his nose.

Aagh, there's not much left of him now. Soon. So, where was I? Ah, magic. He only includes a handful of lesser spells. Bah. Doesn't he realise that this is where true power lies? A survey of unimportant Daemons and Greater Daemons wraps the whole thing up. That's it. Nothing else. As I said, this is clearly a wasted effort. Nothing at all of use. Wait. He's finally dying. I must act quick and steal his soul as it escapes. Poor thing. At least now, at the end, he understands that I have told him only lies, for it is my way...

Part I: The Enemy Within

Chapter I: Chaos in the Old World

The world is dying. It is better for you to know it now. You say you live and breathe and love and hate and fear...yes...these are mortal things...and you are indeed alive...but alive on a world suffering from the poison of its death-wound. It rots in the north, spreading like a gangrenous wound. And we...we are but maggots on a corpse.

For you see, long ago, before there were Elves, or Dwarfs, or Men for that matter, and, yes, before even the Halflings, there were the Old Ones. We know little of the ancient race, but they were the undisputed masters of all things, akin to the Gods themselves. With such power comes grave responsibility, and they, like other mortals who come into sudden and great influence, were foolish, misusing what they had. They thought to shape the world in their own image, raising mountains and forming seas. It is said these were the creatures that blew life into the Elves and formed the Dwarfs from the earth itself. But, for all their power, they were flawed.

A great calamity struck our world. You see, the Old Ones lived in the shadow of the Gate to Heaven, the entrance to the divine realms. Perhaps the Gods grew weary of this first peoples' pride, or, mayhap, it was fault of their great magic, or even the Ruinous Powers themselves. Regardless, the Gate fell, and so it was that the world was fatally wounded. Chaos swept through the lands, changing and destroying everything it touched. And, so, Chaos has leaked into our world ever since, ebbing and flowing like the tides of the seas.

Mankind grew in the aftermath and conquered the lands, carving out kingdoms and cities from the subtly-tainted earth. Those not content with their fortunes would drift north towards the old Gate of Heaven, where they were inexorably changed, their souls blown away by the winds of Chaos. Others sought the ancient lore of the Old Ones, plumbing the forbidden texts to learn foul secrets, to gain even the merest fragment of the power lost to all. With each blasphemy, the great eye of Chaos opened wider, spilling its evil further south until it breached our lands. It brought with it soulless champions and foul Daemons. And, time and again, good men and women stanched the flood. The days between shorten, and every new flood ravages our lands, spreading hate, despair, lust, and desperate desire for change, further adding to the blasphemous power held by the Dark Gods. It is just a matter of time before the wound cannot be closed any longer, and all the fears of Mankind will revisit us, boiling out of their cyclopean depths to destroy all living things. And, when that day comes, the world shall be no more.

What can we do? A very good question, my son. Are you afraid? Good. You ought to be. Though you need not be forever. For you see, I know the secrets of the Ruinous Powers. Stay with me, learn, understand, and, perhaps, if the Dark Gods find you worthy, you might survive the coming Storm and become one of their Champions. And, if you are mighty and do not flinch in the face of wickedness, perhaps you will become the greatest of them all...

— A History of Chaos —

I have been tasked with the impossible. My masters have asked that I compile a full history of Chaos, and the depredations it has wrought in our lands. To catalogue the horrors of Chaos! The legends and tales, the conflicting histories, they sent a thrill of excitement through my spine, but the depravity and corrupting influence of the Dark Gods chilled me even more. In the end, I did the best I could to explore the forbidden and learn of the evils in our world. I can in no way guarantee the completeness of this task, for the ways of Chaos are complex and varied, and many "facts" remain hidden. I ask one thing only, beg Sigmar to grant me mercy.

The Realm of Chaos ebbs and flows, moving with the currents of history. At times, it seems Chaos has all but vanished from the world, gone from the lives of Men and the other races. But, such moments are brief, little more than idyllic dreams. For always, soon after, the eye opens again, and darkness issues forth from the north and ravages the lands wherever it touches.

Before setting forth to describe the horrors of Chaos and its depredations on the sacred land of the Empire, it is best to first mention that the Storm of Chaos casts everything in a new light. Certainly, records exist of the Great War against Chaos, the heroism of Magnus the Pious and the tragedy that befell Praag—the city on the edge of the wintry lands of Kislev. But, such struggles dim with the passage of time, and memories and fears fade with each turn of the seasons. What was once regarded as fact, slipped into conjecture, and then slipped into legend, and finally into myth. What was done was done, and the tales told of those dark days are nothing more than the fantasies of overzealous Priests and madmen (if there's a difference).

But, all of this changed. Now, in the wake of Archaon's mad crusade, the lives of far too many Old Worlders lie in tatters. The Chaos armies brutally marched from the haunted stretches of the Chaos Wastes and waged war against our lands, realising the truth of the old tales, manifesting as our darkest nightmares.

And, so, in this new light, the following history takes liberties with the truth, lending, perhaps, more credence than what scholars would give to the oldest tales. Yet, considering the horrors many—myself included—have witnessed during the past months, nothing is impossible.

Myth

How it all began; the origins of thousands of years of Human suffering; what opened the eye in the north—no one knows for certain. Tales of Old Ones in silver ships sailing on the seas of stars have as much credibility as the myths of the Norsemen Shamans who claim such-and-such God slew so-and-so Daemon. Of course, those who know, the Elves, say little. What we see as truth has been cobbled together from a hundred different stories from people all over the Old World, and none-too-few from the lands beyond.

One thing remains constant with all the tales told of the early days of the World: a great calamity befell. Something glorious, wonderful, and powerful died, and when it did, it tore reality asunder, bringing Chaos to the world. The oldest legends speak of a race of advanced beings called the Old Ones. It is said they came some 15,000 years before Sigmar, bringing with them a race of servants called the Slann. It is believed these servants live on in the foetid jungles of Lustria. The Old Ones were powerful, capable of changing the world, altering its movements, raising oceans, mountains, changing the lay of the land to fit their vision of what the world should be. At the time of their arrival, the world was trapped in ice that blanketed all lands, even those of the fabled Tomb Kings, where the sands can strip flesh from bone. But, through their agency, they caused the ice to melt, and remade this world.

The Old Ones were as Gods. They cultivated the Elder Races, placing them in the world. The Elves settled in Ulthuan, and the Old Ones placed the Dwarfs in the mountains. And who knows what other races were born? For all their efforts, and for whatever purpose they had, it would not last. These beings drew their power and magic from great arches in the north and south, vast gates that opened to the heavens. And, from it, they gained their power to change the world. But, the gate fell, tearing the world asunder. Where once this source of good and benevolence stood, suddenly there was only a terrible and angry wound. Boiling out from the hole were the Daemons and their warping powers of magic. The effects of the gate's destruction created all manner of abominations, and so the first Incursion of Chaos began. The few remaining Slann strove to contain the damage left by the collapse, but they were too few in number, and as more and more died off, Chaos grew mightier. The world seemed doomed. It was, but it was not dead yet.

Replacing the Slann in their struggles against the Daemons were the Elves. Emboldened by their blessings from the Old Ones, and committed to saving their world, they rallied and fought the Daemons for five centuries, doing their best to contain the spreading stain of Darkness. But, each victory was matched by two failures, and the Elves were pushed farther and farther south until they fought on the very shores of their islands. But then, a great Elf hero, Aenarion, passed through the sacred flame of divine energy and emerged as the first Phoenix King of Ulthuan. Empowered by the powerful energies of the Old Ones, he and a cadre of Elven sorcerers weaved a spell of incredible power, creating a vortex to draw all magic to Ulthuan. By doing so, the Daemons were stripped of their power, and the evil from the Realm of Chaos withdrew.

Aenarion had a son, Malekith. A powerful warrior and sorcerer, he was believed to be the heir and the clearest choice for the next Phoenix King. However, he was tempted by Dark Magic, and, ultimately, he was consumed by it, and black ambition bloomed in his heart, earning him the title Witch King. Ulthuan would know little peace through the years, as the Witch King waged endless wars against his kinsmen. Chaos, though briefly contained, was let loose once more during the Sundering, a dark time triggered when the Witch King strove to undo the vortex. This terrible act damaged the vortex that held Chaos in check and loosed it once more. Though his efforts were thwarted, the wickedness of Malekith fed the Dark Gods and gave them strength and influence in the world.

The March of Doom

On the world turned, and the Elder Races made room for the Humans who emerged from their caves. The Elves and Dwarfs traded with these primitives, though slowly at first. But, soon, Humanity spread north from the southern continent, founding simple communities along the coast of the Tilea Sea and the Black Gulf. Eventually, these peoples moved north and erected the first cities. Of these early settlements, Tumas dwarfed them all. But, it would not last, for in punishment for their arrogance, the Gods cast them low, rained the fires of heaven onto them, and sent plagues of rats. What remained would be forever after known as Skavenblight, the festering, black heart of the Ratmen.

And though Chaos wended its ways into the hearts and minds of these peoples, and launched attacks from the swirling regions in the north, it was limited in its hold on Mankind. Throughout the millennia, Chaos would produce Daemons and let them loose, but these creatures were not of this world and could not last for long. The corruption of Warpstone and the lashing Winds of Magic created herds of Beastmen to inhabit the dim places, but still Chaos could not thrive for overlong, for without mortals to fear them, they could not sustain their will. But, then Be'lakor was born.

A savage primitive from an unknown land, Be'lakor is remembered as the first mortal to give his soul to the Ruinous Powers. A powerful warrior

The Ruinous Powers

The Dark Gods have always existed, or so say their staunchest adherents. And, indeed, they may have always been, but the first sign of divine malevolence appeared during the rift that spawned the Dark Elves. There are countless Daemon Princes and infernal masters, but there are four main Gods in this pantheon: Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh, and Tzeentch. For more information on these Gods, see **Chapter XV: The Ruinous Powers**.

Khorne

The Blood God, also known as the Skull King, Khorne is the vicious God of rage and hate, of bloodshed and warfare. His are the followers who exult in killing, who crave the feel of blood on their skin. The cornerstone of Chaos' armies, Khorne commands the bloodthirsty Marauders and killers who seem to be numberless on the fields of battle.

Nurgle

Lord of Pestilence, Old Father Nurgle is the diseased God of despair and fear, of horror and death. He is the personification of plague and the sorrow that spreads as its result. Nurgle's influence is everywhere, from the rotting of flesh to the next new plague that wipes out a city. His followers, the Plague Knights, are among the most loathsome of Chaos' servants.

Slaanesh

Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, is the youngest of the four greater Chaos gods. Known under a multitude of names, including the Serpent, Shornaal and Lanshor, the Lord of Pleasure is patron of all things beautiful and seductive. Master of excess and creative power, his realms of influence include music, art and passion. For this reason, many flock to his service.

Tzeentch

The Changer of Ways, Tzeentch is the Dark God of hope, of transformation, of altering that which is. He is the symbol for all mutation and all corruption, of dark intrigues and wicked plotting. The champion of revolutionaries, he is secretly worshipped throughout the Old World. Tzeentch also appeals to Sorcerers as he is also the God of Magic, and so claims many disaffected and renegade Wizards.

Theories, Secular and Otherwise

Even in the face of undeniable proof, many latch onto the tools of logic and reason when it comes to the great threat from the north. Certainly, no one doubts the existence of magic; the Colleges in Altdorf are living proof of its existence. Yet, some learned men deny the association between magic and the Realm of Chaos, that unruly place where reality is liquid, mutable, and ever-changing.

Some theorise the cyclical nature of the Incursions, those bloody invasions from the Chaos Wastes, suggests something other than an intelligent impulse to destroy. Rather, they result from unchecked population growths. The Chaos Wastes are bleak and inhospitable to life. Lacking resources or the ability to cultivate their own lands and needing wonting for livestock, the pinch of hunger becomes unbearable to all the denizens of this windswept tundra. Then, out of necessity, these hordes tumble south to plunder the rich and soft lands of the Empire, Kislev, and elsewhere. As evidence, these thinkers point to the Norscan raiders. They clearly follow this pattern. Although the Incursions are explained-away as results of a failure to control populations, no one is foolish enough to deny that these peoples employ Daemon servants and other abominations in their assaults.

But, this is only one popular view. A few, heretical Priests agree that there is no one force or pantheon of Dark Gods who drive the damned to wage war. Where they differ, though, is by claiming that there are no Gods; all are but reflections of the terrible energies bleeding from the wound in the land. In their eyes, there is no difference between Ulric and Khorne, no difference between Shallya and Slaanesh; they are all the same, beings whose existence depends exclusively on Mankind's hopes and fears. In a sense, they are like psychic reflections cast into the Aethyr, formed only by some grand delusion shared by thinking creatures the world over. Thus, when a surge occurs, it is the result of Humanity's moral and ethical failings. The darker mankind's impulses, the greater attraction it has to the awfulness reflected by the Realm of Chaos. Such thoughts are best kept to oneself, for the Witch Hunters consider heretics worse than Mutants in the spread of dangerous thought.

and stalwart Champion of Darkness, the Dark Gods favoured him, luring him north to the Chaos Wastes, where he penetrated deeper and deeper into this bleak land until he came face-to-face with the maddening Realm itself. The Dark Gods rewarded his courage by destroying his mortal shell and recreating him in their image: that of a Daemon Prince.

In this new form, he was a terrible force. He stood at the heads of his legions, destroying any and all who crossed his path, attracting mortals from all over to join his legions. In time, he was worshipped as a God. But, as his power and influence grew, so too did his pride. It was his arrogance and his belief that he was an equal to the Greater Gods that spelled his downfall. The Four Powers cast him low, and Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, cursed him, transforming him from a demigod to a confused and crazed spirit that would ever-after exemplify Chaos. He became the Harbinger, He Who Crowns Conquerors. He would never champion the cause of Chaos. He would for all time be a servant and thrall to those mortals who attracted the attention of the Ruinous Powers.

His first Champion was Morkar the Uniter. He, with the help of the Harbinger, launched a massive war from the Chaos Wastes. He might have succeeded in defeating the lands of the south had it not been for the great and united effort led by Sigmar. His defeat, and the continued defeats with each failed Champion, refreshed Be'lakor's pangs of loss that he suffered since being cast down. The horror of his fate stripped away his sanity, and he screamed for centuries, only slowing to place the Crown of Domination on the next fool who sought glory.

The Enemy Grows

Though the Uniter was defeated, the Old World had to deal with its own problems. The Empire was in its earliest days when it pushed back the forces of Chaos, and after its few fledgling steps, it struggled to retain its coherence. In the years that followed, Norse raiders preyed on the coasts, sacking villages in the north, and it was clear by their foul shamans and witch doctors that they served the Dark Gods. All manner of Daemons and Champions launched wars from the Chaos Wastes, but each was

sporadic and disorganised, and so the Empire was free from a massive invasion for centuries.

The rest of the world was not so safe. Chaos launched invasions into Cathay, Naggaroth, and even the Dark Lands, sparking conflicts that would last for decades and take the lives of thousands. But back in the Empire and the Old World, it seemed mortals were content to pave the way for the next Incursion. Undaunted by the trials of following centuries, they embarked on the road to decadence and corruption. While Humanity dabbled in the forbidden, the Cult of Sigmar grew into a mighty force, rivalling the might of the Ulrican faith and overshadowing the other Gods. Heated arguments broke out into open confrontations, and such rivalries simply pushed Old Worlders even farther from the doctrines of the Gods.

Humanity drifted from the light of piety and good living, and turned to darker matters. No level of society was exempt from this growing, moral failing. Nobles withdrew into their palaces to bask in excess, while commoners turned to Hedge Wizards and Witches for succour from the occasional plague or supernatural threat. During these centuries, the first Cults of Chaos formed, starting as intellectual societies or those who held heretical beliefs. Some of the most profane volumes ever written, including the ravings of Necrodomo, were spawned and circulated among the intelligentsia. The Ruinous Powers reached from the beyond to mould and twist the hearts and minds of good citizens everywhere.

Then, in 1111 IC, the Black Plague struck the Empire. Believed at the time to be a curse for immorality, it spread from city to city, following the paths of roads and waterways, reaching the most remote places in the land. People died by the thousands, and panic set in. Camps of diseased Humans squatted outside the walls of the Empire's great cities, while the plague claimed entire neighbourhoods inside. And, with the spread of disease came despair, and with despair, Mankind turned to the Master of Plague and Pestilence to relieve their suffering.

And then the Ratmen came.

Appearing like grotesque parodies of man and rat, the Skaven boiled out of the ground, red eyes gleaming, slavering tongues thirsting for the blood and flesh of Humanity. Still gripped by the Black Plague, the Empire was ill-prepared for this new threat, and the casualties mounted while soft nobles wept and wailed at their misfortune. From this rabble, a hero emerged: Mandred Ratslayer, the Count of Middenland. He rallied the people of the Empire and fought the Skaven for nearly fifteen years. Where others had failed, Mandred succeeded in breaking the spirit of the enemy and forced them back from whence they came. Following his successes, stability returned once more, and he tried to set the course of the Empire for the years to come, purging the land of corruption and evil—until his assassination in 1152.

Mordheim

Though Mandred purged the land of the loathsome Ratmen, he was not successful in restoring the sense of unity needed to keep the Empire bound together in the coming years. Almost nine centuries after his death, the Empire fragmented and splintered, worship of the Dark Gods thrived, and evil stalked the land. Amidst the turmoil of the second millennium, Be'lakor broke free from the Realm of Chaos once more to walk the world among Men.

In 1999 IC, Be'lakor escaped the Realm of Chaos, slipping free long enough to settle in that hellish city, and there became known as the Shadowlord. He escaped by possessing the body of the next favoured Warlord, Khaarduun the Gloried—but instead of freedom, he discovered he was trapped. With vast quantities of Warpstone, Be'lakor believed he would be able to restore his former glory, so he began hoarding the vile substance. While this seems the likeliest explanation, little survived after the city was struck by the might of Sigmar's glorious hammer. What is known is that he ruled the city as the Dark Emperor, and his word was law. His minions were the Possessed, former men who had surrendered themselves to the Ruinous Powers and Daemonic Possession. Daemons walked the streets, and all of His servants gathered more and more Warpstone to create even more of these abominations. In the end, his rage and hatred consumed the shell that housed him, sending him screaming back to the Realm of Chaos.

The Spread of Warpstone

There are two theories regarding the spread of Warpstone. One suggests that this mineral is all that is left of the Gate to Heaven, scattered through the world in great steaming chunks, where it would be buried over the centuries. The other claims that Warpstone is a magical phenomenon, occurring when corrupting magical energy is loosed and lingers in an area, gradually transforming into a physical substance. Personally, I believe that both theories are correct.

Great War Against Chaos

Almost three centuries later, the grim tidings of another Incursion were everywhere for those who thought to look, but such was the pride of the pretender Emperors that no one noticed. The Empire at this time was fractured and splintered into different factions, all vying for control over the throne. Fuelled by religious controversy and infighting, the once-glorious Empire was at its knees. And, amidst this struggle, the poisonous touch of the Dark Gods spread. Crops failed as some noxious slime spread, and cattle died of a strange pox. Nurgle's eye was fixed on the lands of Sigmar, and though people knew a curse was upon them, they were powerless to do anything about it.

While the Empire languished, a great war for dominance took place in the Chaos Wastes. Among the many tribes of the Kurgan people, the Kul tribe emerged as the dominant force, in no small part due to the efforts of Asavar. This mighty chieftain had proven himself a capable warrior

and great leader among his kind. For years, he and his tribe wandered the Shadowlands, waging war with rival tribes and bending their leaders to his will. His armies grew, and soon he was the greatest power in the north. Accounts of this Champion say that the light of the Dark Gods burned in his eyes, and his red-lacquered armour glowed with malevolence. With each victory, Warbands clamoured to his banner, swelling his legions until he was ready to take the prize that stood in the south. He and his armies turned south and passed through the Great Skull Land, where they sold slaves for Daemonic war machines crafted by the expert hands of the Chaos Dwarfs. They then turned to the High Pass, where they gathered hordes of Beastmen and Dragon Ogres to aid their cause.

Meanwhile, the Empire was in no condition to head off this mustering force. Beastmen of the Forest of Shadows were multiplying and claiming large swathes of territory in Ostland and Ostermark. Chaos Warriors drifted throughout the northern Empire, even reaching the shadow of Altdorf's walls. Unwittingly serving as the Chaos armies' vanguard were endless hordes of Greenskins, who were driven from their homes by the approaching armies.

Things Fall Apart

By autumn of 2301, the Empire fully descended into anarchy. Thousands died from a famine that resulted from the blights and poxes of the summer before. Refugees flooded the cities, and those who stayed behind were food for the ravaging Beastmen. Trade all but stopped as the waterways became too unsafe to transport goods, and so more starved and died. These dark times bred fanatics. Street Philosophers foretold doom and despair, seeing death in all things. Bands of Flagellants roamed the countryside, preying on the agents of Chaos and innocents alike. Whilst the Witch Hunters worked unchecked through the lands, murdering hundreds in the name of Sigmar. And, through it all, Asavar's armies grew.

In Kislev, the Tzar grew nervous as his scouts reported a mustering force of hundreds of thousands readying an attack on their lands. Desperate for help, he sent messengers to the Empire, pleading for them to send assistance. Word reached the Count of Ostland, who for the past few years had been fighting a losing war against the Beastmen. His hatred of Chaos eclipsed all other concerns, and so he and his depleted force rushed to Kislev to lend their swords against the coming storm. But he was alone, for the Empire was too gripped with madness to respond.

Hope would bloom, however. Whilst Men openly embraced the Chaos Gods, a man named Magnus the Pious preached in Nuln and drew a large following. With his mixture of common sense and zeal, he was able to convince the people of Nuln to cast out the darkness that gripped their city and join him on his crusade to save their beloved land.

Autumn gave way to winter, and the Chaos armies finally marched south. The combined forces of Kislev and Ostland marched north to meet them, though they knew in their hearts they were too few to stop the enemy. The Empire and Kislev were crushed by Asavar's horde, and few escaped to spread news of their defeat. Kislev recoiled in horror as the Chaos Marauders despoiled their northern territories, and with a few decisive moves, they crushed the last of Kislev's armies, turning hungry eyes to the fertile heartland of this defeated nation.

Facing almost certain destruction, the people of Praag readied their city for the inevitable siege. Thousands abandoned their homes in the countryside for the protection offered by the city, bringing all the livestock they could. In the end, the preparations were too little, and disease broke out amongst the refugees. Asavar's host camped around the city and launched the occasional foray but seemed content to just harass them. The people fought as best they could, barely managing to repel the invaders with each new assault. Then word of a new hero reached them, and they learned Magnus was coming with an army to destroy the forces of Chaos and save their city.

Magnus gathered more and more Old Worlders by his sheer tenacity and his devotion to Sigmar. All manner of people joined him, swelling his numbers to form a rag-tag force of zealots, commoners, and professional soldiers. The Elector Counts set aside their differences and joined Magnus, adding their soldiers to the vast army. And so, Magnus and his followers moved slowly north, but it wasn't fast enough to save the besieged Kislevites.

The Prophecy of Fate

"Forged from the other world, six treasures shall he possess.

Upon his head the crown shall see all, and open eye will prove woe to mortal kind.

Then shall he ride unto the world.

Here will four be united into one. And five shall be the armies of doom.

Then will the world know that the last war has begun.

With the coming of doom will march a lowly boy. Anger shall be his nourishment and blood his wine.

And from the land tamed will rise a champion. Disease shall be his downfall and saviour divine.

A king's son shall be the chosen. In power will he thrive and glory in his name.

And with the coming of the end times, the old will fall by the hand of the new."

—Taken from the Celestine Book of Divination by Necrodomo the Insane

Praag Succumbs

In 2302, the attack Praag had dreaded finally came. Asavar used his entire force to destroy the city. They triumphed over the defenders, taking the city in the name of their blasphemous masters. With its fall, a Black Wind from the Realm of Chaos screamed through the streets of Praag, changing and mutating everything it touched. Men and stone twisted and became as one, their souls screaming from the twisted stones of the city. From its walls, distorted faces gnashed and pleaded for death. Praag had become Hell, a living symbol of what lay ahead for the Empire.

A few escaped to bring word to Kislev, reporting all they had witnessed. The Tzar was frantically training a new army to defend the capital. Magnus pushed his forces ahead to aid the last city of the north and stop Asavar from entering the Empire. But, Chaos reached Kislev first. They encircled the city and launched a terrible attack remembered to this day as the Battle at the Gates of Kislev. Aided by the Dwarfs from Everpeak, the city of Karaz-a-Karak, the ill-equipped and poorly-trained defenders faced the Beastmen, grudgingly giving up ground until they were forced to fall back into the city itself. The Kislevites delayed Chaos just long enough for Magnus and his forces to arrive.

The Final Confrontation

Asavar divided his force into two armies. One continued the attack against the city, while the other faced Magnus. The Empire's forces descended like a righteous hammer, cutting a swathe through the Beastmen and Mutants. Despite these early victories, the forces of Chaos were innumerable. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, and it seemed that all hope for the Empire was lost in the face of the great hordes of the Dark Gods.

Magnus' military genius would save the day. He launched a separate attack with his cavalry and pinned the Chaos armies between three forces, throwing them into confusion. On this assault, Magnus managed to slay Asavar Kul in single combat, crushing the will of the host. Slowly the horde disintegrated and the Mutants, Beastmen, and Warbands melted away, fleeing back the way they came.

With the Great War concluded, the Empire aided Kislev in levelling Praag and rebuilding the great city. The Imperial army returned to Ostland and Ostermark and slaughtered the Beastmen, cleansing the land of their stain. Chaos withdrew to the Troll Country and the Shadowlands, seemingly defeated for the last time.

Always does Chaos prepare for its next attack, its next Incursion, and for the next two centuries it bided its time, building and searching for its next Champion. The Dark Gods didn't have to wait long. Soon after the Great War, a Templar of Sigmar entered the vaults below the Temple of Sigmar and read the prophecies of Necrodomo the Insane. The words warped his mind, and he went mad. He swore allegiance to the Dark Gods and vowed to destroy the Empire and the Cult of Sigmar.

The Peaceful Years

For the next 200 years, things quietened in the Empire. With the legalisation of sanctioned magic in the Empire, the Witch Hunters confined their efforts to rooting out Mutants and renegade Wizards. Middenheim spearheaded the efforts to contain the Beastmen inside the borders, whilst reconstructing the ravaged provinces.

Though peaceful compared to the upheavals leading up to the Great War Against Chaos, this was not a time without strife. Marienburg seceded from the Empire, and a series of weak Emperors allowed the lands to slip back to something akin to the decadence of the twenty-fourth century. Things changed in 2502 when Karl Franz ascended the throne. Young, charismatic, and competent, this new Emperor took a firm hand in guiding the Empire into the future, though even his reign has been anything but stable. Perhaps as part of the build up towards the Storm of Chaos, the agents of Chaos rebuilt and set in motion plans to dismantle the Empire, even going so far as to depose the newly installed Emperor Karl Franz. Though they failed, their activity increased and troubles caused by their machinations swept the Empire.

Luthor Huss

A few years into Karl Franz's reign, a young boy appeared at a Sigmarite monastery, pleading to be allowed to join the ranks of the warrior monks. Impressed by the boy's zeal and hatred of Chaos, the monks allowed the boy to join. Luthor Huss, as he was known, became a powerful Warrior Priest. He spent his days preaching the word of Sigmar, while taking the fight to the Beastmen and other minions of Chaos. Huss was also committed to cleansing the Cult of Sigmar, for in his eyes it had become tainted by corruption and laziness.

Boris Todbringer

Meanwhile, the Elector Count of Middenland, Boris Todbringer, continued his father's crusade against the Beastmen of the Drakwald. Long had these creatures inhabited the depths of this accursed wood, and it fell to the Knights Panther, Knights of the White Wolf, and the Roadwardens to contain them. Around 2518, Khazrak emerged as the principle chieftain of the Beastmen and launched a campaign against the communities arrayed at the edges of the forest. Todbringer committed himself to destroying this creature and launched a counterattack against Khazrak. In one encounter, he managed to take out the Beastlord's eye with his Runefang sword. Khazrak's wound never healed, driving the Beastlord to greater rage, but also caution. He lured Todbringer into a trap where he hoped to kill the hated Elector Count. Boris and his men fell into the trap and somehow escaped, but not before Todbringer lost his eye as well.

Grimgor

Amongst the Orcs, a new leader emerged. Grimgor lead his fellow Black Orcs against the Skaven of the Under-Empire, fighting until he could kill Clan Moulder's Rat Ogres in single combat. Wanting a greater challenge, he turned his greedy eyes north to the Kurgan tribes. He led his war mob north to the eastern steppes, forming a buffer between the Kurgan and the Empire.

Albion

Since being defeated at Mordheim, Be'lakor roused few times from his nightmares to crown another Champion of Chaos, to send warriors in a futile effort to sack Cathay or other lands. He finally stirred in 2520, awakening with a perfect vision to free himself from the bonds placed on him by Tzeentch. Be'lakor knew a new Champion was rising. But, before he placed the Crown upon this Champion's head, he escaped the Realm of Chaos and searched the world for the power that would restore him to his destiny. The key to his power lay in the Crown of Domination, the symbol and artefact that offered a Champion the power to unite Chaos under one banner.

Be'lakor's curse prevented his incorporeal form from seizing the Crown. The only way he could take the artefact for himself was to restore his mortal form. Only the mightiest magic could achieve this. Be'lakor believed this magic lay within far-flung Albion.

He flew to the misty isle, bringing with him a mantle of blood and destruction. There, he tore the life energies from the very rock of this mystic isle to weave for himself a new body. Be'lakor was thwarted once more by the denizens of this strange and legendary place, but not before he stole magic enough to form a semi-solid body.

He realised then that the Incursions were happening more frequently, building to a grand conflict that would spell the end of all things. A new

Of Dwarfs and Chaos

One of the most hotly contested parts of Dwarf history involves the Chaos Dwarfs. The Dwarfs still deny their existence, hiding a deeper fear behind the façade of bravado and indignation. But, despite their denials, the Chaos Dwarfs do exist, and are just one more cog in the war engine of Chaos that musters for each new incursion. The details are vague, to say the least—neither the Dwarfs nor the Chaos Dwarfs are forthcoming—but what is theorised is that in the early days of the Dwarfs, before Rune Magic was truly defined, a few pioneers dabbled in sorcerous energies to contain magic in these runes. Some were careful, realising the inherent dangers of working with magic, but a few saw great potential, and recklessly exploited the magic for their own ends. This created conflict between the Dwarf clans, and so one group left the others, venturing into the Dark Lands in search of more magic to aid in their research. Somehow, this estranged Clan became severed from the rest. The Dark Lands were brutal and inhospitable, presenting terrible dangers. Lacking support from their kin, these renegades fully embraced Chaos, worshipping a terrible and blasphemous God known as Hashut, the Father of Darkness.

Chaos Dwarfs remain to this day, but are blessedly rare. It is whispered that they are the ones who supply the Chaos Marauders with weapons and armour, outfitting them with terrible cannons and other war machines that defy description. Little is known for certain, but every once in a while, rumours of their diabolical deeds filter in from the east, usually carried by merchants who travel near those lands along the Silk Road.

champion was coming, one who would be heralded as the Lord of the End Time, a mortal named Archaon. Though Archaon was clearly the chosen, Be'lakor knew this one would not be the last to wear the Crown. So Be'lakor returned to his shadowy realm to plot the downfall of the Dark Gods and elevate himself as their master.

Storm of Chaos

For over 200 years, the Empire prospered under the guidance of its Emperors with few exceptions. Whilst the Chaos armies were vanquished, the Chaos threat did not end. Time and again, the raids continued against the northern settlements on the Sea of Claws, legions of unruly Chaos armies fought against the Kislevite strongholds, and with increasing frequency, hosts of wicked mutated abominations tumbled out of the Chaos Wastes to destroy and kill. To make matters worse, many soldiers who took part in the Great War were scarred, their souls tainted by bloodshed and war. So, as in the past, many good soldiers left the Empire to seek battle on the Chaos Wastes, giving their souls to the Blood God. Yet, for all the efforts of the Witch Hunters' purging of the Drakwald, herds of Beastmen still prowled the woodlands, and Mankind turned to the Ruinous Powers once again, abandoning the old ways. Though considered a period of stability, the two centuries leading up to the Storm of Chaos were merely a brief respite before the larger war.

Archaon

Ironically, the event that would nearly destroy the Empire would originate not from a Beastman or Daemon on the Chaos Wastes, but rather from the Empire itself. Born a few years after the Great War against Chaos, the man who would become Archaon was a mighty Witch Hunter, famous for his skills at hunting down Cultists and exterminating Mutants. He had great power and influence, which offered access to much forbidden lore. Kept in the secret vaults of the Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf, these tomes are filled with blasphemous lore and heretical treatises on the nature of the Gods and Chaos. The *Celestine Book of Divination* was a single volume containing the rantings of a particularly dangerous lunatic named Necrodomo the Insane. The particulars of his ravings are not fully known—to read them invites madness—but it is generally believed that they involve revelations about the world's secrets and the truth about the Gods. Archaon read this particular journal and slipped into madness, denouncing the Gods and claiming that all was a terrible lie. He fled the Empire, cursing Sigmar as he went, to seek the means to end the world, which he believed he could achieve if he recovered the six Treasures of Chaos, as mentioned in Necrodomo's writings.

Legends tell of Archaon's exploits, from defeating the Chaos Dragon Flamefang and his taming of the Steed of the Apocalypse, W'Soraych, to his coronation when he gained the Crown of Domination. Rumours of these terrible deeds filtered into the Empire as Wizards and Seers caught glimpses of the coming doom, but they were nothing more than the frightened tales of crazed prophets.

The Storm Breaks

The anticipated attack finally came in 2521. A vast army of Chaos Warriors, Daemons, and Marauders, under the leadership of Surtha Lenk and Aelric Cyanwulf, attacked Kislev, crushing the brave defenders before driving south into the Empire. They pushed onwards, razing Wolfenburg, crushing the army of Hochland, then moving on. It was only at Mazhorod where the Empire finally broke the invaders, forcing them back the way they came. The Old Worlders breathed a sigh of relief, thinking they had repelled the threat. They were wrong. Lenk's army was just the vanguard.

Volkmar the Grim, the Grand Theogonist of the Cult of Sigmar, recognised the danger Archaon presented to the Empire. He gathered a host of fanatical Sigmarites and convinced the Elector Count of Talabheim to lend further support, building a powerful force to put down the upstart Warlord. The Sigmarites marched into the frigid lands of Kislev to meet Archaon's forces. They fought bravely, but Archaon, powered by the wicked Chaos energies, killed the Grand Theogonist in one mighty blow, before turning on the rest of the gathered force, slaying each and every one.

With Volkmar dead, the Cult of Sigmar elevated Johann Esmer to the post of Grand Theogonist. This man was nothing like his predecessor, as Johann was more concerned with politics rather than saving souls. Luthor Huss emerged as Esmer's principle enemy and went on a campaign to discredit the new Theogonist. In response, Esmer denounced the Warrior Priest, and with the aid of a highly placed Priestess of Sigmar who controlled most of the Witch Hunters, he kept close tabs on Huss' movements.

Huss, something of a fugitive, attracted bands of Flagellants and converts, much in the same way Magnus did two centuries ago. During his wanderings, he came upon a blacksmith named Valten who bore a striking resemblance to Sigmar. Moreover, the young man had the sign of the comet on his chest. Huss believed Valten was Sigmar reborn and took the young man to Altdorf to be recognised by the Emperor.

As Huss and his mob moved towards Altdorf, the Emperor called a Conclave of Light to gather support

in fighting the Chaos armies. He invited heads of state from all across the Old World to a conference where he explained the situation facing them all. The Dwarfs and High Elves pledged their assistance as did many others. The Conclave decided their plans for defence and renewed old alliances.

During this time, Luthor Huss arrived in Altdorf. The Emperor faced a troubling situation. He could neither recognise the man as Sigmar reborn nor could he denounce him. By doing the former, he would compromise his own right to the throne, therefore weakening the Empire. And if the latter, he would fragment the Empire. He came to a compromise and gave Ghal Maraz, Sigmar's Hammer and the symbol of the Emperor, to Valten, and so the two leaders turned their attention to the approaching host.

With the vanguard having wreaked havoc in Kislev, Archaon's forces and his mighty generals pushed through the frozen lands with ease, especially since Archaon was obsessed with eradicating the Empire; he cared not for Praag and Kislev. He left Kislev to D'aggorn the Exalted, freeing up Archaon and the rest of his armies to focus on Erengrad. There, the Kislevites managed to hold out for a time, but the arrival of Norse Berserkers ultimately destroyed them, allowing Archaon to raze the port city.

Archaon, with the Norsemen, continued south, invading Ostland, where the host divided into five armies, each led by one of his Everchosen Generals. Haargroth, a Chaos Warrior of Khorne, moved past Wolfenburg, which was still weakened from the attack the year before. Melekh, a thrall of Tzeentch, moved into the Middle Mountains, laid siege to Brass Keep, and controlled the route into Nordland. The next general was Feytor, one of Nurgle's chosen, and he invaded Hochland while Styrkaar, Champion of Slaanesh, held the Forest Road against Hergig and Talabheim's armies.

With his armies positioned, Archaon strode directly for Middenheim. Though the Knights of Sigmar's Blood and Army of Middenland held him for a time, the Beastmen surged out of the Drakwald and pushed the defenders back to the walls of Middenheim, where it was soon surrounded on all sides. Archaon would not relent, even in the face of this nearly impregnable city, for he was driven by an all-consuming need to kill the Sigmarite religion, and to do so, he would level the city that crowned Sigmar. The ultimate victory would be when he extinguished the flames of Ulric, humiliating the God and converting those followers to the Ruinous Powers.

A Doom Averted

It seemed the Empire was doomed, but with the combined might of the Empire, Elves, Dwarfs, and Bretonnians, coupled with the timely invasion of the Greenskin armies and uprising of Undead, Archaon's forces were finally defeated, forced to withdraw to the Middle Mountains, the Drakwald, and even back to the Troll Country, where they plot their next attack.

Even defeated, Archaon's horde spread death and misery throughout the northern Empire. Ostland, Hochland, and Middenland were all hard hit. with tens of thousands now displaced and starving. Madness is widespread, fragile minds shattered by the abominations that served the Lord of the End Times, and among these people, new converts to the Ruinous Powers have emerged. In the Drakwald, the Beasts of Chaos are still extremely active, prowling the shadowy forests and preying upon the isolated villages that somehow escaped the destruction of the war. Worse, Skaven are active, and Brass Keep now serves as a stronghold for the Chaos Warriors. Middenheim survived, but not unscathed, for Skaven plot in the warrens beneath the city, while the people above must contend with the carnage and corruption left by the besieging force.

What Lies Ahead

Archaon's defeat is just the beginning of a far darker time. It is clear the threat of Chaos is not at an end, but in fact greater than ever before. It is just a matter of time before the hordes tumble out of the north once more, and when it does, who can say if the Empire will be victorious again?

Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned

"Why look north for Chaos, when it is among us? The very air we breathe, the water we drink, our neighbours, even our children, all carry the taint of corruption. And whether it manifests now or sometime in the years ahead, this horror will awaken and consume us all. There is no escape friends, for we are the lost and the damned"

—Reinhart, Raving Priest of Ulric

More than the threat of armies of black-armoured warriors tumbling out of the blasted Chaos Wastes, or the nefarious threat of Cultists decaying the moral fibres of Imperial life, it is the threat of mutation that terrifies Old Worlders. It is the most personal of the threats that the Ruinous Powers pose, the erosion of the self into the seething foulness of Chaos. One can never tell who hides some strange corruption of the flesh beneath a baggy shirt or under filthy breeches. A neighbour could conceal some bizarre abomination in their cellar, and everyone listens for the horrible shrieks of a new mother spawning a twisted beast. The threat of physical contamination is ever-present, and all Old Worlders keep a watchful eye for the telltale signs of corruption.

Who can say for certain why mutation occurs? Some suggest moral failing. Some claim it is a curse. Others suggest it is punishment for mortal sin. Regardless of the cause, mutation occurs with startling frequency, and though the Witch Hunters and honest citizens do their parts to destroy Mutants wherever they appear, their efforts are not enough to slow the tide of corruption threatening to contaminate the Old World.

— Extent of Contamination —

Vigilance is not enough. Witch Hunters burn just a small number of Mutants on their pyres. Much more of their time is spent contending with other threats, such as the Undead, Beastmen, and renegade Wizards. And, even if the Witch Hunters devoted their entire purpose to the extermination of mutated souls, they would never come close to destroying them all, for the fight against Chaos is a losing one.

Causes of Mutation

In an effort to stop or slow the spread of physical corruption, there has been some effort over the centuries to catalogue the catalysts of change. What follows is but a sample of the causes of mutation. By no means is this survey complete, for the ways of the Ruinous Powers are many and insidious.

Contamination of the Womb

"On passing through Nuln's West Gate to continue my journey north to Altdorf, I passed by a home in that most wretched of neighbourhoods, the Shantytown. In the dim streets of this forlorn place were all manner of decrepit people, souls far from the purifying light of most holy Sigmar. Seeing queer sights and oddities of the flesh, I stopped a passer-by to ask what manner of creatures haunted those shadows. His reply? They were the damned, the cast-offs, and the forgotten. Those people who were set aside at birth in an act of the most extreme cruelty. He added that Witch Hunters would occasionally enter the streets to put the most offensive blasphemies to the sword."

—Alden Kriesthoff, Merchant

Nothing is more tragic than seeing the product of love soured by the stain of corruption, but each year, more and more children are born tainted, twisted, and corrupted by the terrifying power of the Dark Gods. And these are not minor defects, no, these are the abominations, those creatures born inhuman, more beast than Human, evil made manifest in the flesh. Among the lost children, strange maladies appear in their tender and seemingly innocent flesh. A babe might be born with the legs of a rooster or sporting a third eye in the centre of its brow. Tentacles; fur; gross size; bestial, conjoined twins tied together with the bonds of perverted flesh; and worse. Honest Old Worlders know their duty and are quick to split the heads of these creatures—even at such a young age—to smother the corruption. But, the mortal spirit is weak, sullied by temptation and misplaced affections. Misguided parents take their children to lonely places in the woods, or leave them in bowers of reeds that will take them who knows where. In cities, parents guiltily place their spawn in the sewers or set them loose in the streets of the poorest quarters. The most foolish actually attempt to hide their offspring, pretending, in their despair, that nothing is wrong with their treasured offspring.

The result of these so-called acts of mercy is quite the inverse. What life can a Mutant expect to live? What right does it have to dwell under the shining

beacon of Sigmar's glory? No, instead of mercy, the well-intentioned parents merely forestall the inevitable, inviting disaster on their own heads and worsening a situation already sad. These lost children cavort with others of their kind, sampling the diseased fruits issued from the loins of the blackest of powers and preying upon the righteous and just.

Still, the temptation to spare one's own flesh is powerful. Most men and women, when confronted with their duty to eliminate tainted offspring, find they lack the mettle. Such is the influence of the Dark Gods that they can touch the hearts and minds of otherwise pious men and women. And, for each failure, the Foul Forces of the north grow in their terrible power.

Warding the Womb

Old Worlders have all sorts of remedies for making certain babies are born hale and healthy. Though few, if any, seem to work (some are even dangerous to the mother), the fear of spawning a Mutant overshadows just about any other concern.

The most popular treatment is for the expecting mother to rub her abdomen with animal fat once per week. It's believed this insulates the child from unwanted vapours and ensures a healthy babe. Mothers who forget or skip a week may make up for missed dosage by drinking a quart of ox blood mixed with goat milk. Other preventative measures include never standing in the light of Morrslieb since that moon casts an ill light. Or, mothers can make a pilgrimage to one of the shrines of Shallya and gain the blessing of the Priest.

However, even the most vigilant mothers produce warped offspring, and in the later months of pregnancy, the women around them watch for signs and ill omens. Portents of a bad birth include the nesting of sparrow in the eaves, or a spider approaching the mother on the morning of birth. Children born during the nights when Morrslieb is full are almost all touched in some way, and so midwives do their best to slow the birthing process during the night until the next morning when the clean rays of the sun wipe away the taint.

Turnskins

Sometimes, a child may appear normal for the first few years of its life. But, eventually, some physical change takes place. Changes of eye colour, lengthening of the face, or even the growth of horns are the most common first signs that something has gone terribly wrong. Called Turnskins, the law demands these special Mutants be put to the flame at once, though few have the heart to condemn their sons or daughters to death, and instead take the children to the remote places to loose them into the wilderness. Invariably, these lost souls find their way into a herd of Beastmen, and, all too often, the children return to their villages to feast upon the parents who spared them. For more information on Turnskins, see **Chapter VII: Beasts of Chaos**.

Adventure Seed: Accident of Birth

One night, while the Player Characters are staying in a remote village in the wilderness, they awaken to the sound of a wail. If they go to investigate, they find a crowd gathering in front of a hovel. Moments later, a pale midwife emerges clutching a writhing bundle. There's no explanation needed; the thing is a monster, and the midwife must do her duty. If one of the characters thinks to follow the woman, they discover she takes the babe to a group of cloaked figures standing in the shadows of the trees. She hands over the bundle and then flees back to the village. Who are these figures? Beastmen, Cultists, or worse?

Environment

"Thus was gathered into Mordheim on the eve of its destruction all the sins of men together, as a boil gathers the poisons of the body ready to be lanced by the surgeon's knife."

—Bernhardt Hal, Witch Hunter General

The reach of the Ruinous Powers is long indeed. The touch of the Gods can twist and warp the very land as it can the mortal form. Tainted places

Table 2–1: Corrupted Environments

CV	Frequency	Difficulty	Effect	Magic
None	Never	—	None	Normal
Faint	1/year	Routine (+10%)	Disturbing sensations (no effect)	Normal
Mild	1/month	Average (+0%)	Roll once on **Table 2–3: Mutations**	Normal
Moderate	1/week	Challenging (–10%)	Roll once on **Table 2–3: Mutations**	+1 die
Major	1/day	Hard (–20%)	Roll once on **Table 2–3: Mutations**	+1 die
Severe	1/hour	Very Hard (–30%)	Roll twice on **Table 2–3: Mutations**	+2 dice

remain as the Realm of Chaos recedes following each Incursion. Foul spells and rituals cast by Magi twist and warp the land around them. And, seemingly for no reason at all, the very wilderness betrays the natural order of things, rotting and warping to the faint laughter of the Dark Gods. Entering these profane places is dangerous even for the purest of heart, and the very air can plant the seeds of change in those who travel these regions overlong.

Perhaps the most commonly corrupted places are the cities themselves. For good reason, the armies of Chaos focus their attacks on the population centres, much as they did in the Great War against Chaos, and more recently during the Storm of Chaos. Each invasion coincides with a swelling of magical energy pouring out of the maddening realms beyond the Chaos Wastes, and this fell energy changes whatever it touches.

Optional Rule: Exposure through Corrupted Environments

A location that's been tainted by Chaos has a limited ability to affect mortals in the area and then only when they spend extensive amounts of time on the afflicted site. Any given area has a Corruption Value (CV), ranging from none to severe. The CV determines the difficulty and frequency of the Will Power Test needed to resist the effects of Chaos. Should the character fail the Will Power Test, he suffers the indicated effects. Finally, CV may also have effects on the casting of spells, adding additional dice for Casting Rolls. For details, see **Table 2–1: Corrupted Environments**.

An area can be of any size and any intensity. Some areas may have overlapping intensities, strengthening as one approaches the source of contamination. The greater the corruption, the smaller the area, since for Chaos to affect anything, it must be concentrated in one place.

Note that some areas—the Chaos Wastes, Monoliths, Elven Waystones, and the like—have additional special rules. See their respective entries in this book for more information.

A corrupted area gradually expands, creating larger bands of lower-intensity corruption emanating from the source, which is usually, though not always, a chunk of Warpstone or some profane place formerly used in blasphemous celebrations to the Ruinous Powers. The best way to cleanse an area of corruption is through fire. The land must burn for a number of days per step over "None." So, a site of major corruption must be allowed to burn for at least four days before the taint is removed. In all cases, such cleansings are rarely permanent as corrupted terrain is tenacious in its desire to remain tainted.

Cities also breed mutations for other reasons. For most Old World cities, the living conditions deteriorate in direct proportion to its size. No city is clean, and most, if not all, are over-crowded, packed tightly with desperate people seeking to improve their lives. The deplorable conditions in city life lend themselves to the full spectrum of Human wickedness, which, in turn, spreads despair, anger, desperation, and envy: the foundations of corruption. Dissatisfaction with this fate, and seeing the decadent nobility in their sleek carriages and fortress-homes, breeds resentment, which ultimately leads to self-loathing and bitterness. Some people turn to Cults to resolve these difficulties. Most have no idea whom these Cults serve, while others simply let their emotions fester until their bodies rebel and sprout some horrible tentacle or eyestalk.

Many scholars believe the tendency for mutation in urban environments is artificially higher simply due to population density. The more people in an area, the more likely it is for the inevitable mutation to emerge. To prove this, they point to the dozens of communities throughout the Old World that spawn their own Mutants, clearly suggesting that mutation is not exclusive to urban centres.

As further proof of the insidious power of Chaos, one need only look to the manifestations of Chaos taint in the land itself. Travellers tell of places of warped and twisted landscapes, where the trees leak foul, ochre fluid, and the very earth moans from its corruption. Bizarre creatures abound, such as those that have been spotted in the Wastelands, or even the occasional anomaly captured by hunters—stories abound of three-eyed deer, horned rabbits, turtles that speak, and the amphisbaena.

Though the wilderness and cities both lend themselves to producing Mutants, such places are rare. One does not just stumble into a glade contaminated with living rot. But, among these rare sites, there are places that have been changed through Human endeavour. Such places may have once served as gathering places for Cults, or might be sites where a particularly foul servant of the Ruinous Powers fell. Some might house ancient tombs, best left undisturbed lest the evil within somehow escape, while others may hide pockets of Wyrdstone, such as the ones that contaminated the doomed city of Mordheim. These locations are thankfully unusual, and soon after one is discovered, the Witch Hunters are quick to cleanse the site of any taint.

Praag

Perhaps the best example of a Chaos-infected environment is the Kislevite city of Praag. Once a great city, a fortified outpost that had long stood fast against the pulses from the Chaos Wastes and depredations of the occasional marauder, it was ill-prepared for what would one day spill out from the ever-changing wasteland. In what would later be known as the Great War against Chaos, the swirling dark Eye of the Realm of Chaos opened, and black clouds of infernal energy swept down from the plains, clearing the way for the scuttling Daemons and armies of Chaos Warriors bent on destruction.

The storm blew past the city, warping the stones of its walls and making Mutants of those who stayed behind. Praag was a city of the lost. This

blight did not remain for long. Magnus and his armies marched to meet the invaders, pushing back the hateful horde and freeing the lands of Kislev once more. No one was prepared for what they would discover in Praag: This city was no sane place. Human flesh melded with the stones, weird fluids wept from the streets, and the dead lay stacked like cordwood. Daemons and worse crept in the gloomy alleys, and the essence of corruption was everywhere. The Kislevites, with the aid of the Imperials, cleansed the city the best they could, and rebuilt it anew on the shattered stones of the past. Their efforts were not rigorous enough, for even to this day, Praag remains a place touched by darkness and evil.

Warding the Land

In areas contaminated by Chaos, Witch Hunters erect a cordon to contain the spread of the taint. In a city, they typically block off an entire district whilst in the wilds, they may quarantine an entire town or stretch of forest. Using a combination of temple soldiers and militia from a community near the affected region, they purge the land by burning everything. Solemn Priests also speak invocations to the Gods to drive away the profane spirits at work. And, sometimes, the land fights back.

Adventure Seed: Cursed Wood

In a forlorn stretch of unnamed hills sheltered by the towering trees of the Drakwald, there is a place where the land seems… touched. The thin grass seems to bend away from the steps of travellers, branches part on their own, and the sun dims the further one travels inside the hollow. The hills themselves resemble a mass of warty lumps, sprouting stunted trees and odd moss-covered rocks that split the red soil like rotting teeth in the mouth of a filthy peasant.

Few trappers come here since there are so few animals, but the few who have snooped around claim there is an old formation of boulders arranged in a circle around an altar. Sure enough, old blood stains the slab of stone miraculously balanced on two more stones. But aside from its unusual structure, its odd appearance, and the prickling sensations of fear that dance on the flesh, there is no sign or evidence of anything active. However, at night, when Morrslieb is full and shining brightly, things emerge from the trees and soil to dance. People nearby would do best to remain indoors on such nights, as these things will come for them.

When the Player Characters move through the Drakwald, they come upon Knopf, a small and isolated hamlet on the edge of the forest. There, they find the people fighting and arguing. Characters catch a smattering of words, suggesting the conflict stems from a missing child. It seems Alton, a trapper, lost his daughter at the edge of the forest—she was playing, and something grabbed her. He's screaming with worry and fear at his daughter's fate, but the villagers refuse to help him, reminding him of the waxing moon. Should the PCs offer to help, they must venture into the cursed wood and face whatever evil lurks there.

Forbidden Lore

"It was just a book! I swear I had no idea what it was. Wait, wait, let me explain... I bought it from the bookseller in town. I'm a collector, see? Really! Don't burn me... please listen! The mark? A wart, that's all. Please don't burn meeeee!"

—The last words of Abelhoff Vanderhoffen, convicted Mutant

The Priests of Sigmar teach that just as the mouth takes in food and drink to nourish the body, so too does the mind take in information to feed the spirit. If you eat a spoiled meat pie, or drink suspicious wine, you might fall ill or even die, depending on how rancid the fare. So too can the spirit sicken when foul words and thoughts are allowed to enter the mind. When too much filth is consumed, the soul sickens, jeopardizing the natural balances of the body, until the body manifests the spiritual corruption as a mutation.

Whether the words of Priests are true or not, certain tomes have power, an unwholesome ability to corrupt the body, injecting the fell energies of Chaos with every turn of the page. Such volumes have brought many a curious occultist low, driving them mad or destroying the flesh. Other books may seem innocent until the ink itself is examined. A mixture of Warpstone powder and urine produces a vibrant smoky ink that scorches the velum. When handled, the residue enters the bloodstream, loosing the ravaging effects of Warpstone. Such contaminations are never fast; rather, they gradually contaminate the body or mind over a period of months. Years ago, a Cult printed a catalogue of murderers, their crimes and their weapons of choice. Soon after the so called 'penny dreadful' went on sale, people began going mad, becoming raving spiteful berserkers, screaming and raging at anything or anyone who happened to be near. It took a few months for the Witch Hunters to track down the source of this new calamity, and once they recovered all the pamphlets, they used the copies as kindling for the pyres to burn the victims of this strange manuscript.

Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf

Rivalling the exquisite Colleges of Magic, the Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf is an impressive structure. Dwarf refugees designed and constructed this monument to secure a place for themselves in the Empire's capital. And while grand and storied, the fascinating aspects of the temple are not in the hundreds of stained glass windows or the flying buttresses, but the vaults below it.

Hidden away from mortal eyes are warded rooms designed to safeguard the most damaging and dangerous writings ever known. What's contained there represents nearly ten centuries of work by Priests and Witch Hunters to collect and conceal these heretical texts. They might have burned them, but for one reason or another, they chose not to, seeing them too awful (and too insightful) to consign to fire. And so these volumes are locked away, guarded by blind and mute Zealots.

On occasion, the vaults are opened so that a ranking member of the Cult can reference the tomes to learn something of the enemy. But, only the purest and strongest of conviction are allowed inside. This has been the case ever ever since an unnamed Templar entered the halls and read the hateful words of Necrodomo soon the Great War against Chaos, and later vanished. Despite every effort to protect these volumes, invariably one escapes to wreak havoc from time to time. And with each escape, copies of these tomes spread, working their evil among the well-intentioned people of the Empire and beyond.

Corrupted Tomes

For tomes tainted by Chaos, the rules for resolving the effects are included in the book's description. Most forbidden texts grant Insanity Points, but a few have been known to impose mutations. For sample books, see **Chapter V: Objects of Chaos**.

Adventure Seed: The Mine Syndicate

A group of sappers, after losing their homes in the war, plot to break into the Emperor's Vault and help themselves to some of his coin. They burrow through the walls of the sewers, believing that the wealth they crave lies somewhere near the Sigmarite Temple. They finally break through a wall, but instead of mountains of gold and gems, they find books—hundreds and hundreds of books. It seemed the entire expedition was a waste, but one of the men knew that books could sometimes bring in a fortune if they could find the right buyer. So, the sappers lifted as many tomes as they could carry, and fled Altdorf.

Two days later, the Templars of Sigmar learned of the breach, but the Witch Hunters are spread thinly throughout the Empire. Each day there is a delay in recovering the texts, the greater the exposure and risk. So, they turn to secular agents, such as the PCs, for help. What horrors will the characters find in their search to recover the missing books? What will the Witch Hunters do when they recover them from the PCs?

Magic

"There is a fine line between the arcane marks left on the Magisters and the corruptions that manifest in the mind and flesh of Witches and Warlocks. For Magisters, the arcane marks are inevitable, by-products of working with the Winds of Magic. But, for those who dabble in Dark Magic, the corruptions of the flesh and mind are rewards for dabbling in the forbidden. Hence, it is our duty to welcome those born with the talent into the sacred halls of the Colleges to nurture their abilities, cultivate new Magisters, and further the interests of our esteemed Orders."

—Paulo Elias, Magister, Order of Light

There's good reason to fear Magisters. Each time they touch the Winds, they risk their lives. When mishandled, the Winds can wreak havoc upon the magic user, razing his mind, his body, and even his mortal soul. It is because of these risks Magnus the Pious endorsed the formation of the Colleges. It was not a reward for services rendered but a chance to bind Wizards to the Empire through vows of loyalty made to an organisation that owed its very existence to the nation in which it resides.

Though the Colleges of Magic instil caution in their students, even the most careful Magister is at risk of damnation when working magic. A botched spell can bring down a magical conflagration that can range from minor problems, such as an unruly bowel, to dangerously sinister events, such a brief Daemonic possession, leaving the Magister with no recollection of what happened. Worse, such mismanaged magic can lead to corruptions of the mind and body. Many Magisters have slipped into madness just by practising their art.

Though Magisters and Apprentices are subject to the corrupting influence of Chaos, the Orders have taken steps to ensure such failures are minimised, encouraging conservative use of magic rather than calling upon the Winds too often. The real risk, however, is in the renegades, the Hedge Wizards, the Witches, and the vile Warlocks. These Wizards range from the mischievous and rebellious to the diabolical, who delight in conjuring foul Daemons and using their powers for evil. And, as they dabble with Dark Magic, their mortal cost runs high. Anyone who practises magic without the sanction of the Colleges of Magic is doomed to die by pyre, or to be consumed by the powers they seek to possess.

Mutation in the Colleges of Magic

The Orders of Magic do their best to keep their internal problems quiet. Rumours do slip out now and then about Mutants, Daemons, and Black Magisters, all adding to the rampant fear and speculation about the Magisters and their motives. It's believed the Magisters have their fair share of Mutants and perhaps a few more than one would expect.

Parents of children who are accepted into the Colleges of Magic sometimes lose touch with their children altogether. When they inquire, the official statement is that Apprentices are taught to put their old lives behind them, severing connections when and where possible. In truth, some Apprentices just disappear, removed from their mentor's care at the first sign of instability or corruption.

Corruption Through Magic

A roll on the Expanded Tzeentch's Curse table (see **Appendix II: Tzeentch's Curse Expanded**) can sometimes result in temporary possession or even mutation. In addition, some magic items are touched by corruption, and can impart their mutating effects onto their users.

Adventure Seed: Fall from Grace

When a Bright Wizard recovers a dark grimoire from a Chaos Wizard, he finds he can't help but look through the pages before destroying it. With each page, the tome draws him in, filling his head with visions of incredible power. In but a few moments, his mind shatters and he

succumbs to the lure of Chaos. When he finishes, he sees his path clearly and sets forward to change the world.

The Player Characters are in the same town as the Bright Wizard and notice strange things starting to happen: cows' milk sours, babies are born with vile mutations, and birds fall dead from the sky—all signs of the use of Dark Magic. Upon investigation, they learn of the Bright Wizard's presence and the recent conflict with a Warlock. Unfortunately, the Bright Wizard left for Altdorf. What does the corrupted Magister intend? Can the characters stop him in time?

Plague

"During one of my many travels, I had the unfortunate opportunity to come across a village in the throes of an outbreak of Neiglish Rot. While trained in the arts of medicine, I was unprepared for what I found. The entire population seemed to be in the grip of inactivity. It seemed the sky was darker. The colour was leached from the turning autumnal leaves of the trees and the once gay dresses of the women. Sadness, despair, and hopelessness were as invasive as whatever plague wormed its way through the rotting flesh of its victims."

—Machad, Arabyan Philosopher, Surgeon, and Explorer

In many ways, one of the most common feelings experienced by Old Worlders is despair. It is sadness, misgiving, and melancholy. It is the hopelessness of one's fate, the inability to rise above the bindings placed by circumstance of birth or fortune. And, while the unfairness of life fertilises the seeds of doubt, it is the onset of sickness that epitomises the randomness and inescapability of Human suffering.

Disease crosses all barriers. It breaches the mightiest defences, striking the corrupt and innocent alike. There is no protection, and no matter how a penitent prays and pleads, disease strikes down the mighty and meek alike. So, in the face of such capricious power, it is no wonder that Humans succumb to the dark mutterings in their minds and search for some succour from the discomfort of their bodies rebelling against them. It is the most hopeless and desperate who turn to the cold comfort of Old Father Nurgle's embrace.

The disease itself is often enough to contain this strange and disgusting breed of Mutant, as it soon dissolves the corporeal form into hacking, coughing, liquid death. But, Nurgle feeds on despair, and though he ameliorates the pain somewhat, he extends the body's ability to contend with the contagion running rampant. The greater Nurgle's touch, the greater the likelihood for some other warping effect, some new calamity of the flesh to appear and torment the subject until some compassionate Witch Hunter burns the flesh away and frees the soul from Chaos' grip.

Neiglish Rot

Though any disease can drive a mortal into the waiting arms of the Lord of Decay, Neiglish Rot (see *WFRP* page 136-137) is the most certain. Sometimes known as Neiglish Rot, this virulent disease wreaks havoc with the system. Painful buboes erupt in the soft tissues, and it's always accompanied by a high fever. Many sufferers of this terrible disease slip into madness, or at the very least, commit suicide to avoid experiencing its nastiest effects. Neiglish Rot kills slowly, sometimes taking weeks for the victim to succumb to its ravages. What's worse is that mutation almost always too, so that even those victims who manage to recover can look forward to a fiery death strapped to a Witch Hunter's stake.

The normal effects of Neiglish Rot require a victim to succeed on a Toughness Test each day or lose 5% from every Characteristic. If Toughness is reduced to 0%, the victim dies. At the end of each week, the victim gains a mutation, rolling on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle**.

For more robust effects, at the end of each week, the victim of Neiglish Rot rolls 1d10. Consult **Table 2–2: Neiglish Rot Effects** for details.

Neiglish Rot spreads through contact. The infected merely has to touch another to spread its taint. Occasionally, this plague pops up on its own, but individuals can catch it in a variety of other ways, including being struck by an infected Champion of Nurgle, stepping in a sticky pool left by a Great Unclean One, or by touching a Death Head. Such exposures are all blessedly rare.

A Hostile World

Those afflicted with disease find little mercy in the Old World. Disease is dangerous and rampant enough without recklessly exposing oneself to the plague. To combat the spread of disease, some villages force plague victims out of their communities at sword point, urging them, on pain of death, to move on before the situation deteriorates. The afflicted find others who suffer from the same plagues and gather in nomadic colonies. They wander from town to town, but are met with closed doors and

Table 2–2: Neiglish Rot Effects

Roll	Effect
1–5	Roll again on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle.**
6–7	Roll twice on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle.**
7	Roll twice more on this table, ignoring future results of 7.
8	Roll three times more on the table, ignoring future results of 8.
9	Roll again on **Table 13–5: Gifts of Nurgle.**
10	Character transforms into a Plaguebearer of Nurgle (see page 228) and becomes an NPC.

grimly-set faces. Even worse, the law of the Empire states those who suffer from plague must carry heavy bells around their necks or across their backs, striking them while chanting "Unclean!" to warn those who are not afflicted of their approach.

In situations where the plague is too widespread, such warning is not possible, and a common tactic is to cordon off the community. In such outbreaks, the Temple of Shallya tends to the sick and dying, working to bolster spirits and ease the suffering as best they can. But despite their best efforts, most Priestesses find themselves falling ill. Considering the ineffective measures used to combat the plague, officials and Witch Hunters form a "Cordon Sanitaire", similar to those used in parts of Bretonnia to contain the Red Pox, whereby fleeing plague victims that cross the line are simply struck down. The Cordon lasts for a number of months until there are no new cases. Oftentimes, there's no way to tell the status of the community, and so the villagers, lest they starve to death, must break through the protective walls or seek a quick death on the end of a Soldier's halberd or spear.

Adventure Seed: The Curious Case of Osterlaff

While travelling near Nuln, the Player Characters find themselves in a tiny hamlet known as Osterlaff. Not on any maps and thoroughly decrepit, this community is not much more than a collection of rotting hovels filled with toothless peasants. One thing they note as they make their way through the community is everyone there seems to suffer from some affliction. They are all in some advanced state of illness, yet no one seems discomfited. After interviewing the locals, the PCs learn the people have had some variation of the plague for as long as anyone can remember, but no one has ever died from it. Little do the heroes know, but the citizens are the experimental subjects of a vile Black Magister who dabbles in the magic of Nurgle to find a way to extend his life. Thus far, he's been successful, though he too suffers from awful, stomach-turning ailments.

Possession

"Everything that lives is, to some degree or another, a tabernacle for the pure energies of magic, and each and every mortal creature is as much a vessel of magic energy as it is a generator of it. The greater the intelligence, emotive responses, and creativity of a species, the greater effect they have on the ebb and flow of this energy and the closer they are to its influence. Being as intelligent life has the closest ties to the Warp, the physical form of intelligent beings has the capacity to contain more of a Daemonic entity's purpose and power than simpler forms of life, such as plants or livestock."

—The Malefic Mallacarium

Possession is the assumption of the physical form by some external agency. Hedge Wizards and Shamans sometimes dabble in Necromancy, conjuring up the spirits of the dead, or worse, allowing these disembodied beings to occupy their bodies so that they can channel thoughts and wishes of the departed with their living loved ones. Such acts are always invitations to disaster. Why? There is a natural order of things: When a mortal dies, his spirit is let loose to Morr's Realm. Spiritualists and Necromancers disrupt this order to dabble in forces best left undisturbed. While they sometimes can communicate with the dead, more often than not they deal with something far worse—a Daemon.

Involuntary Possession

Some mortals are born with a stronger connection to the supernatural. Of them, most are discovered by the Colleges of Magic and selected as Apprentices. A few discover their talents and develop magic use in a haphazard way, mostly through trial and error. But, the rest can go their entire lives never knowing what potential lies within them, what powers could be theirs to control with training and study. It is these whom the Daemons seek.

The reason for the attraction stems from their latent ability to deal with magic. Perhaps the subject can peer through the veil and see Ghosts. Maybe they can sense when a particularly strong magical wind blows or sense the manifestations of magic. In any event, this unconscious connection allows the Daemonic entity to breach the natural barriers and slip into the consciousness of the individual.

Of course, not all of the involuntarily possessed are systematically chosen by Daemons. Some might be sacrificial victims used by a Cult Magus to house an unruly spirit. Others could be ambitious Wizards who accidentally mishandle the sorcerous energies resulting in a brief, albeit disturbing, bout of Daemonic possession. But, in any event, the results are typically the same.

Daemons who force their way into a vessel never reveal their presence at first. If they did, the subject might reject them, as he is still strong enough to force the invader out of his body. Instead, the Daemon worms its way deep into the unconscious where it gently prods and pushes over the months to gradually corrupt its host's mind and actions. For this reason, it's harder to detect a possessing Daemon since the telltale marks of possession are slower to manifest.

There are occasions when the host discovers his is not the only set of thoughts rattling in his head. Normally, the victim's sanity shatters, removing any barriers preventing the Daemon from assuming complete control over the host. The Daemon takes his time here, exquisitely dissecting the thoughts and memories, utterly devouring its victim's consciousness.

Voluntary Possession

Unlike the occasional and incidental Daemonic possessions, there are some who invite entities to reside within them. Through profane ritual, they conjure the Daemon from the Realm of Chaos and trade their souls for it. Only the most desperate and evil individual would volunteer for such a fate, for Possession takes a terrible toll on both spirit and body.

Candidates for this blasphemy normally come from Cults. As established members, having been ushered into the secret purpose of the

"Hear Me and obey
most hateful spirit!
I cast ye out
with the Might of My Arm,
with the Iron of My Will
by the Fire of My Word.
Come from the body
of this my servant!
Though shalt not appear again,
neither in the dreams of
night nor in the thoughts of day!

Get ye gone from this place,
thou lowliest predator,
thou foulest Daemon!
Naked I drive ye forth,
with thy hair dishevelled,
and thy fury undone.
Thus do I vanquish ye in this
world, and thus do I cast down
thy stars and constellations,
scattering the fell work of thy hands.
Ever shall I pit myself
against thy kind,

and eternal shall be my wrath
in the face of thy masters.
For the sun shall not set over the
people of My Empire,
as long as they keep me
as their Lord."

"So Sigmar banished the spirit,
with its witchery and its spells,
with its curses and invocations,
and drove it away from the wall
of this Holy Empire."

—Extractions from the Admonitions of Sigmar

organisation, some Cultists believe it is their duty to serve their masters by allowing such an entity to invade their bodies. Others think, erroneously, such an act elevates them to equal footing with the Daemons. And some believe they can retain their personality and control the force within. In all cases, they are wrong.

By accepting such a being, the mind is immediately devoured by the Daemon, who in turn assumes complete control. The fragments that remain of the host's mind are tortured mercilessly for the duration. While the Daemon inhabits the body, it has no concern for the mortal flesh, abusing it as the Daemon likes. Worse, the raw energies twist and warp the victim, causing it to sprout horrid mutations. Such torments are finite, thankfully, since the Human body cannot withstand possession by a Daemon for long. In time, the body collapses into muck, forcing the Daemon back into the Realm of Chaos. And, for the host, nothing remains.

For more details on voluntary possession, see **Darksouls** in **Chapter XII: People of the Wastes** and **Exalted Daemons** in **Chapter XIX: Masters of Chaos**.

The Signs of Possession

Once the Daemon destroys or corrupts its victim's soul, it is free to do as it wishes. Henceforth, the Daemon warps and mutates the physical form, so that, in time, the host's body resembles the Daemon's true form. It's important to note that, at first, a possessed mortal may appear no different than any other—at least to those who don't know what to look for.

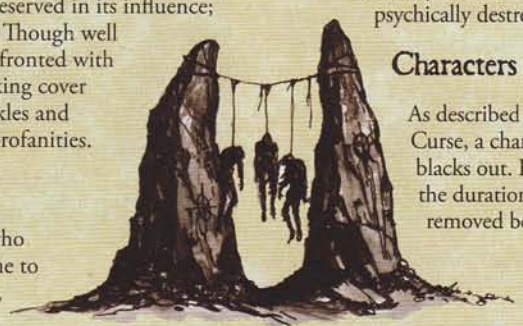
The Daemon hides within the mortal, concealing its presence from the host, at least for a time. The victim of possession, shortly after he picks up the entity, experiences strange sensations. He may feel a bit more hale and healthy, having magnified senses and an incredible appetite. He also sees things, odd bits out of the corner of his eye. He might see strange figures in the shadows, odd faces peering out of the clouds, or disgusting expressions on the people he sees. As the Daemon gains greater and greater influence, the mortal begins to see the entity when he looks in a mirror, though anyone around him sees just the expected, albeit haggard and with a horrified expression, visage.

The Templars of Sigmar, better known as Witch Hunters, follow a careful doctrine when identifying a mortal in the grips of Daemonic possession. Key signs include supernatural strength accompanied by fits and convulsions, extreme changes of personality, knowledge of future events or occult information, and the ability to understand and communicate in languages previously unknown to the host. There are other signals to look for, but they vary with the type of Daemon. Slaanesh Daemons tend towards lewd and licentious behaviour, while Nurgle's Daemons stink of death and decay. Khorne Daemons are extremely violent and prone to strange and excessive mood swings, while Tzeentch's Daemons are cunning plotters, working nefarious plans that may take generations to reach fruition. Other signs can include strange markings under the flesh (usually spelling out the inverted name of one of the Gods), dilated eyes, spontaneous and violent vomiting, mutations, unholy appetites and cravings, and much more. In all of these circumstances, the Daemon is well in control of the host, and by the time these signs have emerged, there is little hope for the victim.

During the early stages of possession, especially in cases of accidental or forced Daemonic possession, the Daemon is reserved in its influence; thus, harder to detect through normal means. Though well hidden, all possessed react the same when confronted with the unholy sigils of the Ruinous Powers, breaking cover and acting out in their madness. The host cackles and screams, unleashing streams of blasphemous profanities.

Exorcism

Though possession is a terrible ordeal, those who house a Daemon in their bodies have little time to spare before the fiend devours their souls. But, all hope is not lost, for the Daemon can be expelled from its host through an exorcism.



Exorcism as a practise has existed since the time of Sigmar, as recorded in the Book of Sigmar. When the mighty hero first crossed the Reik and discovered a man whose form contained a fiend, the wretch begged for help, claiming he had long suffered from unwelcome spirits. Sigmar called forth the Daemon, demanding its name. The Daemon could not resist and appeared before him, revealing itself to be a servant of Lanshor, known as Ll'hh'eeg'gae'ion'n. Sigmar attacked the vile creature, and it fled into the mountains. Sigmar followed for thirteen days and nights until he finally smote the creature, sending it screaming back to its hellish realm

Priests and Templars of Sigmar follow the example first set forth by holy Sigmar and use the power of their God to free mortals from Daemonic clutches. The means for this act is through the ancient Ritual of Exorcism. When performed, the Exorcist calls upon the might of Sigmar to wrest control of the fiend and force it to act as the holy man demands. Since the creatures of Chaos cannot abide the presence of Sigmar, they must abide by the Exorcist's commands.

The Ritual of Exorcism is known almost exclusively by Sigmarite Priests and Witch Hunters. A few Priestesses of Shallya have a Rite of Casting Out which functions similarly to the Sigmarite ritual. Though most can learn the methods and words required of the ritual, few have the resolve to face down Chaos in its most awful form. To be an Exorcist, one must be in peak physical health, no older than middle-age, and particularly dedicated to the faith. The methods of Chaos are many, and Daemons search out any weakness they can to defeat the holy followers of the Heldenhammer. Far too many would-be Exorcists have found themselves physically or psychically destroyed by the power of a Daemon.

Characters and Possession

As described under Daemonic Possession from Tzeentch's Curse, a character that becomes possessed by a Daemon blacks out. Henceforth, the Character becomes an NPC for the duration of the possession, unless the Daemon can be removed before it fully devours the Host's consciousness.

In some instances, it may be entertaining to allow a character to continue to play their character while he's possessed. Such experiences, while

Which Daemons Possess?

Any. All Daemons can theoretically possess a mortal. Most Daemons don't bother since it is far more entertaining to kill things, but a few might voluntarily seek to possess a mortal, such as a Daemon Prince or perhaps a Daemonette. The only restriction is that a Daemon must be un-bodied to do so. So, either the Daemon must be summoned into a person, inhabit a Daemonic Weapon and decide to possess its wielder, be a Reward of Chaos, or it must attempt a possession within four rounds after being destroyed and not returned to the Realm of Chaos through instability. The Soulstealer (see **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos**) is the exception, being naturally ethereal and, therefore, able to slip into mortals like changing clothes.

Daemonic Possession and Host of Fiends

The Host of Fiends Disorder represents just one more way that a character can gain the attention of a possessing entity. Characters already afflicted with this Disorder are more vulnerable to attracting additional Daemons. Thus, the difficulty made to resist a Daemon or Daemons influence increases by one step.

disturbing, violent, and often disgusting, can create a memorable experience for everyone playing. Players should be advised that the Daemonic entity has no intention of leaving, and moreover, it will, at least at first, restrict itself to subtle evil, twisting and corrupting others until the body begins to give out, riddled with perverse mutations. At this point, the character is unredeemable, his soul utterly destroyed, and it's just a matter of time before the Daemonic essence dissolves the body as well.

Alternatively, the GM may introduce possession slowly. The character could pick up a fiend by handling a Chaos Artefact, a brief sojourn to the Chaos Wastes, or through some other exposure. These occasions make

Bloody Maria

Bloody Maria has enjoyed a long career of making money from other people's suffering. As a girl, she watched her father, a Tilean Barber-Surgeon, patch up mercenaries and pirates in a dockside shop. It didn't take long before she was helping out, stitching wounds shut, packing maggots on gangrenous stumps, and even pulling teeth. When she came of age, her father ordered her to marry the rich son of a fat merchant. A simpleton with warty feet, Maria had no intention of going through with the marriage. She hitched a ride on an outbound caravan, ferried down the River of Echoes, and headed for Nuln.

The caravan experience was good for Maria. Though never a pretty lass, she always had a fiery personality and a no-nonsense way about her, and when the ship's captain learned of her medical training, he hired her as the ship's doctor. The journey went well, and she earned enough to land on her feet when she arrived at the city. The captain was generous enough to put in a word for her with the constable in the Shantytown, and so she soon secured work serving the Watchmen in the city.

While there, she tended to a variety of injuries. She heard the men discussing the troubles in the Maze, the rumours of the Night Market, and the proliferation of Mutants. To learn more, she asked the sergeant about taking over the interrogator duties. She explained her knowledge of anatomy would be certain to make the captives talk. The sergeant, knowing she wasn't squeamish, gave his assent.

Maria gained the moniker, Bloody, during her time as Torturer. She could make a grown man weep for his mother after but a few minutes of her tender ministrations. Though she did her duty, her reasons for doing it was to learn more about the Mutants. She figured she could help control the Mutant population by severing the offending parts. But, to do so, she had to learn more about them. So, with every criminal she tortured, and with every turn of the thumbscrew, she learned a little more, until, eventually, she uncovered the location of the Night Market.

That very day, she quit and set up shop in the heart of the Maze. She told the malformed urchins to spread the word she would help any who came to her, for a price. Starting with a trickle, the first afflicted souls came to her place, revealing a mess of tendrils, eyestalks, bird claws, beaks, and worse. And, each time, she hacked off the part, collected her coins, and sent them on their way. The trickle became a flood, and soon dozens of Mutants come to her each week. Word spread to other parts of the city—even as far up as the Countess' Palace—and it is just a matter of time before the Witch Hunters learn about her trade, and shut her down for good.

Bloody Maria is a middle-aged woman with long, brown hair that she keeps pulled back in a single braid. She has stern, severe features and a thin line of a mouth. She usually wears a bloodstained chainmail apron to protect herself from flying pieces of bone. Cinched around her narrow waist is a wide leather belt from which hangs an assortment of ugly looking hooks, files, and blades.

Bloody Mary

Career: Physician (ex-Barber Surgeon, ex-Interrogator)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48%	28%	51%	45%	53%	50%	56%	41%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	5	4	4	0	6	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Gossip, Haggle, Heal +20%, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Torture, Trade (Apothecary)
Talents: Menacing, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Suave, Super Numerate, Surgery, Wrestling
Armour: Medium Armour (Leather Jerkin and Chain Shirt)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Meat Cleaver)
Trappings: Four Healing Draughts, five Knives, Quart of Kislevite Spirits, three Sets of Manacles, Trade Tools (Medical Instruments)

for wonderful roleplaying experiences, allowing the GM to toy with the character until the Daemon finally takes control. During the lead-up to full possession, the GM may offer hints about what lies ahead. Odd odours, strange visions, random bestowals of Insanity Points, sudden and unexpected Will Power Tests for everyone can all suggest a Daemonic presence. Not only does this create a sense of paranoia for the afflicted character, it's also entertaining for the GM.

Effects of Possession

When a character is exposed to a Daemonic presence, he must immediately attempt a Will Power Test. The GM will assign a difficulty based on the nature of the Daemon (the more powerful the fiend, the more difficult the Test). The GM may also make the Will Power Test for the character in secret to preserve the sinister nature of possession. If the character succeeds, the Daemon is repelled, and the adventurer is free to meet his end in some other fashion. If the character fails, though, the Daemon slips into the mind, where it begins its evil work.

Table 2–3: Possession Difficulties

Type	Difficulty
Least	Routine (+10%)
Servant/Creature	Average (+0%)
Lesser Daemon	Challenging (–10%)
Exalted Daemon/Daemon Prince	Hard (–20%)
Greater Daemon	Very Hard (–30%)

As the Daemon works its evil on the mind of the possessed, the character must make a Will Power Test (at the same difficulty as the initial possession) every day. If the character fails, the Daemon exerts control over the character's thoughts and actions, altering his personality in some dramatic way (for details see **Host of Fiends** in *WFRP* page 205). The Daemon retains control for 1d10 days, though each day the character can attempt to regain control (again, at the same difficulty as the initial possession). At the end of this period, or when the character successfully passes the Will Power Test, the Daemon lapses, and the character returns to normal. At the end of this period, the character must pass another test to retain control.

Every time the character fails a Will Power Test, he gains 1 Insanity Point. When the character gains 12 or more Insanity Points, the Daemon takes over the mind and body completely, annihilating the soul forever. Finally, for every three Insanity Points gained while being possessed, the character rolls on **Table 3–1: Mutations.**

Service to the Ruinous Powers

"Friends, the end is near! Dark times are upon us all, for we sinners turn our backs from the truth that is Sigmar Divine. My friends, there are two paths before us. The first looks simple. It is sunny, and filled with ease and comfort. The second is dark, sinister, and fraught with peril. And, faced with these paths, it is only natural to choose the easy road. But, it is not the journey friends... it is the destination. Does our most holy father reward those who take the easy road? Does he traffic in temptation? Of course not! Sigmar rewards hard work, resolve in the face of temptation, and, above all, courage when confronting mortal danger. My friends, the easy path leads to corruption... to damnation... to perdition. Only through suffering can you ever see the glory that is the truth, that is the founder of our glorious Empire, that is our divine father: Sigmar!"

—Rolf von Steulden, Flagellant

By far, the easiest path to gaining mutations is through direct service to a Dark God. For the damned, corruptions of the flesh and mind are not curses but rewards, gifts from their Dark Masters. Cultists, Cult Magi, and Chaos Champions perform terrible deeds for these boons, and the more obscene the act, the greater the Dark God's favour.

Servants of Chaos believe each mutation is but one step on the road to glory. What may begin as a minor corruption of flesh is just the start of the glorious transformation, the realisation of a new and better form. Over time, more and more pronounced changes take place, until, one day, the servant earns the Mark of Chaos that defines the select few who are destined for greatness.

Generally, Mutants do not begin as servants of the Ruinous Powers, but most eventually embrace their fates, seeking succour in the vast yawning abyss that is the Realm of Chaos. These creatures—indeed, creatures, since they cannot be considered Human any longer—follow whatever dark impulse they experience, as if receiving some instruction from afar. Those permitted to live become greater Mutants, abandoning all trace of their former Humanity, until, one day, the Dark Gods reward their servant by transforming them into Daemon Princes or casting them low, to become Chaos Spawn.

— Dealing with Mutation —

Mutation in the Old World is much like any disease; it is an infectious, devastating, and a looming threat in everyone's mind. Despite the best efforts of Witch Hunters, it seems new Mutants are born each day. For every one killed, two more pop up elsewhere.

Perhaps the biggest obstacles in combating this menace are healthy Old Worlders. People are quick to condemn a Mutant to the flames so long as it is someone they do not know (or do not like). But as soon as the affliction falls on themselves, or someone they love, they shirk their civic duty and do the worst possible thing: they hide.

What follows are common reactions to mutation in the Old World, covering the various way people deal with it when it occurs.

Changes

Mutations rarely occur in plain view, without any warning signs. In most circumstances, the victim falls ill as his body fights the energies twisting his flesh. Sometimes, it might feel like a twinge, a sharp pain in the affected area, or periods of light-headedness. Over the course of several days, possibly even weeks, the person enters a period of decline as his body loses the fight against Chaos. When the mutation appears, it is subconsciously expected. In some way, the victim understands what is happening to him.

Once the mutation takes hold, the individual does not immediately become a raving lunatic and hungry for the blood of children. No, the road to madness is slow. Usually, the Mutant's sanity deteriorates not because of the corruption of flesh, but thanks to necessary changes in his life that result from his hideous alteration. Prolonged seclusion, despair, paranoia, and constant self-loathing test the limits of mental fortitude, and in time, the Mutant becomes the beast others expect. The fact that the corruption eventually spreads to contaminate the victim's personality, eating away at his moral resolve, certainly expedites his descent into the other.

Gifting

When a Mutant is born to a healthy couple, they are bound, by law, to turn the child over to the Cult of Sigmar or similar authority such as a Witch Hunter or town officials for cleansing. Everyone knows the thing is drowned and destroyed, and for this reason, few

parents can give up their child to this fate, no matter how terrible its form. Instead, well-intentioned parents (or even midwives) may take the child to the edges of the forests and leave the babe there. Called Gifting, the practice goes back to the Old Faith, before the emergence of Sigmar. When a Mutant was born, the parents gave the child back to the Gods as a sacrifice by leaving the afflicted infant in the care of the wilderness. This way, their hands are not sullied by having to murder their own offspring, and they can rest easy thinking that their young accompanies the Gods.

However, what actually happens is that a predator eats the child, or worse, it is claimed by Beastmen. Nearly half of all Mutant infants are actually Turnskins, Humans doomed to transform into Beastmen. The Herds prowl the wilderness in search of more of their kind to replenish their losses in war.

The Empire frowns upon the practice of Gifting since it simply adds to its enemies. If caught, the offending citizen faces the same fate as the recovered child.

Hiding

For those who gain a Mutant in their families, either by birthing one or as a result of a sudden and unexpected transformation, Old Worlders are caught between their loyalties to the Empire and the ties of love they feel for the afflicted. Very few families, in fact, give up their mutated family members to a Witch Hunter, even though they know they will share their kin's fate if uncovered. Instead, they hide the abomination in their homes. They might shove the afflicted in the cellar or attic, board up a room, or seclude him in a remote cabin. At first, the arrangement might work. The family can supply food, water, and companionship, but each day, their child, sibling, spouse or parent grows worse, and it becomes more difficult to hide them. Eventually, the bestial nature of the Mutant asserts itself, and it tries to escape. If anything remains of the individual's character or person, it is buried deep beneath layers of corruption. Such circumstances always end in tragedy. The Mutant escapes and kills someone. Or the Mutant kills his family and then escapes. Or the family is discovered and condemned to the Witch Hunter's pyre.

Treatment

There are few options available to those afflicted with mutations. This is because exposing one's ailments is a good way to wind up on a pyre. Still, there are a few surgeons who will treat Mutants. Operating in secret, they run chop shops designed specifically to amputate offending growths. One can always tell when one of these physicians is in the vicinity by the numbers of horribly disfigured beggars that seem to congregate in a particular area. There's good money to be made cleansing Mutants; people will go to great lengths to avoid death and pay premium prices, in gold or flesh, if there's a chance they can resume a normal life. And, if the person is too far corrupted, the good doctor can always turn the offending Mutant over to the Witch Hunters and collect a reward.

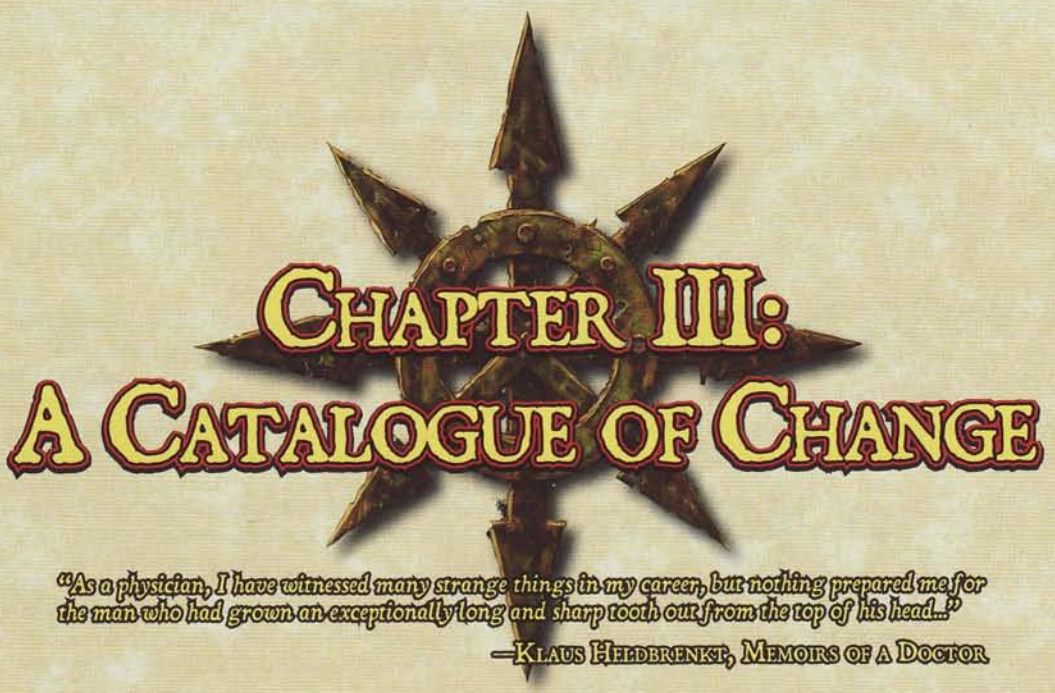
Of course, there are no guarantees. The surgery is painful and dangerous since the operating theatre is rarely clean. It is likely infection and blood loss will kill the patient, even if the Mutation would not have done so. And then there's the recovery process. Many subjects slip into a coma and never awaken. Others experience nightmares and disturbing visions, condemning them to a life in the sanatorium. And then, sometimes, the mutation comes back.

To remove a growth, a character must succeed on a Surgery Test with a difficulty determined by the GM based on the type of growth. Obviously, a vestigial twin is harder to remove than a random tentacle. For more detailed rules on surgery, see **Chapter III: A Catalogue of Change** or the *Old World Armoury* page 99.

Free the Inner Beast

The razor bit at the stubbly flesh of his neck. Tears poured from his eyes, and he sucked in air in great gulps. He would die by fire. It was his duty. He had become the hated, the dark secret that no one wanted to admit. He lowered his hand. He had to be sure. He thought he could see it. There! Just underneath his sweat-stained sleeve. It wriggled. He backed away, as if to be free of it somehow, as if to deny it could happen to him. He felt the table bite into his back, and fresh tears burst from his face.

He had to be sure. He had to be! He set the razor aside, dropping it onto the floor by mistake. With his good hand, he reached out to the afflicted limb. Slowly, so slowly, he pulled the sleeve back. His pallid flesh turned angry red the further he pulled. Bile climbed up in his throat. Then, with a jerk, he pulled up the sleeve the rest of the way, revealing all of his corruption made manifest in the flesh. The twisting face of a squalling, fanged infant now replaced his once-clean, wholesome skin. Two red-rimmed eyes snapped open, and the thing's slit of a mouth split wide to issue its silent wail. In horror, he fell to the floor and felt for the razor. His searching fingers found the edge. He laughed between his sobs and savagely scraped the razor across his neck. Free! he whispered. Free! he muttered as blood painted the rafters. Free!



Chapter III: A Catalogue of Change

"As a physician, I have witnessed many strange things in my career, but nothing prepared me for the man who had grown an exceptionally long and sharp tooth out from the top of his head..."

—Klaus Helbrenkt, Memoirs of a Doctor

Though Mutants originate from every level of society and have different motivations, each derives its mutations from the same place: Chaos. Whether an individual is a highborn noble who dabbles in the occult and accidentally comes into contact with Warpstone, or a newborn babe cursed with a clawed foot, Chaos is not selective. In **Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned**, much of the discussion centred on the cause and ramifications of mutations. Now, it is time to look at the mutations themselves.

— Corrupted Characters —

For most campaigns, gaining mutations is utterly unthinkable. Characters work to oppose the spread of Chaos, foiling its plots wherever it appears. Being a slave to darkness is the antithesis of what it means to adventure in a world of grim and perilous adventure… right?

Wrong.

For Chaos to be the nemesis it is, it needs to have teeth. It needs to hit the Player Characters where it counts. If after slaughtering twenty or so Mutants, they think they can get away unscathed, having one or more of them (or someone they know) pick up an unsightly mutation is a good way to drive home how deeply Chaos infiltrates. Mutations are intensely personal, deeply affecting how a Player Character functions in the Old World. At the moment the first tentacle appears, the Player Character gains a myriad of enemies, from Witch Hunters to servants of the Ruinous Powers, all seeking to destroy or control him. And what about the PC's allies and companions? Will they tolerate the unclean in their presence? If they do, what repercussions await them when their forbearance comes to the surface after the Mutant PC is captured? All of these questions can form the basis for countless stirring adventures.

Creating Mutants

In play, you can become a Mutant in one of two ways. First, with your GM's permission, you can start the game as a Mutant. Second, you might be exposed to one of the mutating catalysts described in **Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned** or others as the GM decides.

Beginning as a Mutant

If you begin play as a Mutant, it's assumed you were born Human and gained your first corruption sometime during the start of your first career. In theory, you could be a Dwarf or Elf, but both races are quick to destroy their tainted offspring.

As a starting Mutant, roll for your Characteristics as if you were Human, except you gain 1 less Fate Point, and you start with 1 Insanity Point. In addition, you start with the following Skills and Talents:

Mutant Skills & Talents

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Flee!

Once you generate your starting Characteristics, roll for your career as normal. Follow the normal instructions for character generation as described in *WFRP*, but before you finish, roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** for your starting mutation. As a special rule for Mutants, you may use Shallya's Mercy to re-roll your starting mutation.

Mutants of Other Lands

If you're playing in a different Old World setting, such as Bretonnia or Kislev, replace your Common Knowledge and Speak Language Skills for those appropriate to the campaign.

Becoming a Mutant

Any character that gains a mutation over the course of play immediately changes his race to Mutant. He retains all starting Skills and Talents gained for his original race as well as any earned from advancing through his career (or careers). In addition, the newly created Mutant may spend 100 XP at any time, regardless of career, to acquire the Flee! Talent.

— Mutations —

The first mutation gained is a step on the road to doom. These corruptions are sometimes concealable, allowing the afflicted to resume a somewhat normal life, but mutation breeds more mutation. What might begin as an ugly red mark or a tentacle could spread, resulting in more dramatic changes. And if the Mutant resists the dark impulses bubbling up in their diseased minds, they are fated to die by the sword or flame, or worse, transform into an abomination—Chaos Spawn. Some suggest mutations are akin to invitations, messages of flesh and gristle sent by the Ruinous Powers. If one embraces the change, greater rewards stand to be gained. And if successful, a lowly Mutant could one day gain the coveted Mark of Chaos and perhaps transform into a glorious Daemon Prince.

For details on Rewards of Chaos and Marks of Chaos, see **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness**.

Gaining Further Mutations

A mutation is a seed of corruption that, if nurtured and cultivated, can create additional mutations. Once a Character gains his first mutation, he is at risk of gaining more. When Morrslieb is next full (3d10 days after the first mutation), the Character must succeed on a Toughness Test or gain an additional mutation. If he succeeds on the test, he's not at risk of gaining another mutation unless somehow exposed to another source of corruption. Otherwise, a Character who failed the Toughness Test gains another mutation, must make another test when Morrslieb is next full, and must continue to do so until he succeeds on a Toughness Test.

Though Characters could gain a number of mutations, there are limits to the amount of corruption a mortal body can withstand. Upon gaining the first mutation, the GM secretly rolls 1d10 plus the Character's Toughness Bonus to determine the maximum number of mutations the Character can endure. If the number of mutations he acquires ever exceeds his limits, his body and mind collapse as he transforms into a hideous Chaos Spawn (see page 57).

Mutations and Fear

When a Mutant is exposed for what it is, it instils fear and loathing in onlookers (at least in onlookers who lack mutations themselves). The more the Mutant changes, the greater the dread it invokes in others, until it becomes unbearable to the sight of all Men. This said, some mutations are better hidden than others. To reflect the varying degrees of repulsiveness associated with each corruption, a mutation grants a number of Fear Points. A Mutant with 1 Fear Point gains the Menacing Talent. A Mutant with 2 Fear Points gains the Unsettling Talent. A Mutant with 5 or more Fear Points gains the Frightening Talent. And finally, a Mutant with 10 or more Fear Points gains the Terrifying Talent.

Fear points are cumulative. So, if you have Bestial Appearance (Fear 2), you have the Unsettling Talent. If your next mutation was Burning Body (Fear 3), you would now have a total of 5 Fear Points, granting you the Frightening Talent in place of the Unsettling Talent.

In some cases, the combinations of mutations may be more horrific than the individual mutations themselves. If you have a flaming sheep's skull for a head, you're likely to be a bit more disconcerting than if you just had a flaming head or a sheep's skull. Likewise, certain mutations when combined may just create silly results. The Fear Points are a guideline, and GMs should feel free to modify Fear Point totals up or down by 1 to 3 points depending on how the mutations work together.

Generating Mutations

The character's race changes to Mutant the moment the first mutation appears. He retains all starting Skills and Talents, as well as any special abilities derived from optional rules, such as the starting Characteristics for Humans based on province of origin as described in *Sigmar's Heirs* and *Knights of the Grail*. To determine the mutation (or mutations) gained, roll 1d1000 (three d10s, with one die acting as 1s, another acting as 10s, and the last acting as 100s) and consult **Table 3–1: Mutations**.

Unless otherwise mentioned in the particular mutation, a Character who has a Characteristic reduced to 0% or less immediately succumbs to the warping effects and dies, his body and mind collapsing under the strain of corruption.

If you're generating mutations for Daemons, such creatures are never at risk of becoming Chaos Spawn.

Cosmetic Mutations

Some mutations are noted as being Cosmetic. These have no game effect outside of simply changing the character's appearance and possibly adding to the character's Fear Points. Like all mutations, they should be taken into consideration when assessing the use of certain skills. For example, a Mutant with striped skin (Bizarre Colouration) and a Head Crest is obviously going to have a hard time disguising himself.

Concealing Mutations

Several mutations are minor, only slightly changing the character's appearance. As a result, Mutants afflicted with mild mutations are better able to conceal their afflictions than others with more dramatic changes. As a guide, for every 2 Fear Points a Character accumulates, he takes a –10% penalty to Tests made to conceal his affliction. This said, some afflictions may be nearly impossible to conceal, even if not altogether

Adjudicating Mutations

As described in **Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned**, there are many ways for Characters to gain mutations, but even these are not all the ways Characters might become transformed into Mutants. Service to the Ruinous Powers, handling Daemonic Weapons, or tainted objects and monoliths can all result in strange and unexpected transformations.

With such risk of taint, many Players might feel their characters are rendered useless once they gain a number of disturbing disfigurements. As GM, it is up to you to make certain that the crushing despair of corruption is felt, but not at the cost of ruining your campaign. Feel free to impose mutations when the PCs least expect them (only when already mutated) or overlook them when they should, depending on the Players.

horrific. The GM may apply additional penalties, depending on the particular mutation or combinations of mutations.

Flexible Mutations

When generating multiple mutations, certain combinations can conspire to make a Character unplayable (such is the nature of Chaos after all). Likewise, some mutation combinations may seem like they should have additional effects, say increasing the Fear Points (as already described) or suggesting a perhaps better application of the mutation to some other part of the body. In short, the mutations described in this chapter serve as starting points, and GMs are encouraged to have fun modifying and adapting the mutations to fit the character.

Mutations of the Ruinous Powers

Some mutations are especially appropriate to servants of the various Dark Gods. Blood Lust, for instance, is especially suited to those in Khorne's thrall. If a Character actually serves a Chaos God, he may roll on the appropriate mutation tables that follow **Table 3–1: Mutations**.

Quick Mutants

Whilst these new mutations are entertaining and interesting, some of the corruptions simply aren't suitable for the run-of-the-mill Mutant. To quickly generate Mutants, feel free to use the abbreviated tables found in *WFRP* page 229 or the *Old World Bestiary* page 79.

Fate Points and Mutations

Whenever you roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations**, you may spend a Fate Point to re-roll any results you don't like, but you're stuck with the new mutation.

Special Considerations

Though the tables in this chapter present a bewildering array of options and strangeness, the GM can always ignore the result of the die roll and grant another mutation instead.

Mutations Defined

What follows is a glossary of the mutations listed on **Table 3–1: Mutations** and the various sub-tables. By no means is this list complete. The ways of Chaos are many and varied. You should feel free to design your own mutations to suit the situation. For instance, you could have a mutation where worms wriggle beneath the skin or one in which the afflicted grows antennae or expels clouds of flies whenever he breaks wind. Be creative and have fun.

Acid Excretion — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 3.

Description: A foul, green, caustic liquid leaks from the pores of your skin. Gain +1d10% to your Toughness Characteristic. The ichor eats through organic and inorganic materials, so any armour or clothing you wear is automatically destroyed.

Whenever you hit using natural weapons, your opponent takes 1 Wound, regardless of armour or Toughness Bonus in addition to the normal damage dealt by the attack. Each time you gain this mutation beyond the first, the liquid becomes more acidic, dealing an extra 1 Wound with each hit.

The acidic excretions are also useful for defence. Whenever you're struck in combat, the attacker must succeed on an Agility Test, or the fluid eats through his weapon. If the attacker uses an Unarmed Strike or Natural Weapons, he loses 1 Wound (regardless of Toughness Bonus or Armour). If you're being grappled, your opponent takes 1 Wound, regardless of armour or Toughness Bonus each round spent grappling.

Magic Items are unaffected by your corrosive excretions.

Addiction — Fear 0

Type: Multiple 4.

Description: You gain a powerful addiction. This is usually some substance, such as alcohol or Mandrake Root. When near to the object of your addiction, you must make a Will Power Test or you are compelled to drink, eat, or do whatever you must to sate your desire. Each time you gain this mutation beyond the first, the difficulty of the Will Power Test increases by one step. So, gaining Addiction twice requires a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test, three times a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test, and four times, a Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test.

Queerly, even though you constantly crave the substance or act, your body is capable of replicating the effects when denied it, though it does nothing to ameliorate the cravings. As a result, you are always considered Stinking Drunk. See *WFRP* page 115.

Variations: Addiction can cover a whole host of things from killing to other more personal acts. Gauge the comfort level of your group, and if this mutation is offensive, feel free to roll again.

Additional Eye — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.

Description: You grow a third eye in the centre of your head. Chaos Armour changes to accommodate this mutation, but other helmets and coifs, though not skullcaps, will need modification. You gain

Mutation Format

Mutations are presented in the following format:

Mutation Name — Fear Number

Type: Single or Multiple. This section refers to how many times this mutation may be gained. If you roll a mutation twice that can only be gained once, roll again. If the mutation lists multiple, it may include a number. This number indicates the maximum number of times you can gain this mutation.

Description: This section describes what the mutation does.

Variations: Many mutations encompass a variety of changes. This optional entry discusses any alternative mutations here.

Table 3–1: Mutations

D1000	Mutation	Fear Points	Page
001–005	Acid Excretion	1	27
006–010	Addiction	0	27
011–015	Additional Eye	1	27
016–020	Agile	0	30
021–025	Albino	0	30
026–030	Alluring	0	30
031–035	Animalistic Legs	2	30
036–040	Atrophy	0	30
041–045	Beak	1	30
046–050	Beast with a Thousand…	3	30
051–150	Bestial Appearance	2	31
151–155	Beweaponed Extremities	1	31
156–160	Bird's Leg	0	31
161–165	Bizarre Coloration	0	31
166–170	Blood Lust	0	32
171–175	Blood Substitution	3	32
176–180	Boils	0	32
181–185	Boneless	5	32
186–190	Breathe Fire	1	32
191–195	Brightly Patterned Skin	0	32
196–200	Burning Body	3	34
201–205	Centauroid	2	34
206–210	Chaos Organ	0	35
211–220	Chaos Spawn	Varies	35
221–225	Chaos Were	2	35
226–230	Claws	0	35
231–235	Cloud of Flies	0	35
236–240	Cloven Hooves	0	35
241–245	Corrosive Vomit	2	35
246–250	Cowardice	0	35
251–255	Crossbreed	1	35
256–260	Crown of Flesh	1	36
261–265	Crystalline Body	2	36
266–270	Cyclops	1	36
271–275	Detachable Limbs	2	36
276–280	Dimensional Instability	0	36
281–285	Dripping	1	36
286–290	Duplication	Two Totals	36
291–295	Elastic Limbs	0	36
296–300	Electrical Touch	0	36
301–305	Emaciated Appearance	0	36
306–310	Enormous Head	1	36
311–315	Evil Eye	1	37
316–325	Extra Limb	1	37
326–330	Extra Joints	0	37
331–335	Extra Fingers or Toes	0	37
336–340	Extra Mouth	1	38
341–345	Extra Ear	0	38
346–350	Extra Nose	0–1	38
351–355	Eyestalks	1	38
356–360	Fangs	1	38
361–365	Fast	0	38
366–370	Fear of Blood	0	38
371–375	Feathered Hide	0	38
376–380	Featureless Face	1	38
381–385	Fits	0	38
386–390	Flaming Skull Face	2	39
391–395	Foetid Touch	0	39
396–400	Foul Stench	0	39
401–405	Froglike Eyes	1	39
406–410	Fur	0	40
411–415	Grossly Fat	0	40
416–420	Growth	1/2/3	40
421–425	Head Crest	0	40
426–430	Headless	1	40
431–435	Hideous Appearance	10	40
436–440	Hopper	0	40
441–445	Horns	1	40
446–450	Host of Maggots	1	41
451–455	Hulking Brute	1	41
456–460	Hunchback	1	41
461–465	Hypnotic Gaze	0	41
466–470	Illusion of Normality	1	41
471–475	Inside Out	8	41
476–480	Intelligent Cyst	2	41
481–485	Invisibility	2	41
486–490	Iron-hard Skin	1	41
491–495	Irrational Fear	0	41
496–500	Irrational Hatred	0	42
501–505	Large Ears	0	42
506–510	Leathery Skin	0	42
511–515	Levitation	2	42
516–520	Limb Loss	0	42
521–525	Limb Transference	1	42
526–530	Long Legs	1	42
531–535	Long Neck	0	43

D1000	Mutation	Fear Points	Page
536–540	Long Nose	0	43
541–545	Long Spines	1	43
546–550	Madness	0	43
551–555	Magic Immune	0	43
556–560	Magic Resistant	0	43
561–565	Malign Sorcerer	0	43
566–570	Mane of Hair	0	43
571–575	Manic Fighter	0	43
576–580	Manikin	2	43
581–585	Massive Intellect	0	44
586–590	Mechanoid	2	44
591–595	Mer-creature	1	44
596–600	Metal Body	3	44
601–605	Metallic Skin	2	44
606–610	Midnight Skin	1	44
611–615	Mindless	0	44
616–620	Moronic	0	45
621–625	Multiple Arms	0	45
626–630	Multiple Heads	1	45
631–635	Multiplication	3	45
636–640	Overgrown Body Part	1	46
641–645	Piercing Tongue	0	46
646–650	Pin Head	1	46
651–655	Pincer Hand	1	46
656–660	Plague Bearer	1	47
661–665	Pointed Head	0	47
666–670	Poisonous Bite	0	47
671–675	Polyps	1	47
676–680	Powerful Legs	0	47
681–685	Prehensile Tail	0	47
686–690	Pseudo-Daemonhood	5	47
691–695	Puny	0	47
696–700	Quadruped/Biped	0	47
701–705	Radiant Skin	1	47
706–710	Rash	0	49
711–715	Rearranged Face	1	49
716–720	Regeneration	0	49
721–725	Resilient	0	49
726–730	Rotting Flesh	1	49
731–735	Running Sores	1	49
736–740	Scales	1	49
741–745	Scorpion Tail	1	49
746–750	Sensory Loss	0	49
751–755	Short Legs	0	50
756–760	Shrink	–1/–2/–3	50
761–765	Skeleton	5	50
766–770	Skull Face	1	50
771–775	Snout	0	50
776–780	Soul Destruction	0	50
781–785	Spiked Tail	1	50
786–790	Spit Acid	0	50
791–795	Spores	1	51
796–800	Strange Voice	0	51
801–805	Strange Walk	0	51
806–810	Strong	0	51
811–815	Suckers	1	51
816–820	Tail	0	51
821–825	Telekinesis	0	51
826–830	Telepathy	0	51
831–835	Teleport	0	51
836–840	Temporal Instability	0	51
841–845	Tentacle-like Arm	1	52
846–850	Tentacle Fingers	0	52
851–855	Thick Fur	1	52
856–860	Thorns	1	52
861–865	Trails of Slime	1	52
866–870	Trance	0	52
871–875	Transparent Skin	3	52
876–880	Trunk	1	52
881–895	Turnskin	2	52
896–900	Unbelievable Tumour	3	53
901–905	Uncanny Resemblance	0	53
906–910	Uncontrollable Flatulence	0	53
911–915	Unnatural Appetite	1	53
916–920	Upside-down	0	53
921–925	Vampire	2	53
926–930	Vestigial/Parasitic Twin	3	54
931–940	Vile	1	54
941–945	Walking Head	1	54
946–950	Warp Frenzy	5	54
951–960	Warped Mind	0	54
961–965	Warty Skin	0	54
966	Weapon Master	0	54
967–970	Were	0	54
971–975	Wings	1	55
976–980	Zoological Mutation	1	56
981–985	Minor Cosmetic Change	0	56
986–990	Roll Twice	—	—
991–995	Roll Three Times	—	—
996–000	Invent Your Own	Varies	—

a +5% bonus to vision-based Perception Tests. Each time you gain this mutation after the first, you sprout another eye, gaining an additional cumulative +5% bonus to vision-based Perception Tests. If you cover the additional eye, you lose the bonus.

Variations: Additional Eyes can sprout anywhere on the body, not just on the face. Roll 1d100 and consult the following table for the locations of these extra eyes.

Additional Eye

Roll	Location
01–15	Head
01–15	Cheek (right or left)
16–45	Forehead
46–57	Chin
58–68	Nose
69–79	Tongue
80–90	Scalp
91–100	Neck
16–35	Right Arm
01–20	Shoulder
21–40	Forearm
41–60	Palm
61–80	Back of hand
81–100	Finger
36–55	Left Arm
01–20	Shoulder
21–40	Forearm
41–60	Palm
61–80	Back of hand
81–100	Finger
56–80	Body
01–20	Chest
21–40	Navel
41–60	Abdomen
61–80	Back
81–100	Posterior
81–90	Right Leg
01–20	Thigh
21–40	Knee/back of knee
41–60	Calf
61–80	Foot
81–100	Toe
91–100	Left Leg
01–20	Thigh
21–40	Knee/back of knee
41–60	Calf
61–80	Foot
81–100	Toe

Note: This mutation replaces Three Eyes on **Table 2–1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** in *Old World Bestiary* page 79 and on **Table 11–1: Chaos Mutations** of *WFRP* page 229.

Agile — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.

Description: Your body becomes sleek, and your movements have a graceful, almost liquid, quality. Gain +1d10% to your Agility Characteristic each time you gain this ability.

Albino — Fear 0

Type: Single.

Description: Your skin turns stark white, and your eyes turn red as leeches the pigment from your body. Lose –1d10% from your Toughness Characteristic, and take a –5% penalty to vision-based Perception Tests in areas of bright light.

Alluring — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.

Description: Invisible fingers dance on your face, removing blemishes and emphasising your natural beauty. Gain +1d10% to your Fellowship Characteristic for each time you gain this mutation. You also gain a +5% cumulative bonus to Charm Tests.

Animalistic Legs — Fear 2

Type: Single.

Description: Your legs undergo a startling transformation, assuming the look and feel of a deer's hind legs. In exchange for the unusual appearance, your Movement Characteristic increases by +1.

Variations: Though deer legs are common, the legs of any animal will do. About 10% of all Mutants who gain this mutation gain some other set of legs. For ideas, roll on the donor table under Zoological Mutation page 56. Regardless of the form the legs take, the mechanical effects of this mutation remain unchanged.

Atrophy — Fear 0

Type: Multiple 5.

Description: One of your body parts becomes shrivelled and useless. Roll on the following table to determine which body part and the resulting change to your Characteristics. Each time you gain this mutation, roll again on the table. Effects are cumulative.

Atrophy

Roll	Location	Effect
01—20	Head	Your head shrinks, forcing a good bit of grey matter to leak out through your ears and nose. Reduce your Intelligence Characteristic by –2d10% and your Toughness Characteristic by –1d10%.
21–60	Arm	Lose the use of one of your arms (50% chance of left or right). Reduce your Agility and Toughness Characteristics by –1d10% each. (See page 130 of WFRP for rules on fighting with off-hand weapons.)
61–100	Leg	Lose the use of one of your legs (50% chance of left or right). Reduce your Agility and Toughness Characteristics by –1d10% each, and halve your Movement Characteristic(round down).

Beak — Fear 1

Type: Single.

Description: Your face twists and contorts, and the flesh around your mouth lengthens and hardens, forming a beak. You can use your beak to make attacks. It deals SB–1 Damage.

Beast with a Thousand... — Fear 3

Type: Multiple.

Description: You gain a thousand somethings: a thousand arms, ears, fingers, eyes, nipples, or pretty much whatever your GM decides. They crop up all over your body and are impossible to conceal. These are vestigial and provide no benefit. In fact, they are disturbing, reducing your Fellowship Characteristic by –2d10%.

Variations: To randomly determine the extra thousand body parts, roll on the following table:

Beast With a Thousand...

Roll	Extras	Roll	Extras
01–10	Eyes	51–60	Nipples
11–20	Noses	61–70	Arms or Legs
21–30	Ears	71–80	Hands or Feet
31–40	Sores	81–90	Fingers or Toes
41–50	Tongues	91–99	Orifices
		00	Faces

Bestial Appearance — Fear 2

Type: Multiple. If you roll this ability more than once, you gain the Turnskin mutation instead.

Description: Your face mutates, gaining the appearance of some sort of animal or fiend. You lose –2d10% from your Fellowship Characteristic.

Variations: About 10% of all Mutants with this mutation gain the head of a particular animal. These Mutants still reduce their Fellowship but gain the Keen Senses Talent in exchange. Roll on the following for additional traits depending on the particular creature.

Bestial Appearence

Roll	Countenance	Effect
01–05	Ant	Gain Natural Weapons Talent and +2 Fear Points.
06–10	Ape	—
11–15	Bat	Gain Acute Hearing Talent and +1 Fear Point.
16–20	Bear	Gain Natural Weapons Talent
21–25	Boar	Gain Natural Weapons Talent
26–30	Bull	Gain Natural Weapons Talent
31–35	Cat	Gain Night Vision
36–40	Dog or Wolf	Gain Follow Trail Skill
41–45	Eagle, Falcon	Gain Excellent Vision Talent and +2 Fear Points.
46–50	Goat	—
51–55	Horse	—
56–60	Lion or Tiger	Gain Natural Weapons Talent and +1 Fear Point.
61–65	Rabbit	Gain +3 Fear Points.
66–70	Ram	Gain Natural Weapons Talent
71–75	Rat	Gain Acute Hearing Talent and +1 Fear Point
76–80	Raven	Gain Speak Language (any one) Skill. Gain +2 Fear Points.
81–85	Snake	Gain Natural Weapons Talent. Your bite is poisonous. If you successfully deal Damage, your opponent must succeed at a Toughness Test or take an additional Damage 1 hit.
86–90	Spider	Gain Natural Weapons Talent. Your bite is poisonous. A target you bite must make a Toughness Test or be paralysed for 1d10 rounds. Paralysed characters can take no actions and are considered helpless.
91–95	Stag	Gain Acute Hearing Talent
96–100	Weasel	Gain Natural Weapons Talent

Beweaponed Extremities — Fear 1

Type: Single.

Description: One of your arms becomes a twisted spur of sharp bone and hardened flesh. You may make attacks with it. The altered limb has the Armour Piercing Quality and deals SB Damage. You cannot use weapons that require two hands to use (*e.g.* Bows or Great Weapons). Finally, reduce your Agility Characteristic by –1d10%.

Variations: About 10% of all Mutants who gain this mutation gain a club-like appendage instead of the "normal" spike. In place of the Armour Piercing Quality, the appendage gains the Pummelling Quality.

Bird's Leg — Fear 0

Type: Multiple 2.

Description: Patches of flesh on one of your legs sprout wings and flutter away like bloody butterflies on the wind. What's left becomes hardened and scaly with crumpled flesh akin to a bird's leg. If you have the Flier Talent, you also gain the Natural Weapons Talent. You may gain this mutation up to two times (or as many times as you have legs).

Bizarre Coloration (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.

Description: Your skin pigment gains a brief sentience and changes colour to show that it's people too. Roll on the following table to determine the colour and the extent of the change. Each time you gain this mutation, roll again on the table.

Bizarre Colouration

Roll	Affected Area	Roll	Colour
01–10	Head/Face	01–10	White
11–20	Body	11–20	Brown
21–30	Arm, Left	21–30	Red
31–40	Arm, Right	31–40	Yellow
41–50	Leg, Left	41–50	Blue
51–60	Leg, Right	51–60	Green
61–70	Entire body	61–70	Orange
71–80	Extremity, GM's choice	71–80	Purple
81–90	Roll twice	81–90	Grey
91–100	Roll three times	91–100	Black

Blood Lust — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You develop an uncontrollable and bloodthirsty rage. You gain the Frenzy Talent. When you Frenzy, your face turns red and gains the hideous aspect of a Daemon. While in this state, you have a hard time coming out of the rage. Each round after all of your opponents are destroyed, you must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to gain control of yourself. On a failed test, you attack the nearest creature. You automatically come out of the Frenzy if there are no active targets within sight.

Blood Substitution — Fear 3

Type: Single.
Description: After a few shuddering minutes, you realise something has changed inside you, as if your very blood were boiling. In fact, you've lost all the blood in your body, and the Dark Gods have seen fit to replace it with something more interesting. Gain +1d10% to your Toughness Characteristic. Roll on the following table to determine what's inside you. In some cases, you gain the ability to affect attackers with your new blood if you take damage in melee combat. Such effects only apply to the attacker if he's adjacent to you. If you are slain, however, your body explodes, spreading the corrupted blood in all directions, 1d10 × 2 yards (1d10 squares) in all directions.
Note: The Ruinous Powers do not make distinctions between slashing, piercing, or blunt weapons. A single strike causes the corrupted flesh to split and leak.

Boils — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Strange, painful boils erupt in your armpits and other tender locations. Reduce your Agility Characteristic by –1d10% and your Toughness Characteristic by –2d10%.

Boneless — Fear 5

Type: Single.
Description: When you're not looking, your bones sneak out of your body to take up a new life as Undead, leaving you as a sack of quivering flesh. Your Ballistic Skill Characteristic drops to 0% (though you do not automatically die), and you halve all other Characteristics on your Main Profile. Your Movement drops to 1. However, your Wounds Characteristic increases by +6, and you gain the Contortionist Talent.

Breathe Fire — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 3.
Description: Your neck swells fearsomely. It's warm to the touch. You can cough up a wad of liquid flame and spit it at your enemies. You must wait 1d10 rounds between uses. The effects and damage depend on how many times you gain this mutation. Damage dealt by this attack bypasses armour but not Toughness Bonus.

Breathe Fire

Times Gained	Effect	Damage
One	Spit a ball a flame up to 4 yards (2 squares) away. BS Test to hit.	2
Two	Spit an explosive ball of flame up to 16 yards (8 squares) away. Use the small burst template.	3
Three	Spew a cone of hideous fire. Use the cone template	5

Variations: At your GM's option, you may spew wads of acid, lightning, foul gas, and so on. While the effects are slightly different in each case, the damage and other parameters remain the same.

Brightly Patterned Skin (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: Small creatures burrow into your skin and die. Their carcasses glow in a hideous pattern of clashing colours. Colour depends on your particular master. Khorne prefers patterns in black, red, and gleaming brass; Slaanesh glories in soft pastels; Nurgle marks his Mutants with disgusting combinations of diseased and livid tones; and Tzeentch favours no particular colour (roll on **Bizarre Colouration** chart on page 32). If you serve no Ruinous Power, your GM chooses a colour appropriate to his mood. "*I feel blue today.*" To determine the nature of the pattern, roll on the following table.

Blood Substitution

Roll	Blood Type	Effect if Damaged
01–05	Acid	You spray your attacker with acid. He automatically takes a Damage 3 hit that ignores all Armour Points. This attack can be dodged, but not parried.
06–10	Centipedes, Ants, or Beetles	You spray your attacker with centipedes, ants, or beetles. He must succeed on an Agility Test or take a Damage 1 hit that ignores Armour Points. In addition, until your attacker spends a Half Action to brush away the insects, he takes a –10% penalty to all Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests.
11–15	Electricity	A jolt of electricity bursts from the injury. Unless your attacker succeeds on an Agility Test, he takes a Damage 2 hit (Damage 4 hit if he's wearing metal armour) that ignores Armour Points.
16–20	Excrement	Foul excrement leaks from the injury. All living adjacent creatures must succeed on a Toughness Test or take a –10% penalty to all Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests for 1d10 rounds due to the stench.
21–25	Eyeballs	Weird, seeing orbs spill from the injury, giving you an unusual perspective about the combat. You gain a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill and Dodge Blow Tests for 1 round, after which you and your opponents have trampled the eyes in the heat of combat.
26–30	Fire	A lance of fire erupts from the injury. Lose 1 additional Wound as the injury cooks your flesh. Your attacker must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Agility Test or take a Damage 3 hit that ignores all Armour Points.
31–35	Glue	A thick, sticky paste leaks from the wound. Your attacker must succeed on a Strength Test or his weapon becomes stuck to your body for 1 round.
36–40	Leeches, Maggots, or Worms	You spew a torrent of leeches, maggots, or bloody worms from the injury. Your opponent must succeed on an Agility Test or take a –20% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests until he cleans the vermin away (a full action). In addition, these critters burrow into the flesh, dealing a Damage 1 hit that ignores Armour Points at the end of every turn.
41–45	Mice	Strange, eyeless mice wriggle free from the injury. The process is extremely painful, imposing a –10% penalty to your Weapon Skill Tests for 1 round, but the mice immediately make for your opponent. Unless he succeeds on an Agility Test, the mice gnaw their way into his flesh, dealing a Damage 3 hit before exploding into clouds of dust.
46–50	Molten Metal	Hot, molten metal spews from the wound. Unless your attacker succeeds on an Agility Test, he takes a Damage 5 hit that ignores all Armour Points.
51–55	Mucous	A thick, green fluid leaks from the damaged location. This has no additional effect other than being disgusting.
56–60	Mud	A sludge of ochre mud oozes from the injury. No additional effect.
61–65	Protoplasm	A thin stream of slippery fluid drips from the wound. While this has no additional effect, if you're slain, instead of exploding, your body collapses into a bag of sentient protoplasm. See **Chaos Slime** in **Chapter VIII: Menagerie of the Strange** for statistics.
66–70	Poison	Your blood is toxic. Your attacker must succeed on an Agility Test or be forced to make a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test. If he fails this last test, he takes a Damage 5 hit that ignores all Armour Points and Toughness Bonus.
71–75	Small Birds	Strange black birds fly from the wound. The process is extremely painful, imposing a –10% penalty to your Weapon Skill Tests for 1 round. The birds congregate around the face of your attacker, dealing no additional damage, but imposing a –30% penalty to all of his Weapon Skill Tests for 1d10/2 rounds.
76–80	Tar	Thick black tar wells from the injury. Your attacker must succeed on a Routine (+10%) Agility Test, or the tar halves his Movement Characteristic for 1d10 rounds.
81–85	Vines	Queer, whipping vines whip out from the wound. The vines immediately make one free attack (WS 35%) against your attacker. If the vines hit, they burrow into his flesh dealing 2 Damage that ignores all Armour Points. In addition, the vines halve the target's Movement Characteristic for 1 round before withering away.
86–90	Vomit	A stinking fluid explodes from the injury. Your attacker must succeed on an Agility Test or be forced to make a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test. If he fails this last test, he gains a mutation.
91–95	Wax	A greasy substance trickles from the injury. Aside from being a suitable substance for making unpleasantly-scented Chaos candles, there is no additional effect.
96–100	Wind	Your body releases a horrid whistling noise for 1d10 rounds. All characters within 8 yards (4 squares) take a –20% penalty to Perception Tests that involve listening. If you are slain, the force of your wind extinguishes all light sources within 1d10 squares.

Brightly Patterned Skin

Roll	Pattern
01–10	Single-coloured spots
11–20	Multi-coloured polka dots
21–30	Single or multi-coloured squares
31–40	Dark, zebra-like stripes
41–50	Multiple, different-coloured lozenges
51–60	Zigzag stripes
61–70	Tiger stripes
71–80	Disruptive, camouflage pattern (does nothing to help Concealment)
81–90	Body vertically divided into two equal halves, each a clashing colour
91–93	Underside or front of the body in one colour, with the back in a contrasting shade
94–96	Roll twice and disregard future rolls of 94 or higher
97–99	Roll three times and disregard future rolls of 94 or higher
100	Roll four times and disregard future rolls of 94 or higher

Burning Body — Fear 3

Type: Single.

Description: Much to your dismay, tongues of fire erupt from your body, turning you into a pillar of living flame. The fire does not harm you, though it automatically destroys any mundane equipment you carry. It sheds light equal to a campfire. Increase your Toughness Characteristic by +1d10%.

Against your enemies, the flames are deadly. All opponents who attempt to attack you in melee take a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill Tests due to the intense light and heat. Whenever you strike an opponent with a Natural Weapon, or with an Unarmed Strike, the target must succeed on an Agility Test or he catches fire (see **Fire** in *WFRP* page 136).

Centauroid — Fear 2

Description: What at first seems like bowel distress rapidly worsens, causing the entirety of your guts and legs to warp and twist, the flesh coming free and reforming into something else. When you can bring yourself to look, you discover that your legs have been replaced by the trunk and legs of some other creature. Roll on the following table to determine the nature of your new features.

Note: Although your new form may come from an ordinarily, small creature, the mutation works as if the creature were the size of a horse.

Centauroid

Roll	Centauroid Result
01–05	Ant
06–10	Ass
11–15	Bear
16–20	Beetle
21–25	Boar
26–30	Centipede
31–35	Cow
36–40	Crocodile
41–45	Elephant
46–50	Frog
51–55	Giraffe
56–60	Horse
61–65	Lion
66–70	Lizard
71–75	Rabbit
76–80	Rat
81–85	Snake
86–90	Spider
91–95	Wolf
96–100	Roll twice, disregarding future results of 96 or higher

Increase your Movement Characteristic by +2 and your Toughness Characteristic by +2d10%. Your new feet are probably hooves or some other suitable weapon, so gain the Natural Weapons Talent. Henceforth, you consult the **Centauroid Hit Locations** table whenever you're struck in combat.

Centauroid Hit Locations

Roll	Location
01–10	Head
11–40	Body
41–50	Right Arm
51–60	Left Arm
61–70	Right Front Leg
71–80	Left Front Leg
81–90	Right Rear Leg
91–00	Left Rear Leg

Chaos Organ — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: A cancerous cyst grows inside of you. Empowered by Chaos, it wants to preserve its host, so it doesn't kill you… right away. Each time you gain this mutation, increase your Toughness Characteristic by +1d10% and Wounds Characteristic by +2. Unfortunately, the bulge created by the cyst is disgusting and stinks. Worse, it emits guttural rumbling noises at the least opportune moments. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –2d10% whenever you gain this mutation—the thing inside you grows just a little larger and a little louder each time.

If you are slain, the Chaos Organ tears free from your diseased carcass, sprouts limbs, and waddles around spraying fluids everywhere. Eerily, it looks just like a miniature version of you. Its Main Profile Characteristics are equal to half of yours. It has 2 Wounds per time you gained this mutation. It also has the Natural Weapons Talent. If the thing is not killed, it grows over the next few months into your duplicate, gaining your Characteristics on both profiles, and all of your Skills and Talents. Its body counts as one mutation.
Variations: In about 10% of all cases where a Chaos Organ manifests, it grows on the outside of the body. This can be hidden, though if exposed, the Mutant inspires Fear as if he had the Fearsome Talent.

Chaos Spawn — Fear n/a

Type: Single.
Description: The Ruinous Powers cast you down, transforming you into a Chaos Spawn. You cease to be a thinking being, becoming little more than a ravenous beast. As a result, you become an NPC. See page 57 for details on these wretched creatures.

Chaos Were — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: You instantly revert to your normal form as if you had no mutations. Keep your former profile recorded separately. Whenever you fail a Will Power Test, you instantly revert back to your Mutant form. You remain in your Mutant form until you fail another Will Power Test. If your "normal" form gains a mutation, you immediately become a Chaos Spawn (see page 57 for details).

Claws — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your hands twist and warp, transforming your fingers into hideous claws. You gain the Natural Weapons Talent.

Cloud of Flies — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: A cloud of vile horseflies find in you the perfect friend and hover about you, crawling in your nose and mouth to nuzzle in the moisture of your body. When you're threatened, they grow angry and swarm about your head. Opponents using melee weapons against you take a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill Tests as the flies crawl into their noses, mouths, and eyes. Should a fly be examined, one will observe it has tiny, human hands and a human head, and it weeps miserably at its separation from the rest of the swarm.
Variations: Particularly foul Mutants attract swarms of flying beetles, cockroaches, or even termites!!

Cloven Hooves — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your feet rapidly transform into hideous malformed stubs that harden into cloven hooves. Aside from ruining footwear, there is no additional effect.

Corrosive Vomit — Fear 2

Type: Multiple.
Description: Your stomach houses a particularly toxic soup of corrosive fluid, much like that of a Troll's. Once every 1d10 rounds as a half action, you can spray the contents of your gut into an adjacent square. The vomit hits automatically for a Damage 2 hit (+1 for each time you gain this mutation) and ignores all Armour Points. This spew may be dodged but not parried.

Gain +1d10% to your Toughness Characteristic.

Cowardice — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You are overwhelmed by a crippling fear of everything, making you a shuddering mess. You take a –20% penalty to all Fear and Terror Tests. You cannot attack in melee unless you succeed on a Will Power Test. Finally, lose –1d10% from your Will Power Characteristic.

Crossbreed — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: Your body warps horribly, becoming a hybrid of what you were with the unwanted addition of something else. The GM selects a creature from *WFRP, Old World Bestiary*, this book, or some other source, and fuses that creature onto you. The extent of the change varies from Mutant to Mutant. Each time you gain this mutation, your GM selects another creature. Roll on the following table and note the changes to your character.

Crossbreed

Roll	Result
01–33	*Mutant Dominant.* Your pre-existing form is dominant, but you gain some of the features associated with the creature. For instance, a Mutant-eagle crossbreed might retain his Human head, albeit one that is beaked. Alternatively, a Mutant-Orc retains its general form but may have green skin. You retain all your Characteristics.
34–66	*Compromise.* You develop a foul appearance, fully mixing your former form and that of the new. For instance, a Mutant-Giant Spider might have a set of mandibles on a furry head but retain his "normal" eyes and nose. Average all Characteristics (rounding down) on the Main Profile. If the creature has any associated special rules, you gain them unless the rule takes away one of your Characteristics. You retain all Skills and Talents. Gain +1d10 Wounds. *For example, Clyde, who becomes a Mutant-Manticore, must average all of his Starting Characteristics on the Main Profile. His Starting Weapon Skill is 38%, and the Manticore has a 54% WS. So his new WS is 46%.*
67–99	*Creature Dominant.* The creature's form is dominant, and you lose most of your features. A Mutant-Horse hybrid would gain the head and limbs of a horse, though he'd retain his hands and remain a biped. Average all Characteristics (rounding down) on the Main Profile. If the creature has any associated special rules, you gain them unless the rule takes away one of your Characteristics. You gain the creature's Skills and Talents and +1d10 Wounds. However, the change is horrid and mind-destroying. Gain 1d10 Insanity Points.
100	*Chaos Spawn!* See page 57 for details.

Crown of Flesh (Cosmetic) — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: You develop a ring of fleshy protrusions around your head. Roll 1d10 to determine their type. These growths are vestigial and confer no additional benefit.

Crown of Flesh

Roll	Crown of...
1	Ears
2	Fingers
3	Noses
4	Tongues
5	Eyes
6	Toes
7	Thumbs
8	Boils
9	Tiny Arms
10	Tentacles

Crystalline Body — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Your flesh, blood, bones, and sinew transform into a single body of living crystal. Though this new form is tough, it's very fragile. Increase your Toughness Characteristic by +3d10%, but halve your Wounds. If a mercenary companion thinks to cut off some of your unnecessary crystalline extremities, the mineral rots away into a puddle of dung after 1d10 minutes.

Cyclops — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your face warps into an unrecognisable mass of writhing tissue. After a few moments, it restores itself to almost its former state. Unfortunately, one of your eyes saw the churning flesh as its opportunity to escape, promptly grew wings, and flew away. Now, you have but one eye in the centre of your face, just above your nose. Permanently halve your Ballistic Skill Characteristic.
Variations: In about 10% of all Mutants with this mutation, the eye does not centre and instead drifts to some other part of the face. One of the most horrid examples are where the eye moves to the mouth.

Detachable Limbs — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: How you discovered this mutation is best left unsaid. In short, you can now pull your body apart, tearing off your arm or leg, and still live without fear of bleeding to death. But, once separated, you cannot reattach the missing part, and must resort to other, perhaps mechanical, methods to keep yourself together. Fortunately, severed limbs and extremities continue moving as if they were attached (M 1). A severed arm can attack with a weapon, albeit at half your Weapon Skill Characteristic. You are still affected by the loss of a limb as described in *WFRP* page 134, though losing your head is not immediately fatal (but, you will probably starve to death).

If a part of your body becomes severed by a critical hit, or through some other means, you are never at risk of dying from blood loss. You can only be killed by weapons on a critical result of "10", or by Sudden Death. You can still be killed by fire, electricity, acid, and so on, but only if your entire body is exposed to the destructive element.

Dimensional Instability — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You lose your connection to the physical world, becoming a creature of the Realm of Chaos. Like Daemons and their ilk, you can be forced out of the physical world to the plane of Daemons. On any round in which you are injured in melee combat but fail to inflict any Wounds in return, you must succeed on a Will Power Test or be banished to the Realm of Chaos for all time (effectively ending your character's life).

Dripping — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your skin leaks a foul, stinking, yellow fluid. You leave a trail of the stuff wherever you go. The smell attracts flies that lay their eggs in the morass. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –2d10%.
Variations: The ooze need not be yellow. It can be any colour the GM desires.

Duplication — Fear Special

Type: Multiple.
Description: A new body tears free from yours, taking with it one-half of your Wounds Characteristic (round down). It is otherwise identical to you in all ways. From this point forward, your double gains its own mutations and may pursue careers of its choosing. You retain control over your double, treating it as a second character.
Variations: About 10% of Mutants with Duplication gain a double that wants to kill them. In these cases, the duplicate becomes an NPC for use as the GM desires.

Elastic Limbs — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your arms are ropey and elastic. In any given round, you can extend the reach of your arms by 1d10 × 2 yards (1d10 squares), enabling you to make melee attacks against anyone within range. Likewise, opponents may attack you, but successful attacks hit only your arms.

Armour retains its shape and so does not offer protection when you extend your arms. If you have Chaos Armour, it moulds to the flesh and maintains its protective qualities.

Electrical Touch — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Raw electricity sparks from your skin. Gain +1d10% to your Agility Characteristic. You can make an attack in combat to jolt your opponent. Resolve this like a normal Unarmed Attack, except you deal a Damage 3 hit (Damage 5 hit for opponents wearing metal armour) that ignores all Armour Points. Once you use this ability, you must wait 1d10 rounds for another charge to build. If you have not discharged your energy, and you are struck in melee combat by a metal weapon, the attacker must succeed on an Agility Test or take a Damage 5 hit that ignores Armour Points.

Emaciated Appearance — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: The next time you visit the jakes, all of the fat in your body goes out with the rest of the leavings in one stinking stream of pale-yellow and chunky fluid. When you finish, you find you're thin, bordering on cadaverous. Lose –1d10% from your Strength and Toughness Characteristics each time you gain this mutation.

Enormous Head — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your head expands, growing three times its normal size. You can no longer wear normal headgear. Helmets, hats, skullcaps, and

Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne

Roll	Mutation	Fear Points	Page
01	Animalistic Legs	2	30
02–06	Bestial Appearance	2	31
07	Beweaponed Extremities	1	31
08–09	Bizarre Coloration	0	31
10	Blood Lust	0	32
11	Centauroid	2	34
12–13	Claws	0	35
14–15	Extra Limb	1	38
16	Extra Joints	0	37
17	Extra Fingers or Toes	0	37
18	Extra Mouth	1	38
19	Extra Ear	0	38
20	Extra Nose	0–1	38
21–22	Fangs	1	38
23	Featureless Face	1	38
24	Flaming Skull Face	2	39
25–26	Growth	1/2/3	40
27–28	Hideous Appearance	10	40
29–31	Horns	1	40
32	Hulking Brute	1	41
33–34	Iron-hard Skin	1	41
35–37	Irrational Hatred	0	42
38	Madness	0	43
39	Magic Immune	0	43
40–41	Magic Resistant	0	43
42	Mane of Hair	0	43
43–44	Manic Fighter	0	43
45–46	Metal Body	3	44
47	Mindless	0	44
48	Moronic	0	45
49–50	Multiple Arms	0	45
51–52	Overgrown Body Part	1	46
53–54	Poisonous Bite	0	47
55–56	Powerful Legs	0	47
57	Pseudo-Daemonhood	5	47
58–59	Regeneration	0	49
60–61	Resilient	0	49
62	Skeleton	5	50
63	Skull Face	1	50
64	Soul Destruction	0	50
65	Spiked Tail	1	50
66–67	Spit Acid	0	50
68–70	Strong	0	51
71–72	Tail	0	51
73–74	Thick Fur	1	52
75–77	Turnskin	2	52
78	Vampire	2	53
79–81	Vile	1	54
82–84	Warp Frenzy	5	54
85	Weapon Master	0	54
86–87	Were	0	54
88–89	Zoological Mutation	1	56
90–92	Minor Cosmetic Change	0	56
93–00	Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations**		

the like, must be specially made, costing three times the listed price. Finally, 20% of all body hits and 10% of all arm hits actually hit the head instead.

Evil Eye — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: One of your eyes turns black with pure, concentrated evil. As a full action, you can level your gaze on any living creature within 8 yards (4 squares). The target of your gaze must succeed on a Will Power Test or take a –10% penalty to all Characteristic Tests (including Skill Tests). This penalty remains for as long as you live. Once you've affected a target with your Evil Eye, it cannot be affected again your Evil Eye mutation.

Extra Joints — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You gain an extra set of knees or elbows or both. Roll on the following table to determine which form of this mutation you gain and its effects.

Extra Joints

Roll	Mutation
01–40	**Arms:** Add +1d10% to your Agility Characteristic.
41–80	**Legs:** Add +1d10% to your Agility Characteristic and increase your Movement Characteristic by +1.
81–100	**Arms and Legs:** Add +2d10% to your Agility Characteristic and increase your Movement Characteristic by +1.

Extra Fingers or Toes (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: A number of extra digits appear on your hands or feet. You gain 1d10 extra digits for each affected extremity. Aside from poor-fitting gloves and footwear, there is no additional effect from gaining this mutation.

Extra Fingers or Toes

Roll	Extras...
01–20	Left Hand
21–40	Right Hand
41–45	Both Hands
46–65	Left Foot
66–85	Right Foot
86–90	Both Feet
91–95	One hand, one foot
96–100	Both hands and feet

Extra Mouth — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: What begins as a small scratch on your face eventually widens into an extra drooling maw. It can eat, but it doesn't nourish you since the material it ingests goes somewhere other than your gullet. You can speak with this mouth as well. Gain the Ventriloquism Skill. Each time you gain this mutation, you gain an additional mouth, though you gain no other benefit.
Variations: There are many stories of Mutants who develop mouths in strange places, from the armpit to the groin to the palm of a hand. There are no limits to Chaos' strangeness.

Extra Ear — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: A small nubbin erupts on your face, growing slowly until it takes the form of a Human ear. Gain the Acute Hearing Talent. Each time you gain this mutation, you gain another ear.
Variations: Ears can literally sprout all over the body, not just the face. Your GM will assign a particularly suitable location for this odd growth.

Extra Limb — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: Since you're such a good master of the ones you already have, your body attracts extra limbs. Each time you gain this mutation, pick up an extra limb. Roll on the following tables to see what you gain and where it goes.

Extra limb

Roll	Body Part	Roll	Location
01–10	Left Arm	01–10	Head
11–20	Right Arm	11–20	Chest
21–30	Left Leg	21–30	Back
31–40	Right Leg	31–40	Stomach
41–50	Left Hand	41–50	Hip
51–60	Right Hand	51–60	Groin
61–70	Left Foot	61–70	Elbow
71–80	Right Foot	71–80	Knee
81–90	Player's Pick	81–90	Hand
91–00	GM's Pick	91–00	Foot

An extra limb is more of a hassle than it is a boon, as it always seems to get in the way. If the additional limb shows up in a useful place, it may grant a bonus to certain tests as the GM decides.

Extra Nose — Fear 0–1

Type: Multiple.
Description: You grow a new nose somewhere on your head. You can smell with this nose nearly as well as you can with your first nose. You gain a +10% bonus to Perception Tests involving smell.
Variations: Though most extra noses appear on the head, a few unlucky Mutants develop them in unfortunate places, allowing them to sample their body odours in particularly unpleasant ways.

Eyestalks — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 2.
Description: One of your eyes extends from the socket on a stalk. Gain a +1d10 on Initiative rolls. If you gain this mutation a second time, you gain no further benefit to Initiative rolls.

Fangs — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your incisors lengthen and sharpen. You can use them to make attacks. They deal SB–2 Damage and have the Precise Quality.
Variations: Instead of long sharp teeth, you might gain tusks, a second row of teeth, or a single, hornlike tooth that juts out from your bottom jaw.

Fast — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You develop uncanny speed. Each time you gain this mutation, your Movement Characteristic increases by +1.

Fear of Blood — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: This terrible curse spells the end of most Mutants. Whenever you see blood, you must take a Fear Test.
Variations: Depending on the cruelty and whim of the Ruinous Powers, some Mutants develop more or less crippling fears, including urine, sewage, water, tar, and other liquids.

Feathered Hide (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: What begins as a strange rash that covers your entire body, soon worsens until feathers sprout from your bumpy flesh. Worse, the skin between your arms and sides hangs loose, forming a membrane, though for what purpose, no one knows.

Featureless Face (Cosmetic) — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: While you were sleeping, your nose, eyes, and mouth left, followed soon after by all your facial hair. Any moles, warts, and scars felt lonely, so they left, too. When you awake, you discover you are now featureless. Though you lose your eyes, nose, and mouth, your senses are not impaired in any way, and you no longer need to take in food or drink to survive, though the pangs of hunger are forever-after a constant scourge.

Fits — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: When confronted with the awful, your mind snaps, and you suffer terrible, mental seizures. Whenever you fail a Fear or Terror Test, you must immediately make another Will Power Test. If you fail this one, you collapse in a flurry of froth and flailing limbs. Each round, you may make another Will Power Test to break free from the seizure. Otherwise, this continues indefinitely.

Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle

Roll	Mutation	Fear Points	Page
01	Acid Excretion	1	27
02	Atrophy	0	30
03	Beast with a Thousand…	3	30
04–06	Bestial Appearance	2	31
07	Bizarre Coloration	0	31
08	Blood Substitution	3	32
09	Boils	0	32
10	Boneless	5	32
11	Chaos Organ	0	35
12–13	Cloud of Flies	0	35
14	Corrosive Vomit	2	35
15	Cowardice	0	35
16	Dripping	1	36
17	Emaciated Appearance	0	36
18–20	Extra Limb	1	38
21	Extra Joints	0	37
22	Extra Fingers or Toes	0	37
23	Extra Mouth	1	38
24	Extra Ear	0	38
25	Extra Nose	0–1	38
26–27	Fits	0	38
28–29	Foetid Touch	0	39
30–31	Foul Stench	0	39
32	Froglike Eyes	1	39
33–34	Grossly Fat	0	40
35	Growth	1/2/3	40
36–37	Hideous Appearance	10	40
38–40	Host of Maggots	1	41
41	Hulking Brute	1	41
42	Hunchback	1	41
43–44	Intelligent Cyst	2	41
45	Leathery Skin	0	42
46–47	Limb Loss	0	42
48–49	Madness	0	43
50	Mindless	0	44
51	Moronic	0	45
52	Overgrown Body Part	1	46
53	Pin Head	1	46
54–58	Plague Bearer	1	47
59	Poisonous Bite	0	47
60	Polyps	1	47
61	Pseudo-Daemonhood	5	47
62–63	Rash	0	49
64–66	Rotting Flesh	1	49
67–70	Running Sores	1	49
71	Sensory Loss	0	49
72	Soul Destruction	0	50
73	Spores	1	51
74–75	Suckers	1	51
76–78	Tentacle-like Arm	1	52
79	Tentacle Fingers	0	52
80–82	Trails of Slime	1	52
83	Transparent Skin	3	52
84–86	Turnskin	2	52
87	Unbelievable Tumour	3	53
88	Uncontrollable Flatulence	0	53
89	Unnatural Appetite	1	53
90	Warty Skin	0	54
91–92	Minor Cosmetic Change	0	56
93–00	Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations**		

Flaming Skull Face — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: The flesh of your face sloughs away leaving a naked skull. Moments later, the bone erupts in hellish flames. You can attack with your flaming head. The flames deal a Damage 1 hit that ignores all Armour Points. If you have horns, fangs or some other mutation of the head, this damage is in addition to their normal damage.

Foetid Touch — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your hands are always greasy with sweat and grime. Nothing you do keeps them clean. Your touch spreads The Galloping Trots (see *WFRP* page 136), but only if your hands come into contact with food. Should a person eat food you have prepared or otherwise touched, they must make a Toughness Test or contract this messy disease.

Foul Stench — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your body produces a terrible odour, smelling of dirty feet, rancid ham, and vomit. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –2d10%. Also, any Character who has a sense of smell takes a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests when standing within 2 yards (1 square).
Variations: There's no reason why Foul Stench has to consist exclusively of the rare blend of dirty feet, rancid ham, and vomit. Sour milk is also an excellent choice, as is Human excrement blended with rotting potatoes. Be creative.

Froglike Eyes — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your bloodshot eyes bulge from their sockets, causing you to resemble a frog, more or less. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%.

Growth

Mutation	Height	WS	S	T	Ag	M	W
First	Double	—	+1d10%	+1d10%	–1d10%	+1	+2
Second	Triple	–1d10%	+1d10%	+1d10%	–1d10%	+1	+2
Third	Quadruple	–1d10%	+2d10%	+1d10%	–2d10%	+1	+4

Fur (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You grow a thin coat of fur, equivalent to a shorthaired cat. Though you're uncomfortable wearing clothes, the fur has no additional effect, though you do have a tendency to purr.

Grossly Fat — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: A thick layer of fat forms under your skin. It may be uniform or it may cause unsightly and strange bulges. Each time you gain this mutation, increase your body weight by +50%, reduce your Strength Characteristic by –1d10%, and increase your Wounds Characteristic by +1.

Growth — Fear 1/2/3

Type: Multiple 3.
Description: You grow much larger. It is an unpleasant experience. Each time you gain this mutation, you get bigger. Consult the following table to see the effects on your Characteristics. Effects are cumulative.

Head Crest (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: A strange bony growth breaks through the skin of your head, forming a new and embarrassing Head Crest.
Variations: Not all Head Crests need be bony. Some could be feathered, wattled, or even reptilian.

Headless — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your body sucks its head into itself. After a few disorientating moments, your face pushes out through your chest. Though your features are unchanged, you have a hard time looking around since you lack a neck. Take a –10% penalty to all sight-based Perception Tests. Treat all Head hits as Body hits. Also, since your face looks out from your chest, wearing armour that covers the body is impossible unless it's specially crafted (twice the normal price). Chaos Armour, as always, adjusts to best fit your mutations. The master is kind.

Hideous Appearance — Fear 10

Type: Single.
Description: Your appearance changes into something abominable, something so terrifying that to look upon your visage inspires madness, even in yourself! The number of Fear Points gained automatically grants you the Terrifying Talent.
Variations: Be creative when describing the Mutant's new features. Rotting flesh, blackened teeth, and jaundiced eyes are all good foundations, but the horror truly blooms when you develop the heinous ravages by adding words like suppurating, weeping, and throbbing as descriptors. Other elements could include exposed bones, discoloured or rotten flesh, ropes of slime leaking from the nose, and more. Tentacles, body appendages, and other strangeness can certainly round out the experience.

Hopper — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Each leg develops a brief but strange sentience, engaging in a contest of wills. The victor drains away all the nourishment from the other, causing its hated rival to wither and die, while it grows strong and powerful. Once the other leg dies, your remaining leg is your sole means of propulsion. Halve your Movement Characteristic as you must now hop to get around.

Horns — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 3.
Description: Horns grow out from your forehead. You can use them to make attacks. A successful hit deals SB–1 Damage. Each time you gain this mutation, the horns grow larger. The second time you gain this mutation, the horns inflict SB Damage and the third time, they inflict SB Damage and gain the Impact Quality.
Variations: The horns may be smooth, twisted, or notched. Oftentimes, they also feature symbols of Chaos, foul words in Dark Speech, or insults targeting people the Mutant meets.

Host of Maggots — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Maggots infest your body, hiding in the crevices of your brain, splashing in the fluids of your stomach, and rattling in your lungs. Lose –2d10% from your Toughness Characteristic. These little friends tend to show up at the least opportune time, dropping in your (or others') food, slipping from a cuff when you shake hands, or falling from the nostril when trying to impress an attractive lady.
Variations: Other infestations can also be entertaining. Scabies, worms, and other vermin promise hours of amusement.

Hulking Brute — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: You descend into a primitive form, becoming something akin to an Orc, sort of. You walk with a stooped gait. Your arms lengthen, causing your hands to drag on the ground behind you. A bone ridge forms over your eyes and your forehead slopes back. Gain +1d10% to your Strength and Toughness Characteristics, but lose –2d10% from your Intelligence Characteristic.

Hunchback (Cosmetic) — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A grotesque hump grows on your back, forcing you to stoop and hobble about. You cannot wear armour on your Body location unless it's specially made (twice the normal price). Chaos Armour, naturally, conforms to unusual body types, allowing you to wear it as normal.

Hypnotic Gaze — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: One of your eyes turns completely white. As a full action, you can level your gaze on any living creature within 8 yards (4 squares). The target of your gaze must succeed on a Will Power Test, or he can't take any actions so long as you maintain your gaze. Each round after the first, the victim of your hypnotic gaze can attempt a new Will Power Test to shake the effects of your gaze. Once you've affected a target with Hypnotic Gaze, that target cannot again be affected by this ability for the remainder of the combat.

Illusion of Normality — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A powerful magic conceals all evidence of your mutations. You retain any penalties or benefits from the mutations, but so long as you remain out of combat, you are indistinguishable from any other of your former race. When engaged in melee combat, your opponent automatically sees you for what you are, and if you have the Frightening or Terrifying Talents, you resolve Fear and Terror Tests then.

Inside Out — Fear 8

Type: Single.
Description: Jealous of your skin, your guts conspire to break free from your body. In a long and painful process, your body turns itself inside out so that you wear your organs on the outside. Reduce your Toughness Characteristic by –2d10%. You can no longer wear normal armour (only Chaos Armour). In addition, the critical value of any critical hit made against you increases by +1.

Intelligent Cyst — Fear 2

Type: Multiple 3.
Description: A horrid cyst grows inside of you. Unlike Chaos Organs, this growth is intelligent (2d10+20%). Each time you gain this mutation, decrease your Toughness Characteristic by –1d10% but increase your Wounds Characteristic by +4.

The cyst has its own motives and goals, and it tries to take control of you from time to time. Each day, make a Will Power Test. If you fail the test, the Intelligent Cyst takes control of your body. On the following day, you may attempt a new Will Power Test to re-establish control, though if you fail, you lose another day. While the cyst is in control, you have no sense of what's happening to your body, though the effects are sometimes later clear.

Should you be slain, the Intelligent Cyst explodes from your body, sprouts limbs and waddles around as a new Chaos Spawn. See page 57 for details on these foul beings.
Variations: In about 10% of all cases where an Intelligent Cyst manifests, it grows on the outside of the body. This can be hidden, though if exposed, the Mutant inspires Fear as if he had the Fearsome Talent.

Invisibility — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Your body is very nearly transparent, and, at times, you seem to be smoky and insubstantial. As a half action, you can become invisible. While in this state, you cannot be targeted by ranged attacks or *magic missiles*. Opponents may attempt a Hard (–20%) Perception Test to locate you if you are within 4 yards (2 squares). If they succeed, they may attack, but at a –30% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests.

For as long as you are invisible, you gain a +20% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests. However, each round you remain in this state, you must succeed on a Toughness Test or take 1 Wound, ignoring Toughness Bonus or Armour Points, as your body slips more and more into the Aethyr.

Iron Hard Skin — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 6.
Description: Small metallic growths break through your skin, forming a hard shell of metal scales. Roll 1d10 and consult the following table to determine the location of this strange growth. Each time you gain this mutation, roll on the following table until you get a location that is not yet protected by Iron-hard Skin.

Iron Hard Skin

Roll	Location
1	Head
2–3	Left Arm
4–5	Right Arm
6	Body
7–8	Left Leg
9–10	Right Leg

You gain protection in the indicated location as if you were wearing scale mail (see *Old World Armoury* page 18 for details) and leather on the indicated location, gaining +3 Armour Points that cannot be combined with plate or mail armour.

Irrational Fear — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You develop an irrational fear of a creature, location, or some other experience. In effect, when you encounter the source of your fear, you must make a Fear Test. If you gain the same irrational fear more than once, you must make a Terror Test when you encounter it. To determine the subject of your fear, roll d100 and consult the following table.

Irrational Fear

Roll	Subject of Fear and Loathing
01–04	GM's choice (pies, meatbread, ham, critics)
05–08	Humans
09–12	Elves
13–16	Dwarfs
17–20	Anything larger than yourself
21–24	Halflings
25–28	Wizards
29–32	Goblins
33–36	Orcs
37–40	Winged creatures
41–44	Other Mutants
45–48	Items and creatures of a particular colour
49–52	Loud noise
53–56	Reptiles
57–60	Insects
61–64	Odd smells
65–68	Women
69–72	Men
73–76	Children
77–80	Ham
81–84	Blood
85–88	Vomit
89–92	Salt water
93–96	Rodents
97–100	Religious paraphernalia

Irrational Hatred — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You develop an unreasoning hatred of something. Roll on the Irrational Fear table to determine what you hate. When you encounter the object of your spite, you immediately enter a Frenzy (as if you had the Talent) until the object is removed from your sight or you kill it.
Special: If the object you hate is the same as the object you fear, gain 1 Insanity Point. In addition, when you encounter the source of fear and hate, you must make the normal Fear (or Terror) Test and only if you succeed do you enter the frenzied state.

Large Ears — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your ears triple in size. Gain the Acute Hearing Talent.

Leathery Skin — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: Your skin thickens, becoming hard and leathery. Each time you gain this mutation, increase your Toughness Characteristic by +1d10%.

Levitation — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Much to your surprise, you can now hover above the ground at will. Gain the Hoverer Talent with a Hovering Movement equal to your Movement Characteristic.

Limb Loss — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: One of your limb or appendages falls off and dissolves into a pile of wriggling maggots. Roll on the following table to see which part of you lose. See *WFRP* page 134 for effects of lost limbs and extremities.

Limb Loss

Roll	Loss
01–10	Left Hand
11–20	Right Hand
21–30	Left Arm and Hand
31–40	Right Arm and Hand
41–50	Left Foot
51–60	Right Foot
61–70	Left Leg and Foot
71–80	Right Leg and Foot
81–90	Both Arms and Hands
91–00	Both Legs and Feet

Limb Transference — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A random body part picks up and moves to another part of your body. Roll 1d10/2 to see how many parts shuffle around. Then roll on the following tables to see what moves and where it goes.

Limb Transference

Roll	Body Part	Roll	New and Fun Location
01–05	Head	01–10	Head
06–10	Eyes	11–20	Chest
11–15	Nose	21–30	Back
16–20	Mouth	31–40	Stomach
21–25	Ears	41–50	Hip
26–30	Right Hand	51–60	Groin
31–35	Left Hand	61–70	Elbow
45–55	Right Arm	71–80	Knee
56–65	Left Arm	81–90	Hand
66–70	Right Foot	91–00	Foot
71–75	Left Foot		
76–85	Right Leg		
86–95	Left Leg		
96–99	Internal Organ		
00	GM's Choice		

Long Legs — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: In spurts, your legs extend far from your body as if they were trying to escape. After a few moments they stop growing but are not long and spindly. At first walking was a chore, but you've grown accustomed to them and can now take large strides. Increase your Movement Characteristic by 1.

Long Neck — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: As your neck extends in a curious way, the tendons and veins under the skin bulge, becoming ropey. While this does improve your perspective on things, your long neck is an inviting target. All critical values that target your head increase by +2.
Variations: Fully 10% of Mutants saddled with this unusual mutation do not develop the neck structure to support this long neck and must walk around with their head between their knees. If they want to look around, they have to pull their head up by their hair. Some Mutants actually drag their faces on the ground behind them! These Mutants do not suffer from the improved critical hits made against them and instead gain 1 Fear Point.

Long Nose — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your nose grows such that it looks like a long warty, carrot (or some other appropriate object). While comical, you do gain a +10% bonus to scent-based Perception Tests. In addition, gain the Follow Trails Skill.

Long Spines — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Sharp spines grow out of your flesh, just like a porcupine. When engaged in melee combat, all opponents must succeed on an Agility Test each round to avoid taking a Damage 1 hit.
Variations: About 10% of Mutants with this mutation develop poisonous spines instead. Opponents who take damage from these spines must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or die in a number of rounds equal to their Toughness Bonus. The Mutant, obviously, is immune to his own poison.

Madness — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You get a little stranger in the head (he sometimes speaks to you). Gain 1d10/2 Insanity Points.

Magic Immune — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You have long believed, in the secret places in your brain, that you were invulnerable, but your inability to be affected by spells clinches it. You cannot be the target of any Petty Magic, Lesser Magic, or Arcane Lore spell, though spells from other sources and rituals affect you normally. In addition, your Magic Characteristic, if any, is immediately reduced to 0.
Special: If you follow Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, you cannot gain this mutation. Instead, you become a Chaos Spawn.

Magic Resistant — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Somehow, you've gotten it in your head that magic doesn't work so well against you. Gain a +20% bonus to Will Power Tests made to resist all magical effects. In addition, your Magic Characteristic, if any, is immediately reduced to 0.
Special: If you follow Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, you cannot gain this mutation. Instead, you become a Chaos Spawn.

Malign Sorcerer — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: The Ruinous Powers have seen fit to reward you with some ability to cast spells. Increase your Magic Characteristic by +1. If you do not already have access to a Dark Lore, you may purchase this Talent (selecting a Dark Lore appropriate to your master) by spending 200 XP.
Special: If you follow Khorne and gain this mutation, the Blood God believes you have betrayed him. In 1d3 days, he sends a pack of Flesh Hounds (see page 224) to shred your body into pieces and recover your soul to bring back to the Realm of Chaos. There, after centuries of torment, Khorne plans to crush you between his blackened, blood-clotted teeth.

Mane of Hair — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You grow a huge mane of hair, much like you'd find on a horse or lion. You may no longer wear a helmet unless it is part of a suit of Chaos Armour.
Variations: About 10% of Mutants with this mutation gain sensitive hair instead. This hair bleeds when cut. Since it's so sensitive, the Mutant gains a +10% bonus to sound-based Perception Tests.

Manic Fighter — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You have temper problems, which are exacerbated by the fact that you perceive anyone you henceforth meet as an enemy. To resist entering a psychotic, killing rage, you must succeed on a Will Power Test. If you fail, you enter a Frenzy as if you had the Talent, and you cannot come out of it until the triggering enemy is chopped into pieces or leaves your line of sight.

Manikin — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Life becomes a bit strange when your facial features (except your mouth) atrophy and fall off your face after a few painful and terrifying moments. Once the last vestige of your face rots away, a horrid little body sprouts out of your forehead. It's perfect in almost every detail, having two arms, a head, and a face (a twisted mockery of what you just left on the ground). The manikin does all the talking for you (you may play the manikin normally, but it's a coarse,

vulgar little thing), leaving you to sustain it by eating as often and as much as you can. The Manikin takes 25% of all hits to the Head location. It has 1 Wound. If the Manikin is killed, you are too.

Massive Intellect — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You gain incredible mental clarity and acuity. Increase your Intelligence Characteristic by +2d10%.

Mechanoid — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Small Daemonic imps come from nowhere and rip chunks of your flesh from your body and replace them with mechanical ones. The replacement parts are a mechanized copy of your old biological body. Roll 1d10. On a 1 to 6, the transformation is complete, and you become some sort of technological horror. Increase your Strength and Toughness Characteristics each by +4d10%. You gain 3 Armour Points in all locations (though you can no longer wear armour), the Natural Weapons Talent, and you must roll on the **Replacement Legs** table (see following). Your new method of propulsion is loud and grating, regardless of the type, imposing a –30% penalty to all Silent Move Tests.

Mechanoid Legs

Roll	Replacement Legs
01–40	You gain new mechanical legs. Increase your Movement Characteristic by +1.
41–60	Wheels take the place of your lower limbs. Increase your Movement Characteristic by +3.
61–80	Some strange engine of Chaos energy replaces your legs. You gain the Hoverer Talent. Your Movement Characteristic is reduced to 0. Your Hovering Movement equals 1d10.
81–00	Your lower limbs are replaced by tracks. Roll 1d10 to determine your new Movement Characteristic.

On a roll of 7 or more, you gain (1d10+2)/3 replacement parts. Roll again on the following table to determine which parts are replaced and the effects of each replacement part. Note replacement parts may not be combined with armour of any sort.

Other Mechanoid Parts

Roll	Body Part	Effects
01–10	Head	Gain the Natural Weapons Talent, gain 3 AP to Head Location
11–20	Body	Increase Toughness Characteristic by +2d10%, gain 3 AP to Body Location
21–50	Arm (right or left)	Increase Strength Characteristic by +1d10%, gain 3 AP to the affected Arm Location
51–60	Hand (right or left)	Increase Strength Characteristic by +1d10%, gain 3 AP to the affected Arm Location
61–00	Both Legs	Roll for **Replacement Legs**; gain 3 AP to the Legs Locations

You no longer recover Wounds on your own. Another character can repair you by succeeding on a Hard (–20%) Trade (Engineering) Test. A successful test restores 1d10 Wounds if you are lightly injured, but only 1 Wound if heavily injured.

Mer-creature — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A scaly fishlike tail replaces your legs (or rear legs). In addition, you also gain gills as well as lungs, allowing you to breathe underwater, and gain the Skim Skill. When in water, you do not halve your Movement Characteristic when using the Swim Skill. However, on land, you must drag yourself across the ground, reducing your Movement Characteristic to 1.
Variations: Some Mer-creature Mutants (10%) actually gain the head and upper body of a fish and retain their original legs. In these situations, the Mutant can swim and walk on land with equal proficiency, though he loses his lungs and can only survive out of the water for 1 hour per point of his Toughness Bonus. After this, refer to the Suffocation rules on page 136 of *WFRP*.

Metal Body — Fear 3

Type: Single.
Description: Your body transforms into an incredible fusion of gold, steel, or silver. Gain 5 Armour Points to all locations (any other armour worn does not confer armour points to you). Reduce your Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Characteristics by –2d10%. Increase your Strength and Toughness Characteristics by +3d10%. In addition, you are no longer affected by attacks or effects involving fire or cold, but you take twice the number of Wounds from electricity-based attacks.

Particularly mercenary comrades might take advantage of your new form, hacking off parts of your body for money. Gold or silver Mutants are in fact worth a great deal. Removing a finger or toe, ear, eye, or some other extremity deals 2 Wounds. An arm, leg, or head must be hacked off, dealing damage as normal. For relative values, see the following chart. Any metal extracted from the Mutant is contaminated, and counts as Warpstone for the purposes of causing mutations.

Metal Body

	—Metal—		
Part	Steel	Silver	Gold
Ear, Nose	1d10/5 *s*	1d10/2 *s*	1d10 *s*
Finger, Toe	1d10/2 *s*	1d10 *s*	2d10 *s*
Hand, Foot	1d10 *s*	2d10 *s*	1d10 *gc*
Arm	2d10 *s*	1d10 *gc*	2d10 *gc*
Leg	3d10 *s*	1d10+5 *gc*	3d10 *gc*
Head	2d10+4 *s*	1d10+2 *gc*	2d10+2 *gc*
Torso	8d10 *s*	3d10+7 *gc*	8d10+2 *gc*

Metallic Skin — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Your skin assumes a metallic sheen. Gain 2 Armour Points to all locations.
Variations: The possible metals are endless, including gold, silver, brass, tin, and so on. See Metal Body for ideas on how this can be fun for your companions.

Midnight Skin — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your skin darkens until it becomes completely and unremittingly black, seeming to absorb light. Your eyes turn milk white, losing your pupils and irises. You gain a +20% bonus to Concealment Tests.

Mindless — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your brain is replaced by a block of Warpstone, disallowing any coherent thought or independent action on your part. Characters who have a Magic Characteristic of 1 or higher can issue you commands, which you have to follow exactly as spoken (you do not understand the spirit of the instruction). Your Intelligence

Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh

Roll	Mutation	Fear Points	Page
01	Addiction	0	27
02–03	Agile	0	30
04–10	Alluring	0	30
11–12	Animalistic Legs	2	30
13–14	Bestial Appearance	2	31
15–16	Bizarre Coloration	0	31
17–18	Brightly Patterned Skin	0	32
19	Chaos Were	2	35
20	Crown of Flesh	1	36
21	Crystalline Body	2	36
22	Duplication	two totals	36
23	Elastic Limbs	0	36
24	Evil Eye	1	37
25–26	Extra Limb	1	38
27	Extra Joints	0	37
28	Extra Fingers or Toes	0	37
29	Extra Mouth	1	38
30	Extra Ear	0	38
31	Extra Nose	0–1	38
32–33	Fast	0	38
34	Head Crest	0	40
35	Hideous Appearance	10	40
36–37	Horns	1	40
38–39	Hypnotic Gaze	0	41
40–41	Illusion of Normality	1	41
42	Inside Out	8	41
43	Invisibility	2	41
44	Irrational Fear	0	41
45	Long Spines	1	43
46	Madness	0	43
47	Manikin	2	43
48	Metallic Skin	2	44
49	Moronic	0	45
50–51	Multiple Arms	0	45
52–53	Overgrown Body Part	1	46
54–56	Piercing Tongue	0	46
57–60	Pincer Hand	1	46
61–62	Pointed Head	0	47
63–64	Poisonous Bite	0	47
65	Prehensile Tail	0	47
66	Pseudo-Daemonhood	5	47
67	Radiant Skin	1	47
68–69	Scaly Skin	1	49
70	Scorpion Tail	1	49
71	Sensory Loss	0	49
72	Soul Destruction	0	50
73	Strange Voice	0	51
74–75	Tail	0	51
76	Telepathy	0	51
77–78	Tentacle-like Arm	1	52
79–80	Tentacle Fingers	0	52
81–82	Thorns	1	52
83	Trance	0	52
84–85	Turnskin	2	52
86	Uncanny Resemblance	0	53
87	Vestigial/Parasitic Twin	3	54
88	Vile	1	54
89	Wings	1	55
90	Zoological Mutation	1	56
91–92	Minor Cosmetic Change	0	56
93–00	Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations**		

Characteristic falls to 0, though you do not automatically die. You may no longer make any Intelligence Tests. Perhaps a new character is in order.

Moronic — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your brain shrinks to one quarter of its normal size and weight. Reduce your Intelligence Characteristic by –2d10%.
Variations: Though many Old Worlders seem to suggest otherwise, this mutation is not as widespread as it appears.

Multiple Arms — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: A number of new arms sprout from your sides. These look like normal arms for a member of your original race. You gain (1d10+2)/3 arms. Increase your Attacks Characteristic by +1 and your Toughness Characteristic by +1d10%.

Multiple Heads — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: One or more heads (1d10/5) grow from your shoulders. Any mutations already affecting your primary head do not affect any new heads, though any other mutations gained affect all heads equally. Your Attacks cannot be less than the number of heads gained from this mutation, so if you have two heads, your Attacks Characteristic must at least be two, and if not, it increases to 2.
Variations: The extra head need not sprout from the shoulder. It could grow out of the top of the Mutant's head, on either side, on both sides of its face, or on some other part of the body. In rare cases (1%), this extra head develops its own personality and motives.

Multiplication — Fear 3

Type: Single.
Description: You are legion. As a full action, you can separate yourself into 1d10 smaller duplicates. Divide your Strength and Wounds

Overgrown Body Part

Roll	Body Part	Extent	Growth	WS	S	T	Ag	W	M
01–20	Arm (R or L)	1	×2	+1d10%	+1d10%	—	–1d10%	+1	—
		2	×3	—	+1d10%	+1d10%	–2d10%	+1	–1*
		3	×4	–1d10%	+2d10%	+1d10%	–4d10%	+2	–1*
21–40	Leg (R or L)	1	×2	—	—	+1d10%	+1d10%	+1	+2
		2	×3	—	—	+1d10%	+2d10%	+2	+4
		3	×4	—	—	+1d10%	+2d10%	+2	+6
41–50	Head	1	×2	—	—	—	—	—	—
		2	×3	—	—	—	–2d10%	+1	—
		3	×4	–1d10%	—	+1d10%	–3d10%	+2	×1/2
51–65	Hands	1	×2	—	—	—	—	—	—
		2	×3	—	—	—	—	+1	—
		3	×4	–1d10%	+1d10%	+1d10%	—	+2	—
66–80	Feet	1	×2	—	—	—	–1d10%	+1	—
		2	×3	—	—	—	–2d10%	+1	–2
		3	×4	—	—	+1d10%	–3d10%	+1	–3
81–00	Body	1	×2	—	—	+1d10%	—	+1	–3
		2	×3	—	—	+1d10%	–1d10%	+2	**
		3	×4	–1d10%	—	+1d10%	–3d10%	+2	**

*Mutants with heavily overgrown arms (×3 or ×4) reduce their Attacks Characteristic by 1 (minimum 1).
**Mutants with heavily overgrown bodies (×3 or ×4) may only move on all fours, and reduce their Movement Characteristic by 75% (rounding up). They also lose the Natural Weapons Talent if gained from claws, and may not wield weapons.

by the number of duplicates, rounding up. Each duplicate acts independently. After 1d10 rounds, you forcibly recombine and are stunned for 1 round as you adjust to the sudden perspective change. When you do reassemble, you return to the same state you were in before you multiplied, unless all of your duplicates were slain.

Overgrown Body Part — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: One of your body parts becomes huge and overgrown. Roll 1d10 to determine the affected area and (1d10+2)/4 to determine the extent of the change.

Piercing Tongue — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your tongue transforms into a long, sinuous, sharp monstrosity. You may use it to make ranged attacks against opponents up to 4 yards (2 squares) away dealing SB Damage on a successful hit. Your tongue has the Precise Quality.

Pin Head — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your head reduces to a fraction of its normal size. As a result, your brain shrinks. Reduce your Intelligence Characteristic by –2d10%. In addition, if you intend to undertake any action requiring thought, such as swinging a weapon, running away, moving through a doorway, or picking your nose, you must make an Intelligence Test or stand there, bemused by your own lack of cleverness.

Pincer Hand — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 2 (more are possible if you have more than two hands).
Description: Your hand (right or left as the GM decides) painfully splits down the centre and transforms into something like a crab claw. Gain the Natural Weapons Talent. The Pincer Hand has the Precise Quality.

If you gain this mutation more than once, you take a –30% penalty to any tests that require manual dexterity.

Plague Bearer — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: You carry a particularly loathsome disease. If you follow Nurgle, you automatically gain Neiglish Rot. Otherwise, roll on the following table to discover what new disease you've picked up. See **Virulent Plagues** sidebar for details on each.

Plague Bearer

Roll	Plague
01–16	The Shakes
17–32	Eye Rot
33–48	Creeping Buboes
49–64	Bone Ague
65–80	Grey Fever
81–96	Green Pox
97–00	Pick one from *WFRP* pages 136–137.

Since you become a vector for disease, the contagion cannot kill you and therefore cannot reduce any of your Characteristics to 0%. Every day, you must succeed on a Toughness Test to stave off the ravages of the disease. On a successful Test, you manage to resist the disease. If you fail, you adjust your profiles accordingly, to a minimum of 1%. You will never recover.

Whenever you hit an opponent in melee combat, there's a risk of spreading your infection, regardless of whether you deal damage or not. The opponent makes a Toughness Test. If he fails, he catches the plague immediately.

Pointed Head — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: In a failed effort to escape your skull, the brain pushes against the skull until your head rises up to a sharp point. Reduce your Intelligence Characteristic by –1d10%. Except for Chaos Armour, you may only wear specially made headgear (twice the listed price).

Poisonous Bite — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your incisors sharpen and become hollow. Strange, pulsing glands grow under the flesh of the roof of your mouth. You can attack with these new fangs, dealing SB–2 on a successful hit. These fangs have the Precise Quality. If you deal damage, you also inject a powerful toxin in your victim's blood. The subject of this attack must succeed on a Toughness Test or lose 1d10/2 Wounds regardless of Toughness or armour. You may only use the poison once every 1d10 rounds.

Polyps — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Weird, discoloured bumps spread all over your body. While they do not hurt, they have a tendency to pop and leak a yellow discharge. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%.
Variations: 10% of Mutants suffer from a far worse variation of this affliction. The polyps don't burst, but instead house tiny Nurglings (see **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos**). If the Mutant is ever reduced to 0 Wounds, 1d10 Nurglings burst from the fluid-filled sacs and attack the nearest living thing.

Powerful Legs — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Ropes of new muscle grow in your legs, causing them to swell and bulge in unseemly ways. You gain the ability to make incredible leaps. When making a running leap, the maximum distance you can cover, in yards, equals your Movement times your Strength Bonus on a successful Strength Test. When making a standing leap, your maximum height equals your Movement plus your Strength Bonus.

Prehensile Tail — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: A long, prehensile tail grows from the base of your spine. You can use this tail as a third arm, enabling you to carry things, wield weapons and so on. Each time you gain this mutation, you gain an extra Prehensile Tail.

Pseudo-Daemonhood — Fear 5

Type: Single.
Description: With a terrible shudder, your body undergoes a terrible transformation. Your bones pop and crack, reforming beneath your skin. Two, bat-like wings tear free from your back, and grotesque horns split your brow, growing with sudden and painful speed. Meanwhile, horrid purple veins form in your arms and legs, creating throbbing bulges. Your skin assumes a reddish hue, and your hair darkens to black. In a burst, your eyes are consumed by flame, burning out of the front of your face. What's left of your Humanity has been stripped away, leaving you a shuddering hulk of pure Chaos—or so it is easy to believe. In truth, though you resemble a Daemon, but you are as mortal as you ever were.

Once the transformation is complete, you gain the Flier (Fly Speed equal to your Movement Characteristic) and Night Vision Talents. In addition, you also gain the Horns mutation (see page 40).
Variations: This mutation may vary somewhat depending on the particular Ruinous Power the character serves. Feel free to modify the description to match common Daemons of the appropriate Dark God.

Puny — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your skeleton shrivels by one quarter of its original size, leaving the excess meat to hang from your reduced bones. Divide your Strength and Toughness Characteristics by four (rounding down to a minimum of 1).

Quadruped/Biped — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: If you're a biped, two of your arms or tentacles (and only two, if you have more, the rest are unaffected) become legs. If you're a quadruped, two of your legs turn into arms. If you lost legs, reduce your Movement Characteristic by 2. If you gained legs, increase your Movement Characteristic by 2. In addition, if you became a quadruped, reduce your Ballistic Skill Characteristic to 0% and you lose the ability to make attacks with weapons unless you have additional arms. On the other hand, if you were a quadruped, you gain the ability to use weapons, and you gain a Ballistic Skill Characteristic equal to 10 + 1d10%.

Each time you gain this mutation, you transform again. So, if you were a biped and became a quadruped the first time you gained this mutation, you become a biped again when you gain this mutation again.

Radiant Skin — Fear 1

Type: Multiple 5.
Description: You glow with a strange, purple light. Each time you gain this mutation, you shine a little brighter.

Virulent Plagues

Most of these new diseases are lethal to non-Plague Bearers or at the very least have permanent effects that ravage the body.

Bone Ague

Description: This virulent plague causes the victim's bones to twist and warp, forcing them to grow in some places, and wither in others. Transmitted by air, this horror has wiped out entire communities, leaving malformed carcasses in its wake.
Duration: 13 days.
Effects: Each day the character has Bone Ague, he must make a Toughness Test or lose 1d10% from his Strength and Toughness Characteristics on his Main Profile as his skeleton buckles and warps. Should either Characteristic fall to 0% or less, the character dies screaming as all the bones in his body burst.

Creeping Buboes

Description: What begins as a reddish sore in a tender area spreads all over the body in a matter of hours. After a day, the buboes burst, and drip a foul-smelling, black bile. This is an old disease, and some believe it was part, if not all, of the terrible plague that spread through the Empire in the twelfth century. This disease spreads through fleabites.
Duration: 2d10 days.
Effects: The buboes are extremely painful, made worse by their locations on the body. Each day the character has Creeping Buboes, he must make a Toughness Test or reduce his Movement Characteristic by 1 and his Agility and Toughness Characteristics by 10%. If the character's Toughness Characteristic falls to 0% or less, he dies as the buboes explode.

Eye Rot

Description: This strange disease is believed to originate from the steaming jungles of Lustria, brought back to the Old World in the fifteenth century. Rare now, it seems to be spread by the touch of Plague Bearers alone. When a victim catches Eye Rot, he experiences painful headaches as fluid fills his eyeballs, causing them to bulge and shudder in their sockets. Many of the afflicted pierce their eyes with knives to ease the pain, spraying the diseased fluid in all directions.
Duration: 7 days.
Effects: As the eyes fill with liquid, the victim experiences blurred and distorted vision. For as long as he's afflicted by Eye Rot, he takes a –20% penalty to Ballistic Skill Tests, and a –20% penalty to Perception Tests involving sight. If the victim suffers from the disease for four or more days, his eyes burst, blinding him permanently. Characters within 2 yards (1 square) of the explosion must make Toughness Tests or contract the disease. Queerly, the eyes wait to explode until someone is near. Hence, in the old days, there were many blind Priestesses of Shallya.

Ochre Pox

Description: Made famous by the Skaven, the Ochre Pox is responsible for countless deaths in the Old World, especially in Bretonnia (along with the dreaded Red Pox). It's spread by contaminated water sources. It can be detected by the spread of hideous, ochre brown spots and pulsing pimples across the body. One can always tell a victim of the Green Pox by their corpses, for they collapse into a pile of filth.
Duration: 13 days.
Effects: Each day the character has the Ochre Pox he must make a Toughness Test or lose 2 Wounds. When the Wounds are reduced to 0, the character immediately reduces his Toughness Characteristic by 2d10%. Should the character's Toughness Characteristic fall to 0% or less, he dies. Wounds are recovered normally.

Grey Fever

Description: The real tragedy of this terrible plague is that most people do not recognise it as a disease. The symptoms are nearly identical to madness. And so, these individuals are locked away in an asylum where they spread it to the other inmates. The disease then spreads to the doctors and nurses, and ravages the entire place until everyone is either dead or mad. Grey Fever is marked by a wasting of the victim's brain, resulting in hallucinations, eventually dementia, and finally a deep coma. Those who might recover from this disease are often driven mad by it, or by their new surroundings if they are left in one of the Empire's horrible asylums.
Duration: 7 days.
Effects: Once Grey Fever takes hold, the victim experiences paranoia and hallucinations, seeing all manner of terrifying things. For as long as the disease rages, halve the victim's Intelligence, Will Power, and Fellowship Characteristics. In addition, each day the character has the Grey Fever he must make a Toughness Test or gain 1 Insanity Point and permanently lose –1d10% from his Intelligence Characteristic. Should the victim be reduced to 0% Intelligence, he slips into a coma from which he never awakens. Thus, even those who stave off the plague may succumb to the madness it instils.

The Shakes

Description: The dreaded Shakes crops up now and again along coastal regions. Victims experience a high fever and uncontrollable shaking fits. In time, the afflicted can no longer control his bodily movements as tremors rock his body, which prevents sleeping, eating, and generally functioning. Those who cannot kill themselves will probably dehydrate if they do not resist this plague.
Duration: 15 days.
Effects: The Shakes interfere with manual dexterity and drives a person insane from the constant trembling. While affected, the victim halves his Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Characteristics. In addition, each day the character has the Grey Fever he must make a Toughness Test or reduce his Movement Characteristic by 1 and his Agility and Toughness Characteristics by 5. Should the character's Toughness fall to 0 or less, he dies.

Radiant Skin

Mutation	Illumination
First	Candle
Second	Lamp
Third	Torch
Fourth	Lantern
Fifth	Camp Fire

Variations: The Mutant can glow with any colour light you can think of, from white to a hellish red.

Rash — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: A strange rash of ugly, red bumps with glossy, white heads covers a portion of your body (as determined by the GM). Each time you gain this mutation, it spreads to a new part of the body. There is no additional effect for this mutation.

Rearranged Face — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: All of your features shuffle about, moving to a new and surprising location on your face. For each feature (eye, mouth, nose, and so on), roll 1d10 and consult the following table.

Rearranged Face

Roll	New Location
1	Top of the head
2–4	Front of the head (roll again: 1–3 high, 4–6 low, 7–9 middle, 10 normal)
5	Back of the head
6–7	Left side of head
8–9	Right side of head
10	Neck

Regeneration — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You heal very quickly. At the start of your turn, each round, make a Toughness Test to regain 1 lost Wound. You cannot use this ability if you are dead.

Resilient — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You are infused with unholy constitution and vitality. Gain 1d10% to your Toughness Characteristic each time you gain this mutation.

Rotting Flesh — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: What begins as a number of painful sores swiftly spreads and purples your flesh. In a matter of minutes, the wounds suppurate and rot, issuing the stink of death. Every now and then, rancid meat sloughs from your body, exposing newly rotting areas beneath. The soft, wet flesh draws swarms of flies. Reduce your Toughness and Fellowship Characteristics by –1d10% each time you gain this mutation. If your Toughness Characteristic falls to 0% or less, you die. If your Fellowship Characteristic falls to 0% or less, you become a Chaos Spawn.

Running Sores — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: Weeping sores cover your body. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –2d10% each time you gain this mutation.

Scaly Skin — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A mesh of fine scales sprouts all over your body, granting 1 Armour Point to all locations.
Variations: Though most Mutants grow green or black scales, they can be of any colour.

Scorpion Tail — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A sinister-looking tail sprouts from your back. It is covered in black, brown, and orange plates, and ends with a hooked stinger. You may make attacks with your tail. Each successful attack deals an SB Damage hit. If you deal damage, the victim must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or become poisoned, dying after a number of rounds equal to the victim's Toughness Bonus.

Sensory Loss — Fear 0

Type: Multiple 5.
Description: The Ruinous Powers test your loyalty by removing one of your five senses and the organs that govern them. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –5% each time you gain this mutation. Roll 1d10 and consult the following table. Most results are quite obvious, but if you lose your sense of touch, you lose all of the skin covering your body, leaving you a weeping, bloody wretch, and a true horror to behold.

Sensory Loss

Roll	Sense	Effect
01–20	Hear	**Lose Ears:** –20% to Agility Characteristic. Automatically fail hearing-based Skill and Characteristic Tests
21–40	See	**Lose Eyes:** –20% to WS, –40% to BS. Automatically fail sight-based Skill and Characteristic Tests
41–60	Smell	**Lose Nose:** Automatically fail smell-based Skill and Characteristic Tests. Reduce Fellowship Characteristic by another –5%.
61–80	Taste	**Lose Tongue:** Automatically fail taste-based Skill and Characteristic Tests.
81–00	Touch	**Lose Skin:** Reduce T by –2d10% and W by –2. Automatically fail touch-based Skill and Characteristic Tests.

Short Legs — Fear 0

Type: Multiple 4.
Description: Each time you gain this mutation, your legs shorten, reducing your Movement Characteristic by –1. If your Movement Characteristic is reduced to 1, you lose your legs altogether and must drag yourself along the ground by your arms (or tentacles).

Shrink — Fear –1/–2/–3

Type: Multiple 3.
Description: Your body shrinks. Each time you gain this mutation, you become a little smaller as described on the following table. Reduce your Characteristics each time you gain this mutation. Unlike other mutations, if any of your Characteristics fall to 0% or less, you implode, leaving a small wet mark where you once stood.

Shrink

Mutations	Height/ Weight	S	T	Ag	W	M
First	1/2 original	–1d10%	—	+1d10%	–1	–1
Second	1/3 original	–1d10%	—	+1d10%	–2	–1
Third	1/4 original	–1d10%	–1d10%	+1d10%	–4	–1

Skeleton — Fear 5

Type: Single.
Description: Your skin and muscle rebel and tear free from your frame. After an awkward moment, the flesh runs away in a random direction. You are now a bloody skeleton containing a sack of wet organs. Reduce your Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Strength Characteristics by –2d10%, and your Fellowship Characteristic by –3d10%. Increase your Agility Characteristic by +2d10%. You may no longer take the run action.

Skull Face — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: The flesh from your face (or faces) liquefies and slides away, leaving behind a bare white skull. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –2d10%.

Snout — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your nose twists and transforms into a piggish snout. Wet and snuffling, it has a keen sense of smell. Gain the Follow Trail Skill.

Soul Destruction — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: Your soul and personality are destroyed, devoured by Chaos. A wandering spirit of a dead mortal seizes the opportunity to climb inside your body and takes control. The new personality gains your Starting Profile, all permanent injuries, mutations, and of course, trappings. In effect, you become a new character. Roll for a new career under the Human column on **Table 2–5: Starting Careers** regardless of your character's race, since the spirit led a life prior to its death. Gain the new career's Skills and Talents and 2d10 × 100 XP to buy new advances and potentially new careers (although, for this process you obviously do not require to have the new career's trappings). Finally, gain 1d10/2 Insanity Points.

Once you've established your careers, work closely with your GM to determine your new character's personality and history. The new personality might have lived during the time of the Great War against Chaos or even during the life of Sigmar.

Spiked Tail — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: You are surprised to discover you have somehow grown a thick reptilian tail that ends in a knobbly spiked ball. You can attack with it. The tail has the Pummelling Quality and deals SB Damage.

Spit Acid — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You grow special glands in your mouth that produce sticky globules of flesh-eating acid. As a full action, you may spit a blob of the stuff at an opponent up to 10 yards (5 squares) away. Use Ballistic Skill to resolve the attack. On a successful hit, you deal a Damage 5 hit. You must wait 1d10 rounds before you can spit another blob.

Spores — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Small puffballs grow on your skin. Whenever you move, small plumes of dust burst from the growths. If you are hit in melee combat, your body produces a cloud of choking spores. The opponent that struck you succeed at a Toughness Test or lose his next action as he struggles to clear his airways. Undead, and other creatures that do not breathe, are immune to this effect.
Variations: About 10% of all Mutants with this mutation produce warp spores instead. Attackers striking these Mutants in melee combat must succeed on a Toughness Test or lose their next action as normal. If they don't have Resistance to Chaos, they also gain one mutation (changing their race to Mutant).

Strange Voice — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your voice changes. Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%. Roll on the following table to determine how it alters.

Strange Voice

Roll	New Voice	Roll	New Voice
01–10	Belching	51–60	Shrill
11–20	Growling	61–70	Squeaking
21–30	Hoarse	71–80	Ululating
31–40	Honking	81–90	Whining
41–50	Lilting	91–00	Whispery

Strange Walk — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You develop a strange walk. This may be because of odd leg movements, gyrations, or a need to spin with every other step, but it seems bizarre, if not a bit silly. Each time you gain this mutation, it becomes even weirder. Reduce your Movement Characteristic by 1 whenever you gain this mutation.

Strong — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You are strong with the power of Chaos. It fills you, infuses you, making you powerful. Your muscle mass doubles, forcing the skin to stretch and even split to accommodate your sudden new bulk. Increase your Strength Characteristic by +1d10% each time you gain this mutation.

Suckers — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Small, quivering suckers appear all over your body. Gain a +20% bonus to all Scale Sheer Surface Tests.

Tail — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: A slender tail grows from the base of your spine helping you maintain your balance. Gain +1d10% to your Agility Characteristic.
Variations: The tail gained may be hairless, fur-covered, scaly, or even made of bone.

Telekinesis — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You gain the ability to move things with your mind. You make a Will Power Test (a free action) each round to manipulate objects up to 10 yards (5 squares) away, at half your Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Strength (modifying SB appropriately), and Agility Characteristics. A successful test allows you to manipulate the object for a number of rounds equal to your Toughness Bonus. For each failed Will Power Test, the difficulty worsens by one step (base Average, though it could be harder depending on the circumstances), until you rest for 8 hours.

Example: *Kate's Mutant has Telekinesis, WS 44%, and S 40%. Unarmed and held in a torture chamber by Witch Hunters, she decides to use Telekinesis to lift a sword from the table (about 4 yards away) and attack with it using the power of her mind. To do so, she must make a Will Power Test. If she succeeds, she can attack with the blade at half her WS and S, giving her an effective WS 22% and S 20%.*

Telepathy — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your mind is open to the thoughts of others. Gain 1 Insanity Point.

By making a Will Power Test, you can transmit a message (equal to what you could normally say in a round) to another intelligent creature within 10 yards (5 squares).

Alternatively, you can read surface thoughts, but this requires an opposed Will Power Test. If you succeed, you learn whatever the individual is thinking at that time. On a failed test, you cannot read the subject's thoughts for twenty-four hours. As well, you must make a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

Teleport — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: The boundaries between realities are thin for you, and you can cross distances with a thought. As a full action, you may make a Will Power Test to transport yourself from one spot to another that is in clear line of sight within 24 yards (12 squares). Each time you use this ability, the difficulty worsens by one step, until you rest for at least 8 hours. If you fail by two degrees or more, you suffer a mishap and wind up 1d10 × 2 yards away (1d10 squares) from your intended target (see diagram for direction). If this results in materializing in a solid object, you are killed instantly.

Worse, each time you use this mutation, you have a 1% cumulative chance of attracting the attention of a Daemonic entity. Should this occur, you never materialize as your body is whisked away through the Realm of Chaos to become the plaything of Daemons.

Temporal Instability — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You are only loosely in this world's time stream. When you gain this mutation, roll 1d10. On a 1–7, you have Uncontrollable

Temporal Instability. On an 8–10, you have Controllable Temporal Instability.

You vanish and reappear. Ordinarily, you spend about two and half hours of every day slipping into and out of the time stream. This is extremely disconcerting, and the experience imposes 1d10/2 Insanity Points when the mutation first manifests. For the most part, you have adapted to the oddness of your existence, but the mutation is most frustrating in situations where your presence is perhaps most needed, such as in combat.

When in combat, on your turn, roll 1d10. On a 10, you vanish into the time stream for 1d10 rounds. If you have Controllable Temporal Instability, you may modify the duration by 1 round, either lengthening your time away or shortening it. Otherwise, you're stuck with the die result.

While in the time stream, you can take no action and float along helplessly. Each month, you have a cumulative 1% chance of attracting the attention of a Daemonic entity. Should this occur, you never reappear as your body is whisked away into the Realm of Chaos to become the plaything of Daemons.

Tentacle-like Arm — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: One of your arms withers away, replaced by a horrible tentacle covered in fine suckers. The tentacle can grasp weapons normally, but it is not capable of fine manipulation, imposing a –30% penalty to such tests. Each time you gain this mutation, you gain a +5% bonus to all grappling-related tests.

Tentacle Fingers — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your fingers wither away only to be replaced by horrible tentacles. While you are not affected for most things, the tentacles interfere with fine manipulation, imposing a –10% penalty to such tests.

Thick Fur — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: A dense fur grows all over your body. Gain 1 Armour Point to all locations.
Variations: Most fur is brown or black, but there are instances of white, green, blue, red, and even patterned furs.

About 25% of all instances of this mutation result in isolated patches of fur. Each location has a 50% chance of benefiting from Thick Fur. If this results in no areas covered, roll for a new mutation.

Thorns — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Small, sharp thorns break through your flesh. Your unarmed attacks deal SB–2 Damage. Strangely, through some sort of odd development of muscle, you can launch a thorn from your body (a full action) against an opponent up to 10 yards (5 squares) away, dealing a Damage 1 hit on a successful Ballistic Skill Test.
Variations: About 10% of Mutants with this mutation develop poisonous thorns instead. Opponents who take damage from these spines must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or lose 1d10/2 Wounds regardless of armour but not Toughness Bonus. The Mutant, obviously, is immune to his own poison.

Trails of Slime — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your body undergoes a horrid transformation, turning into a vile, slug-like being. Reduce all the Characteristics on your Main Profile by –1d10% and halve your Movement. Henceforth, you ooze along the ground, leaving a horrid trail of stinking slime in your wake.

Trance — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: When confronted with a tough situation, you slip into a weird trance. Whenever you are called to make a Fear or Terror Test, your mind shuts down, and you move 1d10 × 2 yards (1d10 squares) in a random direction. You may act normally on your next turn.

Transparent Skin (Cosmetic) — Fear 3

Type: Single.
Description: Your skin becomes transparent, revealing your bones and the organs underneath. While disgusting, it has no additional effect.

Trunk — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: A long prehensile trunk grows from your face. You can use this appendage as a third arm. Each time you gain this mutation, you gain an extra Trunk.

Turnskin — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: Your true nature is revealed; you transform into a Beastman. Change your race from Mutant to Beastman. Roll on the following table to determine your type.

Turnskin

Roll	Type
01–30	Bray
31–60	Ungor
61–00	Gor

Uncontrollable Flatulence

Roll	Effect
1–2	*Poison:* Everyone breathing the horrid vapours must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or take a Damage 4 hit that ignores armour.
3–4	*Paralysing:* Breathing this foul mist requires all characters to succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or become paralysed (unable to take actions) for 1d10 rounds.
5–6	*Oily Mist:* Your orifice creates a cloud of thick stinking mist, imposing a –20% penalty to all Skill and Characteristic tests relying on sight.
7–8	*Noxious:* The stench is so overpowering that everyone breathing in the fumes must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or halve their Strength for 1d10 rounds.
9–10	*Stench of Madness:* The powerful odour inspires fear and madness in those who sample its pungent stench. All characters that breathe in the vapours are affected as if they had eaten mad cap mushrooms (see *WFRP* page 122).

Gain the Animalistic Legs and Bestial Appearance mutations. See **Chapter VII: Beasts of Chaos** for more details on Beastmen and Turnskins.

Unbelievable Tumour — Fear 3

Type: Multiple.
Description: A tumour of unspeakable size grows somewhere on your body in a matter of just days. When it stops, it weighs 1d10×10 pounds. Reduce your Movement Characteristic by 1 for every 20 pounds it weighs (to a minimum of 1). Furthermore, reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10% for every 50 pounds it weighs.

Uncanny Resemblance (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: In an uncanny twist of fate, your facial features transform to resemble an important person as determined by the GM.

Uncontrollable Flatulence — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You suffer from awful stomach distress, which manifests whenever you are threatened. When attacked or called to make a Fear or Terror Test, one of your orifices trembles and involuntarily releases a vile cloud of gas. Use the small template, centred on you. The gas remains potent for 1d10/2 rounds. Each round the gas remains potent, it drifts 2 yards (1 square). Roll 1d10 and consult the diagram to see which direction it moves (though the GM may override the result if it is windy). On a roll of a 1, the cloud stays where it is. On a roll of a 10, it suddenly disperses.

The effects of the gas vary each time you release it. Roll 1d10 and consult the table above. You are immune to the effects of your own vapours. Characters remaining in the cloud make the required Toughness Tests each round.

Unnatural Appetite — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Why choose from all the different creepy crawly things to eat in the Old World when you could just have one! Thanks to a moment of clarity inspired by your foul masters, you now take sustenance from one thing, and one thing only. Roll on the following table to see what it is. And if it doesn't sound edible, no worries, you can digest it anyway!

Unnatural Appetite

Roll	Food	Roll	Food
01–05	Blood	51–55	Nails
06–10	Children	56–60	Paint or Dyes
11–15	Critics	61–65	Pets
16–20	Dirt	66–70	Rats
21–25	Dung	71–75	Rotting Meat
26–30	Eyeballs	76–80	Spiders
31–35	Grass	81–85	Tears
36–40	Hair	86–90	Teeth
41–45	Maggots or Worms	91–95	Tongues
46–50	Nail Clippings	96–00	GM's Choice!

Upside-Down — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Your arms and legs switch places. You can still wield melee weapons, but you take a –20% to all Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests for 1d10/5 weeks, after which time you function normally. Melee and ranged weapons requiring two hands to wield may only be used if you're seated.

Vampire — Fear 2

Type: Single.
Description: You must drink fresh blood to survive—several pints, in fact. Every day you go without drinking blood you lose 10% from all Characteristics in the Main Profile (though losses are regained as soon as you feed).

Though you suffer from the hunger experienced by true Vampires, you derive none of the benefits or other aspects of the Vampire's Curse. Thus, without fangs, you must rely on more creative methods of acquiring blood.

Vestigial/Parasitic Twin — Fear 3

Type: Single.
Description: You become two separate identities fused into one mass of flesh and bone. Like conjoined twins, you and your other half may be joined in many ways (roll to see).

Vestigial Twin

Roll	Point of Connection
01–20	Head
21–40	Front to Front
41–60	Back to Back
61–80	Left Side
81–00	Right Side

Divide your Characteristics on the Main Profile in half. Each twin uses these Characteristics, though they share all Skills and Talents. In addition, each twin acts independently, though they must move together. Reduce your Movement Characteristic by –2, but gain a +20% bonus to Perception Tests thanks to the added awareness of your other half.

Vile — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: You are repellent. You unconsciously act in ways that repels others, doing exactly the right thing to make them hate you. Lose –3d10% from your Fellowship Characteristic; however, you gain a +20% bonus to Intimidate and Torture Tests.

Walking Head — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: Your body atrophies and withers away to nothing. Conversely, your head expands, almost as if it is devouring your body and growing stronger for it. Your internal organs race into the expanded head space, while your limbs shift position, attaching themselves to your vestigial neck. Your Main Profile is unchanged, but you treat all Body hits as Head hits instead.

Warp Frenzy — Fear 5

Type: Single.
Description: You are dangerously unstable. When you take damage or are called to make a Fear or Terror Test, you immediately enter an uncontrollable Frenzy. Further, your body changes wildly, gaining (1d10+2)/3 random mutations, which vanish when the Frenzy ends. Mutations gained in this way do not count towards becoming a Chaos Spawn.

While in the Frenzy state, you have a hard time coming out of it. Each round after all of your opponents are destroyed, you must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to gain control of yourself. On a failed test, you attack the nearest creature. You automatically come out of the Frenzy if there are no active targets within sight.

Warped Mind — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You have a twisted mind. Lose –2d10% from your Intelligence Characteristic, as you find it very hard to concentrate upon mundane matters.

Warty Skin — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: Every inch of your body is covered in large, quivering warts. While undeniably disgusting, there is a benefit to these fleshy growths. Gain 1 Armour Point to all locations.

Weapon Master — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You gain a deeper understanding of killing. Choose either your Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill Characteristic. Increase it by +1d10%.

Were — Fear 0

Type: Single.
Description: You can change your form into a beast-Human hybrid (usually a wolf or bear). Gain the Frenzy Talent. Whenever you enter a frenzy, you transform, making the following modifications to your Main and Secondary Profiles. Changes remain for as long as you are in the frenzied state.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+10%	+10%	+20%	–10%	–10%	–20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	—	—	+1	—	—	—

In addition, while in Were form, replace your skills and talents with the following:

Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch

Roll	Mutation	Fear Points	Page
01	Additional Eye	1	27
02	Albino	0	30
03–04	Animalistic Legs	2	30
05	Beak	1	30
06–08	Bestial Appearance	2	31
09	Bird's Leg	0	31
10	Bizarre Coloration	0	31
11	Breathe Fire	1	32
12	Burning Body	3	34
13	Cloven Hooves	0	35
14	Crossbreed	1	35
15	Cyclops	1	36
16	Detachable Limbs	2	36
17	Dimensional Instability	0	36
18	Electrical Touch	0	36
19	Enormous Head	1	36
20–21	Extra Limb	1	38
22	Extra Joints	0	37
23	Extra Fingers or Toes	0	37
24	Extra Mouth	1	38
25	Extra Ear	0	38
26	Extra Nose	0–1	38
27–28	Eyestalks	1	38
29	Fear of Blood	0	38
30–31	Feathered Hide	0	38
32	Fur	0	40
33	Headless	1	40
34–35	Hideous Appearance	10	40
36	Hopper	0	40
37	Hypnotic Gaze	0	41
38	Illusion of Normality	1	41
39	Large Ears	0	42
40	Levitation	2	42
41	Limb Loss	0	42
42	Limb Transference	1	42
43	Long Legs	1	42
45	Long Nose	0	43
44	Long Neck	0	43
46–47	Madness	0	43
48–49	Malign Sorcerer	0	43
50	Massive Intellect	0	44
51	Mechanoid	2	44
52	Mer-creature	1	44
53	Midnight Skin	1	44
54	Multiple Arms	0	45
55	Multiple Heads	1	45
56	Multiplication	3	45
57	Overgrown Body Part	1	46
58	Poisonous Bite	0	47
59	Prehensile Tail	0	47
60	Pseudo-Daemonhood	5	47
61	Puny	0	47
62–63	Quadruped/Biped	0	47
64	Rearranged Face	1	49
65–66	Scaly Skin	1	49
67	Short Legs	0	50
68	Shrink	–1/–2/–3	50
69	Snout	0	50
70	Soul Destruction	0	50
71	Strange Voice	0	51
72	Strange Walk	0	51
73–74	Tail	0	51
75	Telekinesis	0	51
76	Teleport	0	51
77	Temporal Instability	0	51
78	Trunk	1	52
79–81	Turnskin	2	52
82	Upside-down	0	53
83	Walking Head	1	54
84–85	Warped Mind	0	54
86–87	Were	0	54
88	Wings	1	55
89–90	Zoological Mutation	1	56
91–92	Minor Cosmetic Change	0	56
93–00	Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations**		

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Perception, Silent Move, Swim
Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Wings — Fear 1

Type: Single.
Description: You grow a pair of leathery wings, which may or may not allow you powers of flight. Roll 1d10 and consult the following table to determine their size and effectiveness.

Wings

Roll	Wings
01–50	**Small:** You cannot fly. The wings are cosmetic.
51–80	**Medium:** Gain the Hoverer Talent with a Hovering Movement equal to your Movement Characteristic.
81–00	**Large:** Gain the Flier Talent and a Flying Movement of 6 (or your Movement Characteristic +2, whichever is higher).

Variations: Some Mutants grow other kinds of wings. Possibilities include feathered, insect, or butterfly wings. Colours vary with the GM's mood.

Zoological Mutation (Cosmetic) — Fear 1

Type: Multiple.
Description: One or more parts of your body change into the corresponding parts of some animal. Roll 1d100 to determine which part or parts change.

Zoological Mutation - Body Parts

Roll	Parts
01–04	Head
05–08	Torso
09–12	Arms
13–16	Legs
17–20	Head and Torso
21–24	Head, Torso, and Arms
25–28	Head, Torso, and Legs
39–32	Torso and Arms
33–36	Torso and Legs
37–40	Arms and Legs
41–44	Face
45–48	Single Leg
49–52	Foot
53–56	Toe
57–60	Single Arm
61–64	Hand
65–68	Finger
69–72	Mouth
73–76	Eye
77–80	Eyes
81–84	Ear
85–88	Tail (if no tail, Mutant gains one, see page 51)
89–92	Hand and Foot
93–96	Arm and Leg
97–00	Mouth and Eyes

Once you have determined which has changed, roll 1d100 again to determine the donor creature that replaces them. The donor is the same for all the parts gained. However, if you roll this mutation twice, you roll again for a new donor.

Zoological Mutation - Donor

Roll	Donor	Roll	Donor
01–03	Ant	52–54	Lizard
04–06	Ape	55–57	Octopus
07–09	Bat	58–60	Owl
10–12	Bear	61–63	Rabbit
13–15	Beetle	64–66	Rat
16–18	Bird	67–69	Raven
19–21	Boar	70–72	Scorpion
22–24	Bull	73–75	Sheep/Goat/Ram
25–27	Cat	76–78	Snake
28–30	Deer	79–81	Spider
31–33	Dog/Wolf	82–84	Squirrel
34–36	Dragon	85–87	Tiger
37–39	Duck	88–90	Toad
40–42	Eagle	91–93	Warthog
43–45	Frog	94–96	Weasel
46–48	Horse	97–00	GM's Choice
49–51	Lion		

Minor Cosmetic Change (Cosmetic) — Fear 0

Type: Multiple.
Description: You undergo a mild transformation, some slight change that seems innocuous enough on the surface of things. Examples include hair or eye colour change, the emergence of a strangely shaped mole or wart, lengthening of fingernails, unusual rashes that form patterns in the flesh, and so on. In all cases, they should not adversely affect the Mutant's appearance, but they should show the Dark Gods' favour.

Mutant Adventure Seeds

If you are strapped for ideas once a character gains a mutation, or if an ally gains a mutation, try some, or all, of these as foundations for adventures of your own design.

Dark Allies

When a character gains a mutation, his first thought might be to secure help in staving off the inevitable destruction he faces, either at the hands

of his enemies (including former friends and family) or from further corruptions. He will find he has a few options available. With some discreet questions, he might stumble onto a Cult willing to help hide him if he joins.

Alternately, another seemingly well-intentioned NPC might approach the afflicted character, but be secretly plotting to exploit the character's affliction to advance his own station by turning the character over to the authorities, or perhaps even sacrificing the character to his own Dark Master. Or, maybe, he stumbles onto an enclave of Mutants who work together to survive, such as the Night Market beneath Nuln (see *Forges of Nuln* for details).

Hunted

For Characters who have fought Chaos at every opportunity, gaining a mutation makes them their own enemy. Those that don't turn themselves over or commit suicide may flee, hoping to start a new life in a more forgiving land. As they travel, looking for help, the afflicted Character or Characters are hunted by Witch Hunters and their allies. Can the Characters stay one step ahead of their pursuers to reach the border to the promised land?

Service to the Ruinous Powers

Opportunistic Player Characters might think the mutation is justification for starting their own Cult. Such a move is dangerous, but provides ample opportunities for roleplaying and adventure. Characters must establish a network of loyal followers in a community, maybe engaging in sinister plots to topple the authority, all the while hoping to curry favour with their new masters. Others might abandon the Empire (or other lands) altogether, hoping to find their fortune in the bleak expanse of the Chaos Wastes. Engaging in countless battles, they drift ever northward to find the cause of their corruption, and, if possible, master it.

A Shameful Secret

Others may hide their affliction. An extra eye, an abundance of fur, or an errant tentacle can all be handled and concealed. However, over time, as Chaos ravages their bodies and their sanity crumbles, the condition makes itself known. How will their companions react? Will they do their duty and turn the characters over to the Witch Hunters? Will they show compassion and try to help? Such opportunities are always dramatic as the afflicted characters makes their case for mercy.

— Chaos Spawn —

Once the first mutation takes hold, the wretch faces the inevitable dissolution of his mind and will, becoming something less and more than mortal. The fate that awaits nearly all surviving Mutants is to become a Chaos Spawn, a gibbering abomination existing only to serve the whims of its infernal masters. Some Chaos Warriors manage to stave off this doom for a time, committing great and terrible deeds to gather the Rewards and Gifts of Chaos. But, for most, the fate of becoming a Chaos Spawn lies at the end of their dark and horrible road.

Becoming a Chaos Spawn

Although most Mutants are doomed to become Chaos Spawn, few survive long enough to experience the transformation. With the possibility of an accidents, bad circumstance, burning on a Witch Hunter's pyre, or succumbing to injury in one of the countless battles that rage all over the Chaos Wastes, the Mutant is more likely to find death instead. However, some exceptional Mutants—those who know when to run—may discover the glorious evolution that awaits them, to find the enveloping embrace that is Chaos, and become a Spawn of Chaos.

A Character can become a Chaos Spawn in one of several ways.

- The Mutant rolls Chaos Spawn on **Table 3–1: Mutations**.
- The Mutant meets the conditions as set forth by mutation and becomes a Chaos Spawn. For example, see the Crossbreed mutation on page 35.
- The Mutant accumulates a number of mutations that exceed his TB+1d10.
- A Chaos Champion offends his God or is otherwise condemned to become a Chaos Spawn upon fulfilling the conditions laid down under The Eye of God (see **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness** for details).

Player Characters who become Chaos Spawn are no longer playable and become NPCs. The Spawn might remain in the service to the other Characters, but its actions are unpredictable, and it is just as likely to attack former allies as it is to attack its enemies.

The Transformation

Regardless of the cause, the effect is the same. The body collapses under the unbearable weight of corruption and is infused with the raw power of Chaos, forcing all manner of strange and disturbing transformations. Chaos Spawn lose what little remained of their original forms, becoming a shifting mass of tentacles and eyes. A rare few retain just enough of their original forms to become truly horrific.

Upon the moment of devolution, the subject is wracked with agonising pangs as his body ripples and undulates. The pain is so great it destroys the mind, erasing nearly every memory, all emotion, and the capability of forming a coherent thought, leaving behind an unreasoning husk of flesh and sinew.

Mechanics

Upon transformation, the subject's race changes to Chaos Spawn. It loses all Careers and advances gained from Careers, all Skills, and all Talents. The transformation drastically changes the subject's Main and Secondary Profiles. The new Chaos Spawn retains all Chaos Mutations gained. Apply the changes as described on **Table 3–6: Chaos Spawn Characteristics**. Should the modifications reduce Toughness to 0% or lower, the Mutant is torn to bloody gobbets by the metamorphosis, and dies noisily.

Chaos Spawn do not have skills. They gain the Fearless, Natural Weapons, and Terrifying Talents. Chaos Spawn are mindless creatures, so add the following to their special rules.

Mindless: Chaos Spawn have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship, and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.

Special Rules

The Chaos Spawn can no longer receive Rewards or Gifts for service (see Chapter **XIII: Slaves to Darkness**). It loses any magic items, familiars, or equipment in its possession. However, it retains any Chaos Gifts, and gains an additional (1d10+2)/3 mutations. Each month thereafter, the Chaos Spawn gains a new mutation. Should it gain a mutation that indicates it becomes a Chaos Spawn, it collapses into a heap of Chaos fluids that takes 1001 days to dry. Anything that comes into contact with the fluid automatically gains a mutation.

There is a 40% chance for a Dark God to claim this new Chaos Spawn. If the character served a particular Ruinous Power, that God chooses the character. Otherwise, the GM chooses. For all mutations gained upon becoming a Chaos Spawn, roll on the appropriate Dark God's Mutation Table.

- **Beasts of Nurgle:** This Chaos Spawn secretes foul slime that scorches the ground in its wake. It also has an abundance of lashing tentacles and rasping tongues that carry the terrifying disease known as Neiglish Rot. See **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos** for statistics.
- **Fiends of Slaanesh:** The Fiends of Slaanesh are characterised by their long sinuous bodies and abundance of writhing tentacles. In combat, these creatures race towards their enemies to rip them apart with their hooked appendages. See **Chapter VIII: Legions of Chaos** for statistics.
- **Bloodbeasts of Khorne:** Chaos Spawn favoured by Khorne are masses of muscle and tendons, with pulsing veins and whip-cord sinew. Fitted with several sets of massive jaws and tails that end in razor-sharp spurs, they are capable of tearing a man apart in moments. Bloodbeasts of Khorne gain the Frenzy Talent and increase their Strength Characteristic by +2d10%.
- **Firewyrms of Tzeentch:** Of all the Chaos Spawn, the Firewyrms of Tzeentch are the strangest. These creatures constantly undergo physical changes, cycling through all the colours and a variety of shapes. Their skin blisters into eyes, maws sprout on the ends of limbs, and from their many orifices burn pale flames, exploding out in screaming tongues of violet, blue, and red bursts. A Firewyrm of Tzeentch may breathe fire as a full action. Use the cone template. Those affected take a Damage 4 hit that ignores armour.

Using Chaos Spawn

Chaos Spawn are valuable shock troops in many Chaos Warbands. Chaos Warriors use these beasts as frontline fighters, while Beastmen accept these creatures as just another part of their herd. Many Chaos Spawn never reach allies and instead are condemned to death or hacked apart by their enemies.

Sample Chaos Spawn

Herman Schmidt was a simple man, with simple hopes and

Table 3–6: Chaos Spawn Characteristics

Characteristic	Modifiers
Weapon Skill (WS)	Roll 1d10. On a 1–5, add +2d10% to starting WS. On 6–10, reduce starting WS by –2d10%
Ballistic Skill (BS)	Reduce to 0%
Strength (S)	Roll 1d10. On a 1–5, add +3d10% to starting S. On 6–10, reduce starting S by –3d10%
Toughness (T)	Roll 1d10. On a 1–5, add +3d10% to starting T. On 6–10, reduce starting T by –3d10%.
Agility (Ag)	Roll 1d10. On a 1–5, add +2d10% to starting Ag. On 6–10, reduce starting Ag by –2d10%
Intelligence (Int)	Reduce to 0%
Will Power (WP)	Reduce to 0%
Fellowship (Fel)	Reduce to 0%
Attacks (A)	Replace with result of 1d10/2
Wounds (W)	Add +2d10 to starting W
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of new Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of new Toughness—
Movement (M)	Replace with result of 1d10
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	0

dreams. He worked on the edges of the Drakwald as a Charcoal-Burner. One day, while he and his companions collected deadwood, a group of Beastmen gushed forth from the trees. The Burners didn't stand a chance, and were killed, all except for Schmidt. Somehow, he managed to skewer a Bray, causing its blood to spray all over him. The corpse of the Beastman fell on top of Schmidt, concealing him from the rest of the attackers, but exposing him to the foul energies of Chaos.

When the Beastmen finished butchering the Charcoal-Burners, they moved on to raid a nearby village. Herman pulled himself free from the dead Bray and fled into the forest to hide until the danger passed. As the days rolled by, Schmidt felt something odd growing inside of him. Visions of carnage danced through his dreams, and he suffered from a keening hunger to eat Human flesh. A week vanished in a haze of feverish fantasies, and he sampled the choice bits of his own skin. He didn't care when the first mutation appeared; in fact, he loved it, stroked it, caressed it. When a new growth took shape in his flesh, he laughed. Then another grew, and another, and then another, until his bloated form could no longer move for all the sacks of viscous fluids and reaching tentacles.

Schmidt went mad during his stay in the forest. And, as the months rolled by, he lost more and more of himself. So gone was he that when the Beastmen returned, they caressed and petted him, welcoming him into their herd. But, alas, Schmidt couldn't move his prodigious bulk. With the last kernel of Humanity left to him, he called out with his many mouths to beg the Gods to take him, to lift him from the horror of his fate. And the Gods answered his prayers, reshaping him into something new… something horrific.

He became a Spawn of Chaos.

Herman Schmidt

Career: Scout (ex-Charcoal-Burner)
Race: Mutant

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	29%	41%	35%	51%	26%	32%	21%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	4	3	4	0	6	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Drive, Follow Trail, Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Flee!, Mimic, Terrifying, Very Resilient, Very Strong
Special Rules:
- *Chaos Mutations:* Before becoming a Chaos Spawn, Herman had acquired a number of mutations: Beast with a Thousand Mouths, Grossly Fat, Inside Out, Rearranged Face, Resilient, Vile, Warped Mind

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Hatchet)
Trappings: Horse with Harness and Saddle, 10 Yards of Rope, Tinderbox, Torch

Chaos Spawn

This disgusting creature is little more than a blob of exposed organs, screaming mouths, and wild eyes. It pulls itself along by its perverse tentacles, but its bulk is such that it cannot move quickly. Even stranger are the blisters that cover the sticky flesh. Periodically, one bursts, issuing forth a cloud of strange spores that choke and spread the taint of mutation everywhere.

—Chaos Spawn Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	4%	2%	46%	0%	0%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	4	3	4	0	6	0

Skills: Perception +10%
Talents: Fearless, Natural Weapons, Terrifying
Special Rules:
- *Chaos Mutations:* Beast with a Thousand Mouths, Grossly Fat, Inside Out, Rearranged Face, Resilient, Running Sores, Vile, Warped Mind
- *Mindless:* Herman has no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Tentacles
Slaughter Margin: Average

Treating Mutations

A Mutant in the Empire faces a grim future, one fraught with persecution and harassment, and death by sword, fire, or, worse, losing one's soul to the Ruinous Powers. Many new Mutants abandon their former lives to seek a new one full of adventure or blasphemous practices, but some try to resume their lives, ignoring the problem as best they can. Some afflictions are treatable, requiring a slash of a knife or a firm twist of the flesh with pliers. Though the physical presence

Table 3–7: Botched Treatment

Roll	Result
01–20	**A Surgical Triumph:** The surgery fails, but the patient is unharmed.
21–40	**You Won't Feel a Thing:** The patient wakes up during surgery and gains 1d10 Insanity Points from the experience.
41–60	**A Little Close to the Skin:** The surgeon cuts away more than he should have. Reduce all Characteristics by –1d10%.
61–80	**I Hate it When They Thrash:** The patient must succeed on a Toughness Test or die immediately. Even if he survives, he permanently loses –1d10% from his Toughness Characteristic and gains 1d10 Insanity Points.
81–100	**We've Got a Bleeder!:** The patient dies on the operating table from severe trauma and blood loss.

of the mutation is gone, the corruption isn't, and inevitably, some new affliction will appear.

At the GM's option, it may be possible to remove a mutation. Some, such as Additional Eye, are easily removed, while others, such as Ironhard Skin, are difficult, if not downright impossible. Since there are so many mutations, the GM will have to decide on a case-by-case basis. If he deems a mutation can be removed, the character can simply chop off the offending limb through normal means (attacking himself or having someone else do it) or see a surgeon.

Surgery is inexact at best, and the practitioner must have the Heal Skill and the Surgery Talent. The process takes 1d10 hours, and at the end, the physician must make a Heal Test. The difficulty depends on the severity of the mutation, but it is never less than Challenging (–10%). The test itself reduces the patient to 0 Wounds, and normal healing can take place once the surgery is complete. If you have *Old World Armoury*, feel free to use the Optional Rules for **Medical Treatment** (see page 99). If the test fails, roll percentile on **Table 3–7: Botched Treatment**.

— Mutations and Madness —

Mutation creates an incredible strain on the mind. The first time a character gains a mutation, he must immediately succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain 2 Insanity Points. Each additional mutation requires another Will Power Test. If the victim succeeded on the last Test, the difficulty for the new mutation is Average (+0%). The difficulty increases to Hard (–20%) if the Mutant failed the previous Test. Each failed test beyond the first grants the character 1 Insanity Point.

New Insanities

Should the insanities in *WFRP* fail to capture the true horrors of mutation, feel free to substitute any of these new insanities for those rolled.

Blindness of Bliss

It is said that ignorance is bliss. For someone with this affliction, there is absolutely nothing wrong at all in the world. All acts of violence have a logical reasoning behind them. The hungry are simply skinny people mere moments away from getting a meal. The afflictions of the diseased are simply ignored. In short, someone with Blindness of Bliss is under the irrational delusion that bad things don't happen.

This form of ultimate denial manifests when the person witnesses some horrific act of violence, despair, or cruelty. Instead of responding with fight or flight, the victim chooses to ignore the source of trouble, retreating into a coldly-logical vision, complete with rose-coloured glasses. The character relinquishes their code of ethics, not in the desire to do ill, but because such things do not have any merit anymore. The character can still function as normal, but he denies his own actions, even if they are violent, cruel, or insane, as being negative in any way.

In the first month, the character takes a –10% penalty to his Intelligence and Fellowship Characteristics, due to his obliviousness. Most of his friends and family abandon him at this point, which, of course, he gives little thought to. By the second month, his denial reaches a high, and he takes an additional –10% penalty to both his Intelligence and Fellowship Characteristics. Even when he sees the most egregious acts of violence, it is nothing to him, much to the shock and horror of those still associating with him. When confronted with the evidence of terrible acts, mutation, creatures of Chaos, or foul magic, the Character must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain an 1 additional Insanity Point, further hardening his resolve of ignorance and denial.

A Character with Blindness of Bliss soon finds himself alone, unwilling to accept any bad news or horrific acts for what they are. He rarely, if ever, takes up arms or comes to the defence of himself or others, and accepts bad luck with wilful ignorance. In extreme cases, the victim simply sits idle while others rob or beat him.

False Wizard

The power that comes from using magic, and the respect given to Wizards and Priests, is mighty indeed. Sometimes, those lacking the talent are filled with an intense jealousy towards those that can shape the Winds of Magic, and, so, strive to gain a portion of that power. Some are deluded so badly, they convince themselves that they possess magical abilities. Others, after witnessing or being the target of magic, believe this magic rubs off on them, filling their body and spirit with the ability to cast spells.

Although seemingly harmless on the surface, this insanity has far-reaching consequences. The victim takes up the trappings of a Wizard, shunning normal clothes and armour and often giving up his weapons. He deems mundane trappings unworthy in comparison to his mighty, magical abilities, carrying a staff, and dabbling with worthless (though sometimes dangerous) substances in the misguided belief he is crafting potions and poultices of powerful magic.

Most commoners mock these deluded fools, yet there are a few that do come to them under the belief they possess some magical ability—though even these fools eventually realise the truth. True Wizards and Priests laugh at their plight, and more than a few kill these deluded madmen due to their insolence and mockery of magic. The Character hallucinates extensively, seeing the blasts of fire and motes of magical light he produces from his spells. He hears the whispers of arcane creatures and believes he's receiving insight from powers beyond the mortal ken. He sees ordinary occurrences as magical events, often of his own making.

The Character takes a –10% penalty to Fellowship tests due to his haughty, arrogant demeanour and his belief in his superiority over those

lacking the gift. At the beginning of each day, he must make a Will Power Test to see if his "powers" are working. If he succeeds, he actually believes the Winds of Magic are not available, and does not do anything out of the norm that might put him or others into danger. If he fails, the Winds blow strong, encouraging him to go through the motions of casting non-existent, powerless spells. He'll try to use "magic" in situations where regular skill use or abilities would make more sense. If faced with violence, he'll blast his foes with imaginary, arcane fire rather than taking up a sword or knife.

Witch Hunters harshly punish characters suffering from this delusion, not for the madness, but for the example they set and the often-blasphemous words they utter. If left to their own devices, victims of this insanity typically perish from their bizarre laboratory experiments, from violence when their magic fails them, when they attempt to fly, or when they face down a band of thugs. Characters with this insanity are sought out by followers or Tzeentch for their willingness to accept sorcery—a few are even granted the gift they always thought they possessed, and are horrified to find out what true magic really is.

Laughter of Despair

A character suffering from Laughter of Despair believes life is nothing more than one big joke—and he is in on it. Driven past the brink by seeing the innocent and good perish while the sinful and evil thrive, the character can do nothing more than laugh at the plight of the world, his friends, his family, and himself.

The character cannot stop laughing, chuckling, and snickering, even in the most serious and dire of circumstances. When times are bad, his laughter is one of irony. When times are well, he feels the universe is just setting him up for some horrible punch line. His most boisterous laughter is reserved for both those without care—such as new lovers, the wealthy, and the saintly—and for the most wretched—such as lepers, the destitute, and war victims. A character suffering this insanity is incapable of sympathy for the downtrodden or respect for those that deserve it. His speeches with other people become filled with cruel, cutting jokes and observations, followed by cackling laughter.

Because of this disorder, the victim reduces his Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%. Also, he takes a –10% penalty to Silent Move Tests (it is almost impossible for him to refain from giggling to himself for more than a few moments at a time). At first, the character's laughter may seem delightful and amusing, but it does not take long for his incessant chuckling and sharp barbs to rub others the wrong way. In addition, when a victim of this disorder is confronted with a truly dangerous encounter, a meeting with someone of substantially higher status, or witnessing a scene in which others would be filled with remorse or deep pity, the Character must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test. If he fails at this test, the Character takes a –10% penalty to both his Agility and reduces his Movement by half for the duration of the encounter, due to being nearly doubled over from a powerful, hideous fit of laughter. If he succeeds, he merely laughs and chuckles more than usual, and suffers an additional –10% to Fellowship Tests for the remainder of the encounter.

Victims of the Laughter of Despair are quickly banished or tucked away in jails, sanatoriums, or other solitary locations where their endless cackling can no longer be heard by the sane. A notable number are simply killed by angry individuals for their insensitive, cruel taunts, or by superiors that take umbrage for their insolence and lack of respect.

The Numbness

Life is pain. The world is filled with horrible things and creatures that want nothing more than to wrack the body with hurt and aching wounds. A character with The Numbness shuts down his body's feelings until, eventually, he feels absolutely nothing at all. He no longer feels the pain tormenting him, but pleasurable sensations are lost as well. The character becomes careless with his body, subjecting it to actions and situations a cautious person would avoid, resulting in cuts, scratches, burns, and broken bones that could easily be avoided. However, a victim suffering from the Numbness, neither notices nor cares.

This insanity is subtle and insidious. In the first month of this affliction, the victim actually gains a +10% bonus to his Toughness, but suffers a –10% penalty to his Agility, representing his dulled senses. He scoffs at or ignores most situations that put him in the way of physical harm. He must make a Will Power Test to avoid doing things that may inflict harm, such as picking up a hot kettle with his bare hands.

During the second month of this affliction, the Numbness becomes almost complete. He gains an additional +5% bonus to his Toughness and a –10% penalty to his Agility. Every time he suffers a Wound Point, he must make a Routine (+10%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. He becomes particularly dangerous to himself, as he often cuts or burns himself just to see what happens. The Character does not become particularly morose, but he gains no pleasure in anything at this point and often ignores the needs of others as well.

Characters with this insanity are often rounded up by unscrupulous Generals, Witch Hunters, and Warrior Priests because they make ideal combatants who engage in combat without care or worry. Followers of Slaanesh have a particular hatred for those with this insanity, as they feel neither the pleasure nor pain of Slaanesh's touch. If he can feel nothing, the temptations of Slaanesh are diminished or outright repulsed. If a character suffering from The Numbness is ever captured by a follower of Slaanesh, he is sure to be put through the most outrageous and intense of tortures to try to evoke some form of physical response.

The Mindless Obsession

A victim of this madness becomes overwhelmed with performing a single task over and over again. When his is not performing his particular, obsessive act, he is plagued with constant thoughts of it, making functioning in normal society difficult in the extreme. Such compulsive behaviours include washing hands, closing and locking doors, cleaning obsessively, or checking to make sure that objects do not get lost. Given a choice, the afflicted would spend all day and night performing his obsessive acts. Even sleep does not provide relief from his compulsion, as his dreams are filled with guilty thoughts of his hands being covered in filth, the doors having blown open in the wind, or his shoes having walked off of their own accord.

Characters with this insanity shun their chores and duties. Unless their particular Mindless Obsession involves constantly cleaning the body, most become dirty and dishevelled, ignoring even basic, hygienic care. Their businesses lapse into bankruptcy, and their loved ones despair, eventually leaving them when they cannot stop their behaviour.

Every day, the character must make a Will Power Test to see if he can resist the urge of his obsession. If he fails, he spends every waking moment performing the act of his compulsion, ignoring other tasks and duties. If ordered by a superior or forced by another person to stop, he can make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to cease. If he succeeds in this test, he functions normally. However, if ever presented with a situation that triggers his compulsion, he must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to avoid starting up the routine once again. For example: a character with a Mindless Obsession about shutting and locking doors must make this test if confronted with an open, unlocked door. If the source of the discomfort is particularly egregious (*i.e.* a compulsive hand washer who finds his hands covered in blood), and he can do nothing about it, the character must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

Characters with this affliction that are shut away in jails or sanatoriums often spiral into further depths of desperation if denied from acting out their obsessive behaviours. They scream and thrash about in torment, berating their minders about the filth surrounding them, the unlocked doors allowing any evil to walk in, and countless other horrors, real or imagined.

Chapter IV: Cults of Chaos

Your world is a web that entraps you more firmly as you struggle to control your pitiful, worthless life. And in the centre of the web sits the Great Spider of your greed. As it touches the strands of the web, you jerk like a puppet and vainly believe that it is you who are in control of your destiny.

—Writings from Mordheim

It's not enough that doom lurks on every side, the temptations of Chaos lie before everyone to take, grasp, and claim all for themselves. Corruption blooms in every community as every year Mutants are pulled from the birth canals of righteous women. Individuals cast aside all pretence of the struggle in favour of the instant rewards offered by the great tempters, the foul Daemons of Chaos. Why struggle? Why resist the despair, the change, and the corruption, when you can so easily embrace it?

— Common Views on Cults —

For the common Old Worlder, the threat of a Chaos Incursion is real and awful, but it is a distant doom. Prior to the Storm of Chaos, few Old Worlders ever saw a Chaos Champion. Certainly no one alive saw the Black Winds pouring south from the Chaos Wastes to envelop Praag, or bore witness to the maddening mixture of flesh and stone that remained in its wake. And even fewer have ever imagined the terrors of the Chaos Warriors, Daemons, and the limitless hordes of spawn that tumbled after the heroes of darkness.

Though history records these events well and in detail, for most they are bad dreams, things beyond what the normal mind can comprehend. People make do as they can, forcing aside thoughts of the impending destruction of all they love and cherish while they work at the forge, hawk their wares on street corners, or say their prayers to Sigmar in their Temples. Of course, those who live in Kislev or along the Sea of Claws know better, but for the average person, the threat of invasion is only a dim, albeit nagging, fear.

This is not to say Old Worlders don't worry about the Ruinous Powers; that's not it at all. The common encounters with corruption are inside their own families: the betrayal felt when a good friend or loved one is revealed to be a cultist in service to one of the Dark Gods, or the acrid stench of a burning town when the Witch Hunters cleanse it of taint. The lure of Chaos is everywhere, always tempting, turning, and twisting the lives of the common citizen. Too many can trace their lineage to find a blot, some mar that shames them. Perhaps a cousin sprouted a third eye? Sacrificed his family to learn the sinister secrets of Slaanesh? or even picked up and left to seek his fortunes on the shifting battlefields of the Shadowlands? Far too many people know or have known someone whose life was shattered by these dark forces, and for most, the fear that this could happen to them is far more pressing than Archaon's drive towards Middenheim or the rumours of yet another raid along the frigid coasts overlooking the Sea of Claws.

"I harbour a special hatred of cultists, see. Mutants... disgusting things, true, but in most cases their affliction is through no fault of their own, see. No, cultists are special. See, we all have a choice in this world, ya see? We can stand in the light of Sigmar, embrace the Old Ways, or do whatever we have to do to stay out of a pyre. But them cultists, they don't care, see? They hate the true Gods and follow the easy path of the false ones, see? That's why we kill 'em, see?"

—Rudolf, Witch Hunter Bodyguard

"Me ma'am always tells me: 'Boris, you stay away from them cultists, now.' And when I asks her, she tells me you can smell 'em. She says they stinks of filth and have shifty eyes. You can always tell a cultist from his smell and his eyes. That's what me ma'am says."

—Boris, Altdorf Urchin

"It's a fact. Cultists aren't people at all, but Daemons! You can tell. They all have the mark, you know what I mean? It's a mark. I saw a cultist once as she was dragged to the pyre. Pretty thing, but she was marked, you know? Her back was exposed for all to see. And it was clear to everyone about her loyalties, I'll tell you what. She had these crisscrossed, red marks. Sure as Sigmar was a man before he was a God. Just looking at those marks made me quiver inside."

—Cornelius of Bögenhafen

Perhaps the most despicable of Chaos' servants are those who voluntarily embrace Chaos. The common view is that such a betrayal is a flaw of moral fibre, some defect in their character that would propel them on such a course. But the

lure is far more powerful than many suspect. Base emotions are powerful motivators, and when resolution—whether to satiate lust or to quench the fires of rage—are at hand, few have the will to resist the call of the Dark Gods.

— The Lure of Chaos —

Chaos is an insidious disease. It spreads through ambition, envy, hatred and other base emotions. It hides itself behind the façade of innocence and beauty. It promises redemption, freedom, power, and the fulfilment of every desire, but rewards loyalty with form-shattering change and consumes its victims' souls. The touch of Chaos crosses all social barriers, penetrates into the hearts and minds of the most devout, and devours all that it touches.

Cults Defined

Many servants of Chaos in the Empire are cursed Mutants, individuals who have been touched by the hand of Chaos. While they might retain something of their beliefs and honour, the corruption siphons away their resolve, turning them against the very things they love and respect. If allowed to survive, they will become unthinking abominations, bent on carnage and destruction of all.

The rest are the cultists. Where the Mutant is a victim of Chaos, the cultist embraces it. Where the Mutant sees his afflictions as curses, a Cultist sees these changes as rewards. The cultist can be anyone, of any social class or profession. Men and women are drawn to Chaos in equal numbers. They are hidden, fully installed in the Empire, from the grandest palace in Nuln to the dirtiest hovel in the Wasteland.

Contrary to common belief, the average cultist is indistinguishable from an ordinary Old Worlder. He may have a family, own a home and land, and even attend the services of the Sigmarite Temple. A cultist is likely to be a positive force in his community, well-liked, beloved by all. Cultists generally conceal their double lives behind a veneer of respectability, explaining why the Witch Hunters have such a hard time stamping out the many and varied cults that erode the morality of the Empire.

It would seem that the Ruinous Powers take great pleasure from corrupting mortal servants, even more than when their Daemonic servants wreak havoc during one of the many Incursions. The reasons can only be theorised, but regardless of the cause, many mortals succumb to the temptations, sending their damned souls screaming into the cavernous maw that is the Realm of Chaos. And the cultists ride the crest of this wave of souls, exulting in their own madness and corruption to seek the rewards of Chaos.

While describing why people join cults reveals much of a cult's purpose and function, it says little of how and why cults form. What could drive an individual to disgrace everything he is by founding an organisation whose soul purpose is to dismantle the order of the Empire?

Cults are often formed around a personality, an individual charismatic enough to seduce men and women away from right thinking and good beliefs. He is a corruptor, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and he knows full well what it is that he does. He has no illusions about the power of Chaos, what it does, and the danger it poses to the Old World. He corrupts with relish.

Cult Organisation

Cults can be of any size, from a few misguided fools to a large and insidious secret society composed of thousands. Many double as innocent organisations, military fraternities, orphanages, or even established temples. The larger and more prominent the faction, the more attractive it is for infiltration by established cults since its easy to get lost amidst their ranks.

"Look, there's no such thing as a Chaos conspiracy. It's all bunk. It's them nobles you have to watch for. See, they spew all this propaganda about vigilance in the face of adversity, being courageous and turning over suspected cultists, but the truth is, they want to keep us down, keep us under their boot heels. Just look at the workers in Nuln. They should be an example to us all. One day, and one day soon, we workers, we'll unite. We'll throw off the chains of oppression and take our lives back. Each man to his abilities. And when we wipe out the nobles, making them wipe our arses, we can take the fight to Bretonnia and free those poor bastards from the decadent elite."

—Karl-Heinz, Agitator

"Now, don't repeat this, you hear? Good. Look, the truth is, there's no difference between the so-called cultists and those Priests peddling their tripe on the streets. There's no Gods. There's nothing. It's all a lie. Don't believe me? Well, why don't you come over to my house tonight, and I'll tell you more. The wife got a big, fat goose today for a steal. I'll tell you everything."

—Max, Cultist.

Anyone can found a cult, and indeed there are hundreds, if not thousands, of small cells scattered throughout the Old World and beyond. However, the most pernicious cults of Chaos are those led by a Cult Magus, a being of great power who interacts with a Daemon or the Dark God itself. Identified by the telltale Mark of Chaos, he commands his group through lieutenants called Acolytes, and together, they form a coven, or inner circle.

Cultists

There is no overarching characteristic to set these corrupted men and women apart from the rest of the Sigmar-fearing citizens. No, cultists are drawn from all walks of life, pulled into the machinations of these destructive societies out of ignorance, curiosity, or frustration. Whether through promises of power, satiation of lusts, or a desperate desire for revenge, these people find hope and meaning within these groups.

Strangely, most members are not aware of their affiliation. They may think they are part of a warrior fraternity, or collections of intellectuals, but few suspect being involved in the worship of a Dark God. In fact, they lead normal lives, and are perhaps even well-respected members of their communities, holding positions of responsibility and safeguarding their people from outside threats. But regardless of their outward actions, these clandestine cultists are loyal to their group, and as they sink deeper and deeper into corruption, they accept the darkness for what it is.

But why? Why would any mortal, especially in a land as devout as the Empire, give up his immortal soul? Surely, the punishments meted out by Witch Hunters should be enough of a deterrent to keep most people safely in the realm of Sigmar's grace, right?

There are many reasons why mortals turn to the Dark Gods. Idleness, curiosity, ambition, lust, and even despair can all turn a mortal from the path of salvation to the path of ruin. Motives run the gamut and what might appeal to one man may repulse another.

Ambition

"That bastard, Krieg! I hate him. He thought I looked him in the eye. You know what he made me do? He made me lick the dung from his boots. And then, for my reward, he beat me with his riding crop. I'd kill him if I could... if there were just a way..."

Power. It's everywhere. Yet, for most Old Worlders, it is far beyond their reach. Nobles live safe behind their estate walls. Priests dwell in comfort in their Temples, feasting on sumptuous meals provided by the hard-earned coin of the commoners. Roadwardens, Witch Hunters, Templars and others, under the pretence of keeping the Empire safe, determine who lives and dies, sometimes with a capricious disregard for the individuals or circumstances. Indeed, the Old World is one of classes, privilege, and want.

The life of a typical Old Worlder is awful. In the cities, people live in cramped conditions, entire families packed into one- or two-room living spaces. Crime is rampant on the streets, and murder, assault, and theft are common. It's no better in the country, either. There, an Old Worlder can expect poor farming conditions, small shelters with sod roofs, and the ever-present attacks by outlaws, Beastmen, and worse. And in the wilds, there are strange places where no sane man should tread. Life is fear.

For some, the merest possibility of being lifted out of the grime and poverty is too much of a temptation, a lure that attracts people faster than a Wissenland shepherd confronted with a new sheep. With power comes an end to hunger, to disease, to being spat upon by other men, used as a tool and discarded with the rest of the rubbish

But the poor and downtrodden aren't the only ones tempted by power. A privileged life is not one without desire. Within the upper classes, there's always the desire for more: more gold, more political currency, more women, a better estate, or the ear of the Count. Even the Priests are not immune to envy, and the politics of faith are every bit as cutthroat as those in the courts of Noble Lords. And the Magisters are no exception: Many hunger for more knowledge, or more power to reach the coveted place as head of their orders.

The cult, then, is the way in. It is the path to supremacy, even if only for a time. Cults reward loyalty with responsibility, temporal power, excess, and whatever else the cultist needs to continue to serve. A cult with mighty

The Truth about Cults

"Ignorance is our foe. Humanity resists the notion of an active and insidious force that corrupts and destroys all that it touches. When confronted with incontrovertible evidence that Chaos exists, a man will cast about for some other explanation, some other justification for the event or occurrence. And it is this wanton disbelief that allows cults to form and thrive.

Before I go any further, I must mention that most Mutants, at least in my experience, are afflicted through no wrong of their own. Naturally, there are exceptions, such as the Marienburg butcher (a man I burned ten years ago; he was a ruthless, but elusive, killer that I was able to discover when his face suddenly mutated and grew a trunk), but I've burned children, honest farmers, wives, soldiers, and more, all because they carried the stain of Chaos. It pained me each time, but I knew, as I know now, that if left to fester, the mutations will destroy what was left of their poor souls. How many men and women have died as a result of these afflictions, I cannot say, but each death firms my commitment to battling the Ruinous Powers wherever they appear.

Some claim I am too vicious in my efforts to root out cults. Maybe I am. Maybe I am because of all the honest people I've condemned to the flame through no fault of their own. And when I find a nest of vipers, a knot of foul cultists, I cannot abide to think that any Human would voluntarily bring doom on their own heads. Fools all. They deserve what they get.

Cultists then are those individuals who cast aside all sane thought to embrace the wickedness of the Dark Gods. But such a definition is far too simple for this insidious force. Cults are akin to serpents. They burrow into the secret places, lying in wait, unseen until the moment they strike. And when they do, their kiss is every bit as venomous as the snake they resemble.

The head of the serpent is a creature called a Cult Magus. Scarcely Human, he's lost all ties to his former life, becoming a horrific thrall and conductor of his followers' dooms. Beneath him are his lieutenants, the faces of the cult, and the recruiters. These are the members who are fully aware of the cult's purpose, its reason for existence. It is through these servants that the Cult Magus acts.

The rest of the cultists are the ignorant fools who may or may not suspect the character of the organisation they serve. Some are misled, taught that the group is something innocent, safe, and perhaps existing for the good of the community. Others aren't even aware that they serve an organisation, and are tied to a particular member who compels them to do darker and darker things until they are ready to learn the truth. Once a person takes the first step in service to the Ruinous Powers, they are forever after doomed. They give up whatever divine reward awaits them at Sigmar's table, earn only damnation instead.

How many Mutants have I put to the torch because of some cult's foul work? Was the little, red-haired girl that I burned last week the victim of Human evil as well as divine? Can I falter when the blood of hundreds stains my hands? No. I am committed. And woe be the man or woman I find devoted to the Dark Gods. I shall never sway, never give up. With torch and sword I do my duty, and it is one I shall never shirk."

—Klaus Vanderhosen, Witch Hunter

that united them. There are a great number of secret societies, groups of intellectuals, philosophers, theologians, and even warriors. To be invited into such a group is a mark of honour. Few turn down such invitations and most remain even when the truth of the organisation's purpose is revealed.

Joining a cult is exciting. It's forbidden. It's against everything that's accepted in Imperial society. Cults are mysterious, strange, and new, offering rare experiences otherwise impossible to achieve by living an honest life. A candidate can sample new tastes, experience the love of a woman far beyond his reach, or kill without fear of punishment. Once you join, life is never the same.

Confusion

"Now what? What's this about the Green Father? He cares for who now? The suffering, the dying? Why, that sounds like me. Much better than some War God who was an Emperor or some such nonsense."

Some theorise religious confusion can also be a root cause of the spread and continued existence of Chaos cults. Though Sigmarite faith is powerful and influential, the other Gods still thrive throughout the Empire. Ulric, Myrmidia, and others hold sway in the hearts and minds of many Old Worlders. But consider the similarities between these figures and the Dark Gods. Ulric is a God of Battle and yet so is Khorne. Look at Khaine, the God of Murder. Or even the Bull God venerated by those few Dwarfs who have fallen prey to the lure of Chaos and the pantheon of Gods and Daemons venerated by the Norsemen tribes. The similarities between all these figures are confusing to those who are not wholly familiar with their doctrines. This can lead to errors of judgement and an adherence to the wrong principles upheld by these beings. For these reasons, there is a growing movement that would stamp out the old religions while elevating the cult of Sigmar to become the only true religion in the Empire.

Some cults prey upon the ignorant. They establish themselves as an offshoot of an existing religion, claiming they have the true story. At first, connections could allow a member to advance in the court of a duke, gaining a place at the lord's side. Or a family of hungry peasants might never need for food again, and perhaps have enough to sell to others, improving their standing in their community. Anything is possible in the service of a cult.

Anarchy

"There can be no justice so long as the perpetrators of injustice remain in power!"

It seems many cults form to destroy the establishment, to topple the extant power structures and rebuild the world in the image of a perverse ideal. After some perceived miscarriage of the system, a cabal of frustrated and enraged individuals might come together to overthrow the enemies, but as their hatred builds, they succumb to the seeds of darkness that bloom with such extremes of emotion.

Boredom

Oh how I hate 'Midden'heim. Why, the name... this city is just a heap of rubbish. And the smell. I'd give anything for the parties of Altdorf. If father was less of a sycophant and more of a man, we'd never have left. Bored, bored, bored. Isn't there anything to do?"

Just as people seek out Chaos to achieve something, others do so out of idleness. Perhaps life is dull, lacking in excitement. Maybe the wine has lost its flavour, the sumptuous banquets lost their splendour. A pleasure cult offers titillation of the senses, while one involving the arcane mysteries might appeal to an advanced Apprentice forced to bide his time as he awaits advancement. For the average commoner, life may seem meaningless, little more than a series of laborious days and quiet nights with few diversions from the misery of their existence. While the idle youth, the sons and daughters of the mighty, might turn to the forbidden to escape the demands of their station, others find themselves drawn into a cult by circumstance, joining a secret cabal without knowing the underlying force or purpose

their dogma makes sense. The cultists reveal damaging facts about the established religions, twisting the truth to serve their ends. And as they deconstruct the truths of a faith, they are free to insert a new message, one more suited to their motives.

Despair

"Last week, I lost my only son to a Beastmen attack. Yesterday, me wife of ten years died of the pox. Today, I've discovered a blight in my crop. I've nothing left. To hell with you and your damned Empire."

Despair is one of the most powerful motives. There is little hope, little love, and certainly no sense of fairness in the Old World. When hunger is a constant companion, plague runs rampant through hamlet and city alike. When Witch Hunters burn a village down for housing a Mutant child, and when all the injustices mount, few can suffer the tragedies for long. A cult feeds on the tragedy, making promises to lift the weary and melancholy out of their despairing lives, to know wonder and comfort. Naturally, a Chaos cult is often responsible for the bout of calamities, sowing the fertile soil with the seeds of corruption.

Fear

"The thing... out there... he... he... commands me... it's what I must do!"

Individuals who've had a brush with Chaos are often so scarred by the experience that they opt to serve what they hate out of some strange belief that they will be spared the awful fate that hangs over the heads of all. These cults are very much aware of what they serve and know the implications of their service. The power of Chaos is far beyond mortal comprehension, and the world's end is inevitable; through devoted service, perhaps they'll escape the impending doom.

Playing Cultists

As mentioned, anyone can be a Chaos cultist. It isn't a career. There's no talent that distinguishes a cultist from others. Rather, it is a state of mind, a conviction, and an adherence to the ideals espoused by the organisation. Upon gaining a mutation, which can occur at any time—though it usually coincides with some display of service to a Dark God—the cultist is allowed to enter the Cult Acolyte Career.

Cult Acolytes

Although a Chaos cult can involves a great number of people, only a select few are aware of the organisation's true purpose. This inner circle manipulates the rest, guiding the larger body down into ruin. The diseased heart of any cult is the coven. It includes the true members of the cult who understand their allegiance and actively further the interests of the group. They serve as the Magus' (the cult's leader) most trusted servants. To become an Acolyte, as many call themselves, they must have earned the mark of whatever God to which the cult owes its allegiance. This sign of favour is instantly recognised by the Magus who, in turn, ushers the individual into the coven.

Any character who is both a member of a Chaos cult and has a mutation can add the Cult Acolyte Career to their career exits. At the GM's discretion, the candidate may have to perform some other task to gain the Cult Magus' trust.

Cult Magus

The most dangerous cults are those helmed by a Cult Magus. This leader is deeply corrupted by Chaos and bears one of its horrid Rewards. Too twisted to walk among mankind, the Magus must operate behind the scenes, issuing commands and edicts to his Acolytes, who in turn communicate the cult's wishes to the rest of the organisation.

Some Magi can communicate directly with their patron, but most must rely on intermediaries such as familiars. These magical creatures are similar to those employed by the Magisters but are always lowly creatures or impish Daemons. A few Magi use magic items that house the essence of a Daemon to bridge the distance between the world of Men and the Realm of Chaos.

To become a Cult Magus, the character must first gain a Reward or Gift of Chaos appropriate to their patron. For details, see **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness.**

Cult Activities

Once a Chaos cult forms, there's no telling what it will do. Cults simply seek to sustain themselves, and if growth results, all the better. A few might seize control of a town or village, seducing well-placed members of government and drawing them deeper into the Magus' plotting. When so installed, a cult can become extremely dangerous, for if it controls the lives of many citizens, it can condemn them to a fate of corruption. In such instances, a cult can act with impunity, snatching people from the streets for dark sacrifices, and maintain extensive temple complexes right beneath the noses of the authorities.

Governments are not the only groups at risk of infiltration. There are plenty of stories of corruption within legal cults, from the rural shrine to the established High Temple in the capital city, Altdorf. Temptation also runs strong in the Colleges of Magic, seducing would-be Magisters with the power offered by Dark Magic. Even the most virtuous and charitable institutions are at risk, and far too many orphanages have been hunting grounds for terrible cultists in search of innocent flesh to offer up in a blasphemous ritual.

The instructions issued by the patron, regardless of whether it sources from the familiar or the God itself, seem to follow no logical course. One cult might declare war on a rival group, and the results of the conflict are a series of unexplained and unconnected deaths. Likewise, the cult might broker to gain a foothold in a profitable trade, positioning itself for some future plot and machination. One thing is clear: A Chaos cult's success or failure in their workings is always the clearest sign of divine favour.

"Long have the people of the Empire lived under the shadow of death. In the north, a horde could spill south at anytime, and who can rely on the defences of Kislev? For time and again, they have failed to stanch the flood. Each invasion has scattered these once-stalwart defenders to the winds. It falls to us, then, to defend our great land. If we falter once, we are doomed. But fear not, friends, for the signs are everywhere. Look for them, and you shall see the truth of this and perhaps with such foreknowledge, we can persevere in the face of adversity."

—Flagellant of Sigmar addressing a crowd

"We are the true followers of the Skull God. Unlike our cousins in the wild places, we are not random killers. No, we let others do the killing for us. Each innocent that falls to the hands of our minions brings glory to the Blood God and adds to our temporal strength and influence. Make no mistake, we kill when needed, and our rage and hate is depthless. Blood for the Blood God as always, but let it be the blood of our subjects, our thralls."

—Dieter Lieden, Cult Acolyte and Knight Panther

— Cults in the Empire —

The Chaos cults are as great a threat to the Empire as the dread armies that rally in the Northern Wastes. They worm their way into the established order, decaying the moral and ethical fibres of the Empire's good people and its works. Cults dismantle the establishment, corroding the values that keep the Empire strong in the face of adversity.

But rooting out these organisations is far harder than one would expect. The reason? There is no single kind of cult. It's possible to speak in generalities, as this chapter has shown, but no two cults are alike, in terms of size, strength, or motives. Theirs is a diverse threat, a hydra of a problem, for each cult the Witch Hunters destroy, another two appear.

Khorne

War brings people to the cults of Khorne. Every battle in some way reflects this Dark God's will. The spray of blood, the screams of the dying, and the stink of death are experiences that do not easily fade. Veterans of even a single conflict emerge changed, having witnessed firsthand the imminence of death and the glory of unadulterated violence. And for those who've seen countless battlefields, they know firsthand the awfulness of war. These experiences underscore the importance of living and avoiding battle unless it's absolutely necessary. Veterans grudgingly take arms, and then only at the behest of their lord or in the defence of their lands.

But a few see the blood and carnage differently. Haunted by the memories of battle, exulting in the power inherent in the sword and the look in a dying man's eyes as they hack his body apart, they find they cannot reconcile normal life with life in war. They hunger for killing, seeing conflict as an opportunity for glory, a chance to prove their mettle and power. The prospect of killing is a constant companion, one never forgotten and almost impossible to placate. And those few not driven to suicide must find an outlet for the growing need to kill, and at the end of their search, they find the Blood God waiting.

Symbol

Khorne is recognised by many symbols. Often his followers use a horned skull of brass, but the most common symbol is an X-shaped rune with bar across the bottom, resembling a stylized skull. His followers tend to colour their clothes or armour in red, black, and brass.

Cults

In the Empire, there are few established cults to Khorne, since the God expects his followers to kill and slaughter, disdaining the secrecy of other rival cults. He has a much stronger presence amongst the Beastmen, and even more amongst the Chaos Warriors. In the few Khorne cults that exist, members tend to number in some multiple of eight, a number mysteriously sacred to the Blood God. Khorne's cultists do not congregate in secret temples, but rather view each kill, each battle, as their unholy ground since this is where they can celebrate their God by spilling blood and slaughtering their enemies. Some cultists meet on the sites of old battlefields or Chaos Monoliths where their God's influence is the strongest.

Khorne expects his followers to kill regularly. He blesses those who butcher their friends and allies, elevating those who cause wanton destruction and carnage wherever they go. So great is Khorne's demand that his followers must kill each day lest they provoke his anger.

Above all, Khorne despises magic, a hatred that is manifest in his followers. The Blood God is a being of slaughter, not forethought and planning. His is the domain of killing with weapons, not by relying on the cowardly ways of killing. As a result, most cultists of Khorne butcher spellcasters, but others recognise their value, and sell them to the Chaos Dwarfs in the Dark Lands in exchange for Chaos Weapons and Armour.

Cult Acolyte of Khorne

Cult Acolytes of Khorne work to spread death and hate. Violent, vicious, and thoroughly wicked, they are the most martially inclined of all cultists. The only thing keeping these individuals from destroying everything around them is their commitment to the goals of their group.

—Cult Acolyte of Khorne Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	—	+10%	+15%	+5%	—	+15%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Secret Language (Battle Tongue)

Talents: Hardy, Inured to Chaos, Lightning Reflexes or Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail *or* Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt), Flail *or* Great Weapon, Cult Vestments, Religious Symbol of Khorne, Skin of Blood

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Agitator, Chaos Marauder, Cult Magus, Outlaw, Veteran, Zealot

Special: Only established cultists of Khorne and those with at least one mutation can enter this Career.

Cult Magus of Khorne

Cult Magi of Khorne are vicious, bloodthirsty villains, who exist only to spread violence and slaughter and to curry the favour of their lord, one day ascending to the ranks of the Daemon Princes. These Cult

Acolyte of Khorne

Magus of Khorne

Magi have tenuous restraint and often explode into violent outbursts, killing everyone they can until they can reassert control over themselves. Khorne's Magi find it difficult to remain hidden in the Empire, so most leave to find their fates in the Chaos Wastes.

—Cult Magus of Khorne Characteristics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+40%	+5%	+20%	+30%	+10%	—	+15%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+7	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Command, Dodge Blow, Intimidate

Talents: Frenzy, Quick Draw, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail or Two-handed), Unsettling, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Warrior Born

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Full Plate), Good Craftsmanship Flail or Great Weapon, Cult Vestments, Religious Symbol of Khorne, Bag of Blood, Cult of Khorne

Career Entries: Cult Acolyte of Khorne

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior

The Crimson Skull

The Cult of the Crimson Skull is a secretive organisation that infiltrates warrior fraternities to transform them into unwitting tools of Khorne. As with any of Khorne's bloody followers, Crimson Skulls perform blood sacrifice and spread mayhem, but they are pragmatic enough to understand they have no chance for survival if they blindly embrace the rage and hatred so favoured by the Blood God and his followers. Instead, they glorify their master by turning the hearts of noble warriors towards the worship of Chaos. These men and women become some of the violent in the Empire, and have spread into nearly all of the Imperial military societies. Ruthless, and dedicated to toppling the power structures to make the way for a new and bloody kingdom that will rest on a mountain of skulls, they believe they are but a few steps away from victory.

History

For such a powerful and established cult, the Crimson Skulls are a relatively recent organisation. Born from the remnants of a dozen or more failed attempts to create a cohesive group to serve the interests of the Blood God, the Crimson Skulls were formed just before the Great War Against Chaos. At that time, the Empire was in disarray, in no small part due to the efforts of the Purple Hand (a widespread cult of Tzeentch), with many claimants to the throne vying for control over an unwieldy and chaotic political landscape. As tensions built within Sigmar's lands, the forces of Chaos mustered in the north and slowly marched south to destroy the Empire and enslave or butcher its people.

Sensing an opportunity to unravel the Empire's defences, a group of disaffected cultists, whose previous organisations had been exposed by the Cloaked Brothers (see **Chapter IX: Enemies of Chaos**) and destroyed by the Templars of Sigmar, bound together in Middenheim and devised a new way to bring the battle to their hated enemies: the Sigmarites. Instead of forming up as reckless killers, they understood the value of manipulation and subterfuge. Instead of forming up as reckless killers and ruthlessly butchering a town, they understood the value of manipulation and subterfuge. So, they installed themselves in its military organisations and used the soldiers to do their work for them. And, to defeat Sigmar and his weak-willed Priests, the Crimson Skulls would subvert fraternities allied with rival religions—Ulric for instance—and push them to wage open war with the Sigmarites.

Just prior to the Great War Against Chaos, the Sigmarites and Ulricans were fiercely opposed, and open conflict was common. The Crimson Skulls saw their opportunity to manipulate the Ulricans by infiltrating one of their most prestigious groups, The Brotherhood of the Axe, and with the influence this fraternity could bring to bear, they would be able to assume control over the entire cult of Ulric. But the Cult Magus, a vile man known as Bloodsipper, didn't anticipate Magnus the Pious, who came to Middenheim and entered the Sacred Flame (this fiery symbol of Ulric's blessing)—an act that lent credibility to the doctrine of Sigmar as a God. The efforts to turn the two faiths collapsed, and the Empire was able to throw back the hordes of Daemons and Marauders that tumbled out of the north.

For the next two centuries, the Crimson Skulls spread their influence throughout the Brotherhood of the Axe and other military institutions. Even with the Ar-Ulric's acceptance of Magnus the Pious, the seeds of doubt and hatred of Sigmar within the cult of Ulric still ran hot. The Crimson Skulls were able to use this religious intolerance to their own ends, and they slowly subverted the Brotherhood of the Axe, drawing its leaders into the vile Chaos cult.

The Brotherhood of the Axe is held in high regard by the cult of Ulric, since the organisation traces its history to the dawn of the Empire. Believed to be the most pious and ruthless warriors of Ulric, they symbolise the Winter King as a Battle God. With the Storm of Chaos looming on the horizon, the cultists bade their time to see if Middenheim would fall. They lent their strength to the city's defence and reaffirmed the Brotherhood once more as a powerful and honourable institution. The reason for this effort was that the cult leaders knew that with Valten (widely believed to be Sigmar reborn), the Empire could not fail. So rather than oppose Valten, the Crimson Skulls hoped to fan his rage and hate, and turn him to Chaos. Valten, however, disappeared before the Skulls could turn him.

The Crimson Skulls believe their time is at hand. Having recently uncovered information about a Daemon known as Xathrodox, whose sundered essence lay in three artefacts, the cult believes they can reunite the Daemon and gain a powerful ally to complete the destruction of Middenheim. Whether they succeed or not remains to be seen. (See *Ashes of Middenheim* for details.)

Organisation

The Crimson Skulls, despite their current involvement with the Brotherhood of the Axe, are in fact quite widespread, having cells in most major cities and towns. Operating in small groups of eight, each cell consists of one Cult Acolyte and seven cultists of which at least three are aware of the cult's purpose and allegiance. The Acolytes make pilgrimages to Middenheim once a year for the Convocation of Blood where they meet with the Cult Magus, a bloodthirsty killer named Boris Eichermann, a former Priest of Ulric who has a direct bloodline to the chief of the Teutogen tribe during the life of Sigmar. He faked his death five years ago after killing 35 young women with his bare hands.

Symbol

When engaged in the rites of the Blood God, they venerate the bloody skull as their symbol, usually represented by the screaming head of a man whose flesh has been flayed from his face—to prevent death from shock,

New Talent: Inured to Chaos

Description: If you have a mutation, you gain a +10% bonus to tests made to resist gaining additional mutations.

the cultists fill their victim with stimulants to keep him alive until the end of the ceremony.

Motives and Goals

The cult is committed to the destruction of the cult of Sigmar and, by extension, the Empire. Devotion to Sigmar has long driven many Witch Hunters to stalk and destroy the cults of Khorne and thwart the cult's efforts to transform the Empire into a charnel house. The only way for this to come about is to deconstruct the Empire and its most powerful opposition to Chaos: the cult of Sigmar.

Recruiting

The Crimson Skulls are cautious about recruiting new members. Most followers of Khorne are unstable and unsubtle—all virtues, but dangerous ones. The cult looks for individuals who, while committed to the spread of death and destruction, can temper their desires for violence with patience. They also recruit from natural opponents to the Sigmarites, and so many of their members begin as Priests or warriors dedicated to Ulric.

Viable candidates are selected from those with a penchant for killing, who can be easily seduced by violence. The candidate is invited to join an inner circle of an established military group where then the cultists inundate the candidate with anti-Sigmar propaganda. This continues until the candidate begins to spew his own lines of hatred, showing his rage and spite for the rival faith. These fires are fuelled until the individual "accidentally" kills a Priest of Sigmar, almost always orchestrated and controlled by the Crimson Skulls (they set up the circumstances and dispose of the body afterwards). Terrified, the killer retreats to the cult for assistance. It is at this time that the cult inducts the murderer into their fold, ushering him into the true secrets of Khorne. Those who balk at the cult's purpose are butchered and devoured by the rest.

Ceremonies

Crimson Skulls make regular offerings to their God. They believe each noble or Priest they kill is a sign of their devotion to their dark master. When they congregate, they always make a blood sacrifice, involving hours of physical combat, whereby they slaughter captives, and maybe even each other. After the orgy of violence, they select one of their prisoners to serve as the sacrifice. The leader then tears away the victim's face, speaking an invocation in the tongue of Daemons while the dying man thrashes about in agony. As the victim dies, the other cultists approach to carve chunks of hot flesh from his body and sip the blood as it sprays from the dying man.

Using the Cult

Though Khorne expects his followers to kill and slaughter with abandon, the cultist of the Crimson Skulls tempers this demand out of the constant need for secrecy and survival. If Cultists simply grabbed arms and slaughtered the people of a town, they'd risk rousing the Witch Hunters and calling down the full power of the Empire to stamp them out. This does nothing to further the interests of the Blood God and certainly does not offer these celebrants a chance to find true glory in the eyes of their dark master.

Instead, these cultists worship Khorne through less-obvious means. They hold secret rituals where the members drink blood, devour raw Human flesh, fight in bloody combat with each other, and spread the seeds of rage in their chosen community. They encourage people to give in to hate, to commit violence, and to embrace their bestial natures. Those cultists who have been overcome by their need to slaughter and maim either die by the sword or head north to find glory and seek reward in the Chaos Wastes.

The Crimson Skulls are excellent antagonists for a military-based campaign, especially if the Player Characters are part of the organisation that the cult wants to infiltrate. Whether as a one-shot nemesis or as campaign-lasting villain, the Crimson Skull is an insidious organisation that will stop at nothing to bring about the bloody end of the Empire.

Adventure Hook: Bloody Streets

When a patrol murders a Priest in front of a dozen witnesses, the entire community is outraged. Demanding action against the militia, the community leaders approach the Player Characters to conduct a private investigation into the matter. All but one of the militiamen resists interrogation; even under torture they seem to relish the pain, spitting bloody gobbets of phlegm at their interrogators. But one, a young man named Steiner, is willing to talk. He claims strange things have been happening in the barracks. Men are going missing, and those still around crave violence, always using more force than necessary. The guard claims he's gone along with what's been happening out of fear.

What the guard does not know is that the community's guards have been infiltrated by a cultist of the Crimson Skulls. Under the instructions from a Cult Acolyte to subvert the militia, he's worked hard to build a cadre of loyal supporters, swelling the ranks of the cult. So far, he's succeeded. While he's ordered the converts to show restraint in their behaviour, he's also encouraged them to kill Priests of Sigmar where they can, so long as they don't expose the cult. The patrol had intended to take the Priest back to the barracks where they could kill him in a blood rite, but the fool resisted. Gripped in a blood rage, they tore him limb from limb. This act of carelessness has jeopardized the cult, but the infiltrator isn't worried, as he has connections that go all the way up to the community's leaders.

Minor Cults of Khorne

Cults of Khorne are very active in the Old World, but are thankfully short-lived, as their drive to kill leads them to reckless behaviour, resulting in their exposure and destruction. Be sure to check out **The Red Blade** in the *Old World Bestiary* page 84 for another sample cult of Khorne.

Brass Sisters

In the wake of every raid, every Incursion, and every battle, inevitably there are those who pay a greater price than the rest. Sure, it is something to die slowly as the poison from a gut wound takes its time coursing through the body, leaving a victim to die slowly over many days, but it's the children and the wives who are cast into poverty and destitution who must face untold hardships without the coin earned from soldiering or taking on a trade. Many women give up children to orphanages so they can feed the rest, whilst others offer the only commodity they have, their bodies, to make ends meet. But a few refuse to lie down and die, to face each day pinched with hunger, watching as their children perish from disease or starvation. A few fight back.

In the days following Chaos's withdrawal, one sacked village behind enemy lines refused to surrender to the destitution promised to them by their community's destruction. One woman, whose husband died fighting Daemons, rallied the rest, claiming there was no need to abandon what remained of their homes to begin the struggle of survival that faced so many in the north. No, to flee their lives meant Chaos had won. Instead, she called upon the women to scour the battlefields, find swords and weapons, and learn to use them, lest the Beastmen feast upon their children and the women themselves become whores to the fat merchants and nobles in weak and crippled Middenheim.

Maegin, the strong voice in the village, was the widowed wife of the town's constable. While her husband lived, she pressed him to teach her to fight, so that if war ever broke out, she would be able to defend her home. Teach her he did, and as she feared, war broke out. In the end, she lost her home, husband, and all of her sons. The losses filled her heart with hatred and rage. Instead of turning that hate towards the forces of Chaos,

she looked back on the politicians, the merchants, and the decadent nobility who had made no sacrifice to save the Empire and directed her venom against them, those she believed had wronged her and her own.

Through sheer force of will, she constructed a group of like-minded women who had lost as much as she. Maegin taught the women to fight, to kill with passion, and to hate. So effective has she been that when a patrol of soldiers from Middenheim came through the area, Maegin and her force butchered the soldiers, and consumed by their hatred, drank their blood and ate the flesh of the dying. A few of the women were ashamed and fled, but the rest felt the power to be had and saw Maegin as their spiritual leader. In the days that followed, Maegin's force has raided isolated communities in the north, killing man, woman, and child, all under the pretence of weeding out the weak, but after four such massacres, the band has fallen fully under the sway of Chaos, becoming no better than the rampaging Chaos Marauders that first created it.

Nurgle

It's hard to imagine why anyone would embrace Nurgle, since this God personifies decay of all things, being despair in its most awful forms. When a plague devastates a community, Father Nurgle laughs. When the flesh sloughs from the bones of the dying, the stench of Nurgle is near. He is the suffering experienced by every man and woman living in the Empire, the fear when some strange growth takes root in the flesh and expands, when the blemish becomes a weeping wound stinking of death. So why, then, would any turn to this most foul God for succour? Hopeless despair.

In order to understand Nurgle's power and place in the Old World, one must understand how people see disease. Plague is a curse. It is the affliction of those who have some flaw, either by lowly birth (since most plagues start among the commoners) or by some defect in character. To make matters worse, the afflicted spread their illness to others, the guilty and innocent alike. The only way to deal with the diseased is to label them as unclean and cast them out.

The attitudes towards illness began during the Black Plague of 1111. This virulent contagion leapt from city to city, wiping out entire towns and emptying the countryside of people. It struck all classes, all genders, and people of all ages. It was a brutal killer, and the Empire was helpless to halt its spread. Though historians attribute the plague to the rats, the effects of this calamity have left a mark on Old World memories, and the fear of another plague shapes the attitudes towards the ill even to this day.

When an outbreak occurs, the town forces the afflicted to leave, lest the disease spread. Custom further demands the ill must wear bells around their necks to warn others of their condition, giving the healthy time enough to clear away. When there are not enough bells, the diseased are required to shout "Unclean!" as they approach communities. Failing to do so is grounds for execution. Given the widespread hostility, sickness is not just a death sentence, but rather every bit of the curse people believe it to be. The afflicted are forced from their homes and must wander, relying upon the alms granted by the merciful. If they don't die from the plague, most die from exhaustion, exposure, or starvation.

The Priestesses of Shallya have worked hard over the centuries to soften attitudes toward the ill, and results of their good works can be found in cities. Thanks to their efforts, when a plague descends on a larger community, it's closed off until it runs its course. Whilst such cordons prevent a fresh supply of food, water, and other needed goods, the people are at least allowed to die in their homes.

What's a person to do, then, when they discover an unhealthy bubo on their armpit or groin? Many might seek the aid of an expensive physician or the tender mercies of a Priestess, but few have these options, let alone the gold for the treatment. Despair blooms in their hearts as they realise their fates are sealed, and there is no hope of recovery. Panic follows, and they cast about for anything they can find to help them. This is when the cultists of Nurgle step in. The advocates of Nurgle promise an end to the suffering, a slow of the disease's spread, to comfort the afflicted in their new and decaying forms. And with the unforgiving stance upheld by the Empire, it's no wonder that people take comfort in whatever way they can.

Nurgle cults thrive in isolated communities, just outside the normal routes and byways of the Empire. Some people worship the Dark God in the hopes of placating him, appeasing him so that he offers his touch to those who refuse to bow before the Old Father. And indeed, such efforts seem to work... for a time. Gradually, a few illnesses crop up, people begin to die, and a devastating plague ravages the town, leaving nothing alive for their foolish subservience.

Symbol

Most of Nurgle's followers opt not to wear a symbol, instead favouring the Rot Lord's colours of sickly greens, ochres, and yellows. When they do use a symbol, it is almost always the silhouette of a fly. Cultists often don hooded robes to conceal their mutations and the ravages of their diseases.

Cults

Nurgle has few organised cults in the Empire, instead cultivating individuals who have been afflicted and luring them into his embrace. Existing Nurgle cults congregate in the Empire's cities, thriving in the sewers or trash heaps where they can engage in their blasphemous rituals near the source of their mortal suffering. Nurgle's cults often form in multiples of seven as that number is sacred to the Lord of Decay.

Cult Acolyte of Nurgle

By preying on the afflicted, the frightened, and the despairing, Acolytes of Nurgle gather flocks of the doomed and dying to lend their strength and belief to the cause of the cult. Thoroughly despicable, these individuals harvest the damned from the most tragic wretches in the O!d World

Note: Only established cultists of Nurgle with at least one mutation can enter this Career.

—Cult Acolyte of Nurgle Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	—	+20%	+5%	—	+15%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Channelling, Common Knowledge (any one), Disguise, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Outdoor Survival, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Torture

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Very Resilient, Dark Magic, Fearless, Inured to Chaos, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Unsettling

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Hand Weapon, Disease, Cult Vestments

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Agitator, Barber-Surgeon, Chaos Marauder, Charlatan, Cult Magus, Grave Robber, Outlaw

Cult Magus of Nurgle

Disgusting, disease-ridden beings, there is little to distinguish the Magi of Nurgle from the Dark God's Daemons. Covered in oozing sores, lesions, and rotting flesh, the Magi are so foul, to be near them is to invite disaster. They spread their sickness in waves through their chosen territory in waves, until they eventually infect all.

—Cult Magus of Nurgle Characteristics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+5	+5	+30%	+10%	+5	+20%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (any one), Channelling, Command, Common Knowledge (any two), Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (any two)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Coolheaded, Dark Lore (Nurgle), Frightening, Lesser Magic (any two), Meditation, Mighty Missile, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Light Armour (Full Leather Armour), three Diseases, Cult Vestments, Cult of Nurgle

Career Entries: Cult Acolyte of Nurgle

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior, Maledictor

Children of Doom

"Can't you smell it? The stench of death? It's everywhere. Sigmar is dead, and the stench is the rot of his bloated corpse. It spreads through the lands, polluting our rivers, killing our children, and feeding the armies of death that threaten from the north. Only one can spare us from the suffering, one who wants nothing more than to offer you succour from the death spread by Sigmar's rot. Embrace Old Father Nurgle. Suckle from his teat, and drink deep the calming nectar of his glorious milk..."

—Old Fenk, Madman

The Children of Doom are a secret society of cultists who believe Sigmar is dead, murdered by the other Gods. As his divine body decays, it sickens the world and its people. The cult proclaims the only salvation left remains in Nurgle, casting him as a figure that alleviates suffering rather than being the cause of it. By embracing Nurgle, these cultists believe they will be spared the worst of Sigmar's disease, and will survive to a new era of comfort and joy.

History

Founded in Marienburg, the Children of Doom has thrived since the Black Plague of 1111. With disease rampant in the streets and the dead mounting, people fled to the temples begging for protection against the lethal plague that killed by the thousands. But in time, the plague affected even the cults, striking down Priests of Sigmar alongside those of Morr and Shallya. The dead were everywhere, and it seemed nowhere was safe. Then the Skaven came.

Fleeing the vile Ratmen and the winds of pestilence, a group of Priests barricaded the doors to the Temple of Sigmar, shutting out the evil to protect themselves. The mobs of frightened citizens would have no such protection, and while the Ratmen approached, the commoners pounded on the doors to gain entrance. The frightened Priests withdrew to the catacombs, taking their food and supplies to wait out the violence. Once there, they heard the doors to the Temple splinter and break. They prayed to their God for deliverance, but Sigmar was deaf to their pleading, disdaining them for their cowardice. Despairing, one of their numbers called out to Nurgle for help. The clattering sounds above turned to screams as the Skaven invaders caught up with the desperate citizens. The sounds of battle and carnage carried to the frightened Priests: then, as soon as it began, silence descended and the Skaven went on their way.

Feeling betrayed by Sigmar, they looked on Nurgle and the Priest who called to him with new respect. It was clear to them Sigmar was no more; they had lived a lie. The only powers, the only Gods, were those of Chaos. One by one, the Priests consecrated themselves to Father Nurgle, becoming his creatures. Thus were the Children of Doom born.

Organisation

It's believed that the Children of Doom have one central leader, presumably, a Cult Magus (though in truth it is far worse) who issues orders to Cult Acolytes. There's no telling how many cultists serve this enormous group, for they seem to have spread throughout the Old World.

The Children of Doom follow the only surviving member of the original Priests who betrayed their fellows and embraced Nurgle. Though 1,500 years have passed, he is the most favoured of them all as it was he who converted the rest by calling out to the Lord of Decay. No longer Human, he is now a Great Unclean One named Be'la'krothrogor or the Vile Prince. He operates from a hidden chamber somewhere far below Marienburg, spreading his foul will to his trusted Cult Acolytes.

It's believed the Vile Prince commands 21 Cult Acolytes who are placed in most of the major cities and several large towns. Each cell has seven to fourteen Cultists of which about half are aware of the Cult's purpose and allegiance. Most cells operate in the sewers or in rubbish heaps, though a few are believed to operate in the slums.

Symbol

The Children of Doom do not use any particular symbol, though in some rites they use an inverted hammer to blaspheme Sigmar. Mostly, they wear ochre-coloured robes patterned in green, dripping diamonds. These robes are hooded to conceal the deformities caused by any mutation and the foul diseases they harbour.

Motives and Goals

This cult very much fears disease, as strange as that sounds. They believe, in all sincerity, that Sigmar is dead, if he was ever a God in the first place. Faced with this bleak truth, they embrace what they fear: the demise of the world and all things in it. To forestall what they see as the inevitable

Acolyte of Nurgle

Magus of Nurgle

end of all things, they serve Nurgle, spreading disease and luring the afflicted into their growing organisation.

Despite the assertion that the war hero, Valten, was Sigmar reborn, the Children of Doom claim this is merely a false prophet, elevated to Godhood by an overzealous heretic. However, this explanation did nothing to slow the Children of Doom from aiding the Purple Hand and other groups in trying to locate the reborn God—a fact not lost on many of the cult's newer members. Whether the contradiction in action versus propaganda will result in schism remains to be seen.

Recruiting

The Children of Doom recruit aggressively, though never directly. They manoeuvre themselves into an established community and plant the seed of disease until an outbreak occurs. Then, they use allies to seal off the community to ensure despair sets in. When the community is at its darkest moment, the cultists enter the town promising hope and new life, explaining that the people have been abandoned by their Gods, but not to worry, for they there is yet another path. Those who follow are brought into the fold. Those who remain behind are fodder for the Beastmen.

Ceremonies

The Children of Doom meet irregularly to enact profane rites and ceremonies under the light of the Chaos Moon, Morrslieb. In the wilderness, the cultists use foul magic to corrupt and contaminate an area to worship.On special nights, the cultists gather and light a bonfire. After singing praises to Nurgle, they drink a foul brew that mixes blood, alcohol, and decayed flesh. They cavort in their corruption, dancing in the gloom, their minds eased by the intoxicating liquor, pausing only to sample a fare of rotting flesh, fruits, maggots and more, filling their bellies with corruption. The night ends when the group disgorges all they have eaten, spilling the contents of their stomachs into the fire as an offering to the Lord of Decay.

Using the Cult

Since the Children of Doom are so widespread, they are viable nemeses regardless of where your campaign is set. Naturally, they will have less influence outside of the Empire since the worship of Sigmar does not extend far beyond its borders. One of the attractive elements about the Children is that the sick and dying are everywhere, allowing these cultists to watch and track the PCs' movements. Likewise, the realisation that the plague victims are in fact worshippers of Nurgle adds to the horror and paranoia the PCs experience while travelling.

Adventure Hook: Battle of Plagues

In a city of your choosing, a warband of Clan Pestilens Skaven prepares to unleash a terrible disease. Creeping up from the Under-Empire, they take positions throughout the city, where they brew noxious plagues in their cauldrons, dipping Plague Rats in the mess to have them carry the contagion into the city. Meanwhile, the Children of Doom are planning a near identical thing, until they find out about the Plague Monks and their dark plot. While the cultists are more than willing to let the Skaven do their work for them, they understand that the disease the Plague Monks will unleash will kill far more people than the Children want. Thus, the cult takes the first steps to wipe out the Ratmen.

A few days later, while the Player Characters are wrapping up another adventure, they learn a particular part of the city—preferably a slum—shows signs of being contaminated with a new affliction. People are dying by the scores, and the entire city is growing nervous as the infection spreads beyond that district. And then, a new and worse strain bubbles up in the same district. Such plagues have never happened at the same time.

The lord, ruler, or High Priest suspects something else is unfolding beneath the city streets and hires the Characters to find out what is going on. As the PCs start their investigation, an army sent by the Elector Count encircles the city, creating a Cordon Sanitaire until the sickness passes. Can the PCs find out who's to blame before the plague ravages the city? Can they avoid catching the diseases themselves? For an example of how something like this might work, see *Terror in Talabheim*.

Minor Cults of Nurgle

Nurgle has many worshippers in the Old World, growing as the difficulties of life worsen, as disease breaks out, blooming when animals fall ill. For every tragedy, Old Father Nurgle gains another convert, adding to the already swollen numbers of the diseased and dying. Be sure to check out **The Covenant of the Crimson Plague** in the *Old World Bestiary* page 85 for another sample cult of Nurgle.

Followers of the Foetid Maw

The Storm of Chaos proved especially destructive to the northern provinces, ravaging Middenland, Hochland, and Ostland. Inevitably, Archaon's forces drifted ever southward, and they razed every city they passed. As the Empire ineffectually deals with the staggering costs of rebuilding, the survivors despair, longing for their old lives and for a future.

Wolfenburg is just one example of a place terrorised by the Storm. Once a trade centre and beautiful city, it now lies in ruins, littered with almost 8,000 corpses, many of which still remain unburied. Of the scant thousand survivors, they look to silent Talabheim for answers and much needed assistance, but, as yet, nothing has arrived. Instead, a few strong-willed folk established themselves as leaders, but theirs is one of harsh justice and brutal enforcement of their new and often conflicting laws.

In this hostile ruin, the people have lost everything, including hope, and many feel abandoned by the Empire to say nothing of the Gods. As a result, many turn to new Gods and strange cults with stranger beliefs for answers and assistance. And truly, there are cults aplenty, each offering aid in the hopes of expanding their numbers and converts.

One such group is the Foetid Maw. A relative newcomer, the Foetid Maw formed at the start of the Storm of Chaos when a young woman named Reilla followed an army of mercenaries north to staunch the flood of Chaos Warriors and Daemons. A woman very experienced in the needs of a soldier, Reilla hoped to become rich from this jaunt. There, however, she found neither wealth nor marriage to a suitable veteran, but instead death, decay, and disease. Her unit broke and quit the field. She fell behind, and a Chaos Warrior of Nurgle captured her. For five days, this

Other Cults

The sanctioned cults of the Empire are anything but cooperative. While all oppose Chaos, they also work against each other. The cult of Ulric regularly opposes the cult of Sigmar, despite all efforts to forge a peace between these two congregations. Likewise, Priests of Verena and Myrmidia vie for power and influence, each doing what they can to retain their independence and significance in a world where the Sigmarite faith steadily grows in power and influence across the Empire. And though each religion presents a cohesive face, the truth is that, even within the various religions, there are sects and factions, many of which are denounced by the parent religion as heretical to its principles. This diffuse quality lends itself to corruption and infiltration by agents of Chaos who plant the seeds of corruption and work to turn the group to Chaos.

diseased villain tortured her and exposed her to horrors best left unsaid. At the end of this hell, the Warrior released her, commanding her to spread what she learned.

For the rest of the war, Reilla wandered dazed, and each week she discovered some new horror ravaging her system. She turned to Nurgle for comfort, and the Lord of Decay provided her with followers—men and women who were similarly afflicted. They saw Reilla as their saviour, a martyr, and to honour her, they gave her the title: The Foetid Maw. In time, she was too ill, too ravaged to walk, and far too hideous to behold, so her followers bore her in a closed palanquin, taking her from ruined village to ruined village, so she could share with the destitute what it was she learned from the Chaos Warrior.

Now, the Foetid Maw and her entourage have found a new home in Wolfenburg. At first, people were disgusted by these newcomers, but as the days rolled by, hunger ravaged their gullets, and new outbreaks of disease spread. Many have come to learn from the mysterious thing in the palanquin.

Slaanesh

Slaanesh cults are prolific—found everywhere from the smallest backwaters to the largest cities. As a God, Slaanesh offers countless pleasures and none too few pains. It offers the fulfilment of every dream, whether it's the consummation of a carnal act or the creation of a beautiful sonnet. The patron of fantasists, dreamers, and the envious, Slaanesh is frighteningly popular and owns the souls of far too many of the Empire's elite.

There are many reasons why Slaanesh is so popular and has so much power over the common Old Worlder. Moral oppression is perhaps the biggest reason. With the monolithic Sigmarite cult, many Old Worlders feel repressed by the edicts of the Temples, forced to live a way that is at odds with their natural feelings and urges. Add to this the notions of acceptable behaviour upheld by custom, and you have a society burdened by moral and ethical oppression.

Social restrictions are certainly not the only reason people turn to Chaos. The Empire is a place of station, a nation of classes, but this can be fluid. It's true the poor have little hope of escaping their poverty, but an artist creates the perfect portrait could be catapulted into the forefront of the social scene. Likewise, a successful poet could spend the rest of his days in comfort. But such successes are rare. Further, it is easy to fall. A man could be the Countess' favoured courtier one day, and be swinging from the gibbet the next. Add to this the growing merchant class that slowly encroaches on the nobility in terms of comparative wealth, and the Empire is more socially complex than ever before.

Given the fluidity of Imperial culture, individuals stand to gain and lose much—all based on their fortune, talent, and ability to convince others of their worth. This creates pressures and stress, and with the demand to succeed—or even to survive—many turn to darker elements for inspiration and assistance. Since Slaanesh offers the fulfilment of dreams, some turn to him for aid in their most trying times. And Slaanesh provides. The more he gives, the more mortals want. An artist who gives into the temptations of this Dark God might find the inspiration to paint a masterpiece, but finds he can never again match his performance without the help of the Serpent. So, more and more, he gives himself to the Lord of Pleasure, until he can no longer function without his caress.

Symbol

The symbol of Slaanesh combines the sigil of masculinity and femininity in an unholy fusion that celebrates the Despoiler's hermaphroditic nature. Though prominently featured in their rituals and ceremonies, Slaanesh's Cultists rarely display such damning symbols in public. Rather, they emphasize their decadent character with elaborate jewellery wrought in exotic alien designs and pastel clothing, preferably in vibrant pinks, greens, and rich purples.

Cults

Slaanesh's followers are hedonistic deviants, composed of the very worst Humanity can offer. They range from the sadist to the masochist, indulging in every perverted vice, all for the brief moment of release, the fulfilment of their every want in one instant. As Slaanesh's number is six, his cults often gather in some multiple of six. No one is immune to Slaanesh's appeal; he lures nobles and commoners alike. The Lord of Pleasures seduces people from the Empire and Bretonnia to the great city-states of Tilea and to the rugged fortress-palaces of Estalia. In their perverse orgies, they kill as often as they entertain, inviting outsiders to take part in their hideous rituals, wherein they tantalise them with promise of pleasures that ultimately culminates with the guest happily sacrificing his life for his new God.

Cult Acolyte of Slaanesh

Slaanesh's Cult Acolytes are obsessed with self-indulgence and gratifying their every desire. Although morally bankrupt and concerned only with satiating their impulses, they have infectious personalities, rivalled only by those of Nurgle, and are generally attractive and appealing. They are the perfect lures to draw new cultists into the fold.

—Cult Acolyte of Slaanesh Advance Scheme—

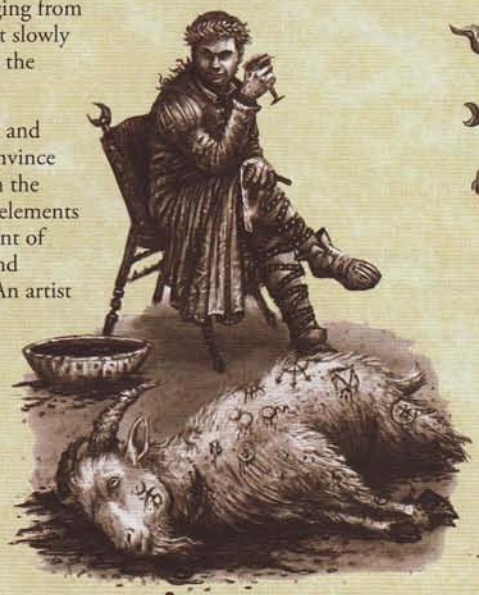
Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	—	—	+10%	+20%	—	+25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Channelling, Charm, Consume Alcohol *or* Performer (any one), Disguise *or* Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip *or* Intimidate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic)



Acolyte of Slaanesh

Magus of Slaanesh

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Dealmaker, Dark Magic, Etiquette, Inured to Chaos, Keen Senses, Petty Magic (Chaos), Streetwise, Suave

Trappings: Dagger, Religious Symbol of Slaanesh, Cult Vestments, 15 *gc*

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Agitator, Chaos Warrior, Cult Magus, Entertainer, Noble, Rogue

Special: Only established cultists of Slaanesh and those with at least one mutation can enter this Career.

Cult Magus of Slaanesh

Life for the Cult Magi of Slaanesh is one of visceral moments, of a constant driving need to live new and awful experiences. The pleasures of the past do nothing for him now, and his appetite for pleasures grows in audaciousness and corruption. He uses his minions to fulfil his weird fantasies and expands their numbers to ensure the flow of sensation never ends.

—Cult Magus of Slaanesh Characteristics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+20%	+30%	—	+40%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (any two), Channelling, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Performer (any two), Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (any two), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Dealmaker, Dark Lore (Slaanesh), Fearless, Lesser Magic (any two), Lightning Reflexes, Menacing, Petty Magic (Chaos), Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Schemer *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Best Quality Dagger, Cult of Slaanesh, Religious Symbol of Slaanesh, Cult Vestments, 30 *gc*

Career Entries: Cult Acolyte of Slaanesh

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior, Maledictor

Sybarites

"Sensation is a wheel. One direction is pleasure. The other is pain. Walk the path of pleasure long enough, and you'll find pain. Walk the path of pain, and you'll find pleasure. My love, let me take you on this path, to experience the ample pleasures and pains my lord offers. Let me run my tongue across your back. Let me cut you. Let me tease you, titillate you. Let me cut you. Let me fulfil your every need. Let me kill you."

—Allana, Cult Magus of Slaanesh

The Sybarites are a mysterious organisation dedicated solely to the pursuit of exquisite pleasure and terrifying pain. They believe both experiences are but reflections of the same thing: the limits of Human endurance. To understand pure pleasure is to know pure pain, and vice versa. The Sybarites include members of both genders, and they welcome all into their fold, from the mildly curious to the downright depraved. They have no interest in politics, though the numbers of nobles and politicians obviously bring a certain political sensibility. And religion matters not; there are plenty of Priests with hidden desires. They see themselves as the true ideologues of emotion, pleasure and agony, and they must slake their thirst in reaching the heights of bliss and the depths of sorrow, whenever and wherever they can.

History

Like most large cities in the Empire, Nuln has its fair share of subversive organisations. Aside from the machinations of the Mutants of the Night Market, Nuln also houses the largest Cult of Slaanesh in the Empire, larger than even the now-defunct Jade Sceptre of Middenland (see *Ashes of Middenheim* page 22). Though enormous, the Sybarites have remained hidden thanks to the cult's commitment to lying low. Even during the Skaven uprising a few years back, and the recent troubles on their streets, the Sybarites remained securely out of sight.

Part of their success stems from their long history of being at the centre of the Empire's politics. When Emperor Fulk moved the seat of the Empire from Altdorf to Nuln in an effort to show support for the burgeoning cult of Sigmar, he brought with him a slew of decadent sycophants and pleasure-seekers. It's not clear if Fulk was a cultist or not, but his time spent in the city produced a great many wonders of architecture, art, and beautification, all at the expense of the city's labourers. Against this breathtaking backdrop, Nuln gained a reputation for catering to the pleasures of its visitors, attracting people from all over the Old World. It's believed at some point in this era, the Sybarites were founded.

Starting small, they catered to the bored and curious courtiers in the Emperor's court. What began as a few illicit meetings became something darker, something far more sinister. The orgies turned strange, exploring the forbidden, the fantastic, and the grotesque. And its members grew more daring in their exploits, creating something of a perverse subculture in the city.

Over the next five centuries, the Sybarites were the worst-kept secret in the city. Any efforts to uncover them and their excesses were blocked by politicians and Priests, sometimes even by the Emperor himself. And then, in 1110, a stalwart Witch Hunter exposed the Arch Lector of Sigmar as a secret member of the organisation after a fire started mysteriously in the Temple. What followed was a terrible scandal that ultimately led Emperor Boris Goldgather to relocate his seat of power back to Altdorf while he resided in a palace in Carroburg. As history notes, this set in motion the terrible plagues and subsequent war that nearly destroyed the Empire (see **Chapter II: The History of the Empire** in *Sigmar's Heirs*).

The horrors that followed diverted attention from the conspiracy in Nuln as citizens fought for their very lives. The cultists learned a valuable lesson from this ordeal: they learned the need for secrecy. So, for the next thousand years, the Sybarites have remained in Nuln, maintaining their perversions as they always have, slowly corrupting the upper class and seducing men and women at all levels of government. Some whisper the Countess herself dabbles in the idle pursuits of the cult, though none would dare voice such treasonous thoughts.

Organisation

The Sybarites are so large they have multiple Cult Magi distributed throughout the city. No one knows for sure how many there are, but suffice it to say, there's one for each district. Beneath the Magi are the many Acolytes whose duty it is to attract new members and procure subjects for their terrible orgies.

The most influential member is a woman known as the Silken One. She moves from cell to cell, killing the previous Cult Magi and sampling the delights of the particular sect. It's said she does this because she can no longer experience pleasure, no longer feel pain, so she desperately searches for new sensations. Her migrations also inadvertently keep the cult's numbers in check, which helps to conceal their existence.

Cult Temples

Serving the Ruinous Powers in action is one thing, but cults require places of genuflection, an unholy site where they can honour their foul Gods. Whilst it is true that cults sometimes gather in the wilderness, performing obsequious acts to curry favour with their horrid masters, they prefer to gather right under the noses of honest men, to blaspheme and contaminate civilisation from within. Wild sites serve a purpose, but they are hard to conceal and harder to defend. In a city, however, ordinary passers-by might stroll passed a cults' temple one hundred times or more and never know, never suspect any sort of wrong-doing. And if the Witch Hunters learn of the lair, the cultists can vanish into the community or, if commanded by their Magus, make a desperate last stand behind a warren of traps, wards, and other terrifying defences. Should a cult be forced to practice outside the security of an urban environment, they still seek shelters, claiming abandoned temples, coaching inns, or other ruins to perform the profane ceremonies needed to attract the awful eye of Chaos.

Sample Cult Temple

In this instance, the cult has laid claim to a ruined temple of Sigmar. Long forgotten by whatever order that once claimed it, it's rumoured to have been abandoned because of strange and often violent hauntings. Years have been anything but kind to this structure, and wind, rain, and even fire have left their mark.

With the myth about the spirits and its remote location, it serves as the perfect place for a cult gathering, or so felt a Nurgle Chaos Acolyte. Having succeeded in converting a few townspeople in neighbouring communities to the wonder of the Foetid Father, he installed himself in the catacombs beneath the temple, seeing their surprising intactness as a sign of Nurgle's favour. Ever since, on certain nights of the year, he calls his minions to celebrate the blessings of the Plague Lord and to communicate his foul instructions.

Sample Cultist Temple

Ground Floor

KEY

1. *Ruined Entrance Hall*
2. *Ruined Temple*
3. *Vestry (robing room)*
4. *Ruined Refectory (dining area)*
5. *Ruined Kitchens*
6. *Ruined Library*
7. *Ruined High Priest's Cell*
8. *Cells*
9. *Chaos Temple (converted from an old Store Rooms)*

Under the Temple

Scale in Yards
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 18 20

Symbol

The Sybarites use a stylised version of Slaanesh's icon in their rituals, though they are prone to using snakes and reptiles in their gatherings. Chains, masks, leather straps, spikes, and studs are all common motifs.

Motives and Goals

Unlike other cults, the Sybarites have no interest in dabbling in the political machinations of the Empire. Moreover, they have no concerns about martial strength, leaving such matters to the savage followers of Khorne. No, worship of Slaanesh is about sampling experiences and nothing else.

Recruiting

To sustain its members, the Sybarites are aggressive when luring new members. They typically look for healthy young men and women born of a suitable station, though by no means are they limited to the youth of the upper classes. Acolytes use their talents for seduction to draw new members in, building trust while being experts in pleasing their victims. In time, the Acolyte pushes the boundaries of what's acceptable, always testing to see how far their "lovers" will go before they panic, and if they do, the Acolyte always lures them back with promises of safer titillation. Once they build up to a proper tension, they lead their victims to a specially prepared gathering. Willing participants are invited to join the cult. The Sybarites also finance orphanages and asylums to prey upon the most vulnerable people, granting them access to abuse the children in whatever sadistic way they wish without fear of discovery.

Ceremonies

The Sybarites have many ceremonies and rites, far more than can be defined here. The most notable sacred day is Mondstille, the winter solstice when Morrslieb is full. The cultists open their ceremonies with unspeakable sacrifices and then mix in a perverse celebration of sensations, elicited both by conjured Daemons and other cultists. The vile orgy is enough to drive a sane man mad in its sheer depravity. To conclude the ceremony, they sacrifice a young man or woman and distribute the victim's blood to the gathered host.

Using the Cult

The Sybarites are best used as atmosphere, a device to set the tone and nature of an environment. As well hidden as they are, they are not at

risk of exposure. Still, should the Player Characters somehow manage to uncover this perverse group, the cult is potent enough to eliminate nearly any threat. You can use the cult to remove troublesome contacts and allies, or in a larger capacity, plunge their host city into a quagmire of sin.

Adventure Hook: Dance of Death

A figure of importance in Nuln hosts a grand ball, inviting a number of dignitaries and elites from cities all over the Empire, including Middenheim and Altdorf. The host, a member of the Sybarites, hopes to expand into other communities, or, better still, establish ties to other cults of Slaanesh in the hopes of spreading the will of the Lord of Pleasures.

The Player Characters are invited to attend the ball if one or more are nobles, or as guards or part of an entourage if not. When they arrive, perceptive PCs will note that the party has a strange atmosphere, an unusual tension in the air. The partygoers are a little too sensuous, a little too friendly. Though strange feelings aside, the event is entertaining and exciting, even if the PCs are nothing more than guards. Later that night, word gets out about a body discovered in an alley next to the estate where the party occurred. With some investigation, it turns out that the host was the victim, his body carved up with unholy symbols of Slaanesh.

What the PCs don't know is that a Khorne cultist infiltrated the party intending on slaughtering the host to prevent the spread of Slaanesh outside of the city. The deeper the PCs investigate, the stranger and more disgusting things get, uncovering a nest of serpents that penetrates nearly all levels of Nuln society. And, as they investigate, they find themselves beset by both agents of Khorne and those of Slaanesh.

Minor Cult of Slaanesh

Slaanesh has so many followers in the Old World, his cults combined rival those of a sanctioned cult. More and more people accept the empty promises of his advocates and join the writhing masses out of some perverse need, some foul desperation to sate their every craving. Be sure to check out **The Sweetest Kiss** in the *Old World Bestiary* and the **Jade Sceptre** in *Ashes of Middenheim* and *Lure of the Liche Lord* for other sample cults of Slaanesh.

The Bleak Society

One of the most common misunderstandings about Slaanesh is that this Chaos God is simply the patron of sadism and masochism, the personification of mortal sensuality and anguish. In truth, Slaanesh is the patron of desire, and not just desire for sexual gratification or perversity. Many mortals turn to the Lord of Pleasure to help achieve their every want, whether it be the inspiration to pen the perfect poem or to reach a greater position in society. But as with any other gift the Serpent bestows, such gains are never enough and his worshippers find themselves wanting more, finding themselves incapable of accepting where they are and what they have.

One group that embraces Slaanesh as the Fulfiller of Desires is the Bleak Society. Founded by a group of philosophers in Luccini, they formed a society dedicated to unravelling the mysteries of existence. But no matter how they argued, what proofs they cited, and what religious doctrines they examined, they could come to no agreement. So the group turned to darker matters, foul and illegal tomes that held the perverse secrets of the Ruinous Powers. Their explorations revealed much, and they deduced that the Dark Gods were reflections of base Human emotions. Hate was no reason for life, nor was despair, or even hope, but pleasure, as a final cause, as a reason for existence, seemed the most intelligible.

Through their research, a few of the thinkers started appealing to the Lord of Pleasure for aid in their studies, helping them to find the perfect turn of phrase, the right paragraph to unlock the greater secrets of life. In time, others joined them. But each new finding created more problems, leading to bigger philosophical questions, driving the men mad with frustration until they finally embraced Slaanesh fully in the hopes of sorting through the riddle of existence.

Now, years later, the scholars who came together in pursuit of wisdom are creatures of Chaos, riddled with mutations as they desperately work to gather more lore, to learn and to study with no regard for themselves or those they know. Still rather small, they were driven from Luccini years ago and are believed to be somewhere in the Empire now. They keep a low profile, but the sales of rare and suspicious books have been on the rise throughout the provinces.

Tzeentch

Hope. One would not think such a thing dangerous, for it is hope that allows people to strive for more, to improve their lots, and survive despite the odds. But hope is also the desire for change. It is the will to recreate that which already exists. Hope undermines the order of things. It is the fancy that leads down the road of damnation. Tzeentch offers great power to his servants. The most common mortal can become a Wizard of great power through the blessings of the Changer of Ways. But each boon also carries a terrible price, for his followers are twisted and grotesque, beings made strange through mutation and corruption. But despite the risks of serving Tzeentch, the rewards and promise of power are too great to ignore.

Symbol

For obvious reasons, Tzeentch's minions never display their symbol in public; instead, they don robes and bright clothing of blue, pink, puce, and purple, often in subtle combinations, worked into everyday clothing. Given the expense of purple dyes, this allows them to identify each other on sight. In formal ceremonies, they wear garish, patterned robes, celebrating the madness of their master.

Cults

Of all the cults dedicated to the Ruinous Powers, it is believed Tzeentch's minions are the most powerful. Whilst Slaanesh's followers are decadent individuals who seek only self-indulgence and gratification, Nurgle's minion spread disease and death, and Khorne's followers promote violence, the Cults of Tzeentch have a definite agenda, to reshape the Empire and Human civilisation in their own image.

They are committed to overthrowing Human civilisation and subverting all other religions and magical organisations. While their goals are frightening in their own rights, the methods they use to achieve them are even more terrifying. Tzeentch cultists have no compunctions about establishing congregations to other Ruinous Powers. So if a cult of Slaanesh would better serve their interests, they create it. Cultists are installed at every level of government, from the ducal courts to the Colleges of Magic. They might double as Priests of Sigmar, Ulric, or even Shallya. Widely spread, they keep in contact through a vast network of spies and informants.

Equally disturbing is those who worship Tzeentch. All cults have their fair share of Mutants, and the leaders of these groups bear some mutation or other, wearing it as a badge of honour for their devoted service. Tzeentch attracts the most despicable and disgusting Mutants of all. There are formed by Mutants for Mutants to celebrate the power and might of the Changer of Ways. Thankfully, these sinister groups lurk at the fringes of civilisation, relegated to the hidden vales and deep forests.

Tzeentch's cults tend to number in multiples of nine, since nine is the number of this foul God. Although other cults of the other Ruinous Powers may be more visible and believed to be more widely spread, the cults of Tzeentch have the greatest numbers, largely because they control so many other organisations.

Cult Acolyte of Tzeentch

There is no defining characteristic of Tzeentch's Acolytes. They may be anyone, anywhere, from the Priest who tends a Shrine of Sigmar to

the Magister who has the ear of the Count. These are insidious figures, carefully and covertly orchestrating their plots to bring about the end of the Empire.

Note: Only established cultist of Tzeentch and those with at least one mutation can enter this Career.

—Cult Acolyte of Tzeentch Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	—	—	+5%	+20%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
—	+3	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (any one), Channelling, Charm *or* Command, Common Knowledge (any one) *or* Prepare Poison, Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip *or* Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any one) *or* Trade (any one)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Dealmaker, Controlled Corruption, Coolheaded, Dark Magic, Etiquette, Inured to Chaos, Linguistics, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Resistant to Magic, Savvy *or* Seasoned Traveller, Schemer, Suave

Trappings: Best Quality Clothing, Dagger, Religious Symbol of Tzeentch, Cult Vestments

Career Entries: All

Career Exits: Agitator, Burgher, Chaos Warrior, Cult Magus, Noble, Rogue, Scribe, Smuggler, Student, Thrall Wizard, Tradesman

Cult Magus of Tzeentch

Tzeentch's Cult Magi are some of the most fearsome of all cultists. Clear of mind and purpose, they set in motion terrible multi-layered plots to corrode the integrity of the Empire. Most of these corrupted individuals are found in positions of great power and influence.

—Cult Magus of Tzeentch Characteristics—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+40%	+20%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+5	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Blather, Channelling, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (any four), Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (any two), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Dealmaker, Dark Lore (Tzeentch), Lesser Magic (any two), Master Orator, Meditation, Menacing, Mighty Missile, Stout-hearted

Trappings: Best Quality Clothing, Cult (any), Dagger, Religious Symbol of Tzeentch, Cult Vestments, 30 gc

Career Entries: Cult Acolyte of Tzeentch

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior, Malediction

Acolyte of Tzeentch

Magus of Tzeentch

The Purple Hand

Speaker: At the appointed time we shall rise from our secret places.
Congregation: At the appointed time we shall rise from our secret places.
S: Chaos will cover the land, and we, the chosen servants of Chaos, shall be exalted in His eyes.
C: Chaos will cover the land, and we, the chosen servants of Chaos, shall be exalted in His eyes.
S: Hail to Tzeentch, Changer of the Ways.
C: Hail to Tzeentch, Changer of the Ways.
S: Njawrr'thakh 'Lzimbarr Tzeentch!
C: Njawrr'thakh 'Lzimbarr Tzeentch!

—Liturgy of the Purple Hand

Of the active Chaos cults, none are as powerful or as entrenched as the Purple Hand. This vast and well-connected organisation has agents scattered throughout the Empire, from the inner circles of the various knightly orders, to the Templars of Sigmar, to even the ranking Priests in the Empire's cults. They control merchants, nobles, artisans, and commoners alike. They create plans within plans, dealing in intrigues and corruption, spreading their taint to install individuals loyal to their mission in the highest places in the land. There is no accounting for the Purple Hand; they are everywhere.

History

The origin of the Purple Hand is unclear, shrouded in half-truths and lies. Some claim it emerged from Sartosan crime syndicates, evolving into its current form—a vast web of conspiracy with Tzeentch at the centre. Others theorise the cult has been active only in recent times, but the depth of their penetration into Imperial society seems to suggest otherwise.

New Talent: Controlled Corruption

Description: When determining the nature and kind of mutation you gain, roll twice. You may choose to gain either mutation. However, you take a –10% penalty to all tests made to resist gaining a new mutation.

The most famous efforts of this cult centre on their attempt to murder Boris Todbringer and replace the Emperor, Karl Franz, with a puppet ruler (though some claim the cult attempted to replace Karl Franz's son and only heir). The cult of Sigmar, as well as Palace authorities, have remained decidedly silent about this plot, but most realise the Purple Hand was very close to achieving their goals. More recently, the Purple Hand worked to locate Sigmar reborn, though ultimately their efforts were thwarted by Luthor Huss's fortuitous discovery. In short, the Purple Hand makes no small endeavours; no, they care nothing for the small victory, instead being trained on the ultimate prize: controlling the Empire.

Word has it that the Purple Hand has recently uncovered a stash of Warpstone beneath Middenheim in an abandoned Skaven warren. The agents hope to use the substance to contaminate the city's water supply, transforming hundreds of citizens into Mutants. For more information on this plot, see *Ashes of Middenheim* page 57.

Organisation

The Purple Hand has small branches all across the Empire and extends into Tilea and Estalia, though not, at least for now, Bretonnia. Despite its size, the Purple Hand is disorganised and fragmented, because it is subdivided into small, isolated cells, making communication between them difficult, if not impossible. The Purple Hand relies on secret couriers to communicate the wishes of the Cult Magus to the Acolytes controlling each cell, but too often these messengers get lost or are killed en route. As a result, the cells tend to act independently, often at odds with one another.

The Purple Hand cells comprise of small groups of nine members in a particular city. Each city is home to three or more cells, all operating independently and ignorant of the other cells' orders and movements. A cell reports to a Cult Acolyte who passes on orders from the Magi. To keep the flow of information moving, there are many Acolytes, usually one for each city. When he communicates with a cell, he always hides his identity in the off chance that the cell is compromised. Should this occur, another cell is ordered to destroy all of the survivors to ensure there are no leaks.

Symbol

The Purple Hand uses a bloody handprint as their sign. They use it as a calling card, slicing their hand, clenching their fist, and slapping the bloody hand on a solid surface. In ceremonies, they wear dark purple robes as a sign of their wealth and power, with the symbol of Tzeentch hanging about their necks on a gold chain.

Motives and Goals

The Purple Hand's primary goal is to overthrow the Empire's government and replace the Emperor with a puppet utterly loyal to their agenda. Once installed, the Purple Hand would be free to dismantle the Empire, one province at a time.

Manipulation is the hallmark of the Purple Hand. Through bribes, extortion, and murder, they manoeuvre themselves into positions of power, both secular and religious. (There's evidence that the Purple Hand has infiltrated both the cult of Sigmar and Ulric and that they work to keep these groups at each other's throats.) Once installed, the cultists concentrate power into their hands, eliminating rivals and suspicious individuals. There's no telling the extent of the Purple Hand's influence, but it's known they were very active years ago in Middenheim, infiltrating the government up to the highest levels. In recent days, there's word that they've resurfaced once more.

Recruiting

The Purple Hand is very careful in the recruitment process, screening all candidates before allowing them into the inner circle. In addition, the Purple Hand controls unaffiliated agents through blackmail and extortion, setting up circumstances to benefit the cult and further its goals. Should the agent prove loyal and capable, the cell may invite the individual to join, but not always. In many cases, the individual is simply killed, lest the overzealous agent risk exposing his contacts.

Ceremonies

Once a month, a cell gathers in secret to invoke the power of Tzeentch. The Cult Acolyte leads the congregation in a series of sharp phrases, and when complete, he slices open his hand with a ceremonial knife. He drains the blood into a bowl while he instructs the members about the newest plot, and the glory awaiting them when they overthrow the Empire. At the end of the rite, each member comes forward to drink from the bowl while the rest chant the names of Tzeentch in the tongue of Daemons.

Using the Cult

The Purple Hand is best used as an ongoing nemesis, the central villains for an entire campaign. With each adventure, the Player Characters learn a piece of a much larger plot that threatens to topple one or more power structures. Alternatively, the cult could be a one-time foe, the Characters stumbling onto them and foiling a plot by accident. From such encounters, the Player Characters might gain long-term enemies that can haunt them for the rest of their days.

Adventure Hook: Enemies among Us

The Purple Hand has a long reach, touching the lives of the great and small. One way to reflect this power, especially if the Player Characters have come into conflict with the cult, is to plant a cultist in the party's midst. This could be an ally, or NPC, but it could also be a Player Character if you know with confidence that the Player is interested (otherwise, he'll likely ruin the plot and destroy the potential intrigues).

Once the cultist is installed, the Characters' actions are under the scrutiny of the Purple Hand, and the mole will report back to his master whenever the group passes through a community. Depending on your campaign, the Purple Hand may be interested in making sure the PCs succeed, or they may oppose them, throwing roadblocks in front of their progress. In short, by installing a spy in their midst, you can effectively capture the tactics and style of this nefarious organisation.

Cults and the Chaos Incursions

It's a hard fact that cults do not interact with one another. A cult of Khorne sees a cult of Slaanesh as much its enemy as it does the Witch Hunters. Rival Cults interfere with intrigues and plots of their own making. The only exception to this rule is during an Incursion. At these times, most Cults set aside their differences and unite to unravel the Empire's defences, to provoke discontent and pave the way for the invading armies. One can see Slaaneshi cultists fighting alongside those of Nurgle, and even Khorne cultists working grudgingly with those of Tzeentch.

Minor Cult of Tzeentch

As mentioned, Tzeentch has a great deal of influence in the Empire's political and religious institutions. Eclipsing even the swollen Slaaneshi vults, if Tzeentch's followers were more organised, they might actually succeed in bringing the Empire to its knees. Be sure to check out **The Silver Wheel** in the *Old World Bestiary* page 85 for another sample cult of Tzeentch.

Red Crown

The Red Crown is an aggressive and active force in the Empire. Where other Cults infiltrate established organisations, corrupting them from within, the Red Crown instead recruits members from the Beastmen, Mutants, and other vagabonds that haunt the dim places between the towns and cities. They believe that the only way to destroy the Empire is through brute force. Regular attacks by the horrors of the wilds demoralise the people, forcing them to cast their lot in with the cult, thereby strengthening its numbers, or dying in the process.

The Red Crown's most common tactic is to ambush travellers, the bigger the better. Tipped off by sympathizers in the cities, the hordes of twisted outcasts pour out from the shadows to tear their enemies to pieces. This strategy only works so long as they maintain the lines of communication with their allies. So, the Red Crown makes use of sleeper agents to facilitate the flow of information. As with other cults of Tzeentch, these are well-placed powerful individuals who are committed to the destruction of Imperial order. The rest of the cult's efforts are spent towards swelling the ranks. These individuals scour the villages and countryside to harvest Mutants and mould them into Red Crown foot soldiers.

At the head of this cult is the Master of Change. Although there have been many Magi over the life of this cult, the title never changes. Counted amongst his loyal lieutenants is a perverse assortment of Mutants utterly devoted to the cult's cause. The Master of Change also employs Wizards and Chaos Warriors, as well as Bestigor Chieftains to muster more Beastmen. It's believed this cult operates out of Altdorf, though every effort to uncover them has met with failure. As the leadership may work from there, most of its members can be found through the nearby Reikwald, Great and the Drakwald Forests.e found spread through the Great Forest and the Drakwald.

Adventure Hook: Warpstone in the Hills

The Player Characters are hired to escort a caravan through a particularly dangerous stretch of forest. Gimbel's Run, as it's called, has been the site of over half a dozen Beastman attacks, but the route is the fastest to a particularly wealthy town. So, the PCs are offered much gold to escort the caravan. When they do, the Beastmen attack as expected.

Assuming the Player Characters repel the attackers, they find a map amidst the corpses, scratched on a piece of Human skin. Looking it over, they identify a few important landmarks, so they can tell the place described is the Barren Hills. In the centre of the map is the symbol of Tzeentch. It should be clear something's going on. If the PCs follow the map, they find a group of miners who report they've fought off several attacks from Beastmen and have spotted strange people wandering the hills.

What the PCs don't know, at least at first, is that this herd of Beastmen was headed to this region to wipe out the group of prospectors to allow the cultists to work. The Red Crown believes there's a sizeable piece of Warpstone lodged in the hills somewhere.

If it could be found, they could create hundreds of Mutants and expand their forces to mount a solid offensive against one of the Empire's cities.

Other Cults

Not all cults are so clearly in line with Chaos, though the Witch Hunters oppress them all the same. Most are heretical in nature, having unusual or blasphemous views towards Sigmar and the rest of the Gods. While some may seem harmless, they question the authority and dogma upheld by the cult of Sigmar, and behind the scenes, who can say who their true masters are? What follows are brief descriptions of minor cults that have existed or persist even now.

Apostles of Truth

The Apostes of Truth survived persecution by Witch Hunters for centuries. They hold that Sigmar was not divine but was instead a mortal blessed by the Gods. Empowered by divine will, Sigmar represented their heavenly interests in the Old World. Compared to other heretical Cults, the Apostles have a strong following, and many of their members are well-placed nobles in the north-eastern provinces. Their continued existence calls into question the authority of the Witch Hunters—indeed, the Apostles are their harshest critics. Despite the efforts to expose them as secret followers of the Ruinous Powers, the cult of Sigmar has found no evidence to wipe them out.

Ariasanism

This movement first appeared in the second century, soon after the formation of the cult of Sigmar. They claimed that Sigmar was no God nor was he truly mortal either. They believed Sigmar was actually the spawn of the Ruinous Powers, Chaos made flesh. They were swiftly stamped out in 199 IC, though rumours of their continued existence are heard even unto this day.

Nordenians

Founded to fight the Apostles of Truth, the Nordenians cleaved closely to the Book of Sigmar, taking every tale as the literal accounting of Sigmar's life. What began as arguments and cries of heresy soon turned violent. Riots exploded and many deaths lay at the feet of the unruly Nordenians. It didn't take long for them to turn against their sponsors, even going so far as to criticise the Grand Theogonist. Such hubris led to their believed extinction. However, all that resulted was a splintering and scattering of their order. They are still at large, but not in the service of Sigmar, but of the dreaded Blood God.

Wolfenburgians

This small organisation emerged sometime during the fourteenth century amidst the turmoil and upheaval that resulted when the Grand Duke of Stirland became Emperor. Disgusted by the political role the cult of Sigmar had assumed, they proposed that instead of a pantheon of Gods, there were, in fact, only two: one good and one evil. The good God created the Human spirit, the soul, while the evil God created the world and things of flesh. What others called the Dark Gods are nothing more than manifestations of the same ill will. Sigmar, on the other hand, was the spirit of the good God given flesh, and he would one day return in the Empire's darkest hour to save its people. Outspoken, this group was wildly unpopular in a place that worshipped Ulric and Taal. A mysterious fire burned the Wolfenburgians' Temple to the ground, and the movements' followers were found with their throats slit outside the building. This cult was silent for over a thousand years, but with the appearance and subsequent disappearance of Valten, there has been renewed interest in their writings.

Chapter V: Objects of Chaos

"My friends, we fight a losing war. Not because of any lack of vigilance on our parts. No, it is because of the weakness of our countrymen. Each day, merchants bring cargoes laden with goods from all across the world, from the far-flung reaches of distant Cathay and Nippon to the foetid jungles of Lustria. And who can say with certainty that hidden beneath their straw-filled crates nothing dark, nothing of Chaos, lurks? Why for every Beastman we slay in the Drakwald and for each cult we expose, more and more pollured objects filter into our lands beneath our very noses. Unless the Emperor seals our borders, we are doomed. And even if he did at once, I fear it is far too late already."

—Otto Kriess, Witch Hunter

In the arsenal of any devoted worshipper of Chaos, there are a number of objects that aid them when communing with their terrible Gods. Some cultists employ grimoires, great tomes containing all manner of unspeakable rituals. Others dabble in forbidden substances ranging from a variety of narcotics to the most-prized material of all: Warpstone. And, one cannot forget the Chaos idols and relics of fallen Champions, which lend unholy power to those who wield them. But with such a great demand for these tools, it comes as no surprise that acquiring them is difficult. So, Chaos worshippers within the Empire must bargain with smugglers and pirates, and employ assassins and thieves to get what they need. All are ever watchful for the appearance of these objects, for even the merest possession is a clear sign of divine favour.

This chapter presents a broad overview of the various types of objects followers of the Ruinous Powers employ. It is nowhere near exhaustive, and you should feel free to use these as models for creating your own Chaos Objects. Suitable ideas include a tapestry that serves as a gateway to an extra-dimensional space or a book that seems normal, but when read upside down and backwards, it reveals its true character. The possibilities are endless.

— Art & Chaos —

There are two general theories regarding art. That which captures the surrounding world is thought to honour the Gods' work, but those pieces that create something new, fusing images and concepts, bringing to life fantasy vistas and mythological landscapes are dangerous, often believed to be signs of Chaos' influence. Of course, many great artists have sought to capture the spirit of Sigmar on canvas, or woven a tapestry to record the historical wonders of an important period, and those pieces are regarded with the highest praise. But the strange and unusual, with no real world correlations, are products of Chaos.

Famous Pieces

Works of Chaos art are blessedly rare, made more so by the efforts of the Witch Hunters and the sanctioned cults in the Empire. Beyond the borders of Sigmar's realm, the other nations are less vigilant in their pursuit to locate and destroy these items. Hence, for those who know where to look, there is always something of value to those who dabble in Daemonology.

"Foolishness. Why pay good coin for another's rubbish? I've no use for such nonsense when I've squalling brats to feed. Paintings indeed, bah!"

—Saul of Wurzen, Peasant

"Here in Nuln, art is not just décor; it's an expression of one's commitment to beauty and the finer things. Even the poor keep something in their hovels, some design or image that evokes the imagination and takes the mind beyond the circumstances of their station. In my opinion, art is integral to understanding the Human experience."

—Luigi Marcosso, Tilean Merchant

A Grim Feast by Girardi del Vors

Over five centuries old, it is believed to be the final work of the famous Estalian painter, Girardi del Vors. Throughout his career, he was famed for his portraits and landscapes, capturing the essence of Estalia's culture and society, while also presenting breathtaking visions of the land. Whilst talented, del Vors' style was not sophisticated enough to bring him acclaim from beyond his country.

A Grim Feast is a unique piece, unlike any other he created, and because of it, he is remembered far longer than his life would warrant. There are many stories about del Vors in his last days and the circumstances of his life at the time of its creation. Certain elements vary in the telling, but one thing is for certain: whilst del Vors worked, he learned of his wife's infidelity.

His son's memoirs describe del Vors as a particularly devoted husband, which is reinforced by the sheer numbers of paintings he produced

of his beloved. But his marginal success as an artist and meagre income drove the woman to find other men to give her the things she wanted. It was the worst-kept secret in his city, but del Vors ignored the gossip and held to his belief in the sanctity of his marriage.

At one point, in the last days of his career, he was called to the home of a noble where he was presented with a lucrative commission to paint the entire family. Such a job would mean lifting his family out of want and into the lap of luxury they deserved. He rushed home a day earlier than expected and found his beloved in the arms of two men. It's said he went mad with shame and butchered the three lovers with his knife. In the throes of insanity, he used the blood and other fluids of his victims to create a painting like none have ever seen, channelling his rage, shame, and horror into every stroke. His only surviving son claimed it took his father eight days to complete the painting, and somehow, through it all, the blood remained wet so he could work it into his art. (This testimony is suspect since the young man spent the next few years in an asylum where he eventually died after choking on his tongue.) But when del Vors looked upon his creation, all anger fled his body, all the hate left, leaving him an empty shell. He hanged himself from the rafters eight days later.

The painting seems innocent enough, though its colours are strange and unsettling, being all browns and reds. It measures six-feet long by four-feet tall. It shows del Vors' family gathered around a table, sharing a meal. But on closer inspection, one can see each face is twisted by hate, and the fare is anything but normal, being Human body parts. Beyond the scene, and through the only window shown, del Vors painted a bloody battlefield full of capering Daemons tearing apart the nobility, though such detail can only be learned through careful study and the use of powerful lenses. The painting is incredibly lifelike and very unsettling, so few have had the resolve to study it too closely.

Following del Vors' suicide, the local authorities confiscated the painting as evidence for the crime, but it quickly disappeared from the vault. Over the centuries, there have been many owners, but it is never held for long—everyone who comes into contact with this piece goes mad and butchers his family… or so the legend goes. Its current whereabouts are unknown.

Using *A Grim Feast*

A casual glance at this painting has no effect, though if studied, it has the ability to drive a person insane. If a subject examines the painting for one minute or more, the details of the work become clear, and they experience del Vors' rage as a result of their curiosity. The viewer must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or slip into a maddened rage, as if he had the Frenzy Talent. He cannot voluntarily end the rage, and it lasts for 1d10 hours or until he successfully butchers everyone in his immediate family. If the viewer is a worshipper of Khorne and succeeds on the Will Power Test, he gains a random mutation.

> *"Art is the ultimate expression of Chaos. When I say art, I'm not speaking of the droll portraits that hang in every home, nor the landscape scenes that capture the beauty of our great Empire. No, I'm speaking of those pieces produced in the feverish imaginations of the mentally diseased, those men and women who capture the perverse landscapes of their nightmares. These are reflections of evil, of Chaos in its truest form. That which does not exist in our world is of the Realm of Chaos, and to dabble in imagination is surely as damning as embracing the Ruinous Powers directly."*
>
> —Gallo, Witch Hunter of Bechafen

The Blessed Ones by Hals

This ancient garden scene is famous for its evil, but also for the power it holds. Said to grant its owner eternal life, it has been the subject

of many searches and dark plots. As with all works of Chaos, the gifts this one offers are never the ones expected.

Not much is known of Hals, except that he created several works that explored mythological scenes with strange, evocative imagery. Few of his paintings have survived to the modern era, largely because they straddled the line between imagination and religious interpretation, and many of the works were burned even during Hals' life. And of course, Hals himself joined his paintings on the pyre after *The Blessed Ones*, though it, somehow, escaped destruction.

The Blessed Ones surfaced several times during the last three centuries, but each time, its owner mysteriously disappeared. This, of course, does nothing to deter the curious and, in fact, heightens its mystique. Moreover, the work has been cited in dissertations and lectures at the University of Nuln, including it in the survey of mythological pieces, and so the piece is well known in art circles.

The last time *The Blessed Ones* appeared was several years ago in Nuln, and was believed to be in the possession of a merchant known as Otto Grubach of Tin Street. When word got out, Count Romanov, a well-placed noble who was famed for his interest in exotic substances and strange relics, hired a local thief to steal the work. Exactly what happened isn't clear, for all parties involved in the theft, including Herr Grubach, the thief, and Romanov vanished. The only thing known for certain is that on the very night of the theft, Romanov's estate burned to the ground. Whether the painting was destroyed or not isn't known.

As there are no surviving people who have ever laid eyes on the painting, everything known about it is through the writings of those who've studied it in the past. In such cases, there are contradictions about what the painting shows, sometimes leaving figures out or adding others in. Generally, though, it is described as depicting a forest glade with a shallow pool in the centre. In and around the pool, several figures are arranged, each in various states of undress. Attending the revellers are several red-skinned Daemons, oddly disproportional. Those who've seen it claim the people, though appearing pleased and comfortable, have frightened eyes. True or not, most believe it is just a gaudy painting of low calibre when compared to others of its kind.

Using *The Blessed Ones*

Viewing this painting is intensely disturbing, requiring anyone who looks at the work for more than a few seconds to make a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. But this is just a minor side-effect of this hideous work. If a subject places even one drop of blood on the canvas, the painting releases two Unholy Ones (see **Chapter XVIII: Daemonic Hordes** for details). These horrid creatures attempt to grab the subject. If successful, they bring the individual inside the painting, where they languish for eternity, forever conscious, but forever frozen, condemned to spend their immortality as part of a picture.

— Grimoires —

The grimoire is an oversized tome containing knowledge about the magical arts. Most grimoires contain detailed theories on the applications and practice of certain spells to say nothing of the author's personal reflections on the nature of magic. A grimoire may sometimes serve as a journal, allowing the author to make a commentary on his experiences in magic and its use. But by far, the most important element of any volume is the rituals the book contains.

Rituals are complicated spells that require rare ingredients. To undertake a ritual is a great risk for the magic user, requiring intense concentration and focus. Should the caster falter, most rituals carry severe consequences of which death is often the least.

Thankfully, grimoires are rare. Most people go their entire lives without seeing an authentic tome of magic. But despite their rarity, these volumes hold great knowledge and greater power, so those fortunate (or cursed) enough to gain one, go to great lengths to keep them.

The majority of grimoires found in the Old World contain treatises on Colour Magic; that is, the magic Imperial Magisters use. Held in the great libraries in Altdorf, these books are prized possessions, organised in a labyrinth of shelves and tables all behind a heavy metal door protected by loyal and dedicated sentinels. It's believed that several volumes available to the Colleges of Magic were penned by Teclis himself.

But, some magic tomes contain information on darker subjects. They offer untold knowledge into the forbidden, exploring Necromancy or, worse, Daemonology. Witch Hunters, and servants of Sigmar, Verena, and Morr scour the land for these forbidden tomes, all in an effort to destroy them, or, failing that, return them to a secure location.

Famous Forbidden Grimoires

Grimoires are dangerous because of the knowledge they hold. They may provide unsettling insight into the workings of Dark Magic or expository treatises on the nature of Chaos, or they might even offer instruction into the Lores of Necromancy or Chaos. Many of these books can be destroyed when uncovered, but some escape destruction, being too valuable to consign to the flames. As such, many of the darkest works lie in the vaults underneath the Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf or in other repositories around the Empire. And from time to time, one of these volumes disappears, falling into dangerous hands.

The Celestine Book of Divination

Believed by some to have been the very words that shattered the mind of the Templar who would become Archaon, Lord of the End Times, this corrupted journal contains the writings of a mad visionary and diviner

known as Necrodomo the Insane. Most who've examined this work cannot report accurately as to what it contains since the contents are laid out in no particular order, with entire thoughts left off in one paragraph only to embark on explicating a new subject in the next. If there is a meaning or purpose to this tome, only the insane can truly comprehend it.

"This? You say this is a magic book? Why blessed Sigmar, I've been using it as a cutting board!"

—Anna of Grottenburg

"I always sez books are evil. Fill your head with strange ideas, they do. They make you dream of strange places and even stranger people. I've never allowed no book in my house. Last time my boy brought even a stack of papers home, I beat him near an inch of his life. Sez he was to use them for kindling. Just imagine! All them haunts getting loosed from the papers! He learned, he did. You spoke to Mikel? They've been saying he's a Mutant. I believe it too, wot with that bulge an all..."

—Johans the Crier

Necrodomo sets out to reveal the secrets of the world, identifying the events that led to the collapse of the Chaos Gates and the subsequent doom that hangs over the world. He also makes blasphemous assertions about the Gods, interchanging them with the Dark Gods, combining them under the idea that all divine essences are nothing more than reflections of Human experience. Furthermore, it defines the patterns and goals of the Hordes of Chaos, foretelling of the end times as brought on by a Dark Champion of no compare.

As disturbing as the book is, most scholars see the volume as nothing more than the ravings of a madman and so discount it. Still, it is interesting insofar as it offers a glimpse into the beliefs and character of those who serve Chaos. It's believed this volume remains in the Vaults beneath the Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf, though there's suspicion that the book was stolen. The Templars are quick to quell any such rumours.

Using the Celestine Book of Divination

A cursory glance through this tome reveals little, and is harmless. However, any serious effort to examine the work, to piece together the curious blend of prophecy and gibberish, to sift through the meaningless nonsense to arrive at the kernels of truth, can drive a reader insane. Each day the reader examines the text, he must succeed at a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. This would be enough to keep most away from further study, but the images and words haunt the reader compelling him to read more. Each day the character does not read the book, he must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or return to his study. Seven successful tests free him from the attraction. The Character finishes the volume once he gains 6 Insanity Points, having fully understood and digested the material. Finally, Chaos Warrior is always considered a Career Exit for this Character.

Catalogue of Flesh

Penned by the foul Daemonologist Adel Alsden of Wolfenburg some 200 years ago, this book exudes raw malevolence. The cover—strange red leather covered in coarse, black hair—feels warm to the touch and almost seems to pulse. The pages are made from Human skin, and the words are written in a perverse mixture of Human blood and Warpstone dust. In the reader's peripheral vision, the text sometimes appear to writhe on the pages.

According to the Witch Hunters that tracked this Black Magister down and burned him, Heinrich was obsessed with Daemons and their kind and made it his life's work to create a full index of all their different forms. Each entry has a corresponding illustration that expertly captures the summoned abominations. Most believe that Adel illustrated the Daemons as he brought them forth from the Realm of Chaos. The truth is that he actually bound the entities into the book, using the blood of Halfling sacrifices (who are noted for their resistance to Chaos) to tie them to the tome. The *Catalogue of Flesh* holds some 200 entries in all.

Alsden was a potent Warlock, and he probably never would have been defeated had it not been for an accidental summoning. After one particularly loathsome effort to bring forth a mighty Exalted Daemon, nothing happened. He looked into the octogram used to conjure the beast, but it was empty—or so it appeared. As he pored over the ritual to ensure he had made no error, the Halfling sacrifice, still mewling as her lifeblood spilled out onto the floor, reached for the powdered silver, Warpstone, and blood that formed the hermetic circle. Her touch broke the ring and released the essence held within. The Warlock expected to summon a powerful beast, and indeed he did. But the power of the Daemon was not its size and strength, but rather its ability to devour the mind. No bigger than a mote of dust, the fiend latched onto the base of the Daemonologist's neck, burrowing into the base of his spine. Like a tick, it drank the Warlock's fluids, growing larger with his life energy. Moments after it affixed itself, Adel slumped to the floor, his mind filled with maddening visions, his body twisting in agony as the thing drank deep. Before the Daemon could finish, the Witch Hunters who had been tracking the man burst into the room to arrest him. Fearing discovery, the wet and bloated fiend disengaged from its host and slithered across the floor towards Alsden's volume of fiends. It wrapped itself over the cover, joining with the book until such time that it could find a new host to kill.

The Witch Hunters promptly tried and burned the man and then prepared the contents of his rooms for burning. As they piled the profane devices and instruments on top of the oil-soaked pyre, the book pulled itself free from the pile and hid in a waiting carriage. Since then, the book has been lost, occasionally surfacing once every score or so years. Each time, when rumour of its existence reaches the ears of the Templars of

Quick Rules for Finding Chaos Objects

For those who know where to look, the tools of Chaos can be found almost anywhere. Religious symbols made from Warpstone might lie buried in the ground, or a foul tome could sit on a bookseller's back shelf buried beneath dust and cobwebs. You just need to know where to look, and ask the right questions. Of course, there are many who listen for unusual inquiries, so it's best to be discreet.

Any object of Chaos is assumed to have Very Rare availability. The GM should determine if an object exists in the community, and if the Characters are looking for a specific object, they may instead locate someone who knows something about it, leading them to the proper place where it can be found.

To find an object, or rumour of one, a Character must succeed on 1d10/2 Gossip Tests against a difficulty determined by the community's size (see **Table 5–1: Chaos Object Availability**). Each Gossip Test counts for one day's worth of searching. If the Character fails a Test by 20% or more, he attracts undue attention in the process and may receive a visit from local Witch Hunters.

Table 5–1: Chaos Object Availability

Population	Specific Object*	Any Object*
Below 100	GM's Discretion	GM's Discretion
Below 1,000	Very Hard (–30%)	Challenging (–10%)
Below 10,000	Hard (–20%)	Hard (–20%)
10,000 or more	Very Hard (–30%)	Very Hard (–30%)

*Assuming there is such an object to be found. It is harder to locate such items in larger communities as they are better hidden.

Sigmar, there's a rush to track down and destroy the volume, for they suspect that it is one of the most dangerous books in the Old World.

Using the Catalogue of Flesh

The *Catalogue of Flesh* is an incredible index of all things Daemonic. Each page is devoted to some new horror conjured forth from the dark imaginings of the Ruinous Powers. Characters using this book as a reference may make Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) Tests as if they had the skill. Characters who already have this skill gain a +20% bonus to Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) Tests. Finally, it's said this tome holds the True Names of 66 Daemons (see **Chapter XIX: Masters of Chaos** for details).

The knowledge to be gained is vast, but it is not without risk. Simply handling the book could awaken it, and leafing through its pages is nearly guaranteed to have catastrophic results. Each hour, or portion of an hour, the book is handled, there's a 10% chance the Daemon comes to life. Should this occur, it detaches from the book and flies at the Character, attempting to attach itself to its victim's flesh. Use the following Characteristics for this strange Daemon.

"There's no denying Magnus had the best interests in his heart for the Empire. And I'll be the first to say that the Magisters are potent forces on the battlefield. Hell, without 'em we'd probably never have defeated Archaon and his beasts. But, and I mean but, they're not normal folks, and they have no business interactin' with us God-fearing people. All that spell-casting nonsense and their strange books, grime-ours right? I tell ye, they should stay in their world and we in ours".

—Franz, Cobbler and ex-Soldier

"The real danger to the Empire is not the Magisters and their institutions. It's ignorance. The common folk can't begin to understand the power we employ, and each time they mistake a talent for a Witch or Mutant, they weaken our great nation. I'll admit, the curse of ignorance goes both ways. Too many of our Orders have poured through the forbidden works out of some misplaced desire to unlock the higher secrets. Without knowledge, without training, such dabbling always ends in tragedy."

—Corbius, Bright Wizard

—Catalogue Daemon—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	28%	38%	44%	12%	32%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	2	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons
Special Rules:

- *Attach:* If the Catalogue Daemon hits and deals damage, it automatically latches onto the target.
- *Paralysis:* A victim with an attached Catalogue Daemon must make a Toughness Test or become paralysed for 3 rounds. At the end of this period, the victim must attempt a new Test or become paralysed for another 3 rounds.
- *Feed:* Each round the Catalogue Daemon remains attached to its host, it drains –1d10% from the victim's Toughness Characteristic and adds that same number to its own Toughness Characteristic. Should the Daemon reduce its host to 0% Toughness, the victim dies an empty husk. If the Daemon's Toughness exceeds 100%, it explodes in a shower of filth and corruption. Use the large template. All characters under the template must succeed on a Toughness Test or gain one mutation.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Bite
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Codex of Unspeakable Damnation

The *Codex of Unspeakable Damnation* is an old and highly-sought treatise on mastering Chaos. Within its blasphemous pages are instructions on drawing power from Human sacrifice, a variety of dangerous rituals, advice for using Warpstone, details on the minions of Chaos, and a guide to founding cults. It's not known who penned this book, but its pages are all carefully illuminated with perverse images framing each page.

The last owner of this book was a petty, mostly harmless man named Hans Kreig, a failed apprentice turned book collector. Though he lacked the talent for magic, he was keenly interested in the subject. So, while he worked as a bureaucrat for the local government, he also maintained a library of magical tomes. Such interest was not to be overlooked by the authorities, who frown on unsanctioned use of magic. And despite Kreig's best efforts to hide his treasured tomes, he knew the Witch Hunters were close. He didn't care if he was burned, but he feared for his collection.

As the noose tightened, Kreig snuck out of his offices early one afternoon and crept home, somehow evading the darkly-clad men who watched his building. Alone, he looked through his collection with loving care. He passed his most treasured volume, a grimoire written by Teclis two centuries previous, which Hans stole from the Colleges of Magic before he left. Beneath it, he found a book he had never before seen. It was black with a worn cover that prominently featured a real, horned

skull. He had no idea how it came to him; he didn't recall purchasing it, and given its sinister appearance, he likely would have passed it up had he come across it. Still, he must have picked it up somewhere. Unable to resist his curiosity, he opened it and began to read.

Three days later, the Witch Hunters broke into Kreig's home. What they found defies description. Kreig was nowhere to be found. Instead, they discovered a swollen sack of flesh sprouting tentacles all over its spheroid body. Nine weeping eyes stared fearfully at the intruders, and the entire bulk shifted and farted from its many orifices in a feeble attempt to back away. The Witch Hunters slew the thing, confiscated the books and burned the building down to cleanse it of its taint.

Using the Codex of Unspeakable Damnation

The *Codex of Unspeakable Damnation* has a lot to offer the aspiring Chaos worshipper. Inside this book are all sorts of terrible secrets, from rituals to candid suggestions for building a Cult from scratch. In addition, there are techniques for binding Chaos familiars, conjuring Daemons, and instructions for casting spells from a variety of sources. Reading this book requires 30 days of careful study. At the end of this time, the Character adds Chaos Acolyte, Chaos Warrior, and Maledictor to his Career Exits.

The book carries a heavy price. Warpstone powder covers each page. Every three days the reader spends studying this tome requires him to make a Routine (+10%) Toughness Test or immediately gain a mutation.

The *Liber Malefic*

The dreaded *Liber Malefic* was penned by Marius Hollseher, a humble Sigmarite scribe who later became a Witch Hunter so zealous and fervent in his duties to destroy Chaos that he's revered as a hero by others in the trade. When Hollseher was only twenty years old, he succumbed to a mysterious fever that left him bed-ridden and in a coma for almost a month. Just before the healers prepared to give him a merciful blow to his head to end his suffering, Hollseher awoke from his coma in a screaming fit. The illness seemingly gone, Hollseher began spouting a wild tale of horrible locations that he visited while in some dreamlike state. At first, the local High Priest of Sigmar feared that the young scribe might have to be "cleansed" because of the horrible visions, but he relented once it became clear that Hollseher was disgusted by what he saw and seemingly free of any Chaotic taint. In the following year, the meagre scribe became a cold-hearted Witch Hunter—his visions of the Realms of Chaos giving him great insight into its lies and manners of deceit.

During his convalescence, Hollseher wrote of what he saw in his visions, creating the *Liber Malefic*—a guidebook, of sorts, of the terrible legendary locations that are rumoured to lie both inside the Chaos Wastes and the Realm of Chaos. Detractors say Hollseher's accounts are fanciful, rich in allegory and hyperbole; although, his introduction goes far to explain that what is penned in the *Liber Malefic* is exactly what he witnessed. As the *Liber Malefic* is too terrible for most to absorb, abridged versions of this book were copied by the Priests of Sigmar, to be used as a primer for the horrors of Chaos that a Witch Hunter might face.

The true *Liber Malefic* is an enormous tome, weighing nearly fifteen pounds and a full two feet in height. The covers are crafted from simple, black wood, and the title, once written in gilt gold, is barely legible. The plain look of the exterior belies the amazing illustrations and gorgeous penmanship of the *Liber Malefic's* contents.

Using the *Liber Malefic*

There are two different versions of the *Liber Malefic*. The most common are shortened, edited copies, commonly referred to by Witch Hunters, Sigmarite Priests, and those that hunt down and destroy Chaos. It describes a limited view of several of the legendary locations of the Four Foul Lords of Chaos, which grants insight into how each "lives" and what horrors occur in their domains. These books are small and plain in

Codex of Unspeakable Damnation Sample Ritual

Tease Forth the Shrieking Soul

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Daemonic
Magic: 2
XP: 200
Ingredients: A bowl of your blood, a sacrificial knife covered in Human excrement, and a Human sacrifice. The Human must be nude and painted in profane sigils and runes invoking the names of Tzeentch.
Conditions: You must forgo using magic of any kind for 8 hours and abstain from any alcoholic beverages or any stimulants for 1 week.
Consequences: If your Casting Roll fails, you catch a glimpse of the Realm of Chaos, blasting away your sanity. Gain 1d10 Insanity Points.
Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: 1 hour
Description: With a successful casting of this ritual, you tear free the spirit of the sacrificial victim, killing the subject in the process. The spirit shrieks and moans, horrified by its fate. You may then collapse the spirit into a ball of dripping ectoplasm. The ball remains in a semi-solid state for a number of weeks equal to your Magic Characteristic. At any time thereafter, you may add the condensed spirit as a special ingredient to a spell you cast. You may roll an extra die during the Casting Roll and substitute it for any other die.

The Ritual from the *Liber Malefic*

This corrupted tome contains only this one ritual.

Send Forth the Dreaming Form

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 1
XP: 100
Ingredients: Your body must be nude and covered in arcane sigils from head to toe with ink mixed from your own blood and expensive compounds (20 *gc*).
Conditions: This ritual must be enacted immediately before the caster goes to sleep. He must sleep inside a circle drawn in the blood of a follower of Chaos. Using the blood of a Daemon grants a +2 Ingredient bonus to this casting.
Consequences: If your Casting Roll fails, you are exposed to the full potency of the Realm of Chaos. You immediately gain 1d10 Insanity Points.
Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: 1 hour
Description: With a successful casting of this ritual, your spirit departs from your body and travels through the nebulous barrier between the Chaos Wastes and the Realm of Chaos. You can only visit the various Legendary Locations described in **Chapter XVI: Beyond the Wastes of Chaos**, and you immediately gain 3 Insanity Points. Your form is insubstantial, immune to all forms of damage (but not insanities), and you can fly at the same speed as a falcon. In addition to gaining firsthand knowledge of these sites, you also gain a +10% bonus to Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) Tests.

construction, devoid of the pictures and insanity-blasting illuminations found in the full text. A person that studies the abridged text intently must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. Upon completion, the reader gains a +10% bonus to Academic Knowledge (Magic), although there is no bonus if the reader did not already possess the skill.

The full text of the *Liber Malefic* is much more insightful, and dangerous. The horrific and mesmerising pictures of the text have a way of drawing even a casual reader deeper into its grasp. Each day the reader examines the text, he must succeed at a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. Each day the character tries not to read the book, he must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or return to his study. Seven successful tests break the attraction. Upon completion, the reader gains a +30% bonus to Academic Knowledge (Magic). He also gains one of the insanities described in the Legendary Locations section in **Chapter XVI: Beyond the Wastes of Chaos**. The *Liber Malefic* contains only one ritual (see sidebar for details).

The Tome of Corruption

One hundred years ago, Hrodbert of Hochland took it upon himself to pen the authoritative treatise on the subject of Chaos. A Wizard of no small repute, he believed, perhaps foolishly, that he could thoroughly explore the nature of Chaos and its minions, whilst retaining his sanity and purity of soul. Despite the protestations and advice of his colleagues as well as the entreaties to assist, Hrodbert set about to compile the volume alone.

He began his study on the nature of Chaos within the Empire, investigating a number of cults and sects, exploring the question of mutation, and devising incredible lists of all the recorded mutations known to have appeared in the land. Feeling such information was insufficient, he set out to understand the Beastmen and their kind. He spent countless sums of gold hiring mercenaries to track down and recover specimens, and hours dissecting the creatures he had captured, noting their features. As he did so, he began to take stock of the various rural myths and legends, believing in some way that the legendary beasts were somehow connected to the Beastmen of the forests.

What he finally achieved was impressive, and his friends believed him done. The work was complete, was it not? He had defined Chaos and its effects on the lands of men. Wearily, Hrodbert agreed, smiling and nodding. But in truth, he was not finished. For you see, with his investigations, the hooks of Chaos had entered his soul, drawing him further and further into corruption. Rumour has it that he made pacts with the Great Despoiler in order to increase his knowledge, but the Daemon turned on him, making him its thrall. Some say that he left a few weeks later, taking a trip into the Chaos Wastes to explore that savage land and learn of its people and their ways. It's believed he and his helper, Erich, pushed on to the very borders of the Realm of Chaos, though such is only speculation.

In the end, Hrodbert never returned. Nothing was heard from him or his assistant again, except for his mysterious manuscript. Riddled with errors, ravings, and outright lies, it seemed his life was wasted. The book was shelved in the library of one of Hrodbert's acquaintances libraries and promptly forgotten. Or so it's said. The book, dubbed the *Tome of Corruption*, proved extremely valuable to those who sought out the deeper secrets of Chaos. Shortly after its appearance, it was stolen and copied by hand for distribution amongst the various cults and criminals at large in the Empire. An invaluable guide, it has a reputation for driving its readers mad.

Most of what's found of this book are crude copies—sheets of vellum tied in a roll with leather straps. The original was torn to pieces to hide it from those who would destroy it. Now scattered throughout the Old World, rumour holds that another man, Kristoff of Praag, works to recover the fragments to reconstruct this blasphemous tome.

Using the Tome of Corruption

The *Tome of Corruption* contains extensive information about Chaos in all its forms. When used as a reference, it grants a +10% bonus to Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Magical Sense, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonology), and Speak Language (Dark Tongue). In addition, users of this book may benefit from the Dark Magic Talent even if they do not have it.

Reading this book comes with a price, of course. Each time the book is used, the reader must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

— Icons and Relics —

One of the reasons locating and destroying the tools of Chaos is so difficult is because these tools take so many different shapes and forms. A withered finger may hold as much, or even greater power than a blasphemous grimoire or an ounce of Warpstone. Cultists and other agents of the Ruinous Powers use all manner of foci and devices to aid them in their campaign to conquer the Old World.

Sample Icons and Relics

Icons and relics are often in the hands of powerful forces for Chaos. Given their potent nature, once discovered, their owners are loathe to part with them—making murders between their kind all the more common. What follows is a sampling of the kinds of relics one might find in the Old World.

Eye of Morkar

Morkar the Uniter bound together the Hordes of Chaos and launched a terrible war that is still remembered as the Great War Against Chaos. A potent force for evil and destruction, Morkar dominated the servants of all four Chaos Gods, leading them into the heart of Kislev until they were faced by Magnus the Pious and his allies. Although Morkar nearly pierced the defences of the Empire, he was defeated on the windswept tundra of Kislev, and his force broken at the Gates of Kislev, withdrawing back to the hellish lands from whence they came.

In the final battle between Magnus and Morkar, it is said the Empire's Champion slashed the Chaos Lord's face, cutting out his eye. While Morkar and Magnus fought, one of the hateful Daemons snatched up the bloody organ and retreated from the field to safeguard the bit of flesh. With the Chaos armies destroyed, the Daemon carried the eye to Ostland where it bequeathed it to a loyal Cultist of Tzeentch.

The Eye of Morkar has changed hands many times over the decades, finding its way to Middenheim, Altdorf, and even Talabheim. It was almost destroyed five years ago when a group of heroes thwarted a Cult's attempt to kill Countess Elise of the city. But, somehow, it vanished, and hasn't been seen since.

Using the Eye of Morkar

This small, bloody organ is intact, despite its age. If left alone, it moves of its own accord, as if looking around. The Eye can be used as a special ingredient for casting spells, granting a bonus to Casting Rolls equal to the Caster's Magic Characteristic. This bonus is added to any other ingredients used. When using this relic, if Tzeentch's Curse occurs, you roll twice on the appropriate table, taking the worse result.

The Helm of Iron and Blood

Nearly six hundred years ago, a large band of Khorne's Chaos Warriors began a crusade of death and despair, starting in the far eastern reaches of Ostland and ravaging all the way down to the dark woods of Sylvania. Skirting along the edge of the World's Edge Mountains, these warriors sacked dozens of villages and small towns in a series of lightning-fast attacks. Engorged on blood and gore, the warriors struggled to find additional settlements, and, when nothing could be found for almost a month, infighting began. The band's second-in-command, Vulknar the Black, lamented to Khorne at the lack of victims and the spoke of his desire to shed additional blood in his name. Khorne answered Vulkner's call and a single name reverberated in his skull—Kagrin, the current leader of the band. Vulknar took up his massive axe and immediately slew his leader before the assembled troops. With a mighty blow, Vulkner's axe cleaved Kagrin's head clean off. Kagrin's particular mutation had fused his armour and helmet to his body, making it one. Vulknar scooped out the meat and brains inside the helmet and donned it before the cheering warriors. Vulknar, now the leader of the band, went on to the west, where he and his forces were eventually stopped outside the crater wall of Talabheim.

Although Vulknar's body went missing in the battle, the helmet somehow survived and has been worn by Champions of Khorne throughout the ages. Many times, however, when the wearer perishes in battle, the Helm of Iron and Blood disappears, showing up in some obscure and forgotten location years later. Those that don it are overcome with the overwhelming desire to spill blood and immediately gain horrific mutations and insanities. The Helm of Iron and Blood is, as the name implies, an iron pot helm, but unlike most other Chaos items, it is rather exquisite in its construction. It boasts two enormous horns that the wearer can use in battle.

> *"Last winter, I found a block of ice floating in the sea. It was cold and all, but it wasn't cold enough not to melt that thing. So I watched it while I smoked my pipe. And then the strangest thing happened. It suddenly came to shore, as if someone pushed it. I clambered down the rocks to see what it was, and to my surprise there was no sign of the ice. Instead I found this here statue. See, it's green and smooth. Sort of looks like a naked girl. So you say you want to buy it? For heaven's sake, why? It's just a piece of junk. Nah, I think I'll keep it. Hey, there's no cause to draw a knife...Hey...Help!"*
>
> *—Guier Vanderhoff, Fisherman*

Using the Helm of Iron and Blood

The Helm of Iron and Blood is typically found in one of two ways. First, and most common, it is found on the head of some Champion of Khorne. Second, the Helm is sometimes found sitting on some long-forgotten battlefield, where it stands out from the rest of the debris. The Helm has a way of drawing the attention of warriors and other fighting types to it if it sits unclaimed at the time. Anyone with a Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill of 50% or more that comes within one mile of the Helm of Iron and Blood must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or be drawn closer to it.

If the Helm is donned, the wearer must immediately make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test, or it bonds to his skin permanently. The wearer permanently gains 3 Armour Points on his head, the Horns and Iron Skin mutations (ignore the Head location when determining where this mutation applies), and the Aspect of Khorne variation of the Host of Fiends insanity (see Insanities, **Chapter IX: The Game Master** in *WFRP* page 205).

The Helm of Iron and Blood can only be removed by either a successful casting of the Daemonbane spell (see **Chapter VII: Magic** in *WFRP* page 156) or severing the wearer's head.

For every week that the person wears the Helm of Iron and Blood, he must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or convert to the worship of Khorne. Khorne's

servants are naturally drawn to the Helm and are more respectful than normal—they will not immediately attack the wearer but will expect him to lead them in combat.

Jade Idol

The Jade Idol of Nuln is an attractive statuette that depicts an androgynous figure standing with one arm covering the chest and the other covering the groin. Made from smooth jade, it is an exquisite piece of art. But there's something more to this idol, something far more wicked than its appearance would suggest.

Believed to have been brought to the Empire from distant Cathay, the Jade Idol first appeared in the marketplace of Averheim amidst a slew of other oddities, some merely decorative, others reputed to have magic. Tuergis the Fat, a foul Burgher who was known for his obsession with young men, found the form appealing and strangely seductive, so he purchased it. He placed it on his mantle, and it became the topic of many conversations at his sordid parties. More and more he found himself drawn to its unusual form, running his hands over the smooth stone, and as he did, darker imaginings surfaced in his mind. In time, he found his tastes in lovers were changing, gradually moving from the decadent to the perverse. Luckily for Tuergis, he was wise enough to sell the item before it could get a better hold on him.

The Jade Idol drifted from owner to owner until it wound up in Nuln in the personal collection of Count Romanov (see *The Blessed Ones* on page 81 for details). Like Tuergis before him, he found the statue appealing, but instead of fleeing the evil impulses, he embraced them. He placed the statue in a bowl of blood, pleased by the strange aromas that wafted from the stone. He breathed them deeply, and they fired his imagination with disgusting images of physical pleasures. Before Romanov could truly unlock his secrets, he fell victim to his greed and died. His home burned down, destroying all of the contents of his home. The Jade Idol, whilst presumed destroyed, is still around, although who owns it, and where, remains unknown.

Using the Jade Idol

The Jade Idol is a tool of Slaanesh. When handled, it gives off a pleasing sensation, titillating the senses and evoking strange cravings. If used as an additional ingredient when casting a ritual, the Idol grants a +1 bonus to Casting Rolls, +3 if placed in a bowl of blood. The statue also makes magic in the area extremely unstable, and all spells cast within 12 yards (6 squares) are cast as if they used *Dhar* (see *WFRP* page 97). Finally, when handled, the Idol forces you to make a Routine (+10%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10/5 Insanity Points as the sinister impulses take hold.

— Illegal Substances —

Agents of Chaos use many substances to open their minds and imaginations to try to apprehend the full power of the Dark Gods. Ingesting these substances during rituals or ceremonies dedicated to the Ruinous Powers, adding them to the casting of their foul spells, or simply for recreational use, these materials can provide great insight and power but always at a terrible price.

Sample Substances

There's a substance for every purpose imaginable. Whether one wants to experience exquisite pain, purge his bowels, or be taken to the heights of ecstasy, there is something for everyone.

Allure

An old Bretonnian tale speaks of a strange gardener in Parravon who cultivated carnivorous flowers that attracted birds with the sweet aroma of their pollen to eat them. Although many dismiss this story as the fevered imaginings of a madman or as a parable to warn people to not look too closely into the affairs of others, there is a kernel of truth to this legend.

The Bird Flower is a rare species of carnivorous plant indigenous to Lustria. Quite stunning, they bloom in a variety of colours. Each flower is large, about the size of a man's head, and shaped like a bell. The bright waxen style is perversely phallic, and the flower has no visible stamens. The plant exudes a pale pink fluid that is aromatic and has a sweet, intoxicating taste.

During the exploratory expeditions in 1492, a few sailors brought this interesting species back to the Empire. Most of the plants couldn't adapt to the colder climate, but a few survived in the gardens of those who could afford to maintain such exotic plants. After a few years, there were rumours of strange, nightly visitors in the areas around the gardens, not to mention the sharp decline in the bird population. And then people started disappearing. What exactly led the locals to attributing the cause of the disturbances to the flowers isn't certain, but the specimens were all burned and their owners burned at the stake.

Though banned, some gardeners maintain these unusual plants for their nectar. It's said that consuming a small measure of the fluid evokes powerful dreams and instils a deep sense of calm and tingling pleasure. No one uses the nectar for long as people who sample the fluid tend to disappear.

Using Allure

Allure is a potent stimulant and hallucinogen. When consumed, you may, at your option, attempt a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to resist the effects. If you opt not to resist the substance or fail the

Test, you immediately experience tingling sensations in your body and enhanced senses. You gain a +10% bonus to all Perception and Intelligence Tests for 1d10 hours.

If you sleep while under the effects of the Allure, you experience vivid dreams that sometimes offer glimpses of the past or future. Your GM can use these dream sequences to plant future plot seeds or offer clues to resolving a current dilemma. Whilst these visions are evocative, they are also disturbing, filled with clashing images and strange sequences. Once you awaken, you must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain 2 Insanity Points.

There is a serious danger to using Allure. The fluid transports your psyche to the fringes of the Realm of Chaos, putting you at great risk of attracting undesired attention. Each time you ingest Allure to catch glimpses of the future, you have a 20% chance of bringing something back with you, as determined by the GM.

"Good sir, can you spare a coin? Please sir, just a few clanks..."

—Common noise in Altdorf

"We can burn cultists and Mutants every day, but as long as we ignore the causes of corruption we will never succeed in halting the decay of our society. Just look out the window of your safe carriage and see how Chaos erodes our fellow citizens. While we hunt for the afflicted, we ignore the next crop of Mutants who are seduced by the mind-numbing pleasures found in the soul-killing substances exchanged on our streets..."

—Lady Magda, Priestess of Shallya

What is this substance that makes murderers of saints, lechers of the chaste, Mutants out of Men? Ah, beloved Wyrdstone, maker of dreams, changer of destinies, destroyer of Mordheim, and killer of a thousand alchemists and scholars alike. But, the visions, the miracles, the wonders that can be had... surely, the risk of madness, mutation, and death are worth the greatness that can be achieved?

—Soren Deitlof, Nulner Alchemist

Cordial of Tzeentch

The Cordial of Tzeentch is made from water in which the ground remains of a feather or claw from a Lord of Change is dissolved. Only Daemons and Chaos Sorcerers of Tzeentch are capable of making this brew. Needless to say, vials of this substance are incredibly rare and highly treasured by followers of Tzeentch. The Cordial's physical properties change non-stop, and it has no consistent colour, scent, or viscosity. Possessing the Cordial of Tzeentch is a high crime, and owning it carries a death sentence, although Wizards strive to save these rare items to study rather than see them cast into cleansing fire.

Using the Cordial of Tzeentch

A creature that swallows the Cordial of Tzeentch rolls a d10 for each of its Primary Characteristics, consulting the table below. These bonuses and penalties apply for 1d10 hours and may result in some going up, and others going down—the whims of Tzeentch are fickle indeed.

Using the Cordial of Tzeentch

Roll	Characteristic Modifier
1–2	–20%
3–4	–10%
5–6	+10%
7–8	+20%
9–10	+30%

Plaguesooth Balm

Plagues and disease are all too common in the Old World, and finding cures, or at least temporary abatement from their symptoms, is a constant hope of the pitiful masses. For every effective cure, there are a dozen more that do absolutely nothing but enrich the pockets of the charlatans that make them. The servants of Nurgle have an intimate knowledge of the effects of almost every disease imaginable, including ways to cure them—if they choose to blaspheme. They have created this substance as a way to bring others into loving Nurgle's embrace.

This smooth, creamy balm has a surprisingly sweet and delicate scent. In truth, Plaguesooth Balm is made from a variety of herbs, flowers, and the fat of those that have perished from Neiglish Rot (see Natural Damage, **Chapter VI: Combat, Damage & Movement** *WFRP* page 136). Any disgusting bits are removed to make it appear more medicinal.

Those that create plaguesooth balm are almost always Priests of Nurgle, who sell the balm to the unassuming and desperate before moving on. A single vial of Plaguesooth Balm contains enough for five applications before expiring. Although expensive and difficult to make, those that sell it do so for a paltry sum (typically 3 *p* per vial) to further spread Nurgle's blessing.

Using Plaguesooth Balm

Plaguesooth Balm is so named because of the relief that it offers to victims of various flesh-destroying diseases, such as the Green Pox, Kruts, and Scurvy Madness. When applied, the balm immediately numbs the affected area, freeing the victim from pain or discomfort. This relief completely negates the penalty to any physical Characteristic (such as Agility) that the victim may be suffering for 1d10 hours—it does *not* cure the affliction, it merely numbs the symptoms. Once this time elapses, the pain and discomfort return just as harshly as before. The user must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or become addicted to Plaguesooth Balm's effects. The effects of the Balm stop working after a number of vials exceeding the victim's Toughness Bonus. Once this happens, the victim must pass a Very Hard (–30%) Toughness Test or develop one random mutation (see **Chapter III: Catalogue of Change** page 28) over the course of the next week.

Warpstone

Warpstone has many names. Remembered as Wyrdstone, Seerstone, and even Darkstone, it is by far the most precious substance in the Old World. A single ounce could purchase a duchy. Sought by many, from bold Princes to depraved Daemonologists, the powers of Warpstone are many and varied. With the tiniest of samples, an alchemist could turn lead to gold, restore life to the dead, and reverse the ravages of aging. If it lies in the realms of impossibility, Warpstone is surely the door.

But Warpstone carries a grave price, a terrible life-altering price. For you see, the substance causes madness. Merely touching the dust of Warpstone triggers unwholesome mutations, and prolonged exposure can kill. For many, though, the dangers are worth the rewards it promises. And for this reason, ambitious men and women spend their entire lives hunting the stuff, doing whatever it takes—even if it means killing—to find it.

Warpstone and Skaven

The biggest users of Warpstone in the Old World are undoubtedly the Skaven. They have devised all manner of uses for the substance, from augmenting their spells to powering strange automatons. For more information on the Skaven, be sure to check out *Children of the Horned Rat.*

Adventure Seed: Excavation Gone South

Once word spread of gold in the Grey Mountains, droves of prospectors from the Reikland headed to the hills to strike it rich. Only a few teams had any success, and soon after, most gave up and moved onto more sure ventures. However, one team remained behind. As they dug, they uncovered a cache of strange rock hidden away in a cave. The miners started to load the unusual rock onto their carts, but horrific things started to happen. The miners began to change, transforming into horrid Mutants, and they turned on their fellows. Those miners that did not succumb to the transformation were killed and eaten. Now, these former prospectors are preying on the isolated villages clustered at the feet of this range. The Player Characters are hired by a concerned local lord to wipe out the infestation and to determine from where it was that it came.

There are many legends recounting the origins of this rare substance. Some scholars claim it is dust blown from the Chaos Wastes. Others suggest it is all that remains of the Gate to Heaven. Others still believe it is the ashes of a dead God.

However, the Elves tell a different story. They claim Warpstone is not a naturally occurring substance, but, rather, it is a manifestation of magic, or more precisely, the "Aethyr." The Aethyr is the enormous realm of raw magical energies that rages in and through all things. The Aethyr leaks into the world, and when properly refined and harnessed, it forms the basis of the Winds of Magic used by Wizards. But as most Wizards know, though few will admit it, this energy, in its undiluted form, is Chaos. When not harnessed, this loosed energy coalesces into Warpstone.

Raw Warpstone normally appears to be a chunk of green luminescent rock. It has no unusual smell and is slightly warm to the touch. Specimens of this substance range from powdery dust, sharp slivers, small pellets, to large rocks. The largest recorded piece of recovered Warpstone was about three feet in diameter, weighed 150 pounds (on average; Warpstone rarely retains the same weight for more than a few moments, which suggests something about its nature). Of course, this sample vanished within a day of its discovery. It appeared to have melted through the floor and burrowed a hole in the earth. None of the expeditions sent to recover it ever returned.

Using Warpstone

If a character is lucky (or unlucky) enough to uncover a piece of Warpstone, he may desire to use it. As mentioned, Warpstone is very powerful, but it is also very dangerous, even more so by those who don't respect its power. Warpstone's effects depend upon the form in which it is found, as well as the quantity and degree of exposure involved.

- **Warpstone Dust:** Achieved by grinding Warpstone into a fine powder, for it to have its greatest effect it must be ingested. Generally used by Skaven Grey Seers, Warpstone Dust can enhance their ability to manipulate sorcerous energies. For those not inured to Warpstone, the effects are dangerous, causing all sorts of mutations.

  Skaven treat Warpstone Dust as if they had consumed a Warpstone Token. For all others, subjects must succeed on a Toughness Test, the difficulty depending on the extent of contact.

  - **Very Easy (+30%):** Spilling a small amount on clothing.
  - **Easy (+20%):** Skin contact with a small amount.
  - **Routine (+10%):** Skin contact with a moderate amount.
  - **Average (+0%):** Swallowing or breathing in a small amount or skin contact with a large amount.
  - **Challenging (–10%):** Swallowing or breathing in a moderate amount or skin contact with the whole amount.
  - **Hard (–20%):** Swallowing or breathing in a large amount.
  - **Very Hard (–30%):** Swallowing or breathing in the whole amount.

  Any Character who fails his Toughness Test gains a mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations.** Warpstone Dust has no other appreciable benefits.

- **Warpstone Tokens:** Warpstone Tokens are small pieces of Warpstone, occasionally shaped in disks but also in rings, wedges, or small blocks. Skaven eat them to aid in spell casting. Other characters that come into contact with a Warpstone Token must succeed on a Toughness Test or gain a mutation, rolling on **Table 3–1: Mutations**. It's generally impossible for non-Skaven to eat these Tokens, but if attempted, the individual must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Toughness Test to avoid gaining a mutation.

  Assuming a character survives contact with a Warpstone Token intact, he can use the substance as an additional ingredient. Each Token used adds +3 to the next Casting Roll, but it also increases the risk of Tzeentch's Curse. Treat all doubles on Casting Rolls as triples, and all triples as quadruples.

- **Unrefined Warpstone:** Raw Warpstone is dangerous. A Character who touches unrefined Warpstone with naked flesh must succeed on a Toughness Test or lose 3 Wounds, of which 1 never heals. Also, the Character must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Toughness Test or gain a mutation.

  Warlock Engineers, Master Moulders, and other villains in Skaven society treasure lodes of Unrefined Warpstone since they use it to create the most abominable creations, ranging from Warpfire Cannons to Rat Ogres. Casting spells within 6 yards (3 squares) of unrefined Warpstone gives a +6 bonus to Casting Rolls; however, casters must also throw an additional die called a Chaos Die. Do not apply this die towards the spell's Casting Number. Instead, it is used simply to increase the chances of Tzeentch's Curse. And, even worse, if the spell caster does roll doubles, he also gains a side effect as if he had used *Dhar*. See **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery** in this book for more details.

Part II: Shadows of Chaos

Chapter VI: The Places Between

"The nobles of our great Empire may claim to rule this land, but their reach stops at the shadows cast by the forests. For within, the Beastmen rule!"

—Ueren the Tracker

Much attention has been given to the activities of Mutants and cultists and those who hunt them, but the Empire is a far-larger place than a few beleaguered communities. Between these outposts of civilisation, there are large swathes of wilderness holding terrible secrets mankind was not meant to know and vicious creatures that defy imagination. By examining these wild places, one can learn something of Chaos in its purest form.

— Life in the Wilderness —

There are two worlds in the Empire. One is the world of the city, with streets, patrols of soldiers, populated by common man and noble, entertainer and beggars. These are the centres of industry, the great hope of the future. Commoners drift towards the cities for the work and wealth they promise, leaving behind the life of a rustic. But cities are not all glamour and prosperity. They are havens for criminals, hotbeds for disease, and power can be won and lost in a single day. They also produce Mutants, shelter cults, and are home to grifters, criminals, and thieves.

The other world is free from the petty corruption and underhanded ways of urban life. It is the countryside. It is a world of hard work, but also of great reward. Close-knit communities provide comfort and security, engendering a sense of belonging, unlike the alienation and isolation of the big metropolises. While these isolated villages are removed from the hustle and bustle of city life, they face many of the same dangers and many other ones as well. Not free from the occasional Mutant, the perverse Witch, and the insidious machinations of the Chaos cults, they also must contend with "what's out there."

The Empire's wilderness is largely unexplored. Whilst maps exist, there has yet to be a successful effort to record every stream, every hill, and every town, and even more importantly, nearly all maps contradict each other. Speckled throughout the countryside are castles, forts, coaching inns along the various roads, and villages. Beyond these isolated pockets of civilisation are vast stretches of forest and plains, criss-crossed by game trails and old footpaths. It is here, in the great unknown, that the monsters live.

Roaming the wilds are herds of Beastmen, foul creatures blending the characteristics of man and beast, and their cousin races of Dragon Ogres, Minotaurs, and worse. In addition, tribes of Goblins and pockets of Orcs squat in the shadows of the dim forests, while darker things lurk in the remote corners, only emerging to feed and to kill for the love of killing. From time to time, these enemies of Humanity emerge to prey on travellers, to sack the small settlements and fortresses for food, or simply to butcher the inhabitants. And there's no shortage of threats. For every Beastman killed, it seems a dozen more lurk just beyond the next hill or in the next copse of trees. With each attack, mankind is pushed further and further back to the shelter of the cities. Towns consisting of nothing more than burned-out shells and ruined fortresses litter the landscape. It is just a matter of time until the beasts of Chaos rear their savage heads and crush Humanity once and for all.

Settlements

The threat of attack looms over those who eschew the protection of a city's walls, so Old Worlders, and the Empire, have taken steps to protect the countryside. Most of these take the form of garrisons and forts that patrol sections of the wilderness. Fortified coaching houses situated along the roads offer shelter to those who can afford their steep rates. And the few scattered settlements offer some protection by dint of their numbers, to say nothing of their militia.

Coaching Houses

Travel in the Empire is difficult and perilous. The roads are uncertain—unsafe in the best of times, impassable in the worst. To ameliorate the worst of the difficulties, a number of powerful coaching services erected coaching houses along the various routes through the Empire. The most famous of these is the Four Seasons, which has expanded beyond its base in Altdorf and along all the routes out of the capital. Other Coaching Lines include Cartak Lines and Ratchett Lines, both centred in Altdorf; Red Arrow Coaches of Averheim: Wolf Runner Coaches and Castle Rock

Coaches of Middenheim; Cannon Ball Express and Imperial Expressways, both of Nuln; and finally Tunnelway Coaches out of Talabheim. In addition, there are hundreds of smaller coach lines that run between the towns and villages of the Empire.

Travel by coach provides armed guards, a somewhat comfortable trip, and a faster journey. In addition, the passage on a coach provides a discount at affiliated Coaching Houses, up to 20% off room and board. While no means secure, paying the steep prices for good coach service improves one's chances at survival in the wilderness.

Coaching houses are described in the *WFRP Game Master's Pack* and in the *Old World Armoury* page 88.

The Emperor's Hammer

North of the Drakwald on the south-western slopes of the Middle Mountains stands the Emperor's Hammer. An independent, fortified coaching inn, it sits near the source of the river Drelb, the waterway that flows south through the shattered Grimmenhagen and Untergard. During the Storm of Chaos, the Emperor's Hammer provided safe haven for refugees fleeing Archaon's advance. After just a few days, a shantytown formed in the inn's spacious courtyard. Kurt Lenkster, the proprietor, saw the people as his charges, so he added additional defences and built up a militia from the surrounding communities to serve as a strong point to protect the people and his property.

Luckily the Emperor's Hammer survived the war, in no small part because of the Witch Hunters and Priests who shattered a nearby Herdstone. Though the armies of Chaos were routed, Middenland is not a safe place, and this coaching inn is rapidly becoming something of a stronghold and destination for people displaced by the recent invasion. But with the nearby Brass Keep occupied by Archaon's Chaos Warriors, many wonder how long the inn will stand.

Forts and Castles

One of the strongest defences the Empire has is its network of fortresses and castles erected during the upheavals in the Empire's long history. With the provincial wars that exploded in the Age of Three Emperors, most provinces invested in fortified garrisons to monitor and protect against troop movements. Though their original purpose is no longer required, they proved to be a vital resource in the Storm of Chaos.

Fort Denkh

Over 1,000 years old, Fort Denkh stands on the border between Middenland and Hochland. Constructed during the tumultuous Age of Three Emperors, it was used to protect Middenland from Hochland troops trying to pass undetected through the Drakwald. Ever since, this old fortress has changed hands many times as the land on which it sits has changed hands between the Counts. Hochland maintains a garrison here, supported by a small contingent of Teutogen Guard who act as advisors. The key reason why Fort Denkh has remained in service is because of its nearby system of signal towers, allowing the defenders of the fort to send word of an attack, which proved to be a critical advantage in the Storm of Chaos.

The Middenstag

This forbidding castle rises up out of the outskirts of the Drakwald. A key garrison of the Knights Panther (see **Chapter IX: Enemies of Chaos**), those posted here protect the main route from Hochland to Delberz and who patrol the Howling Hills, an area noted for danger. The Middenstag proved a defensible point against Archaon's forces and managed to repel the Greenskins as well as the roving herds of Beastmen that were ravaging the communities bordering the Drakwald. With the smoke clearing, the Middenstag remains an important staging point for troops and supplies to harass Archaon's withdrawing legions.

Common Views on Chaos

"No one cares about us an' our struggles. The fools up in 'Dorf have no idea how bad it gets here, wot with all the Beastmen and other nasties roamin' our woods. These creatures are gettin' bold. Why just last week, they stole my youngest. And when the Witch Hunters come, they accuse us of consortin' with Chaos!"

—Hugo, Woodcutter

"I been walking the lands of the Empire since I was a boy, and I can tell you in all truth, it's getting worse. The Herds are more active than ever before, and there's no shortage of Chaos Warriors in the forests. We're spread too thin to fight them much longer. The more of us Roadwardens that fall to the blades and teeth of those Chaos Spawn, the fewer there are to patrol the roads. Bad times are ahead. Bad times indeed."

—Kurt Schaub, Roadwarden

"Once, I saw a bear that had the hindquarters of a chicken! There's all sorts of weirdness in the Great Forest."

—Mai Rigo, Weaver

"I'm always surprised by the commoners. They have the most vivid imaginations. Just last week, I was visiting Wissenberg, a decrepit little village, when a weeping woman came up to my carriage. Before my guards could haul her away, she went on and on about the Beastmen stealing her baby. I would have been quite put out had it not been for her amusing story. Beastmen! This far south? I think not."

—Emmanuelle von Liebewitz, Elector Countess of Nuln

"The danger the Empire faces comes from within as much as from without."

—Ortlolf Godgralf, Witch Hunter

"I don't believe any of this nonsense. Why, these woods are as safe as my estate in Altdorf, filled with Sigmar's bounty. The closest thing you'll find to a Beastman in these parts is a randy buck."

—Trubert, formerly of Altdorf

Ruined Settlements

As the Beastmen gain control over the Drakwald and push further into the neighbouring lands, more and more communities fall to these vicious herds. But the Storm of Chaos did not introduce the idea of death and loss to the Empire. Over the Empire's long history, ruined castles and empty towns offer testimony to the destructive might of Chaos and the destructive nature of its minions.

The oldest ruins once held Elven communities, and the graceful arches and slender columns, not to mention the towering Elven Waystone, are all pale shadows of the settlements' former splendour. Now, these places have either been plundered for their stone or serve as encampments for brigands or worse. Those trackers who still walk the lands of the Empire claim there is an Elven city somewhere in the heart of the Drakwald, but no one has located it, if it even exists.

Twelve hundred years before the founding of the Empire, other civilisations thrived in the Old World. Hailing from Nehekhara, grand armies swept north over the Great Ocean, seizing territory in Tilea, Estalia, and even into the fertile lands that would one day become the Empire. This glorious Empire would not last for, as is the Human way, ambition and greed undid their great works. And when plague covered the land, this ancient power became a land of the dead. Very little of their works survive to this day, since the savage tribes that wandered the lands had little use for their enslavers or their works.

Seven centuries later, new states emerged in Tilea, Estalia, and in other remote places in the Old World. Much of their civilisations have been subsumed in modern architecture and communities, the only remains being the Classic-era ruins that speckle the southern regions of the Old World.

While some or all of these ruins can be found in remote corners of the Empire, the most common ruins are those left in the wake of the recent calamity. Archaon wiped out a good many towns and cities in Averland, Ostland, Ostermark, Middenland, Hochland, and even within Talabecland, to say nothing of the ravages wrought by the Greenskins in the south on their march north in an orgy of violance. Entire populations have been displaced as they flee for the safety of Middenheim and to the south in the hopes of finding a new life. The few who remain face repeated attacks from the remnants of the Chaos Horde and are still dying in appalling numbers. Disease, death, and despair are abundant, seeding these ruined territories with new followers of the Ruinous Powers.

Grimmenhagen

One of the many towns that faced Archaon's wrath was Grimmenhagen. A walled town, its people were accustomed to fighting Beastmen, and over the last few centuries, it had been destroyed and rebuilt many times, each incorporating the ruins of the old to buttress new fortifications to stave off their attackers. In its most recent incarnation, a high wall with towers encircled the place, making it a powerful stronghold to fight against Chaos. Famed for its halberdiers, these troops split their time defending the town and the nearby Sternhauer Keep—the ancestral home of the town's ruler, Graf Elster Sternhauer. Though regarded an important location for Middenland's defence, Grimmenhagen was still recovering from an attack by Beastlord Khazrak One-Eye at the start of the Storm of Chaos, and so much of the settlement lay in ruin.

Grimmenhagen was ill-prepared for the attack and fell to the combined might of the Beastlord and his Chaos allies. What's worse is that once Archaon's forces took the town, cultists erected horrible shrines to the Chaos Gods to pervade the area with foul, Dark Magic. And so, though the Empire managed to beat back the hordes, places such as these have become cancerous blots that decay the land around them.

Lost Villages

The Drakwald is famous for its monstrous denizens, being a great nest of Beastmen, Goblins, Orcs, and other terrors. The Elves claim the reason for its unusual danger stems from an inordinate amount of Warpstone in the area, especially in the darkest reaches of the forest. In any event, it is one of the most hostile places in the Empire, and only large armed bands stand a chance of surviving passage through it.

The Drakwald was not always such a place. Before the coming of Sigmar, the Teutogen tribes migrated to this land and fought the horrors of the wood, clearing it of all the dire monsters. For generations, these noble warriors emptied the Drakwald of its sinister occupants, making the place safe for habitation. It was through these efforts that Artur, the Teutogen Chief, discovered the great mountain on which he would build Midgard, the city that would become Middenheim. Those Teutogens who did not accompany Artur to this new city, remained behind and established villages in the forests along with the Thuringians, creating the separate province of Drakwald.

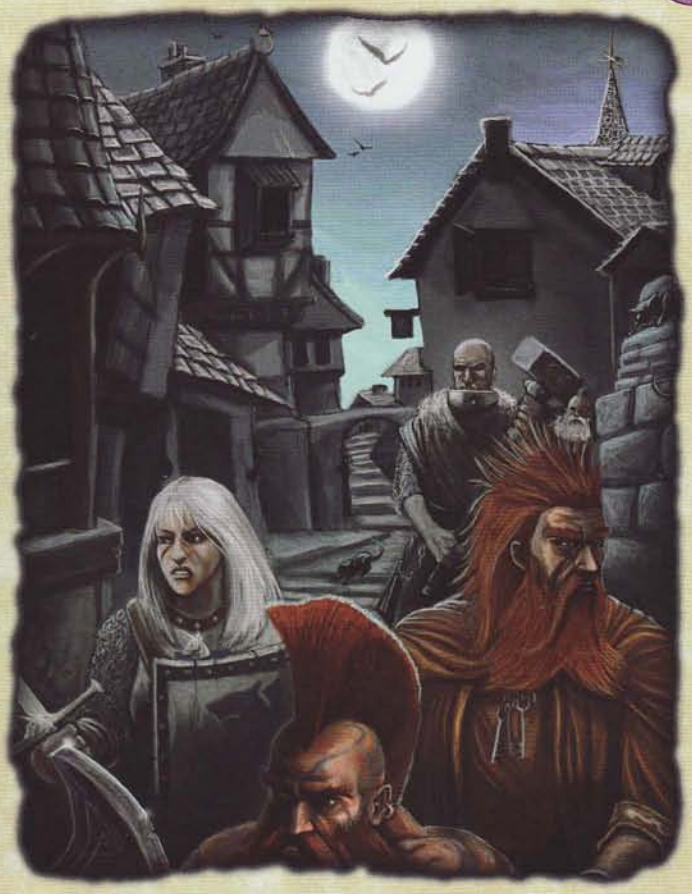
The vigilance waned with each successive generation, and over time, the horrors of the forests once more asserted themselves, spawned as if from the very ground itself. Little by little, the massive Drakwald returned to its deadly nature, reclaiming territory taken by the settlers. Those towns that were not outright destroyed were cut off, isolated, and believed lost forever, until now. Now nothing remains but strange, inbred people, riddled with mutations and unrecognisable as Human.

Grey Hollow

About 80 miles southeast of Middenheim is a small clearing that holds a tiny community that has stood undisturbed for nearly a thousand years. The original structures are still intact, being built from granite and roofed with slate shingles. In the centre of the village stands a headless idol of Ulric. Though all the buildings still stand, creeping vines cover them. The road is overgrown with grass and weeds, and it appears no one lives there anymore.

A few rangers and trappers who have passed through the place report a strange coldness coming from the buildings. Inside each are tables with old trenchers and tankards arranged as if the people disappeared in the midst of a meal. And when explored, the visitors see fleeting movement at the edges of their vision, shadows of things that don't exist.

In truth, the people of Grey Hollow still live here, but after centuries of inbreeding and mutation, they can scarcely be called Human any more. Most of them have joined the herds of Beastmen that hunt in the expanse to the north, but those that remain are twisted, malformed sacks of oozing flesh and disease. They secretly worship Nurgle who has, for whatever reason, extended his protection over this tiny community. When outsiders come through, the inhabitants flee to their hand-dug cellars, waiting until the interlopers go on their way. They have developed some skill with magic, enabling them to create odd and disconcerting experiences that they use to great effect. Those who discover the people of Grey Hollow vanish, presumably filling their cook pots for an unholy feast.



Standing Stones

Aside from the fossils of civilisation and the few fortifications that serve as bulwarks against the unrelenting beasts of Chaos, there are many strange rock formations and constructions telling of some ancient purpose now long lost in the modern world.

Elven Waystones

As described in *Realms of Sorcery* page 41, Elven Waystones were erected for mysterious reasons, though it's believed that they were used as some esoteric means of transport. Later, the Elves continued the tradition, erecting these obelisks on leylines to harness loose magic and redirect it towards Ulthuan. With the aid of the Dwarfs, the two races improved on the design, integrating Dwarfen runecraft with the Elven mastery of High Magic. The Waystones became foci of incredible magical energy, supporting and reinforcing the Vortex of Ulthuan that siphoned magic from the world.

Using Waystones

Since Waystones and similar formations are nexuses of magic, it stands to reason that Wizards and their ilk are attracted to these locations since they can tap the magical currents more easily on Leylines and near Waystones than they can elsewhere. More so than the sanctioned Wizards, these places are doubly attractive to those who practice Dark Magic, since it heightens their ability to control *Dhar* and manage the various Winds they exploit. During the Storm of Chaos, Archaon's Thrall Wizards and cultists seized these locations wherever they could to enhance their strength against the Colleges of Magic and their allies. When casting spells in proximity to a Waystone, spellcasters gain a +1d5 bonus to each d10 used in the Casting Roll.

Stone Circles

Other stone formations were constructed by savage Humans, who believed that the original stones had been placed in their world by ancient Gods and spirits. To honour their deities, they erected their own stone formations to serve as reminders of great battles or to mark the tombs of fallen chieftains. Few Humans at this time understood the power of the Ogham stones (as they are called) them, but a rare few understood the power and built more on Leylines and lodes of Warpstone to capture and control the magical energy. As a result, to these people, stone circles became an integral part of their religious practices and beliefs.

Authentic Ogham circles, such as those found on the mist-shrouded isle of Albion, provide incredible power to spellcasters. Any caster who is inside a stone circle gains a +5 bonus to each d10 used in the Casting Roll.

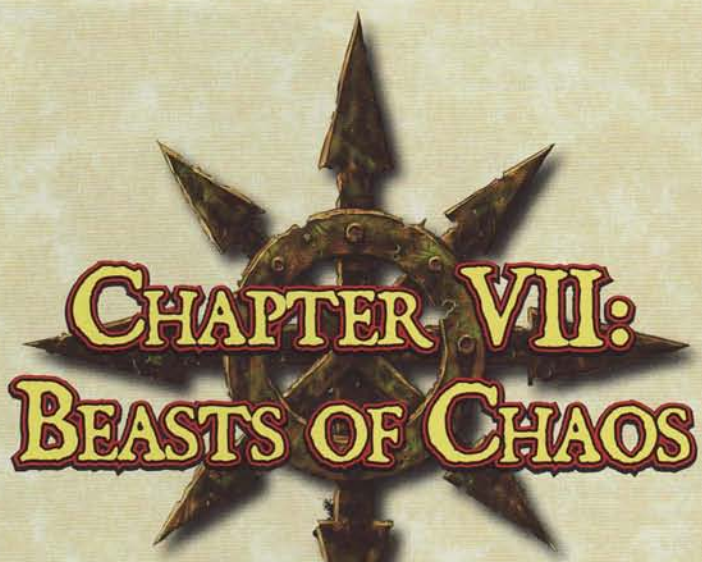
Herdstones

A Herdstone, or Chaos Heart, is a place sacred to Beastmen. So "holy" are these sites, many herds camp near these places, giving offerings of weapons, armour, banners of vanquished foes, and corpses of enemies around its base. These monoliths are often found in inaccessible and hidden locales, such as within caves or on mountaintops.

Some herdstones are natural outcrops of rock, but many are rough slabs of granite or basalt, erected by the Beastmen in a way similar to the standing stones found throughout the Empire and beyond.

Tombs

Rarer than stone circles and other rock formations are Tombs. Erected to honour powerful Chaos Warriors and other Champions, these places are foul and wicked. Surrounding them are trophies left by those who would honour the dead, so they are often surrounded by mounds of skulls, old weapons, and banners. Most tombs feature a central pillar, similar to the monoliths that form a border between the Chaos Wastes and Kislev (see **Chapter X: The Chaos Wastes**). Beneath this structure is the vault itself. Some are sealed, but many have a hidden door that allows access to the interior, especially in instances where the tomb also guards a potent Chaos Relic. In addition, these places are usually guarded. These sites are dangerous and filled with evil. Witch Hunters are quick to topple these structures wherever they are uncovered.



Chapter VII: Beasts of Chaos

"Say, are not Beastmen the spawn of men and sheep?"
"Nay, them's Stirlanders you be thinking of..."

Aptly named, the Beastmen are creatures that blend parts of Man and beast, combining the best and worst features of the two. Beastmen are usually humanoid in form, capable of walking upright—though some prance about on all fours—with at least two arms, two legs, a torso, and a head, though given their nature as children of Chaos, there are many variations of form and ability. In fact, Beastmen are as prone to mutation as Humans, suggesting a possible link between the two. In any event, though they share some Human qualities, their minds are utterly alien to those of Mankind. Certainly, they are cunning creatures, but they have no capacity for remorse, affection, or mercy. They are savage killers, wild as the most feral animal. They have the extraordinary strength and the tenacity of the most dangerous beast combined with the intelligence and the capacity for evil found in Man.

— Origins of the Beastmen —

How, exactly, the foul creatures knows as Beastmen came into the world is uncertain, and there are many differing views on these terrifying creatures.

"It's a well-known fact that Beastmen are what results when a person lies with a beast. That's why there are so many Beastmen in Averland, see?"

—Gunnar Brohm, Entertainer

"The Beastmen are the product of Wizards bent on creating a master race to control and conquer the world. They deny it, of course—but I know the truth. I seen them parading about in the trees, experimenting on animals and men. It's just plain unnatural I say."

—Sigrid, Chandler

"Why, Beastmen grow from people-leavings. That's why you should always do your business in a nice deep hole and bury it. When the new whelp appears, it don't know which way's up. So it digs and digs the wrong way until it starves to death."

—Sepp, Village Idiot

"If you Humans would simply ask, we could tell you from whence these beasts came."

—Caelidrys Fellhand, Elf Wizard

"Whilst Beastmen do seem to appear on their own, many come from traitors in our midst. The most well-intentioned mothers sometimes find it hard to destroy abominations born from their wombs. Instead of doing their duty for Sigmar and the Emperor, they give these foul spawn up to the Beastmen. This only increases their numbers and adds to the danger posed by these abominations."

—Randolf Nuhr, Roadwarden

"When the world was very young, a group of nomads drifted north into the icy steppes where they tamed wild dogs to help herd wild boar, long-horned cattle, and goats, which they raised for food and clothing. When the Gate of Heaven collapsed, Chaos was released into our world, saturating the people of the north. The loosed energy of Chaos melded these poor simple folk with their herds and other animals, warping them into the Beastmen we recognise today."

—Dawi Myth

"There are many theories as to where the Beastmen came from. Chaos tends to reflect our darkest fears and impulses. As with the Daemons conjured by Daemonologists, Beastmen could be the reflections of primitive fears and imaginations. Alternatively, they might be the product of Human exposure to Warpstone dust, or even a race created by the Ruinous Powers themselves. What is clear is that the Beastmen have threatened Humanity, and the Elder Races before them, for as long as history has been recorded."

—Johanna Baer, Amber Magister

Keeping the Beastmen at Bay

For many Old Worlders, the threat of Beastmen is a part of everyday life. The looming possibility of a Beastman attack is something that can happen at any time and without provocation. After several generations of such paranoid living, many Old Worlders have developed ways to appease the Beastmen. Certainly, some seem to work, but who can really say, for when they fail, no one is left alive to strike the method from the list.

Beastmen Biscuits

There's a tradition in some remote villages that requires all matrons to set aside the 13th biscuit of every batch she makes. When she's collected 13 biscuits, she places them in a wooden bucket and fills it two-thirds of the way with fresh blood (e.g. goat, cow, or naughty child) and carry it to the edge of the village. Once there, she calls out "*Batch of Blood, Batch of Biscuits, Be gone Beastmen!*" thirteen times and then leaves the bucket in the shade of the trees. After 13 days, she can retrieve her empty bucket. It's believed the Beastmen will come one at a time to eat from the bucket, curbing their appetite for Human flesh.

Get 'Em Drunk

A wise brewer in a hamlet on the forest outskirts believes—and tells to everyone he meets—that no person can fight worth a whit if they're stinking drunk. Each month, he makes an extra barrel of ale, and has a couple of stout lads carry it just inside the woods. On the next month, the lads are to bring back the empty cask and replace it with a full one. The brewer is always surprised at how thirsty the Beastmen are since the cask is always returns empty. Some suspect his lads sample the ale since they know where the cask sits and seem to be a bit tipsy towards the start of the month, sobering up towards the end.

Lottery

In the most desperate villages, Old Worlders must resort to terrible means to stave off the Beastmen attacks. One of the worst examples of this takes the form of a lottery. Once a year, each family draws lots to see who shall be the next sacrifice. The unlucky family must give one of their number to the Beastmen. The sacrifice is then led into the woods and tied to the bone tree (so named for the pile of old bones left at its base). Once secure, the elder makes eight incisions in the victim's flesh to spread the scent of blood. While the victim is torn apart by whatever denizens that just so happen to come upon the sacrifice, the rest of the village constructs effigies of the Beastmen using straw, bits of cloth, and rotting gourds. At sunset, when the screams echo from the trees, the people toss the effigies into a bonfire to ward away the Beastmen for another year.

The Truth

The Beastmen are not natural creatures: they were born into the world when the Gate of Heaven collapsed eons ago, brought forth as chunks of Warpstone rained upon the land and mutated the earliest ancestors of Mankind. These primitive Humans suffered horrible mutations, becoming more and less than Human, gaining the attributes of both Man and beast.

Since that time, Beastmen have thrived upon the edges of the civilised world, growing strong on their diet of unending battle. They have multiplied throughout the Old World, having impossible numbers in the far north, in the dark forests of the Empire, and the wilderness of Kislev. So terrible are these creatures that even the more removed lands, like Estalia and Tilea fear that one day the hordes of Beastmen will rise up and conquer them.

— Lands of the Beastmen —

Beastmen live in roaming Warherds, led by the strongest among them. They infest the forests, the wastelands, and the wildernesses of all the lands. Though most common in the Drakwald and the Forest of Shadows, they exist in growing numbers in Bretonnia, Tilea, and elsewhere. These populous creatures dwell even beyond the Old World, polluting the lands of Cathay and Nippon and across the great ocean to Naggaroth. Wherever Mankind has walked, Beastmen can be found.

Drakwald

Due to large concentrations of Warpstone, the Drakwald Forest of Middenland is infested with Beastmen herds. The Empire's efforts to control the population have met with little success, and the herds are becoming more aggressive in their ventures beyond the trees, harassing farmsteads and outposts along its borders.

Forest of Shadows

The Forest of Shadows encompasses most of Ostland and Nordland and is the darkest and one of the most dangerous forests in the Empire. Home to bands of Beastmen and a few Goblins, the creatures here are the descendants of those who fought in the Great War Against Chaos. Ostlanders mount regular expeditions to uncover their lairs but have little to show for their efforts, since not even the boldest patrol would remain in the gloomy woods after dark.

Troll Country

North of Kislev lays the Troll Country, the outermost realm touched by Chaos. Efforts to tame this barren land have all failed. The Tsar or Tsarina occasionally despatches patrols to enter this blighted place to challenge the horrors found there in a futile effort to control the populations. These attempts rarely have much success since the hordes are seemingly endless.

The Troll Country is a wild place littered with the rusting engines of war and the bones of the dead. Here, many of Chaos' creations such as Chimeras, Minotaurs, Ogres, Beastmen, and Trolls roam, fighting amongst each other for the scarce resources and the love for battle. When the Realm of Chaos expands, it is in the Troll Country that the armies of Chaos muster. The followers of the four Dark Gods gather around gruesome monoliths erected in honour of their foul masters. Beastmen emerge from the forests guided by the visions of their Bray-Shaman, while Chaos Champions bring their unruly hosts. The Chaos Sorcerers take control over the beasts, sending them forth to work their evil in the Old World. The Troll Country, then, is a terrifying land, utterly condemned to the warping nature of Chaos.

Hunted

Hans gripped his sister's hand whilst he fled. Branches whipped at his face, snagged his clothes, and clawed at his skin. His sister's sobbing carried over his laborious breathing. Up and down the rolling forest floor the pair ran, stumbling, stopping, weeping, running. Something followed.

They were lost in the Drakwald, the cursed forest of the Empire. It wasn't safe to ride through these woods with a legion of Imperials, let alone for a pair of children to become lost beneath its shadowy canopy. Death hovered around them, caressing their flushed cheeks with the promise of pain and suffering. Fear impelled them. Hans knew all too well what lay behind them, and he wasn't about to let them take his sister.

The ground rose ahead where the trees thinned. Wood smoke and something like charred flesh wafted in the cool autumnal air. His sister fell again. *Damn!* He stopped to help her up and risked a glance back the way they had come. There. And there. And there and there and there! Forms. Foul, vile things. Horrid things, hungry things, vicious, vile Beastmen. Hans knew then it was futile. The creatures slipped free from the shadows, the melting darkness revealing animalistic heads of goats, bulls, and rams perched atop hairy, though Human, bodies. They moved like wolves, graceful and confident. And though they had the eyes of men, there was no mercy there. One loosed a quiet, hissing laugh, chuckling as it drew its cleaver-like sword.

Hans pulled his knife, thrusting his sister behind him. If they wanted meat, they'd bleed for it. He sank into a crouch, readying for the attack, but stopped, his heart breaking when he heard the shrill scream of his sister coming from behind. He knew then, she was dead... and so was he.

Beastmen around the Old World

Chaos, by its very nature, is unpredictable and follows no pattern in the forms it gives to its minions. Whilst most Beastmen in the Empire blend the forms of Human and goat or bull, this is not the case beyond the Empire's borders for one simple reason: Chaos reflects the fears and dreams of the people, which can change the form Beastmen take.

"It's a well-known fact that the jungles of the Southlands hide wondrous creatures with fantastical forms. Naturally, they must be creatures of Chaos since the Gods do not mix forms. One fascinating specimen is the Green Ape. These creatures lurk in darkest corners of this land, preferring deep and trackless jungles. The natives claim these creatures are quite sophisticated and even have their own language and wield weapons. Utter nonsense of course. A talking ape, indeed! Of course, the best sources we have are from the Goblins and Lizardmen, so it's entirely suspect. Next thing you'll hear is that Mankind is somehow related to these creatures."

—Johannes Krent of Marienburg, Scholar and Explorer

"While travelling to the lands of distant Cathay, I first passed through the strange land of Ind. What wonders I've seen! Fabulous temples, great white beasts with trunks and tusks, and that walk on four legs, birds of every colour, and the cuisine... It takes my breath away just thinking about it. Anyway, while in Ind, my company had the misfortune of being attacked by an odd race of creatures. I believe they are somehow related to our own Beastmen, as they combined the features and form of both Man and beast. But these vile creatures were different. They had the heads of great cats—larger versions than the ones stalking the night streets of our grand Empire—mounted on a naked Human body. Stranger still, while we fought for our lives, our native guides just dropped prostrate to the ground, ignoring our cries for help, unmindful of the beasts as they tore through us and our guides alike. Luckily, through my own skill with the sword and the pistol-fire from my companions, we beat back the rude host, sending them scurrying into the woods. After, I flogged our guides, remonstrating them for their cowardice, as any master should. Weeks later, I learned that these creatures are something akin to holy spirits to the natives, and that if we injured any, we should be on the lookout for an attack. Thankfully, I ended their service when we returned to town. It's odd though, I've been experiencing stomach distress... probably caused by this infernal fare they pass for food."

—Leopold Riogillo, Merchant Prince of Magritta

"The soft Asur of Ulthuan are a treacherous and weak race. There's no limit to how low they'll stoop. Why, they've made alliances with the Lizardmen in our mountains to raid our homes and kill our people. But these are no ordinary Skinks. No, these are vicious creatures with black scales that have strange, almost animalistic features. I've never seen their kind before, but their ferocity and willingness to attack our people is damning evidence of their alliance with our foul cousins."

—Aeledar, Black Guard

"You weaklings know nothing of courage. To become a man, I had to hunt the elusive Ymir and kill it in single combat. These creatures are a hundred-feet tall and covered in piss-soaked white fur. A single swipe of its claws would cut through a hundred of your mewling warriors. But I, I, Horgred the Bloody, butchered the Ymir with nothing but my fists. I tore its massive head from its shoulders and carried it back to my village, sustaining myself on its hot blood. What... you call me a liar?"

—Horgred the Bloody, Norse Berserker

Beastmen of Norsca

In Norsca, there are tales of great, white-furred behemoths known as Ymir, depending on the Norseman tribe. The Dwarfs substantiate these myths with their own accounts of encounters with titanic, white-furred beasts. For the Norsemen, these monsters fulfil an important role in the passage all men must undertake if they hope to be recognised as warriors in their tribe. These young hopefuls brave the swirling snow and freezing winds to track down and face these beasts in combat. If they return with its head, they are accorded a special place in their tribe—those who don't, don't return at all.

Beastmen Raids

Beastmen are perfect adversaries for just about any kind of setting. Since most travel in the Empire is through forested areas, Beastmen attacks are an almost regular occurrence. You can use them to inject a dose of action into an otherwise boring overland journey.

Also, Beastmen's number one favourite food is people! This means Beastmen raid villages and small settlements with frightening regularity. The Player Characters might stumble across evidence that Beastmen are in the area, or near an important settlement. The Characters might try to convince the townspeople to leave or help defend the town. Such circumstances are always improved when a cult secretly meets with the Beastman Champion to sell out the townsfolk in exchange for a potent Chaos artefact.

Beastmen and Chaos Cults

Beastmen are an invaluable asset for many cults. They provide an almost endless supply of troops to harass settlements and divert attention from cult activities. Of course, not all cults are successful with their attempted alliances and many have actually brought the wrath of a Warherd on themselves and their host community with a few poorly chosen words or a too-aggressive display of power.

— Types of Beastmen —

The strange forms found among Mutants blur the line between them and Beastmen since many Mutants can have bestial heads, and some Beastmen can have more Human-like features. As a rule, "authentic" Beastmen have the head of a goat or bull.

The *Old World Bestiary* provides a great deal of information on Beastmen and how they are perceived and understood in the Old World, as well as providing statistics for average examples of the various breeds and types. However, Beastmen are a diverse species with all sorts of subtle differences between them. With the following rules, it's possible for you to create Beastman characters for use as Player Characters. Unless you enjoy eating babies, butchering Humans, and roaming from place to place until you are finally overwhelmed by Imperial soldiers, these characters are probably not suitable for the average game. But groups featuring Chaos Warriors and Mutants might take on Beastmen as part of their entourage. There is something darkly appealing to playing agents of Chaos, and so the following is designed to accommodate all kinds of games, whether for creating unique adversaries or for creating bold Champions of Chaos.

Many of the entries list special careers available only to Beastmen. Aside from those included in this chapter, all Beastmen may advance into the Brute or Sneak Careers described in *WFRP*. They do not, however, advance in the Shaman careers described in the Old World Bestiary. As well, Beastmen may advance into the Chaos Warrior Career described in **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness.**

Common Features

All Beastmen, regardless of breed, begin play with two mutations: Animalistic Legs and Bestial Appearance (see **Chapter III: A Catalogue of Change** for details). In addition, all Beastmen also gain additional skills and talents as follows:

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (Beast Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Rover

Special Rules: In addition, all Beastmen benefit from the following special ability.

- *Silent as the Beasts of the Woods:* Beastmen are naturally stealthy. They gain a +20% bonus to Silent Move Tests and a +10% to Concealment Tests.

Gaining More Mutations

Beastmen gain more mutations in the same ways that Humans do. However, since all Beastmen begin play with at least two mutations, they are at greater risk of gaining additional ones. A Beastman can have a maximum number of mutations equal to **1d10 + 1 + its Toughness Bonus**.

Gors

The most common type of Beastman is the Gor. Large, powerful, and numerous, they form the spine of any herd. Whilst their appearance varies a great deal, all combine some bestial features with those of a man. It's the horns that all Gors have that separate them from lesser Beastmen. Horns are the ultimate signs of rank and power, and their leaders always have the largest and most spectacular horns, which they always paint with blood, dung, or dyes to strike fear in the hearts of their enemies.

Though Gors are taken as a whole breed in themselves, they are creatures of Chaos and prone to a wide variety of mutations. Some Gors have the head of an insect or even a horse, an abundance of limbs, lashing tails, and just about any other hideous combination. Still, there are three major categories of Gors that bear mentioning.

Table 7–1: Gor Characteristics

Characteristic	Gor (all)
Weapon Skill (WS)	30+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	20+2d10
Strength (S)	25+2d10
Toughness (T)	40+2d10
Agility (Ag)	25+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	20+2d10
Will Power (WP)	15+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	30+2d10
Attacks (A)	1
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 11; 4–6, 12; 7–9, 13; 10, 14
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—
Movement (M)	4
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	0

Bovigors

More common than all other types of Gors, Caprigors have curling or straight horns on their head, like a goat or ram. Most Caprigors may have the entire head of a goat, and if so, many have matching goat legs.

Caprigors

More common than all other types of Gors, Caprigors have curling or straight horns on their head, like a goat or ram. Most Caprigors may have the entire head of a goat, and if so, they also have matching goat legs.

Truegors

A Beastman that has fine horns and no other mutations is called a Truegor. Truegors have either Human or goat legs. These rare Beastmen are the most intelligent and strongest of all of their kind, almost always rising to positions of great honour within the herd.

Additional Racial Features

Gors have the following additional skills and talents.

Skills: Intimidate
Talents: Menacing, Savvy (Truegor only), Very Strong (Bovigor and Truegor only)
Additional Mutations: All Gors gain the Horns mutation. Bovigors gain the Hulking Brute mutation in addition to Animalistic Legs and Bestial Appearance.
Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), a Hand Weapon *or* Spear, and a Hand Weapon *or* Shield.

Bestigors

The toughest of Beastmen are known as Bestigors. As well as being stronger, they tend to be more disciplined, forming more organised ranks in battle than their quarrelsome lesser brethren, and they restrain themselves from their more disruptive excesses. They always wield the best weapons and wear the best armour available to the herd, sometimes even using weaponry culled from the corpses of their enemies.

Bestigor is presented here as a career. Most Bestigors have five or six advances. Only the rarest and most powerful have more.

—Bestigor Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	—	+15%	+15%	+20%	+5%	+20%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Command, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

- Only Gors may become Bestigors. In addition, Bestigors automatically gain another instance of the Horns mutation.

Trappings: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Great Weapon, Hand Weapon, Human Skulls

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Beastman Champion

Beastman Champion

Beastmen Champions are the undisputed leaders of the Warherd. Whilst most are Gors, some Champions are drawn from the ranks of Ungors, or even Mutants, though such lucky Beastmen spend most of their time fighting off those Beastmen who contest the claim. The Beastmen give these leaders many names and titles, calling them Foe-Renders and Wargors, but the most powerful are known as Beastlords. Many Beastmen Champions bear a Reward or Gift of Chaos, setting them apart from the rest of the herd.

Beastmen Champions gain Rewards and Gifts of Chaos just as Chaos Warriors and Chaos Sorcerers do.

Beastman Champion is presented here as a career. Most Champions have five or six advances. Only the rarest and most powerful have more.

—Beastman Champion Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+30%	+10%	+25%	+25%	+30%	+10%	+20%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+8	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Command, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move

Talents: Disarm *or* Quick Draw, Lightning Parry, Menacing, Sixth Sense *or* Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon Group (any three), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Breastplate, Sleeved Mail Coat), Great Weapon, Hand Weapon, Banner, Herd, Human Skulls

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Chief

Lesser Beastmen

Lesser Beastmen encompass all Beastmen who are neither Gors nor Bray-Shamans.

Ungors

Ungors, "not-quite right Gors" or "other Gors," are not as strong, tough, or intelligent as the Gors. They are smaller, and their horns are less impressive, although they may have a crown of smaller horns, a few nubs, or horns protruding from random places on their bodies. These creatures have the most variations of their kind and sport the most mutations. Unless the Ungor has a spectacular rack of horns, his fate is one condemned to subservience and bullying by the Gors, an experience he's quick to take out on the Brays and his captives.

Brays

At the bottom of the herd are the Brays. These are Beastmen with no horns at all. Even the Ungors look down on these pathetic creatures, mocking them and bullying them at every opportunity. Brays rarely live for long, being the last to gain food and always the furthest from the warmth of their encampments. Brays take their name from the braying, whinnying, whooping cacophony they make when they band together to eat or kill. Though these wretches are amongst the weakest and most worthless, it's not unheard of for a Bray to use his cunning and bravery to assume control over a herd. Such occasions are brief, as the Bray must constantly fight off challengers to his rule.

Table 7–2: Ungor and Bray Characteristics

Characteristic	Ungors	Bray
Weapon Skill (WS)	20+2d10	15+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	15+2d10	15+2d10
Strength (S)	20+2d10	15+2d10
Toughness (T)	30+2d10	20+2d10
Agility (Ag)	20+2d10	20+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	20+2d10	20+2d10
Will Power (WP)	15+2d10	15+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	30+2d10	30+2d10
Attacks (A)	1	1
Wounds (W)	— Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 9; 4–6, 10; 7–9, 11; 10, 12—	
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—	
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—	
Movement (M)	4	4
Magic (Mag)	0	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0	0
Fate Points (FP)	0	0

Additional Racial Features

Ungors and Brays have the following additional skills and talents.

Additional Mutations: All Ungors gain the Animalistic Legs and Bestial Appearance mutations.

Trappings: All Ungors begin play with a Spear and either a Hand Weapon *or* Shield.

Turnskins

Turnskins are Beastmen who were born fully Human, but at some point in their lives, they warped into a new form. There's a slight distinction between the common Mutant and the Turnskin, largely because the latter develops a total physical change rather than gaining some isolated or strange mutation.

Beastmen and Chaos Spawn

There's a fine line between Beastmen and Chaos Spawn. Beastmen are creatures of Chaos and so may take a multitude of forms, though there are some general characteristics shared by all of their kind. However, like other races, their forms can only bear so many mutations before their form collapses into a heap of corruption, becoming Spawn of Chaos. Beastmen become Chaos Spawn if they gain a number of mutations equal to 1d10 + 1 + their Toughness Bonus. These mutations are in addition to those with which they began.

Beastmen and the Mark of Chaos

Beastmen, especially Bestigors, can gain Marks of Chaos just like other Chaos Champions (see **Chapter XIV: Slaves to Darkness**). In addition to the benefits (and drawbacks) of these marks, the Beastmen undergo a pronounced physical change.

Khorngors

A Beastman with the Mark of Khorne has its features transformed into those similar to a canine's, with fierce snapping jaws and teeth that drip a noxious drool. The Mark changes their skin and fur, giving it a reddish hue. Their eyes are especially unsettling: stark white with red pupils.

Pestigors

These disgusting horrors have blistered skin speckled with open, malodorous wounds that weep a pestilent fluid. Red and cracked with sores, these Beastmen are the very picture of Nurgle's ill will. Most Pestigors have matted fur, caked with vomit and excrement issued forth from their disease-ravaged bodies. Despite their diseased appearance, they are extremely tough and durable.

Slaangors

These Beastmen have white, or nearly white, fur overtop of pale or sometimes pastel skin. Green eyes stare saucer-like from their bestial heads. These are strange and unsettling creatures, eliciting a mixture of revulsion and attraction from those who encounter them.

Tzaangors

Tzaangors are the wild and bizarre-looking Beastmen who have the Mark of Tzeentch. They always have a single unusual characteristic such as a patterned hides, pastel horns, or some other area of their bodies coloured impressively.

The life of a Turnskin is misery. Caught between the world of Men and the world of Chaos, and welcome in neither, they cannot remain with their former kind and must flee into the wilderness to find others like themselves. But the Beastmen see Turnskins as things less than Brays, regarding them as weak and worthless, only allowing them to run with their Warherds because they add, however little, to their strength.

Turnskin Characters

Though toddlers and children can be revealed as Turnskins, their fate is self-explanatory. Adults, Player Characters specifically, become Turnskins when they roll the Bestial Appearance mutation twice or when they roll the Turnskin mutation. They immediately undergo a painful transformation, becoming whatever is indicated under the Turnskin mutation description. In addition to the added mutations, these characters must re-roll all Starting Characteristics on their Main Profile in accordance with the appropriate type of Beastman (typically Gor). They retain all advances, all skill and talents, and all other mutations.

Braystaff

A badge of office for Bray-Shamans, this heavy staff is hung with bones, shells, scalps, and skulls, and it's embedded with stone and metal scraps along its length.

Weapon	Enc	Group	Damage	Qualities
Braystaff	60	Two-handed	SB–1	Defensive, Impact, Slow

Gaves

Throughout the lands of the Empire and northwards, it is not uncommon for healthy Human parents to produce a Mutant child. Some try to conceal their baby's deformities, but most feel such shame that they give them up to the forests and rivers, abandoning them to die from hunger or exposure. The Beastmen are keen for the whimpers of these lost children. Such foundlings are always adopted and reared with the rest of the herd, since the Beastmen regard these infants as gifts from their Gods.

These Mutants are called Gaves or Gave Children. As they grow, they often become Gors, Ungors, or even Brays, but the rest of the herd do not apply the same stigma that they do others of their kind since they are holy (or, rather, unholy) gifts, and any Gave can rise high in Beastman society.

Bray-Shamans

All users of magic must tap into the magical energies loosed from the Realm of Chaos, but Bray-Shamans use this energy in a natural, almost instinctual way. They are born knowing how to wield Chaos energy in its raw form like other Beastmen seem to know how to hunt, track, and kill. Therefore, Bray-Shamans need not study or undergo special training; they simply know.

One of the most important powers employed by these Beastmen is their ability to send their consciousness into the Realm of Chaos, there to converse with the Daemons and even the Gods they find there. They reach this plane by drinking themselves into a stupor and breathing the fumes of hallucinogenic plants thrown into the fires at the base of the Herdstone. Their ability to commune with the Gods ensures they are safe from attacks by the rest of the Warherd, since all Beastmen believe that harming a Bray-Shaman means utter annihilation at the hands of their foul Gods.

Bray-Shamans are physically similar to Gors. What separates them from others of their kind is the colour of their eyes. The colours signify which Chaos Power favours the Shaman: blue or yellow for Tzeentch, green or brown for Nurgle, pink or purple for Slaanesh, and bright red for Khorne (though Shamans of Khorne never cast spells). They typically dress in elaborate gowns or decorated hoods. Most carry staves (specifically Braystaves, see sidebar for details) and often banners decorated with scalps and bones.

Bray-Shamans gain Rewards and Gifts of Chaos just as Chaos Warriors and Chaos Sorcerers do.

Additional Racial Features

Bray Shamans also have the following additional skills and talents.

Skills: Channelling and Intimidate
Talents: Menacing, Petty Magic (Chaos)
Additional Mutations: About half of all Bray-Shamans gain the Horns mutation.
Trappings: Hand Weapon, Robes

Bray-Shamans

Bray Shamans are an important part of the Warherd, serving as advisors to the Chieftain. More importantly, they lend their prowess to defending the herd and destroying their enemies. Some legends claim that Bray-

Shamans can actually Spirit-Walk the Realm of Chaos, enabling them to directly commune with Daemons and, some say, even the Dark Gods themselves. From these journeys, dreams, and hallucinations, they can foretell the future.

—Bray-Shaman Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	—	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Channelling *or* Torture (Khorne only), Command, Dodge Blow, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense or Common Knowledge (any one) (Khorne only), Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Meditation, Arcane Lore (Beasts, Death, *or* Shadow) *or* Dark Lore (Nurgle, Slaanesh, *or* Tzeentch), Fast Hands, and Public Speaking; Khorne only—Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Strong

Trappings: Braystaff, Hallucinogenic Herbs, Scalps, Skulls

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Greater Bray-Shaman

Greater Bray-Shamans

The Greater Bray-Shamans are among the most powerful of all Beastmen. Armed with the powerful Marks of Chaos, they can access the most dangerous magic. Combined with their potent combat abilities, they are some of the most powerful members of the Warherd.

—Greater Bray-Shaman Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+10%	+15%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+30%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+8	—	—	—	+4	—	—

Skills: Channelling *or* Torture (Khorne only), Command, Common Knowledge (any two), Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense or Common Knowledge (any one) (Khorne only), Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Aethryic Attunement *or* Meditation *or* Frenzy (Khorne only), Fearless, Lesser Magic (any two) *or* Specialist Weapon Group (any one) (Khorne only), Master Orator, Mighty Missile *or* Very Strong (Khorne only), Strong-minded

Special Rules:

- To become a Greater Bray-Shaman, the character must have gained a Mark of Chaos.

Trappings: Braystaff, Hallucinogenic Herbs, Magic Item, Scalps, Skulls

Career Entries: Bray-Shaman

Career Exits: None

Table 7–3: Bray-Shaman Characteristics

Characteristic	Bray-Shaman
Weapon Skill (WS)	30+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	20+2d10
Strength (S)	20+2d10
Toughness (T)	35+2d10
Agility (Ag)	25+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	30+2d10
Will Power (WP)	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	30+2d10
Attacks (A)	1
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 12; 4–6, 13; 7–9, 14; 10, 15
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—
Movement (M)	4
Magic (Mag)	1
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–4, 1; 5–7, 2; 8–10, 3

— Beasts of Chaos —

Though Gors, Ungors, Brays, and others make up the majority of Beastmen, there are other varieties that work alongside the Beasts of Chaos. These include the dreaded Minotaurs, Centigors, Dragon Ogres, and more. The relationship between ordinary Beastmen and these potent creatures is uncertain, and more often than not, they fight each other. However, during the great musterings in the Troll Country, these creatures all fight for the common cause of serving Chaos.

Centigors

Centigors are Beastmen who, through some exposure to the warping powers of Chaos, have the hindquarters of a horse or ox, though other quadrupeds are possible. The addition of these extra limbs grants the beast-centaur incredible strength and speed, while also enabling them to wield weapons to hack their foes apart. For all their strength, they are anything but agile creatures, lacking the patience and ability to manipulate objects with precision. Moreover, these creatures harbour a deep resentment of other creatures, seeing themselves as some sort of abomination, jealous of other creatures whose bodies and minds are better matched. This resentment engenders unpredictable behaviour, rage, and merciless hatred, especially towards Humans.

Centigors are found mostly on the northern and eastern edges where the Empire's forests give way to the rolling Northern Plains. As nomads, though, they can generally be found anywhere and have been seen as far south as Wissenland.

Centigors who advance into the Brute career are called Gorehoofs.

Table 7–4: Centigor Characteristics

Characteristic	Centigor
Weapon Skill (WS)	35+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	25+2d10
Strength (S)	35+2d10
Toughness (T)	40+2d10
Agility (Ag)	15+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	20+2d10
Will Power (WP)	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	20+2d10
Attacks (A)	2
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 12; 4–6, 14; 7–9, 16; 10, 18
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—
Movement (M)	8
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–7, 0; 8–10, 1

Racial Features

A Centigor gains all of the following features.

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Speak Language (Beast Tongue)
Talents: Keen Senses, Menacing, Natural Weapons (Hooves), Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Throwing)
Special Rules:

- *Armoured Torso:* Centigors wear armour on their torsos but not their lower halves. If using the advanced armour system, 50% of all hits to the Body ignore any armour worn on that location. Centigors cannot wear armour on their legs. See **Table AP–3: Quadruped Hit Locations** in *Old World Bestiary* page 125.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Centigors begin play with the Bestial Appearance and Horns mutations. Like Beastmen, when determining the difficulty for their Toughness Test to resist gaining a new mutation, they count as if they had one less mutation.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Demilance *or* Hand Weapon, Shield *or* 2 Throwing Axes
Trappings: None

Minotaurs

These massive bull-headed monsters are believed to be an offshoot race of Beastman. Standing almost twice as tall as a Human and far more muscular, these creatures have roughly the same size and shape as Humans except for their gigantic ugly heads. Sprouting from each side is a four- to six-foot-long horn that ends in a sharp point. Whilst powerful specimens, they lack the intelligence of Humans, or even Beastmen for that matter.

A Giving

Magda looked down at the wriggling bundle in her arms. Revulsion warred with pity. It squirmed, and a fleshy appendage slipped free from the swaddling cloth. Her gnarled fingers adjusted the wrappings, covering the offending flesh. If she saw the thing again, she might go mad. She knew she should drown the thing. It was an abomination. It was her duty. But she'd already drowned a dozen babies in her long career as midwife, and she knew, deep down, another murder just wasn't in her. She couldn't do it.

A sigh slipped from her lips as she saw the phantom images of malformed faces, sparkling eyes, the very memories of innocent children she had killed, who were somehow undeserving of life because of some cruel joke played by the Gods.

The baby cried. She looked around. No one. An empty field at the edge of the wood. The world was purple with the coming dawn. All still slept, tucked away in their beds, ignorant of Magda's crime.

There. Ahead. Movement. The time is now. With trembling hands, she laid the bawling infant on a bed of pine needles. She removed the cloth lest her crime be revealed, and saw the pink flesh of an otherwise hale and healthy babe except for the tentacle growing from its neck. The child looked up at her, its newborn eyes searching out for the warmth stolen from it. It cried louder. The rustling approached. With a sob, Magda fled, the wail of the afflicted echoing in her ears.

Ordinarily, these creatures are ponderous and slow-witted, but when provoked in combat, they transform into raging killing machines. The very scent of blood drives them into a feeding frenzy, urging them to tear their foes limb from limb, splashing organs and blood everywhere. The Minotaur swallows great gobbets of gore, fuelling its madness as it surges forward to slaughter more.

Minotaurs adopt Chaos Tombs as their lairs, serving as guardians. Thus they tend to dwell in the darkest reaches of the forests, far from the roads and communities of Mankind. A Dark Shrine is always identifiable by the mound of skulls, weapons, and scraps of armour the beast collects. Beastmen revere Minotaurs for their strength and for the favour these monsters apparently enjoy from their Gods.

Minotaurs who advance into the Brute Career are called Bloodkine.

Doombulls

The smartest and largest Minotaurs are revered Champions of the Chaos Gods. Called Doombulls by the Beastmen, they are amongst the most feared creatures in the Old World. Doombulls are distinguished from other Minotaurs by the Mark of Chaos they wear. Only Minotaurs who are in the Chaos Champion career count as Doombulls.

These marks often affect the Minotaur's appearance. Bloodbulls or Khornebulls have a reddish hide and skin, with heavy brass sheathing their horns. Plaguebulls, those who serve Nurgle, are bloated with distended abdomens filled with wriggling maggots and have hides covered in weeping sores and boils. Slaanbulls decorate their bodies in horrid trophies, wearing cloaks sewn from Human faces and jewellery made from Human bones. Tzaanbulls, like their strange master Tzeentch, have brightly-patterned skin, wreathes of twisting horns, and emit an aura of crackling Chaos energy.

Racial Features

A Minotaur gains all of the following features.

Skills: Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Frightening, Keen Senses, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure
Trappings: Great Weapon

Special Rules: In addition to their racial features, Minotaurs have the following special abilities.

Bloodgreed: Minotaurs have a disgusting habit of consuming the bodies of those they've killed, sometimes in the midst of combat. If a Minotaur slays an opponent and isn't engaged in melee with anyone else, he must make a Routine (+10%) Will Power Test or sit down to gorge himself on the kill. He can test again at the start of his turn each round until he passes the test. If attacked in melee, he immediately snaps out of Bloodgreed.

Chaos Mutations: Minotaurs begin play with the Animalistic Legs, Bestial Appearance, and two instances of the Horns mutations.

Table 7–5: Minotaur Characteristics

Characteristic	Minotaur
Weapon Skill (WS)	30+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	20+2d10
Strength (S)	40+2d10
Toughness (T)	40+2d10
Agility (Ag)	30+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	10+2d10
Will Power (WP)	15+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	15+2d10
Attacks (A)	2
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 20; 4–6, 36; 7–9, 32; 10, 38
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—
Movement (M)	5
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	[illegible]

Minions

Beastmen employ many savage beasts in their Warherds. These mutated creatures serve as guardians, additional troops, and, in rare occasions, pets.

Tuskgors

Another offshoot of the Beastman race are the Tuskgors. Bizarre melds of Wild Boars and Beastmen, these savage creatures retain the cunning of their kind, but are entirely animalistic in appearance. Tuskgors look like overlarge boars covered in horns, and have drooling maws filled with tusks. The Beastmen use these creatures as guards or as dray animals to pull their chariots into battle.

—Tuskgor Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	36%	44%	32%	20%	37%	12%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	3	4	7	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Silent Move
Talents: Frenzy, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Rover, Strike Mighty Blow, Unsettling
Special Rules:
- *Chaos Mutations:* Bestial Appearance and Horns. There is a 25% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** on page 28 if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Silent as the Beasts of the Woods:* Tuskgors are naturally stealthy, and most are also very experienced hunters and trackers. They gain a +20% bonus to Silent Move Tests and a +10% to Concealment Tests.
- *Tuskgor Charge:* Whenever a Tuskgor makes a Charge Attack, its Natural Weapons gain the Impact quality.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Tusks and Horns
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Warhounds of Chaos

Haunting the darkest forests are hounds twisted by the warping powers of Chaos. Ranging and hunting in packs of six to twelve, these beasts tend to congregate around Beastmen encampments, stealing scraps of food or the occasional Bray. Strangely loyal, these creatures join Warherds in the hopes of fresh meat. Some Beastmen rear these creatures from pups to make them vicious and more effective in combat. For weeks before a fight, the Warhounds are penned up, starved, and taunted to make them extra vicious. When released, they become crazed and savage killers.

Chaos Warhounds are snarling beasts, vaguely reminiscent of hounds but with grey fur and spikes growing from their spines. Their features are vicious and ugly, blending the heads of wolves with something Daemonic. Many Warhounds develop mutations like horns, tusks, and spines.

—Warhounds of Chaos Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+5%	+20%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Follow Trail +10%, Perception +10%, Silent Move, Swim
Talents: Frenzy, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Unsettling
Special Rules:
- *Chaos Mutations:* Blood Lust. There is a 25% chance for a Warhound to also have the Long Spines mutation (see **Chapter Three: Catalogue of Change**).
- *Silent as the Beasts of the Woods:* Tuskgors are naturally stealthy, and most are also very experienced hunters and trackers. They gain a +20% bonus to Silent Move Tests and a +10% to Concealment Tests.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Routine

— Warherds —

The most basic unit of Beastmen society is the Warherd. Led by a potent Chieftain, who's often a Champion of Chaos, they live in a series of temporary camps deep in the woods or in some hidden part of the wilderness. Caves serve Warherd well so long as they are near a good supply of running water and offer a good view of the surrounding woods. They follow their food, so once they exhaust an area of fauna and people, they move on to some other camp. Their constant movement puts them into contact with other Beastmen, and battles between them are quite common.

Succession in a Warherd

When the Warherd's leader dies, it is a time of great upheaval. Beastmen aren't concerned with the circumstances of the death—murder, combat, becoming a Chaos Spawn, or achieving Daemonhood, it doesn't matter. Shortly after the leader's death, there's a conflict among the most powerful members, always involving a fight, to see who has the right to lead. In cases where there are several potential leaders, the Warherd may splinter into smaller Warherd s and go their separate ways.

Banners

Most Warherd s carry banners, proclaiming the name of their Champion and a list of his deeds. These are always borne into battle, serving as a rallying point and a symbol of the herd's strength and might, all scribbled in the runes of the Dark Tongue. Most banners are made of skin flayed from Human captives, though some might be scavenged from other Human

banners, old sheets, and so on. When a Champion falls, his replacement burns the entire banner except for a scrap that he incorporates into his new banner. As a result, many Beastmen banners flutter with dozens of patches, some of which date back to the time of Magnus or even earlier.

The Champion's Feast

Should the Beastman leader fall, the entire herd comes together to mourn his passage in a raucous feast with dancing and debauchery. If the fallen Champion was particularly famous, other Warherds may attend in his honour. The Champion's body is eaten by the most loyal followers, leaving the most tender and choicest bits for the eldest and the most-favoured advisors. If the new Champion was the old one's follower, he takes the heart to devour in one gulp, all to the roars of approval from the gathered host. The Beastmen believe a warrior's essence is in his heart, and by devouring the heart of an old Champion, the wisdom and power passes on to his successor.

The Champion's Feast is a great tradition among the herds, so they are careful to recover the body of fallen leaders. Should the body be utterly destroyed, or otherwise unrecoverable, it is viewed as a bad omen worthy enough to consult the Warherd's Bray-Shaman for guidance.

Herdstones

Herdstones are integral to Beastman beliefs, serving as mustering points for Warherds. The stones are usually rock outcroppings or old monoliths. Often hidden in a cave or a remote vale, the secrecy of a Herdstone is integral to the spiritual beliefs of the Beastmen. Many Herdstones uncovered in the wilderness are surrounded by bones, charred wood, and dung. The smoke-stained rock normally has the symbol or rune of the Beastman who put it there.

The Brayherd

Under normal circumstances, rival Warherds have little loyalty to one another, battling each other as much as they do Humans and other races. Conflicts spark over territory disputes, loot, or no reason at all. From time to time, the Warherds unite to oppose a common threat or when the powers of Chaos join for one of the dreaded Incursions and gather at a Herdstone to consult the wisdom of the Bray-Shamans. Such meetings are called Brayherds.

Any Champion can call for a Brayherd by lighting a bonfire at the base of a Herdstone. He piles on green wood, Brays, and captives, using the scent of charring meat to attract the roaming Warherds. Once assembled, the Champion lays out the purpose of the Brayherd. As almost all such gatherings are assembled to plan an attack, the Champion must convince the other herds of his plan and reasons. The other Champions weigh his words and must decide whether they will join his cause. While the Champions converse, the rest of the Beastmen enjoy a raucous celebration of feasting, fighting, and drinking. Bray-Shamans regale the herds with tales of famous battles and events significant to the Beastmen race.

Once all agree to take part in the attack, there is a grand battle between the Champions called a Gorfight. Each Champion has his hands tied behind his back and must defeat all of his rivals using only his horns. Hence, only Gors usually participate. When Ungors participate, the others gang up to crush him first. The contest takes place in a ring around the Herdstone, and all the other Beastmen press in to watch. Spectators can strike out with fists and clubs at anyone who comes too close to the edge—many Gors have been swallowed by the press of mutated flesh, trampled and beaten to death by an overenthusiastic audience. In the end, there is only one winner—the last one standing.

Titles

Despite being children of Chaos, Beastmen abide by a strict caste system. Bestigors are at the top, followed by Gors, then Ungors, followed by everyone else. But even within these power groups, there are distinctions of power and influence within the herd, which are reflected by titles. Granted only to Bestigors and Beastmen Champions, these titles are badges of honour, signifiers that grant them a closer spot to the fire and the choicest meats from their captives. A title can be purchased for 100 XP if the Beastman did something noteworthy—such as killing a dozen men for instance. Each title confers a +5% bonus to Fellowship Tests made to influence other Beastmen. See **Table 7–6: Beastman Titles** for examples and prerequisites.

Adventure Seed: Flushing Out the Beastmen

Boris Todbringer has given his life to destroying the Beastmen—in particular, Khazrak One-Eye. From time to time, he mounts a raid into the Drakwald, personally leading a force of Knights Panther, mercenaries, and soldiers into the gloomy depths of the woods. Now, in the aftermath of the recent crisis, he's resumed his hunt for the thing that stole his eye, and he plans to destroy the Beastman Warchief once and for all. But to do so, he needs bait. Enter the Player Characters. The PCs are press-ganged into serving their country. They must enter the Drakwald carrying bladders full of blood and splash it around to excite the Beastmen. Once they establish contact, they are to flee back to where Todbringer's larger force lays in wait.

Adventure Seed: Stolen Banners

Unfortunately for the town of Boschenhoff, they are caught between two Warherd s of Beastmen. A crafty cultist of the Red Crown stole the banners from both herds in the hopes of having the Beastmen wipe each other out and take the town with them. A few forays by Beastmen scouts have thrown the town into a panic, and they are willing to pay a high price to anyone who can help them out. Whilst evacuating the town, the Characters uncover a pair of vile banners hidden in one of the silos. Will they destroy them or try to return them to the herds' leaders? Can they uncover the culprit behind the thefts?

Using the Brayherd

When a Brayherd gathers, it draws Beastmen from miles around. This hardly goes unnoticed, as Warherds tend to stop along the way for a little raiding and plunder. When a large number of Beastmen pick up and leave a usual haunt, Old Worlders get nervous and might hire bold (or stupid) adventurers to investigate the surrounding wilderness for signs of the herd's departure. Alternately, a travelling group of Beastmen might simply cross the Player Characters' path, creating all sorts of problems along the way.

Creating Warherds

Warherds can be large or small, composed of a number of Beastmen of staggeringly different shapes and sizes, so throwing one together on the fly can be daunting. By following a few simple steps and a few rolls of the dice, you can generate a Warherd that will make the Ruinous Powers proud. In any fractions are generated, round up.

Motives

The first thing to do when building a Warherd is to determine why it forms in the first place. Beastmen are an extremely superstitious race, seeing signs and omens in everything, from the shape of their excrement to how the marrow pops in Human bones. Roll on, or select a result from **Table 7–7: Motives**. Each entry includes a "size modifier". Apply this bonus or penalty when determining the Warherd's size.

Table 7–6: Beastman Titles

Title	Prerequisite
Gouge-Horn	Bestigor
Foe-render	Beastman Champion
Wargor	Beastman Champion, Foe-render
Beastlord	Beastman Champion, Wargor

Table 7–7: Motives

Roll	Motive
1	*We Hungry!* (+2) A lack of food forces the gathering to take some from the Humans.
2	*We Angry!* (+1) The Beastmen are mad and are going to do something about it.
3	*We Kill!* (+3) The Beastmen need to cool their hot flesh with the blood of the living.
4	*What That?* (–2) The Beastmen are puzzled by the sun and move to investigate its source (east or west).
5	*We Kill! (Fear)* (+2) Something bigger and badder than the Beastmen stalks their hunting grounds.
6	*The Gods Speak!* (+3) The Bray-Shaman had a vision that necessitated the mustering of a Brayherd, followed by an attack against a random victim(s).
7	*Omen!* (+1) The Warherd discovers a Gave and slaughters a town to celebrate.
8	*We Bored!* (–1) The Warherd itches for something to do. Why not kill?
9	*We Kill! (Vengeance)* (+0) The Warherd attacks after some perceived slight.
10	*We Kill! (No reason)* (+0) The Warherd musters and attacks for no reason at all.

Table 7–8: Warherd Size

Roll	Size	Size Modifier
0 or less	Wee	–1d10
1–5	Small	0
6–8	Medium	+1d10/5
9–10	Large	+(1d10+2)/3
11–12	Huge	+1d10/2
13	Massive	+1d10

Table 7–9: Warherd Principles

Size	Principles
Wee	1 Gor
Small	1 Bestigor
Medium	1 Beastman Champion, 1 Bray-Shaman, (1d10+2)/3 Bestigors
Large	1 Beastman Champion*, 1 Bray-Shaman, 1d10 Bestigors
Huge	1 Beastman Champion*, 1 Greater Bray-Shaman, 1 Bray-Shaman, 5d10 Bestigors**
Massive	1 Beastman Champion*, 1 Greater Bray-Shaman*, (1d10+2)/3 Bray-Shamans, 10d10 Bestigors**

Kate, for example, is building an extended adventure that features Beastmen as the central antagonists. To see what the Beastmen are up to, she rolls 1d10 and gets a 5, a We Kill! result that's motivated by fear. It seems the Beastmen have gathered because of some other terror in the woods.

Size

Once the Brayherd meets, the other Champions must decide whether their herds will join the Warherd or not. To determine your Warherd's size, roll on **Table 7–8: Warherd Size**. Note that the size gives you a modifier. Add this modifier to all subsequent rolls regarding the rest of the Warherd (such as generating Warriors, Allies, and Minions).

Now that Kate has an idea of what's motivating the Beastmen, she rolls 1d10 again and adds +2 to the result. She rolls a 7, plus 2, resulting in a 9 total—a large Warherd. A large Warherd grants a size modifier of (1d10+2)/3, so she rolls again, getting a 5. Plugging in the numbers, she has a size modifier of +3 ([5+2]/3]= 2.3 or 3).

Principles

The next step is to define the principle leaders of the Warherd. Simply compare the Warherd's size (as resulted on **Table 7–8:** Warherd **Size**) to find the number and range of leaders. Note that some Beastmen gain Marks of Chaos (see **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness** for more details).

*These Beastmen have Marks of Chaos; **1d10 of these Bestigors have Marks of Chaos

Since she has a large Warband, Kate knows her Warband has one Beastman Champion with a Mark of Chaos, a Bray-Shaman, and 7 (1d10) Bestigors.

Warriors

The spine of every Warherd is its warriors. As Gors are the most numerous of Beastmen, they significantly outnumber the Ungors and Brays. Mutants also count as warriors since they sometimes join up with Beastmen for protection and for the slightly improved chances of survival. To determine the number of warriors in the Warherd, roll 1d10, add the size modifier, and consult **Table 7–10: Warherd Warriors**.

*Add the size modifier as determined on **Table 7–8: Warband Size**

Next, Kate must see how many Beastmen are in the Warband. She rolls 1d10 and adds +3 to her roll. She rolls a 5 for a total of 8. Looking at the table, her Warband has 20+(1d10/5) Gors, 6+(1d10/5) Ungors, 1+(1d10/5) Brays, and 1 Mutant. Rolling for each, she has 21 Gors, 6 Ungors, 1 Bray, and 1 Mutant.

Allies

Warherds attract a number of similar creatures to their ranks with the promise of carnage and spoils. Some are offshoot races, like Centigors and Minotaurs. Thankfully, these creatures only appear in larger Warbands. To determine the number of allies in the Warband, roll 1d10, add the size modifier and consult **Table 7–11: Allies**.

Kate rolls an 8 and adds her size modifier (+3) to the result for a total of 11. She adds one Centigor to her Warband.

Minions

Among the herds of the Beastmen are many lesser creatures. Tuskgors are used to clean away offal and to pull the rare chariot, while Warhounds act as sentries and extra warriors to fill out a Warband's ranks. To determine the number of minions in the Warband, roll 1d10, add the size modifier and consult **Table 7–12: Minions**.

The last step Kate must take to complete her Warherd is to determine its minions. She rolls 1d10+3 and gets a total of 10. Looking at the table, she sees she gains (1d10+2)/3 Tuskgors and 1d10 Warhounds. She rolls for each and adds 3 Tuskgors and 9 Warhounds to her Warherd.

A Sample Warherd

Deep in the Drakwald forest, something violent and uncontrollable has stirred. After a number of Beastmen have vanished, chewed into bloody gobbets of flesh and bone by a Chaos Spawn's drooling jaws, the Beastmen decide to move to a new camp. Calling a Brayherd, they call other herds of Beastmen to create a potent force to protect the herd as it moves to a new location. The Bray-Shaman piles wood and rotting meat on the fires built around the Herdstone, and, in small clumps, many Beastmen come forth to meet with the other leaders. Once a good number are assembled, the Bestigors and Champions scratch their names in the Herdstone and settle near the fire to listen to the Bray-Shaman relate what is going on in their territory.

Whilst the advisor speaks, a great crowd of Gors, Brays, and Ungors congregates outside the ring of leaders, fighting, braying, and tormenting each other as they jockey for places closer to the fires. The Gors gain the warmest places, where the best food is kept, while the Ungors and Brays fight for space just beyond the edge of light, fighting for whatever scraps are thrown to them by their betters. Warhounds snarl and fight amongst each other in their pens while the Tuskgors root around in the offal for food not even the Brays would touch.

Over the next few days, Beastmen leave for various reasons such as pride, hunger, or even curiosity; in the end, there are still a goodly number of Beastmen left. The Bray-Shaman throws a handful of dust into the flames, which flares in strange colours, announcing to the herds that the time for battle has come. All the Beastmen crowd around the circle in anticipation of the coming brawl. Each Bestigor and Champion has his hands tied behind his back, and the battle commences. By head-butting alone, one Beastman defeats all of his rivals, leaving their unconscious bodies lying in heaps on the ground. The fact that this Champion won comes to no surprise, for he bears the Mark of Khorne. Notorious for his viciousness and cruelty, he makes a kill each day for his bloody master.

With the Champion selected, the herd musters and sets forth to leave their lands in search of a new Herdstone and to kill whatever they come upon along the way. Leading the Warherd is the marked Beastman Champion, the Shaman, and seven trusted Bestigor advisors. Following along are almost three dozen Beastmen of various strains, a Centigor, and a number of Tuskgors and Warhounds. Woe to any Human village that stands in their way.

Table 7–10: Warherd Warriors

d10 Roll*	Gors	Ungors	Brays	Mutants
0 or less	1+(1d10/5)	0	0	0
1	2+(1d10/5)	0	0	0
2	4+(1d10/5)	1+(1d10/5)	0	0
3	6+(1d10/5)	1+(1d10/5)	0	0
4	8+(1d10/5)	2+(1d10/5)	0	0
5	10+(1d10/5)	2+(1d10/5)	0	0
6	15+(1d10/5)	4+(1d10/5)	1+(1d10/5)	0
7	15+(1d10/2)	4+(1d10/5)	1+(1d10/5)	0
8	20+(1d10/5)	6+(1d10/5)	1+(1d10/5)	1
9	20+(1d10/2)	6+(1d10/5)	2+(1d10/5)	2
10	20+1d10	8+(1d10/5)	2+(1d10/5)	3
11	30+1d10	8+(1d10/5)	2+(1d10/5)	4
12	40+1d10	10+(1d10/5)	4+(1d10/5)	5
13	50+1d10	10+(1d10/5)	4+(1d10/5)	6
14	60+2d10	15+(1d10/5)	4+(1d10/5)	7
15	70+3d10	15+(1d10/5)	6+(1d10/5)	8
16	80+4d10	15+(1d10/2)	6+(1d10/5)	9
17	90+5d10	15+(1d10/2)	6+(1d10/5)	10
18	100+5d10	20+(1d10/5)	8+(1d10/5)	11
19	150+5d10	20+(1d10/5)	8+(1d10/5)	12
20	200+10d10	20+(1d10/2)	8+(1d10/5)	13

Table 7–11: Allies

d10 Roll	Centigors	Minotaurs	Doombulls
10 or less	0	0	0
11–12	1	0	0
13–14	1d10/5	1	0
15–16	1d10/2	1d10/5	0
17–18	1d10	1d10/2	1
19–20	5+1d10	1d10	1d10/5

Table 7–12: Minions

d10 Roll	Tuskgors	Warhounds
0 or less	0	0
1–2	0	1
3–4	0	1d10/5
5–6	1	(1d10+2)/3
7–8	1d10/5	1d10/2
9–10	(1d10+2)/3	1d10
11–12	1d10/2	2d10
13–14	1d10	3d10
15–16	2d10	4d10
17–18	3d10	5d10
19 or more	4d10	6d10

— The Language — of Chaos

The secrets of Chaos cannot be expressed in the simple tongues of mortals. Reikspiel is insufficient to express the wonder and experiences of transformation. Tilean lacks the words to encapsulate the nature of Chaos. Even Eltharin cannot fully define the nature of Chaos using its words alone. No, Chaos is elusive, incomprehensible, and maddening. To lift the lid, to peer into its secrets and understand what you see, you must have a mind that can accept and describe the experience.

The Dark Tongue does just this. It is a robust language loosely derived from the arcane language of Daemons. When written, it uses blasphemous Chaos runes that, even when drawn with ordinary materials, seem to crawl and writhe on the page. Used by Chaos's servants and its creatures, only those depraved of mind and wholly given over to the Ruinous Powers can appreciate its nuances.

Runes of the Beast Tongue

Aa		M		1	
Ar		N		2	
Ak		O		3	
Bh, b		Ph		4	
Ch, kh		Rh		5	
Dh		S		6	
E, ii		Sh		7	
F		T, tz		8	
Gh		U		9	
Gu		Ul		10	
Gz		V		100	
H		W, uu		1000	
I, cc		Y			
Kw, qu		Z, zh			
L					

Chaos Runes

When written, the Dark Tongue uses Chaos Runes. These inscriptions can be found in everything related to Chaos, from banners and the Chaos Monoliths that demarcate the boundaries of the Chaos Wastes, to the hasty scratches on Herdstones, etching on weapons, and marks on shrines and temples, daubed in blood or dung. Chaos Runes are distinctive, readily identifiable for their character; there is no mistaking a Chaos Rune for anything other than what it is.

Chaos Runes as Markers

Chaos Runes represent ideas and experiences. In a sense, these Runes are shorthand for more complex phrases. A single Rune could represent a mutation or even mark a place of significant pools of *Dhar*. It's believed there's a single rune for every mutation, every change that has ever existed and will come to be. Many creatures blessed by the Dark Gods also discover these odd Runes pressing against their flesh from within. Hidden Mutants may cut these symbols out of their skin to preserve their cover. Hence, extensive scar tissue makes Witch Hunters suspicious.

Phonetic Runes

Chaos runes are represented by phonetic runes. These are used just like letters, forming words and phrases based on their arrangements. The runes are evolved from the Daemonic phonetic runes used in scribing spells and rituals. Such writings are highly sought in the Empire and beyond. Witch Hunters and other agents of the cult of Sigmar seek to destroy these writings, while cultists covet them for the secrets they contain.

The Dark Tongue

The Dark Tongue, sometimes called the Black Speech, is the language of Chaos, spoken by its servants and followers. It is the only language that can adequately express the mysteries of Chaos, capturing the mystical and the arcane in ways that no other language can. While similar in some ways to Daemonic—the magical language used for casting Chaos spells and rituals—Black Speech lacks the magical weight found in the other more blasphemous tongue. Speaking the Dark Tongue does not (always) attract the attention of the Dark Gods, nor can it be used to speak the incantations needed to cast a spell or recite a ritual. The Dark Tongue is also a root language for others spoken in the Old World and beyond. Queekish is ultimately a bastardisation of the Black Speech, polluted by mispronunciations and injected with squeaks, trills, and other sounds, since the Ratmen lack the mouth structure to enunciate the words properly. Also, the Dark Elves of Naggaroth speak a related language called Black Elven, which blends the lexicons of Eltharin (the tongue of High Elves) and Black Speech, though they use pure Dark Tongue when discussing matters related to sorcery.

As mentioned, the Dark Tongue is rich in phrases and words that express the complex nature of Chaos. Many make the mistake of attributing basic meanings to the words, but each holds far greater meaning and significance than a translation can supply. Each word encompasses a broad range of concepts, each with a different connotation depending on their arrangement with other words in the language and the addition of prefixes and suffixes, revealing different and deeper meanings held within the root. And, of course, mutating the root yields even more meanings.

Though the individual words have incredible depth, there are far fewer words in the Black Speech than in many other languages, though the root mutations as well as the addition of prefixes and suffixes allow innumerable variations. Thus, few speakers of the Dark Tongue know the language fluently or learn the many secrets it hides. As a result, this tongue is an effective means of expression for occult lore.

Beast Tongue

Like the Skaven, Beastmen have a difficult time forming the words of the Dark Tongue with their malformed bestial maws. As a result, they use a crude mixture of Dark Tongue, body movements, grunts, clicks, and pops, collectively called the Beast Tongue. This language sounds more like noise than a sophisticated tongue, being not much more than an indescribable muttering and grumbling. Add to this the shrieks, howls, and bleats that Beastmen use to punctuate and emphasise their phrases and there's considerable debate whether Beastmen speak a language at all. But regardless of prevailing opinions, Beastmen are an intelligent race, and despite their brutish aspect, and the fact that some of their kind cannot speak at all, they use their Tongue effectively, conveying a wide range of subjects and concepts.

The Beast Tongue is beyond Mankind's ability to speak. In the rare instances when Beastmen deign to talk with Humans, they use a mix of basic Dark Tongue, body language, and gestures, only descending to Beast Tongue when frustrated, and killing the Human when really frustrated.

Runes of the Beast Tongue

The Beastmen use a simplified form of the phonetic runes used in Dark Tongue to mark Herdstones or to leave messages for other members of their herd. These are always crude for Beastmen lack the precision needed to write clearly. Most Beastmen use their bodily wastes instead, finding the experience far more rewarding than taking the time to scribble something on a rock.

Chapter VIII: Menagerie of the Strange

"Our land is home to many creatures touched by the marks of the Ruinous Powers. Three winged birds, wolves with no skin, and men with the head and torsos of beasts. Harden your hearts and let no pity soften them. They are the spawn of Chaos and it is our task, our duty to destroy them."

—Devin Weibruber, Roadwarden

Old Worlders believe their lands to be inhabited by an array of strange creatures. Some are real, others are imagined, fancies of the frightened and paranoid. Others are strange, twisted things touched by Chaos to become something beyond what nature would ever produce on its own. These are the beasts of legend, the seemingly impossible, and the bizarre. Often the products of extensive mutations, these creatures may have begun as ordinary creatures but developed the features and capabilities of other animals, becoming fusions such as the Chimera. Others are the result of ordinary creatures gaining too many mutations, such as the Chaos Slime and Chaos Spawn. Others still are the dreams of the Ruinous Powers brought to life in all their awfulness. What follows is a collection of some of the strangest creatures in the Old World. Nearly all of these monsters are rare enough that characters may encounter them just once in their entire careers. In short, use these creatures sparingly. For more examples of fantastical and legendary beasts, be sure to check out the *Old World Bestiary* and the *WFRP Companion*.

New Talents

Tome of Corruption introduces the following new Talents to *WFRP*.

Expert Climber

Description: Creatures with this talent may use the Scale Sheer Surface Skill as a half action. They may also use this skill as a full action to climb a number of yards equal to their Movement Characteristic for each successful test.

Formless

Description: Formless creatures have a mutable shape. All hits are Body hits. Any Critical Hits use the rules for Sudden Death Critical Hits as described in *WFRP* page 133.

"I have spent my life cataloguing the various creatures in the Old World. I've travelled to Bretonnia, Tilea, Estalia, and even spent three years in Araby studying obscure references. From my experiences, there are many strange and terrifying things, queer blends of various creatures that should not be. For instance, in our own Empire, the Emperor keeps Griffons! And in Bretonnia, they have horses that fly! Natural horses do not have wings. To say that a Griffon is a natural creature, when so clearly it is an abomination... but I digress. The Dark Gods have a long reach, twisting and mutating the innocent and guilty alike. How many bizarre creatures have I found that are in fact unique in their physical corruption? I do not know."

—Reinholt Schent, Scholar of the Fantastic

Scales

Description: The creature has tough scales that protect it like armour. This talent provides the creature with a number of Armour Points on all locations equal to the number noted in parenthesis. For example, a creature with Scales (2) has 2 Armour Points on each location.

Amphisbaena

"I always cut the head an' tail from a snake. That way I know it's dead."

—Levin Fiegler, Hunter

I honestly have no idea how such a creature could exist without the touch of Chaos. This creature has all the characteristics of a normal serpent, but in place of its tail, it has a second head. Furthermore, it seems it has strong scales that deflect blows, somewhat akin to those found on a Dragon.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The Amphisbaena is a rare creature originally found only in the darkest jungles of Lustria, where strange energies welled up from beneath the ground. It looks like a normal snake, but instead of its body ending in a tail, it sprouts a second head. When discovered by Tilean explorers in the early sixteenth century, they brought the creature back as a symbol of their excellence and as an example of the wonders found in the New World. However, on the way back to Tilea, the creature multiplied, and the new creatures slipped free from their cages. The Amphisbaena attacked the crew and killed everyone on board, causing the ship to

smash against the rocks near Sartosa. Since then, these creatures spread throughout Tilea and the Border Princes, even creeping into the southern territory of the Empire. Few have had the bad fortune to see one of these creatures, but it's well known that an encounter with the Amphisbaena spells one's doom.

—Amphisbaena Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	42%	36%	43%	5%	43%	2%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow +10%, Perception, Silent Move +10%
Talents: Natural Weapons, Scales (1)
Special Rules:

- *Constriction:* When grappling, the Amphisbaena gains a +10% bonus to Strength Tests made to damage its opponent.
- *Opportunistic Bite:* Each round whilst grappling, the Amphisbaena may bite as a free action.
- *Poisoned Bite:* An attack that deals at least 1 Wound deals 4 additional Wounds unless the target succeeds on a Toughness Test.
- *Unusual Form:* This creature has an unusual form and 50% of all hits hit the body, with the remaining hits striking one of the creature's two heads.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 1, Head 1, Body 1
Weapons: Fangs
Slaughter Margin: Average

Using Amphisbaenas

An Arabyan cultist comes to a community in search of a relic purported to be buried in its crypts. Though not stopped from snooping around, his nocturnal ventures to the cemetery arouse suspicion from a local Witch Hunter. When confronted, the cultist denies everything, claiming he was looking for a lost relative. The Witch Hunter grudgingly accepts his story but plans to watch the man more closely. To remove suspicion from himself, and also to eliminate the threat posed by the Witch Hunter, the Arabyan sends his nasty pet, an Amphisbaena, to deal with the man.

The next morning, the innkeeper discovers the Witch Hunter dead. The cause of death is unknown, as the door was locked from within and the room sits on the third floor. The Player Characters are asked to look into the matter, to determine the cause of death, and to find the killer.

Amalgamation Beast

Host of Souls, Knot of the Damned

When mortal emotions reach the Realm of Chaos, they often take the form of individual Daemons. On occasion, though, they clump together to form unruly blobs of energy that function like cancers in the void. When they get too large, they are ejected into the Chaos Wastes where they take shape, becoming something out of a madman's nightmares.

The Amalgamation Beast is a massive bag of undulating flesh. Its hide consists of countless faces stitched together and animated by Chaos. Each individual face is frozen in some expression of joy, hate, love, or despair, lending to its madness-inspiring appearance. It pulls itself along with great tentacles that shoot forth from its quivering body and drag it forward so that it can rend its foes with its gnashing teeth. And when it slays a mortal, the tentacles pull the corpse close so it can absorb the body, adding one more face to its form.

—Amalgamation Beast Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
46%	0%	55%	56%	21%	0%	0%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	26	5	5 (7)	4	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Daemonic Aura (see page 225), Natural Attacks, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Terrifying
Special Rules:

- *Absorb:* Whenever an Amalgamation Beast slays a living creature, that creature's corpse and essence is drawn inside the monster, lending its strength to its form. The Amalgamation Beast recovers 1d10/2 Wounds and increases its Strength and Toughness Characteristics by +1d10%.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Beast with a Thousand Arms, Legs, Faces. An Amalgamation Beast has a 25% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the additional mutation if present and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Hideous Strength:* All Amalgamation Beast attacks count as having the Impact Quality.
- *Mindless:* Amalgamation Beasts have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Using the Amalgamation Beast

In the wake of the Storm of Chaos, there are many terrible things scattered throughout the Empire, from rampaging Beasts of Chaos to the occasional Daemon that refuses to go home. In places of heavy fighting, there's plenty of places where an Amalgamation Beast might hide and hunt.

Amalgamation Beasts are far more common in the Chaos Wastes, where they pull themselves along, looking for new flesh to add to their horrific forms. Such a monster could prove very dangerous if it drifted further south, say into Kislev.

Basilisk

"We have a cave near Luccini, hey? No one goes there anymore, but you-a can see-a the statues of those who did."

—Paulo, Mercenary

The Basilisk is a rare creature with strange powers. Growing to a prodigious size, one can always identify these creatures by the bright white marking on its head. Its breath scorches the grass and bursts rocks. Some say these creatures can turn a man to stone with a glance. Whilst the Classical references have many accounts of these beasts, they are many and often contrary, casting their entire existence into question.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

Creatures of Chaos that originated in the Chaos Wastes, the Basilisk has slowly drifted into the Empire and Dark Lands. It looks like a huge, eight-legged reptile with a crocodilian maw and is covered in a tough, horny hide. Measuring over 15-feet long, the basilisk is sometimes

mistaken for a mutated Dragon. Sometimes encountered in the Empire, Basilisks tend to prefer the warmer climes of deserts or volcanic cave systems.

—Basilisk Statistics—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
33%	0%	52%	43%	30%	14%	14%	3%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
3	15	5	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move
Talents: Excellent Vision, Fearless, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Poison, Scales (3), Strike to Injure
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* A Basilisk has a 25% chance of having a mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate. Re-roll any die rolls that result in Chaos Spawn.
- *Petrifying Gaze:* A Basilisk's gaze can turn creatures into stone. It can target one creature it can see within 10 yards (5 squares) per round. Creatures can avert their gaze by succeeding a Will Power Test, but if they do so, they take a –20% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests until the Basilisk's next action. If the Basilisk attacks a creature that averts its gaze, the Basilisk gains a +20% bonus to its Weapon Skill Test.

  A target that is affected by the Basilisk's gaze must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or instantly and permanently be turned to stone.
- *Poison Bite:* The Basilisk's breath and saliva are powerfully toxic. An attack that deals at least 1 Wound deals 6 additional Wounds unless the target succeeds on a Toughness Test.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Basilisks

For years, a successful mining company had exported iron ore to Nuln, but suddenly, the wagons stopped coming. The Richthoften Family, who buys the majority of the ore, grows concerned and hires the Player Characters to investigate the mine. Once there, the Characters find, instead of miners, a number of suspiciously lifelike statues.

Cavity Worm

"I once had a toothache, doncha know? So, I goes to me barber, and I sez, heya sirrah, please pull this for me, would ya? He sez, sure, you know? So I opens me gob, real wide, and my friend came close to look for the little culprit. He probes around a bit wit his finger an' all. It tasted like ham, that finger did. Anyhow, he probed around, and then screams and backs away, a'starin at his finger (the ham one). On the end of it 'twas a big brown worm. Worst day of me life, that was."

—Gerber Guth, Swineherd

It always amazes me when I hear people downplay the threat of Chaos. How much evidence must we have before Humanity realises its danger? The hand of the Ruinous Powers can touch anything, from our families to the very food we eat. There are several documented cases of mutated parasites found in food and water. Unsuspecting fools take in this tainted fare, and the vermin burrow into the gums, or even teeth where, they feed on their victim's exhalations. The more rotten the mouth, the fatter the parasite grows. Eventually, if undetected, the thing grows into a full worm and burrows its way into the brain.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The Cavity Worm is a disturbing parasite that infests dirty water and spoilt foodstuffs. About an inch long, and a quarter of an inch wide, the worm has a mottled green-brown hide that forms a strange pattern of a skull near its head. Mothers tell stories of Cavity Worms to frighten their children into keeping their mouths clean, so most Old Worlders dismiss these creatures as nothing more than cautionary tales.

—Cavity Worm Statistics—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
5%	0%	6%	11%	18%	2%	10%	4%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +30%
Talents: None
Special Rules:

- *Burrow:* Once ingested, the Cavity Worm burrows into the soft tissues of the mouth or throat. It secretes an anaesthetic fluid that instantly numbs the affected area. Each day, the victim may make a Challenging (–10%) Perception Test to notice the worm

growing inside. On a success, he can extract it, but must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

- *Feed:* The Cavity Worm feeds on breath: the essence of the spirit. For as long as this parasite remains, the host takes a –10% penalty to all tests. After a week, the parasite begins its route to the victim's brain. Each day, the victim may make a Routine (+10%) Perception Test to notice the blood leaking from his mouth. Removal of the Cavity Worm at this stage requires a Challenging (–10%) Surgery Test. If the Cavity Worm is not removed after three more days, it is no longer possible to remove the parasite and the victim loses –1d10% from his Intelligence Characteristic and gains 1 Insanity Point each week thereafter. Once the victim's Intelligence Characteristic falls to 0% or lower, he dies. The Cavity Worm lays its eggs in the porous ruin of his brain that hatch 1d10 days later, at which point they ooze out of the cadaver's nostrils to find a new host.
- *Tiny:* The Cavity Worm is very small. To even notice them, a Character must succeed on a Perception Test. All hits are Body hits. Use rules for Sudden Death Critical Hits as described in *WFRP* page 133.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0
Weapons: None
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Cavity Worms

Frito Custard inherited the family meatbread business, consigning him to a life of selling fine Halfling loafs on street corners to undeserving Humans. After being spit upon, laughed at, and openly ridiculed, he lowered his standards for his ingredients and started harvesting the "meat" from the sewers. About 10 days later, things started to turn strange. Instead of people just falling ill, they were weak and out of breath. And then they went crazy and finally died. Frito's now lying low, hoping no one traces this outbreak back to him.

Chaos Dragon

It's whispered amongst the Northern tribes that somewhere in the icy peaks, there are Dragons, but not the ones of legend. These are the mutant spawn of Galrauch, the ancient Dragon who was corrupted by Tzeentch. The Chaos Dragons are thankfully rare and content to spend the eons buried in their lairs, brimming with hatred and plotting the destruction of all that lives. But when the Dark Gods call, not even these monsters can resist the urge to wage war for the Ruinous Powers. But they are fickle creatures, quick to turn on their allies should it give them the advantage.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

A Chaos Dragon dimly resembles its uncorrupted kin. It has a massive bloated body that splits into two long trunk-like necks that end in heads of horns and fangs. One head smokes with the fires that burn in its gullet, whilst the other sends plumes of acidic gasses into the air to scorch the land. Thick scales cover the body in places, but in others, its organs and muscles are revealed, pumping the corruption through a system of exposed veins and arteries. Its fiery heart beats within, sending showers of sparks onto the ground as it passes.

—Chaos Dragon Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
64%	0%	65%	68%	30%	47%	89%	34%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	61	6	6	6 (8)	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) +20%, Charm, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Beastmen, Chaos Wastes +10%, Dragons +20%), Evaluate +10%, Gossip, Intimidate +20%, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue, plus any three)
Talents: Excellent Vision, Flier, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Scales (5), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Breathe Fire:* Each of a Chaos Dragon's two heads can damage with its breath as a full action for both. Use the cone template for each head. One head breathes fire, dealing a Damage 8 hit to all affected. The other is a corrosive gas, that deals a Damage 4 hit that ignores armour.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Multiple Heads. In addition, a Chaos Dragon has a number of extra mutations. Roll 1d10. On a 1–4, 1 mutation; 5–8, 2 mutations; 9–10, 3 mutations. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the additional mutations, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Rending Attacks:* A Chaos Dragon's natural weapons are so razor sharp that they count as having the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities.
- *Speed of Attack:* A Dragon has so many ways to attack—claws, tail, teeth, even wings—that it can attack twice with the standard attack action instead of the normal once.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5
Weapons: Claws, Tail, Teeth, Wings
Slaughter Margin: Impossible

Using Chaos Dragons

If you would like your group to roll up new Characters, nothing makes a more exciting end than adding a Chaos Dragon to the mix.

Chaos Slime

"I'm an 'onest man, an' I tell no lies. When I wuz fight'n them Mutants up near the Brass Keep, I faced a real nasty one. Juicy I'd say. A clear fluid dripped from ' is nose and eyes. 'Ee ev'n dribbled from 'is chin. Well, I shoved me pike through 'is middle, and 'ee died badly... all weepin' and cryin'. Or at least tha's wot I thought. But all tha' runny stuff poured outta 'im, spilling on the ground, making some new thing. Sigmar's Sausage, I ran. Fast. Stuff like that jes ain't right."

—Hans, Pikeman

What is generally called Chaos Slime is an unusual phenomenon amongst certain Mutants. From my research, it seems these individuals gain an extra humour that swiftly devours all others in the body until only a pale, thin ichor remains. The body continues to produce this substance at an alarming rate, until the mortal form can no longer contain it. Then it breaks free and oozes along the ground. Do not be deceived by its form; these "slimes" retain something of their intelligence. Some theorise that Amoeba originate from these Mutants.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

No one knows for certain where Chaos Slime comes from. Some theorists suggest it is residue left once a Daemon is destroyed. Others claim the substance comes from Mutants overwhelmed with corruption. Whatever the case may be, Chaos Slime is rare in the Empire, as it is generally only found in the Troll Country and Chaos Wastes. Reports of the substance also occasionally filter out from Praag.

A Chaos Slime looks like a puddle of light pink or blue fluid. When a living creature untainted by Chaos comes within 4 yards (2 squares) it suddenly comes to life, lashing out with a tendril of slime. Survivors of encounters with these things rarely emerge unscathed.

—Chaos Slime Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	0%	33%	56%	13%	18%	26%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	18	3	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%
Talents: Formless, Natural Weapons, Resistant to Magic, Unsettling, Wrestling
Special Rules:

- *Creeping:* Chaos slime is slow but relentless. It may not take the run action.
- *Engulf:* When the Chaos Slime makes a successful attack, it automatically engulfs its targets. Subjects of this attack are smothered as the fluid fills their nostrils and mouth, causing the victim to lose 1 Wound, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour, at the beginning of each round. Victims count as being grappled (*WFRP* page 131) for the purpose of escaping. While engulfed, the subject can take no other action other than attempting to escape. Finally, the first time a subject is engulfed by Chaos Slime, he must pass a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.
- *Bestow Mutation:* When the Chaos Slime successfully engulfs a target, that target must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test each round it remains engulfed, or it gains a mutation (becoming a Mutant). After six failed tests, the victim transforms into a Chaos Spawn. The Chaos Slime then releases the subject and returns to its innate state.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Pseudopodia
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Chaos Slime

A rash of sudden and spontaneous mutations grips an isolated community. Each day, someone else succumbs to the horrible change, until the Mutants soon outnumber the clean. Through their travels, the Player Characters stumble into this place, finding it mostly deserted. The few people who remain are terrified and desperately want the help of the Characters but have been instructed not to reveal the source of the change—a puddle of Chaos Slime—by the new mayor: a powerful Mutant that teeters on the brink of becoming a Chaos Spawn. The PCs must read the clues and gestures from the untainted to discover the source of the corruption, and destroy it if they can.

Chimera

The origins of the Chimera are shrouded in myth and legend. Clearly a creature of Chaos, for its very form defies that of natural laws, it has been a source of menace in our Empire for as long as it has stood and before. There are specific legends regarding its origins, most of which source from the ancestors who ruled the petty kingdoms that grew on what is now Tilea and the Border Princes. Consider this one for example:

There was once a cruel and despotic king in a small land called Calia. The king, Amidemachus, was bellicose and greedy, always wanting more. He pushed his armies into endless wars, attacked his neighbours, betrayed his allies, and was a scourge of the Black Gulf.

One day, whilst heading to one of his many wars, this king spied the daughter of Iobanes, the king of Lucin. Amidemachus sent his messengers to the Lucin king, demanding that the monarch hand over his daughter for marriage. Iobanes, knowing the cruelty and wickedness of this hateful king, refused and readied his people for war. Enraged, the king of Calia sent all his armies to raze Lucin, to slaughter its people in the name of his unholy God. But the Lucinians were a sturdy people, used to warfare and hardship. They stood fast in the face of such numbers and held their city for ten years.

Amidemachus grew even more enraged, consumed with lust for the maiden he coveted. So he entreated his Dark Gods for help to overthrow the stubborn Lucinian king. The foul deities were only too happy to aid this bold mortal and subjected him to their cruel magic, transforming him from a man into an abomination that would enhance his virtues. His courage and ferocity gave birth to his lion head and body. His tenacity and stubbornness spawned a goat's head. His noble blood gave him eagle's wings and claws. Lastly his treacherousness and duplicity created a serpent's head.

Though bizarre and hideous, Amidemachus was pleased, and in his new form, he drove his flagging armies into the phalanxes of his foes. Amidemachus slaughtered thousands of soldiers himself, drawing ever closer to King Iobanes' castle, butchering all who stood in his path. Finally, at the foot of the castle he prepared to shatter the doors, when he heard a noise. Thrusting up his three mighty heads, he spied a bold warrior astride a Pegasus. Down the warrior flew, lance in hand, calling out to the evil king to fight. Thinking to swiftly defeat the fool and scatter the Lucinian armies, Amidemachus took to the air to meet the upstart warrior.

For ten years, the beast and the warrior fought in the skies, and their blood rained upon the land. When it hit, new horrors were born, scourging the lands below. But the two warriors continued to fight, hacking away at each other, unmindful of what they wrought below. Finally, the hero drove his mighty lance into Amidemachus' eye, sending the beast crashing to the ground. The hero, sagging in his saddle, surveyed the blackened landscape and wept for all the death he had wrought. He saw that from each drop

of blood, a new beast was born. To right his wrongs, he committed himself to ending the sons of the King.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

Clearly a creature of Chaos, the Chimera is a composite being, composed of a serpent, lion, eagle, and goat. About 15-feet long, its body resembles that of a large feline with the hindquarters of a goat. The tail is usually that of a lion, but terminates in a spiked or clubbed end. The creature's wings are those of some enormous eagle. It generally has three heads, but since it is a creature of Chaos, it can have upwards of six heads. Most resemble serpents, lions, or goats, but others are possible.

—Chimera Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	0%	66%	66%	33%	14%	74%	12%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	41	6	6	5 (10)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow +10%, Outdoor Survival
Talents: Flier, Frenzy, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Foul Stench, Thick Fur. A Chimera has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate. Re-roll any die rolls that result in Chaos Spawn.
- *Venomous Bite:* The Chimera's spittle is highly acidic and burns the flesh on contact. All successful attacks automatically deal 1 extra Wound ignoring Toughness Bonus or armour. In addition, the victim must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Toughness Test or die in 1d10 rounds.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1
Weapons: Claws, Teeth, Spiked Tail
Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

Using Chimeras

Despite its inherent wickedness, the Empire has at times employed Chimerae in war. Such efforts have been as costly to the Imperial forces as it was to their enemies, but the destruction wrought amongst Greenskins and even rival provinces was enough to offset their own casualties when, inevitably, the beast tore free from its handlers and slaughtered their own troops. In recent years, use of Chimerae has fallen off as new commanders recognised the danger of using them. Add to this the ban put in place by the cult of Sigmar, and one could safely say that use of these creatures has come to an end. However, not all of its adherents have given up, and there have been recent attempts to re-establish the Chimera as a central weapon in the Empire's defences. There have been no casualties yet, but most believe it's just a matter of time.

Dragon Ogres

"There are things in them hills, and I'm not talking about Mutants or Greenskins neither. Last month, I was walking the hills like I always do, but this time I spied a strange hole in the ground. It was easily ten-paces across, and there was this smell. It was sorta like that smell when lightning strikes. Anyhow, I went a bit closer so I could see into the hole. Since it was a sunny day, Sigmar bless me, I could see that deep down there was some sort of nest, made of scales and bones. Had to be a Dragon, I thought, but as I was backing away, there were all the symbols scratched on the walls of the hole... symbols like I saw used by Beastmen sometimes. I dunno what was down there, but it is free now."

—Haug the Tracker

Mankind was not the first race to walk the lands. Elves and Dwarfs preceded us by centuries if not millennia. But what came before them? Some say the Dragon Ogres. I've only heard rumours of these creatures, accounts from battlefields and in the histories of the Great War Against Chaos. But with some careful investigation in the Vaults beneath the Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf, I was able to piece together some sort of history for this unusual race. It seems that they were the first thinking race in our world to form a pact with the Dark Gods. And in exchange for their service, the Gods granted them immortality.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The fabled Dragon Ogre, at a cursory glance, appears to be a composite creature, similar to Centigors with the lower half similar to some great reptile, hence the Dragon component of their name. It has four powerful legs that end in sharp, black, curving claws. The trunk, while scaly, is a pale pink, spotted with green blobs. It grows thick fur to protect its tender places. A long, spiked tail whips about it, presumably to drive off the flies that seem to be drawn to their stink. The other half of their form is the head, arms, and torso of some Daemonic man. Only in the loosest meaning is there anything akin to an Ogre in the appearance—at most it can be attributed to the size. Instead, it has strong reptilian features, a maw filled with fangs, and red slits for eyes.

Dragon Ogres, known in the Dark Tongue as Shartaks, Sharunocks, and Garthors, are believed to be among the oldest creatures in the world, and walked the earth when the Gate of Heaven still remained intact. Legends claim these rare beasts are kin to Dragons, the result of an ancient pact with the Ruinous Powers to stave off their inevitable extinction. In any event, the Dragon Ogres are uncommon, only emerging when called by the Dark Gods to wage war against Mankind.

The Chaos Gods send terrible storms, with flashing lightning, to awaken these slumbering terrors. Once stirred, the Dragon Ogres descend from their reclusive mountain homes or from their hidden lairs in the Chaos Wastes to lead Warbands of Beastmen into battle. Such instances are thankfully. Since the Dragon Ogres are a dying race, they are quick to retreat from battles they clearly cannot win. Though they will bow before their infernal masters, they refuse to serve Daemons lest they risk their immortal soul.

—Dragon Ogre Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48%	22%	55%	48%	28%	38%	48%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	34	5	4	7	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History) +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Intimidate +20%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (any two)
Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Poison, Scales (2), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strong-minded
Special Rules:
- *Storm Rage:* Dragon Ogres are immune to all lightning and electrical attacks, magical or otherwise. A Dragon Ogre hit with such an attack gains +10% to its Strength and +1 Attack Characteristics for 1d10 rounds. Multiple exposures to these attacks increase the duration of these bonuses.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2
Weapons: Claws, Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe)
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Dragon Ogre Shaggoth

It's believed the only way a Dragon Ogre can die is through death in battle, and so long as they can draw lightning into their aged forms, they can refresh themselves, sustaining their lives indefinitely. The older the Dragon Ogre, the larger and more powerful it grows, and so the most ancient of this race are enormous beasts of incredible power. Alive since before the Elves developed a written language, and some suspect before the arrival of the Old Ones, the oldest Dragon Ogres, called Shaggoths, have persisted and grown larger with their corruption. During the Great War against Chaos, there are rumours that these beasts towered over the forest canopy and even the towers of ill-fated Praag.

—Dragon Ogre Shaggoth Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
69%	38%	58%	56%	32%	58%	68%	30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	66	5	5	7	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History) +20%, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Common Knowledge (any three), Intimidate +30%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (any four)
Talents: Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Poison, Scales (4), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows (see page 122), Will of Iron
Special Rules:
- *Hideous Strength:* All Dragon Ogre attacks count as having the Impact Quality.
- *Storm Rage:* Dragon Ogres are immune to all lightning and electrical attacks, magical or otherwise. A Dragon Ogre hit with such an attack gains +10% to its Strength and +1 Attack Characteristics for 1d10 rounds. Multiple exposures to these attacks increase the duration of these bonuses.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4
Weapons: Claws, Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

Using Dragon Ogres

Dragon Ogres only emerge from their lairs when compelled by the Dark Gods. As a result, these creatures ought to be extremely rare, their very appearance foretelling a great doom upon the world. In the wake of the Storm of Chaos, a few Dragon Ogres have yet to return to their lairs, and may be encountered in the Great Forest, Forest of Shadows, Middle Mountains, and, of course, in the Chaos Wastes. One possible adventure hook would be to link a Dragon Ogre lair to the crypt of a fallen Chaos Warrior. When the Player Characters vanquish the horrid creatures dwelling there, they discover a door sealed with silver and adorned with Elven glyphs and sigils, placed there by the Elves to contain this ancient horror. Of course, those who built the crypt knew this, and constructed the tomb around this vault to siphon away the magic of the runes.

Fen Worm

"Forget about the stories of the Daemons of the Marsh. They don't exist. What you need to watch for are the Fen Worms. I saw one over thirty feet long!"

—Kyle Trottsten, Boatman

Gigantism is the most common effect of Chaos on natural creatures. Look at the Fen Worm, for example. Little more than a snake, the only thing that sets it apart from others of its kind is its prodigious size.

—Reinholt Schent, Scholar of the Fantastic

Swamps and fens are noted places for harbouring the horrors of Chaos. Aside from the whispered tales of Daemons and Mutants worse haunting these trackless wastes, there are tales of something far worse. Known as the Great Serpent, Marsh Dragon, and Eater of the Dead, the Fen Worm is a terrifying threat to wildlife and travellers who foolishly enter these gloomy expanses. A massive serpent, the Fen Worm stretches some 20- to 30-feet in length and is easily three-foot wide. Its scaly hide is a riot of greens and browns, aiding its ability to lay concealed in the muck, and its head is broad with great, emerald eyes fitted on either side. It can unhinge its jaw to swallow men and even horses. Whilst a massive beast, it is hard to spot since it buries itself in the mud, lying in wait until its unwary prey passes overtop of it.

—Fen Worm Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	64%	41%	32%	10%	12%	4%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	23	6	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Perception +20%, Silent Move
Talents: Natural Weapons, Scales (3), Unsettling

Special Rules:

- *Burrow:* The Fen Worm can burrow into the soft mud or silt at a speed equal to its Movement Characteristic.
- *Constriction:* When grappling, the Fen Worm gains a +20% bonus to Strength Tests made to damage its opponent.
- *Poisoned Bite:* An attack that deals at least 1 Wound deals 5 additional Wounds unless the target succeeds on a Toughness Test.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3
Weapons: Fangs
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Fen Worms

Found almost exclusively in the Cursed Marshes surrounding Marienburg, many merchants employ mercenaries to safeguard their caravans as they move through this blighted land. Thankfully, Fen Worms are uncommon threats, encountered only rarely. Locals believe that these creatures are actually guardians for deposits of Warpstone. True or not, few go seeking the Fen Worm's lair.

Jabberwock

"But ma! I milked the cow... but the Jabberwock stole it!"

—Pinhead the Monkey Boy, Village Fool

With each new Incursion comes some new unimaginable horror, some impossible beast warped by the energies of Chaos. Many of these creatures are unclassifiable, uniquely disturbing entities so overwhelmed with corruption that their very natures bar them from reproducing. However, a few breed and do spawn a new race of horrors. One such race is the Jabberwock. Although it can reproduce, few members of its kind have any shared characteristics, being subject to an appalling number of mutations.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The legendary Jabberwock, captured in folk tale and song, is a terrible creature of the forests. Lacking much in the way of intelligence, it is bold and aggressive, attacking nearly anything it encounters. Though varied in appearance, there are some common features that set these creatures apart from other Old World horrors. Jabberwocks are generally twelve-foot tall or more. Perched on its long, scrawny neck is a hideous head with a great slobbering maw and wattles on its cheeks. Many Jabberwocks have wings, though none fly—or, at least, none discovered have been able to fly. Instead, they flap their wings when excited, creating a disconcerting noise. Jabberwocks can be of any colour, and many are faintly luminous.

—Jabberwock Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
79%	0%	55%	67%	14%	12%	89%	8%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	47	5	6	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Scale Sheer Surface, Swim
Talents: Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Bizarre Colouration, Leathery Skin. A Jabberwock has a 50% chance of having (1d10+2)/3 additional mutations. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate. Re-roll any die rolls that result in Chaos Spawn.
- *Confused by Pain:* If the Jabberwock is reduced to 5 Wounds or less, it can take no actions until it regenerates to at least 6 Wounds.
- *Regeneration:* At the start of its turn each round, a Jabberwock regenerates 1d10 Wounds. Wounds caused by fire cannot be regenerated. This ability ceases to function if the Jabberwock dies.
- *Stupid:* Jabberwocks are quite stupid and often forget what they're doing. Any time a Jabberwock encounters something that might distract it, such as a fresh corpse to eat or a particular ripe smell to investigate, it must make an Intelligence Test or stop whatever it was doing to engage with the new distraction (in the above examples, eat the corpse or investigate the smell). If the Jabberwock is being attacked, it is less likely to be distracted, and the test becomes Easy (+20%).
- *Venomous Bite:* The Jabberwock's bite is vile and full of toxins. If the Jabberwock deals at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or die in a number of rounds equal to his Toughness Bonus.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth and Claws
Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

Using Jabberwocks

As creatures of Chaos, Jabberwocks run the gamut in appearance and characteristics. For most Old Worlders, the Jabberwock is something of a bogeyman, a tale told to frighten children into doing their chores. These creatures also serve as effigies to burn when something goes wrong. For example, when the wind blows down a line of laundry, it's clearly the work of the Jabberwock. On occasion, the superstitions of the commoners are correct, and one of these creatures really does threaten their homes. In these times, they often turn to outsiders for help. So, sometimes, a bold hero ventures into the wood to dispatch the foul beast with an exceptionally sharp sword.

Lashworm

"Watch yourself Manling! Doncha know thar's a lashworm nest? One of them buggers'll tear a chunk of yer arm away."

—Kraggrum Blackfist

The creatures of Chaos are many and varied. They lurk beneath the waves of the sea, in the depths of our forests, and even under our very feet. Dwarfs tell of a strange breed of rock creature that darts out from hidden crevices to snatch a morsel of flesh.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The Lashworm is a small, carnivorous creature that lurks in shadowy crevices and fissures. Lashworms, though often found below ground, can live anywhere there is darkness and moisture and may take up residence in homes and trees. An infestation of Lashworms is hard to detect since they instinctively disguise themselves with dirt, moss, and any other available materials, and even then, only their soft hairs can be seen.

It is these hairs that allow the creature to subsist. Extremely sensitive to disturbances in the air, the hairs allow the Lashworm to detect any movement within close by. When something comes within range, the hairs trigger the creature's impossibly long, thin, saw-like organ, which it fires at the intruder. The "lash" tears a piece of flesh and then retracts, bringing the meal back to its lair. One such attack is enough to sustain the Lashworm for hours.

Lashworms come in several different shapes and sizes, depending on their climate. Forest-dwelling varieties have brown and green hairs, while subterranean ones are black and mottled brown. All Lashworms have two distinct body parts. The first is the "anchor," which holds the Lashworm's mouth and stomach as well as hundreds of tiny claws that fix it to one place. The other part is the lash. When not used, the creature keeps its lash curled up within its body.

—Lashworm Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
0%	33%	10%	12%	24%	0%	0%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	7	1	1	0	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%
Talents: None
Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Lashworms have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.
- *Motion Sensitive:* A Lashworm reactively launches its organ at any creature that comes within 6 yards (3 squares), automatically gaining surprise. Resolve this Test with the creature's Ballistic Skill.
- *Tiny:* The Cavity Worm is very small. To even notice them, a Character must succeed on a Perception Test. All hits are Body hits. Use rules for Sudden Death Critical Hits as described in *WFRP* page 133.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0
Weapons: Lash Organ
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Lashworms

Some Beastmen and even Cultists cultivate Lashworms as guardians. They breed these creatures and place them in concealable locations that offer a direct path to intruders.

Lifekiss

"Ah my precious little bug. Restore my youth and beauty! Bring back my suitors and lovers and grant me the grace to bear the burden of renewed vigour."

—Lady Lucretia, Middenheim Spinster

Kept in small, jewelled boxes, the Lifekiss is an all-too-common accessory for noblewomen in the Empire. Though Priests preach the dangers, few heed them until it's too late. And those who do keep their pacts find the powers of the Treasure Bug lessen and lessen, making them old before their time.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

Few can refuse eternal youth and beauty, perpetual health, and the envy of all their peers. Such vanity is common, and all seek out ways to preserve themselves and stave off the inevitable hand of Morr. It is for this reason that the Lifekiss continues to destroy people all over the Old World.

This small, innocent-seeming creature easily worms its way into the hearts of any who see it. Similar in appearance to a bee, it has a soft furred body and a long tongue that tastes the air and its surroundings. But pleasant appearances aside, what makes this creature so appealing are the beads of moisture that appear in its fur. A simple dab of this nectar can wash away the years, restoring vigour where age has crept in. Hence, such creatures are in high demand by those who can pay its price.

Price indeed! The Lifekiss, despite its pleasant disposition and gentle manner, is a horror of Chaos—one of the foulest. It does indeed wash away the years, but never for long and not without a price. Its restorative excretions are highly addictive, inciting deep cravings for its powers. All it asks for is a little blood, no more than a pinprick, and it will keep its "owner" young… for a time. But once a bargain with the Lifekiss is made, don't break it lest it become cross. Many a notable has tried, but found a stinger for their efforts.

—Lifekiss Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
12%	0%	5%	11%	60%	35%	30%	55%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	1	0	1 (3)	1 (6)	0	0	0

Skills: Charm +10%, Concealment +20%, Dodge Blow +20%, Heal, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move +10%, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic)
Talents: Fearless, Flier, Keen Senses, Lightning Reflexes, Night Vision
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Poisonous Bite (Sting).
- *Milk and Honey:* The Lifekiss exudes thick syrup from its body that can be wiped off easily. When spread on a mortal face, the syrup restores and maintains youth and beauty, removing 1d10 years of age in a single day. For every 30 days of use, apply a cumulative –1 penalty to the number of years removed. This can result in a negative number, making the mortal appear older. A single use of this fluid causes Obsession.
- *Obsession:* Whenever a mortal uses the Lifekiss's Milk and Honey, he must succeed on a Will Power Test or become addicted. He must use the liquid each day. Failure to do so imposes a –20% penalty to all Fellowship Tests for one day. Characters who go seven days without using the Treasure Bug are freed from Obsession.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Stinger (SB–2)
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Lifekisses

These creatures are in high demand the world over and are sold in illicit marketplaces for a steep price. One of the PCs' allies could suddenly look younger, growing in confidence, but also be oblivious to her new condition. In time, she might start showing the effects of age, growing more and more haggard and desperate. When she invites guests to her quarters, her attention seems drawn to a jewelled box. Days later, she's found dead.

Silkens

"Itsy bitsy spider..."

—Children's Rhyme

The Silkens of the Forest of Shadows are one of the many threats found in this dangerous wood. Believed to be kin to spiders, they stretch strands of nearly-invisible sticky silk from tree to tree in the hopes of catching a meal. Make no mistake: these strands are coated with a strong adhesive that tears the flesh to remove. The strands themselves are stronger than two-inch-thick rope. Now, I've never seen a Silken up close, but I've seen chunks of meat suspended in the air, presumably where the victim tore himself free from their strands.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The Silkens are a queer breed of spider creature. Far smaller than any man, they stand no taller than one-foot high. A Silken has eight limbs, but each is more like an extra arm that ends in tiny hands equipped with sucker-like fingers. Their faces are alien, warped into snarling expressions of pure hate. Eight red eyes randomly placed on their heads allow them to see in all directions. Their filthy maw drips foul yellow bile. However, the most defining characteristic of this malicious creature is its silk duct. Just above where a Human's navel would be, is a large, sucking orifice crusted with old

adhesive. By clenching its body, it spits a wad of thick glue, which it can stretch between two points. The Silken does not stick to its own strands.

—Silken Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	0%	18%	22%	48%	21%	28%	14%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	1	2	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%, Dodge Blow +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface +20%, Silent Move
Talents: Contortionist, Expert Climber, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision
Special Rules:

- *Poison:* Living creatures that lose a Wound as a result of a Silken's bite must immediately succeed on a Toughness Test or take a Damage 3 hit that bypasses Toughness Bonus and armour.
- *Strand:* Silkens can produce a blob of gooey material that they can stretch between two anchors up to 6 yards (3 squares) apart. A strand lasts for 1d10 weeks before it disintegrates. Spotting a strand requires a Very Hard (–30%) Perception Test. If not detected and a Character moves into the strand, his Movement Characteristic immediately drops to 0 as he's caught by the strand. Roll d100 to determine what location is stuck. The character may make a Hard (–20%) Strength Test to break free. However, if he succeeds, the top layer of armour on the affected location is ruined. If not protected by armour, the character takes a Damage 2 hit on that location as the strand tears the flesh away.

Characters wearing armour that's stuck can try to remove the affected piece and slip free. This requires a Challenging (–10%) Agility Test or a Routine (+10%) Agility Test if they have help. (The benefits from the Contortionist Talent applies). If the character fails by two degrees or more, another location becomes stuck as well.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Silken

Silken prey on all living things, but they prefer Humans over anything else. They stretch their strands over trails and paths through the Forest of Shadows, in the hopes of snagging a succulent morsel. When faced with a particularly hardy captive, such as a Beastman or Knight, they bide their time, letting hunger and thirst take their toll. Meanwhile, they drop from their hidden nests to spin more webs in the surrounding trees to hem the victim in. That way, even if he manages to tear himself free from the strand, he'll have to get past a dozen or more other webs.

Sorrow Swarms

"The strangest thing I've ever seen? I once saw a cloud of butterflies drink the tears of a dying man."

—Felix Delhoft, Soldier

The Sorrow Swarms are perhaps the purest example of the Ruinous Powers' malice, and gives reason to why they and their minions should be opposed at every opportunity. Think of the simple beauty and life that is represented in the butterfly, and witness it transformed into a vile creature that feeds off the suffering of others.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

Personifying the change that is Tzeentch, the Sorrow Swarm is a cloud of beautiful, multicoloured butterflies. Individually, they are about the size of an apple and look like ordinary specimens, though of particularly vivid-colours. Under close inspection, their nature is clear. Each of the butterfly's legs ends in a sharp, curving claw that can pierce skin easily. On top of their slender bodies is a miniscule Human head fitted with a long, dripping, pink tongue. The creature lands on a victim's face and slices the skin, causing the creature to weep. The butterfly uses its disgusting tongue to lap up the salty fluid.

These creatures always travel in swarms of a hundred or more, each fighting the other to snatch the choicest drops. When excited, Sorrow Swarms have been known to tear out the eyes to better reach the tear ducts. Individually, these creatures do not have statistics and can be crushed easily.

—Sorrow Swarm Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	0%	14%	21%	46%	12%	27%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	10	1	2	0 (4)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception +20%, Silent Move
Talents: Flier, Keen Senses
Special Rules:

- *Evoke Sorrow:* Whenever a living creature sees a Sorrow Swarm, they become overwhelmed with sadness and grief. They must succeed on a Will Power Test or begin to weep.

- *Frenzy of Tears:* Whenever the Sorrow Sworn is within 4 yards (2 squares) of a weeping creature, the Swarm gains the benefits of the Frenzy Talent.
- *Swarm:* If a Sorrow Swarm successfully deals damage to its opponent, it automatically moves into its space. Each round, thereafter, the Sorrow Swarm gains a +20% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests against that target. The target also takes a –20% penalty to all Tests while so covered. A Sorrow Swarm reduced to 0 Wounds is dispersed, and the individual butterflies flee in all directions.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Claws (SB–1)
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Sorrow Swarms

Sorrow Swarms are yet another example of the strangeness found in the Chaos Wastes, but they are certainly not contained there. Swarms of these butterflies sometimes appear in the countryside in the Spring, where they attack children as they are so easy to make cry. Many villages offer free lodgings and accommodations to those who catch these dangerous pests.

Sunworm

"I can't abide by maggots in my food. Now in the pies I sell, I really don't care. But then, I don't eat those. Or was it these?"

—Hamo Croop, Pieseller

I recently came upon an account of Praag after Magnus and his forces liberated the city. It seems that festering in the carcasses of the Chaos Trolls, there were unusually large maggots. A soldier tried to skewer one on his sword only to be jolted by its foul energy. Thereafter, they were instructed to burn the dead.

—Reinholt Schent, *Scholar of the Fantastic*

The Sunworm is a mutated maggot grown fat and oily with the power of Chaos. Unlike their natural kin, these creatures lack mouths and feed by rubbing their bodies against their meals and excreting their wastes through their pale, segmented hides. Strangely, these creatures supplement their diet by devouring sunlight. During they day, their undulating bodies writhe in the delicious energy cast by the sun. As a result of this light, they build up a charge of energy that allows them to survive through the dark hours. This energy can also be used defensively. If a creature comes within a yard of a Sunworm, the creature reflexively releases a jolt of powerful energy. Sunworms can grow as large as six feet in length.

—Sunworm Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
14%	0%	46%	48%	60%	14%	18%	8%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
0	15	4	4	1	0	0	0

Skills: Perception
Talents: Unsettling
Special Rules:

- *Electrical Discharge:* Whenever a living creature stands adjacent to a Sunworm, it releases a jolt of electricity. The target must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Agility Test or take a Damage 3 hit that ignores armour. If the target wears Mail or Plate, they take a Damage 5 hit instead. Once the Sunworm uses this ability, it cannot use it again until it has been exposed to sunlight for at least 4 hours.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0
Weapons: None
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Sunworms

Sunworms are blessedly rare, contained to the deserts of Khemri and the Chaos Wastes. The Empire's climate does not lend itself to these foul creatures. Still, some cultists use these creatures to eliminate rivals or particularly troublesome Witch Hunters.

— Other Creatures of Chaos —

The creatures described in the chapter include some of the stranger abominations to walk the lands. But Chaos also sinks its talons into other creatures not necessary borne from the imaginations of the Ruinous Powers. Instead, like Humans and others, they are corruptions of their races.

Chaos Giants

As strong and as tall as ten men, Giants are formidable creatures. The only thing they love more than drinking is killing, so Giants spend their time drinking and fighting, often both at the same time. Loud, violent, and rather stupid, Giants are capable of destruction on a massive scale when the mood strikes them. Some of the most feared Giants are the Chaos Giants, who Lurk in the far north, where the ice and rock of Norsca gives way to the Shadowlands. They are incredibly mutated, and all the more terrifying for these hideous features, which seem to magnify the worst traits of ordinary Giants.

Racial Features

A Chaos Giant gains all of the following features.

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Grumbarth)
Talents: Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons (Fists), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin, Leather Leggings)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 1
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Club)
Trappings: None
Special Rules: In addition to their racial features, Chaos Giants have the following special abilities.

- **Chaos Mutations:** Chaos Giants begin play with 1d10/5 mutations.
- **Hideous Strength:** All Chaos Giant attacks count as having the Impact Quality.
- **Tipsy:** Like their non-mutated brethren, Chaos Giants are fond of drink and are often drunk in battle, leading them to fall over at unexpected moments. Whenever a Chaos Giant charges or takes more than 5 Wounds in a single hit, it must make an Agility Test or fall over and lose 2 Wounds regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour. Anyone fighting the Chaos Giant in melee combat must make a Challenging (–10%) Agility Test or take a Damage 7 hit from the falling Giant.

Chaos Ogres

If there's one thing Ogres like to do, it is eat. Large monsters, they have the basic shape of a Human but are savage, twice as tall, and often have a hanging belly. Though they are slow and none too bright, they have a natural cunning that their inability to deal with logic and reason

Table 8–1: Chaos Creatures Characteristics

Characteristic	Chaos Giant	Chaos Ogre	Chaos Troll
Weapon Skill (WS)	20+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	20+2d10	15+2d10	10+2d10
Strength (S)	60+2d10	35+2d10	45+2d10
Toughness (T)	55+2d10	40+2d10	40+2d10
Agility (Ag)	10+2d10	15+2d10	10+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	10+2d10	15+2d10	10+2d10
Will Power (WP)	15+2d10	25+2d10	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	10+2d10	15+2d10	5+2d10
Attacks (A)	5	3	4
Wounds (W)	—Roll on **Table 8–2: Starting Wounds**—		
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—		
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—		
Movement (M)	6	6	6
Magic (Mag)	0	0	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0	0	0
Fate Points (FP)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–7, 0; 8–10, 1		

Table 8–2: Starting Wounds

d10 Roll	Chaos Giant	Chaos Ogre	Chaos Troll
1–3	40	20	26
4–6	48	24	32
7–9	56	28	38
10	64	32	42

Talents from Old World Bestiary

The *Old World Bestiary* introduces several talents ideally suited for the monsters of the Old World.

Unstoppable Blows

Description: A creature with this talent is so large and strong that its attacks are incredibly difficult to parry. Opponents take a –30% penalty to parry attempts.

Will of Iron

Description: A creature with this talent is immune to fear and terror, as well as the effects of the Intimidate skill and the Unsettling Talent.

belies. Ogres, unlike Beastmen, are not creatures of Chaos, but like the Humans they resemble, they can turn to the worship of the Dark Gods, casting their lots in with the hordes of Chaos for promise of plunder and killing. Most Ogres are tough enough to resist the worst mutations; they follow Chaos Champions in the hopes of indulging their unholy appetites.

Racial Features

A Chaos Ogre gains all of the following features.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres), Consume Alcohol, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Grumbarth)
Talents: Disarm, Fearless, Frightening, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow
Armour: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Leather Leggings, Mail Shirt, Helmet)
Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 1
Weapon: Hand Weapon, Great Weapon *or* Shield
Trappings: None
Special Rules: In addition to their racial features, Chaos Ogres have the following special abilities.

- **Chaos Mutations:** Chaos Ogres begin play with (1d10/5)–1 mutations.

Chaos Trolls

Trolls are a scourge. Massive, twisted parodies of Humans, they possess enormous strength, bottomless appetites, and disgusting habits. Chaos Trolls are even worse. Having been exposed to the warping influence of raw Chaos, they are riddled with bizarre mutations. They sometimes join Beastmen Warbands for the same reasons as Chaos Ogres: warfare offers many opportunities to feed on the living and the dead. However, few Warbands accept these creatures because they are unstable and unreliable; each breath of the Winds of Magic stokes the fires of their hate.

Racial Features

A Chaos Troll gains all of the following features.

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface *or* Swim, Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Goblin Tongue)
Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons (Claws), Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Great Weapon
Trappings: None
Special Rules: In addition to their racial features, Chaos Trolls have the following special abilities.

- **Chaos Mutations:** Chaos Trolls begin play with 1d10/5 mutations.
- **Regeneration:** At the start of its turn each round, a Chaos Troll regenerates 1d10 Wounds. Wounds caused by fire cannot be regenerated. This ability ceases to function if the Troll dies.
- **Stupid:** Trolls are incredibly stupid, and they often forget what they're doing. Any time a Chaos Troll encounters something that might distract it, such as a fresh corpse to eat or a particular ripe smell to investigate, it must make an Intelligence Test or stop whatever it was doing to engage with the new distraction (in the above examples, eat the corpse or investigate the smell). If the Chaos Troll is being attacked, it is less likely to be distracted, and the test becomes Easy (+20%).
- **Vomit:** A Chaos Troll can vomit on a melee opponent as a full action, spraying corrosive and ill-smelling digestive juices whose foulness defies description. The vomit attack automatically inflicts a Damage 5 hit that ignores all Armour Points. It may be dodged but not parried.

Chapter IX: Defenders of the Empire

Like a shadow come to life, the cloaked man stepped into the light. His clothes were black from the dull sheen of his boots to the wide-brimmed hat that concealed his face. He lifted his head to survey the gathered crowd of twisted freaks, and ominous darkness danced in his eyes. The line of his mouth twisted with a grim sneer as he yanked his slender sword free of its scabbard. The Mutants stepped back in fear, for they knew death was upon them.

In war, the Empire is ready for any threat. Even if taken unawares, it has rallied countless times, fielding soldiers to meet horrors that spill forth from the womb of the Chaos Wastes. But in the rare times of peace, the Empire continues its struggle against the corruption that threatens it, turning its steely gaze at those treasonous cultists, those horrid beasts of the woods that give the Dark Gods power. This chapter examines those who wage the secret war against Chaos, who never relent, even when the Ruinous Powers seem a dim threat, a danger only to the rustic, backwards men of Kislev. These are the exorcists, the Witch Hunters, and the Knights who give their lives to safeguard Sigmar's land.

— Witch Hunters —

One of the most visible and recognisable characters in the Old World is the Witch Hunter. Characterised by his tall wide-brimmed hat, dark clothing, no-nonsense demeanour, and penchant for arresting and burning Mutants, few evoke terror in the guilty and the innocent like Witch Hunters. Much has been written of these dedicated men, and rumours swirl about them like the smoke from their pyres. But they conceal the truth behind a mask of competence and fiery zealousness.

Witch Hunters and their practices are covered in detail in *Realms of Sorcery*, so for more information, be sure to check out that invaluable resource.

Common Views on Witch Hunters

"If yon Hunter hadn't come t'town, why I'd never have known that my daughter was a Mutant. She shore screamed as he drug her to the pyre. But... but... she deserved it... being unnatural and all."

—Bourgen, Woodcutter of Krudenwald

"Ever since the Witch Hunters came under control of Magnus the Pious, our Empire has suffered. Answer to all the cults? Madness. Those fools who still bow and scrape to those pagan Gods are doomed. That's why all them Chaos fellas hit Hochland and Ostland. Now, if them Witch Hunters get their tails up there, they might could straighten' 'em out, you know? Set 'em on the right path I say."

—Anonymous Wissenlander

"Eh. Witch Hunters are nothing more than self-important, pompous asses who believe they've got a right to terrorise everyone... hey, he didn't hear that did he?"

—Last Words of Unlucky Heiko

"Don't let people steer you wrong. Witch Hunters are heroes. You ever seen a man stand toe to toe with a Beastman? Especially when not asked? Well the Chaos Hunter saved our village last year. He killed not only the female but also the big male. Yep, he's a hero alright, and I won't stand to hear any of his kind wronged."

—Norbrecht of Halheim

"What gives these killers the right? Who a-do they think they are? Honest citizens they're not. They act as judge and execution, going and doing what they please. Sure, Chaos is a threat, but at what cost do we set aside our lives to accommodate their zealous crusade? Last week, a group of them burned a little girl. A little girl! She was no older than my Anna. The Witch Hunters did nothing to save our people in the north. Where were they when Archaon's armies marched, burning and killing? Hiding, I'd bet. Well I've had enough. No more."

—Nameless Agitator of Halstedt

The Truth about Witch Hunters

Feared and respected, loved and hated, Witch Hunters are both the bane of civilisation and its salvation. Ruthless killers, they serve the interests

of the Empire by putting torch to corruption wherever they find it. Anyone or anything they find that is unnatural, they oppose. Witches and Warlocks, Hedge Wizards, Mutants, cultists, Chaos Spawn, Undead, and anything else that does not conform to the good and righteous is cast down, a victim of another purging.

History

For nearly four hundred years, the Empire had languished in decline. Daemonologists, Necromancers, and cults were growing with startling frequency, and the Empire, such as it was, proved powerless to stop the spread. With a weak and ineffectual leader on the throne, the people turned to the cult of Sigmar for assistance. To meet the needs of the beleaguered provinces, Grand Theogonist Siebold II formed the Order of the Silver Hammer: a group of Warrior-Priests and investigators, they were committed to ferreting out the agents of Chaos. Armed with a letter of commission with the seal of the Grand Theogonist, they could reach anyone, anywhere.

For the next sixty years, these Witch Hunters were not regarded as a significant threat, but they slowly expanded, building a network of spies and informants. Their reputation grew, and people began to fear their power. In response to the reckless destruction wrought by Daemonologists and Necromancers, the Grand Theogonist authorised the Templars, as they were called, to use force in curbing the practice of all magic, ushering in a new era of brutal suppression of Wizards in all of their forms.

With power comes corruption. The Witch Hunters expanded their thin ranks by accepting nearly anyone of religious dedication to join. And so, in the years that followed, they recruited uncontrollable zealots and men of low character to aid in the fight against Chaos. And then the Grand Theogonist dispatched the Templars to cleanse the sinful city of Mordheim. Believing the Sisters of Sigmar—the only order of Priestesses to serve Sigmar in any official capacity at that time—to be heretics and corrupted by the evil in the city, the Grand Theogonist branded these women heretics and excommunicated them from the cult. War raged for a year before a twin-tailed comet dropped from the heavens and wiped the City of the Damned from the map.

Over the next three centuries, the Witch Hunters carried on as before, but the spread of Chaos proved too great a threat for them to contain. So terrible was the hold of the Ruinous Powers that in 2111, the Grand Duke of Middenheim, who was also a Witch Hunter, had the entire town of Rotebach hanged, branding them all worshippers of Chaos. This event outraged the other cults, and those of Ulric, Myrmidia, and others founded their own organisations to protect their congregations, though these never amounted to anything more than a few bands of poorly funded zealots.

However, in 2301, though, the world changed with the coming of Asavar Kul, sparking the Great War Against Chaos. Once Magnus and his armies repulsed the horde, he was faced with reuniting an Empire that had largely disintegrated over the previous centuries. To bring the unruly provinces back under the Imperial banner, he bound all Witch Hunters under the control of the Lord Protector. This man would answer to both the Emperor and the cult of Sigmar. By partially secularising the Witch Hunters, Magnus lessened any fears of an unchecked police force that would condemn followers of other Gods to the same fiery deaths owed to Mutants and their ilk.

Ordo Fidelis

This secret division of the Templars of Sigmar officially doesn't exist. Believed to be dissolved in the time of Magnus the Pious, the Ordo Fidelis has survived. Barely controlled and sometimes unpredictable, they are largely a group of sadist zealots bent on destroying all traces of Chaos within the borders of the Empire. Their symbol is a sword and hammer crossed in front of a twin-tailed comet and flanked by the letters O and F.

However, Magnus was arguably the last strong Emperor for nearly two hundred years, and through the ineptness or ignorance of his successors, the Templars gradually slipped back to their old ways. Within a generation, the Order of Sigmar was burning and killing anyone it wished without regard to the law, and slipped from the emperor's control again. This continued until Volkmar von Hindenstern was selected to replace Grand Theogonist Yorri XV. Through the efforts of purer members of the Templar order, corruption within the Witch Hunter organisation was revealed to Volkmar the Grim, who immediately took control over the unruly and violent faction. Some whisper that the Lord Protector's post had been compromised by a hidden Cult that was responsible for the widespread slaughter that had gripped the Empire for years. Whatever the truth, the Grand Theogonist dissolved the Lord Protector position and created three posts, titled General of the South, General of the North, and General of the East. These Witch Hunter Generals controlled their territories with an iron grip, dispatching Witch Hunters under their control to the dimmest reaches of the Empire.

Once Magnus the Pious acknowledged the legitimacy of the Order of the Silver Hammer and bound it to the throne in addition to the Grand Theogonist, he made the Witch Hunters the official state-sanctioned and funded inquisitors of the Empire. This granted the Witch Hunters considerable power, placing them above their rivals in other Cults. Though they have incredible authority, they are now bound by the law and must work within its boundaries. Witch Hunters are no longer free to burn at will. Now, they may arrest any Imperial citizen they suspect to be guilty of consorting with Chaos. They also have the right to interrogate the suspect, using torture if needed. And if they can gain a confession, they are within their rights to burn the suspect at once. Otherwise, they must try the accused in front of a jury of their peers. But since there are no laws governing evidence, the Witch Hunter is free to use any technique he wishes to convince the jury of the suspect's guilt. In almost all cases, the Witch Hunter wins.

Other Witch Hunters

When one thinks of a Witch Hunter, two thoughts come to mind: The Templars of Sigmar; and the secular, provincial Witch Hunters. Both groups are hardened veterans driven by their commitment to the extermination of Chaos. However, there are many others who hunt down Mutants and their ilk.

Official Witch Hunters look down on those who practice their trade without authorisation from the cult of Sigmar. The reason is simple: Hunting Mutants and their kind often requires breaking the law, creating more problems than they solve, unless protocols are observed. Furthermore, without the special training Witch Hunters receive, the independents are more susceptible to Chaos and its corruption. Far too many come to believe the touch of the Dark Gods reaches all things, leading them to burn innocents out of some misplaced sense of justice. As a result, if caught impersonating a Witch Hunter, the subject always faces death.

Mercenaries

The most common Witch Hunter is the mercenary. A sell-sword, he uses his talents for combat to remove dangers from a community. Though they kill Mutants, they are not as rigorous in their efforts as legitimate Witch Hunters are, and moreover, they are prone to corruption and bribery.

Renegades

Beside the common mercenary and the sanctioned Witch Hunters, there is a growing new breed of Hunters that aren't driven by gold, faith, or Imperial Law. These individuals hunt agents of Chaos for reasons of their own—guilt, hate, revenge, and so on. While they have the zeal of the cult-sponsored organisation, they lack the infrastructure and support to help them overcome their foes. As a result, many of these men find a grim end, overwhelmed by their enemies. But a few, a scant few, make their mark and earn the respect of their peers with their impossible successes.

Witch Hunters of Other Gods

Once Magnus made Witch Hunters accountable to all of the sanctioned cults, other factions appeared. Now, there are Witch Hunters in service to Ulric, Myrmidia, and even Taal. Though potent, they lack the training and funding the Templars of Sigmar enjoy and are rarely regarded as authentic or even approved hunters, receiving the same treatment as other renegades.

Witch Hunter Tactics

Most see Witch Hunters as nothing more than state- or Cult-sanctioned agitators, who control crowds by spreading fear and suspicion, and there is some truth to this. Witch Hunters use the resources available in a community, appropriating local soldiers and militia to help with whatever threat they face. Failing the presence of competent guards, they'll make use of the peasants if they must.

Usually, such open activity comes late in their investigation. Witch Hunters don't capture their prey unless they are patient and have all of their facts first. So unless the threat is immediately obvious, the Hunter will snoop around the community, looking for suspicious behaviour and clues. During this time, he assembles a group of helpers, locals who know the people and the ins and outs of the community. From this assistance, he can gauge their purity by keeping them close at hand. Witch Hunters will often "befriend" a suspect to keep a close eye on them. Once the corruption is exposed, the Witch Hunter enlists the rest of the town through fear to help bring down the offending Mutants or cultists. Then, once captured, the Witch Hunter interrogates, using torture if necessary to tease out the information he needs and to expose any accomplices. Those captives who don't die from interrogation are cleansed by fire, and anyone who assisted them is either tortured or killed publicly to deter anyone else from aiding the agents of Chaos.

Witch Hunter Adventures

A Witch Hunter campaign can be an intensely rewarding experience, taking characters into the most dangerous and despicable places in the Empire. Whether hunting Mutants, thwarting and exposing cults, or tracking down and killing Beastmen, there are plenty of opportunities for adventure. Furthermore, because Witch Hunters face a multitude of foes, these campaigns can be tailored to the play styles of nearly any group.

Combat

The most obvious campaign style is the combat-oriented campaign. Opposing Beastmen and Mutants places Witch Hunters in constant danger, and a good thrilling combat always waits in the wings. Since the agents of Chaos are many and varied, there's no chance of running out of interesting encounters.

Exploration

Witch Hunters are tasked with patrolling the Empire to contain the threat of Chaos; hence, most are widely travelled, seeing the Empire in all its beauty and all its ugliness. An Exploration campaign allows you to vividly describe the Empire, taking the adventurers to the most far-flung places in their quest.

Intrigue

Corruption is everywhere, even amongst the Witch Hunters. The temptations set forth by the Ruinous Powers attract even the most stalwart members. Furthermore, since they must face the agents of Chaos, they often risk contracting the corruption themselves and bringing back their wickedness to their organisation. There are many tales of Witch Hunters who use the Dark Arts to combat Chaos, to say nothing of

Witch Hunters who become Mutants only to spending their final futile days battling the agents of corruption before they themselves fall victim to the maddening taint.

Investigation

The cornerstone of the Witch Hunter activities is investigation. Mutants and cultists rarely advertise their afflictions or affiliations, requiring Witch Hunters to ask questions, explore dangerous places, and battle their minions to arrive at the truth. Each village and villager has its secrets, and it's up to the Witch Hunter to ferret them out.

Witch Hunter Characters

As mentioned, there are many different types of Witch Hunters. Some take this path, seeing it their duty as ordained Priests of Sigmar. Others become Witch Hunters because it is a perfect way to use their talents for killing to aid the Empire. The Witch Hunter Career presented in **Chapter Three: Careers** in *WFRP* is sufficient to cover the various types of Hunters found in the Empire. Many of these characters don't

Witch Hunter Captains

Witch Hunter Captains are Witch Hunters who exit into the Captain Career. They issue commands and manage the Witch Hunters who operate in the field. In lieu of "Unit of Troops" for Trappings, they must have twelve Witch Hunters in their employ and be raised to this post by the Grand Theogonist, an Elector Count, or Emperor himself.

limit themselves to agents of Chaos, but also fight Undead, Skaven, and countless other abominations. Others commit themselves to the elimination of Chaos in all its forms, using the power of Sigmar to aid in their quest.

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A Witch Hunter Encounter

If your campaign features Mutants, Beastmen, and Champions of Chaos as Player Characters, odds are they will attract the attention of the Witch Hunters at some time or another. Even Characters who lead ordinary lives, disdain the lure of Chaos, and undertake adventures to combat the minions of the Ruinous Powers can run afoul of the Witch Hunters.

Though some Witch Hunters operate alone, most understand they need assistance to best combat the evils of the Old World. Of course, they tend to co-opt local militias for added strength, but many employ loyal and constant servants to help them in their task. A typical band includes a Witch Hunter, scout, interrogator, and a pair of mercenaries for added muscle.

— Other Enemies of Chaos —

Hunting the agents of Chaos is not a task exclusive to the Witch Hunters. There are many other groups affiliated with the cult of Sigmar or the Emperor who strive for the same ends.

Cloaked Brothers

"All that stuff about Cloaked Brothers is bunk. Like the Skaven, they don't exist."

—Kleber Reinhard, Witch Hunter

The mysterious Cloaked Brothers are a splinter group of the Templars of Sigmar. Instead of killing and burning, they exist to gather information and spy. They are under no compulsion to kill Mutants or cultists, merely to look, learn, and report to their masters.

It's not clear when the Cloaked Brother emerged as an organisation, but their level of penetration into Imperial society suggests they've been around for a while. Throughout their existence, they've remained hidden and are nothing more than rumour and myth. They surfaced during the year leading up to the Storm of Chaos. Having insinuated themselves inside Luthor Huss's Crusade, they fed a steady stream of information about the search for Sigmar reborn, as well as Huss' movements throughout the countryside.

After the Storm of Chaos, the Cloaked Brothers faded back into anonymity. Whilst it's presumed they are still active, there has been no known contact with the agents since Valten's disappearance.

Cloaked Brother

Cloaked Brothers are hidden agents loosely affiliated with Sigmar's Witch Hunters. Though not a true branch of the Templars, they often have cause to join forces with their, sometimes overzealous, brethren. However, they are just as likely to double cross them as they are with any organisation they deal with. Cloaked Brothers are masters of information. They infiltrate organisations to learn what they can, reporting their findings to their superiors—though who exactly "they" are is unknown. This organisation draws from a vast array of talent, from ex-Witch Hunters to Mutants.

—Cloaked Brother Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+25%	+30%	+25%	+30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Disguise, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (any two), Secret Signs (any two), Silent Move, Speak Language (any four), Trade (any one)

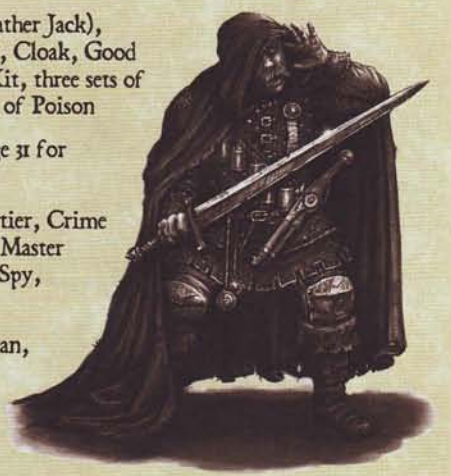
Talents: Acute Hearing, Alley Cat, Coolheaded, Linguistics *or* Mimic, Savvy *or* Suave, Schemer, Streetwise

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Hand Weapon, Garrotte*, Cloak, Good Craftsmanship Disguise Kit, three sets of Good Clothing, one Dose of Poison

*See *Old World Armoury* page 31 for details.

Career Entries: Assassin, Courtier, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Friar, Master Thief, Politician, Scout, Spy, Veteran, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Assassin, Charlatan, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Master Thief, Politician, Scout, Spy, Veteran, Witch Hunter



Cloaked Brother

Exorcists

"I have never seen the point of an exorcism. The risk to the Exorcist and the individual is never worth it. In my experience, fire is the only solution to Daemonic possession."

—Kleber Reinhard, Witch Hunter

Not an established group per se, Exorcists are normally Sigmarite Priests and Witch Hunters trained in the Ritual of Exorcism. Where the Exorcism spell—known to some Priestesses of Shallya and a few other religious groups (see **Appendix I: New Careers** in *Sigmar's Heirs* page 123)—casts out possessing spirits, the Ritual of Exorcism is designed to force out possessor Daemons, a vastly different enterprise. Ghosts and other spirits can take possession of an individual and can, with some effort, be forced out of the host. Daemons, however, are far more difficult to oust, requiring hours of prayer and a controlled environment, if there's any chance of success.

The cornerstone for the removal of a Daemonic Entity is The Ritual of Exorcism. Very few outside of the cult of Sigmar, and those Witch Hunters who've been trained as Priests, know this potent ritual. Though most can learn the methods and words required by the ritual, few have the resolve to face down Chaos in its most awful form. To be a Sacred

Exorcist, one must be in peak physical health, no older than middle-age, and particularly dedicated to the faith. The methods of Chaos are many, and Daemons search out any weakness they can to defeat the holy men of the Heldenhammer. Far too many would-be Exorcists have found themselves physically or psychically destroyed by the power of a Daemon.

The Ritual of Exorcism

When faced with a possessed mortal, more often than not it is too late to help the subject, and it falls to others to destroy the vessel and send the Daemon back to the Realm of Chaos. However, in some instances, the Daemon has not yet devoured the mind of the subject, and a trained Priest can remove the offending spirit through magical means.

Sigmar's Heirs presents a new spell called Exorcism. A Lesser Spell, it is available to Priests of any religion. Exorcism is useful for removing spiritual contamination or possession by ghostly beings and even a few minor fiends, but it is insufficient to deal with most Daemons.

The Ritual of Exorcism

Type: Divine
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 2
XP: 300
Ingredients: An illuminated copy of *The Book of Sigmar,* the sign of the hammer or twin-tailed comet, new Priestly vestments, rope and nails for binding, a vial of holy water, a hammer, a goat (or some other animal) or mirror, and a roaring fire.
Conditions: The Exorcist must spend three consecutive days prior to casting the ritual in meditation and prayer. Once he is finished, he gathers his witnesses, one to see and watch, one to help, and at least one who is bound to the victim by blood or marriage. The helpers must bind the victim to a tree with stout rope and nails, while the Exorcist readies the animal (or mirror) to contain the fiendish entity.
Consequences: If the Casting Roll fails, the possessing Daemon gains a +10% bonus to all Tests made to resist future *Rituals of Exorcism.* The bonus is cumulative. In addition, all characters present must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10/2 Insanity Points from the horror of the experience.

If the Casting Roll results in Tzeentch's Curse, the caster becomes possessed instead.
Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: 8 hours or more
Description: The *Ritual of Exorcism* incorporates five basic steps, which can be role-played if the GM and players wish.

- *Dispelling the Façade:* At this stage, the Daemon hides within the host as if it's not there at all. Whilst it retains complete control over the mortal's body, its movements are natural as is its speech. The Exorcist must reveal the Daemon and learn its nature. This is often the hardest part of the exorcism since the Daemon is not cooperative. Furthermore, the Exorcist must be vigilant and resist the temptation to engage in unnecessary conversation. For the exorcism to work, the Exorcist must be firm in his resolve and committed to the effort with all authority granted to him by Sigmar.

  The Priest must spend a solid hour praying, questioning, and probing. The Daemon and Exorcist make opposed Will Power Tests. If the Exorcist fails, he cannot try again for twenty-four hours. If the Daemon fails, move ahead to the Revelation. The Exorcist gains a +10% bonus to his Will Power Test if he presents profane symbols of Chaos to the victim.

  The Revelation of the Inner Daemon: It is when the Daemon's pretence breaks that the exorcism truly begins. Such moments are accompanied by all manner of supernatural effects. If the possessed is not restrained, it lashes out and attacks any individuals within reach (hence the nails and rope). In addition, strange phenomena occur. Animals panic, the ground shakes, lights go out, and a malodorous wind blows, always from the north. If a mirror is used, the victim reflects the appearance of the possessing fiend instead of his own. The Daemon thrashes about and utters blasphemies and repellent offers of lewd conduct. Should the Daemon fail to convince or frighten away the Exorcist, it threatens to harm the host. In short, the Daemon uses any trick it can to escape the exorcism.

  This phase lasts 1d10/5 hours. During this time, all mortals witnessing the ritual must make Challenging (–10%) Will Power Tests (if not harder if the scene is especially grotesque). Those who fail gain (1d10+2)/4 Insanity Points. Exorcists, Priests of Sigmar, and Witch Hunters reduce the difficulty of this test by one or more steps depending on whether or not they have performed an exorcism before.

  A Chorus of Evils: Next, the Daemon's voice becomes a torrent of words, always offensive, often nonsensical. The exorcism cannot continue until the Daemon is silenced. This can be achieved with a simple trick. More powerful Daemons require a little more effort to quieten. In extreme cases, the Exorcist may be forced to cut the tongue from the victim. Regardless, the Exorcist and Daemon make a second opposed Will Power Test, and if successful, the Exorcist may move onto the next stage. Otherwise, he must start again in twenty-four hours.

- *War of Wills*: Once the Daemon falls silent, a palpable presence descends in the immediate area. At this time, the Daemon and the Exorcist wage war for the host. The Exorcist forces the Daemon to reveal more about itself and establishes a firm control. At this point, the Exorcist makes his Casting Roll. If he succeeds, he and the Daemon make their final opposed Will Power Tests. If the Daemon wins, the Exorcist must begin anew in twenty-four hours. Otherwise, the Daemon flees the host.

- *The Casting Out of the Possessing Spirit*: Assuming the Exorcist defeats the Daemon, the entity flees the host's body for the Realm of Chaos. Its passage is manifest, and all experience its flight. In some circumstances, there is a rush of sound as the thing escapes. If the time of possession was short, the host resumes control over his body with little to no recollection of what transpired. Most, though, do not emerge from this experience unscathed. Aside from physical injuries caused by the Daemon, there are psychic scars, and madness is often a result. Characters who survive the exorcism automatically gain at least 1 Insanity Point, though, as can be seen under **Possessed Characters** in **Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned**, they can gain more.

Knights Panther

"When I heard the rumour that a Witch Hunter had exposed corruption in the Knights Panther, I realised even my own order is not safe from the touch of corruption. Trust no one. All are suspect."

—Kleber Reinhard, Witch Hunter

Founded some time in the mid-sixteenth century, the Knights Panther served as an elite fighting force in Middenland. Considering their great age, they are one of the most respected Knightly Orders in the Empire, at least until now.

From the beginning, the Knights Panther were a capable force, despatched to fight in the crusades against Araby in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and helping to dislodge the Sultan's forces from occupied Estalia. Time and again, they proved themselves a powerful force, mounting more victories than defeats. When recalled, they brought with them a fantastic animal that they still use as their mascot to this day.

With the Crusades at an end, the Knights Panther settled in Middenland, serving as the Graf's personal bodyguard. As Sigmarites, they immediately faced an intense rivalry with the Knights of the White Wolf who were devout and strict Ulricans, as well as a rivalry with the Midden Marshals who act on the Graf's command. As an organisation, they've come into conflict with the other military factions time and again. To ease the

tensions, the Graf relocated their base to Carroburg but retained the chapter house in Middenheim to directly serve in the city's defence.

Over the centuries, the Knights Panther proved themselves over and over as noble warriors dedicated to the preservation of the Empire and its ideals. Of course, with such power came great wealth and prestige, facets the Knights Panther found very much to their liking. As politics moved to the forefront with this order, corruption followed, opening it to infiltration by Chaos cultists. When their corruption was uncovered by a sect of Witch Hunters, the Knights Panther were cast into shame and suspicion, something they contend with still.

So disgraced are they by the recent scandal, they have overcompensated by becoming fanatical hunters of Mutants and Beastmen. They are something of zealots, committed to achieving racial purity in the Empire, slaughtering any they suspect of corruption.

Boris Todbringer has come to rely on the Knights Panther to aid him in his ongoing feud with the Beastlord Khazrak One-Eye. But though detachments of these warriors fight in and around the Drakwald, it's not uncommon for the Knights Panther to serve one or more Witch Hunters in tracking down and capturing a particularly elusive Mutant. In fact, the Witch Hunters used the Knights Panther in an ill-conceived attack against Luthor Huss, whom they believed at that time to be a heretic and Mutant.

KNIGHT PANTHER

Knight Panther

Knights Panther are distinguished from other knights by their tall helmet crests topped by the image of a Beastman head. This is a change from the spotted great cat of their past, though they retain the distinctive pattern in their saddlecloths.

To be accepted into this order, a squire must hunt down and kill a great forest cat single-handedly, placing its skin beneath his saddle when knighted. Thereafter, the Knight Panther divides his time between serving the Graf and going on private quests to destroy the minions of Chaos wherever they are found.

—Knight Panther Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+30%	—	+15%	+15%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Warrior Born

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Sword), Lance, Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Shield, Destrier with Full Plate Barding, Saddle, and Harness, 50 gc

Career Entries: Knight, Noble Lord, Sergeant, Squire, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Knight of the Inner Circle, Veteran, Witch Hunter

Roadwardens

"Indeed, these men mean well but lack the conviction and the resolve to face down anything more than brigands. Why, Roadwardens are little better than the outlaws they hunt! But, in a fight, they're good companions."

—Kleber Reinhard, Witch Hunter

Shortly after Sigmar ordered the construction of the roads to Talabheim and Nuln, it was immediately clear that unless there were soldiers to protect these routes, travel would be impossible. In those days, the gravest threats stemmed from the Greenskins who proved a constant source of destruction for both the Humans and the Dwarfs. But the Emperor, in his wisdom, also realised that not all provinces were as densely populated as Reikdorf, and many lacked the manpower and resources to provide constant security. So the Emperor dispatched his personal soldiers to patrol the roads during their construction, empowering them with the authority to mete justice in accordance with the law.

Since the heady days of the early Empire, the guardians of the roads and rivers changed. No longer were these men and women an extension of the Emperor's will. The Elector Counts funded these individuals from their own coffers, and gradually the Roadwardens as they came to be known, evolved into the lawmen they are today.

In a sense, Roadwardens are the State Army of the wilderness. They patrol the roads in small groups, searching for signs of Beastmen and outlaws, doing their best to establish some semblance of order in the land. Unfortunately, the Roadwardens are too few on their own to effectively contain Chaos and the threats of the wilderness. So, most make use of local militias and garrisons to aid them. Failing that, Roadwardens must face the darkness alone—depleting their numbers even further.

Fighting the horrors of the night is a dangerous business, and the effects of long service take their toll on these men. Many Roadwardens become vicious zealots, condemning the accused to death on flimsy evidence. Others go mad and embrace the Dark Gods, joining those they oppose. Each moral failure adds to Old Worlders distrust and suspicion, making the job of the uncorrupted soldiers all the harder.

River Patrol

In addition to the Roadwardens, the Empire makes use of a specialised force that operates fast-moving boats to patrol the Empire's waterways. Where Roadwardens fight outlaws and brigands, the River Patrols combat pirates and smugglers. Though slavery is nominally illegal in the Empire, there are some disreputable merchants who buy Bretonnian Peasants and smuggle them into the country to work in their fields or factories. The River Patrol tends to operate on the River Reik near the larger cities, and leaving the stretches between all the more dangerous.

Part III: The Chaos Wastes

Chapter X: The Chaos Wastes

"The Chaos Wastes are bleak and barren beyond compare. But this desolate nightmare still teems with unholy life. The Dark Gods use it as a breeding ground for all that is evil and blasphemous. No matter how many abominations we destroy, the Chaos Waste spits out more than before."

—Ulfred Wasmeier, Priest of Sigmar

Although most people in the Old World believe that the Chaos Wastes are the source of all that is foul and vile, few realise it is actually a *buffer* between the real world and the Realm of Chaos. The seething insanity of the Void is barely kept at bay by this barrier, although to the unenlightened, there is little difference when they view the horrors lurking in the Chaos Wastes. Scholars and Wizards know more of the truth, though even they often get it wrong, basing their assertions on rumour, superstitious belief, and the words written in mouldering tomes.

— The Landscape of Chaos —

Teetering on the edge between the real world and the Realm of Chaos, the Chaos Wastes are difficult to describe. Within their barren steppes are lost cities, encampments teeming with Beastmen, Marauders, Ogres, and sites of weird, dangerous, eldritch might. The Chaos Wastes have a strange way of bolstering their inhabitants with a perverse strength and fecundity, ensuring a steady flow of humanoids and Mutants to do the bidding of the Chaos Lords. Short of permanently shutting down the Eye of Chaos to the far north, this evil energy will always be there—even the destruction of every single Mutant and Beastman, and the annihilation of every monolith and arcane site would not prevent Chaos' eventual return.

The landscape of the Chaos Wastes is that of vast steppes, lonely forests, and barren rocks. Because it's located so far to the north, the land is often buried beneath snow and blasted with frigid winds. However, nothing is certain here, and portions of the Wastes defy logic—small patches of steaming jungle, sand-filled deserts, and miasmic swamps. These aberrations in the terrain often coincide with their proximity to powerful magical locations and Monoliths, but sometimes they are found in places for no particular reason.

Forgotten Battlefields

Innumerable battles have taken place within the Chaos Wastes over the millennia, and their remains can still be found scattered among the desolation. Most of these battles were between two or more factions of the minions of Chaos, the numerous Orc and Hobgoblin tribes, or the herds of Beastmen that call the place home. Many times in the past, the armies of man have launched campaigns to drive back marauding hordes of all types. A few foolish commanders even took to the offensive, sending men to their deaths in the misguided belief that it was possible to eradicate all the foul beings in the Chaos Wastes before they could strike back.

On the surface, these forgotten battlefields of the Chaos Wastes resemble those found in the aftermath of military campaigns in the lands of man. However, the remains of the fallen are utterly horrific—the bones and sometimes intact corpses of vile Beastmen, brutish Orcs, and the like. The remains of Mutants are often the worst, as their bodies decay into skeletons that resemble nothing found in nature. Broken and shattered weapons and armour lay buried in the mud and dirty snow, while tattered banners sometimes resist the powerful winds and flap defiantly in the breeze. The frigid temperatures and strange powers of Chaos have a way of preserving the corpses and detritus of these battlefields, so it appears the battle that killed them occurred just yesterday.

Hill of Bones

Three hundred years ago, a fiery Sigmarite zealot from Middenheim named Regimius inspired his brethren to take the battle directly to the heart of the Chaos Wastes. Despite the efforts of the nobles, military commanders, and Cult officials, thousands of soldiers, militiamen, Priests, and fervent commoners abandoned their posts and homes to undertake this crusade. The army, known as Sigmar's Brave, brimmed with religious zeal but lacked much in the way of planning and logistics. Miraculously, the army pierced nearly two hundred miles into the Chaos Wastes,

facing only minor resistance from surprised bands of Orcs and Beastmen. The survivors, however, spread word of the coming of Sigmar's Brave, and the bloodthirsty inhabitants of the Wastes eventually raised a counter army nearly double the size of the Human force.

The two armies clashed near a lonely dried riverbed. The Human army was faltering at this point, as food supplies ran low, and the incessant cold weather sapped the will. A force of thousands Beastmen and Kurgan, bolstered by a throng of Goblin tribes and Daemons, pinned the army train in a classic pincher move. The slaughter was unprecedented. In the end, not a single soldier of Sigmar's Brave remained alive—although Regimius is rumoured to have fled the battlefield deep into the Wastes. As the meat was ripped off their skeletons for the victory feast, the bones of the victims were tossed into a single pile, which rose for nearly a hundred feet into the air. The Hill of Bones remains to this day and is the haunt of the souls of those betrayed by their leader's cowardice and the folly of their crusade.

Out-of-Place Terrain

The terrain of the Chaos Wastes can sometimes come across as contradictory and bizarre. Although located far to the north, where snow and chill winds hold sway, the curse of Chaos sometimes alters the very fabric of the land to create places that cannot exist in normal situations. Adventurers and explorers come back to the safety and sanity of the Empire full of tales of turgid, humid swamps, desolate deserts full of scorching sands, and thick jungles more at home in the far southern reaches of Lustria, rather than the northern climes. It's possible these chunks of terrain are doorways to other locations in the Old World.

Table 10–1: Out-of-Place Terrain can be used to determine some unusual regions that might be encountered in the Chaos Wastes. These strange patches of terrain are 1d10 miles in diameter and, unless mentioned otherwise, have weather and temperature in stark contrast to the frigid winds of the steppes that make up the Chaos Wastes.

Badlands, Warm

Filled with rocky mounds and wind-carved spires, this terrain is notably warmer than the steppes around it.

Badlands, Frozen

This is functionally the same as warm badlands but completely frozen.

Desert, Warm

A desert full of shifting sand and towering dunes sits in the steppes. The temperature is as scorching as the deserts of Araby at high noon during the summer months.

Desert, Cold

Although this terrain looks like it should be blazing hot, this desert is even colder than the steppes of the Chaos Wastes around it.

Farmlands

A truly odd site, this terrain is a verdant farmland, with neat rows of fields, hedges, and other trappings that would not seem out of place in a farm of the Empire. The temperature is pleasant, but the crops growing in the fields are diseased, rotted, and provide no nourishment.

Forest, Deciduous

This is an ancient grove of sinister trees growing so thickly together, it's almost impossible to pass between their trunks. The temperature is chill, but moderate, similar to that of autumn in the Empire. Panthers, bears, and wolves hide within (most with mutations of course), along with any of the strange creatures of the Chaos Wastes.

Table 10–1: Out-of-Place Terrain

Roll	Terrain
01–10	Forest, deciduous
11–20	Swamp, warm
21–30	Desert, warm
31–40	Desert, cold
41–50	Jungle
51–60	Badlands, warm
61–70	Badlands, cold
71–80	Forest, evergreen
81–90	Orchard
91–00	Farmlands

Forest, Evergreen

This imposing stand of pines, redwoods, and cedars stands where they have no right to be. Mutated bears, lynx, and other large, dangerous animals prowl inside.

Jungle

Similar to the farmlands described above, this orchard appears well-kept with abundant apple, pear, or other fruit bearing trees. Although the fruit appears healthy, anyone that plucks and eats any of it finds it to be diseased and rotten to the core.

Orchard

Similar to the farmlands described above, this orchard appears well kept with abundant apple, pear, or other fruit bearing trees. Although the fruit appears healthy, anyone that plucks and eats any of it finds it to be diseased and rotten to the core.

Common Views on the Chaos Wastes

"Only a fool would venture any farther north than Ostland. For that matter, to be an Ostlander is foolish enough—sitting that close to the Chaos Wastes. No wonder they are all mad."

—Ulfred Wehling, Blacksmith from Southern Wissenland

"As the World's Edge Mountains pierce into the far north, they turn dark and do not speak to us any more. It is as if the very stone grows sickened by its existence in such a vile place.

—Dugnir Barodor, Dwarf Loremaster

"Sure, I've heard the stories of the Wastes. Sounds to me like someone's got something to hide. Gold and plunder sit up there, waiting to be plucked by anyone with a spine and a sword. Of course, I'll be hiring a few dozen sell-swords to accompany me...just in case.

—Detlef Reck, Hochlander Mercenary Captain

"The soft fools of the Empire consider us backwards and barbaric. They laugh in our faces for holding our ground and protecting our homeland. But they forget that without us, the Wastes to the north would overtake them without hindrance. We stand as a shield for the lands of Men against the Foul Powers, and I'll stick my spear in the belly of the next person that says otherwise."

—Vugar Mironov, Kislevite Kossar

"Mankind is wise to avoid the Chaos Wastes. They have no idea what sort of powers they meddle with when they venture there. But they are fools by ignoring it and assuming that if they pay it no heed, it doesn't exist."

—Ionor Kithendian, Kithband Warrior

"The storm drove our fleet far to the North, splintering many ships on craggy rocks. After we assessed our losses—almost a hundred men lost to the grey waters—Captain Melagari tried to find our location on his maps and said there was nothing there but a blank. We were lost along the shores of the Chaos Wastes and had no choice but to set anchor to repair the damage. A month later, all that was left of our expedition was Brother Pfieffer, a young Priest of Sigmar, and myself. Upon reaching the "safety" of the walls of Praag, the Kossars ran him through with spears and burned his body when his mutations could not be hidden any longer. I pray that my own remain out of sight until I can leave this accursed place."

—Excerpt from the Journal of Janko Bernstorff, Merchant

"On a child's twelfth summer, he is armed with a spear, knife, furs, and enough food to last for a week. Then, with the blessings of our Wise Woman, he is dropped along the shore of the Wastes and given the task of surviving for as long as his food lasts. Those that return with the head of a Beastman or other foul creature are made a warrior right there. Those that don't return aren't deemed worthy to belong to the tribe in the first place. Monsters lurk in the cursed Wastes, and we need strong arms and brave hearts to face them and survive."

—Oskar Odegard, Hunter of Norsca

Swamp

This area is a thick mire, a sodden landscape filled with brackish water, twisted trees, and malformed inhabitants. The temperature is high, making it an ideal haunt for the creeping and crawling things commonly found in such places.

Monoliths

Scattered throughout the Old World are hideous monuments, known as Chaos Monoliths. When a Champion of Chaos evolves into a Daemon Prince, his followers erect these enormous pillars as a testament to their power. The rune of the Champion's patron is commonly carved at the top of the Monolith, and the surface is covered in the deeds, rewards, and boasts of the Champion, recording them for all time. Monoliths can be found almost anywhere in the Old World, but are most common in the Wastes to the north, where Chaos reigns unopposed. Most sane individuals avoid these profane places, and the land that surrounds them is almost-always assumed to be cursed and forgotten by the true Gods of the Old World. Some Monoliths serve as the central point of focus for a shrine or temple dedicated to the Gods of Chaos, creating a constant flow of evil energy between the Monoliths and the followers. The presence of a Chaos Monolith warps and defiles the landscape and weather around it. Change Storms (see page 134) are very common around these monuments.

Monoliths to the Great Beast

Monoliths dedicated to pure Chaos come in almost any shape and size. The most common are simple, rough-hewn slabs of granite, carved or painted with the dreaded eight-pointed star of Chaos. While the followers of Khorne defile the Monoliths of Slaanesh, and Nurgle's warriors deface the Monoliths of Tzeentch, all followers of Chaos pay their respects and homage to this representation of Chaos whenever they find one.

Monoliths to Khorne

Khorne's Monoliths are grim affairs, cut from black rock and covered in carvings of skulls and bones, sometimes even spewing fountains of blood. Some are even crafted entirely in the bones and skulls of fallen foes, towering high into the sky like the remains of some terrible, multi-headed beast. On rare occasions, the servants of Khorne create their Monoliths out of metals—iron and brass being the preferred materials—and adorn them with horrible bas-reliefs of Khorne's symbol, stylised skulls, and profane runes. The Monoliths of Chaos Dwarfs are the finest of the lot, often polished to a mirror sheen that can reflect sunlight for miles around. Regardless of the shape, Monoliths dedicated to Khorne are always surrounded by mounds of skulls. No self-respecting Champion of Khorne would dare pass by such a monument without leaving behind a tribute of severed heads and bleached bones. They claim every skull left behind can later be found on Khorne's own Throne of Skulls in his domain in the Realm of Chaos.

Monoliths to Nurgle

The monuments of Nurgle's Champions always look ancient and crumbling, regardless of their actual age. Nurgle cares nothing of appearances, and allows his Monoliths to succumb to the effects of time, weather, and the defilement by others. His Monoliths are typically crafted from shale or slate of dull grey, and are covered in moss, lichen, mould, and slime. Its nooks and crannies serve as the home for disgusting snakes, toads, lizards, slugs, and snails. Clouds of flies swarm about these landmarks. The Champions of Nurgle show their respects by throwing the bodies of their fallen foes at the base of these monoliths, allowing their corpses to rot and moulder in the growing mounds of refuse surrounding them.

Monoliths to Slaanesh

The tumescent Monoliths dedicated to Slaanesh are both beautiful and terrifying to behold, and often appear as glistening rocks thrusting into

The Last Hope

One of the most unlikely places found in the Chaos Wastes has nothing at all to do with the horrors that lurk inside. The Last Hope is an inn, located on the ill-defined border between Norsca and the Chaos Wastes. It has survived for generations, curiously avoiding the worst predations of Beastmen, Chaos Warriors, Greenskins, and Mutants alike. The Last Hope is built like a fortress and has a complement of nearly a dozen hardened warriors that keep it safe. In addition to providing food, warmth, and safe place to sleep, the Last Hope also sells gear and provisions for explorers and travellers. The prices are extremely inflated, but the desperate have no other place to turn.

The current owner, Knute Alsgaard, is extremely proud of his family's holding and considers it the final bastion of civilisation before the Chaos Wastes begin. He's a very wary man, and though everyone is, in theory, allowed inside the Last Hope, a visitor must undergo a strict inspection process under the watchful eyes of his guards, including relinquishing all weapons, before stepping inside. The clientele is mixed—Norseman warriors, Kislevite Kossars, Imperial soldiers, and adventurers from Tilea, Estalia, and Bretonnia toss back potent brew and exchange information before venturing into the Wastes. If the Last Hope comes under attack, all able-bodied men are expected to join in its defence.

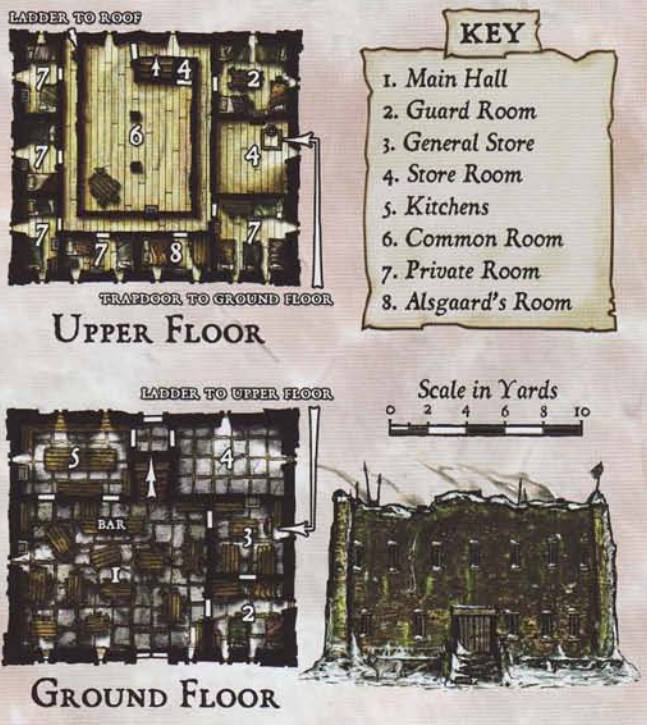
Knute Alsgaard

Race: Human
Career: Innkeeper (ex-Burgher, ex-Servant)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
56%	39%	42%	43%	62%	58%	64%	73%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire, Norsca), Consume Alcohol +10%, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gossip +30%, Haggle +20%, Lip Reading, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Search +10%, Speak Language (Kislevian), Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Cook)
Talents: Acute Hearing, Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Suave, Very Resilient
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger, Knuckle-duster
Trappings: Inn (the Last Hope), Good Clothing, Overcoat

The Last Hope



the sky. They are always crafted from the finest of materials—the most treasured being exotic crystalline rocks with pink or purple streaks and glittering veins of quartz. Rumours abound of large Monoliths crafted from a single, huge gemstone, but they are rarely seen. These monuments are inevitably carved with figures of Daemons, animals, and Humans in unlikely and blasphemous positions. These images are beguiling and repulsive at the same time, conjuring up images of seductive power and pleasure, entrancing music, excessive feasts, and other temptations of Chaos. Graven with verse from long-dead poets, these words can mesmerise and delude the weak-minded, forcing them to relish the careful turn of phrase, to inspect the gentle flow of thought to form and back again, and to spend eternity mulling on the dreams of pleasure and pain evoked by the throbbing stone.

Monoliths to Tzeentch

No two Monoliths dedicated to Tzeentch are alike, and trying to describe them with any consistency is almost impossible. Some may be made from exotic stone like black obsidian or glowing marble, although almost any other substance may be used. Even then, these Monoliths change and warp over the years to suit the whims of Tzeentch and his followers. Tales persist of Monoliths formed in living fire, cascades of water, or columns of solid smoke. A few are even unmoored from the land, floating low in the sky, or inexplicably sitting on the surface of a lake or river.

Using Monoliths

Anyone that reads the blasphemous runes of a Chaos Monolith must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10/2 Insanity Points. Monoliths are coveted and feared as being raw sources of magical energy. All spellcasters that cast spells within 100 feet of a Monolith add +1d10 to their Casting Rolls—this includes all spells, including those with seemingly good intent, such as healing magic). However, using this energy comes with great risk. *Any* failure to cast a spell results in a Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation (see **Appendix II: Tzeentch's Curse Expanded**).

Monoliths dedicated to Khorne, however, act as siphons to magic—the Blood God despises the use of magic. All spells cast within 100 feet of these Chaos Monoliths fail automatically, resulting in a Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation. Any ongoing spells entering into this zone

Table 10–2: Change Storm Effects

Roll	Effect
01–10	Acidic Precipitation
11–30	Reverse Temperature
31–40	Wind of Madness
41–60	Rain of Creatures
61–70	Hail of Fire
71–90	Rain of Blood
91–00	Aethyric Wind

Table 10–3: Encounters in the Chaos Wastes

Roll	Type of Encounter
1–2	Forgotten Battlefield (see page 130)
3–4	Creatures of the Chaos Waste (Roll on **Table 10–4**)
5–6	Change Storm (Roll on **Table 10–2**)
7–8	Creatures of the Chaos Waste (Roll on **Table 10–4**)
9–10	Out-of-Place Terrain (Roll on **Table 10–1**)

Aspect of Chaos

Roll	Aspect
1–2	Khorne
3–4	Nurgle
5–6	Chaos Undivided
7–8	Slaanesh
9–10	Tzeentch

Table 10–4: Creatures of the Chaos Waste

Roll	Encounter
01–05	Chaos Marauders (2d10)
06–10	Change Storm
11–20	(1d10+2)/4 Least Daemons
21–30	1 Chaos Warrior
31–35	1d10/5 Lesser Daemons
36–40	Wight
41–50	1d10 Gor Beastmen
51–55	Change Storm
56–60	1d10 Mutants
61–70	Greenskin Band (1d6 Orcs, 2d10 Goblins)
71–90	1d10 Mutants
91-95	Chaos Sorcerer
96-98	Chaos Champion
99-00	Greater Daemon

cease immediately, and the person under their effects must make an immediate Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test or suffer from the effects of a Moderate Chaos Manifestation. Strangely, magic items, including enchanted weapons and armour, function as normal, and the wearers or wielders suffer no ill effects.

Monoliths are incredibly tough, but not indestructible. A band armed with picks and hammers could eventually reduce one to rubble, if they were brave and strong-willed enough to stay there that long. Regardless of the material they are made of, all monoliths are treated as having a 10 Toughness Bonus and 500 Wounds. Monoliths seem to "know" when they are purposefully being assaulted. For every 50 Wounds the Monolith sustains, it summons a Lesser Daemon of the appropriate type to deal with the attackers. These Daemons emerge from the Monolith itself and attack the nearest person—they never retreat, and they fight until destroyed.

Change Storms

The weather is unpredictable enough, but the Winds of Chaos sometimes make it horrible and capricious beyond compare. During times when the veil between the Old World and the Realm of Chaos is thin, the weather often heralds terrible times ahead. Change Storms are bizarre manifestations of Chaos in the form of dangerous winds, disgusting rain, and stranger things.

Change Storms are most common in the Chaos Wastes, though strange weather sometimes appears in every part of the Old World. Unholy sites (particularly around Monoliths, tombs, or the Temples of Chaos Gods) sometimes assist in manifesting these storms. At the GM's discretion, a Change Storm occurs, and he can either roll on the table below or pick one effect. These conditions last for 1d10 minutes and typically cover an area up to a mile in diameter with the effects described below.

Acidic Precipitation

The sky breaks open, pouring down a torrent of thick, oily rain, snow, or sleet that burns whatever it touches. For each minute a Character remains in the acidic precipitation, he must succeed on a Toughness Test or take a Damage 2 hit.

Reverse Temperature

The temperature in the area switches suddenly to the opposite of what is normal. For example, if the Storm occurs during the middle of summer, the temperature drops below freezing and starts snowing. If the Storm occurs in the winter, the temperature rises to a scorching summer heat. If the temperature is moderate, there is a 50% chance of either effect occurring.

Wind of Madness

Powerful, mind-shattering and soul-rending winds tumble out from the north, scouring the land and driving all mad who hear them. For every minute a Character remains exposed in this harsh storm, he must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

Rain of Creatures

A shower of tiny creatures, typically frogs, fish, foetal pigs, and the like, suddenly spills down on the area. The rain causes no damage, but witnesses must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. Most of the creatures are dead on landing, but some survive and slowly limp about until they expire. Anyone unwise enough to closely examine any of the creatures finds them rotted, deformed, and rife with mutations.

Hail of Fire

A powerful storm of flaming hail bombards the area. Characters exposed and out in the open must make a Toughness Test each minute or take a Damage 3 hit and risk the chance of catching on fire (see *WFRP* page 136).

Rain of Blood

A torrent of tainted blood rains down from diseased, crimson clouds. Anyone exposed to this rain must succeed on a Toughness Test or contract The Bloody Flux or the Green Pox (see *WFRP* page 136).

Aethyric Wind

What begins as a light gust filled with motes of multi-coloured lights picks up speed and becomes a gale carrying the raw stuff of Chaos. Anyone caught in the area must make a Willpower Test every two minutes or suffer from the effects of a Minor Chaos Manifestation (see **Appendix II: Tzeentch's Curse Expanded**). The result affects even non-spellcasters (who can ignore wholly magical effects—a small blessing).

Encounters in the Chaos Wastes

The Chaos Wastes contain horrors more likely to be found in nightmares than the real world. Although seemingly empty, the Chaos Wastes teem with terrible creatures, marauding hordes, and unholy sites for anyone unlucky or foolish enough to find himself there. The Chaos Wastes are home to untold numbers of Beastmen, Goblin tribes, Orc hordes, and Daemons of all sizes and power. Roving bands of crazed Humans prowl the wastes—some are aligned with a specific Chaos God, while others are merely servants of Chaos in its purest form. The most dangerous are Chaos Warriors, fearsome Champions that have received additional "blessings" from their Gods.

Table 10–3: Encounters in the Chaos Wastes shows typical creatures that might be encountered in the Chaos Waste. If required, the GM may roll on the Aspect of Chaos chart to determine which faction the creature or creatures claim allegiance (ignore inappropriate rolls).

Adventures in the Chaos Wastes

The Chaos Wastes are rife with potential adventures of all sorts. Lost and forgotten cities lay waiting to be plundered. Hordes of terrible beasts, Daemons, and men wander its length and breadth. Both the brave and foolish dream of entering the Chaos Wastes in search of gold, plunder, and adventure. A few even return, often with little treasure and with horrible tales.

Adventure Hook: Sacrifice in the Snow

Klaus Reinfrank, a rich and eccentric merchant lord from Talabheim, has hired a caravan to take a precious, but secretive, cargo to Erengrad. Unbeknownst to anyone, Reinfrank has been slowly corrupted by the Lord of Change and has been granted visions of unimaginable wealth and power if proper sacrifice is made to Tzeentch. As the caravan enters into the open steppes of Kislev, Reinfrank insists on taking an unexplored route, claiming he has a map that shows a shortcut to avoid the worst terrain. In truth, Reinfrank intends to lead the caravan to a shrine sacred to his Chaos Lord and sacrifice his treasure and the men he hired to gain the favour he craves.

Adventure Hook: City of Deceit

Rumours persist of a glittering city somewhere along the shores of the Sea of Claws. Norse traders claim this is possibly Gultberg, a rich and proud settlement purportedly swallowed up by the Waste untold generations ago. The story itself is a myth, and few believe it, though the lure of wealth and plunder is too much to resist for some. In truth, the vision of the city in its splendour is merely an illusion, created by a Chaos Sorcerer and his followers to lure the foolish to their death. However, the forgotten, crumbling remains of Gultberg do indeed lay hidden beneath this veil of deceit, and who can say what hides there?

Adventure Hook: The Hidden Fortress

A young, brash nobleman named William Neuner has recently returned to Altdorf after a disastrous adventure into the Chaos Wastes. The only one of his group to return, Neuner is now hopelessly insane and raves endlessly about his companions being held captive in a fortress made of bone, brass, and iron. He reveals that his group was beset by a company of Beastmen, but he can give no reasoning why he and his companions were not immediately killed and eaten. His family believes the only relief that can be provided to their son and heir is a mission to the Chaos Wastes to rescue his companions, destroy the foul Beastmen, or both. They are willing to pay handsomely for fools who would undertake such a task.

Adventure Hook: Death Comes on Icy Wings

Deep in the tundra of the Chaos Wastes, a Sorceress of Nurgle located an enormous corpse of some mysterious creature frozen in the permafrost. Although she has no idea what the thing was in life, its body contains the remnants of a strange, terrible disease. Seeing it as a true blessing from the Plague Lord, the Sorceress has partially thawed the body out and summoned a huge murder of carrion crows to feast upon its decayed flesh. These mutated birds travel far and wide, spreading the new disease to the thorps and settlements of Kislev, Norsca, and even as far as the northern reaches of the Empire.

Chapter XI: Norsca

"From the harsh snow lands they come. Blond of hair they are, and blue of eye, and tattoos upon the arms and face and chest. Their eyes are mad with bloodlust, for blood they thirst for, driven forth on the whims of the Gods they seek to appease. Clad in but few garments and wielding clumsy, brutal axes and maces, they rage against the civilised lands of the south, burning, pillaging, looting all before them to offer up as sacrifice to their uncaring masters beyond the gates of hell in the northern Wastes."

—The Liber Chaotica, penned by Richter Kless, Priest of Sigmar, declared insane

Norsca looms large in the minds of Old Worlders. To some, it is the roof of the world, the birthplace of all evils, and the heart of Chaos. To others, it is a buffer—that which stands between the lands of civilisation and the Chaos Wastes and the madness beyond.

Common Views

"How is it possible for us to allow these heathens into our lands? How can we as honest sons of Sigmar remain true to our ideals, true to the values of the Gods, true to the memory of Magnus, and still exchange goods with these savages? Do not be deceived by their simple ways, their blonde hair, and chiselled features. Beneath this appealing façade is a soulless monster, a slave to darkness."

—Edgil, Scholar

"The Norsemen are savages. You can see it in their eyes. Blue! The colour of magic, I always say. Some even have red hair, a sure a sign as any they are possessed by Daemons."

—Viggo, Peasant

"They say the Norsemen worship strange and bloodthirsty Gods that demand Human sacrifice, perpetual warfare, and the conquest of the soft lands. That's rubbish, I always say. The trick to dealing with the Norse is to find what it is they want and sell it to them before they have the chance to draw their axe. A mix of keen reflexes and a sense of the Norse character is all that's required. Admittedly, not everyone is as quick-witted as I am, hence I have few competitors."

—Alfons Mann, Marienburg Merchant

"Have you seen them? Large, muscled, and those sharp features. I swoon at the very memory. Some enjoy the blonds, but I like the fire in the red-haired men."

—Maida Durrbein, Courtier

"It galls me to think that we allow these heathen barbarians among us. They have proved themselves unworthy of our trust time and again, betraying us at every turn. When the armies of Chaos march, behind whose banner do they gather? Certainly not ours. Look at what they did at Erengrad. To hell with the lot of them."

—Arius Vogel, Veteran

Scholar's View

"Certainly there are conflicting views about the Norsemen. On the one hand, they are merchants and traders, interested in dealing fairly with their neighbours. But on the other, they are a fierce and bellicose people who raid and steal as they like, extorting gold and silver for not sacking our coastal communities. The reason for this somewhat contradictory nature is that Norsemen, though mostly of similar form and appearance, are not just a single people, but rather consist of many tribes. And their attitudes differ a great deal between each tribe. To comprehend the Norsemen character, one must first understand who they are, where they live, and the fundamental motivation of the Norsemen people."

—Xavier Pfaff, Middenheim Historian

The Land

There are many reasons not to make the journey to the lands of the Norsemen. It is difficult, dangerous, and rarely worth the risk. To the north and west, the Sea of Chaos laps against its rocky shores. In these haunted waters, strange creatures swim, monsters spawned by the Winds of Chaos blowing south from the unstable lands beyond the Chaos Wastes. Massive ships crewed by the corrupted, mastered by Chaos Champions, prowl the seas in search of coveted artefacts and attack any ship they encounter. To make matters worse, the Black Arks of Naggaroth roam the waters to harvest slaves for sacrifice on their bloody altars. And who can really predict the odd storms that erupt unexpectedly with no sign of warning, lashing the sails and capsizing ships with their violent intensity? To the south, the Sea of Claws is little better. These frigid waters are the bane of many a sailor, with winds so cold that the very spray freezes, each gust sending sharp knives of ice to bite the flesh and freeze the extremities. Many of the horrors found

in the Sea of Chaos swim over into these waters, setting upon merchant vessels and military ships with abandon, dragging fools to terrifying deaths beneath the dark swirling waters. Considering the dangers, one might think to make an overland journey instead. But, there is little safety to be found by crossing the dreaded Troll Country, and travelling through the northern wastes, only to find glacial expanses and territory haunted by all manner of warped and terrifying beasts.

As the journey to this frozen land is fraught with many dangers, it's a wonder anyone would ever risk their lives (and their very souls) to explore a land so clearly antagonistic to the living. Part of Norsca's appeal is its trading value. The land is home to extensive forests of rare breeds of wood. The mountains hide veins of gold, silver, and other precious metals. And then, there's the Warpstone—the very land seems infused with it. As a result, many merchants and travellers spend exorbitant funds to assemble an expedition to explore the land of the Norsemen and harvest its riches to retire in luxury in the comforts of their decadent cities.

Climate

"I spent a year in that hellish place. Can you believe it? For six months straight, it was dark. The sun barely came over the horizon. And let me tell you, those were the most dangerous six months of my life."

—Mikel Kraus, Mercenary

Norsca is every bit the inhospitable place Old Worlders think. Thanks to its latitude, about half the year is a dim twilight, with the sun nothing more than a faint disk hovering just below the horizon, shedding its feeble light across the land. The temperatures are continually below freezing, clutching the mountains in a frozen grasp. Snow falls almost constantly, worsened by the icy spray blown by the winds over the Sea of Chaos. The other half of the year, the sun warms the lands, bringing temperatures above freezing and allowing the Norsemen's thralls to work the few arable fields to produce meagre crops.

Geography

"T'ain't nothing but mountains and more mountains..."

—Mikel Kraus, Mercenary

Norsca is famous for its daunting mountains. Bordered on all sides by these magnificent peaks, travel into the heartland borders on the impossible. Most travellers keep to the sparse, fortified villages dotting the southern and western coastlines. The mountains themselves are steeped in local myth, often named for the legendary giants and icy fortresses on the peaks, such as the Mountains of Thjazi and the Jotunheims. Although the mountains dominate the terrain, it is false to say they are all there is of Norsca. This harsh land is also home to dense forests of spruce and pine, mostly blanketing the interior slopes where they are protected from the worst storms descending from the north.

In addition to the dense forests and high mountains, Norsca also has glacial seas that stretch down from the Chaos Wastes, forming the Frozen Sea to the northeast. These massive ice fields are responsible for the jagged mountains forming the northernmost boundaries that offer some shelter from the changing forces occasionally blowing south from the chaotic north. During the summer months, the air warms just enough to drain the land and enliven the few stretches of plains that serve to supplement the Norsemen's diet of fish and bear meat.

Given the climate and the unforgiving peaks, any attempts to map this land have met with failure. There are simply too many defiles and gorges, too many peaks and darkened forests, all of which contain things changed by the loosed energies of Chaos. At most, the people of the Empire have a vague idea of this land's shape and a sense of what lies within, but any particulars are merely conjecture.

— The Norsemen —

"...I pity you and all the world, that of all the races of Men, for the Gods favour we Norse alone."

—Haubr, Norseman

Norsemen as a cohesive people do not exist. The name means "men of the north," and it is a term used by Old Worlders to collectively define the various tribes that occupy Norsca. Within each tribal group there are important differences that make each unique, with particular customs and beliefs to set them apart from the other men of their country.

Identifying the Norse

Norsemen are a distinctive race; they have large frames and are extremely muscular. They have the pale skin of the men of the Empire, but are taller and stronger. Norsemen tend to be fair-haired—blond and red being the most common. All wear their hair long, keeping it in braids, and sometimes weaving feathers or beads in the knots. The Norsemen don furs and hides as armour, though some have taken to wearing the mail of their southern kin.

Origins of the Norsemen

There are many ridiculous beliefs regarding the origins of these people. Some claim they are the spawn of Man and Daemon, creatures whose very nature is at odds with the natural order. Others claim the Norsemen are descendants of Giants, kin to the foul creatures of the Ogre Kingdoms. Some have gone so far as to claim Norseman are creatures of snow and ice, as unforgiving as the winter winds. But the truth, as shaded by myth and legend as it is, is far less fantastic.

Despite the claims of many Imperial historians, the twelve tribes that would one day form the Empire were not the first men to occupy the Old World. The Tileans, Estalians, Bretonnians, and even the peoples of Araby and ancient Khemri have held portions of what would become the Empire. Other kingdoms rose and fell, leaving behind the ruins of their civilisations. Among these people, there was a race of Humans who held the lands north of the Forest of Shadows, a tribe now called the Norsii. Large, well-formed, and nomadic, they lived from harvesting the bounty of the seas, hunting in the woods, and eating what they could coax from the ground through crude farming techniques. Never populous, they remained content in their lives, worshipping their strange Gods and following stranger customs.

The Norsii's peace was disturbed when other tribes boiled into the Reik Basin. The worst of these was the tribe called the Teutogens. They were warlike and murderous, and swept across the land like an axe-wielding tidal wave. The Norsii people were forced to take up arms and fight for their lives. All too quickly, they were pushed back from their lands and forced eastwards into conflict with other tribes, including the Udoses and the Ungols. Many minor conflicts ensued, but, eventually, an uneasy peace descended, and the Norsii settled again; although, this time with weapons ready. One of the principal difficulties they now faced revolved around the differing religious beliefs. The nearby tribes mostly venerated Ulric and Taal, the Gods of the Teutogens and the Taleutens, while the Norsii worshipped primal forces of blood, death, and, more importantly, their ancestors. The challenges of their opposing faiths, as well as the Norsii's savage ways, put them at odds with the other tribes. The land was not big enough for all, so, eventually, a trickle of Norsii began to leave their hunting grounds to find a safe harbour elsewhere in the north.

The Greenskin races had long proved problematic for the people of the Old World. Their constant raiding weakened the tribes of Men, and even troubled the fortress holds of the Dwarfs. When Sigmar emerged as chief of the Unberogen tribe, he brought together twelve other tribes under his banner through diplomacy and war, even conquering the warlike Teutogens. Once united, he led the tribes to face the Orcs and Goblins, and pushed them from his lands. When he was finished, he forged the tribes into a new Empire to bind all to his vision of the future.

However, not all were content to swear their allegiance to what they saw as a lucky, albeit brave, warlord. Those who would not submit to Sigmar's rule were forced from the newborn Empire to find homes in other lands. The remaining members of the Norsii, along with the disaffected members of the other tribes, fled the Empire, heading north. However, these lands were populated by the Ungols, who were not pleased to have refuges in their lands, and forced the fleeing tribesmen further north still, into the frozen, ice-choked mountains; the land now known as Norsca.

More and more people fled to Norsca, and there they found the descendants of the early emigrants who had largely embraced darker aspects of their primitive beliefs. This new land was dangerous and harsh, and the death toll was high from the environment as well as from the depredations by the roaming bands of Kurgan who wandered down from the Chaos Wastes even further north. Added to this new mix of peoples were strange men, believed to be kin to those who were changed into Beastmen in the earliest days of Mankind. It was from this clash of cultures and races that a new people were born: the Norse.

The Norsemen and the Old World

Since the earliest migrations, the Norsemen have retained a strange relationship with the rest of the Old World. They straddle the line that divides the bloodthirsty hordes of Chaos that lie in the Shadowlands

from the huddled masses who fight to defend their homes and way of life from the Incursions of Chaos. In short: To the Empire, the Norsemen are antagonists, sometime allies, and explorers.

Norsemen as Antagonists

The most common encounter between the Old Worlder and Norseman is in battle. Norsca is not a land renowned for its food and comfort; it is a place of violence and scarcity. When the Norsemen's population increases beyond their capacity to feed themselves, they set out to raid settlements along the Imperial and Bretonnia's coastlines, sacking the small towns they find and carrying off livestock, grains, and new slaves. Depending on the need, the Norsemen have attacked Erengrad and Marienburg, though both cities boast defences enough to repel all but the largest attacks. More often than not, when a Norse fleet approaches a community, they offer to take foodstuffs and booty in exchange for not burning the community to the ground. Though it may mean starvation through the winter, many Old Worlders give up a portion of their foodstuffs and even a child or two to ensure they have a chance to make it through to the next season.

Many Norsemen attack the Empire and other communities out of spite. Long have the Norsemen believed their lands were taken from them by Sigmar and his allies, so each raid pays back a little more of the debt they feel the Old Worlders owe. To make matters worse, they also find the Imperials lacking in courage and skill, hearkening to soft Gods, and lacking in honour. For them, it is their duty to purge the land of such weak men and pave the way for the Incursion that will mark the final and glorious end to all things.

Raiding is also a part of life. Among the Norse, a man gains honour simply by being a warrior. Excellence in fighting not only honours the Norsemen but also brings honour to all of their forbears. As a result, young men raid coastal villages as a means to prove themselves, and many are goaded to greater acts of daring by their Jarls—the lords of the Norse are well aware that ambitious young warriors grow up into restive, dangerous, ambitious, experienced warriors.

Finally, Norsemen attack other settlements because they are compelled to by their Gods. From time to time, the Seers receive visions that they interpret as invocations to war. The black Winds of Chaos blow south, pushing the Kurgan into Norsca and forcing the Norsemen to venture south to avoid being devoured or sacrificed on the bloody altars of their cousins.

Norsemen as Allies

Though these people strike fear into the hearts of men, not all Norsemen are bent on rapine and slaughter. Many deal with their neighbours honestly and fairly. Part of this "civilised" approach stems from Marienburg's efforts to establish mercantile inroads to expand their own trading influence. Marienburgers hope to cultivate a buffer state against the Kurgan and the more savage tribes of the Norsemen. As a result of this new era of prosperity, Norsemen have slowly returned to the ports of the Old World, signing on as mercenaries or even as merchants, selling whale oil, ivory, and lumber. In some parts of the world, the Norse warrior has become something of a novelty. The brave savage warrior is made all the more attractive by the stories and romances that circulate among the ladies of the courts. It's now fashionable in Marienburg to have a Norseman employed as a personal guard among the families of the upper class—and who can say, really, what goes on behind closed doors.

Norsemen as Explorers

As some of the oldest seafaring Humans in the Old World, Norsemen are at home amidst the waves and the spray of salt water. They are master shipbuilders, capable of constructing sleek ships famous for their speed and durability. They have a keen sense for navigation, can read the stars, and have a natural wanderlust that carries them across the oceans. It's true they undertake some voyages out of curiosity or because they were instructed to do so to appease the Gods, but most are opportunities for warriors to prove their mettle in battle against whatever new enemies they encounter. And if they acquire new thralls, weapons, gold, and silver, even better.

It's believed there's nowhere in all the world the Norsemen have not travelled. Legends tell of courageous seamen crossing the Great Ocean to found colonies in far-flung Lustria, or to wage war against the foul Dark Elves. There are tales among the Norse of crossing the Sea of Chaos to reach the lands of the Hung, to battle the treacherous Chaos Marauders and bring back untold treasures. Merchants travelling the Silk Road make mention of blond giants amidst the cultured people of fabled Cathay and Nippon. While these tales spark the imagination, who can say if they are true or not? Still, the Norsemen have great confidence in their skills at sea, and point to Losteriksson, who was the first Old Worlder to set foot on the shores of Lustria and live to record the event. There, he founded Skeggi—named for his daughter who was the first Norse child born in the New World.

Norsemen Society

Despite legends to the contrary, Norsca is not an organised nation, but rather a collection of petty states ruled by warlords, although even "state" is perhaps too strong of a term. In actuality, Norsca is loosely divided into different territories held by each of the seven dominant tribes. Within each, there are dozens of smaller communities that comprise one to three family clans who swear fealty to their tribe's King. Though nominally similar in structure and settlement patterns, there is a marked split between the Norsemen of this land.

Northern Tribes

Standing in the shadow of the Chaos Wastes, Norsca is a land touched by Chaos. Whenever the roiling Eye widens, the tongues of darkness lick the dizzying peaks of this frozen land, altering all and everything it touches. As a result, those tribes living on the coast of the Frozen Sea are more deeply affected by Chaos and, as a result, develop more mutations and more variety among their kind than the rest of the Norsemen. In addition, they are quite a bit more savage since they regularly come into conflict with the Kurgan tribes of the Wastes.

The Northern Tribes are often at the forefront of the Chaos Incursions, leading the way into the fat lands of the Empire for the Kurgan tribes. They are a brutal and bloodthirsty lot. Merciless, they kill for the love of killing. Northern Tribes include the Graelings, Vargs, and the dreaded Aeslings.

Importance of the Tribes

Kinship to a tribe is vital to an individual Norseman's identity. The tribe provides security, a home, and purpose. To anger one's tribe means being cast out, not only from the settlement, but also from everything he believes. Those few exiles may travel north to seek the favour of the Dark Gods, or become truly despised, heading south for the comfort of the decadent Empire. Unless the exile can prove himself (typically through some fabulous quest), he is forever after seen as an enemy to his people, and should he wander back into his lands once more, his former brethren do all they can to slay him where he stands.

Ymir

The Ymir are believed to be an offshoot race of Beastmen. Savage and bestial, they are cunning hunters who prey exclusively on Humans. Unlike the Beastmen, Ymir are generally solitary creatures, only meeting with another to produce a few whelps. They have no formal language, communicating in guttural growls and grunts. An Ymir stands just over seven-foot tall and weighs over 300 pounds. Its entire body is covered in thick, shaggy, white hair that gains a yellowish hue towards its lower body. They have an unpleasant smell, stinking of sour milk and rotten flesh. Most Ymir have frozen chunks of blood and flesh caught in their fur, which they pry off to eat when hunting is scarce.

—Ymir Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	12%	38%	47%	31%	23%	28%	18%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	3	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Expert Climber (see page 111), Keen Senses, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Albino, Bestial Appearance, Claws, and Thick Fur. There's a 25% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3—1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Average

Southern Tribes

The southern tribes are somewhat milder than their savage brethren to the north. Whilst these barbarians raid and plunder like all the rest, it is from these tribes that new efforts for peaceful communications originate. They raid when necessary for survival, but are more interested in acts of heroism and adventure over the carnal slaughter embraced by their kin. This said, during the Chaos Incursions, these Norsemen banded together to wage war against the Empire as it was demanded by their Gods. Refusing the call of battle is grounds for annihilation.

Among the southern tribes are counted the Bjornlings, Skaelings, Baersonlings, and Sarls. Though seen as more civilised than their northern neighbours, they still fight with rival tribes. In fact, the Bjornlings are fierce rivals with the Graelings, and the Sarls regularly fight the Aeslings and Baersonlings.

A Classed Society

Norse society is made up of distinct tribes that venerate their own heroes and their own visions of the Gods, but all share similar social structures. Each tribe is ruled by a King who distributes hunting grounds and territory to his lords, called Jarls. The Jarls bestow favours and gifts onto their loyal warriors, who occupy a vaunted place among their fellows. The rest of Norse society consists of the elderly, the infirm, and women. At the very bottom are the thralls, slaves taken from raids for use as sacrifices, menial labour, or worse, as consorts.

Thralls

The most wretched existence facing any Old Worlder is a life of forced servitude, whether it's in the mines of the horrid Ratmen, serving in the Pleasure Palaces of distant Araby, or being subjected to a life of pain and misery as a thrall to a Jarl. Each raid against the coasts of the Empire and Bretonnia find more and more people captured and brought back and forced into a life of endless toil and service to their masters. Such thralls are not contained to just the women and children abducted, but also include warriors captured on the field of battle.

The life of a thrall varies depending on the capturing tribe. Mostly, thralls are used as labour, building Longships or working in the frozen fields. Some thralls are taken as fourth or fifth wives, selected for their appearance rather than their station. But for most, their fate is to be sacrificed to curry the favour of the Dark Gods. When a new Dragonship is finished, the Norsemen line the approach to the sea with screaming slaves, to crush the life out of them as the warriors push the boat into the waters. Before a new raid, a thrall may be disembowelled, his guts flung out to the seas to appease the Daemons of the waters, whilst his corpse is strung up on the mast to feed the crows and other spirits of death. Seers kill thralls with impunity, using innocent blood to conjure spirits from the Otherworld. Though some thralls may receive decent treatment, most face a gruesome fate.

Peasants

Norsemen who lack skill or ability at arms fill a low place in Norse society. Reviled as weak and inferior, they are relegated to serving the Jarls, tending the fields and thralls, and herding animals. They are builders, farmers, and craftsmen. They may not have the prestige of the warriors, it's understood that without them, Norsca would surely die.

Warriors

The ideal person in Norscan culture is the young, virile slayer. He's courageous, skilled, and tough. He is the warrior. He is the hunter, the defender, the raider, and the hero. He defines the youthful aspirations of the young. Skalds recount his exploits in song and tale to the rapt children who dream of one day joining the other warriors, fighting not only for honour and glory but for the respect of their ancestors and the favour of the Dark Gods.

Becoming a warrior is, at heart, a simple matter. Anyone can pick up a sword and fight. But to gain the status and the attention coveted by would-be fighters, one must undertake certain rites of passage. Different tribes have different rites. Some require three tests: a test of Strength, a test of Skill, and a test of Courage. Others may send out candidates armed only with a spear to hunt down and slay a dreaded beast (such as the Ymir, see sidebar for statistics). Some clans erect a fake village and populate it with thralls armed with shields and clubs. The warriors must then raid the village to recover a prize, perhaps gold, ale, meat, or a beautiful thrall.

Jarls adopt the new warriors, binding them with oaths of loyalty. The bonded warrior protects the noble, enhancing the Jarls prestige and power. In exchange for his service, the warrior receives gifts such as arm rings, weapons, armour, golden jewellery, and of course, thralls.

The life of a warrior is often brief, but it is always exciting. Between raids, these men provide flesh for the clan by hunting the wild beasts of Norsca. They gain prestige when they return with an ice boar, moose, or some massive shark pulled from the seas. In times of war, they clamber onto the Longships, bravely setting sail for whatever battlefield awaits them, knowing their destiny is at hand. From their exploits, they take various titles, such as Bloodaxe, Beasthunter, Manslayer, Hatewrath, and so on.

Women

Though Norse society is patriarchal, women have a stronger place in these lands than many might suspect. A woman may own property and can become a Jarl if her husband dies and has no male offspring. It is up to the woman to decide whom she weds and if she divorces. Whilst women are expected to stay behind during raids and wars, it falls to them to protect the home, so most are competent, if not outright-skilled warriors.

When not hunting or fighting, warriors enjoy the finer aspects of Norse culture. They spend their time in sweat lodges, swapping lies, and telling tales of their contests. At night, they engage in drinking contests from which they can gain new and evocative titles—Alespew, Rockson, and the Glutton. Norsemen warriors are also unforgivable boasters, claiming impossible things to outdo their rivals. Sometimes these boasts lead to physical contests of arm wrestling, knife fighting, or brawling. These fights are rarely lethal since killing a warrior in times of peace is a grave crime.

To the outsider, Norsemen warriors are all the same: bloodthirsty bands of killers. But there are distinctions even among the various clans. Loyalty to a particular Jarl engenders peculiarities that all his bonded warriors embrace. Some warriors have a particular fighting style, perhaps using only axes, or fighting with shields whose edges are sharpened to a razor edge. Others are incredible leapers, while some wear armour only on the fronts of their bodies so they may never retreat. Unusual haircuts, topknots, a particular braid of beard, or lack of a beard altogether characterise the differing groups of Norsemen.

Seers and Vitki

Seers advise the Jarls in matters pertaining to the will of their ancestors and the Gods. It falls to these privileged men (and occasionally women) to interpret the movements of the Winds of Magic, the whispers of Daemons, and the spirits of fallen warriors to guide the Jarl to choose the proper course for the tribe. Vitki fulfil a role similar to the Seers, but are steeped in the arcane traditions of the Ruinous Powers. Many advisors in service to the Norsemen tribes are former cultists, forced to flee their native lands after being uncovered by the Witch Hunters. These individuals are highly regarded, and are valued members of their adopted communities. With a word, a Vitki can order any peasant's death, and thralls die by the scores to fuel the dark magic needed to perform their profane rituals.

Jarls

The Jarl is a great warrior loyal to the tribe's King. In exchange for his devoted service, the King grants the Jarl hunting grounds, warriors, treasure, and thralls. The Jarl is the absolute lord of his lands but is expected to be subservient to his master, and when the winds of war blow, the Jarl is expected to come to the aid of his King, and lend his warriors for the cause. Should the King or Queen die without an heir, the Jarls fight a bloody contest to take the throne.

Whilst it's expected that Jarls be utterly loyal to their monarch, it's not unheard of for a Jarl to slay his master and usurp his position. Such a coup is always dangerous since it invites reprisals and further treachery. But in times of weak leaders, it is expected for a Jarl to step up and seize power.

Kings

The most powerful Norseman in every tribe is the King. Most Kings were once Jarls, but occasionally, one inherits the title from his father. Rules of succession vary a great deal. In the north, the tribal leader is always the victor of a bloody contest, with all claimants battling for control. In the south, Kings inherit their titles in a way similar to those used in the Empire. Most Kings bear the favour of their God, having a potent Mark of Chaos to show their right to rule. Celebrated Chaos Champions, they prove their worth and might in war time and again.

Norsemen Settlements

In order for a city to thrive and grow, it must have substantial farmland and natural resources. Considering the harsh climate and the rugged terrain, Norsca cannot support the same sized settlements the Empire can. Instead, the Norsemen congregate in small communities consisting of three to five families scattered throughout the territory controlled by their tribe. Each community is led by a Jarl who is often advised by a Seer or Vitki and propped up by a cadre of loyal warriors. Certainly, there are larger and smaller settlements, with the bigger ones being held by the tribe's King and the smaller ones struggling to survive until they are eventually wiped out by the elements, a rival tribe, or some man-eating horror.

Sites

When selecting a new site for a settlement, Norsemen have three things in mind. First, the site must have access to a resource: good fishing, forests for timber, or an area of rich soil suitable for farming. Second, the settlement must be defensible; areas nestled in the mountains or hidden in dense forest are preferable. The last consideration is the ability to see in all directions. What good is a village nestled in a gorge of the mountains if one cannot see the approach of one's enemies? To make otherwise unsuitable sites useful, the Norsemen construct watchtowers to holding piles of wood drenched in oil to serve as a signal fire for the nearby community. These watchtowers may serve one or more settlements, and should the tribe fall under an attack, the signal fires can erupt all over the territory, calling the Jarls to muster their warriors and make ready for war.

Structures

Norsemen architecture is built with utility as the forefront concern. A structure must be warm and big enough to accommodate a large family. Also, these structures should be low to the ground so the falling snow can conceal the structures from predators. In the spring and summer, their roofs are seeded with grass so they blend in with the surrounding land.

Most structures in these settlements are longhouses: long and large, single-storied buildings covered in thatched roofs. Most have some additional adornment, featuring whorls and knots and working in beautifully carved images of Dragons and other mythological creatures. Within the longhouses, there's a central common room where meals are cooked, Skalds tell tales of the Gods and ancestors, and most of the family sleeps for warmth. Other areas attached to the common room serve as storage, private bedrooms, or as pens to hold animals.

Thralls live in hovels, little more than a collection of stitched-together skins hanging on a wooden frame. To keep out the cold, the slaves smear mud or excrement on the walls. The thralls are free to come and go as they please, as the Norsemen know there is nowhere for their captives to run. The Norsemen may sacrifice their slaves, but at least it's a quick death—something not often found in the trackless wilds of Norsca.

Each community has a holy site of some kind. Most are caves burrowed into the side of a hill or mountain, but a few are freestanding structures. Such sites can be identified by the altar and bonfires, mounds of skulls, and sacrifices of plunder. Strange runes mark the entryways, forbidding all those who are not blooded warriors from entering, but even the most courageous fighter fears what lies within. Maintaining the temple is a

Norse Dwarfs

Some 4,000 years before the birth of Sigmar, the Dwarfs were still experimenting with Rune Magic, and some of their kind pushed the boundaries of their craft too far. Though bound through ties of kinship, this led to great strife and arguing amongst the Dwarfs. Thinking to harness the greater magical energy found in the north near the Chaos Wastes, many of these Dwarfs moved into the northern reaches of the World's Edge Mountains until they came to Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land. Fearing this bleak place, many Dwarfs retreated back the way they came or travelled further north into Norsca to found new holds, whilst the rest remained in the Dark Lands. Those who went north founded Kraka Drak (Dragon Hold) in a mountain rich with veins of iron and precious metals.

Earthquakes, Greenskins, and the coming of the Skaven thrust the Dwarf Empire into disarray, severing contact with its most far-flung holds. Those not destroyed outright were forced to contend with their new environment and the people that lived there. Not willing to lie down and die, these Norse Dwarfs spread out into the mountains, carving new holds for their people. Over the centuries, they evolved a culture and language different from that of the Dwarfs that lived further south. In many ways they resemble the Norsemen in expression, arts, and temperament. It's not certain if these Dwarfs have given over to Chaos as did their Darklands brethren, though it *is* said they have odd customs.

Seer or Vitki, who either lives in the holy site or in a hovel nearby. Those familiar with the signs of Chaos can see their workings throughout these structures, from the bloodied altars to the strange paintings on the cave walls. The symbols of the Ruinous Powers are worked into everything, charging the air with raw power.

Last are the fortresses. Whilst in no way as magnificent as those found elsewhere in the Old World, these are defensible strongholds, built to withstand the worst of assaults. Some strongholds are old Norse Dwarf enclaves, while others are man-made, carved out of the very rock itself. These strongholds pepper the coastline, and are almost always held by a tribal King or particularly wealthy Jarl.

Industry

It may seem the land of the Norsemen is a bleak place with little to offer, but the mountains are rich with veins of silver and iron. In addition, where farmland does exist, it is always fertile, enriched by the minerals carried down from the mountains by the snowmelt. Norsemen are skilled fishermen, and whalers brave the tempestuous seas to harvest the greatest bounties of the ocean. Ivory, iron, fine woods, and other materials are readily available for the taking. But given the importance of warriors in Norseman society, much of the labour falls to the thralls taken from raiding and the peasants who manage them.

Norse Culture

To most, the Norsemen are nothing more than bloodthirsty barbarians, no different from the savage peoples of the Chaos Wastes. Admittedly, many Norsemen embrace the same forces of decay, blood, and death as the Kurgan and the Hung, but their culture is more than an endless series of battles. They have a rich society with traditions passed down intact since the time of Sigmar. They are unsullied by the machinations and plotting that so plagues the Empire, being free spirits who form a nation built upon the foundations of honour, loyalty, and respect.

A Spiritual World

The Norsemen live in two worlds: one is visible, tangible; the other is the world of spirits and Daemons, lying just beyond the senses. Though current philosophical trends of Tilea and elsewhere emphasise the empirical, that which can be studied and interacted with, the Norse believe what they see around them is the lie, a deception created to test them. Instead, the Spirit World is the truth, and only through the guidance of their mystics and the blessings of their Gods can they penetrate the veil of the senses and peer into the true reality.

Since life as experienced by the senses is a deception, the Norsemen do not cling to life like other races. They throw themselves into the thick of combat to show their worth to their Gods and their ancestors, all in the hope of receiving a blessing, or to be plucked from the dream in death by one of the shadowy Warrior Hags to join their fellows in the Halls of Glory. Pain, suffering, and other physical maladies are all illusions and are accepted as part of their existence.

It's believed Norsca's proximity to the Chaos Wastes lends itself to this way of thinking. The Shadowlands are strange and ever-changing. An ordinary boulder may stay in the same place for a thousand years, and then one day pick itself up and move to another spot. Birds may fly through the air one moment, and then slither as a serpent on the ground the next. Storms come and go with no warning. The sun may rise or not, and even the very stars seem to change. The world of the north is perpetually in a state of flux, and no laws apply to this land, lending a dreamlike quality to this wild land. Hence, life and death, health and sickness are all just aspects of this great dream they collectively experience. So when a Vitki conjures up a Daemon, the Norsemen believe they are getting a glimpse of reality. And given these essences have mutable forms, it's no great logical leap to suggest the manifestation of mutations is a mark of divine favour—a blessing granted by the Gods to set the chosen apart from the mundane.

Battle

Since the "real" world is naught but a dream, it is the goal of every Norseman to reach the truth, the life beyond the nightmare. Death is the door to this new world, but passage through it is not easy, for it is guarded by the Warrior Hags. A Norseman may only journey into the Realm of the Gods by proving his worth in the dream, and to prove it, he must die a glorious death in battle. Those who beg for mercy or cling to the world of the living are found wanting and cursed to wander the world as disembodied spirits, or worse, fed to the Great Dragon that Squats, where they are reborn as slaves, women, or worse, Old Worlders. And so warriors occupy a place of honour amongst the Norse, for it is they who have the chance to receive the rewards awaiting them in death. The rest are condemned to spend their days in the dream, never knowing the glory that could be theirs.

This emphasis on death in battle bears many similarities to the customs of the Dwarfs. A dishonoured Dwarf commits himself to death in battle, to seek out powerful foes until he is slain. Only through honourable death can the shame be absolved, allowing the Dwarf to find a place in the afterlife. It's theorised the Norsemen's emphasis on death in battle may be somehow related to the Dwarf custom, which might suggest some ancient pact or mingling of their races in the distant past.

It's easy to romanticise Norsemen's notions about glory in death, but the truth is they are raised in a culture that values the masculine. From birth, Norsemen are raised to be heedless of death, to form no attachments to life, and embrace everything that is strong, virile, and dangerous.

Other Customs

Aside from a disturbing obsession with death, the Norsemen have a strange assortment of practices that damn them in the eyes of many Old Worlders. Ranging from the curious to the downright disgusting, the manner and nature of these customs largely depends on the tribe.

Battle Customs

The sacrifice of thralls is by and large the most common act prior to battle, but it is by no means the only custom. Most battle customs involve complex and disturbing rites, including the spilling of symbolic blood, consuming the flesh of Chaos, and even a preliminary battle using blunted weapons.

In one northern tribe, they practise a disgusting ritual to consume the power of Chaos. They first take a living Beastman and drain its blood into a large iron cauldron. They pile wood around the vat and bring it to a boil, then add psychedelic herbs and tinctures to create a noxious mess. Next, each warrior cuts a lock of his hair and drops it into the bubbling fluid. Once all the warband has contributed, the Vitki ladles out measures from the cauldron and fills a skull goblet. Each warrior then drinks the draught to the dregs and spends the rest of the night awaiting the visions of his Gods. Much retching coincides with such rites.

Birth

Among some Norsemen tribes, a birth cannot occur without a death. The arrival of a newborn signifies doom for the tribe, so to appease the hungry spirits, the Norsemen butcher a thrall. Other tribes see birth as the truest sign of the Dark Gods' will. At least one tribe has a foul practice, where fathers consume the fluids and flesh of the afterbirth. It's believed this material contains the essence of change, and by devouring it, one can draw strength from it.

Mourning

Since death in battle is the ideal fate for any warrior, women in Norsca are forbidden to mourn the loss of their husbands and sons. Instead, they are to celebrate the event in a revel of feasting and drinking. Amongst some tribes, it is customary for the matron to cut away a portion of her finger as a sacrifice to the Warrior Hags, who they believe will lead their loved ones to the Halls of Glory.

Wergild

Instead of a complex set of laws, like those favoured in the Empire and elsewhere, the Norsemen resolve crimes simply. Any crime, no matter how small, incurs a debt, or *wergild*. When a person is wronged, they may seek recompense from the Jarl. They state their case, and the accused is given a chance to defend himself. Witnesses testify to their perspective on the matter, and once all evidence is presented, the Jarl will offer judgement. Such decisions never come easily and are rarely fair, depending on the quality of the arguments and the Jarl's mood. For instance, if the Jarl deems the plaintiff wrongfully accused the defendant, he may force the accuser to pay recompense to the accused.

Table 11–1: Wergild

Victim	Approximate Worth
Thrall	n/a
Child	1d10/2 *sc* or 1 female thrall (to make another child, of course)
Female	1d10–2 *sc* or 1 male thrall or 2 female thralls
Male	1d10 *sc* or 1 male thrall and 2 female thralls
Warrior	10+1d10 *sc* 2 male thralls and 4 female thralls
Seer/Vitki	*
Jarl	50+5d10 *sc* or a mix of 50 male and female thralls
King	100+10d10 *sc* or a mix of 100 male and female thralls

*Seers and Vitki have no *wergild* since it is forbidden to do them harm. Reprisals from the Gods settle all debts.

In any event, the Jarl sets the *wergild* for the offence. Sometimes, usually in the cases of murder, the debt can be met by paying a fine (*wergild* means man-gold: how much an individual is worth). The amount is determined by the murdered individual's station as described in **Table 11–1: Wergild**. Over the generations, *wergild* has been expanded to deal with any wrong, and if no one was killed, the Jarls must be creative when dispensing justice.

Each Jarl, depending on his wit and cunning, will devise appropriate values of recompense, based upon the crime. In the case of a false accusation, the Jarl might take the tongue of the accuser. Assaulting another man's wife might be punishable by being made into a eunuch for his uncontrollable passions. The taking of limbs is also common, especially when the accused cannot pay the *wergild*.

Especially heinous deeds might result in the criminal being forced to undertake a dangerous quest to some obscure place to do some bizarre act that will ultimately lead to his death. These are especially popular when the quest itself brings honour to the criminal and is reserved for bondsmen and warriors who commit some wrong within their tribe, usually against someone of a lower station. Since the warrior cannot retain his honour by paying a debt to a non-warrior, he'll instead undertake a dangerous quest that puts his life at risk but also brings glory and honour if he succeeds.

In some cases, the *wergild* may be placed on someone other than the guilty party, often when placing it on the accused would have serious repercussions. In such cases, a wife or child may have to bear the burden, losing a limb or eye to pay for the crimes of the patriarch. Or, better still, the *wergild* may fall upon the next person to enter the village, something that's preferred by the guilty party but is risky if the tribe's king happens to pass through the area.

Other examples include the transference of titles and station to the wronged party. There are even cases when another Norsemen takes the wife, children, holdings, and thralls of his enemy as recompense for

Norsemen Insults

Norsemen insults are crude and disgusting, of the types of things that an adolescent boy would conceive to the ribald laughter of his peers. Norsemen venerate all things masculine; thus disparaging another's manhood is not only demeaning, but infuriating. Common quips are to speak of another man's sword, impugning both his skill at arms and the size of his manhood. Comparing men to Imperials is another sure way to provoke a fight. And if a person really wants to face a frothing berserker, they merely have to suggest that the Norseman was used as a woman in the bed of another man. Most Norse insults are too profane and base to mention here, but suffice it to say, the Norse lack subtlety.

losing his own. In short, there is something of an eye-for-an-eye system in Norsca. The severity of justice is usually enough to keep most Norsemen in line.

Currency

As described in the *Old World Armoury*, Norsemen do not use gold for currency, rather they melt down gold coins to make jewellery—arm rings, torques, and brooches. In recent years, thanks to vigorous trade with Marienburg, the Norsemen have begun to mint small silver coins called *sceattas* (*sc*). The coins feature the crude likeness of the tribal King from which it originates. These coins are widely considered to have less value than other currencies. Hence, the Norsemen still resolve most of their dealings through barter, trading in lumber, slaves, livestock, and ivory.

Table 11–2: Thralls and Livestock

Item	Approximate Value
1 *sceattas* (*sc*)	15 silver shillings
Goat	2 *sc*
Cow	6 *sc*
Male thrall (1 career)	3 *sc*
Female thrall (1 career)	2 *sc*
Per additional career	+3 *sc*

Sayings of Norsca

- *"He's taken his father's hand"*: He died honourably and walks with his father to the Halls of Glory.
- *"He speaks to the ground"*: He drank too much mead.
- *"Wake the sleeper"*: Kill a mortal.

Norse Language

The Norse tongue is a complex language with over a dozen tribal dialects. Structurally, it bears many similarities to Khazalid, the language of Dwarfs, but it's corrupted by the intrusion of words from Old Reikspiel and the Dark Tongue. Essentially, Norscan uses a small sample of root words and creates new words by adding prefixes and suffixes and creating compound words out of simple ones. What makes this language difficult to learn is that each tribe joins different words to define the same thing. A southern tribe might call a bear a bee-wolf (bee for honey, wolf for shape and appetite) while a northern tribe, where bees simply don't exist might refer to bears as water-wolves, since the bear snatches fish from mountain streams. To master this language, one must not only learn the basic words but also be able to understand the implied meaning when the words are joined together in the context of where they are spoken.

Norse Religion

It would be easy to say that the Norsemen worship the Dark Gods, even easier to say that they are a soulless horde with no regard for life or the suffering they cause. It is true Norsemen see mutations as blessings from their Gods, and they festoon their bodies with tattoos and symbols of the Dark Gods to attract their attention, but to say the Norsemen are unthinking slaves to the Ruinous Powers is simply false.

The Norsemen see themselves as honest men, strong, mighty, and courageous. And for these virtues, they thank the Gods. They worship the Gods they do because they see their power in all things, and are vividly reminded of their potency. Southern Gods, like Sigmar, are weak in comparison to the primal forces of life and death represented by their deities. To the Norsemen, the blessings of their Gods (e.g. mutations) are the clearest sign of their power, proving to them that the Gods of the Empire are weak and impotent.

Norse religion is dynamic and complex, featuring a broad pantheon of Ancestors, Heroes, Daemons, and Gods. The Gods themselves vary from tribe to tribe, but each group of Norsemen embrace a pantheon that reflects four central themes: War, Desire, Decay, and Hope. Norse pantheons rarely feature just a single God per theme, rather they may have several. Instead of a single God of Battle, they might have three: one for wrath, another for death, and a last for excellence in arms.

Though they have broad pantheons, Imperial theologians believe these Gods are but aspects of four Dark Gods. They go on to suggest the various heroes are those mortals who likely gained a Mark of Chaos or were transformed into Daemons. Clearly, there are many parallels between the beliefs of the Norse and those upheld by the Kurgan and others in the Chaos Wastes. But some Norsemen also venerate some Imperial Gods like Ulric and Taal, giving the theologians of the Empire no shortage of religious frustrations.

Naming all the Norse Gods is impossible, as each community adds their own idols and heroes to the core set of deities worshipped by most Norsemen. Even the most popular divine figures are not universally upheld, since the northern tribes worship the Gods that are closer approximations to the Dark Gods than do the southern tribes. Still, there are some similarities. All pantheons feature a King of the Gods, who reflects the mortal King of the tribe. He is usually a war leader, powerful in battle but also wise. He typically has a wife who upholds womanly concerns such as home and hearth, marriage and motherhood. In addition, there are a number of Gods to represent the elemental forces of fire, water, wind, and earth—these tend to correspond to the four Chaos Gods, one of which is often the trickster God (almost always a parallel

to Tzeentch). The rest of the Gods reflect the particular concerns of a community. Add to this hundreds of Hero-Gods and Daemons, and you come close to assembling a typical tribe's pantheon.

Curiously, many Norsemen believe in Gods with strong parallels to those worshipped in the Empire, although no Norseman believes in Morr, since the afterlife is closed to all but the most courageous warriors. The Norse versions are always more savage and vicious than their southern counterparts. For example, the Skaeling tribe claims a Daemon God named Mermedus, often believed to be a dark reflection of Manaan, dwells beneath the Sea of Claws. They depict him as a bulbous and ghoulish figure, bloated in death, and covered in bulging eyes. It's said he walks on the sea floor, causing stormy waters to capsize ships and drown sailors. To appease this vile God, the Skaeling make Human and animal sacrifices, casting the weighted bodies down to distract the God from their voyage.

— Norse Campaigns —

Norsca is a place ripe for adventuring. Whether the players take the roles of Berserkers fighting Kurgan raiders or are Old Worlders searching for a lost artefact, the lands of the Norsemen are perfect for expanding the world of *WFRP*. Part of the reason is that much of Norsca is left undefined; you can flesh out as much or as little as you like. Hidden within the mountains could be strange tombs of dead Chaos Champions, lost relics from the era of the Old Ones, and more. This land is yours to explore and populate as you see fit. What follows is just a sample of the possible adventures Characters might undertake in this frozen land.

Exploration

In an exploration campaign, Player Characters could be Norsemen explorers. Whilst not centred on Norsca, it serves as a starting point. Perhaps the Characters are exiles, driven from their homeland now searching for a new place to call home. Such travels could take them to Naggaroth or Lustria to visit the colony of Skeggi. Or, the Characters might go north to seek their fortunes on the endless battlefields of the Chaos Wastes.

If the Characters are Old Worlders from the Empire, they could travel to Norsca to establish trade with the fierce Norsemen. This land has much to offer the merchant houses of Marienburg, and setting up an exclusive trade agreement for ivory could bring in a fortune. Alternatively, the Characters might simply want to explore the world around them. Norsca promises danger and excitement aplenty, with ice caverns, lost cities, and far stranger things. After a few forays, they might find themselves caught between two warring tribes, and have to find a way to negotiate a peace, or keep both sides fighting to stop them from raiding Characters' homelands.

Fort on the Frontier

One of the more intriguing campaign options is the fort on the frontier. In this campaign, the Characters are stationed in a remote outpost, likely Kislev, but they could be working alongside Imperials and even expatriate Norsemen. If part of the military, they may be ordered to scout the region looking for enemy movement, attack supply lines, or rescue a lost patrol. On the other hand, if the Characters are playing Norsemen, they might be the advance unit of a larger force that intends to sack Erengrad or Praag. The Characters must survey the land, avoid the horrors of the Troll Country, and report back to their superiors.

Invasion

Even in times of peace, the Norsemen are famous for raiding the coastal settlements of the Empire and Bretonnia. The Characters might be natives of the community and strive to find some way to rally the settlement to repel the attackers. Or, the Characters might betray their town to save their own necks. As Norsemen, the Characters could be in charge of an expedition to harvest new thralls or bring back much needed supplies to their village. What begins as another raid turns sour when a storm hits or when the townsfolk successfully repel them. Can the Characters find some other way to procure the needed materials to survive another winter?

Quests

The ice and snow covers many secrets in Norsca. Who can say what lays buried beneath the glaciers, or hidden in the deserted villages that dot its countryside? Rumours and legends about artefacts lost in Norsca abound, and many nobles fund expeditions to recover such rumoured treasures. The Norsemen themselves are not immune to the lure of adventure. As the Marks of Chaos are signs of the Gods' favour, many young men and women undertake terrifying quests to prove their worth to their Dark Gods. By recovering a hero's sword, they might just gain that which they seek.

Rescue

The Player Characters may be called to recover the lost son or daughter of a significant figure. Perhaps the niece of the Emperor was touring the north against the wishes of her family and happened to be abducted by Norse raiders when they sacked a village. Now the Emperor has issued a call to the bold and brave to recover his kin.

Stranded

Sailing the Sea of Claws is dangerous. A powerful storm could blow a ship off course into the teeth of the Norscan coastline. Characters on board who survive the ordeal find themselves stranded in a hostile land and must find some way to survive until they can gain passage on a ship heading home.

— Norse Characters —

In a Norse campaign, Players may take the role of Imperial citizens stranded in a foreign land, or of the Norsemen themselves. These guidelines are designed to provide you with everything you need to create a character hailing from this violent land. In addition to the Norseman, these rules introduce Norse Dwarfs as playable races. For parties consisting of Norsemen not overtly in service to the Ruinous Powers, Norse Dwarfs are an excellent choice to encourage a broader spectrum of character choices.

For more information on generating characters, be sure to check out **Chapter II: Character Creation** in *WFRP*.

Racial Features

There are two appropriate races for the Norse Campaign: the Norseman and the Norse Dwarf.

Norse Dwarfs

Norse Dwarfs are particularly suited for campaigns taking place in or around Norsca. Those encountered outside of Norsca are almost always exiles (*i.e.* Troll Slayers). Dwarfs are famous for resisting the lure of Chaos, so it's unlikely, though possible, for these Dwarfs to openly worship the Dark Gods. It's more likely for these Dwarfs to revere aspects of the

Ulfwerenar

No one denies the Norsemen's ferocity in battle, but there are whispers of some men transforming into horrifying beasts in the thick of battle. In Human form, they are indistinguishable from other Norsemen, but in the heat of battle, they lose control and gain the characteristics of wolf, badger, or bear.

Ulfwerenar Player Characters are generated as normal Humans, except they begin play with 0 Fate Points. As a full action or whenever the Frenzy, they can transform themselves into a hybrid creature, modifying their profiles as described under the Were mutation in **Chapter III: Catalogue of Change**.

Dwarf Gods, evolved in a way that emphasises warfare, cold, and ice. A Norse Dwarf character gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Norscan), Trade (Miner, Smith, or Stoneworker)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Inured to Chaos*, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Stout-hearted, Sturdy

Mutations: There is a 5% chance Norse Dwarfs begin play with a mutation.

Norseman

A Norseman character gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Outdoor Survival, Sail, Speak Language (Norse)

Talents: Inured to Chaos (see page 68)*, plus 1 random talent

Mutations: There is a 20% chance Norsemen begin play with a mutation. If you begin play with a mutation, there's a 10% chance the character is an Ulfwerenar instead of Human. See sidebar for details.

Optional Rule: If the campaign takes place primarily in the Empire, you may replace one of your starting career skills with Speak Language (Reikspiel). You may buy the replaced skill through normal means with experience points earned through play, and you must do so to complete your starting career. Imperial characters joining a primarily Norse campaign may use this rule to acquire Speak Language (Norse).

— Norsemen Careers —

Many of the careers found in the *WFRP* rulebook are suitable for use in a Norse campaign. Obviously, some simply won't work. Nobles, Courtiers, Toll Keepers, and so on are inappropriate for campaigns set in Norsca. **Table 11–4: Norse Starting Careers** includes a list of all the viable starting careers for use with Norsemen characters. Any career marked with a "†" is described in **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness**. In some instances, you will need to make some modification. For skills, replace all instances of Common Knowledge (the Empire) and Speak Language (Reikspiel) with Common Knowledge (Norsca) and Speak Language (Norse) respectively.

Careers

This chapter presents new Basic and Advanced Careers. They are presented in alphabetical order.

Bondsman

The Bondsman is a warrior in service to a particular Jarl. He is expected to live in the Jarl's Hall, share the Jarl's food, and be steadfastly loyal. In exchange for his pledge of loyalty, the Jarl rewards service with gifts, such as weapons and armour, and to the very best, land and title. The worth of the gift is never measured in actual value, but rather the prestige it bestows on the Bondsman. It's important to remember such gifts do not make the Bondsman a mercenary; rather, it is a reward for constant and loyal service.

—Bondsman Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	—	+5%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Savvy, Menacing, Quick Draw *or* Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Hand Weapon and Shield *or* Great Weapon, Medium Armour (Full Leather and Mail Shirt), Skin of Ale, three Gifts (each worth 1d10/2 gc)

Career Entries: Berserker, Mercenary, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Berserker, Bodyguard, Freeholder, Marauder, Mercenary, Reaver, Skald, Veteran, Warleader

Freeholder

One of the greatest rewards a Jarl may grant to his Bondsmen and loyal Peasants is land. Upon gaining property, these men and women are accorded a special status. For those who were not warriors, they have the same status as Bondsmen. For those who were once warriors, land is usually a gift given in exchange for lengthy and valued service. Many Freeholders eventually become Jarls if selected by their King. Otherwise, they gain a piece of land and a number of Thralls to work it.

—Freeholder Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	—	—	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Speak Language (any one), Trade (any one)

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Suave

Trappings: Longhouse and at least 1 Acre of Land, 1d10 Thralls, Livestock

Career Entries: Bondsman, Burgher, Fisherman, Skald, Whaler, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Innkeeper, Marauder, Merchant, Slaver

Marauder

Most Norsemen are great warriors, blessed with strength at arms and fierce demeanours, but it is the dream of nearly every Norsemen to join

Table 11–3: Norsemen Names

Roll	Male	Female
01–04	Aðalsteinn	Anna
05–08	Björn	Aðalbjörg
09–12	Egill	Ásdís
13–16	Fálki	Ástrid
17–20	Friðrik	Auðr
21–24	Hákon	Bera
25–28	Halfdane	Brynja
29–32	Hallbjörn	Drífa
33–36	Halldór	Eríka
37–40	Haraldur	Eydís
41–44	Hinrik	Finna
45–48	Hjörtur	Friðr
49–52	Hrafn	Guðlaug
Roll	**Male**	**Female**
53–56	Hreðric	Guðrún
57–60	Hroðgar	Halga
61–64	Lárus	Hildr
65–68	Lúðvík	Hjördis
69–72	Óskar	Hygd
73–76	[illegible]	Lilja
77–80	Sindri	Pála
81–84	Þór	Ragnhildur
85–88	Þórír	Sigrún
89–92	Trygve	Svanhildur
93–96	Úlfir	Valdís
97–00	Vilhjájmur	Vigdís

Table 11–4: Norse Starting Careers

Career	Norse Dwarf	Norseman
Berserker*	01–10	01–10
Bodyguard	11–15	11–12
Bondsman	16–20	13–15
Burgher	21–24	16
Entertainer	25	17–18
Fisherman	—	19–28
Hunter	26–28	29–32
Maledictor †	—	33
Marauder	—	34–55
Mercenary	29–40	56–70
Militiaman	41–45	—
Miner	46–55	—
Outlaw	56	71
Peasant	—	72–76
Pit Fighter	57–58	77–78
Reaver	59	79–85
Seaman	60	86
Seer	—	87
Servant	61	88
Shieldbreaker	62–66	—
Skald	67–70	89–90
Soldier	71—80	—
Tradesman	81–90	91–95
Troll Slayer	91–00	—
Whaler	—	96–98
Woodsman	—	99–00

*See the **Norse Berserker Career** on page 46 of *WFRP*. Careers in italics are described in this chapter. †This career is described in **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery**.

the ranks of the greatest warriors, to become Champions of Chaos and bear the marks of their Gods' favour. Until they can prove their value to the Dark Gods, they are simply Marauders. Most Marauders are the core of the Chaos Hordes. They flock to the banners of their Champions, throwing their weight behind any cause, whether it's the bidding of their Gods or the call to battle. When not part of a great army, they spend their time raiding villages of the Empire (Cathay, for Hung Marauders). Natural fighters, they are hardened by the bleak land and bred for battle. They hold all others in contempt.

Note: The Marauder career is open to Norsemen, Kurgan, and Hung. The latter two are generally horsemen, hence this career allows for Marauders that serve as horsemen. For details on these peoples, see **Chapter XII: Hordes of Chaos**.

—Marauder Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+5%	+5%	+10%	—	+10%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Consume Alcohol, Follow Trail, Navigation, Perception, Ride *or* Sail, Search

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail, *or* Two-handed), Strike to Injure

Trappings: Dagger *or* two Javelins, Flail, Great Weapon *or* Demilance, Hand Weapon, Light Armour (Helmet and Leather Leggings), Shield, Tattoos

Career Entries: Berserker, Bondsman, Cult Acolyte, Freeholder, Reaver, Skald, Special*

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior †, Mercenary, Reaver, Slaver, Warleader

*Any Character with at least one mutation and the GM's permission may become a Marauder.

Reaver

The seas of the Old World are full of terrors, some Human, others subhuman. Among the most feared mariners are the Norse Reavers, brutal warriors who plunder the coastlines in search of foodstuffs, gold, and

New Talent: Witchcraft

Description: You have managed to survive the perils of hedge wizardry and teach yourself more powerful techniques of magic use. This gives you access to spells beyond Petty Magic, but since you must figure out each spell on your own, your progress is slower than that of a Sorcerer. Witchcraft allows you to learn any spell from an Arcane Lore with a Casting Number of 15 or less, but you must pay 200 xp for each one. You can cast these spells without having the Speak Arcane Language (Magick) Skill. However, you must roll an extra d10 when casting one of these spells. This does not add into your Casting Roll but does count for the purposes of Tzeentch's Curse. Once you learn an Arcane Language and an Arcane Lore, you no longer have to roll the extra die.

slaves. They are a merciless lot, hardened from their frequent battles with Imperial sailors and the feeble militias that stand against them. Reavers sail the seas to bring booty back to their settlements in their frozen lands. Others sell their souls to the Ruinous Powers, hoping to attract the attention of their uncaring Gods, and gain the power they so crave.

—Reaver Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+10%	+5%	+10%	—	—	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, Lustria, Norsca, Southlands, Tilea, or the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Reikspiel, or Tilean), Swim

Talents: Hardy or Street Fighting, Menacing or Strike Mighty Blow, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Leather Jack, Leather Leggings, Leather Skullcap, and Helmet), Shield, Tattoos

Career Entries: Berserker, Bondsman, Marauder, Seaman, Skald, Warleader, Whaler

Career Exits: Marine, Mate, Mercenary, Navigator, Slaver, Ulfwerenar, Veteran, Warleader

Seer

Seers are self-appointed authorities on all matters involving the spiritual world. They can be found in marketplaces of any town, proclaiming their latest revelation to anyone who will listen. Since Seers operate outside the bounds of sanctioned religious laws, and purport to understand the will of the Gods, they are easy targets for persecutions by Witch Hunters, who don't draw a line of distinction between the authentic seers and the charlatans. In Norsca, however, Seers are valued members of a Jarl's entourage, reading the signs and portents in the entrails of their sacrifice or translating the flickers of fire to divine some glimpse of future events.

—Seer Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
—	—	—	—	+5%	+5%	+10%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Blather or Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic or Magick), Channelling or Performer (Palm Reader), Charm Animal or Public Speaking, Magical Sense or Perception

Talents: Hedge Magic or Keen Senses, Luck or Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking

Trappings: Instruments of Divination (dice, cards, a chicken, etc.)

Career Entries: Hedge Wizard, Skald

BONDSMAN

FREEHOLDER

MARAUDER

Career Exits: Agitator, Charlatan, Maledictor †, Vagabond, Vitki, Witch (This career may be found in *Realms of Sorcery* page 131.)

Skald

Skalds are the keepers of lore, the chroniclers of the histories of the Norse. Part entertainer, part warrior, these individuals are held in high esteem for their wisdom and knowledge. All Kings keep Skalds in their retinues, as do most Jarls. When the call for war is sounded, the Skald bears the banner and marches to battle with his comrades.

—Skald Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	—	+5%	—	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Gossip, Perception, Performer (any two), Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (any two) *or* Ventriloquism

Talents: Mimic, Public Speaking, Savvy, Suave

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Shield, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Banner, Several Scrolls Recounting the Histories of the Character's Tribe

Career Entries: Bondsman, Entertainer

Career Exits: Agitator, Berserker, Burgher, Freeholder, Marauder, Mercenary, Reaver, Rogue, Seer

Slaver

In the past, slavery was quite common in the Old World. The practice is as old as Humanity, originating in the ancient empire of Khemri, and continued through the various civilisations that rose and fell in the intervening years, leading to the present day. In an evolving economy, slavery is simply impractical. In places like Bretonnia, serfs perform all the work and live lives little better than slaves, but in the Empire, men and women, whilst Peasants, are in charge of their own destinies. Of course, in some remote corners of the Old World, the practice flourishes. Araby is famed for its flesh markets as is Sartosa and even some dark corners in Marienburg. The Norsemen take slaves as well, either from surrendered adversaries or as plunder from one of their raids. Occasionally, they have reason to traffic with unsavoury flesh dealers, and some enterprising Norsemen take up the profession.

—Slaver Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+20%	—	+10%	—	+10%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, *or* Tilea), Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Haggle, Intimidate, Ride, Speak Language (any three), Torture

Talents: Dealmaker, Menacing, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller *or* Streetwise, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling) *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Horse and Cart, Horse with Saddle and Harness, three Pairs of Manacles, 10 Yards of Rope, 1d10 Thralls

Career Entries: Marauder, Merchant, Reaver

Career Exits: Captain, Chaos Warrior†, Outlaw Chief, Seaman

Vitki

Admittedly, most Norseman spellcasters are Sorcerers, Witches, and Warlocks. All of these mystics draw their power from the Dark Gods, channelling *Dhar* to suit their needs. Still, in some parts of Norsca, an older tradition remains: one placing emphasis on divination, healing, and prophecy. Whilst most include them in the pantheon of corrupt Daemonologists, Vitki are not blatant servants of the Ruinous Powers, and instead work their magic to aid their people.

REAVER SEER SKALD SLAVER

Vikti

Warleader

Whaler

—Vitki Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+25%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+5	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Animal Training, Channelling, Hypnotism, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller)

Talents: Dark Magic, Lesser Magic (any two), Master Orator, Meditation, Menacing, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Witchcraft

Trappings: Dagger, Filthy Hides, a Bag of Entrails

Career Entries: Hedge Wizard, Seer, Witch

Career Exits: Maledictor†, Warlock

These careers may be found in *Realms of Sorcery*.

Warleader

Warleaders are proven Norsemen warriors who've seen countless battles and are entrusted by their Jarls and Kings to lead detachments of other warriors and Marauders against their enemies. Typically, Warleaders bear many strange tattoos, ritual scars, and most, if not all, have one or more mutations, showing they have the favour of the Gods.

—Warleader Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	—	+20%	+20	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+5	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Fearless, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Unsettling, Very Resilient *or* Very Strong

Trappings: Hand Weapon and Shield *or* Great Weapon, Medium Armour (Sleeved Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, and Full Leather Armour), Warband of 2d10 Marauders

Career Entries: Bondsman, Marauder, Reaver

Career Exits: Captain, Chaos Warrior†, Champion, Veteran

Whaler

Whaling is an important trade for Norsca, and Whalers are respected even among the warriors. Swimming through the dark currents of the Sea of Chaos are massive whales, many of which bear strange markings, and odd colouration, twisted and warped as they are by the power of Chaos. These monsters can capsize ships and swallow hundreds of men in a single gulp. Thus, Whalers must be made of sterner stuff than ordinary fishermen.

—Whaler Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%	—	—	—
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Navigation, Perception, Row, Sail, Swim

Talents: Coolheaded, Excellent Vision, Hardy, Seasoned Traveller, Very Strong

Trappings: Dagger, Lantern with four pints of Whale Oil, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Pipe, Spear, Bottle of Good Spirits

Career Entries: Fisherman, Reaver, Seaman

Career Exits: Freeholder, Marauder, Navigator, Reaver, Veteran

Chapter XII: Hordes of Chaos

They came like the wind.
One moment, the horizon was full of men and their steeds.
The next, the land was painted black with their numbers.
And finally, death stalked the land.

There's good reason why the World's Edge Mountains are called such. For most Old Worlders, these mountains mark the end of the civilised world. The peaks serve as a natural barrier to keep out the terrors that stalk those lands on the other side. But despite the earnest hopes of the Empire, there is a world beyond these mountains. There are no cities here—at least not as Humans know them, as there are no nations, no long-recorded histories. It is a world hostile to Humanity, a place unsafe but for the best of warriors or the worst of Chaos' minions.

— Kurgan —

"There was so much killing and bloodletting that no one could number the dead. The Kurgan pillaged the temples and the shrines and slew the Priests and virgins. They so devastated this land that it will never rise again and be as it was before..."

—Marcia Naissus, "*On the destruction of a city in the Border Princes*" extracted from *Liber Chaotica*

Common Views

"It is better to take your own life than to fall into the hands of the Kurgan."

—Karl Althaus, Imperial Pikeman

"The Kurgan are huge! Ten-feet tall, muscled, and violence in flesh. They're not Human. I swear it."

—Gregor Romberg, Merchant

"The hordes of the Kurgan are more than the stars in the skies. They are savage, fight without honour, and want nothing more than to eradicate the Empire, root and branch."

—Dmitri, Kislevite Blacksmith

Scholar's Views

North of the Mountains of Mourn, east of Norsca beyond the Frozen Sea, lays a great plain known as the Eastern Steppes. Empty of civilisation in any form, it consists of miles of empty grasslands speckled with the occasional stubby tree or black monolith erected to commemorate the death of a great Champion of Chaos. The Eastern Steppe is bounded in the north by freezing wastes and to the south by a vast and inhospitable desert. Though home to many races of a variety of species, the Eastern Steppe is known for the tribes of the Kurgan.

"The Kurgan are Human, at least in the sense they have the proper number of limbs, a head resting on a neck between two shoulders, and walk upright. But they are quite unlike other Old Worlders in appearance. The Kurgan have a swarthy complexion, with raven-dark hair and tanned, almost-brown skin, and black ever-so-slightly-slanted eyes. They have large frames, towering over other men, with bodies that are naturally muscular and powerful. They walk with an easy grace, fluid in motion, resembling the jungle cats of the Southlands in poise and stance. Even the females are strongly built with the same severe mien and dangerous attitudes."

—Odric of Wolfenburg, Historian

The Kurgan roam the Eastern Steppe, following their herds and waging war with rival tribes. As nomads, they rely on short, hardy steeds—noted for their speed and their ability to subsist on meagre fare—to hunt for wild cattle, antelope, and other natural wildlife.

"It's believed that the Kislevites are actually descendants from this race. Ancient records and carvings suggest the Kislev tribe travelled south and west, perhaps fleeing some other threat, much in the same way that many of our ancestors drifted west through the Black Fire Pass. Evidence of their Kurgan heritage still manifests itself in the northern reaches of Kislev, mirroring many of the customs and practices of the Dolgans and Khazags. The northern Kislevites have strong nomadic tendencies and see their southern cousins as weakened, maybe even tainted, by the decadence of the Empire."

—Ansel Shopenhauer, Imperial Diplomat

Beyond the Edge of the World

"The World's Edge Mountains form a great wall dividing the continent in half. It separates the world of pious and educated men from the wanton savagery of barbarism. The eastern slopes of these ancient mountains are pitted and worn, scoured clean by the incessant winds that blow grit and sand lifted from the floor of the nearly empty Dark Lands. The raw stone tumbles down to a bleak plain of scorched earth and stone, life long ago poisoned by the belching flames and smoke from volcanoes that hem in this terrifying landscape.

To the north lies the Eastern Steppes, a vast stretch of empty plains covered in tall grasses and stubbly trees. Here, the black clouds of the Dark Lands give way to the dome of the earth, dwarfing all who stand beneath its vast emptiness. Further north, the Steppes become the Shadowlands, a blighted region touched by the corrupting influence of Chaos. These lands, burdened by the Umbra, are home to countless hordes of Beastmen, roving plains of mutated Humans and monsters so foul and maddening they defy description, often nothing more than heaps of undulating flesh fitted with obscene maws and endless eyes.

The Chaos Wastes, as they are known, touch all other lands, and their inhabitants are compelled by the flowing powers of the Dark Gods to visit woe and suffering on all other lands that they touch. To the east, fabled Cathay stands in all of its ancient glory, with warriors standing guard on the Great Wall erected to slow the tide of monsters that tumble down with greater and greater frequency. It is no better in the west. For there, Ulthuan's exiles, the Dark Elves, watch the roiling energies of the great Eye of Chaos that opens and closes, spawning countless terrors whose mere sight devours the mind. Though protected by their own defences, time and again the Dark Elves must rouse their evil armies to stand fast against the endless tide of Chaos Marauders and Daemons that seek nothing more than to extend the influence of their capricious masters further and further south, until the entire world collapses under the weight of its own corruption.

So, the question is: who dares to hold these trackless expanses? What kinds of people live beneath the unbearable weight of the Umbra? It would seem the answer lies in Humankind. Even in the confines of the Empire, men and women feel the call and leave behind their lives to seek glory and power by embracing the unknowable mysteries of Chaos. These wicked fighters and sorcerers venture into lands foul and opposed to life, shouldering the might of Chaos to serve whatever petty ends they demand. If the good citizens of the Empire, taught as they are from the cradle to denounce the darkness, could fall sway to the lure of the forbidden, it should come to no surprise that mortals without such ingrained restraint would so easily succumb to the temptations of wickedness.

Indeed, in the Eastern Steppes, the seas of desert, and throughout the world, old and new, there are tribes of savage men who follow their herds to better grazing lands. These primitives have no conception of good and evil, have no understanding of the dangers of Chaos, and certainly have not heard of the Man-God Sigmar. Instead, they embrace the primal forces of nature, seeing spirits in all things. The blasphemous Gods of the north are their masters, twisting and turning their forms, deluding them into believing the failures of their flesh are actually boons, gifts from the Dark Gods themselves. So when the Daemons sound the trumpets of war, it is these violent tribes who answer its call. Quick to serve, they tie themselves to the vast hordes that follow the Champions of Chaos, believing it is their duty—their obligation, in fact even their sole purpose—to visit war on the lands of their neighbours. Such men and women cannot be reasoned with. They are slaves to darkness, soulless creatures little better than the Beastmen wandering the dark forests of the Empire. They are a force of nature unto themselves."

—Kristoff, Imperial Scholar of Talabheim

In Our Own Words

"You may call us heathens, savages, even brutes, but we are the closest to the Gods. We see their work in all things. And we do not create new seemly Gods that conform with our hopes for the world."

—Alakreiz, Kurgan Marauder

"Why do we raid your lands? It is the will of the Gods."

— Zar Seizask, Kurgan Chieftain

"We are the prophets, we are the servants, we are the warriors of Tchar, and we will destroy you."

—Deitzaad, Kurgan Shaman

Society

"There is nothing if there isn't war."

—Zar Uzelek, Yusak Chieftain

The Kurgans are nomads. They prowl the Eastern Steppes following the herds for food. They have no sense of a permanent home since the world is ever-changing. And so, they are content to wander and live off the land.

A common mistake made by most Old Worlders is to lump the Kurgan into one group, and it's easy to make this mistake since the Kurgan are constantly on the move. In truth, the people named the Kurgan are several independent tribes with no fealty owed to any one chieftain or any concept of nation. They war with Kurgan and non-Kurgan alike, fighting each other in brutal wars to the point of extinction, much as they do when they raid Kislev, Norsca, and the Empire. Although there are countless tribes, the most famous include the Kvelligs, Gharhars, Tahmaks, Hastlings, Tokmars, Yusak, Khazags, Avags, Dolgans and the terrible Kul.

Values

In the Old World, there's much confusion as to who and what the Kurgan are. Some believe they are a breed of Mutants, closer to Beastmen than to Human. Others believe they are a race of super-Humans, being huge, muscular, and all warriors. Others still, especially those who've survived a raid, suspect they are not Human at all, being Daemons trapped in the flesh of men.

The fact of the matter is simple. The Kurgan reputation stems from those who encounter the warbands that descend from the Eastern Steppes to harvest slaves and destroy the works of civilisation. Since Old Worlders only ever encounter these people as antagonists, they believe that the entire race consists of nothing more than bellicose brutes bent on rapine and plunder.

In truth, the Kurgan have as much of a complex and rich culture as anyone else. They are a deeply spiritual people, seeing the works of their Gods in all things, from the whispers on the wind to the swaying grasses of the Steppe. Theirs are dynamic Gods, beings who keep the world in its natural state: being one of constant change and perpetual flux. Everything is in the process of becoming. Thus, mutation is not an affliction but rather an evolution of divine will made manifest in the flesh. When a mortal gains some change in his form, he is said to be favoured by the tribal God and is accorded a place of special status. To hasten these changes, many Kurgan bind the heads of their children so they grow oddly, being elongated and malformed. Since the body is the physical expression of divine will, the Kurgan place special emphasis on strength and mastery of the physical form.

A Warrior Culture

Though there are differences between each of the tribes, most notably the God whom they serve, they all value strength over any other virtue. They are a people of hardened warriors. Courage, skill, and brawn are their

celebrated traits. The most powerful warrior of the tribe is called the Zar, their name for the Chieftain. He holds his position by dint of his power, the favour of his divine master, and the loyalty of his warriors, which he earns by bestowing onto them gifts for their service. Facial scarring is the clearest sign of a Zar's ability, and once a battle is won, the Shaman (a Chaos Sorcerer) makes an incision on the leader's cheek.

Beneath the Zar are his bold and savage warriors that live to fight. After each battle, the Zar distributes the spoils amongst his warriors, and those who have his favour receive the best rewards. Gold, silver, and other precious metals are melted down and formed into arm rings. He with the most rings has achieved the most victories and is greatly respected and feared by the rest of his tribe.

When not waging war, the warriors serve the rest of the tribe as hunters. They ride off into the steppes to bring down antelope and wild cattle to feed the rest of the tribe. This is also an opportunity for a warrior to prove himself to his kin, and often times, Spawn and other creatures are brought back for great feasts. Not only do these efforts feed the tribe, but they also keep the warrior's skills sharp for when he is called to battle.

Slaves

The Kurgan are also notorious slavers. As part of the battle's spoils, they collect the survivors and tattoo them on the face with the marks of a particular Zar. The ink used almost always includes some amount of Warpstone to start the mutation process and to dissolve the slave's previous loyalties.

A slave is considered an investment. The Zar must feed and clothe his slaves, keeping them healthy and hale enough to serve him. In exchange for his efforts, he expects his slaves to fight. Rival tribes will pit their slaves against each other in fighting rings. Since they harvest slaves from the same places, it is all too common to have former comrades fight each other in bloody death matches. Those who win these contests are accorded more freedoms and greater status, and those with continued success can throw off the shackles of slavery to become a full member of the tribe, possibly even displacing the Zar himself.

Shamans

As the Gods are very active in the lives of the Kurgan people, their servants have incredible influence on the tribe. The shamans attach themselves to warlords who have had great success in battle, in a sense wedding themselves to a Zar. To gain the service of one of these Sorcerers is a sign of great favour by the Gods. Shamans conduct rituals, cast spells, and use foul sorcery to aid the warband in its forays against the hated Empire. Kurgan tribes dedicated to the Skull King have little use for magic, and, therefore, slay these Sorcerers wherever they are found.

Women

Women occupy a strange place in the Kurgan tribe. As a people, there is no concept of marriage, only of breeding. A woman selects her mates based on his fame and prominence on the battlefield. Women who birth sons of great warriors are accorded a special place in the tribe, whilst those who content themselves with the weak and the unsuccessful warriors are shunned until their sons prove themselves.

Though the men provide much of the food, the women also harvest food from the steppes. Each day is spent gathering grains to grind into flour and other foods culled from the flora as they pass through the land. At the end of the day, the women scatter seeds to replenish what they have taken for when they next pass through the land.

Kurgan Religion

"A foul people, they prostrate themselves to the enemy of Humanity."

—Reiholt von Krishoff, Demilancer

The Kurgan venerate the Ruinous Powers. They see these Gods as aspects of the natural world. A stroke of lightning might be the will of Tchar, the Changer of Ways, whilst an outbreak of sickness is the blessing of Nieglen, Father of Plagues. Every stone, every plant, and the very clouds that float through the skies hold the secrets of the Gods.

No one Ruinous Power holds more sway than the rest. An individual tribe may uphold a single God or even a pair of them. Some tribes venerate all four and throw in a few other Gods as well. Generally speaking, the Kurgan know the Ruinous Powers by the names of Khorne, Loesh (Slaanesh), Nieglin (Nurgle), and Tchar (Tzeentch).

Kurgan and War

For the Kurgan, it is their duty to wage war, for war brings about the greatest change of them all: Death. Such forays are opportunities for plunder, to advance one's position within his tribe, or even to gain the favour of the Dark Gods. Further west, the Kul, Dolgans, and Hastlings regularly harass Kislev, sending raiders through the high pass to savage the *stanista* scattered in the shadows of the mountains. The rest of the tribes conduct nearly constant warfare amongst themselves, stealing each other's women and supplies until some other tribe returns the favour. Even though raiding is a large part of Kurgan life, many make forays into the Chaos Wastes, where they hunt for flesh or prove their might to their infernal masters.

Living a life of constant battle makes this people especially hardy and dangerous. Warfare is a cornerstone of their beliefs, and they see death in battle as the ultimate expression of divine glory. When the armies of Chaos gather in the north, the tribes of the Kurgan respond. They abandon their herding grounds to take up arms alongside the swollen hordes of Daemons and Mutants in their crusade to wipe out the Old World. This willingness not only stems from their sense of duty to the Dark Gods but also because such wars are advantageous. The destruction of an enemy city gives the Kurgan access to more resources and keeps their own population in check. And when the war winds down, the Kurgan are just as quick to break off from the horde to settle in their newfound land.

If anything, the Kurgan are thorough in the slaughter of their enemy. They butcher anyone who thinks to stand against them and pursue those who flee to the ends of the earth. Any survivors—those who don't succumb to their injuries—face a life of slavery and misery.

At the end of every battle, the Kurgan divide the spoils and pile up their kills on great pyres that burn for days. When the flames die down, they use their slaves to search for the skulls, which they pile into mounds. The Kurgan with the most skulls and who piles them the fastest is accorded a great honour: a scar on his cheek to mark his victory.

Kurgan Characters

The Kurgan are a strong people with little interest in treating with outsiders beyond slaughtering them. As a result, Kurgan will never take up a life of adventure alongside an Imperial unless it is on his terms—meaning that such companions would be slaves. In some campaigns, Kurgan might prove interesting Player Characters but only in games where all Characters are servants of the Ruinous Powers. In such instances, the PCs undoubtedly strive to become Champions of Chaos, with adventures involving frequent attacks against Kislev and the Empire, conflicts between tribes, or quests into the Chaos Wastes.

Table 12–1: Kurgan Characteristics

Characteristic	Kurgan
Weapon Skill (WS)	20+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	20+2d10
Strength (S)	25+2d10
Toughness (T)	25+2d10
Agility (Ag)	20+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	15+2d10
Will Power (WP)	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	15+2d10
Attacks (A)	1
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 11; 4–6, 12; 7–9, 13; 10, 14
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—
Movement (M)	4
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–7, 0; 8–10, 1

Table 12–2: Kurgan Careers

Roll	Career
01–10	Hunter
11–50	Chaos Marauder
51–60	Mercenary
61–70	Berserker*
71	Outlaw
72–75	Outrider
76–85	Pit Fighter
86–98	Thug
99–00	Witch

*See Norse Berserker Career on page 46 of *WFRP*.

Racial Features

A Kurgan character gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes *or* Eastern Steppes), Outdoor Survival, Ride, Speak Language (Kurgan)
Talents: Hardy, Inured to Chaos (see page 68), Very Resilient, Warrior Born
Mutations: There's a 25% chance for a Kurgan character to begin play with a mutation. If so, roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** in this book and modify the character as appropriate.
Trappings: Kurgan characters begin play with a Hand Weapon, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Horse with Saddle and Harness, a Saddlebag, a Pouch containing Dried Meat, a Waterskin, and a Tent.

Kurgan Careers

Kurgan are almost always Chaos Marauders who work towards becoming Champions of Chaos. For Player Characters, roll on **Table 12–2: Kurgan Careers.**

Sample Kurgan Raiding Party

Kurgan fight from horseback, riding stout and hardy horses noted for their speed and endurance. They tend to start combats using hit-and-run tactics, peppering their foes with arrows. Once softened up, the Kurgan attack en masse, slaughtering all that they find.

This raiding party consists of an Aspiring Champion of Tchar, 6 Chaos Marauders, and 10 Chaos Warhounds. See **Chapter VII: Beasts of Chaos** for statistics on Chaos Warhounds.

Aspiring Champion of Tchar

Career: (ex-Chaos Knight, ex-Chaos Warrior, ex-Chaos Marauder)
Race: Human (Kurgan)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
63%	38%	56%	63%	46%	30%	59%	32%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	21	5	6	4	0	5	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Animal Care, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes, Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Intimidate +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Ride +10%, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Kurgan, Norse, Reikspiel)
Talents: Chosen of Chaos (see page 164), Coolheaded, Hardy, Inured to Chaos (see page 68), Menacing, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Very Resilient, Warrior Born
Special Rules:
- *Chaos Mutations:* Bestial Appearance, Bizarre Colouration (Blue Heads), Multiple Heads (2)
- *Rewards of Chaos:* Chaos Armour, Gift of Tchar
- *Gift of Tchar:* Ecstatic Duplication (see page 175 for details)

Armour: Heavy Armour (Chaos Armour)
Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5
Weapons: Flail, Hand Weapon (Sword), Two Javelins, Shield
Trappings: Tattoos, Warhorse

Kurgan Chaos Marauder

Career: Chaos Marauder
Race: Human (Kurgan)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
49%	28%	41%	48%	34%	21%	38%	19%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	4	4	0	2	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Consume Alcohol, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Speak Language (Kurgan)
Talents: Hardy, Inured to Chaos (see page 68), Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike to Injure, Very Resilient, Warrior Born
Special Rules:
- *Chaos Mutations:* Two of these Chaos Marauders have mutations. One has Bizarre Colouration (entire body, purple). The other has Prehensile Tail.

Armour: Light Armour (Helmet and Leather Leggings)
Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 1
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Two Javelins, Shield
Trappings: Tattoos, Warhorse

— Other Peoples of Chaos —

The Kurgan are often considered the most significant of Chaos's servants, being the most numerous and most willing to give their bodies and souls to the Dark Gods. Regular exposure to these Chaotic peoples allows the Imperials and Kislevites to learn something about their bellicose neighbours, and the more Old Worlders learn, the more they come to realise that the Kurgan are not alone.

The Hung

"Word of a Hung"

—A worthless promise

Common Views

"The unwashed hordes of the Hung represent everything I hate about Humans. They stink, they're fools, and they are all too easily corrupted by Chaos."

—Shazamel, Witch Elf

"Never trust a Hung. Destroy and eat them, yes. Never trust them."

—Azeekel, Kurgan Marauder

"Them Kurgan is bad. But the Hung, they jus' nasty."

—Gorg, Ogre Philosopher

"We most certainly trade with the Hung. It is in our interest to trade with all the people of the world's roof. Whilst I admit I would never turn my back on a Hung, I'm more than happy to accept his slaves."

—Zygrad, Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer

Scholar's Views

"The Kurgan tribes are not alone in the Wastes of Chaos. Far beyond the Eastern Steppes are a people of wanderers and vagabonds known as the Hung. Thankfully, they rarely find their way into the Old World, being content to fling themselves against the Great Wall of Cathay or to sell their lives in battle against the Druchii of Naggaroth. Though removed from the affairs of the Empire, the Hung are a vicious race and have, in the past, emerged from their distant land to lend their might to the armies of Chaos."

—Soren Fitzgerald,
Professor of History at the University of Nuln

"The Hung are Human, though like others who dwell near the Umbra, they are often riddled with mutations. Short, squat, with thick necks and wide faces, they are an ugly people, made uglier by self-mutilation. From the moment of birth, cruel mothers cut deep gashes into their children's cheeks so that when the youths grows into men, their facial hair is checked by ugly scars, making them look like beardless eunuchs. These savages never bathe, and so have a terrible stink, covered in their own excrement and filth as if they were feral beasts."

—Gregor of Marienburg, Merchant and Explorer

In Our Own Words

"We make deal, yes?"
"You give us gold and women, we no attack."
"You not give enough gold or women, so we attack."
"We attack anyway."
"We make deal, yes?"

—Hung negotiations

The Truth

On the other side of the world, there are other Humans who serve the Dark Gods. Separated from the Kurgan by the Great Desert, they are often contained to the lands north of Cathay or across the land bridge in the northern reaches of the New World. Like the Kurgan of the Eastern Steppe, the Hung raid their neighbours, mounting attacks against the fabulous cities of Cathay or the sinister cities of the Dark Elves. They are almost constantly in a state of war. The reason is simple. They believe the purpose of their existence is to fight, to kill, to slaughter. By fighting amongst themselves, the Kurgan, and others, they glorify themselves and their Gods.

Like the Kurgan, the Hung are nomads, but instead of riding horses, they use tough ponies bred for endurance and survival in the harsh climes of their hunting grounds. These people live in the saddle. Some say they are even born there. Each member of the tribe carries on his stout steed a filthy woollen tent and everything he needs to get by. The Hung see all members of their tribe as equals and make no distinction between men and women. There are many smaller tribes including the Yin, Chi-An, Tu-Ka, Mung, Aghols, Wei-Tu, Man-Chu, Dreaded Wo, and the Kuj, though they are all part of the Hung.

Though they owe their allegiance to the greater tribe, the Hung honour no promises and abide by no pacts. They are famous for their treachery and for their willingness to kill each other as well as others they meet. They are a sly people, cunning in their dealings and quick to double-deal. For example, they might encircle a town and promise to leave the town unscathed if the people give over their daughters. Once the town complies with their wishes, the Hung butcher the townspeople and burn down all the buildings simply because they can.

They have a taste for fine things, so they snatch up gold, silks, even gaudy ornamental rugs, which they display proudly whenever they settle in to

The Tong

The Kurgan and the Hung are just samples of the kinds of savage people that live in the Chaos Wastes. There are countless tribes of insignificant size individually, but when combined, they become a formidable force. Among them, there are those who strike fear even into the hearts of those servants of Chaos who dominate the Wastes. The most notable are the Tong.

Centuries ago, there emerged a great host of warriors from the distant east. They carved a bloody swathe through the lands, destroying any tribe that got in their way. Not even the Kurgan could stand against them. Those who tried were utterly destroyed. These raiders were the Tong. The reason for their success stemmed for their complete and total disregard for their own well-being. They threw themselves onto the spears and swords of their enemies to hack their way to the other side. If disarmed, they rent their foes with their bare hands. One by one, they cut a path through the Kurgan hordes, then, inexplicably, they stopped and turned back the way they had come

The Tong vanished, and the tribes of the Eastern Steppes regained their strength. While Asavar Kul defeated his rivals and gained the *Crown of Domination* from Be'lakor, the Tong readied a new offensive, marching forth from their distant lands once more. The Hordes of Chaos spilled out of the Chaos Wastes and invaded Kislev as recounted in dozens of tales about the Great War Against Chaos, but in their footsteps came the despoilers of the east. Thankfully, the Tong never joined the rest of the hordes. Instead, this horde turned south to slaughter the wandering tribes of Men. When they were through, they wiped out warband after warband of Hobgoblins, burning and killing everything in their path. The horde raged for five years, seeking out the greatest tribes and killing them all. Their bloodlust slaked, they returned, unchallenged, back to the north, vanishing into the depths of the Chaos Wastes.

Since the Great War, the Tong have never resurfaced as a horde. From time to time, a small warband might emerge, joining the occasional Incursion, but thankfully never in the numbers they presented centuries ago. So rare are these warriors that no one knows for sure what they look like, except to say that are the most mutated and hideous of all the northern tribes.

War Ponies

Through careful breeding and diet, the ponies of the Hung are vicious animals, fleet of foot, and savage in disposition. They have dense coats to stave off the biting winds that blow from the Chaos Wastes and are hardy, able to subsist on the most meagre of fares.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	0%	38%	42%	36%	11%	21%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	3	4	7	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim
Talents: Acute Hearing, Fleet Footed, Keen Senses, Hardy
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Bite (SB–1)
Slaughter Margin: Easy

camp. Despite their pretence, they know nothing of civilisation and are an unsophisticated lot. In truth, they are not much more than simple hunter-gatherers, and the hunting aspect forms a cornerstone of their culture. They see each hunt as an opportunity to prove their strength and courage, so they prowl the dark places of the Chaos Wastes looking for some deadly Spawn or mutated creature to kill and bring back as food.

One thing the Hung do value more than treasures are their hunting dogs. They keep a vicious breed of canine that's so abused and malnourished it's hardly recognisable as a dog. Their cruelty instils a sense of loyalty in these stupid beasts, so they run alongside their masters in battle, savagely tearing foes apart. The Hung extend the same treatment to their steeds, which they feed a mixture of grains and Human blood to make them fierce and unpredictable.

The Hung's territory does not produce much in the way of food, so their diet can be macabre. They readily devour game and fish, but when the hunting is scarce, they feed on rats, insects, even the lice on their bodies. Some witnesses report seeing these savages devour the afterbirth from a mare's foaling. And failing that, they drink the blood from their steeds and even turn to cannibalism if necessary.

One might think that the Hung would leave their lands, given its conditions—and they do, but only to raid. They remain in their hunting grounds because they believe the Gods dwell in all things there. When lightning strikes, they see the image of the God of Blood. In their own leavings, they see the God of Decay. As a result, they keep no shrines or altars, though they do construct monoliths as the Kurgan do. Instead, these foul people honour their Gods by praying to rude idols or offering them thanks at mealtimes by rubbing their meat and broth into the coats of their steeds.

Most recently, many Hung have fallen under the control of Morathi, the Dark Elf Hag Queen and mother of the Malekith the Witch King. To reinvigorate the cult of Slaanesh amongst her people, she and a coven of cultists travelled north to wrest control of the Hung for her own sinister purposes. A great many tribes joined her and followed her south to Lustria, though to what end, none can say.

Hung Characters

Even in campaigns that features Player Characters in service to the Chaos Gods, the Hung are still inappropriate. Their essential character is one of betrayal and treachery. Still, if such games interest you, the Hung are mechanically identical to the Kurgan.

Darksouls

When the Shadowlord descended on Mordheim, his presence attracted the most despicable men and women in the Empire, people willing to sacrifice their very souls for the promise of real power. By pledging their service to the Ruinous Powers, these individuals had their souls blasted away and becoming something else, something far darker and sinister. They become Darksouls. Once so possessed, they gained incredible power fuelled by the Daemonic energies coursing within them, but they were sanity-blasted by the experience of having their souls devoured by the hostile presence within. Strangely, the Daemons did not remain and left these individuals as empty, insane husks who want nothing more than to kill.

The terrible method of creating Darksouls has survived over the centuries, continued by the savage peoples of Norsca and the Eastern Steppe. Through a perverse ritual, they bind the mortal inside a summoning circle where the victim serves as the conduit for a conjured Daemon. Once the ritual is complete, instead of producing the Daemon bodily, it manifests within the mortal.

Darksouls appear as ordinary Humans, but looking closely at their dilated eyes and listening to the endless blasphemies spilling from their

mouths dispels any doubts about their nature. Older Darksouls are barely recognisable; their bodies are scarred and disfigured by the terrible energies of the Daemons that once possessed them. Interestingly, the Daemons never remain long enough to mutate the host—only to drive them mad. Most Darksouls look like wild and untamed warriors, smeared with blood, dirt, and excrement, wielding jagged weapons and dressing in vile skins (sometimes Human) and rusted armour. Some Darksouls wear Daemonic masks and armour to remind them of their beloved masters.

Becoming a Darksoul

Darksouls no longer house the essence of the Daemon, but are deeply scarred by the experience. The Hung and Kurgan regularly subject captured slaves to terrifying rituals in which they bind a Daemon into their captive, letting it work its evil on the mortal form just long enough to destroy whatever good remained. Once the Daemon has done its work, they banish the creature and welcome the newly born Darksoul into their midst.

Those who become Darksouls are forever changed, their Humanity stripped from them for all time. They become wild and crazed creatures, retaining their Human form but being of an utterly inhuman mind. If a Character is subjected to possession in this manner, he must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test each day or gain 1 Insanity Point. Every two days, he must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or gain one mutation. When the victim reaches six mutations, he automatically becomes a Chaos Spawn. But if he reaches 6 Insanity Points, the Daemon leaves. Once freed from the possessing spirit, he gains the Fearless Talent and modifies his Statistics on the Main Profile as follows:

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–10%	–20%	+10%	+20%	—	–20%	+20%	–10%

Chaos Dwarfs

"I'll say this, and it will be the last I speak on this subject. The so-called Chaos Dwarfs are traitors. They betrayed our people and way of life. They are the walking dead just waiting for my axe to remind 'em."

—Korbad Grimaxe, Dwarf Explorer

Common Views

"Dwarfs are bad enough. But if you add Chaos to the mix, you cannot imagine how terrible they are."

—Lonolor, Elf Envoy

"The Chaos Dwarfs are a great shame to our people. The signs were there for all to see, and yet we ignored them. We're all Grungni's, yes? Our blindness has led to the creation of an abomination in the east, one it would do well for us to end."

—Hagrag, Dwarf Runesmith

"Dwarfs of the Dark Lands are good allies. They forge swords, armour, and weapons. They ask only for slaves. We have many slaves."

—Dreezen Killheart,
Kurgan Champion of Khorne.

Scholar's Views

"The truth about the Chaos Dwarfs is buried beneath lies and evasions, for they are the great shame of the Dwarfs. Ask any Dwarf, and they'll fiercely deny their existence. But protestations aside, rumours of the great foundries in the Dark Lands, of horrid Bull Centaurs, of great cauldrons filled with molten metal hungrily devouring sacrifices to some blasphemous Dark God ring all too true to be the result of idle speculation."

—Otto Bloch, Professor Emeritus of the
University of Nuln

In Our Own Words

"You may curse us, shun us, deny our existence, but that is no matter. You have done so for centuries. Had you not abandoned us, our vast family would never have been sundered. Thanks to your cowardice, we are strong and mighty, seeing the truths that have long been hidden from Dwarf eyes."

—Gakroth, Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer

"We do what we must to survive. We've made many concessions and thrown our lots in with the Greenskins, but as their masters, not as slaves. Of course, our values would never have been compromised had it not been for the betrayal of the past."

—Zhorgrath, Chaos Dwarf Engineer

The Truth

There are a great many stories about the creation of this race. Most conflict and others are outright lies. There is one thread that seems to stand out from the rest. According to this particular legend, shortly after the Great Catastrophe, the Old World was suffused with magic, and born from this loosed energy were Daemons and other vile creations from the Realm of Chaos. The High Elves of Ulthuan would valiantly contain this energy, but the damage was done, and the world was forever changed. In the aftermath, Dwarfs experimented with sorcery despite their innate inability to harness the Winds of Magic. Instead of trying to cast spells in the ways of the Elf Wizards, they sought to bind them into images and

Chaos Dwarf Magic

For simplicity, and until the Chaos Dwarfs and the Darklands can be dealt with more expansively, consider using the following spell list for Chaos Dwarf magic: *boon of chaos, breathe fire, cauterise, conflagration of doom, crown of fire, dark hand of destruction, fiery blast, fireball, hearts of fire,* and *vision of torment*. These spells are drawn from *WFRP* **Lore of Fire** page 151 and **Dark Lore of Chaos** page 160.

symbols called runes. Two positions immediately resulted. One group felt this road would lead to their doom, and the other craved the power it promised. Resentment bloomed and tempers rose, but despite their differences, they were one people, bound by their common heritage.

To alleviate the tensions, those Dwarfs who pushed the limits of the newly developing Rune magic travelled north, seeking out new lodes of gold, gemstones, and other precious metals, whilst the rest remained behind to proceed more carefully. These explorers included some of the most talented blacksmiths of all the Dwarf Realms, and they travelled north until, one day, they broke through the other side of the mountains and spied a land scarred and littered with chunks of obsidian, iron ore, and more. It was apparent to all that this place harboured some great and ancient evil, and so many turned away, continuing their journey north. However, some remained, seduced by the wealth they stood to gain from this blighted place. They named this new land Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land, and claimed it for their own, building a great mountain hold called Karak Vlag, the Isolated Hold, to guard the place.

As the years passed, the Dwarfs sent scouts across the Greenskin-infested badlands, heading for the Mountains of Mourn to explore their fiery peaks. Along the way, they found broken weapons, old war machines, and massive chunks of obsidian, to say nothing of the boulders that shone with the streaks of gold they contained. When they arrived at the distant mountains, they found them rich with precious metals and gemstones. They built a fort in the open badlands they had dubbed the Plain of Zharr, and sent forth expeditions to mine the lodes from the stone. Despite the forlorn landscape, and poisonous fumes spewing from the sinister peaks, it seemed the Dwarfs were right to come here, as their hauls were incredibly rich. Soon, Karak Vlag was famed throughout the Dwarf Realms for its wealth and mighty feats of engineering.

However, disaster was at hand. The Great Eye of Chaos opened and spread its inky darkness south. At its vanguard rode the Tong, the vilest of all Chaos Marauders. The Dwarfs fled to their forts and holds, and sent pleas for aid to their kin in the southern holds, but no help came. Soon, the darkness swept over them, cutting them off entirely. Alone, and facing extinction, the Dwarf Runesmiths claimed had a possible answer. Using magical techniques they claimed to have mastered through studying the magical-resistant obsidian, they called out to the void for help. This time their pleas for aid were answered, but help would come at a heavy cost. The Dwarfs had no time to deliberate, for the Tong were tearing down their gates, so they hastily agreed to the price. Then, so Chaos Dwarfs claim, Hashut, the Father of Darkness, rescued his new children, and whisked them away from danger. When the other Dwarfs finally fought their way north through the Hordes of Chaos, they could find no trace of Karak Vlag. The entire stronghold had disappeared, as if it had never existed.

Diminished, the Dwarfs survived, but they were changed, altered in mind and spirit. As they had promised, the Runesmiths became their people's new Priesthood, their Sorcerer-Priests, and soon wrested control over their new society, dominating the other Dwarfs through their might with magic. Their first edict was to construct the great city of Zharr-Naggrund, the City of Fire and Desolation. At the centre, they planned a massive obsidian tower shaped like a ziggurat, and at its top they would erect a great altar to Hashut.

However, the Chaos Dwarfs, which is what they now were, realised they were too few to build all that Hashut demanded. First, they enslaved the native Greenskins to help them, but they proved unreliable and treacherous. So, the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, experimented with their Greenskin slaves and bred a new race of reliable Orc, which they called Black Orcs, but even they proved too wilful and independent. When the Black Orcs rebelled, it was only through the aid of the Hobgoblins that the Chaos Dwarfs were not wiped out entirely. So, the Chaos Dwarfs reluctantly allied with local tribes of Hobgoblins to further their cause. But, even with this expanded labour force, the Chaos Dwarfs were unable to complete their construction without the aid of slaves. They sent Hobgoblins to raid the Silver Road and bring supplies and victims back to Zharr Naggrund. But, even this was not enough. Thus, the Chaos Dwarfs began trading with the savage Humans of the north, a relationship that has lasted to this day. In exchange for slaves, the Chaos Dwarfs still toil in their forges to spawn new and horrible creations for their Human allies. Chaos Armour, magic weapons, and terrible war machines funnel from the Dark Lands into the hands of the eager Chaos Warriors. Meanwhile, the forges of the Chaos Dwarfs shroud the land in thick, noxious smoke lit by the flames of the cauldrons—the ringing of the hammers muted only by the shrieks of fear and pain of those condemned to such a malign fate. The whole of the structure tremors with the never-ceasing labours, and echoes with the screams of slaves dropped into cauldrons filled with molten iron, offered as sacrifices to appease the hungry God.

Table 12–3: Chaos Dwarf Careers

Roll	Career
01–05	Sorcerer
06–11	Bodyguard
12–18	Burgher
19–25	Chaos Engineer
26–30	Jailer
31–50	Marauder
51–62	Mercenary
63–68	Miner
69–74	Pit Fighter
75–80	Shieldbreaker
81–86	Slaver
87–92	Soldier
93–00	Tradesman

Chaos Dwarf Characters

Chaos Dwarfs resemble their uncorrupted brethren a great deal, though their minds and spirits have been twisted to evil. They have blended the ingenuity of Dwarf engineering with terrible Dark Magic, spawning twisted creations that are more creature than machine. Rare in the Old World, Chaos Dwarfs have only recently been spotted on the battlefields during the Storm of Chaos, guiding living weapons called Hellcannons. Mostly, these corrupted Dwarfs remain in the Dark Lands, far from their estranged kin and only emerge to purchase more slaves from the Kurgan and Hung. With your GM's permission, you may create a Chaos Dwarf Character. Use the standard Dwarf presented in *WFRP* to generate Chaos Dwarf Characteristics.

Racial Features

A Chaos Dwarf character gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dark Lands), Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Search, Speak Language (Khazalid), Trade (Gunsmith)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Night Vision, Stout-hearted, Sturdy
Mutations: There's a 25% chance for a Chaos Dwarf character to begin play with a mutation. If so, roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** in this book and modify the character as appropriate.
Trappings: Chaos Dwarf characters begin play with a Hand Weapon, Light Armour (Helmet, Leather Jack), 1d10 *gc*.

Chaos Dwarf Careers

Chaos Dwarfs may be Chaos Sorcerers. For Player Characters, roll on **Table 12–3: Chaos Dwarf Careers.**

Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers

Leading the Chaos Dwarfs are the cruel Sorcerers, part magicians and part Priests. Such is their awful power that all the land sighs when they work their magic. However, Dwarfs are not suited to magic and so these Dwarfs pay a steep price for their talents. All Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers suffer from the Curse of Stone. They are guaranteed to one day transform into stone statues. It always begins with their feet and slowly spreads through the rest of their bodies until they are solid stone. These relics are placed on the road leading to the black heart of this land, serving as warnings to those who dare enter the demesne of the Chaos Dwarfs.

Curse of Stone

For every point by which a Chaos Dwarf increases his Magic Characteristic, he reduces his Movement Characteristic by the same. Thus a Chaos Dwarf with a Magic Characteristic of 2 reduces his Movement Characteristic by 2. Should the Chaos Dwarf's Movement Characteristic fall to 0, he is completely turned to stone. The gradual transformation into rock does carry some benefit, however. Chaos Dwarf Characters gain some protection as described on **Table 12–4: Stone Skin**.

Sorcerer

The Sorcerers of the Dark Lands are both Priests and Wizards, and as such, they occupy a powerful position within the society of the Chaos Dwarfs, even those new to the practice of Dark Magic. Most lesser Sorcerers work in the forges alongside the Chaos Engineers, blending Daemonic flesh with machine to create incredible weapons of war.

—Sorcerer Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	—	—	+5%	—	+5%	+15%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Petty Magic (Chaos), Very Resilient

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Robes

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Sorcerer Champion

Sorcerer Champion

Those Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers who master the essential teachings of Hashut advance in station to become teachers and leaders on the battlefields. Many Sorcerer Champions lead detachments of Chaos Dwarfs wielding blunderbusses, lending their magical might to wipe out their enemies and harvest slaves for the cauldrons.

Table 12–4: Stone Skin

Magic Characteristic	Armour Points by Location
1	Legs 1
2	Legs 2, Body 1
3	Legs 3, Body 2, Arms 1
4	Legs 4, Body 3, Arms 2, Head 1

—Sorcerer Champion Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	—	+10%	—	+15%	+20%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (any one), Channelling, Common Knowledge (the Dark Lands), Intimidate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Dark Lore (Chaos Dwarf)*, Dark Magic, Lesser Magic (any two), Meditation *or* Mighty Missile, Public Speaking

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Unholy Book of Hashut, Good Quality Robes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Sorcerer

Career Exits: Master Sorcerer

*See Chaos Dwarf Magic sidebar for details.

Master Sorcerers

The Master Sorcerers of the Dark Lands are amongst some of the most reviled and hated of all the Chaos Dwarfs. Masters of hundreds of slaves, commanding armies to their dooms, and lording over all that they see, they rule from the backs of Chaos Steeds. The only Chaos Dwarfs who can command them are the mighty Sorcerer Lords who rule this unholy empire.

—Master Sorcerer Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+15%	—	+25%	+30%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	—	—	—	+3	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (any two), Channelling, Common Knowledge (any two), Intimidate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Lesser Magic (any two), Menacing, Savvy, Suave

Trappings: Good Quality Hand Weapon, Unholy Book of Hashut, One Magic Item, Best Robes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Sorcerer Champion

Career Exits: Sorcerer Lord

Sorcerer Lord

The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Lords are not only more powerful than most Magisters in the Empire, they are also fearsome in combat. These individuals are the tyrants that rule the Dark Lands. Their word is absolute, and all cower before their might. So great is their corruption that even the Chaos Champions bow before them. Luckily, few Chaos Dwarfs reach the heights of power since nearly all turn to stone beforehand.

—Sorcerer Lord Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+10%	+10%	+20%	—	+35%	+40%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	—	—	—	+4	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Channelling, Common Knowledge (any three), Intimidate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any four)

Talents: Hardy, Very Strong, Warrior Born

Trappings: Best Quality Hand Weapon, Unholy Book of Hashut, Three Magic Items, Best Robes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Master Sorcerer

Career Exits: None

Chaos Engineers

Toiling in the great foundry cities are masters of the craft, individuals capable of bending ores to fit their evil vision. Unlike the Skaven of Clan Skryre, the Chaos Engineers do not rely on Warpstone to create their war machines, but rather the very essence of magic. It is from their dark imaginings that the Hellcannon was born, to say nothing of the other devices the Chaos Hordes employ in their wicked crusades against the Empire. When not labouring for decades over a single object, Chaos Engineers will shoulder arms and join the ranks of the Chaos Dwarf host to slaughter those who oppose them.

—Chaos Engineer Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	—	+5%	+10%	+10%	—	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Common Knowledge (any two), Drive, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any two), Trade (Gunsmith)

Talents: Master Gunner, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer or Gunpowder)

Trappings: Blunderbuss, Hand Weapon, Medium Armour (Full Mail), Engineer's Kit, six Spikes

Career Entries: Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Guild Master, Marauder, Smuggler

Dark Elves

"Are there Chaos Elves? No. There are only the Druchii, the Dark Elves, those renegade kin from Ulthuan. Though some prostrate themselves before the Serpent, by and large, their entire culture seems to exist to serve Khaine, the Lord of Blood and Murder. Sounds like Khorne? Well, maybe. But the Witch Elves look nothing like the Chaos Marauders."

—Korbad Grimaxe, Dwarf Explorer

Common Views

"They are soulless reavers, deluded by their own corruption. Can they not see the madness that lies within the Witch King? Their very nature is anathema to our rich culture and heritage. I mourn for them even as I slay them"

—Indronlil Shininghelm, Shadow Warrior

"Never trust an Elf, I always say. Dark, light, high, purple, doesn't matter. All the same to me."

—Elanlik Zakakragellason, Dwarf Giantslayer

"Five years ago, the Mouth of Tchar had a vision that revealed to him glory and plunder across the great sea. The Shaman pressed the Jarl to gather a host and set sail for this distant land. He had no trouble finding warriors, for all knew that such a voyage would bring great favour to our tribe. And so we climbed aboard our sleek craft and launched into the churning waters of the Sea of Chaos. We saw many strange things, battled terrifying beasts, but survived and proved our mettle to all. But we never reached that glorious battlefield; we never saw those distant shores. Instead, we found death riding a black ship of iron that cut through the seas with fearsome speed. The Ark, as we've come to know it, was full of lithe warriors, all dressed in black and wielding cruel swords and powerful bows. And though the Ark dwarfed our own vessel, we saw the glory to be had by attacking. We were fools. The Ark crushed us, and the Druchii picked off the warriors who flailed about in the frothing waters with arrows. Only I survived. There is nothing worth having to the east. Nothing."

—Hjeglac the Foolish, Disgraced Bondsman

Scholar's Views

"Many might consider the Dark Elves in the same vein as the Chaos Dwarfs—an offshoot race that evolved from some singular exposure to Chaos. This is wrong. The Dark Elves, unlike the Kurgan and Norsemen who kneel before the Dark Gods or the Chaos Dwarfs who envision the Ruinous Powers in the form of the Father of Darkness, are not slaves to Chaos, rather, they see it as a tool to further their own interest. In the northern reaches of their lands, they constructed a series of black towers to look out upon the Chaos Wastes and beyond. From these watchtowers, Sorcerers stare into magical orbs offering windows into the Realm of Chaos, hoping to catch sight of the future or some past event to give them an edge in their nearly perpetual war with Ulthuan. They have fought off their own incursions, repelling the hordes of Hung that spill into their lands, and have survived, growing stronger each time. Despite their bold claims as a people who have mastered Chaos, the touch of the Dark Gods is evident in their customs and practices."

—Cadfenelle Tallbeam, High Elf Historian

In Our Own Words

"We are a people wronged. We simply fight to take back what is ours."

—Maelthraen, Dark Rider

"The weak Elves of Ulthuan fear us, for our ways are the true ways. They fear what they cannot understand and instead cower behind the lies of their false history. Fools and cowards, it is but a matter of time before we wipe them from Ulthuan and regain our rightful place as masters of that isle. And from there, we shall take the world."

—Keress, Witch Elf

A Dark Nature

Dark Elves are not creatures of Chaos. They are in no way affiliated with the Dark Gods and have never been enslaved by the Ruinous Powers. Dark Elves are corrupted Elves, but their corruption stems from a malformed spirit, a hidden evil that's anathema to the nature and being of the High Elves. However, though the Dark Elves are not themselves minions of Chaos, they will stoop to dealing with Daemons and the servants of the Dark Gods to further their own ends.

The Question of Khaine

"A God named Khaine, a God of murder and death and bloodshed, only the wilfully blind could not see that this is none other than the Blood Lord himself, cloaked in one of his many guises to beguile and trick those who might otherwise repel him."

—*Liber Chaotica*

Khaine is the embodiment of violence, cruelty, blood, and murder. Having long abandoned all other Elven Gods, the Dark Elves are a society built around the celebration of his murderous nature. But Khaine is not exclusive to these bloodthirsty Elves. No, he has a presence even amongst Humanity. Imperials associate Khaine with Morr, citing myths that link the two as brothers, each battling for control over the province of death. The Lord of Murder is upheld by killers, thieves, and even some soldiers.

For those familiar with Khorne, there are too many similarities to deny an association between the Blood God and the Lord of Murder. Those who defend Khaine claim Khorne is limited to battlefields and open war. Khorne is a Ruinous Power, a being of Chaos rather than being one of Humanity's many petty Gods. But the effect of Widowmaker on the Elves, to say nothing of the profane practices of Khaine's most devoted servants, the Witch Elves, are all clear indicators of some association.

To the Dark Elves, there is a distinction. They deny, even unto themselves, that they serve the Blood God. They suggest Khaine is no different in scope and power from those same deities embraced in the Old World. The Dark Elves believe the distinction between Khorne and Khaine is one of degree. Where Khaine is the controlled violence of ritual and religious practice, Khorne is the uncontrolled savagery of the rabid dog, the wild killing sprees undertaken by the Norsemen and other madmen of the Chaos Wastes. And just as the Empire takes steps to eliminate followers of Khorne, so too do the Dark Elves snuff the lives of those who embrace the Blood God of Chaos.

Khaine's principal servants are the Witch Elves, called the Brides of Khaine. As maiden-Elves, his servants are wedded to him in midnight rites of blood sacrifice and cruel abasement. When the temple fires grow hot and the night black and cold, Khaine takes his new brides, and blood flows in torrents down the steps of his altar.

The Cult of Pleasure

Ever since the first wars against Chaos, Slaanesh has always been most successful in infiltrating the Elves, offering great power to those who had the resolve to grasp it. Despite the efforts of the Dark Elves to eradicate it, Slaanesh's influence persists to this day. The reason for the cult's strength, despite constant persecution by the Witch Elves, is because of Morathi, the Witch King's mother. As she has worked to safeguard her son's place as the head of the Dark Elves, she has made unwholesome pacts with the Serpent to perfect the Dark Art.

The recent strain of a continued war effort against Ulthuan has driven Morathi into deeper wickedness. She believes ancient artefacts lay hidden within Lustria and that to crush the High Elves for the last time, she must recover these relics. Morathi gathered a coterie of Sorceresses for a mission to the Chaos Wastes. Mounted on Dark Pegasi, they flew across the land to renew their ties to Slaanesh and take control over the Chaos tribes of the Hung.

When they arrived, they found the Hung waiting, weapons bared but unwilling to confront the beautiful women because of the raw power that emanated from them. Even the Warlords, who rose from their council to face the intruders, were halted by the cries of their own Sorcerers who knew Morathi had the favour of the Pleasure Prince, Slaanesh, whom they knew as Shaarnor. Morathi, after a spectacular orgiastic ritual, summoned sixty troupes of six Daemonettes and sent them to wipe out the Hung's rivals: the Kurgan. The Daemonettes crossed the distance and tore apart the Kurgan, sending them fleeing to the west, and the Hung swore oaths of allegiance to the Sorceress, thus putting an end to their raiding of the Dark Elf lands.

Morathi returned to Naggaroth at the head of her new army, intending to lead them into the foetid jungles of Lustria in search of the treasures of the Old Ones. She explained her plan to the Witch King, claiming that she would recover wonders and weapons that could surely be turned against the High Elves. Her success or failure in this effort has yet to be recorded, and the implications of the spread of Chaos remain to be seen.

Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness

Blood and souls for my dark master!

Of all the mortal followers of Chaos, none are more feared, more reviled, than the Champions of Chaos. These individuals are the Slaves to Darkness, having sold their souls to the Ruinous Powers in exchange for temporal power and the vain hope of being lifted from the mortal world to sit at their God's side in the Realm of Chaos. These individuals are all unique, drawn from mortals of all stripes. While most are Human, there are Elves, Dwarfs, Beastmen and more counted amongst their ranks. And when the Eye of Chaos opens in the north, it falls to these villainous servants to lead the armies to harvest more souls for their Dark Gods.

— Champions of Chaos —

The Champion of Chaos is almost always a warrior who serves a Chaos Power. Counted among their numbers are the Chaos Wizards, the Warlocks, and others who wield sorcery instead of steel. In exchange for their service, the Dark Gods offer power and glory. Such service provides a chance to visit justice on an unjust world. For you see, in the lands of Men, wealth and comfort are luxuries afforded only to the wealthy. The Ruinous Powers care nothing for birth or station and offer their rewards based on merit alone.

To serve Chaos, one must offer up one's body and soul to the Dark Gods, though usually just to a single God. Not all who offer their lives are accepted. In fact, it takes a spectacular deed of courage or wickedness to attract the attentions of a Ruinous Power. If accepted, the candidate receives a Mark unique to his patron, conferring some beneficial reward. In addition to the Mark, the Champion gains a Chaos Mutation of some kind. Mutations can be beneficial or detrimental, as is fitting to the nature of these fickle masters.

Champions of Khorne

Champions of Khorne are varied in appearance, hailing from many different lands and cultures. Still, all of Khorne's chosen share certain similar qualities. For these Warriors, they must prove themselves in battle, tithing skulls to their bloody master. They wield great swords or massive cudgels to crush their foes. They don armour that heightens their savage appearance, decorated with trophies taken from their battles. These Champions are terrifying sights to behold, and they are reckless in their thirst for death.

Champions of Nurgle

Nurgle's Champions include some of the most foul and disgusting of Chaos' servants. Their bodies are riddled with vermin and disease, their skin a sallow hue and always surrounded by a great stink of their rotting that attracts only the swarms of flies indicative of Nurgle's foul will. These men and women often wear heavy suits of armour to aid in retaining their forms. The disease that infects them soon works on their bones, converting them into bags of slippery flesh. Such foulness leaks out from the joints of their armour, spilling onto the ground behind them, leaving trails akin to that left in the wake of a snail's passage.

Champions of Slaanesh

The Champions of Slaanesh are every bit as decadent as their cultist kin in the south. These individuals exult in their transforming forms, wearing armour that accentuates the most grotesque of their changes. Despite their grotesque appearance, they retain something of their sensual qualities, and those who see them are equally repulsed as they are attracted.

Like all Chaos Champions, these individuals gather a warband to better serve Slaanesh. Instead of moving from battle to battle, they are content to exploit each other in foul orgies of flesh and fluid. Such gatherings can last for weeks, the members dying from exhaustion. They can only tear themselves away from their disgusting gatherings long enough to respond to an external threat. Woe be to the survivor of their attackers, for these bands see any captive as a new toy with which they act out their darkest fantasies.

Champions of Tzeentch

These spectacular knights are bizarre Champions of Chaos, even by the normal standards of Champions. Their armour is decorated in dazzling colours, inlaid with bands of gold and bluish-silver and constructed from strangely curving components. In some ways, these warriors resemble giant insects, crabs, or scorpions, emphasised by their elaborate headdresses and insect helmets. Though the Champions of Tzeentch are brightly adorned,

with crests and elaborate capes and panoply, it is their individual uniqueness that identifies them as slaves of the Lord of Change.

Chaos Champion Careers

The career path of the Chaos Champion is long and arduous. Once a Character starts on the road of corruption, there is no turning back. He is forever bound to his fate, and there is no escaping the doom of his destiny.

Unlike other careers in *WFRP*, the Chaos Champion must gain a certain number of rewards prior to advancing in the esteem of his God. Rewards are granted after the Champion performs some courageous deed or overcomes his enemies. As he does so, he attracts the Eye of his God, and when the mad orb settles on the mortal, great rewards or equal punishment may be the result. For the great rewards, the risk is worth it. See page 167 for information on the Rewards of Chaos.

Chaos Warrior

Warriors of Chaos are those men and women who leave their homelands to throw in their lot with the hordes that muster in the Chaos Wastes. They have a deep connection with the Ruinous Powers as is evident by the corruption of their bodies. Though they have committed themselves to the service of the Dark Gods, they retain something of their memories and their identities.

To become a Chaos Warrior, the Character must have at least one mutation.

—Chaos Warrior Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+10%	+10%	+10%	—	+10%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Follow Trail, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Speak Language (Norscan, Kurgan, *or* Hung)

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Full Plate), Flail, Great Weapon, *or* Lance, Hand Weapon and Shield

Career Entries: Chaos Marauder, Cult Magus

Career Exits: Chaos Knight

Chaos Knight

Chaos Knights are those Chaos Warriors who have served their master exceptionally well and gained a Reward for their efforts. Most Chaos Knights are wanderers still, following a more powerful Chaos Champion. They bide their time until such point that they can prove their worth and replace him. In exchange for their improved position, Chaos Knights begin to forget small details of their past. They may recall important events but rarely particular details about people or places unless somehow significant to the memory.

To become a Chaos Knight, a Character must have gained at least one Reward of Chaos.

—Chaos Knight Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+5%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+5%	+15%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Common Knowledge (Norsca), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride *or* Sail, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Norse, Kurgan, *or* Hung)

Talents: Chosen of Chaos, Hardy, Menacing, Specialist Weapon Group (any one)

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Full Plate), Flail, Great Weapon, *or* Lance, Hand Weapon and Shield

Career Entries: Chaos Warrior

Career Exits: Aspiring Champion

Aspiring Champion

Aspiring Champions are often the best any Chaos Warrior can hope to achieve, since most rarely progress further than this high position. The reason is simple. Chaos Champions eliminate anyone they see as a rival,

Chaos Warrior

Chaos Knight

Aspiring Champion

Champion of Chaos

Exalted Champion

Maledictor

butchering their underlings to ensure their continued place at the head of their armies. As a result, many Aspiring Champions leave the service of a Chaos Champion to create their own warband. Unfortunately, Aspiring Champions can only recall the most pertinent details of their past, and many assume new identities to replace those lost to them.

To become an Aspiring Champion, a Character must have gained at least two Rewards of Chaos.

—Aspiring Champion Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+10%	+20%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+8	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (any two), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride *or* Sail, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Coolheaded, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Warrior Born

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Full Plate), Flail, Great Weapon, *or* Lance, Hand Weapon and Shield, Magic Item, 2d10 Followers

Career Entries: Chaos Knight

Career Exits: Champion of Chaos

Champion of Chaos

The Champions of Chaos are some of the most feared warriors of the Chaos Wastes. Armed with potent weaponry and protected with blasphemous Chaos Armour, they can withstand the worst attacks and defeat nearly any foe. Chaos Champions lead warbands and may ally themselves with more potent Warlords should the situation demand it. Very few Chaos Champions exist considering the violence of their adopted homeland, but those who do are mighty indeed. These characters have no recollection of their pasts and almost always assume a new name and identity to replace that which they lost.

To become Champion of Chaos, a Character must have gained at least three Rewards of Chaos.

—Champion of Chaos Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+30%	+15%	+25%	+30%	+25%	+15%	+30%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+9	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (any three), Ride, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Fearless, Inured to Chaos, Public Speaking, Suave, Unsettling, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Trappings: Chaos Armour, Magic Item, Magic Weapon, Warband

Career Entries: Aspiring Champion

Career Exits: Exalted Champion of Chaos

Exalted Champion of Chaos

The Exalted Champions are counted amongst the most powerful warriors of the Chaos Wastes. These foul, corrupt individuals are thoroughly the pawns of the Dark Gods and have little will of their own. They live to fight, and hate the Empire. They lead their armies across the war-torn lands, throwing themselves into the teeth of their enemies, fighting until nothing and no one remain. These characters are as likely to slay their allies as their enemies as they respond to the capricious whims of their foul masters. It is from these few Chaos Champions that the Ruinous Powers select the next Lord of Chaos who leads the armies of Chaos Undivided into battle against their enemies.

To become an Exalted Champion of Chaos, a Character must have gained at least four Rewards of Chaos, one of which must be a Mark of Chaos.

New Talent: Chosen of Chaos

Description: You are a favoured servant of the Ruinous Powers. Whenever you gain a mutation, you may roll twice and select the more favourable result.

—Exalted Champion Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+40%	+20%	+30%	+40%	+30%	+20%	+40%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+3	+10	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Ride, Speak Language (any two), Torture

Talents: Coolheaded, Frightening, Keen Senses, Master Orator, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (any two)

Trappings: Chaos Armour, Chaos Army, two Magic Items, Magic Weapon

Career Entries: Champion of Chaos

Career Exits: None

— Chaos Sorcerers —

The Sorcerers of Chaos are powerful spellcasters who use the raw Winds of Magic to cast spells. Masters of Dark Magic, there is little beyond their might. They can transport themselves over vast distances, call upon the fires of Tzeentch, slaughter men by the scores, and more. But such magic comes at a terrible price. As they tap the energies of Chaos, their sanity withers whilst their bodies twist and mutate with the invoked energies.

Chaos Sorcerers may be found amongst the savage tribes of the north, serving as oracles and counsellors, but many also come from the lands of the Empire and beyond. These individuals, finding the limitations on magic within the Colleges too restrictive, and lured by the power to be held by dabbling in Daemonology, drift north to bring themselves closer to the source of their magic, learning through trial and error.

What separates Chaos Sorcerers from other spellcasters, namely the Magisters of the Empire, Witches, and Warlocks, is that these individuals derive their power directly from their Gods. So, only servants of Nurgle, Slaanesh, and Tzeentch may become Chaos Sorcerers. Khorne abhors magic. In addition, if your campaign features Dark Elves, you can use these careers to simulate the Witch Elves of Naggaroth (though ignore the mutation and Rewards of Chaos requirements).

Unlike other careers in *WFRP,* the Chaos Sorcerer must gain a certain number of rewards prior to advancing in the esteem of his God. Rewards are granted after he performs some courageous deed or overcomes his enemies. As he does so, he gains the Eye of his God, and when the mad orb settles on the mortal, great rewards or equal punishment may result. But for the great rewards, the risk is worth it. For more information on **Rewards of Chaos**, see page 167 in this chapter.

Maledictor

Maledictors are Shamans and Witch Doctors, minor spellcasters at best. They dabble in the dark arts, but have little understanding of what it is that they do. A few join a warband in the hopes of gaining a better understanding of the nature of Chaos.

To become a Maledictor, you must have at least one mutation.

—Maledictor Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
—	—	—	—	+5%	+10%	+15%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
—	+2	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Fast Hands, Petty Magic (Chaos), Savvy *or* Very Resilient

Trappings: Backpack, Grimoire, Quarter Staff

Career Entries: Cult Magus, Seer, Vitki, Special*

Career Exits: Doomweaver

Doomweaver

Soulflayer

Cataclyst

Fighting for the Favour of the Dark Gods

"By comparison, I suppose I can understand the Chaos cultist better. In our Empire, the temptations of the forbidden are great, subtly worming their way into our hearts and minds. From the first caress of the Dark Gods to the utter destruction of the spirit, it is a road travelled most often in ignorance. This, of course, does not absolve these heretics, but it does serve to clarify their descent. But the Champions, they are a different species. How can they not see what they have become? They are saddled with more corruptions than any Beastman. They stink with the mutation of their sacred form. I've seen Champions of Nurgle that are nothing more than stinking bags of flesh filled with pus and squirming maggots, Champions of Khorne so twisted and feral, they are more beast than man. Can they not notice the price for their service, the cost of their loyalty?"

So who are the Champions of Chaos? That is a complex question. The Warriors of Darkness may be Norseman, Dwarf, Kurgan, Elf, Hung, Beastman, Tilean, or Imperial. They come from all walks of life, from all parts of the world. Certainly, most originate from the savage tribes of the north, but the Champion of Chaos lies within us all. We can see its ugly face in the cultists as they're dragged screaming to the pyres. Their faces contort, filled with hate, full of hope, full of maddening rage, and they laugh as they burn. For you see, we are all capable of the evil necessary to walk the road of damnation. Each temptation, each excess, is an invitation to the inevitable destruction of our spirits. To become Champions of Chaos, we must merely give in to our base desires, set aside our innate terror of death, and embrace the Dark Gods in all their awful splendour.

For the savage tribes, the process of becoming is accepted as a part of their lives. It is felt as a primal pull, some psychic impulse to travel north beyond the hunting grounds to the furthest reaches of the world. And given their Godless ways, it should come as no surprise that these people celebrate such departures, seeing the call to serve as some sort of divine obligation, a duty, and a reward in itself. The various tribes have foul rituals and ceremonies to commemorate the warrior's departure, often at the expense of their wretched slaves who die by the dozens to appease their mad shamans. And when the clan has indulged in their orgies of vileness, the consecrated warrior leaves all behind to seek his fortunes on the battlefields of the Umbra.

In our own lands, such a departure always comes as a surprise—though the very fact that it does reinforces my own theories of mankind's wilful ignorance. A warrior who has seen too much may abandon his family and friends, turning his back on his countrymen to become their enemy and wander beyond the reaches of Kislev to answer the call to war. Others, foolishly, claim plunder from a servant of darkness, taking up a tainted weapon, or worse, donning a suit of wicked armour in the thought that doing so somehow furthers his standing amongst his kind. What he discovers is that he has taken the place of he who wore or wielded it before, and inexorably travels the distance to join the reckless hosts of the damned.

Of course, Mutants are the most numerous of those who make the journey. Instead of doing what is honourable, and turning themselves over to the Witch Hunters, they cling to the hope that their lives will somehow improve, that somehow they'll escape the fate that they justly deserve. Like the cowards they are, they flee from the cleansing fires to find succour with others of their kind.

Once the seed is planted, it grows, eclipsing all other thought, all other consideration. The mind reels, creating excuses, bargaining with itself, saying that what the body does is for some greater purpose. Thus, the would-be Chaos Warrior accepts his fate and the slow death of his body. It's the moment of acceptance of what he becomes that symbolises his descent, for it takes a corrupt spirit to accept the tragedy of the flesh that is mutation.

Many candidates seeking the dubious honour of being counted amongst the Chaos Warriors perish on the journey north. All manner of monsters claim the lands between, and they hunger for the succulent flesh of a mostly intact mortal. And if not some mutated beast, it is the cruel bite of the Marauder, the teeth of a Beastman, or execution by the righteous hand of a Kislevite that waits.

Those few who survive the journey find no welcome, no extended hand of friendship. Instead, they discover hardship and suffering. Each day dawns with a bloody sun. Armies of Mutants march to and fro, clashing on the fields of battle, and by day's end, the dead outnumber the living. But, it is no matter, for there are many more fools eager to show their worth. On the next day, a new battle begins, and the slaughter begins anew. Thus the cycle goes, until one emerges that's strong enough to unite the armies and tribes, and who bears the Mark of Chaos. And then the Chaos Host turns violent eyes towards the south, marching forth to slaughter the soft men of the Old World.

The Champion of Chaos, once wholly given to their Chaos Powers, will find one of three fates. Most find an ignoble death, joining the countless others in the final shuddering tearful moments as their bodies die. Others become Spawn, too far twisted by Chaos' energies to retain their intelligence. But the prize, the fate all seek, is Daemonhood.

—Silus Helbrecht, Witch Hunter

*At the GM's option, any Character with a Magic Characteristic of 1 or higher, and having at least one mutation, may enter this career.

Doomweaver

Doomweavers are distinct from the lesser Chaos Sorcerers because of their deeper understanding of the workings of magic. These spellcasters select one Chaos patron to serve, and draw upon magic as granted by this profane God. Doomweavers advise Chaos Champions, or at least, bind themselves to a powerful warlord.

To become a Doomweaver, you must have at least one Reward of Chaos.

—Doomweaver Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	—	+5%	+10%	+20%	+25%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (any one), Channelling, Common Knowledge (any one), Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride or Swim, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore (any one), Dark Magic, Fast Hands or Very Resilient, Lesser Magic (any three), Meditation or Mighty Missile, Stout-hearted

Trappings: Grimoire

Career Entries: Maledictor

Career Exits: Soulflayer

Soulflayer

The horrid Soulflayers barely resemble their former selves, as they are riddled with mutations. These individuals are warped by the magic they wield, becoming both more and less than what they were. Mighty spellcasters, Soulflayers are among the most potent servants of Chaos, eclipsed only by the Cataclysts. Most Soulflayers may command a coven of Maledictors, instructing them in the arts of Dark Magic.

To become a Soulflayer, you must have at least two Rewards of Chaos.

—Soulflayer Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	—	+10%	+15%	+30%	+35%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	+3	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Channelling, Common Knowledge (any two), Intimidate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (any two), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Chosen of Chaos, Lesser Magic (any three), Menacing, Strong-minded

Trappings: Two Magic Items, Grimoire, (1d10+2)/3 Chaos Sorcerers, 1 Daemonic Familiar

Career Entries: Doomweaver

Career Exits: Cataclyst

Cataclysts

The Cataclysts rival the Exalted Champions of Chaos in sheer magnitude. They can conjure up the most profane Daemons and level legions with their corrupt energy, becoming living vessels of the raw energy of Chaos. Their minds are blasted by the experiences they have endured, and they are mere shadows of their former selves. Cataclysts always employ Daemons to do their bidding and are valued members of any Chaos Horde.

To become a Cataclyst, you must have at least three Rewards of Chaos.

—Cataclyst Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+15%	+5%	+15%	+20%	+35%	+40%	+20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+5	—	—	—	+4	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any four), Intimidate, Speak Arcane Language (any three), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Frightening, Inured to Chaos, Lesser Magic (any three)

Trappings: Daemonic Familiar, 1d10 Grimoires, Three Magic Items, 1d10/2 Summoned Daemons

Career Entries: Soulflayer

Career Exits: None

— Rewards of Chaos —

Central to the Chaos Champion's purpose is serving his infernal master and serving him well—for if he doesn't, death and damnation are his only rewards. However, even the most dedicated servant may never gain the blessings he covets, and so must languish and suffer until he meets his doom. But those who please their masters, meeting the ever-changing criteria for their favour, can reap the rewards of Chaos, becoming superhuman in strength and attributes, gaining potent weapons of destruction, or even gaining the desired Mark of Chaos that separates them from other servants. These rewards are not without their risks. The Gods are fickle and are just as likely to subject their tools to more mutations as they are to grant them some unholy boon.

Gaining Rewards

The Dark Gods grant rewards only for deeds in keeping with their aims and interests. Further, they only grant rewards when they actually notice their Champion's actions. The Dark Gods are famously disinterested in individual actions, only deigning to notice when a mortal achieves something of consequence in their profane names.

The method of gaining Chaos Rewards and Gifts is amorphous and unpredictable. A Champion of Khorne might slaughter 100 men and yet receive nothing from the Blood God. Another Champion might butcher a few commoners and be granted a fabulous and life-altering blessing. In essence, a GM should grant Rewards in much the same way as he would grant experience points. Each time, as the GM deems appropriate, a character receives one roll on **Table 13–1: Rewards of Chaos**.

The easiest way to hand out Rewards is to simply grant one for every four to six sessions played. This method suggests that the mere existence of a Chaos Champion furthers the interests of the Dark Gods, and that, undoubtedly, the Character does something to advance the cause of his master during this time. If the Character acts in a way contrary to its master's wishes, or tries to find redemption, instead of a Reward, the Dark God might bestow a mutation instead. Alternatively, if you prefer a slower pace, whenever a Character would earn a Fate Point, they gain a Reward.

Table 13–1: Rewards of Chaos

Roll	Result
01	Exalted Daemon
02–40	Chaos Mutation
41–42	Frenzy
43–47	Chaos Weapon
48–52	Chaos Armour
53–57	Chaos Steed
58–59	Chaos Spawn
60–69	Might of Chaos
70	Daemon Weapon*
71	Daemon Steed
72–91	Gift of the Gods
92–97	Chaos Hounds
98–00	The Eye of God

*Available only to Exalted Champion of Chaos, all others gain Chaos Mutations as appropriate to their Dark God.

This encourages Players to take risks and actively work for the Gods to gain the coveted boons.

Alternatively, you could grant them after dramatic moments in a campaign. When a Character achieves something clearly in keeping with the interests of his Dark God, you should reward that Character appropriately. If you go with this method, you wait for the great moments in the campaign, when something significant occurs to warrant the boon. Players will then work harder to impress their masters. The triggering event must be clearly important to the Ruinous Power the Character serves. Khorne would expect nothing less than the slaughter of hundreds, while Tzeentch might reward his minion when a particularly convoluted plan comes to fruition. Slaanesh wants followers and excess, whilst Nurgle respects those who spread his love and affliction. You get the idea.

Another method is to plan beforehand what the Characters need to achieve to gain the attention of their Gods. You might work a specific event into an adventure, and if the Character does the appropriate thing, the Dark God grants the boon. Again, such actions should be to the benefit of Chaos and carry some risk to the Champion.

Finally, perhaps the most in keeping with the nature of Chaos is to determine randomly when a Character gains a Reward. Each month, the Player may roll 1d10. If the number matches the Dark God's favoured number (8 for Khorne, 7 for Nurgle, 6 for Slaanesh, and 9 for Tzeentch), they receive a Reward. However, what you don't tell the Player is that if they roll the number of their Dark God's enemy (Khorne opposes Slaanesh, Nurgle opposes Tzeentch), they gain a mutation instead!

Rewards and Insanity

Each time a Character gains a Chaos Reward, he gains a number of Insanity Points equal to 1d10/5 + 1 for each point of his Magic Characteristic. He may make a special Will Power Test to reduce the number of Insanity Points gained. For each degree of success, he reduces the number of Insanity Points by 1.

Azgahl the Butcher gains a Chaos Reward. He rolls 1d10 and divides the result by 5. He gets a 6, so he gains 2 Insanity Points. As he does not have a Magic Characteristic, he adds nothing to his Insanity Points gained. He must now make a Will Power Test. His Will Power Characteristic is 38%, and he rolls a 27%, getting one degree of success. He reduces his Insanity Points gained by 1, giving him just 1 Insanity Point.

Rewards Descriptions

It is entirely possible, even expected, that a Champion will gain the same reward twice. Each reward includes information and guidelines for each repetitive gain. In all cases, use common sense when determining the exact effects of duplicate rewards.

Exalted Daemon

Your patron God finds you worthy of housing a Greater Daemon. Your soul is blasted away into fragments that will drift for eternity in the Realm of Chaos. Your body, however, undergoes a shocking transformation as the Daemonic essences takes control.

Possession is among the various calamities that can befall a mortal in the Old World. As described in **Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned**, some mortals willingly embrace possession, seeing it as a doorway to incredible power. Indeed, those mortals found worthy to host such a monster find their capabilities much improved, but at a terrible price. The possessing Daemon devours the soul, feeding off the life energy to sustain its presence in the mortal world. Over time, the being that once existed is annihilated, leaving only the flesh for the Daemon to use and exploit as it wishes.

Most cases of possession involve a Lesser Daemon, and these creatures remain just long enough to destroy the spirit of the host before retreating back to the Realm of Chaos. But when possession occurs by a Greater Daemon, the effects are always devastating to the mortal spirit, annihilating it utterly.

Becoming an Exalted Daemon

Though the mortal's identity is effectively destroyed upon becoming an Exalted Daemon, the possessing fiend must take time to develop its abilities. As a result, the Exalted Daemon functions as a career. Any Character who gains Exalted Daemon as a reward must immediately abandon his current career and enter this one. It's expected that such transformations are beyond the scope of *WFRP* games, but with the GM's permission, a Player may continue playing their Character—though we heartily advise against this.

They change physically, resembling the Daemon that possesses them. Exalted Daemons of Khorne gain red skin, whilst those of Slaanesh might be sensual and warped. The GM is encouraged to be as descriptive as possible when devising the changed form.

—Exalted Daemon Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+50%	—	+40%	+40%	+30%	+30%	+40%	+20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+4*	+15	—	—	—	+4**	—	—

*Khorne is +6; ** Only Nurgle, Slaanesh, Tzeentch

Skills: **Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Command, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Magical Sense (Tzeentch), Perception, Prepare Poison (Nurgle), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any four), Torture plus Charm (Slaanesh)**

Talents (Daemons of Khorne): Daemonic Aura, Fearless, Flier (Flying Movement equals twice Movement), Keen Senses, Menacing, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (any three), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Terrifying

Talents (all others): Aethyric Attunement, Daemonic Aura, Dark Lore (any one), Dark Magic, Fast Hands, Fearless, Flier (Flying Movement equals twice Movement), Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (any two), Menacing, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Terrifying

Trappings: None

Career Entries: Special

Career Exits: None

Using Exalted Daemons

Exalted Daemons are best left as adversaries, extremely powerful ones. Beloved Characters are hard to abandon, but the new Exalted Daemon who wears the face of their former comrade can be a disturbing nemesis. In general, Exalted Daemons, when not furthering their own interests, will serve other Greater Daemons and sometimes Champions of Chaos—such as Archaon. If your circumstances require that you roll up a new Character (as they probably should), do so as normal, but gain an extra free advance and another instance of Shallya's Mercy.

Chaos Mutation

You are found wanting in the eyes of your dark master. Gain a mutation. If you serve Khorne, roll on **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne.** If you serve Nurgle, roll on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle**. If Slaanesh, use **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh** and if Tzeentch, use **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch**. If you serve no particular Ruinous Power, roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations**.

Frenzy

You become filled with the fervour of your Dark God. Gain the Frenzy Talent. Each time you receive this reward after the first, increase your Strength and Toughness Characteristics by +1d10%.

Chaos Weapon

At some point in the next 1d10 days, you come upon a Shrine of your patron God. Within this haunted place is a potent weapon—a sword, axe, or some other item—a gift from your master. The weapon, regardless of its form, is the product of Chaos. Gain a Chaos Weapon (roll on a property table related to your Dark God). Each time you gain this Reward the weapon gains an additional property. For more details on Chaos Weapons, see **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury.**

Chaos Armour

You gain a suit of Chaos Armour. If you already have a suit of Chaos Armour, the Dark God binds a Daemon's essence into it, granting a variety of powers and other strangeness. See **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury** for details.

Chaos Steed

Suddenly, a horrible steed rides out of the mists. Hideous and mutated, it is an abomination, only vaguely resembling the horse it once was. It kneels before you, mutely vowing service in perpetuity. If you gain a Daemonic Steed, the Chaos Steed passes onto a member of your retinue.

Generate the Chaos Steed's statistics from **Table 13–2: Chaos Steed**. Each time you gain this Reward, the steed gains an additional Mutation (roll on the table appropriate to your dark master as described in **Chapter Three: A Catalogue of Change**).

Table 13–2: Chaos Steed

Characteristic	Chaos Steed
Weapon Skill (WS)	30+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	0
Strength (S)	35+2d10
Toughness (T)	35+2d10
Agility (Ag)	20+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	0+2d10
Will Power (WP)	10+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	0
Attacks (A)	1
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10, on a 1–3, 16; 4–6, 20; 7–9, 24; 10, 28
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to the first digit of Strength—
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—
Movement (M)	8
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	0
Skills: Perception +10%, Swim	
Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure	
Chaos Mutations: All Chaos Steeds begin with one mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** and adjust starting profile according.	
Armour: None	
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0	
Weapons: Hooves	

Chaos Spawn

Over the next few days, a number of Chaos Spawn spill out of the wilderness to serve you. The exact number of Chaos Spawn depends on your career. Each time you gain this reward, add a number of Chaos Spawn as appropriate to your current career.

Chaos Spawn

Career	Chaos Spawn
Chaos Warrior	1
Chaos Knight/Maledictor	(1d10+2)/3
Aspiring Champion/Doomweaver	1d10/2
Champion of Chaos/Soulflayer	1d10
Exalted Champion of Chaos/Cataclyst	1d10+5

Might of Chaos

The ground trembles, the sky splits open, and the wind carries the sighs of a thousand damned souls. You become suffused with multicoloured energy that improves you. Gain 1d10 points to distribute as you wish amongst all of your Characteristics on the Main Profile. No more than half of these points may be placed in one Characteristic.

Example: *Natas the Destroyer gains Might of Chaos. He rolls 1d10 and gets a 5. He has 5 points to distribute among his Characteristics on his Main Profile. He opts to add 3% to WS and 2% to S.*

Daemon Weapon

A group of eyeless cultists find you and bestow unto you a great and unholy sword: a Daemon Weapon. This is a clear sign of approval, and you are expected to bear this weapon until the end of your days. For more details on Daemon Weapons, see **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury**. Treat all future instances of Daemon Weapon as Gift of the Gods instead.

Daemon Steed

Your dark master despatches a Daemon from the Aethyr to carry you to glory. Roll 1d10. On a 1–7, you gain a Daemonic Steed. On an 8–10, you gain a special steed, though only if you serve a particular Dark God. Khorne bestows a Juggernaut, Nurgle bestows a Beast of Nurgle, Slaanesh a Steed of Slaanesh, and Tzeentch provides a Disc. See **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos** for statistics. The Daemon Steed is completely loyal to you and serves you in all things. If you already had a Chaos Steed prior to gaining this Reward, you must grant it to one of your retinue. If you gain Chaos Steed or Daemon Steed any time after gaining this Reward, you must pass the creature to a member of your retinue.

Gift of the Gods

You attract the attention of your patron Chaos Power, gaining a reward specific to your God. Roll again on the appropriate Rewards Table (see **Tables 13–3**, **13–4**, **13–5**, and **13–6**).

Chaos Hounds

You gain a number of Warhounds of Chaos who serve as your loyal minions. The number of Warhounds gained depends on your career. Each time you gain this Reward, you gain additional Hounds.

Table 13–3: Gifts of Khorne

Roll	Result
01–03	Face of Khorne
04–06	Face of a Bloodthirster
07–10	Face of a Bloodletter
11–15	Face of a Fleshhound
16–20	Face of a Juggernaut
21–25	Skin of Khorne
26–28	Collar of Khorne
29–31	The Hand of Khorne
32	Mark of Khorne
33–36	Musk of Hate
37–40	Poisonous Bite
41–45	Regeneration
46–55	Frenzy
56–70	Cross-Breed
71–80	Personality Loss
81–90	Aggression Bonus
91–97	Weapon Hand
98–99	Daemonic Name
00	Chaos Mutation

Chaos Hounds

Career	Chaos Hounds
Chaos Warrior	1
Chaos Knight/Maledictor	(1d10+2)/3
Aspiring Champion/Doomweaver	1d10/2
Champion of Chaos/Soulflayer	1d10
Exalted Champion of Chaos/Cataclyst	1d10+5

See **Chapter VII: Beasts of Chaos** for statistics on these creatures.

The Eye of God

The Dark God casts his mad eye upon you, fixing you with all of his awful glory. The Ruinous Power weighs your deeds and decides your future.

If you have received six gifts or rewards (apart from Chaos Mutations) and fewer than six mutations, you are deemed to have served Chaos well. The Dark God transforms you into a Daemon Prince and whisks you away to the Realm of Chaos to serve him for eternity. See the **Daemon Princes** sidebar for details. Assuming your GM requires you to generate a new Character (again, we heartily recommend it), do so as normal, but begin play with three free advances, two instances of Shallya's Mercy, and +1 Fate Point.

If you have six or more mutations, you're deemed too flawed to continue to serve as a Champion of Chaos. The Dark God transforms you into a Chaos Spawn, and you gain 1d10/2 mutations. Roll up a new Character.

If you have fewer than six gifts and rewards (apart from Chaos Mutations) and fewer than six mutations, the Dark God is pleased and allows you to continue to serve him. The Chaos God grants you a suit of Chaos Armour and a Daemonic Weapon. If this reward is gained more than once, or if you already have Armour and or a Weapon, then you improve your existing Armour and Weapon as described in **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury**. Alternatively, if you are a Sorcerer, your Attacks and Wounds Characteristics each increase by +1.

Gifts of Khorne

Khorne the Blood God values carnage and death above all else. His favoured Champions are grim killers who take pleasure in the slaughter and stop at nothing to destroy their enemies.

Face of Khorne

A Daemon appears before you. It stamps its feet, looses a horrific roar, and attacks. After hours of brutal combat, it defeats you. Standing over your exhausted body, it leans in close, spewing its rancid breath and acidic saliva on your skin, and then draws a knife. It rips free your face, heedless of your screams, and then vanishes into the Aethyr. What's left of your head is foul and bestial, strange, something like a snarling bull, but with some Human characteristics as well. From numerous small cuts, the new head rains blood on your armour, and when you speak, your voice echoes with those of every mortal you've ever killed. Gain the Terrifying Talent. Any future Face results apply to your retinue instead.

Face of a Bloodthirster

Bones erupt from your face, splitting the skin and sloughing blood and gore everywhere. After a few painful moments, the face reconstructs to resemble a hideous Bloodthirster. Gain the Frightening Talent. Future results of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Bloodletter

Invisible razors slice up your face, rebuilding it into that of a Bloodletter. Gain the Unsettling Talent. In addition, you gain the Poisonous Bite

mutation, and it counts towards the total number of mutations you have. Future results of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Fleshhound

Tearing itself from your mouth is the vaguely canine head of a Chaos Hound. Once free, it rips away the old flesh and devours it. Gain the Poisonous Bite mutation, and it counts towards the total number of mutations you have. Future results of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Juggernaut

Bits of your armour loosen themselves and claw their way up towards your face. Where they land, they fuse with the skin, creating plumes of smoke and excruciating pain. After a few terrible moments, the process is complete, leaving you with a metal-clad head loosely resembling that of a Juggernaut, replete with black curving horns. Gain the Natural Weapons Talent and gain 2 Armour Points to your Head location. Future results of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Skin of Khorne

Your skin undergoes a strange change. The pigment leaves in a reddish-tan cloud that hangs around for a moment before a stiff wind blows it away. Within moments, your body leaches colour from the land around you. Roll 1d10 to determine his new colour: 1–4, Red; 5–8, Black; 9–10, Brass. If your skin turns to brass, increase your Toughness Characteristic by +1d10%. Future results of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Collar of Khorne

The Blood God grants you a *Collar of Khorne* as a sign of his favour. If you gain this Gift a second time, you either get a *Bloodstone* or an additional *Collar* that you may grant to one of your retinue. See **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury** for details on these items.

Hand of Khorne

One of your hands (or paws or tentacles) burns with heat until it assumes a red pallor. You may make attacks with this appendage. A successful hit deals SB–1 Damage. Each addition gain of this Gift increases the Damage by +1.

Mark of Khorne

The Mark of Khorne appears on a prominent part of your body. Gain one free mutation of Khorne (free in that it doesn't count as a mutation). In addition, you receive a suit of Chaos Armour. See **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury** for details. If you already have a suit of Chaos Armour, the Armour binds to itself an additional Daemon, improving the Armour Points for a random location by +1. If you somehow have a Magic Characteristic of 1 or higher, it immediately falls to 0. Finally, gain a +10% bonus to all Tests made when interacting with other followers of Khorne. If you gain this Gift a second time, Khorne strips it from you and grants you a mutation in its place. If you gain it a third time, you regain the Mark of Khorne, and so on.

Musk of Hate

You stink of death, sweat, and blood. Gain the Frenzy Talent if you don't already have it. In addition, whenever you enter Frenzy, your body squirts out a foul fluid that hits all adjacent creatures. Those exposed to this musk automatically enter an uncontrollable Frenzy. They must attack the closest creature (friend or foe) other than you each round for 1d10 rounds.

Poisonous Bite

Your mouth drips with a caustic fluid that is intensely poisonous. So foul is this fluid that the skin around your mouth is blistered with sores. You gain the Poisonous Bite mutation if you don't already have it. Otherwise, one of your retinue gains the Gift instead.

Daemon Princes

Becoming a Daemon Prince is the greatest reward a Champion of Chaos can hope to attain. Achieved only by surviving the scrutiny of the Eye of God, only a scant few mortals are ever lifted from their world to sample the delights of Chaos at the table of their masters. Upon attaining this distinction, the Character undergoes an awful transformation: his flesh tears from his new Daemonic form, like a new butterfly from its cocoon. Once freed, the newborn Daemon Prince is compelled to travel to the Realm of Chaos, where he will serve until found worthy enough to return to the mortal world, often more than a thousand years later.

Therefore, playing newly transformed Daemon Princes are almost impossible since the Character is essentially whisked away. In some unusual instances, though, a newly created Daemon Prince is allowed to remain in the mortal world, especially in the middle of a Chaos Incursion or some other extenuating circumstances as determined by the GM. If allowed to remain behind, modify the Character's Main and Secondary Profile as follows.

—Daemon Prince Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
—	—	+20%	+20%	+20%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	×2	—	—	—	—	—	—

In addition, the Character grows taller and more imposing, growing 1-1/2 times in both height and weight. He gains the Daemonic Aura and Terrifying Talents, as well as the Horns, Wings, and Tail mutations if he did not already have them. Unlike other Daemons, Daemon Princes need not resemble their God at all. They can have a varied and strange appearance, being utterly unique creatures.

Once a Champion of Chaos ascends, he no longer receives Rewards for his services, and his retinue dissolves, each leaving to find their own fortune. He does, though, retain the service of his Daemonic Familiars (though not bound or created Familiars).

Regeneration

To better assist you in harvesting more souls, you can recover from injuries faster than normal. Gain the Regeneration mutation. If you already have this mutation, one of your retinue gains it instead.

Frenzy

Hatred and rage war in your soul. Gain the Frenzy Talent if you don't already have it. If you have it, one of your retinue gains it instead.

Cross-Breed

Thundering out of a cloud of mist comes a vicious Fleshhound. Your weapons fling themselves from their sheathes and hangers, leaving you with naught but your hands and teeth. The Fleshhound leaps at you, and you fall in a flurry of claws and teeth, each of you striving to devour the other. On and on you fight, thrashing about until you realise that you cannot tell where you end and the Fleshhound begins!

You have become a mixture of Fleshhound and whatever you were before. You may have the head and wattle of the beast, a Humanoid torso and arms, and four legs growing from your hips. Other combinations are

Table 13–4: Gifts of Nurgle

Roll	Result
01–06	Face of Nurgle
07–15	Biting Tongue
16–20	Face of a Plaguebearer
21–24	Face of a Beast
25–30	Immensity
31–38	Neiglish Rot
39–44	Horns of Nurgle
45–50	Plague
51–57	Hide of Nurgle
58–63	Cross-breed
64–71	Nurgling Infestation
72–78	Nurgling Familiar
79–84	Trail of Slime
85–93	Mark of Nurgle
94–97	Daemonic Name
98–00	Chaos Mutation

possible, depending on your appearance prior to the change, and of course, the GM's discretion.

You retain all Rewards, Gifts, and mutations. Your face changes so that you gain the *Face of the Fleshhound* Gift. In addition, you compare the Characteristics on his Main Profile to those of the Fleshhounds taking the average result from each, rounding up. Count all 0% as 1%.

Personality Loss

You lose your memories. Reduce your Intelligence, Will Power, and Fellowship Characteristics each by –2d10%. Each time you gain this Gift, the Characteristics continue to fall. As with mutations, should these Characteristics fall to 0% or less, you become a Chaos Spawn.

Aggression Bonus

Khorne blesses you with knowledge of war and battle. Add +1d10% to your Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Strength Characteristics.

Weapon Hand

One of your hands (or paws or tentacles) fuses with a weapon (your choice). This binding can be with a Chaos Weapon. You can no longer be Disarmed unless your arm is chopped off. Future instances of this Gift result in you and your Weapon becoming one, with the weapon lending its insight and skill. As a result, you may roll two dice for Initiative Tests, taking the better result. Each additional time you receive this Gift, you gain an extra die.

Daemonic Name

Perhaps in anticipation of some imminent elevation to becoming a Daemon, Khorne awards you with a Daemonic Name. You gain three name elements. Each time after the first, you gain an additional name element. See **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos** page 239 for details on Daemonic Names.

Chaos Mutation

Khorne decides that you are not worthy of a special reward after all and instead inflicts a mutation. Gain one mutation from **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne** and apply all relevant changes.

Gifts of Nurgle

Nurgle is a perverse master, exulting in spreading despair and sickness in the world. His rewards reflect this sinister motive and only the most depraved mortals seek them out.

Face of Nurgle

Perhaps in anticipation of some imminent elevation to becoming a Daemon, Khorne awards you with a Daemonic Name. You gain three name elements. Each time after the first, you gain an additional name element. See **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos** page 239 for details on Daemonic Names.

Biting Tongue

Your tongue suddenly grows and filling your mouth until it forces its way clear of the teeth. Once exposed, it reveals itself to be a long, thick, cylindrical abomination ending in a lamprey-like mouth ringed in sharp teeth. You may attack with this Tongue. A hit deals a Damage 1 hit. In time (usually a few minutes), you learn to control this dreadful thing, compelling it to retract into your mouth until it's ordered to attack. Each time you gain this Gift, the tongue's Damage increases by +1.

Face of a Plaguebearer

A thick, waxy fluid spills out of your ears and swiftly envelops your face. After a few moments, it flakes away, revealing the awful visage of a Plaguebearer. Your head is now green and putrid, and a single horn sprouts from your forehead. You can attack with your horn; gain the Natural Weapons Talent. You also gain the Unsettling Talent. Future instances of this Gift instead apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Beast

From the crown of your head, a knot of writhing tongues appear. They lash about your head, and whatever and wherever they touch changes. When the tongues exhaust themselves, an hour at the most, your features are irrevocably altered, becoming a mass of writhing tentacles. You receive the Natural Weapons and Unsettling Talents. If an opponent is struck by these Natural Weapons (*i.e.* tentacles), the victim must succeed on a Toughness Test or become paralysed (and therefore helpless) for 1d10 rounds. Future instances of this Gift instead apply to a member of your retinue.

Immensity

Your bowels cling to your fragrant wastes like a lover to her betrothed. You simply retain you wastes, forcing your body to grow to accommodate this extra bulk, until you resemble a miniature version of Father Nurgle himself. This new obese body increases your Toughness Characteristic by +10%, but reduces your Agility Characteristic by –10%. Each time you gain this Gift, you get a little bigger, becoming 10% tougher and –10% less agile.

Neiglish Rot

You harbour one of the most virulent plagues known in the world: Neiglish Rot. In effect, you gain the Plaguebearer mutation, though it does not count towards the total number of mutations you actually have. Each time you gain this Gift, you carry an additional disease as randomly determined by the mutation.

Horns of Nurgle

Bursting out from your brow in a flood of yellow slime are a pair of spreading pale horns. Gain the Horns mutation, though it does not count towards the total number of mutations you actually have. Each time you gain this Gift, the horns grow longer as described under the mutation.

Plague

In an act of doting affection, Nurgle decides to visit his true blessings on you. You and all characters within 500 feet are afflicted with a plague. Roll on the following table to discover the nature of the contagion. See the **Virulent Plagues** sidebar on page 48 for diseases not described here or in *WFRP*.

Plague

Roll	Plague
01–16	The Shakes
17–32	Eye Rot
33–48	Creeping Buboes
49–64	Bone Ague
65–80	Grey Fever
81–96	Green Pox
97–00	Pick one from *WFRP* pages 136–137.

Whenever you hit an opponent in melee combat, there's a risk of spreading the disease. The opponent must make a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test, or he catches the plague.

Every day, you must succeed on a Toughness Test to stave off the ravages of the disease. On a successful Test, you manage to resist the disease. But if you fail, adjust your profile accordingly. You will never recover. Unlike the Plaguebearer mutation, this illness can, and likely will, kill you. Death by disease is one of Nurgle's greatest blessings. Each time you gain this Gift, a new disease blooms in your wretched body.

Hide of Nurgle

Nurgle visits you when you next sleep, soothing your fevered brow with his diseased caress. When you awaken, you find your skin has acquired a greenish hue, and is now covered in disgusting blisters and patches of rot. Whenever you make a sudden move, the flesh splits and spills a thin stream that reeks of death. Unfortunately, your injuries never heal and always remain raw and open (you can only recover Wounds through magic, Healing Poultices, and the like). Whenever you engage in melee combat, your foe takes a –10% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests thanks to the clouds of hungry flies that buzz around you. Each time you gain this Gift, the clouds of flies worsen, increasing the penalty by an additional –10%.

Cross-Breed

You mutate into some hideous hybrid creature, with half of your body replaced by that of a Beast of Nurgle. Generally, your head gains a slew of sticky tentacles while your lower body becomes slug-like. Average all the Characteristics on your Main Profile with those of a Beast of Nurgle, rounding up. Retain any Rewards, Gifts, and mutations, and gain the *Face of the Beast* Gift. Each time you gain this Gift, it passes onto another member of your Retinue.

Nurgling Infestation

A host of Nurglings (see **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos**) decide to nest in and on you. They live in the recesses of your armour and clothes, snuggling into your cracks and crevices. They burrow into your hair and soothe you by licking your scalp. When you engage in melee combat, 1d10 Nurglings fling themselves at your foes, doing their part to bring down the enemy. Once the enemy is defeated, the Nurglings scurry back into their favourite spots. Each time you gain this Gift, you acquire 1d10 additional Nurglings.

Nurgling Familiar

Crawling forth from your droppings is a Nurgling Familiar! It serves its new master well. See **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery** for details on Daemonic Familiars. Each time you gain this Gift, you get an additional familiar.

Table 13–5: Gifts of Slaanesh

Roll	Result
01–03	Face of Slaanesh
04–08	Face of a Keeper of Secrets
09–14	Face of a Daemonette
15–20	Face of a Fiend
21–25	Sadomasochist
26–35	Crab-Like Claw
36–50	Curious Eruptions
51–55	Ensnaring Tongue
56–65	Intoxicating Personality
66–73	Familiar
74–81	Cross-Breed
82–86	Horns of Slaanesh
87–91	Musk
92–96	Razor-Edged Tail
97	Mark of Slaanesh
98	Daemonic Name
99–00	Chaos Mutation

Trail of Slime

Dripping from your flesh and armour is a slippery slime that clings to whatever it touches. You leave a slime trail wherever you go. Anyone who steps in a puddle of the stuff must succeed on a Toughness Test or contract Neiglish Rot. Slime left behind fades after 1d10 days. Each time you gain this Gift, it passes on to one of your retinue.

Mark of Nurgle

You receive the Mark of Nurgle on your forehead, or some other prominent place. Periodically, the Mark drifts to some other location. Gain one mutation. In addition, increase your weight by +50%, and your height by +1d10 inches. Also, increase your Toughness Characteristic by +2d10%. Finally, you receive a +10% bonus to all Tests made to interact with other followers of Nurgle. If you gain this Gift a second time, Nurgle strips it from you and grants you a mutation in its place. If you gain it a third time, you regain the Mark of Nurgle.

Daemonic Name

Perhaps in anticipation of some imminent elevation to Daemonhood, Nurgle awards you with a Daemonic Name. You gain three name elements. Each time after the first, you receive an additional name element. See **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos** page 239 for details on Daemonic Names.

Chaos Mutation

Nurgle perversely awards you with a random mutation. Gain one mutation from **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle**, and apply all relevant changes.

Gifts of Slaanesh

Slaanesh rewards those who give in to their whims and passions, who embrace the primal desires of pleasure and pain. Of course, to keep his slaves in check, he makes certain that it takes more acts of greater depravity to bring them to the same heights and lows.

Face of Slaanesh

You feel a terrible need to reveal your true face. Nothing can distract or dissuade you. Using blades, hooks, and other fearsome tools, you tear and cut, pull and poke, reforming your features to achieve the perfection you know lays hidden beneath. Each stroke of the blade brings tears to your eyes and sighs from your drooling mouth. The end result is hideous, and you gain the Terrifying Talent. Future instances of any Face Gift instead apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Keeper of Secrets

In a sudden moment of exquisite pain, you let loose a shriek as the bones in your head dance and shake. For hours this continues as they reform your skull into that of a Keeper of Secrets, complete with a toothy maw and a pair of horns sprouting from either side of your head. Gain the Natural Weapons and Frightening Talents. Future instances of this Gift instead apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Daemonette

When no one is looking, a Daemonette appears, and after a brief caress with her crablike claw, she tears your face off and replaces it with her own. Then, with a giggle, she vanishes. You now have the pale skin of the Daemonette, and deep green saucers for eyes. However, all along the edges of your new face is an angry, dripping wound that reveals where the face was plastered onto your skull. Most Champions use nails to keep this new attachment in place, probably a good idea for you as well. There is no benefit for this reward. Future instances of this Gift instead apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Fiend

Thousands of minuscule insects crawl over your body, travelling towards your head. Once there, they burrow into your skin so they can reach the bones and sinew beneath. They chew and chew, driving ever deeper and softening the flesh until it begins to sag. After a few moments, the infestation tries to escape but dies along the way, making your head resemble that of a Fiend of Slaanesh. You may now use your tongue to lick an opponent (resolve as a normal attack). The lick deals no damage, but the target must succeed on a Toughness Test or become bewildered, as if affected by the Bewilder spell (see *WFRP* page 158), for 1d10 hours. Future instances of this Reward instead apply to a member of your retinue.

Sadist-Masochist

You can now only receive titillation if you inflict or receive injuries. Whenever you deal at least 1 Wound or take 1 Wound, gain a +10% bonus to Strength, Toughness, and Will Power Tests for 1d10 rounds. Multiple injuries, on either side, are not cumulative. Each time you gain this Gift, the bonus increases by 10%.

Crab-Like Claw

One of your hands (or paws or tentacles) fuses into an awful, crab-like claw, which soon hardens forming a chitinous knotty shell over the surface of your skin. Gain the Natural Weapons Talent. Each additional time you gain this Gift, gain one mutation instead.

Curious Eruptions

In your dreams, you are the plaything of a thousand lovers. You are raised to the heights of passion and reduced to the wretched depths of agony. When you awake, you find that you are somehow changed. If male, you grow a single breast. If female, you grow a row of five additional breasts down the side of your body. The breasts lactate. Those who sample your nectar gain the benefits of the Sadist-Masochist Gift for 1d10 rounds.

Ensnaring Tongue

Your tongue lengthens and grows stronger. You may attack with your tongue to immobilise foes up to 6 yards (3 squares) away. If you succeed on a Ballistic Skill Test, the target must succeed on an Agility Test or become grappled (see *WFRP* page 131). Each round thereafter, you may take a half action to make a Strength Test to drag your opponent a number of squares closer to you by each degree of success you make. Grappled targets may escape through normal means. Each additional instance of this Gift grants you a +10% bonus to Grapple Tests.

Intoxicating Personality

You grow in confidence and charisma. Increase your Will Power and Fellowship Characteristics by +1d10% each time you gain this Gift.

Familiar

Regardless of gender, you give birth to a Muse. This creature assumes the shape of a small succubus or similar creature. Each time you receive this gift, you spawn an additional familiar. See **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery** for details on Daemonic Familiars.

Cross-Breed

After an exhausting evening of unspeakable delights, you transform into a shuddering cross-breed, blending the features of a Steed of Slaanesh with your own form. You gain a glossy coat of fine, attractive fur. Average all your Characteristics on the Main Profile with those of a Steed of Slaanesh, rounding up. You retain any Rewards, Gifts, and mutations and gain the Unsettling Talent. Each time you gain this Gift again, it passes on to another member of your Retinue.

Horns of Slaanesh

Two curving horns worm their way out of your skull. Gain the Horns mutation. This mutation does not count towards the total number of mutations you have. Each additional you are awarded this gift counts as another gain of the Horns mutation.

Musk

You exude a musky perfume that is sensual and attractive to all creatures. Any living creature within 8 yards (4 squares) must succeed on a Will Power Test or move adjacent to you. If the victim's allies attempt to restrain him, the victim gains a +20% bonus to all Grappling Tests. Once next to you, he does nothing but stand very still, awaiting his pleasure or pain as you decide. You can affect only one creature at a time, starting with the one closest to you. Each round after the first, the victim may attempt a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to break your hold. Each time you gain this Gift, the range of your musk extends by an additional 2 yards (1 square).

Razor-Edged Tail

Your spine grows, forming a long sinuous tail studded with razor-sharp barbs. Gain the Natural Weapons Talent. Each additional time you gain this Gift, it passes onto another member of your Retinue.

Mark of Slaanesh

You gain the Mark of Slaanesh. Gain one "free" mutation. You become more confident, more self-assured. Increase your Will Power Characteristic by +2d10%. Finally, gain a +10% bonus to all Tests made when interacting with other followers of Slaanesh. If you gain this Gift a second time, the Serpent strips it from you and grants you a mutation in its place. If you gain it a third time, you regain the Mark of Slaanesh.

Daemonic Name

Perhaps in anticipation of some imminent elevation to Daemonhood, Slaanesh awards you with a Daemonic Name. You gain three name elements. Each time after the first, you receive an additional name element. See **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery** for details on Daemonic Names.

Chaos Mutation

You bore Slaanesh. Gain one mutation from **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh**, and apply all relevant changes.

Gifts of Tzeentch

The Lord of Change prefers a more subtle approach at corruption. He exults in manipulation, inventive uses of magic, and above all, crushing his enemies. He expects much from his minions.

Face of Tzeentch

Your face sinks beneath your shoulders and becomes puckered and inscrutable like that of Tzeentch himself. Small eyes and mouths appear on your face and move about, multiplying or disappearing with bizarre irregularity. Gain the Frightening Talent. Future instances of any Face Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Lord of Change

You grow a long, evil-looking hooked beak and an impressive crest of feathers on your head. Gain the Natural Weapons and Frightening Talents. Future instances of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Face of a Horror

Your head turns pink or blue (equal chance of each), and your face twists and warps, widening your mouth and deepening your eyes until they sit beneath a prodigious brow and knobbly head. Gain the Unsettling Talent. Future instances of this Gift apply to a member of your retinue.

Ecstatic Duplication

After a brief, though severe, bout of nausea, your guts rumble and mutter as if alive. Your arms, terrified by the noise, grow very long to escape the unruly abdomen and develop extra joints for no good reason at all. Your skin assumes a pink or blue hue (equal chance of either), and your face splits into a wide, toothy grin. Should you be slain in combat, your body splits into two Blue Horrors (see **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos**) that continue to fight until they, or your killer, are destroyed—at which point, they vanish in a cloud of sulphurous smoke, returning to the Realm of Chaos. Each additional instance of this Gift adds an extra Blue Horror when you die.

Hand of Tzeentch

Your hand briefly gains an intelligence of its own. Each finger vies against the other, and they wage war amongst themselves until two fall off to the high-pitched chuckles of the survivors. Following this civil war, the other fingers feel guilty and punish themselves, growing extremely thin and long. At the tips, they then develop small suckers. Thanks to the naughty acts of your body, you can no longer wield anything in that hand, but you may attack with it. Gain the Natural Weapons Talent. Each time you gain this Gift, another one of your hands misbehaves resulting in the same fingers casualties. If you run out of hands, you pass on this Gift to a member of your Retinue.

Flaming Arm

You are surprised when one of your arms transforms into a pliant trunk. At the end, it has a toothy maw that belches fire. For obvious reasons, you may no longer use that hand. However, it can be used to make bites. Gain the Natural Weapons Talent. In addition, you can use the arm to shoot a ball of fire at any target within 12 yards (6 squares). Resolve this attack by making a Ballistic Skill Test. On a success, you deal three Damage 3 hits. On a miss, the fire ignites any flammables and otherwise functions as normal fire.

Gift of Magic

Tzeentch recognises within you a talent for magic. Increase your Magic Characteristic by +1. In addition, you may purchase Petty Magic (Chaos), Lesser Spell, and Dark Lore (Tzeentch) for 100 XP if they are outside of your Career's Talents. Each time you gain this Gift, your Magic Characteristic increases by +1. If it ever reaches 5, you explode in a shower of pink flames.

Table 13–6: Gifts of Tzeentch

Roll	Result
01–06	Face of Tzeentch
07–15	Face of a Lord of Change
16–22	Face of a Horror
23–27	Ecstatic Duplication
28–33	Hand of Tzeentch
34–39	Flaming Arm
40–44	Gift of Magic
45–50	Reckoning of Tzeentch
51–54	Cross-Breed
55–58	Magic of Tzeentch
59–62	Familiar
63–69	Wings
70–77	Changing of the Ways
78–84	Withering Gaze
85–93	Mark of Tzeentch
94–97	Daemonic Name
98–00	Chaos Mutation

Reckoning of Tzeentch

For whatever reason, Tzeentch decides to examine you very closely, and when his gaze falls upon you, you change. Gain a mutation. For each Characteristic on your Main Profile, roll 1d10. On a roll of 1–5, reduce the Characteristic by –1d10%. On a roll of 6–10, increase the Characteristic by +1d10%. If any Characteristic is reduced to 0% or less, you are transformed into a gibbering Chaos Spawn. Each time you gain this Gift again, roll 1d10 again for each Characteristic, and gain an additional mutation.

Cross-Breed

After a pulse of multicoloured energy, you undergo an incredible transformation. Roll 1d10. On a 1–4, gain the Flaming Arm reward. On 5–8, a new trunk grows from your body having the same benefits as Flaming Arm but without rendering one of your arms useless. On a 9, your lower body turns into a perverse fleshy skirt. Gain the Hoverer Talent with a Hovering Movement equal to your Movement Characteristic. On a 10, you become a Chaos Spawn. Each time you gain this Gift again, it passes on to another member of your Retinue.

Magic of Tzeentch

Tzeentch has seen fit to gift you with a magic item. This item contains one spell from any list of the GM's choosing. You may cast the spell from the item as if you had a Magic Characteristic of 3. However, you do not get to choose how many dice you roll; you always roll three dice for the Casting Roll. To determine the type of spell gained, roll on the following table.

Magic of Tzeentch

Roll	Result
1–4	Petty
5–7	Lesser
8–10	Lore

The item itself could be as simple as a wand of wood, or as unwieldy as a painting or chariot. The GM is encouraged to be very creative when devising such a Gift. Each time you gain this Gift, you receive another item.

Familiar

What begins as an uncomfortable lump just under the skin sprouts arms and legs and tears itself free from your body. After it drops to the ground, it makes a little bow, and you get a good look at it. Short, squat, and blue, this thing looks like a miniature Horror of Tzeentch. Henceforth, this creature serves you as a Familiar. See **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery** for details on Daemonic Familiars. Each time you gain this Gift, you gain another familiar.

Wings

Great feathery wings unfold from your back. Gain the Flier Talent with a Flying Movement equal to twice your Movement Characteristic. Each time you gain this Gift, it passes onto another member of your Retinue.

Changing of the Ways

Tzeentch decides, for no reason you can discern, it is time to rebuild his mortal servant. Re-roll the Starting Profile for all of your characteristics. Advances gained as well as skills and talents are all retained. Each time you receive this Gift, re-roll your Starting Characteristics on your Main Profile again.

Withering Gaze

After a blinding headache that nearly incapacitates you, your eyes snap open, fully resolved to see you through the rest of your career as a Champion of Tzeentch. What you discover though, is that people can't bear your scrutiny. Whenever you are engaged in melee combat, your opponent must pass a Will Power Test or take a –10% penalty to all Weapon Skill Tests against you. Each time you gain this Gift, the difficulty for the Will Power Test worsens by one step, progressing to Challenging, Hard, and then Very Hard.

Mark of Tzeentch

You gain the Mark of Tzeentch. Gain 1d10/2 free mutations. In addition, your Magic Characteristic increases by +1 and you gain Dark Lore (Tzeentch). If you already have this Talent, you instead gain a magic item of the GM's choosing. Even if you cannot use this item, you must retain it lest you invite your own destruction. You may purchase the Armoured Caster Talent for 100 XP. Finally, gain a +10% bonus to all Tests made when interacting with other followers of Tzeentch. If you gain this Gift a second time, the Changer of Ways strips it from you and grants you a mutation in its place. If you gain it a third time, you regain the Mark of Tzeentch.

Daemonic Name

Perhaps in anticipation of some imminent elevation to Daemonhood, Tzeentch awards you with a Daemonic Name. You gain three name elements. Each time you gain this Gift, you receive an additional name element. See **Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery** for details on Daemonic Names.

Chaos Mutation

Tzeentch is a fickle master. Roll 1d10. On a 1–3, you gain one mutation, on a 4–6, two mutations, 7–9, three mutations, and 10, four mutations. In all cases, mutations gained source from **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch**.

— Retinues —

It's inevitable. When you serve the Dark Gods, you grow in power, and the gibbering, slavering minions of Chaos are always attracted to power. Thus, as you become more mighty, other slaves to darkness flock to your banner. Though you may attract followers, you need not accept them. You may kill them, drive them away, or ignore them. But, many Champions of Chaos recognise the value these servants bring. Rather than use them recklessly, they cultivate them, instilling in them a sense of loyalty. Once they achieve this, these creatures are theirs and theirs alone.

Many of the Rewards gained from excellent service to the Ruinous Powers bestow a number of Spawn and Chaos Hounds, but these are not the limits of the types of characters a Chaos Champion will attract. For every two Rewards the Chaos Champion earns, he gets a roll on **Table 13–7: Building a Retinue**. Depending on the results from this table, the Chaos Champion may gain one or even two rolls on **Table 13–8: Generating a Retinue**.

As the Chaos Champion begins to gather followers, he is more likely to achieve great deeds in the eyes of his master. As such, it is important for the Champion to maintain his retinue, outfitting them with the proper weaponry and armour. And when the Champion gains duplicate Rewards, he can pass on many of these Gifts to his most favoured followers. All followers are assumed to begin with one advance in their career if they are listed with one. Work with your GM to generate stats appropriate for these characters. Some of the creatures listed here come from *Old World Bestiary*. If you lack this resource, replace the entry with Mutant as described in *WFRP*.

Table 13–7: Building a Retinue

Roll	Result
1–3	No followers
4–9	Roll once on **Table 13–8: Generating a Retinue**
10	Roll twice on **Table 13–8: Generating a Retinue**

Rewards and the Champion's Retinue

Those who follow the Chaos Champion are tainted by his deeds and the impure ideals he serves. Just as his efforts eventually taint him with the Rewards of Chaos, so do they affect his followers. The Rewards gained by the Champion's Retinue are of a different order to those granted to the Champion. Servants tend to mutate more wildly, altered and manipulated, becoming Chaos Spawn, or simply going mad from the corruptions of their form.

Every time a Chaos Champion gains a Reward (whether actual Gift, Rewards, or Chaos Mutations) his followers also receive a reward. Roll on **Table 13–9: Retinue Rewards** and apply the results of the roll to followers of the GM's choosing. In addition, some of the Rewards and Gifts granted to a Champion may be passed on to a member of the retinue. See individual entries for descriptions.

Using Retinues

Retinues can be a difficult addition to the *WFRP* game. In such instances, Characters may become overshadowed by their followers and the maintenance needed to track all the actions may be beyond the group's interests. If you play *Warhammer* or *Warhammer Skirmish*, you can easily resolve battles featuring retinues by using those rules. Otherwise, it's best to use the Retinues in a narrative sense, allowing your GM to describe the larger battles whilst keeping the focus of the action on the Player Characters.

Player Characters as Followers

One interesting campaign idea is for the Player Characters to each be members of a Chaos Champion's retinue. The Chaos Champion may be a PC or simply an NPC that serves as a plot device to keep the campaign moving forward. Such games may create tensions around the gaming table in that some Characters may seem to be unfairly rewarded. But, mature and experienced gamers know this is the way of Chaos. To help reduce the frustrations, have the Players take turns running the Chaos Champion to allow each member of the group a chance to savour true power.

Table 13–8: Generating a Retinue

Roll	Result
01–30	**Beastmen:** 1d10 Gors plus 1 Ungor/Bray, 20% chance for 1 Bestigor, 10% chance for 1 Centigor
31–35	**Chaos Dwarfs:** 1d10/5 Chaos Dwarf Marauders, 20% chance for 1d10/5 additional Chaos Dwarf Marauders, 10% chance for 1 Chaos Dwarf Engineer, 10% chance for 1 Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer
36–38	**Chaos Sorcerer:** Human Maledictor, 20% chance for 1d10/5 additional Human Maledictors
39–41	**Chaos Warrior:** 1d10 Norseman or Kurgan Chaos Marauders, 1 Human Chaos Warrior, 20% chance for 1d10/5 additional Chaos Marauders, 10% chance for 1d10/2 additional Chaos Marauders
42–46	**Dark Elves:** 10% chance for 1d10/2 Dark Elf Cultists
47–51	**Goblins:** 1d10 Goblins
52–53	**Harpies:** 30% chance for 1 Harpy
54–73	**Humans:** 1d10 Mutants, 50% chance for 1d10 Cultists with 1d10/5 mutations each.
74–78	**Hobgoblins:** 20% chance for 1d10/2 Hobgoblins
79–80	**Minotaur:** 30% chance for 1 Minotaur
81–82	**Chaos Ogre:** 40% chance for 1 Chaos Ogre
83–87	**Orcs:** 1d10 Orcs, 50% chance for 1d10/2 Black Orcs
88–92	**Mutants:** 1d10 Mutants
93	**Chaos Troll:** 25% chance for 1 Chaos Troll
94	**Warlock:** 1 Warlock (see *Realms of Sorcery* for details; if you lack this resource, substitute with a Chaos Sorcerer)
95–99	**Wolves:** 1d10 Wolves each with 1 mutation, 20% chance for a Chaos Hound pack leader
00	**Other:** 50% chance for a Lesser Daemon of the GM's Choice, 20% chance for a Legendary Beast. Or simply pick something fun.

Table 13–9: Retinue Rewards

Roll	Reward
01–80	*Chaos Mutation:* The GM selects (or rolls randomly for) one of the Champion's followers and grants that Character a random mutation. Roll on the table in **Chapter III** that's appropriate to your Dark God.
81–85	*Characteristic Increase:* The GM selects (or rolls randomly for) one of the Champion's followers and gifts that Character with an increase of +1d10% to both Strength and Toughness Characteristics.
86–90	*Chaos Spawn:* The GM selects (or rolls randomly for) one of the Champion's followers and transforms that Character into a Chaos Spawn.
91–95	*Multiple Rewards:* Roll on this table three more times, and apply the results to a follower you choose (or roll randomly for).
96–00	*Special Reward:* The GM selects (or rolls randomly for) one of the Champion's followers and grants that Character a roll on **Table 13–1: Rewards of Chaos**.

Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury

"You no like my book? No? Incon...inconsis... You critic? How 'bout I stab you in the face? Huh? You no like that either? But I stab you with pretty sword, all Daemon. Eat soul. So. What think you my book, now? I lick you face first. Then stab out pretty eyes."

—Corbad the Crude, Champion of Chaos

Any mundane object can acquire the characteristics of Chaos. Through exposure to Warpstone, terrible rituals, or being in the presence of *Dhar,* an ordinary thing can become far less ordinary. Such oddities are gathered and destroyed by the servants of the various Imperial cults. Witch Hunters track suspicious materials and consign them to the purifying fires with the merest suggestion of taint. Such things can be destroyed, often with ease. But every great once in a while, something from beyond this world finds its way into the hands of mortals.

This chapter presents a different kind of Chaos Object from those discussed in **Chapter V: Objects of Chaos.** These items unlikely to ever appear in the lands of honest men, only surfacing when some fool thinks he's uncovered a great prize from the battlefield and then brings the item home to show off to his friends. Some Warlocks and their ilk may venture north to recover an item, whilst adventurers are famous for digging up some previously thought lost relic that would have been better off to remain buried. Ultimately though, these are the tools of the Masters of Chaos, those mortals who walk the road of damnation.

Following the Blasphemous Objects, this chapter also includes rules for Chaos and Daemon Weapons and Chaos Armour. These last categories are separated as they are items granted exclusively to Champions of Chaos.

Everything described here is wholly unsafe for the ordinary mortal. Merely handling these objects inspires madness and mutation. The very existence of these things defies the natural order of the universe, if such a thing exists at all in the world of *Warhammer*. Contained in each item's description is a new entry called Side-Effects. This entry details any additional effects the item has on its wielder and what conditions the Character must meet to overcome the side-effect. Use these items with caution, as they can easily create imbalances and difficulties in a campaign if handed out without regard for the consequences.

Whilst the items are all unsafe and dangerous to the user, they can all serve as plot seeds for developing new adventures. The Characters might be hired by a suspicious merchant to recover the Beguiling Gem, or the PCs might uncover the Black Maul when exploring the tomb of a Chaos Warrior. Likewise, these objects could be used as the climax to the adventure. A long-standing villain who has thwarted their efforts might have been corrupted by anything presented in this chapter. Or, the Characters could work to locate a Daemon Weapon that has somehow fallen into the wrong hands. Evading capture, the weapon changes owners and leaves behind a trail of destruction wherever it surfaces. In short, these objects are excellent devices for building campaigns that feature Chaos.

— Blasphemous Objects —

"Only fools seek out magic swords and enchanted suits of armour. Such things are not of this world and can only bring sorrow and woe. So when you come across a suspicious weapon or a suit of armour that's simply too good to be true, destroy it."

—Hrolf Durgenderg, Drunkard and ex-Soldier

What separates a Blasphemous Object from some other form of magic item is the intent behind its creation and the powers contained within. Clearly, not all of these objects were created by depraved Chaos Sorcerers, or some Daemon working in a forge. Some could be the product of Chaos Dwarfs or tainted blacksmiths who instil their hate with each stroke of the hammer. But many, far too many, are nightmares given life, brought into this world by the terrors of mortals.

Axes of Khorgor

These Axes are identical. They have wooden hafts stained with sweat, grime, and old blood. Each axe head is shaped like a crescent moon and attaches to the haft at the midpoint of the blade. Though obviously old, the blades are incredibly sharp and reflect all light as red.

Academic Knowledge: History
Powers: When armed with both Axes, the wielder increases his Attacks Characteristic by +1. In addition, the axes grant a +20% bonus to all Weapon Skill Tests made to use them.
Side-Effect: Any non-Beastman who handles these weapons must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or gain the Turnskin mutation.

History: One of the greatest Champions of the Beastmen ever to walk the Old World was a vicious brute named Khorgor. A vile thing, it's said he butchered hundreds of Humans. So wanton was he in his killing, he decorated his horns with the entrails of the dead. Whilst a great warrior in his own right, he was aided by a pair of blasphemous axes that could hew through armour and flesh with ease. So powerful was he when armed with these axes, no other Beastman could stand against him. But as with all things, Khorgor passed from this world and ownership of these terrible weapons changed hands many times, moving from successor to successor.

Beguiling Gem

This large gemstone, seemingly an amethyst, sits in a gilt frame of platinum and sparkles in the light. Carved in its setting are images of Daemonic women seducing mortal men. When held in the hand, worn about the neck, or pinned to the wearer's garb, this gemstone pulses with a pinkish hue.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology

Powers: Any Character attempting to attack the owner of the Beguiling Gem must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or be unable to attack that round. The opponent may attempt a new test each round. In addition, the owner gains a +20% bonus to all Fellowship Tests.

Side-Effects: Any Character who grasps the Beguiling Gem and who does not bear the Mark of Slaanesh must immediately succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10 Insanity Points as grotesque images of carnal acts and perversions course through the mind. Each time the Beguiling Gem is touched, a new Will Power Test must be made and at the same difficulty.

History: It's believed the Beguiling Gem is not a gemstone at all, but rather it is the only tear Slaanesh ever shed, crystallised by the Dark God's madness. The Beguiling Gem has changed hands many times, though the most notable occasion was when it came into the possession of Lady Alexa Rudenhoff of Nuln. For the brief time she wore it, she was said to be the most splendid creature in all the city, and also the maddest. Two weeks was all the time that she held it. She was founded naked out front of a disreputable tavern in the Shantytown. The Watchmen reported her cause of death unknown, but the few reports there were claim she was covered in hundreds of terrible bite marks.

Bindings of Slaanesh

This set of dark chains and black leather straps fitted with hooks and sharp blades is every bit as sinister as it looks. To use it, the wearer must fit the loops over his body as if he were wearing a harness. As soon as they are properly placed, the chains and straps tighten, burrowing painfully into the flesh. The hooks and razors ensure that the wounds remain open for all to see.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology

Powers: When donned, the wearer automatically gains 1 Insanity Point. Whenever the wielder deals damage that results in a loss of a Wound, or when he himself loses a Wound, his Strength, Toughness, and Fellowship each increase by +1d10% for 1 hour. In combat, the straps lash out and snare adjacent opponents. Any creature adjacent to the wearer may not withdraw until the wearer withdraws or dies as the straps hold them firmly in place.

Side-Effects: If worn by a creature that does not have the Mark of Slaanesh, the Bindings of Slaanesh confer no benefit. Instead, the process of tightening never stops. Each week after the first, the victim loses 2 Wounds, regardless of armour or Toughness. When the wearer is reduced to 0 Wounds, the straps tighten completely cutting the wearer into five separate pieces, obviously killing him in the process. Once installed, the straps can never be removed.

History: The Bindings of Slaanesh were first encountered in the Great War Against Chaos. Though the first encounter dates some 200 years ago, the reports were very detailed. Worn by a Mutant who was the essence of beauty, she strode naked through the battlefield wearing only the Bindings and wielding a jagged sword. She seemed

to become thrilled by her injuries, and those she inflicted. She would rush up to a soldier, and the hooks and barbs would lash out from her skin and hold her enemies in place while she carved them up. She was finally brought down by a squad of archers who peppered her with scores of arrows. Even as black blood seeped from innumerable wounds, she writhed with pleasure.

The Black Maul

This large-hafted weapon ends in a spiked head. Stained black from the blood of thousands of victims, it seems alive with violence. Any who carries this weapon for long finds their thoughts ever drifting towards carnage and bloodshed, and eventually find themselves obeying the weapon's longings.

Academic Knowledge: History
Powers: When wielded in combat, the Black Maul confers a +20% bonus to the user's Strength Characteristic. In addition, if the wielder does not already have it, he gains the Frenzy Talent.
Side-Effects: Any Character that is not a Beastman or a servant of Khorne must make a Will Power Test at the start of every combat in which the wielder uses this weapon. If he fails the test, he enters an uncontrollable Frenzy, attacking the nearest living creature until he either dies or there is no one left alive within 20 yards (10 squares).
History: The Black Maul is an old weapon, believed to have been wielded by either an ancient Beastman Warlord or perhaps by some primitive Human in ages past. What is known is that the weapon defies all attempts to destroy it. Not fire, not acid, nor consecration by a Priest of Sigmar has had any success. So, to contain its evil, a monastery in Reikland buried it in a vault. However, after the place was sacked by Beastmen, the weapon went missing once more.

Table 14–1: Crushing the Stone

Roll	Result
2 or less	When the *Bloodstone* crumbles, it turns to powder, and with an unearthly shriek of profane joy, the dust of the stone leaches all the blood from the wielder, killing him in the process. Once complete, the dust vanishes into the Realm of Chaos.
3–4	The *Bloodstone* crumbles into dust. Nothing happens.
5–6	The *Bloodstone* crumbles into dust. Roll again on the following round to see what happens.
7–8	Khorne responds to the call and sends a Daemon for assistance (roll on **Table 14–2: Daemonic Aid** to see what appears). Regardless of the Daemon summoned, the summoner must make an opposed Will Power Test against the Daemon to exert control over it. Should he fail, the Daemon attacks the closest creature (typically the summoner). The Daemon returns to the Realm of Chaos after 1d10 rounds.
9–10	Khorne responds to the call and sends a Daemon for assistance (roll on **Table 14–2: Daemonic Aid** to see what appears). Regardless of the Daemon summoned, the summoner must make an opposed Will Power Test against the Daemon to exert control over it. Should he fail, the Daemon attacks the closest creature (typically the summoner). The Daemon returns to the Realm of Chaos after 1d10+5 rounds.
11+	Khorne looks upon the summoner and favours him. The Blood God sends a Daemon (roll on **Table 14–2: Daemonic Aid** to see what appears), but the summoner automatically controls the fiend. The Daemon remains for 2d10+10 rounds before returning whence it came.

Table 14–2: Daemonic Aid

Roll	Daemon Summoned
1	4 Bloodletters
2–3	2 Bloodletters
4–6	1 Bloodletters
7	2 Fleshhounds
8–9	4 Fleshhounds and 1 Bloodletter
10	1 Juggernaut

Bloodstones

This dark, red-veined rock is about the size of a clenched fist. It feels slightly warm to the touch.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology
Powers: When confronted by a spellcasting opponent, the wielder may call upon the Blood God and crush this stone in his hand, unleashing the potent energy within. Roll 1d10 on **Table 14-1: Crushing the Stone** and add 1 for each Wound sustained in the encounter. Self-inflicted Wounds count.
The conjured Daemon appears within 1d10 × 2-yards (1d10 squares) of the Champion and remains in play for the indicated time.
Side-Effects: Any Character who crushes a Bloodstone and is not a servant of Khorne takes a –5 to their roll to see what happens.
History: Unlike many magic items, Bloodstones are not unique; they are granted by Khorne as Rewards. The GM may substitute a Bloodstone for a Chaos Weapon at his option. Many Champions of Khorne have won the field with these terrifying stones.

Book of Secrets

Red leather and steel fittings protect the pale vellum pages of this massive tome. The exterior is covered in strange glyphs and runes of the Arcane Language of Magic. Those who can read it get a sense of what this volume contains: the exploitation of the Winds of Magic.

Academic Knowledge: Magic
Powers: To use this Grimoire, the user must spend three weeks studying the arcane words within. At the end of this time, he may use the book to cast spells from the Lore of Death, Fire, or Shadow. His Magic Characteristic also increases by +1 so long as he carries the tome. But when he casts spells using this book, he must roll an additional die. This die does not add to his Casting Roll; it only serves to increase the risk of Tzeentch's Curse. If the result is Tzeentch's Curse, he gains a side-effect as well (see **Chapter XVIII: Chaos Sorcery** page 210 for details).
Side-Effects: Each time this book is used to cast a spell, the wielder must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain one mutation. In addition, if a servant of Khorne (cultist or Champion) attempts to use this book, the Blood God immediately destroys the wayward mortal.
History: The Book of Secrets contains the writings of a mad Arabyan Wizard who coveted the powers of Elven High Magic. Believing the strictures set forth by Teclis had unnecessarily restricted the potential mastery Human Wizards could attain, he rejected the Colleges of Magic and set forth to master the art on his own. He threw himself into his work dabbling with *Aqshy* and *Ulgu* and seemed to succeed in working with both. Drawn to the power he thought lay ahead, and not noticing the side effects he developed from working with Dark Magic, he threw himself into the Lore of Death. Then, nothing was ever heard from him again. Some believe this madman was drawn into the Realm of Chaos or even murdered by Elves. But those who have pored through the Book of Secrets claim to hear faint cries for help coming from within the very pages of the tome..

Collar of Khorne

This foul collar is studded with spikes on the outside and inside. Made from interlinked pieces of iron and brass, the spikes are covered in old blood and bits of skin and hair.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology
Powers: When worn, the spikes burrow into the flesh, infusing the wearer with the protection of Khorne, giving the wearer a +30% bonus to all Tests made to resist the effects of spells. In addition, casters that target the wearer with a spell must succeed on a Will Power Test or the spell automatically fails. Once donned, the Collar may never be removed.
Side-Effects: If worn by someone other than whom the Collar was bestowed upon, that individual gains one mutation and must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or become a Chaos Spawn.
History: Collars of Khorne are among the many gifts granted by the Blood God to his greatest Champions. Hence, many of his minions, including Daemons and Chaos Beasts, wear them as well, all to better spread the destruction of their vicious master.

Crown of Everlasting Conquest

This circlet is adorned with spikes and horns that radiate invigorating dark energy.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology
Powers: While worn, the wearer gains the benefit of the Regeneration mutation.
Side-Effects: If donned by a Character who doesn't have at least one Reward or Gift of Chaos, that Character gains a mutation.
History: The Crown of Everlasting Conquest was first worn by Asavar Kul in the Great War Against Chaos. The thorny crown was a symbol of his power and majesty on the field of war and helped him survive countless battles. When Magnus the Pious slew him before the walls of Kislev, the talisman rolled from his severed head where it was taken by a Daemon. It has since been lost to history.

Death Head of Nurgle

The skin of this severed head is drawn tightly over the skull so that every detail of the bone beneath stands out starkly. Crawling with flies and maggots, this profane relic reeks of evil.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology
Powers: The Death Head of Nurgle may be used as a thrown weapon. Select a square within range. Make a Ballistic Skill Test as normal. If you fail the test, roll 1d10 and consult the following chart to see where it shatters.
Roll 1: You drop the Death Head at your feet, but somehow, it doesn't break.
Roll 2–9: The Death Head lands 1d10 yards short of the target. See diagram for direction.

Roll 10: You drop the Death Head at your feet and it shatters. Wherever the head shatters, it releases a cloud of foul mist. Use the small template. The gas remains for 1d10/2 rounds, after which it loses potency. Any creature caught in the cloud must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or contract Neiglish Rot.
Side-Effects: Only servants of Nurgle can handle these Death Heads safely. Anyone else who touches these items automatically contracts Neiglish Rot.
History: The Death Heads of Nurgle are common tools of war used by the thralls of the Plaguelord. Taking the skulls of foes they conquer, they cover them with wax mixed with blood to make them watertight. Then they draw pus from a Great Unclean One and pour it into the brain cavity before sealing it with more wax.

The Dark Heart

This fist-sized red gemstone pulses with scarcely-contained power and throws beams of crimson light in all directions.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology
Powers: When the owner of The Dark Heart charges, his Movement Characteristic increases by +3.
Side-Effects: The Dark Heart fills its owner's dreams with perverse images of war and death, and of rotting corpses and screaming victims, begging for release from the pain. Each week the Character keeps this artefact, he gains 1 Insanity Point as he becomes more and more obsessed with killing. If this develops into insanity, he gains the Blasphemous Rage disorder.
History: The Dark Heart is aptly named for a Beastman Warlord who tore it from the chest of an Elven Wizard before the Coming of Sigmar. So violent was the Elf's death that Khorne crystallised the heart and filled it with the Beastman's wrath. Now the item is in the possession of one of the rampaging Warherds still active in the wake of the recent war, though which one none can say.

Fur of Sharrgu

This hide is a filthy mess of matted and stinking fur.

Academic Knowledge: History
Powers: When worn, the Fur of Sharrgu confers 4 Armour Points to all locations but only against ranged attacks (including *magic missiles*). It cannot be combined with other Armour.
Side-Effects: When worn by a non-Beastman, the Fur of Sharrgu leaks its corruption into the skin. After one week, the wearer automatically gains a mutation. Thereafter, the victim takes a –20% penalty to resist future mutations, and is at risk of becoming a Spawn of Chaos after just four mutations.
History: The Beastmen waste nothing. When a Chaos Spawn dies, they butcher it for meat. The larger the spawn, the more flesh it provides. On occasion, these beasts are far greater and more powerful, thanks to the burden of countless corruptions, and they gain a name for themselves for the destruction they deal. Such was the case of Sharrgu. An enormous Spawn, it was the great despoiler. When it was finally slain, the Beastmen removed its hide and fashioned a cloak from it. It's said this filthy cloak can make a Champion immune to missiles.

Great Fang

This pale sword is crude but sharp. It's clearly made from something other than steel, perhaps bone or ivory.

Academic Knowledge: History
Powers: The Great Fang counts as a Hand Weapon but ignores all Armour Points on a successful hit.
Side-Effects: Exposure to the Great Fang speeds the development of new mutations. The Character must make a Toughness Test each week or gain a random mutation.
History: Torn from the maw of a monstrous Shaggoth, it was sharpened by Bray-Shamans for generations until it gained a razor edge.

Marked with blasphemous runes of the Beast Tongue, it's noted for its ability to sheer through armour, bone, and flesh.

Helm of Many Eyes

This ornate helm has no eyeholes but is instead covered with wrought eyes on every available surface.

Academic Knowledge: History
Powers: Though there are no eyeholes, the wearer is exposed to a myriad of strange and unsettling images. Wearers of the Helm of Many Eyes gain +2d10 to Initiative Rolls.
Side-Effects: While worn in combat, the wearer acts as if under the effects of a *Bewilder* spell (see *WFRP* page 158). Each round after the first, the wearer can attempt a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to overcome the bewildering effects of the helmet.
History: The Helm of Many Eyes was first worn by the ill-fated Talkar the Bleak, a vile Champion of Nurgle who stalked Kislev twenty years ago. He had lost his eyes to disease long ago, which was one of the reasons he turned to Nurgle in the first place. As a reward for his constant service, Nurgle rewarded his minion with this strange helmet. Talkar has since vanished, likely becoming a Spawn, but his Helmet was recently spotted during the first movements of Archaon's invasion.

Pendant of Slaanesh

This small silver pendant is wrought to look like a serpent. Its eyes are set with amethysts.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonology
Powers: When pinned directly to the skin, the Pendant comes to life and burrows deeply into the flesh, leaving a puckered hole where it entered. For as long as the Pendant is worn (which is until the wearer dies), whenever he loses one or more Wounds, his Attacks Characteristic increases by +1 for 1 round.
Side-Effects: If worn by anyone other than a servant of Slaanesh, the Pendant worms inside the wearer as normal, but instead of improving the Attacks Characteristic by +1, it instead reduces it by –1. The Pendant can reduce Attacks to 0, but not below 0.
History: The oldest story involving the Pendant of Slaanesh involved a Cult Magus who lived in Talabheim. Having amassed a large following of cultists, he found, amidst his belongings, this small pendant. Thinking it pretty, he pierced his flesh with the pin and set it in place. To his surprise, and exquisite agony, the thing burrowed under his skin. For weeks, he dug at the wound, tearing the skin, loosing little gasps of ecstasy when the blood began to flow. Not knowing what the thing did, he was content with torturing himself. After a few weeks, a group of Witch Hunters interrupted one of the cult's orgies. The Magus leapt from his lover's embrace, clutched his mace, and, laughing, charged into the fray, nude. He found that each time he took an injury, it felt like the kiss of his master on the nape of his neck; ever his favourite place—evidenced by his scars there. He single-handedly slew all the Witch Hunters and recorded the curious experience in his journal.

Rending Sword

This sword has a series of gnarled teeth instead of an edged blade. When it's swung, the sword growls and snarls like a beast hungry for flesh.

Academic Knowledge: Daemonic
Powers: If the Rending Sword successfully deals at least 1 Wound, it automatically deals an additional 3 Wounds that bypass Armour and Toughness.
Side-Effects: The Rending Sword is a hungry sword. If it isn't fed at least once per day, the sword sprouts a pair of arms and legs and runs off to feast on its own (usually against the Character's companions). When attacking independently, it has a Weapon Skill of 66% and a Strength of 55%. It can be attacked and has a Toughness of 77% and 33 Wounds. Once it has inflicted a few Wounds, it wanders back to its owner.
History: The Rending Sword is believed to have been created to reproduce a Chaos Weapon. Thought to have been first wielded by Samal the Cruel in 1477, many similar weapons have surfaced over the years. Whether these appearances are in actuality the same Rending Sword or not, no one knows for certain.

— Armoury of the Gods —

Amongst the various gifts a Dark God can grant, few are as desired as the weapons they bestow. Champions, Sorcerers, and Daemons tend to use one of two types of weapons: Chaos Weapons and Daemon Weapons.

Chaos Armour

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

Appearing much like a standard suit of full plate armour, closer inspection reveals it has innumerable strange markings and subtle details that set it apart from armour created by mortal hands. It is manufactured from some alien or unearthly material. Only rarely is a suit made from actual iron. These suits always include a closed helmet to completely conceal the face of the wearer. The symbol of the Chaos God forms a repeated motif all across its surface.

The strangest aspect of these suits is that they bind themselves to the flesh of their wearer, becoming something like a second skin. Once donned, a suit of Chaos Armour may not be removed until death. Furthermore, Chaos Armour is self-repairing, closing rents and mysteriously replacing damaged components. Though linked to its wearer, should the Chaos Champion die, anyone can pick up and don the armour. It functions as normal Full Plate; although each week, the Character must succeed on a Will Power Test or be compelled to journey towards the Chaos Wastes, where he will undoubtedly gain the attention of the Ruinous Powers.

Stand forth, Servant. The Sword you carry has been smelted in the heat of your anger, forged upon your desire, tempered in your hate, quenched in your soul, polished with your loyalty, furnished with your bones and skin, tested in your hand, and borne in my name. You Slave, are mine, as much as the Blade...

Powers

Chaos Armour bestows many benefits onto its wearer.

- Chaos Armour functions as a suit of Full Plate Armour, granting 5 Armour Points to all locations.
- It is less encumbering (250 enc.)
- Since the Armour fuses with the Champion, it makes him tougher, increasing the Character's Starting Toughness by +5%.
- Chaos Armour does not impose the penalties normally associated with Heavy Armour.
- A Character wearing Chaos Armour can cast spells without penalty.
- Chaos Armour adapts to the Rewards, Gifts, and Mutations of its wearer.

Chaos Weapons

Chaos Weapons are greater than ordinary magic items but much less potent than the Daemon Weapons reserved for the greatest of Champions. The Chaos Weapon's properties are generated randomly. A Chaos Weapon is almost always a Hand Weapon (Sword), but there's no reason it couldn't be an axe, mace, or hammer. Some (10%) are Great Weapons. The Dark Gods disdain cowardly weapons like bows and so never reward their Champions with them. All Chaos Weapons assume blades are used. If you prefer an axe or some other Hand Weapon, modify the description appropriately.

Weapon Properties

A Chaos Weapon's ability is called a property. Followers of Chaos can be affected by the Weapon's properties almost as much as they can be affected by mutations, Gifts, and Rewards. The effects of the property generally remain active as long as the wielder holds the weapon.

Common Properties

All Chaos Weapons have certain qualities in common, regardless of their individual properties.

- Every Chaos Weapon has a magical aura. Characters with the Magical Sense Skill automatically sense this aura as a swirling cloud of black mist.
- Chaos Weapons can damage creatures listed as being immune to the effects of normal weapons.
- Owning a Chaos Weapon makes it harder to resist mutations. Characters take a –10% penalty to all tests made to resist gaining new mutations.

Determining Properties

A Chaos Weapon may have any number of properties, but it cannot have the same property more than once. Any duplicates must be re-rolled until a new property is determined. Each time a Chaos Weapon is granted as a Reward, the Weapon gains a new property. If the weapon is bestowed to a Champion of a particular Chaos God, roll on one of **Tables 14–4** through **14–7**, depending on the Dark God the Character serves.

Animated

The blade shakes and jumps in its scabbard or hanger. When used in combat, it settles down and performs as a normal sword. At your mental command (a half action), the blade flies from your hand to continue the fight against your foe. It continues to fight in the air so long as you remain within 6 yards (3 squares) of it. You do not gain any of the weapon's capabilities when you wield it. When fighting independently, it uses the following profile.

—Animated Weapon—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	0%	44%	48%	60%	0%	0%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	17	4	4	0 (4)	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Flier, Lightning Parry
Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Animated Chaos Weapons have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 4
Weapons: Itself

Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties

Roll	Property	Roll	Property
001–013	Animated	501–512	Magic Absorption
014–026	Banishment	513–525	Magic Destroyer
027–039	Bewitched	526–538	Magic Force
040–052	Blood Drinker	539–551	Magic Reflection
053–064	Breathe	552–564	Might
065–077	Chainsword	565–576	Mighty Strike
078–090	Chill Blast	577–589	Mind Eater
091–103	Command	590–602	Morbid
104–116	Cool	603–615	Mutating
117–128	Coward	616–628	Parry
129–141	Creature	629–640	Piercing
142–154	Deathdealer	641–653	Plague
155–167	Deathlust	654–666	Poisonous
168–180	Deflection	667–679	Protection
181–192	Degeneration	680–692	Random
193–205	Disenchantment	693–704	Relic
206–218	Enchanted	705–717	Resilience
219–231	Enfeeble	718–730	Riposte
232–244	Entrancing	731–743	Sanctity
245–256	Fade	744–756	Savage
257–269	Fear	757–768	Screaming
270–282	Ferocity	769–781	Shrieking
283–295	Fiery Blast	782–794	Singing
296–308	Flame	795–807	Slacken
309–320	Flight	808–820	Slaying
321–333	Freeze	821–833	Sleep
334–346	Glittering	834–846	Slime
347–359	Hacking	847–859	Spell
360–372	Hate	860–872	Stealing
373–384	Howling	873–885	Strength
385–397	Hurling	886–897	Summoning
398–410	Illusion	898–910	Swiftness
411–423	Immunity	911–923	Tooth of Tzeentch
424–436	Impunity	924–936	Warp
437–448	Intelligence	937–949	Weakening
449–461	Lashing	950–962	Will
462–474	Leadership	963–975	Wounding
475–487	Levitation	976–988	Vampire
488–500	Maddening	989–000	Vicious

Table 14–4: Chaos Weapon of Khorne

Roll	Property
01–03	Banishment
04–06	Bewitched
07–09	Blood Drinker
10–12	Chainsword
13–15	Deathdealer
16–18	Deathlust
19–21	Disenchantment
22–24	Enchanted
25–27	Ferocity
28–30	Hacking
31–33	Hate
34–36	Impunity
37–39	Magic Absorption
40–42	Magic Destroyer
43–45	Might
46–48	Mighty Strike
49–51	Savage
52–54	Screaming
55–57	Slaying
58–60	Strength
61–63	Will
64–67	Vampire
68–71	Vicious
72–00	Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties**

Table 14–5: Chaos Weapon of Nurgle

Roll	Property
01–04	Bewitched
05–08	Coward
09–12	Creature
13–16	Degeneration
17–20	Enchanted
21–24	Enfeeble
25–28	Fear
29–32	Howling
33–36	Impunity
37–40	Maddening
41–44	Mind Eater
45–48	Plague
49–52	Poisonous
53–56	Resilience
57–60	Sanctity
61–64	Slacken
65–68	Sleep
69–72	Slime
73–76	Weakening
77–80	Wounding
81–00	Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties**

Banishment

Forged in the fires of burning bones and quenched in the blood of a Chaos Sorcerer, this blade has a ghastly appearance, fitted with a bone handle and a blade etched with dancing skeletons. This weapon is especially useful against creatures with Instability. Whenever it strikes such a creature, it is treated as if it had lost a Wound, whether it did or not, and must deal damage on its next turn or be compelled to return to the Realm of Chaos.

Bewitched

This blade is arrogant and hates its owner. It delights in leading its "master" to his doom simply out of sheer malice. It has a Will Power Characteristic equal to 2d10+40. At the start of each round in combat, the wielder and the weapon must both make Will Power Tests. The one with the most degrees of success wins. If the weapon is the victor, it takes control of its wielder and acts in a way it feels appropriate. If the wielder wins, he controls the blade for this round. If neither succeeds on the test, the bearer retains control. Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties** to gain a second property.

Blood Drinker

When swung, a Blood Drinker gives off a ghostly moan, created by its hollow blade. Despite its unusual construction, it is just as strong as a normal weapon. If its serrated edge deals at least 1 Wound, the sword thirstily inflicts an additional 4 Wounds as it drains away the blood of its foe. Against opponents that don't have blood (Undead for instance), the weapon functions as a normal Hand Weapon.

Breathe

The blade is etched with a scaly pattern, and the hilt is wrapped in sharkskin. Whilst grasped, the wielder can always breathe safely, even underwater. This makes the wielder immune to poisonous gases, musk, and other strange and detrimental odours.

Chainsword

This heavy weapon is always a sword—kind of. Though it resembles a relatively normal blade, it has a complex hilt fitted with a lever, and the blade is lined with teeth. When the lever is depressed, the teeth come to life, whirring and grinding, dripping foul oil everywhere.

All attacks made with the Chainsword deal SB+2 Damage. The Chainsword ignores all armour points in the location it strikes and permanently reduces the armour points there by 1. If the Chainsword is parried by a nonmagical weapon, it automatically chews up the parrying weapon, destroying it.

Chill Blast

This sword is a single spike of eternal and never-melting ice recovered from a glacier at the edge of the Realm of Chaos. Once per combat, the wielder can issue the weapon a psychic command (as a half action) for it to unleash a burst of cold. This is a *magic missile*. The ice deals three Damage 2 Hits. Undead creatures are unaffected by this special attack.

Table 14–6: Chaos Weapon of Slaanesh

Roll	Property
01–03	Bewitched
04–06	Command
07–09	Cool
10–12	Coward
13–15	Deflection
16–18	Enchanted
19–21	Entrancing
22–24	Fear
25–27	Glittering
28–30	Hurling
31–33	Illusion
34–36	Immunity
37–39	Impunity
40–42	Lashing
43–45	Leadership
46–48	Maddening
49–51	Morbid
52–54	Parry
55–57	Piercing
58–60	Relic
61–63	Shrieking
64–66	Singing
67–69	Stealing
70–72	Swiftness
73–00	Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties**

Table 14–7: Chaos Weapon of Tzeentch

Roll	Property
01–03	Animated
04–06	Bewitched
07–09	Breathe
10–12	Chill Blast
13–15	Coward
16–18	Creature
19–21	Enchanted
22–24	Fade
25–27	Fear
28–30	Fiery Blast
31–33	Flame
34–36	Flight
37–39	Freeze
40–42	Impunity
43–45	Intelligence
46–48	Leadership
49–51	Levitation
52–54	Magic Force
55–57	Magic Reflection
58–60	Mutating
61–63	Protection
64–66	Random
67–69	Riposte
70–72	Spell
73–75	Summoning
76–78	Tooth of Tzeentch
79–00	Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties**

Command

This sword is magnificently polished and inscribed with dread runes of the Daemonic Arcane Language. The wielder gains a +10% bonus to all Fellowship Tests while wielding it.

Cool

Arcane runes glow along the length of this blade, filling its wielder with self-assurance and confidence. When wielded in combat, it grants its owner a +10% bonus to all Will Power Tests.

Coward

Due to some minor imperfection during its forging, this weapon developed a flaw that has only worsened over the eons. It now seems discoloured and corroded. At the start of any battle, the wielder must succeed on a Will Power Test or the sword refuses to fight, twisting in the hands and dropping to the ground. It imposes a –20% penalty to all Weapon Skill Tests for the duration of the combat. Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties** to gain a second property.

Creature

A creature weapon is a category of Chaos Weapons that includes a number of different swords (or axes) fashioned in such a way that they incorporated elements from some Old World horror. Usually this entails incorporating part of the beast or using its essence during its manufacture. Roll a d100 and consult **Table 14–8: Creature Weapon Types** to see what kind of beast was used.

Table 14–8: Creature Weapon Types

Roll	Result
01–10	Basilisk
11–25	Dragon
26–40	Minotaur
41–55	Skeleton
56–70	Spider
71–85	Troll
86–100	Wraith

Basilisk: This blade was forged from the warped and solidified tail of a Basilisk. Its pommel is a crown of the monster's teeth. If a hit from this weapon results in the loss of at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or turn to stone. Whilst grasping the weapon in combat, its wielder gains the Unsettling Talent.

Dragon: Fashioned from the tooth of a great Chaos Dragon and tempered in the Dragon's spittle, this blade glows with awful green energy. When grasped in the hand, the wielder gains the Hoverer Talent with a Hovering Movement equal to his Movement Characteristic. In addition, once per combat, the wielder can issue the blade a psychic command to release a gout of fire. Use the cone template. All Characters beneath the template must succeed on an Agility Test or take three Damage 4 hits that ignore Armour Points.

Minotaur: Forged on an anvil of Minotaur skulls and quenched in a great cauldron filled with Minotaur blood, the weapon's blade has a brassy sheen riddled with streaks of crimson. This weapon has the Armour Piercing Quality. In addition, whenever the wielder deals at least 1 Wound with this weapon, he must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or enter an uncontrollable Frenzy. He must attack the closest creature (friend or foe) for the next 1d10 rounds.

Skeleton: This strange sword was fashioned from a fused Human vertebra, bound into a single mass by foul Chaos sorceries. Bristling along the edges of this weapon are teeth harvested from children. When used in combat, the wielder gains the Frightening Talent.

Spider: Just before this foul sword was complete, the craftsman drenched the blade in a soup made from the venom of a thousand spiders. When recovered from the morass, the blade seemed to crawl with thousands of metallic spiders. If the wielder successfully strikes an opponent in combat and deals at least 1 Wound, the opponent must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or die in a number of rounds equal to his Toughness Bonus.

Troll: This blade is deeply etched with Troll blood, and its edge has been tested time and again by thrusting it into the belly of a Chaos Troll. On command (a half action), once per combat, the Troll Blade can vomit corrosive juices at a single target within 2 yards. The spray hits automatically and deals a Damage 5 hit that ignores Armour Points.

Wraith: This blade was heated by flames of the immolated and cooled in their ashes. The sword has a smoky grey sheen and mutters and gibbers when swung. If this weapon deals at least 1 Wound, it also permanently drains 1d10% from the target's Strength Characteristic. Undead are immune to this effect.

Table 14–9: Creature Types

Roll	Result
01–05	Animals
06–15	Beastmen (including all Beastmen and Minotaurs)
16–17	Birds (including Great Eagles)
18–27	Chaos Spawn
28	Daemons (Lesser Only)
29	Dragon Ogres
30–34	Dwarfs
35–39	Elves
40	Fenbeasts
41–43	Ghouls
44	Giants
45–49	Goblins
50	Griffons, Hippogriffs, and Pegasi
51–54	Halflings
55–69	Humans
70	Lizardmen
71	Manticores
72–81	Mutants
82	Ogres
83–84	Orcs
85	Plants (including Treemen and Dryads)
86–87	Skaven
88–90	Spellcasters
91–92	Spiders
93–94	Squigs
95	Trolls
96	Unicorns
97	Vampires and Werecreatures
98	Wights and Wraiths
99	Witch Hunters and Priests
100	Wyverns

Deathdealer

When this weapon was forged, it was quenched in the blood and spirit of some creature, instilling within it a craving for more. Roll d100 on **Table 14–9: Creature Types** to determine the creature to which it is attuned. Should the sword deal at least 1 Wound to an attuned creature, the victim must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or be immediately slain and reduced to a pile of fine, black powder. Each time the sword kills a creature in this way, the wielder gains 1 Insanity Point.

Deathlust

Forged in the flames of burning hearts, this blade craves the taste of heart blood. The blade has a bright-red sheen, and when used in combat, it grants its wielder a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests.

Deflection

This strange blade is pocked with air bubbles, and feels exceptionally light. If the wielder enters a parrying stance, he may attempt to parry a single ranged attack that is an arrow, bolt, or thrown weapon. In addition, this weapon gains the Defensive Quality.

Degeneration

This blade has a rotten and putrescent appearance, seeming to have been forged from solid corruption and foulness. When it strikes a foe, it leaves a little something of itself behind. Should an opponent lose at least 1 Wound from this weapon, he loses another 5 Wounds regardless of armour or Toughness Bonus in 1d10 rounds.

Disenchantment

This blade is fashioned from black iron chased with brass and decorated in crimson runes. Strangely, it casts a red shadow. When used against a Daemon or a spellcaster, "Ulric's Fury" results if the damage roll is a 9 or a 10, instead of just 10.

Enchanted

This blade is enchanted and finely made. All along the length of the blade, pale blue runes flicker. This weapon has the Fast Quality and grants its wielder a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests. In addition, it can damage creatures immune to normal weapons.

Enfeeble

This blade has a sickly, yellow hue and doesn't resemble steel at all. If an opponent loses at least 1 Wound as a result from a hit by this weapon, he also permanently loses 1d10% from his starting Toughness Characteristic.

Entrancing

The blade of this sword has been polished to an impossibly bright finish. When used in combat, it has a hypnotic effect that can bewilder opponents. All enemies within 6 yards (3 squares) must succeed on a Will Power Test or become bewildered as if affected by the Bewilder spell (see *WFRP* page 158) for the duration of the combat. Once the test has been passed or failed, enemies cannot again be affected by the bewildering effect for one day.

Fade

This sword is made from a queer white metal. At times, it seems to dissolve, becoming no more than a wisp of smoke. This weapon has the Fast Quality. Those struck by this weapon must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or reduce each Characteristic on their Main Profile by –5% each round for 1d10 rounds as they begin to fade away to nothing. Should any one of the victim's Characteristics fall to 0% or less, he fades completely, pulled bodily into the Realm of Chaos. However, if the victim manages to survive the experience, all accumulated penalties vanish. Multiple strikes during the fading have no additional effect other than to deal normal damage.

Fear

This weapon is deathly afraid of a particular type of creature. Roll on **Table 14–9: Creature Types** to determine the type of creature. The creature inspires Fear in the wielder of this weapon. If the creature already has the Frightening Talent, it instead gains the Terrifying Talent against the wielder. If the creature already has the Terrifying Talent, the wielder automatically fails Will Power Tests made to resist the Terror. Roll again on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties** to gain a second property.

Ferocity

Forged from the armour of a fallen Champion of Chaos, this weapon seems to throb with foul energy. When used in combat, the wielder's Attacks Characteristic increases by +1.

Fiery Blast

This sword is forged from a single flame bound in a flickering blade of black iron. Once per combat, the wielder can command the sword to release a blast of unholy fire for a half action. This is a *magic missile*. The target of this attack takes three Damage 3 hits that ignore Armour Points.

Flame

Never quenched, this blade erupts into flames when drawn from its scabbard. On a successful hit, the target must succeed on an Agility Test or catch fire. (See **Fire** in *WFRP* page 136).

Flight

The hilt of this weapon is made from the wing bones of an eagle. The wielder gains the Flier Talent with a Flying Movement equal to his Movement Characteristic +2 when the weapon is drawn.

Freeze

The blade of this weapon is jagged and splintered, having been forged on an anvil of ice, unheated in an un-flame of frost, and then quenched in a pool of liquid fire. If this weapon deals at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Toughness Test or take a further Damage 5 hit that ignores Armour Points and Toughness Bonus.

Glittering

This blade has been magically polished by the flayed skin of Daemonettes, giving it a perfect finish. In combat, this weapon gives off a dazzling light, imposing a –10% penalty to all opponents' Weapon Skill Tests.

Hacking

The jagged edge of this terrible sword has been enchanted so that it plunges itself repeatedly into wounds it causes. On the round following a successful hit that dealt damage, the wielder gains a +20% bonus to his next Weapon Skill Test if attacking the same opponent.

Hate

This blade was forged on the mind and soul of a particular creature, instilling in the weapon a deep and abiding hatred. Roll on **Table 14–9: Creature Types** to determine the type of creature. When fighting against the indicated creature, the wielder gains a +10% bonus to his Weapon Skill and Strength Characteristics and increases his Attacks Characteristic by +1.

Howling

When drawn, this black blade looses a low unearthly howl, disheartening all who hear it. The wielder gains the Frightening Talent.

Hurling

This weapon has an unusual balance and weight. It may be thrown as a spear (Damage SB, Range 8/—). If it successfully strikes its target, it wrenches itself free from the wound (Dealing an additional Damage 1 hit) and flies back to its owner. Otherwise, the weapon lies were it fell.

Illusion

This large weapon is carved with runes. Its pommel is the shrunken head of a Grey Wizard. Whilst in the possession of its owner, it creates an illusion of normalcy that completely conceals any mutation and other strange features, making its owner seem completely normal for his race and gender. The wielder loses access to the following talents if he has them: Unsettling, Frightening, and Terrifying.

Immunity

Quenched in the blood of brave and noble men, and washed with the tears of their lovers, this weapon makes its wielder virtually invulnerable. When drawn, it grants its wielder a +20% bonus to his Toughness Characteristic.

Impunity

This disgusting weapon features a pommel and hilt made from the ribs and still-living heart of a failed servant of Chaos. When drawn, it grants its wielder +5 Wounds. These Wounds are not lost first, and if the weapon is sheathed or dropped, any Wounds taken still apply.

Intelligence

Forged between the skulls of two weeping scholars, and tempered in the flames of their treasured and forbidden books, this weapon bestows a +10% bonus to its owner's Intelligence Characteristic so long as the weapon remains in his possession.

Lashing

Made from living metal, and cunningly wrought into the form of a snake or tongue, this bizarre weapon may be used either as a Hand Weapon with the Fast Quality or as a Whip that deals SB Damage. The wielder may decide which form it takes each round.

Leadership

This weapon contains the undying spirit of a mighty mortal warrior. So long as the weapon remains in the possession of its wielder, it grants a +10% bonus to its owner's Fellowship Characteristic.

Levitation

This hollow weapon buzzes with the sound of undying wasps contained inside. When drawn, the weapon's wielder gains the Hoverer Talent with a Hovering Movement equal to his Movement Characteristic.

Maddening

This purple and brown weapon cackles when swung. Inlaid into the blade of the sword are the knucklebones of a dozen raving lunatics. When this weapon deals at least 1 Wound to an opponent, that opponent must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

Magic Absorption

Forged from the wattle-spine of one of Khorne's Flesh Hounds, bound in iron and brass, and quenched in the urine of a frightened Wizard, this weapon can absorb magic. So long as the weapon is held in hand, the sword absorbs any spell directed at its master. The spell, however, is retained with the blade, and the wielder can release the spell back at its caster. The spell remains imprisoned in the blade for 1d10 rounds, or until it absorbs a second spell, or until the original caster is slain.

Magic Destroyer

When this rune-encrusted obsidian weapon successfully strikes a character with a Magic Characteristic of 1 or higher, and deals at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or reduce his Magic Characteristic by 1 for 1d10 hours. Multiple attacks are cumulative.

Magic Force

Violet pulses of energy thrum in this blade. If the wielder has a Magic Characteristic of 1 or higher, he may make a special Casting Roll as a half action to increase the power of the weapon. The Casting Number is 7. If he succeeds, the base damage of the weapon increases by +1 for every die thrown during the Casting Roll. The benefits last for the duration of the combat.

Magic Reflection

This blade appears to be crudely made, rusty, and unfinished. However, when used against a spellcaster, its true power is revealed. This sword has the ability to reflect any *magic missile* directed at its wielder back against the caster. To do so, the wielder must be in a parrying stance and then must succeed on a Weapon Skill Test. If so, he redirects it back so that it unerringly strikes the caster.

Might

This blood-red blade pulses with a life of its own. When parried, the blade sprays blood as if injured. When making attacks with this weapon, the wielder increases his Strength Characteristic by +30%.

Mighty Strike

Fashioned from a rib-bone of a Daemon, this dull, unsharpened blade contains an incredible power. Once per day, the wielder can call upon the Daemon's essence to land a mighty blow, effectively increasing his Strength Characteristic to 100% for the single attack. The bearer can announce use of this ability once the hit has been determined but prior to deducting Damage due to Armour Points and Toughness Bonus.

Mind Eater

This translucent blade has blue veins running up and down its length. It craves the thoughts and feelings of its victims. When a Mind Eater weapon strikes an opponent, instead of dealing Damage, it reduces the victim's Intelligence, Will Power, and Fellowship Characteristics all by

–1d10%. Multiple strikes are cumulative. If the weapon reduces any one Characteristic to 0%, the victim's soul is devoured by the weapon, leaving behind an unmarred corpse. Reduced Characteristics recover completely in one day.

Morbid

This black weapon seems to be a sliver of the night stars as it is splattered with sparkling motes of light. If a Morbid weapon manages to deal at least 1 Wound, the victim is overcome with sorrow and melancholy, taking a –10% penalty to all Characteristic and Skill Tests for 1d10 rounds. Multiple strikes are cumulative.

Mutating

This weapon appears to be made entirely of throbbing flesh, with veins dancing just under its foul skin. When parried, the weapon lets loose a horrific shriek and bleeds. Targets struck by a mutating weapon must succeed on a Toughness Test or gain one mutation.

Parry

A Parrying weapon has a jagged blade designed to stop blows. It gains the Balanced and Defensive Qualities.

Piercing

Like many weapons of Chaos, this weapon thirsts for the blood of its victims. Appearing like an oversized thorn, it worms its way through armour. This weapon gains the Fast and Precise Qualities.

Plague

This weapon is infested with a terrible Chaos-spawned disease. When it was forged, the smith plunged the weapon into bound, diseased Mutants to test its edge. If this weapon is granted to one of Nurgle's sworn Champions, it is infected with Neiglish Rot. Otherwise, roll 1d10 and consult the following table.

Plagues

Roll	Plague
01–16	The Shakes
17–32	Eye Rot
33–48	Creeping Buboes
49–64	Bone Ague
65–80	Grey Fever
81–96	Ochre Pox
97–00	GMs Choice (for examples, check out *WFRP* pages 136–137

Each time the blade inflicts at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on Toughness Test or contract the disease. For details on these plagues, see the **Virulent Plagues** sidebar on page 48.

Poisonous

This weapon has a bright-green blade. Having quenched this blade in scorpion venom, this weapon is now toxic. If this weapon deals at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Toughness Test or die in a number of rounds equal to his Toughness Bonus.

Protection

When grasped, this odd, pink blade produces a shimmering disk of pink energy that pulses with energy. The wielder gains +1 Armour Point to all locations so long as he holds the weapon.

Random

Constructed from highly unstable Warpstone, this weapon is unpredictable and often as dangerous to the wielder as it is to the wielder's enemies. Roll on **Table 14–3: Chaos Weapon Properties** ten times, record them in the order they are rolled and number them from 1 to 10. At the start of your turn in combat, roll 1d10 to see what property the weapon has for the round. The weapon gains the indicated property until your next turn, when you roll 1d10 again.

Relic

During the forging of this weapon, it was infused with the powdered remains of a profoundly good and noble creature. Eerily, instead of being twisted and evil, this weapon is somehow virtuous and holy. It grants the user a +20% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests made to strike creatures of Chaos (Mutants, Daemons, and their ilk). Moreover, each week the weapon remains in the possession of its owner, the wielder must succeed on a Will Power Test or lose a boon of Chaos. This starts with any mutations gained, followed by any Rewards, and then any Gifts. If the Character loses all boons and somehow survives, he is freed from the hold of Chaos and may return to the lands of his birth.

Resilience

The blade of this sword is incredibly strong, made from fine, unflawed metal. When held, it grants its wielder a +10% bonus to his Toughness Characteristic.

Riposte

This slender sword features a living eye in the centre of the crosspiece. It is a shifty, canny eye that leers out at its wielder. The wielder gains one free parry (above the normal limit of one parry per round) so long as he grasps the weapon.

Sanctity

Forged from the despair of those who cannot die, and cleansed with the prayers of those afraid of death, a Sanctity weapon has great power against the living dead. If the Sanctity weapon deals at least 1 Wound against a creature with the Undead Talent, it must succeed on a Will Power Test or be utterly destroyed. Powerful Undead like Vampires, Liches, and the like gain a +30% bonus to these tests.

Savage

Contained within this foul twisted blade is the insane mind of a Berserker, bound there when the sword was quenched in his blood. The wielder of this weapon gains the Frenzy Talent if he does not already have it. If he does have the talent, he increases his Attacks Characteristic by +1 when in a Frenzy.

Screaming

The blade of this sword is wrought to look like a twisted, screaming face. When drawn from its scabbard, it unleashes a scream that unmans those who hear it. All Characters who hear the wailing cry must succeed on Challenging (–10%) Will Power Tests or take a –20% penalty to all Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests for 1d10/2 rounds. Those who succeed or fail on this test are immune to the weapon's scream for 1 day.

Shrieking

Shortly after this long blade was completed, its maker washed it in the tears of young women and children, causing the metal to darken. Once per combat, the wielder can command the blade as a free action to voice a terrible keening shriek that's agonising to all who hear it. All those within 20 yards (10 squares) who hear this sound must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or become Frightened.

Singing

This blade appears to be made of glass, and within it is a pale blue fluid. When drawn, the fluid begins to bubble, and an eerie song emits from the weapon. All living creatures within 10 yards (5 squares) must immediately make a Will Power Test or be compelled to move towards the sword (and its wielder) on their next action. Once they get as close as they can, they are captivated by the sword's song. Victims cannot move, attack, or defend themselves. Each round thereafter, they may attempt a new Will Power Test to break the effect. Once they've overcome the song, they cannot again be affected by the sword's singing for one day.

Slacken

This weapon has been infused with the essence of a stolen soul of a sleeping old man, and forged on the back on an indolent youth. Each time this weapon strikes an opponent, it permanently reduces his Agility Characteristic by –1d10%. Modify your starting profile accordingly. The weapon need not deal damage to affect the opponent in this way. Repeated blows are cumulative. If the sword reduces the target's Agility Characteristic to 0% or less, the opponent is permanently paralysed.

Slaying

The blade of this sword is pitted and scratched, flawed with numerous notches and dings. When its wielder successfully slays a creature, he gains a +10% bonus to his Weapon Skill and Strength Characteristics for 1d10 rounds.

Sleep

Forged from living darkness and the mindless whispers of Daemons, on command (a half action), the wielder can force a living creature with 10 yards (5 squares) to collapse into a deep slumber for 1d10 rounds. The target is entitled to a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to resist this effect. If he fails, nothing short of violence can wake him. Worse, whilst asleep, he suffers from terrifying nightmares and gains 1 Insanity Point.

Slime

This noxious, green blade drips with mucous. Each time the weapon deals at least 1 Wound to an opponent, that opponent must succeed on a Toughness Test or become violently ill and must spend his next turn spraying the contents of his gut into the air. Moreover, any attackers against the afflicted target gain a +10% bonus to their Weapon Skill Tests.

Spell

If one listens carefully to this weapon, he can hear the faint cries of the Wizard trapped inside. Once per combat, the wielder can command (as a Half Action) the Wizard within to cast a spell from the Lore of Chaos (see *WFRP* page 160). The wielder makes all determinations about the spell but uses the Wizard's Magic Characteristic (3). Should the spell result in Tzeentch's Curse (and therefore a Side-Effect as well), the detrimental effects apply to the weapon's owner.

Stealing

Heated over a fire of starving souls, the edges of the Stealing sword are worked into a thousand tiny mouths, each biting and chomping at the air. Each time this blade deals at least 1 Wound, the bearer may select one Characteristic from the victim's Main Profile and reduce it by –5%. The wielder then adds that +5% to his Characteristic. Thus if he imposes a –5% to Strength, his Strength increases by +5%. The bonuses and penalties remain until the combat ends.

Strength

Heavy and strong and covered in an oily sheen, the Strength weapon seems to have rhythmic pulse akin to a beating heart. Whenever the wielder fights with this weapon, it grants a +10% bonus to his Strength Characteristic.

Summoning

The Summoning weapon is made entirely of bone carved with black, blasphemous runes along the length of its blade. When the wielder slays an opponent using this weapon, the Summoning blade shines with an unholy light, briefly opening a gate to the Realm of Chaos. This portal appears 1d10 × 2 yards (1d10 squares) in a random direction away from the slain victim. A generic Lesser Daemon (see *WFRP* page 229) emerges from this rent. It cannot be controlled and attacks at random, starting with the nearest creature it finds. It remains in this world until it has killed a creature, or until 1d10 rounds have passed.

Swiftness

Crafted from the lightest of metals, and pierced through in many places with holes, this weapon is carved with airy symbols of runes in the Daemonic tongue. When armed with this weapon, the wielder increases his Initiative roll by an additional +1d10.

Tooth of Tzeentch

This bizarre weapon is more of a technological horror than it is a sword. When grasped, the blade erupts from the hilt, blazing with raw Chaos energy. This weapon has the Armour Piercing Quality. In addition, on a successful attack, the weapon deals a Damage 6 hit (Strength Bonus does not apply). While a powerful weapon in its own right, it wreaks havoc with its wielder. At the end of every combat in which it was used, the wielder must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or gain 1 mutation.

Warp

This blade is tainted by the touch of all four Chaos Gods and its appearance generally heralds the start of a new Chaos Incursion. The metal feels heavy and unstable, as if it's filled with liquid. When examined closely, the metal casts distorted and twisted reflections.

Whenever this weapon strikes a target, that target automatically gains (1d10+2)/4 mutations. The weapon need not actually damage the target; however, the target must be alive to gain the mutations. Thus, if the target is Undead, or was slain by the attack, no mutations appear.

Weakening

This blade craves the life force and vitality of the living. Whenever a living target is struck and damaged by this weapon, he must succeed on a Toughness Test or permanently reduce his Strength Characteristic by –1d10%. Opponents whose Strength Characteristic is reduced to 0% or lower die.

Will

Cold-forged, and owning a palpable sense of some driving purpose—although what, exactly, is not certain—the weapon's inner fire drives it and its bearer onward in pursuit of more daring acts of utter depravity. As long as the weapon remains in the wielder's possession, he gains a +10 bonus to his Will Power Characteristic.

Wounding

This strange weapon is covered in thorns and spikes. This weapon deals +1 damage on all hits.

Vampire

The blade has an unquenchable thirst for warm blood, having been forged from bloodstained iron, quenched in blood, and polished with dried blood. Its entire purpose is the letting of more blood; nothing else satisfies its cravings. When it strikes a target and deals at least 1 Wound, the

victim must succeed on a Toughness Test or take a further Damage 3 hit on the following round that ignores Armour Points.

from bloodstained iron, quenched in blood, and polished with dried blood. Its entire purpose is the letting of more blood; nothing else satisfies its cravings. When it strikes a target and deals at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Toughness Test or take a Damage 3 hit on the following round that ignores Armour Points.

Vicious

This blade is alive with hate. When it pierces the flesh, it twists and turns in the wound. This weapon gains the Fast and Impact Qualities.

Daemon Weapons

"For seventeen, long centuries have I remained in this blade, confined within these metal walls. During all of my time of imprisonment you are the first I have seen who is worthy to bear me into battle. Come, take my hilt, and I will serve you in the manner of my kind, drawing blood of your enemies, protecting you in the midst of the fight, bringing you safely home again. Now, draw me from the scabbard and test the fineness of my balance. See how easily I swing, how my keen edge cleaves the air. A good choice, am I not?

Willingly you picked me up. Your first mistake. Willingly you drew me. Your second mistake. I do not allow my servants to make three mistakes, foolish mortal..."

—Antinichus, Daemon of the Bloody Blade

Of all the arms and artefacts made available to the Champions of Chaos, none are so vile, so terrible, as the Daemon Weapon. Each rune-carved blade is a servant of the Dark Powers in its own right, since bound to it is the foul spirit of a Daemon. The weapon serves only the interests of its Chaos God, reaping souls for the glory of its master.

Daemon Weapons are forged at the very heart of the Chaos Wastes, where the Chaos Void and the Wastes wash against each other. Here, in the heatless fire of the Void, the blades are smelted by the Gods' mad servants, forged on the soul-anvil of a living servant, tempered in the screams of the doomed, and quenched in innocence. But before it is complete, Daemons inscribe the blade with dread runes, and ready the spirit of the Daemon chosen to inhabit it. Such acts are insane, and all the Shadowlands resound with its wailing. Once installed, the weapon gains a life of its own, and it is carried forth into the Wastes where it's presented to its wielder as a symbol of immortal approval and power.

These infernal blades are granted only to the most favoured of Chaos Champions or borne by Greater Daemons and Daemon Princes. Such a Reward is great indeed and offers its wielder incredible power.

Daemon Weapons are similar in function to Chaos Weapons but are generally rarer and more powerful. Unlike Chaos Weapons, whose power rests in the magic bound within them, Daemon Weapons are in fact vessels, containing the essence of the foul fiend bound within. The weapon gains properties and functions depending on the Daemon inside.

Creating a Daemon Weapon

Each Daemon Weapon is created specifically for its user. When created, it almost always takes the form of a sword, though there are instances of axes, maces, and other Hand Weapons. To determine the type of weapon, roll 1d10 and consult **Table 14–11: Weapon Form.** If you use *Old World Armoury,* these weapons have the features found in those of the Best Craftsmanship. (See *OWA* page 29).

Once you've determined the type of weapon, next determine the type of Daemon bound inside. The Daemon is always a type that is associated with the Patron God. So, a Slaanesh Daemon would not be appropriate for a servant of any God other than Slaanesh.

Lesser Daemon

Inside the weapon is trapped a Lesser Daemon of the appropriate type: *Khorne*—Bloodletter; *Nurgle*—Plaguebearer; *Slaanesh*—Daemonette; *Tzeentch*—Horror.

Greater Daemon

Inside the weapon is trapped a Greater Daemon of the appropriate type: *Khorne*—Bloodthirster; *Nurgle*—Great Unclean One; *Slaanesh*—Keeper of Secrets; *Tzeentch*—Lord of Change.

Table 14–10 Weapon Form

Roll	Weapon Form
1–8	Hand Weapon (Sword)
9	Great Weapon (Sword)
10	Any other weapon (axe, mace, two-handed axe, *etc.*)

Table 14–11: Daemon Types

Roll	Weapon Form
01–40	Lesser Daemon
41–66	Greater Daemon
67–90	Daemon Prince
91–00	Random Daemon

Common Properties of a Daemon Weapon

Daemon Weapons have certain common properties regardless of the spirit contained within.

- A Daemon Weapon gives off a powerful magical aura immediately detectable by any Character with Magical Sense.
- Daemon Weapons can damage any creature regardless of its immunities.
- A Daemon Weapon grants a bonus to Weapon Skill Tests equal to 10 × the inhabiting Daemon's Attacks Characteristic. Thus, if the bound Daemon has a an Attacks Characteristic of 4, it grants a +40% bonus to its wielder's Weapon Skill Characteristic.
- The bearer may substitute the Daemon's Will Power for his own.
- *Stolen Strength:* Whenever the Daemon Weapon is used and slays a target, the blade drains the target's Strength Characteristic. Divide this number by 3. One third goes to the Patron God. Another third feeds the Daemon Blade, which is retained for one day. For every remaining full 10 points of the last third, the wielder gains a +10% bonus to his Strength Characteristic for one day. Should the accumulated bonus equal three times his normal Strength, the wielder collapses in a heap for one day. Thus, if Sodom normally has a 51% Strength, his effective Strength can increase to 153% before he collapses.

Daemon Prince

The weapon holds the spirit of a powerful ex-Champion of Chaos. The Daemon Prince always serves the appropriate God. Generate the Daemon Prince using the normal rules. The Champion should be Human and follow the Chaos Warrior or Chaos Sorcerer Career Path up through Exalted Champion of Chaos or Catalyst. The Daemon Prince should have five mutations and six Rewards and/or Gifts.

Random Daemon

Some other strange Daemon inhabits this weapon. Follow the guidelines described in **Chapter XVIII: Lesser Daemons** to create this abomination.

Individual Properties

A Daemon Weapon has all the properties of the Daemon bound inside. Generally, this means that the wielder gains access to any of the fiend's skills and talents. In addition, the wielder gains access to any special rules outside of Chaos Mutations and Instability. So, a Daemon Weapon that holds a Daemonette confers the Aura of Slaanesh onto its wielder. If the Daemon has a Magic Characteristic, the wielder gains it as well. Certain abilities may not be appropriate, and the GM is encouraged to define the parameters of these abilities and what characteristics they bestow. Since Player Characters should almost never gain these weapons, a GM has some latitude in their design.

Satiation and Killing Fury

During the Daemon Weapon's construction, roll 10d10 and sum the dice. The total refers to how many Strength points it can absorb in a day. When it hits or exceeds this number, it becomes satiated, and the weapon loses any benefits for the remainder of the day. Before it becomes sated, it always enters a killing fury. Once a blade absorbs half or more of its Stolen Strength, the killing fury begins. The wielder must immediately make a Will Power Test each time an enemy is within charging distance. If he fails this test, he must attack the closest living creature each turn until there are no visible enemies left within 100 yards (50 squares), at which point the weapon forces the wielder to attack his allies until either the weapon becomes sated or no living creatures remain. If the wielder goes three rounds without killing anything, the blade turns on its owner, sending forth tremendous waves of pain that impose a –30% penalty on all Characteristic and Skill Tests for one day.

Releasing the Daemon

A Bound Daemon becomes released from its vessel if its wielder is slain whilst holding it, on the request of its bearer, or if called forth by its Chaos God. If someone other than its bearer picks up the weapon whilst the bearer remains alive, the Daemon may emerge, though not always, especially if it finds a better master. Finally, if its wielder grossly fails to further the interests of its Patron God, the Daemon will emerge to tear its master to shreds.

When the Daemon appears, it does so in any space up to 6 yards (3 squares) away from the weapon. While free, the weapon itself is dormant and loses all properties. Once freed, and assuming the wielder's incompetence was not the reason for its freedom, it gladly fights its wielder's enemies for 1d10 rounds. After this point, or if it appeared for some other reason, roll on **Table 14–12: Daemon Reactions** to see what it does. While outside the weapon, the Daemon is subject to Instability as normal. However, instead of returning to the Realm of Chaos, it retreats back into the Daemon Weapon.

Table 14–12: Daemon Reactions

Roll	Reaction
01–15	**Escape:** Glad to be free from the confines of the weapon, it retreats to the Realm of Chaos. The weapon is now powerless.
16–25	**Limited Service:** The Daemon grudgingly thanks its bearer for its release, and vows to aid the Champion for 101 days before vanishing to the Realm of Chaos. The Champion may release the Daemon at any time. The weapon is now powerless.
26–40	**Unexpected Vengeance:** The Daemon departs, vowing to have its revenge on the fool who carried it and used its prison. Whenever the bearer is involved in a combat in the future, roll 1d10. On a 6, the Daemon appears and attacks him. This happens just once. The weapon is now powerless.
41–50	**Strong Binding:** The Daemon returns to the blade with a shriek.
51–60	**Violent Release:** The Daemon attacks its bearer. If it takes 1 Wound, it flees back to the blade. If the Daemon slays its owner, it returns to the vessel awaiting a worthier master.
61–70	**Loosed Chaos:** The Daemon vanishes to further its own interests. While separated, the blade becomes powerless. If the Champion continues to use the weapon, each time he deals 1 Wound, roll 1d10. On a 6, the Daemon returns.
71–75	**Soul Swap:** The Daemon is freed from its obligation, and, being a grateful fiend, it decides to place its former master inside the blade. The bearer becomes the bound Daemon. The Daemon wields the weapon for an age, and, at some point in the future, some other Champion will gain this weapon that contains the wailing Champion of the past.
76–00	**Chaos Unleashed:** The Daemon happily slays his bearer's enemies for 24 hours. After which it returns to the weapon.

Part IV: Realm of Chaos

Chapter XV: The Ruinous Powers

"Khorne, the Blood God, rules on his towering throne of bone and marrow. Nurgle, the Fly Lord gives his 'blessing' of disease, pestilence, and decay. Slaanesh, the perverse Lord of Pleasure, corrupts from the inside with debased rites and the misguided lure of the flesh. Tzeentch, the Lord of Change, hides his powers the least, transforming all that embrace, or oppose, his reach. All of these Ruinous Powers are mere lies. But to ignore these lies, results in transformation, corruption, and death!"

—Magnus Ullersted, Witch Hunter

To the Imperial citizens, the Chaos Gods are evil, ruinous, and possessed of terrible desires. These entities are the antithesis of all that is good and right, the great nemeses to the pre-eminence and righteousness of the Empire. Though reviled in the Empire, this attitude is not universally held, and naturally, cultists, and Norsemen and others hold these beings in higher esteem.

On Khorne

The Blood God is a symbol of death and destruction, inspiring horror and fear in Old Worlders all across the Empire. His creed of wanton destruction and death runs counter to the laws and ethics of all but the most perverse lands. Still, there are some places, particularly in lawless areas, where Khorne is respected for his might.

"Bah! There is no 'Blood God' waiting to take our skulls. The last time I heard that and thought it meant something, my mother was scolding me for stealing a pie off the shelf."

—Burgomeister Johann Zeitler of Nuln

"I have seen the face of Khorne on the battlefield. Even the berserkers of Norsca seem like feeble children when compared to the fury of his warriors. The only fear they have is to displease their foul God by not spilling enough blood. If you're captured, it's best to fall on your own blade rather than wait to see what they have in store for you."

—Captain Hans Adelberg,
Hochland Long Gun Regiment

"The vicious forces of Khorne have plagued the mountains of my home since the days of my venerable ancestors. For every one of his minions we eliminate, two more take their place. We must stand against his furious tide with stalwart calm and determination. But can even our shield of resolve withstand the bloody axe of Khorne?"

—Kargun Barok,
Dwarf Longbeard of Slayer Keep

On Nurgle

Invaders can be fought off, but disease is a terrible menace, and almost impossible to avoid in the filth of the Old World. Imperials citizens see Nurgle as a dire and insidious threat, representing the most decrepit elements of existence. His followers are reserved to the desperate, the lepers, and the diseased. And such traitors to the Empire face swift deaths at the hands of lynch mobs should their allegiance be revealed.

"Every time we pull out a body from a house that's been ravaged by the plague, we sense his presence. Whenever I find some blighter face down in the street covered in sores and we have to either haul him to the physician or the grave, I know that he's there. Each time I hear rumours of the Green Pox making its way towards the city, I know that the Lord of Pestilence is laughing at us."

—Dieter of Middenheim,
Street Sweeper

"When little Eva caught sick and died with the Racking Cough, we were devastated. But soon, the rest of the village began to fall ill from various diseases. The healer succumbed to a pox that turned her skin black. We later learned that the travelling pilgrims who passed through on their way to Altdorf weren't mere lepers hoping for Sigmar's blessing—they were servants of Nurgle, spreading his message of disease and death!"

—Tobias of Senden,
sole survivor

"The Lord of Flies will eat your eyes,
When last your breath gives out.
And if you cry before you die,
He'll kill you with the gout!"

—Children's Rhyme of Ostland

On Slaanesh

Slaanesh has far more acceptance in the Old World than most of the other Chaos Gods. While the perverse acts of Slaanesh repel most honest people, there are some that are attracted to the freedom and physical delight he offers. Slaanesh is particularly popular among the noble class, although commoners sometimes praise him in secret as a way to forget their lives of drudgery, squalor, and servitude.

"Information has come to me that the key members of the elite Red Falcon Salon have been participating in blasphemous rites and behaviour unbecoming of the noble class. Witnesses have relayed events to me in confidence that give me great concern. Stories of unholy carnal acts, blood sacrifices, and the imbibing of illegal substances of a questionable nature are just the beginning. I recommend the apprehension and interrogation of these members to extract more information, and the immediate torching of the salon, in case such rumours prove to be true."

—Inquisitor Mannfred Shonauger,
Roving Judge of the Emperor

"Why should veneration of the body be a crime? Why should adoration of our fellow men and women be vilified? Sigmar is long dead, and yet, he's treated as a God. Slaanesh is alive, and all that he asks is for us to love each other for who we are? You may keep your dead Emperor to yourself."

—Excerpts from the Confession of Baron Otto von Daubler

On Tzeentch

Tzeentch is an enigma to most Old Worlders. What is known is that this God defines change, being a figure that represents the process of becoming. Venerated by Wizards, Witches, and no few occultists, Tzeentch's followers see him as a means to an end, the path to incredible power, if only one can pay the steep price.

"Although most are loath to admit it, the Lord of Change must be acknowledged whenever the Winds of Magic are manipulated. The Orders have spent centuries trying to untangle themselves from his grasp, but it seems impossible. We must accept Tzeentch's influence whether we like it or not."

—Ingrid Sloeckl,
Former Magister of the Celestial Order (deceased)

"The Strange One came at the end of Harvest-Tide. His robes were the colour of the sun, and he bore strange markings on his skin that no one in my tribe had seen before. Old Gunbar, the shaman, said he was evil and should not be trusted. By the time the Strange One left, Old Gunbar had gone sun-mad, and the tribe had been given a new idol to pay homage. The Great Lord Tzeentch brought much-needed change to our beleaguered people, and we raise our swords, axes, and spears to do his bidding."

—Thorolf Hammarskjold,
Leader of the Ten Bear Tribe of Norsca

"I found the tome hidden away in my master's bedroom. I was drawn to it by whispers and visions, which told me that I could be free from his cruel reign. Over time, the tome has taught me things that I could not think possible. In my dreams, Tzeentch has said that I am destined to take my master's place before the first snow fall."

—Albrecht Hoffman,
Majordomo of the Zütze household.

— The Four Gods of Chaos —

Although Chaos takes myriad forms and presents itself in an untold number of guises, there are four prime Gods of Chaos. They are alien beyond compare, and are anathema to the Gods worshipped by the sane and faithful. Terrible, vengeful, and insidious, the Chaos Gods seek to corrupt every living thing to fit their own vision of how the universe should be. These four Ruinous Powers spend almost as much time squabbling, plotting, and fighting each other as they do the other beings of the Old World. The following describes the details, agendas, and personalities of these terrible Lords of Chaos.

Khorne

The Blood God, the Skull Lord, the Master of Battle, the Slaughterer

Khorne, the Blood God, is the most violent and destructive of the Four Foul Powers. He represents unrestrained aggression, mindless frenzy, and bloodshed on the battlefield. His lust for blood is unquenchable, and he is forever goading his followers to take up arms and murder in his name. Khorne's anger and violence is an unbridled force that targets both friends and foes alike. He watches scenes of barbarism and slaughter with delight, and it is said he sounds his horn across the Chaos Wastes to incite further frenzy. During times of utter destruction and murder, Khorne's bellows resound in the Wastes, causing madness in any that might hear. Of all the Gods of Chaos, Khorne is the biggest instigator of war and destruction, constantly whipping up his followers to lay siege on the cities, towns, and hamlets of the Old World.

Khorne is traditionally visualized as a massive, humanoid being with skin the colour of blood. He sits upon a grand, brass throne atop a mountain of skulls and blood-covered bones—the trophies of those that he or his followers have slain in battle or killed in his name. Khorne wears intricately carved plate armour, covered in writhing runes and faces screaming in pain and torment. A huge, winged helmet sits on his head, partially obscuring his inhuman, snarling face. He favours weapons that spill the most amount of blood—massive swords, axes, and huge-bladed pole arms.

Although Khorne considers all the Gods his enemies, he holds a particular hatred for Slaanesh, the Lord of Pleasure. Slaanesh's sensual and hedonistic nature runs counter to Khorne's creed of blood and violence, and their followers go out of their way to destroy each other whenever possible.

Khorne wishes nothing more than to see the Old World devastated and in flames, its seas replaced with oceans of blood, and mounds of skulls piled high in his honour. He is a God of action, and believes if one is not engaging in war, he should be preparing for it. Despite his lack of long-term planning and strategy, Khorne sends visions to his followers on ways to construct powerful weapons of war, especially siege engines and other massive, battlefield devices.

Worshippers of Khorne include Chaos Warriors, psychotics, and berserkers. Many are sometimes drawn to his promises of bloodletting. Many tribes in Norsca have been converted to his call of eternal warfare and spend their days raiding villages along the coasts of the Old World. On occasion, a warrior caught up in the frenzy of battle hears the chant of Khorne in his ears and is driven to madness, forever pledging his service as he covers himself in the blood of the fallen. Horrified companions usually kill these rare aberrations, but some slip away, making their way to the Chaos Wastes to join Khorne's horde.

The Blood God has little use for magic, and does not grant spells to his worshippers. The way of the Skull King is one of battle, not subtlety and magic. From this, his followers have inferred that Khorne is violently opposed to sorcery in all of its forms and commit themselves to slaughtering Wizards whenever and wherever they can. The truth is, so long as there's slaughter, Khorne is pleased.

There are no known Wizards that dedicate themselves to Khorne. However, this does not preclude followers from using magic weapons, especially if they were acquired by murdering their previous owners.

Symbols

Khorne's symbol is typically rendered as an X-shaped rune with a bar on the bottom—a stylised skull. Skulls dominate the armour and adornments of Khorne's followers, and most consider it important to take heads in battle to render down and wear on their clothing. Bones drenched in blood or red paint (or both) are commonly piled on his altars and worn as a sign of his favour. Khorne's colours are blood red, black, and brass.

Few animals are associated with Khorne, though his followers sometimes see his presence in fearsome hunting dogs and powerful mastiffs, along with young, untamed bulls. These are sometimes driven into battle in front of his massive armies, but most are simply butchered in his honour.

Temperament

For most who worship Khorne, service to the Blood God is simple: you walk a path of absolute violence and commit yourself to slaughter and battle. Khorne has little use for subtlety, secrecy, and subterfuge, so his minions typically leave civilisation to participate in his rites rather than practice in hiding. They do not have allies, *per se*, simply fellow murderers that are just as likely to kill each other as those they oppose. Those that cannot escape become mass murderers and psychopaths, roaming the streets of the cities and the villages of the Old World, gibbering and spouting nonsense intermingled with their garbled praises to Khorne. Magisters and scholars that study the words and deeds of Khorne in hopes of defeating his minions are often plagued by thoughts of violence and slaughter and risk falling into his bloody grasp.

Strictures

Khorne requires his servants to spill blood and kill whenever possible. Most of his followers are warriors, though anyone who is willing to kill

without thought of consequence can find blessings from the Blood God. Khorne has no holy days, though his followers sometimes praise the anniversaries of particularly bloody battles.

- The greatest prayers are the sounds of splashing blood and crushing bones.
- It is never wrong to kill a servant of Khorne, but if done, celebrate the glory that is inherent to the Blood God.
- It is fitting to take trophies of the fallen, and those who adorn themselves with the skulls of their foes and drink the blood of their enemies shall find favour with the Skull King.
- The decadent followers of Slaanesh must be annihilated at any turn.
- Mercy is for the weak. Spare no enemy lest you be found wanting by the Blood God.

Nurgle

The Lord of Pestilence, the Great Corruptor, the Master of Plague, the Fly Lord

Nurgle is the vile Chaos God of disease, decay, and entropy. As the Lord of Pestilence, he is the inventor of torments, the father of plagues, and the giver of corruption. He delights in spreading his loving touch of pestilence to mortals, spawning new plagues to give as gifts to the living. Despite his sickly countenance, Nurgle is strangely robust and full of unholy life. His followers seem to grow in strength, even though their bodies are wracked with sores, flesh-eating viruses, and filled with phlegm and blackened blood. He's noted for his twisted sense of humour and joviality, and shows an unhealthy love and appreciation for his followers.

Nurgle strives to spread his presence throughout the world via plague and filth, and he desires nothing more than to see the Old World turned into a stinking pit of death, decay, and plague. Nurgle sees beauty in all things foul, revelling in the glistening sheen of a throbbing pustule and exulting in the waxy pallor of a mortal succumbing to one of his many contagions. Nurgle sees it as his duty to awaken the secret beauty in all things, unlocking the hidden wonders of decay. To the Fly Lord, beauty is something that can be enhanced by his caress, and so he seeks to beautify the world with his blessed touch.

Nurgle is often depicted as a grotesquely fat humanoid, his sickly green skin festering with wounds, sores, and oozing puss. His bloated face leers and is often pulled back in an ironic smile, with an immensely long tongue ending in a smaller, twisted face. Two grand horns, yellowed, chipped, and encrusted in blood and vile substances sprout from his head. Nurgle adores his own visage, and his Daemons often appear as smaller versions of him. Sitting on his throne, he pets and preens his minions, offering cooing words of adoration, but simultaneously crushing untold numbers beneath his bulk or with a casual swat of his oozing hand. His realm is vile beyond compare; imagine all the cesspools and charnel pits of the world combined into one seething mass. Those that view his hideous palace never again feel that they can be clean and see the world for the pit of filth that it really is.

Worshippers of Nurgle include the diseased, nihilists, and the insane. His followers commonly come from the lowest classes, who live in filth and despair already. Nurgle embraces the downtrodden, the forgotten, and those with nothing else to live for, thinking to uplift them by bestowing the many blessings he has to offer. Humans are by far the most common worshippers of Nurgle, though Skaven, beings of filth and decay themselves, see him as a kindred spirit—and some Skaven worship him exclusively, rejecting even their own Horned Rat God. He grants a strange comfort to his followers, who find a twisted camaraderie in their fellow lepers and plague victims. Nurgle sees the clean as a fresh canvas just waiting to be painted.

Symbols

Nurgle's primary symbol is three spheres stacked in a triangle shape, which scholars ascribe as being akin to pustules, buboes, or other symptoms of disease. The chosen of Nurgle often find this symbol growing on their festering skin. Other symbols include flies, tentacles, open maws, and disgusting chalices. His sacred colours are sickly greens, yellows, and browns. Followers don filthy, vomit-encrusted rags and tattered clothing in his colours, adorned with rotting limbs and bits of diseased flesh and skulls. They often carry soiled banners before them as they wander the Old World, looking to spread his blessings.

Nurgle's sacred animals are the fly, the maggot, and the carrion crow, though all creatures that feast on the decayed dead or spread virulent plague are favoured in his eyes. Animals that are on their last legs due to plague are often sacrificed to Nurgle and left to rot in the wells or food stores of the healthy.

Temperament

Nurgle is viewed as a "loving" God by his worshippers, and he takes great interest in their activities and plots. Particularly favoured followers receive the worst of his diseases and plagues and often become twisted monstrosities from terrible mutations. Nurgle spreads disease through subterfuge, whispering to his followers to mingle with the masses whenever possible. He is not averse to warfare and sees it as an excellent vehicle for allowing new plagues to fester in the wake of terrible wounds, ruined crops, and tainted water. It is said he whispers in the ears of the wounded on the battlefield, offering them an eternal, if rotted, life if they give in to his call.

Nurgle takes great pride in blessing healers and physicians, helping them to understand the true beauty of plague. He loves beauty and beautiful things, being attracted to such things first. He never wants to destroy, but rather to improve, to instruct, and to reveal the hidden wonders of disease. Of course, his nature tends to rot and decay those objects he fancies, but such effects are acceptable since Nurgle sees glistening decay as an enhancement to its natural beauty.

Strictures

Followers of Nurgle have few real strictures, other than to spread disease and despair throughout the world. His teachings are as follows:

- Seek out new corruptions as they are blessings and signs of Father Nurgle's blessings.

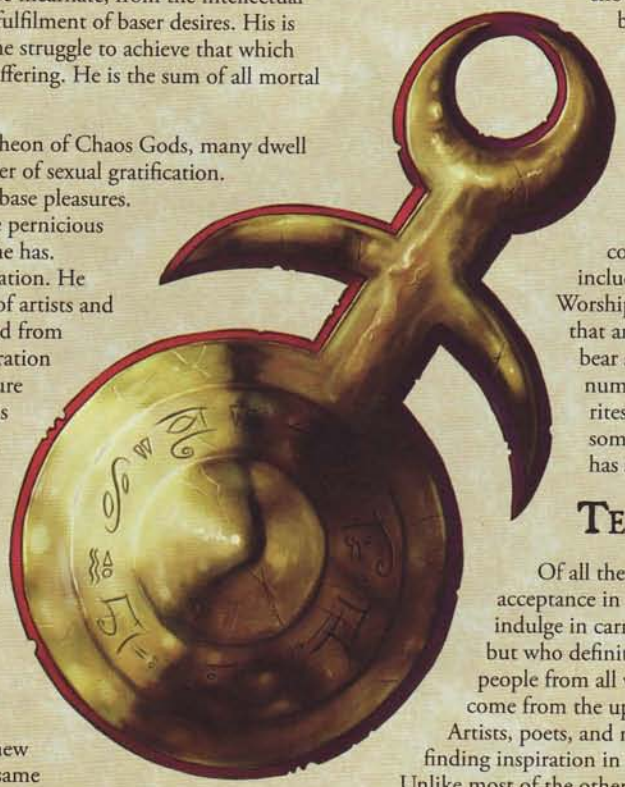
- Instruct the world in the bounty of Nurgle's love. Be not stingy with his gifts and share them wherever you can.
- Search for beauty in all things, and when found, celebrate it.
- And when beauty is found, perfect it by sharing the blessings of Nurgle.
- Pity those who follow the Lord of Change, for they know not the true meaning of exquisiteness. Never fail to bestow onto them the greatest of gifts, sharing with them the essence of your afflictions.

Slaanesh

The Pleasure Lord, the Master, the Despoiler, the Serpent, the Prince of Pleasure and Pain

Inspiration and desire, Slaanesh is the great muse, the fulfiller of dreams. He is passion given form. His is pleasure incarnate, from the intellectual satisfaction of a problem solved to the fulfilment of baser desires. His is the domain of frustration and agony, the struggle to achieve that which mortals covet. He is titillation. He is suffering. He is the sum of all mortal experience.

When positioning Slaanesh in the pantheon of Chaos Gods, many dwell on his role as the seducer and the fulfiller of sexual gratification. But Slaanesh is far more than a font of base pleasures. If he were, then he would not enjoy the pernicious success of corrupting Old Worlders as he has. Instead, Slaanesh stimulates the imagination. He embodies experience. He is the patron of artists and poets. He engenders the pleasure derived from the aesthetic, and serves as a great inspiration for all who would create and take pleasure from their creations. Slaanesh worms his way into mortal imagining by granting success at one's labours, artificially providing the fuel that drives the artist to put brush to canvas, pen to parchment.



Of course, such sensibilities also extend to the physical. The experiences of the mind and the satiation of mental desires inspire deeper and darker urgings. Slaanesh erects new cravings by numbing the senses, requiring his thralls to seek out new and stranger experiences to achieve the same thrill as that first experienced. When the pleasures of the artistic endeavour begin to pale, his subjects turn to the physical to receive the same excitement, the same sensations as before. In a sense, the path of the Despoiler is a slippery slope. The more one probes the glistening pleasures found in this God, the greater the need to receive the new heights of passion.

Those who serve the Serpent for long abandon the sense of restriction imposed by social norms. What was once pleasurable becomes mundane, and his followers must look to stranger and more depraved acts to fulfil their cravings. Soon, even the most carnal of experiences lose their sheen, and so his followers look to the sensations of sweet agony to make them feel anything at all. Decadence blooms into perversion, perversion becomes abomination, until all that's left is the all-consuming and throbbing urge to feel anything… anything at all.

Slaanesh appears as a humanoid with bisexual traits—male on the left side and female on the right. Unlike the other Gods of Chaos, Slaanesh possesses an unholy beauty, stunning and glorious on one hand, and utterly disturbing and unnatural on the other. His hair flows like pure, rippling gold, pierced by two pairs of blackened horns that rise out from his forehead. He dresses in a shimmering shirt of mail, fringed with velvets and jewels of untold decadence and beauty. In his right hand, Slaanesh bears a magical jade sceptre, which he claims is his most prized treasure. His hold in the void of Chaos is vast and luxurious, where followers and Daemons alike cavort in orgies and feasts of vile, yet exquisite-tasting, food. Slaanesh's minions are always erotic and strangely alluring, yet blended with disgusting mutation or disfigurement.

Symbols

Slaanesh's symbol is a synthesis of the symbols for male and female. His other symbols include hermaphroditic breasts, bestial faces, crab-like claws, and a coiled serpent. Most of his followers avoid wearing these symbols out in the open but dress in a sensual manner or wear jewellery with erotic motifs to show their pledge to him. Indeed, worshippers commonly wear the latest, cutting-edge fashions, though modified to show off extra bits of flesh or accentuate the body in ways that push social modicum. In private rituals, worshippers wear robes that expose the right breast, regardless of gender.

Slaanesh's sacred colours are pastels and electric shades, particularly azure, pink, ruby red, and emerald green, often put together in a garish and contrasting manner. Slaanesh's sacred animals include birds, crabs, snakes, and salamanders. Worshippers are particularly drawn to animals that are beautiful and perfect in most ways but bear some grievous flaw or gross mutation. The number six is sacred to Slaanesh, and most of his rites include this number, or a multiple of it, in some way. For instance, a small coven ideally has six members.

Temperament

Of all the Chaos Gods, Slaanesh has the widest acceptance in the Old World, as there are those that indulge in carnal pleasures without invoking his name, but who definitely draw his attention. Slaanesh accepts people from all walks of life, though most of his followers come from the upper classes, accustomed to living in excess. Artists, poets, and musicians also are drawn to Slaanesh, finding inspiration in his motto of living life to the extreme. Unlike most of the other followers of the Chaos Gods, individual Slaaneshi cults have positive attitudes towards each other, creating a large network for his followers to try new temptations. Worshipers are accepted into his temples, regardless of race or nation, and a follower that travels to a new city is likely to find a cell or two willing to take them in.

Slaanesh has the strongest presence in the largest cities of the Old World. The nobles of Tilea, Estalia, and Bretonnia are particularly drawn to his creed of unabashed indulgence, further spreading the cracks of corruption in the ruling class. In these places, worshippers often put up a false front during the day as dedicated followers of Sigmar, Ulric, the Lady, or Myrmidia, while setting up secret, portable altars and performing debased rites to Slaanesh in the evening. More than a few highly respected nobles, merchant lords, and Priests are secretly servants of Slaanesh.

Strictures

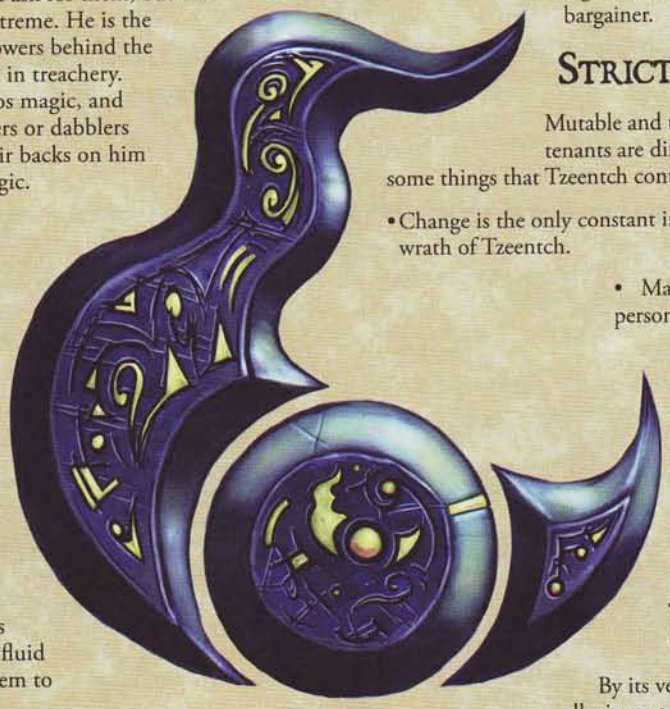
Slaanesh has few strictures on his followers, other than an unswerving dedication to the pursuit of pleasure and hedonism. The longer a follower worships Slaanesh, the more jaded he becomes, demanding even more disgusting and shocking perversions to stimulate his weary senses. The following are some of Slaanesh's edicts:

- The pursuit of experience is an end in itself. Look beyond that which is safe and customary to know the true pleasures and pains inherent in Slaanesh.
- Glorify Slaanesh by awakening desire in all. Make no distinction between class or station. All are potential children of Slaanesh.
- All pleasure brings honour to Slaanesh. Mind or body, if it advances sensation, do it.

Tzeentch

The Changer of Ways, the Master of Fortune, the Great Conspirator, the Architect of Fate

Tzeentch is the Master of Magic, the Secret Whisper of Power, and the Lord of Change. Regal and horrible, Tzeentch pulls the strings of magic and fate from his realm, scrying the skeins of the future and past to manipulate the world to his liking. He is the most generous of the Chaos Gods, granting boons to all that ask for them, but the price for these gifts is terrible in the extreme. He is the master of lies and subterfuge, secret powers behind the throne, black pacts, and deals that end in treachery. Tzeentch is the greatest source of Chaos magic, and many of his servants are Black Magisters or dabblers in the occult. Even those that turn their backs on him recognise him as a prime source of magic.



Tzeentch is depicted as a huge, grossly formed humanoid with gangly limbs. Tzeentch lacks a head, and his face sits squarely in his chest. Two writhing, flexible "horns" ending in hideous faces adorn his shoulders. As Tzeentch speaks, these two faces whisper in both agreement and contradiction with his statements, making it confusing and maddening to hear. However, as the embodiment of change, Tzeentch can take any form he chooses, and those that receive visions of him find it difficult to describe in detail what they see. His domain within the Realm of Chaos is fluid and mutable, where time and space seem to stretch and change like hot wax.

Tzeentch's true goals are difficult to fathom. If he seeks to dominate the world, his methods are oblique at best, and it seems that he prefers using others as pawns to further his plans. Tzeentch enjoys corrupting mortals by blessing them with power that is too much for them to handle, especially Magisters, Priests, and others capable of wielding magic. For mortals lacking a magical gift, Tzeentch promises lures of secret knowledge and ways to bring down rivals.

With the notable exception of Nurgle, Tzeentch sees the other Gods of Chaos as forces of change, and therefore, is content to let them exist relatively unmolested. In Tzeentch's eyes, Nurgle is a stagnant force at odds with the Lord of Change's goals. Hence Tzeentch's followers are often at odds with Nurgle's.

Symbols

The symbol of Tzeentch is a sphere, bracketed by a strange, twisting sigil, though his followers sometimes use the all-seeing eye, a symbol appropriate for the Architect of Fate. Wizards recognise it for its magical might and fear it for its dark power. Those that view the symbol too long swear it writhes and pulses before their very eyes—and to do so for too long invites madness.

Tzeentch's colours are bright and brash, with special emphasis on vibrant yellows, shimmering blues, and gold. His followers don intricate and baroque clothing and armour, covered in both his symbol and other arcane runes. Unlike most of the other beings of Chaos, followers of Tzeentch are often amazingly clean and often shimmer with an unholy light as unwanted sunlight glints off of polished metal and the bright colours of their clothing and armour.

Birds of all sorts, especially vultures and condors, are sacred to Tzeentch. Some of his favoured mutations to bestow on followers are to transform their head into that of a twisted eagle, grant them multi-coloured wings, or alter their hands and feet into gnarled talons.

Temperament

Tzeentch is universally regarded as the Dread God of Magic. He is associated with all magicians, and also those who seek personal power for their own ends. Tzeentch does not care who calls his name, as long as they are willing to make a Faustian pact, where magical power and insight is granted in exchange for the will and soul of the bargainer.

Strictures

Mutable and unpredictable in the extreme, Tzeentch's tenants are difficult to fathom. Despite this, there are some things that Tzeentch continually demands from his followers:

- Change is the only constant in the world. To resist it is to incur the wrath of Tzeentch.
- Magic is the greatest force of change, and a person should study its techniques whenever possible.
- To bring Chaos to a land and its people is to invoke Change. Topple the foundations of law and order whenever and wherever possible.
- Reject old ways and embrace the new at all times.

Beyond Division

By its very definition, Chaos claims no allegiance to anything but itself. The Gods and followers of the Chaos Gods are fractious and warlike in the extreme, and view each other with suspicion and disgust. Hordes of Chaos Warriors are drawn together not out of camaraderie, but out of a mutual desire to murder, burn, and slaughter in the name of their Gods. A follower is just as likely to be killed and offered as a sacrifice to his own God as he is to die in battle with the forces of the Old World or against his foe.

Some insane scholars believe that the four powers are simply aspects of some other, larger God called the Great Beast. At times, this entity sets aside its mad internal struggle to make it possible for the fragmented armies to gather together under one banner, such as the Chaos Incursions. These moments cause the Old World to tremble and quake in fear and loathing. The followers of Chaos typically come together under the banner of a particularly powerful and charismatic leader. Driven by dreams of mayhem, loot, and glory in battle, the forces of the various factions of Chaos set aside their differences for a short time to fight side by side. The people of the Old World know that it's just a matter of time before another leader inspires the hordes of Chaos to come together yet again. Whether there exists a Great Beast or not is subject to much debate, but certainly the effects of Archaon's Storm of Chaos are undeniable.

Chapter XVI: Beyond the Wastes of Chaos

"The horrors that reside within the Wastes of Chaos are mere reflections of the nightmares that exist just beyond its reach."
—Seiger Weisgerber, Chief Librarian of the Light Order

As one presses farther north into the Chaos Wastes, the laws of reality, and rules of sanity buckle and collapse, until nothing makes sense anymore. The boundary between the real world and that of the Realm of Chaos becomes fuzzy and indistinct—those extremely rare individuals who go beyond the Chaos Wastes and return, liken it to the logic of a nightmare without the relief that comes from waking up.

Within this hazy blur, the Chaos Gods rule from their unholy thrones. Each claims the Realm as his own domain. If there are borders that separate the territory of Slaanesh, Khorne, Nurgle, and Tzeentch, they are not noticeable. The land and sky are mutable in the extreme and seem to shift, twist, and transform each and every moment. This is the domain of Daemons, Spawn, and Mutants, who appear in a bewildering number of forms.

— Towards the Eye —

Whilst there is no distinct point where the Chaos Wastes dissolve into the Realm of Chaos, it's true that moving closer to this Void is detrimental to the health of one's mind and body. The fragile nature of mortals cannot hope to resist the powerful changes that come from venturing into this land. Creatures of Chaos find great strength in their proximity to the flashing darkness, but even they are sometimes ripped asunder or mutated beyond recognition due to the overwhelming amount of power it produces. Some cannot exist without the Eye of Chaos giving them strength, whilst other creatures are repulsed by it, driving them deep into the Old World to cause mayhem and death.

Table 16–1: Flux of Chaos

Roll	Result
1	+75 miles between Corruption Values
2	+50 miles between Corruption Values
3	+25 miles between Corruption Values
4–7	No change
8	–25 miles between Corruption Values
9	–50 miles between Corruption Values
10	–75 miles between Corruption Values
Roll	**Duration**
1–2	1d10 hours
3–6	1d10 days
7–8	1d10 weeks
9–10	1d10 months

The domain located beyond the Chaos Wastes is known by many names—the Eye of Chaos, the Warp Gate, and the Realm of Chaos. Its appearance also comes in many forms, seemingly changing for each that approaches. It may appear as a massive gate, a swirling vortex of black energy, or a single, baleful eye a thousand-feet tall—the Realm of Chaos looks different to each person unfortunate enough to see it. Needless to say, eyewitness accounts are rare, as the Realm of Chaos has a way of swallowing up victims.

Corruption of the Chaos Wastes

Simply being inside the northern reaches of the Wastes of Chaos subjects an individual to the raw stuff of magic, which, in addition to blasting sanity, mutates the body into horrible and unrecognisable forms. Only the toughest and most iron-willed of individuals can survive unscathed by journeying into this realm.

It is up to the GM to decide how far north towards the Eye of Chaos a person must travel before being subjected to possible mutation. The barrier between the realms expands and contracts like a living thing. At

times when the forces of Chaos are weak, it's possible to travel within a few hundred miles of the pole without conversion; however, when Chaos grows strong, the whole of the Chaos Wastes becomes even more dangerous than before.

While the border between the Chaos Wastes and the Eye of Chaos are mutable and ill defined, roughly every 300 miles closer to the North Pole sees increased levels of corruption. See **Exposure Through Corrupted Environments** in **Chapter II: Lost and the Damned** for more information on this Corruption Value. The border begins midway through Kislev, with a Corruption Value of Faint. This increases one step every 300 miles, although this can change depending on the intensity of the Realm of Chaos at the time. To find this variable size, and how long this variation lasts, consult the **Table 16–1: Flux of Chaos**. Once the time has lapsed, the border returns one category back towards "no change" and requires another duration roll to see how long it lasts.

— Legendary Locations —

No one is certain what lies beyond the Chaos Wastes. There are innumerable tales of lost cities, unholy Monoliths, and massive fortresses, created by either the foul Gods of Chaos or their worshippers. Described below are some of the best known of these bizarre locations. All are evil beyond compare, and those that find themselves in one, whether by accident or design, risk going irrevocably insane…if they survive. Only a few have specific purposes, meaning the GM can use these locations for whatever he would like. The details of the interiors of these enormous lost cities, fortresses, and monuments are sketchy at best, they could contain just about anything. The fluid nature of Chaos, especially in the deeper parts of the Chaos Wastes, ensures that even though these places are eternal, they are still subject to almost constant change. Some of these locations are populated with Daemons, Beastmen, and Mutants, while others are curiously devoid of life.

These locations do not seem to conform to any particular position inside the Chaos Wastes, and can be found almost anywhere inside its borders. Scholars claim that approaching these legendary locations is akin to entering into a dream state, heralded by mists, clouds, and darkness. Indeed, more than a few have "travelled" to these locations during their sleep or when engaged in deep meditation, though no one knows how or why this occurs. The Wastes have a way of realising a person's dreams and nightmares, and specifically seeking out such a location with an iron-will seems to have the best result for seekers. However, even a rock-solid desire is no guarantee these foul places will reveal themselves.

The Legendary Locations described here sit squarely in the infernal glow of Chaos energy and, by their very nature, are extremely corrupted. Unless otherwise noted, all these locations have a Severe Corruption Value (CV). See **Exposure Through Corrupted Environments** in **Chapter II: Lost and the Damned** page 16.

The Marcher Fortress

The Marcher Fortress is a domain of Slaanesh, and sits as a testament to his vile, hedonistic whims. The fortress is an unlovely thing, towering high into the sky and wounding the clouds and smoke with its piercing spires. Its walls are crafted from blackened stone, veined with pulsing, oozing colours, and mortared with the crushed bones and blood of spent revellers and those that fell in battle against Slaanesh's minions. The Fortress stands in defiant triumph and arrogant pride, mocking Khorne's bloody-handed worshippers. It has repulsed untold assaults upon its darkened walls.

Bone Mortar

Created by the Daemons of the Marcher Fortress, this mortar is incredibly strong. If even a small portion is used in the construction of a building, it becomes practically immune to the ravages of time, weather, and physical assaults, and can stand for untold centuries. However, the building takes on an unpleasant and unholy appearance—stone turns black and drips with disgusting ichors, lights never seem to provide enough illumination, and strange whisperings can be heard within its walls. Most sane people soon flee such places; although, Mutants, Chaos worshippers, and other vile creatures find them much to their liking. In addition, a building crafted with this mortar becomes conducive to Dark Magic. All spells from Dark Lores that are cast within the confines of a building crafted using Bone Mortar are treated as if the caster successfully made a Channelling Skill Test. If the caster makes a Channelling Test in conjunction with this bonus, the effect is doubled on a success. However, the caster rolls an additional 1d10 when making his Caster Roll—this die does not add to the effect but is counted for the purposes of determining doubles or triples for automatic failures and Tzeentch's Curse.

The marches surrounding the fortress are covered with a dark forest of unfathomable depravity made of blasphemous trees. Skulls and mouldering bones dangle from dead branches, and knotty roots pierce the remains of bodies. Immediately surrounding the Fortress lay the remains of a battlefield from long ago. Corpses, rusted armour, and broken weapons litter the gore-soaked plain, intermingled with tattered banners of both the armies of Slaanesh and Khorne. Some bodies still move and moan from their killing wounds, and their rotted faces smile at the irony of their demise. The only sounds to be heard are the shades and wraiths wandering the forgotten battlefield, ceaselessly shrieking, laughing, and crying at their plight.

Sitting in the shadow of the towering Fortress, a lone, massive windmill performs its macabre task. The sails of the windmill constantly turn, despite the fact that no wind caresses the marches. A small army of Slaaneshi Daemons work the mill in a constant frenzy of activity. Corpses, both of mortals slain in battle and Daemons that fell into disfavour in the eyes of the Master are ground into a bloody mortar beneath the titanic grindstone of the windmill. This mortar is used to strengthen the walls of the Fortress above, empowering it with the strength of mortality and the authority of despair. A constant stream of Daemonettes cart this mortar up the winding road, whipped and degraded by the powerful Keepers of Secrets.

Slaanesh's chosen sycophants cavort and revel in unspeakable acts within the confines of the Fortress. For anyone unlucky enough to find themselves within its walls, the dynamics of the Fortress are a mockery of the genteel and courtly rules found in mortal noble houses. Bread is broken and cups are raised in dripping praise to the Lord of Pleasure, and the charade of courtly behaviour reigns in feasts of blood. The Fortress is filled with the constant din of screams—both in pain and pleasure—the cries of lovers and the dying, and the echoing cackling of daemons and debased mortals. The interior is exquisitely appointed in the finest of art, silken cushions, and decorated tables filled with all manner of treats and drink.

However, this splendour is twisted in its presentation. On closer look, the artwork is blasphemous and debased, and seems to move on its own accord. The food has the unhealthy sheen of corruption and putrescence. The furniture appears luxurious and comfortable, but is torturous to sit in. The bodies of those that have reached their limits in pain and pleasure litter the floors and dangle from manacles—some still serve as fodder for the survivors, or the Daemons, that prowl the Fortress. The residents of the Marcher Fortress tempt interlopers with all manner of delights—food, drink, song, dance, and favours that defy the imagination. Anyone who succumbs finds himself spiralling into a pit of decadence and corruption.

The Sickening Lust

Spending too much time within the Marcher Fortress blasts away inhibitions and heightens physical lusts to insatiable levels. Interlopers become slaves to their basest desires, craving carnal encounters, food, and debauchery at levels that are impossible to appease. Although gorging on a feast, or engaging in an orgy of flesh, reduces this desire for a short time, the craving returns soon enough. The temptations provided by Slaanesh prove too tempting to resist.

If a character eats or drinks anything within the Marcher Fortress, or worse, falls prey to the physical predations to one, or more, of its many servants, he must make a Will Power Test or gain 3 Insanity Points and be overcome by a disease of the mind known as the Sickening Lust. The victim is overcome with insatiable physical cravings—food, drink, and carnal sins. Whenever a character has the opportunity to eat or drink, he must make a Will Power Test to resist the temptation to gorge himself on everything available. If he fails, he can take no actions other than to eat and drink, and will even beg, or threaten, others for their portions. If presented with a truly large feast (roughly twice the usual portions), he makes this check at a –30% penalty.

In addition, the victim gains a twisted carnal desire that dominates his thoughts. The victim suffers a permanent –20% penalty to Fellowship when dealing with anyone due to his persistently lewd and debased behaviour.

Victims of this insanity commonly end up arrested for their transgressions or are hunted down by enraged spouses and other family members. Those that are institutionalised are almost always put in isolation, where their perversions have no outlet.

Plot Seed: The Copse of Temptation

Certain portions of the Great Forest have mystical ties to the Marcher Forest. A blackened copse of ancient trees near the tiny thorp of Sydow serves as a portal of sorts into the vile forest surrounding the Marcher Fortress. Hunters wandering the woods have stumbled into this copse and found themselves twisted by the sights they saw. Upon their return, the hunters, now insane and lost, succumbed to the Sickening Lust, prey upon the inhabitants of the town. If the trees are cut down, will the link be severed to the Marcher Fortress?

The Inevitable City

Built of dark madness and inspired by insane architects, the Inevitable City sits at the nexus of several lonely, forgotten roads that can be found crisscrossing through the Chaos Wastes, dangled like lures to attract the unwary. Travellers often delight in finding a road in the middle of the blank steppes and follow it wherever it goes. These cursed roads, however, all lead to the Inevitable City.

What's even more maddening is that once you're on the road, it seems to always bring you back to the city, regardless of how it twists and turns or even if you turn your back and walk away. Eventually, the Inevitable City looms once again in front of the hapless traveller. Rumours persist these roads even wind their way deep into

the Empire and lands beyond, ensuring some poor soul is bound to be trapped, the Inevitable City his only destination.

The Inevitable City first looms on the horizon, standing like a jagged wound against a slate-grey sky. The City plays tricks on the eyes, sometimes seeming as if it is remarkably close, then far away, thus making it impossible to determine the distance. It exudes a brooding evil, with gates shaped like gaping maws. The Inevitable City is covered in a black dust that resists all attempts to be brushed or washed away.

The most detailed account of the Inevitable City comes from the *Liber Malefic,* otherwise known as the *Book of Chaos Foreseen,* penned by the scholar Marius Hollseher. Hollseher denies he actually travelled physically to the Inevitable City and that his account of the place came to him in dreams and visions. He claims he saw several duplicates of himself, downcast and lost in thought, making their way inside the city. Hollseher cannot account for why this is so—perhaps they were illusions, visions of seeing himself in the past or future, or clever Doppelgangers, formed from Chaos to tempt and demoralise him. He managed to escape from eternal entrapment within its walls by turning away from the City and walking into a mysterious mist that formed at his deepest depression. No one else has claimed to see this mist, despite his firm belief that it exists and is the only way out of certain doom.

Although the streets and halls of the Inevitable City seem lonely, it actually hosts a large number of beings. The souls of the cursed, or those that stumbled inside, eternally wander its desolation, desperate for a way out. Disembodied forms plead and beg for guidance, while others claim to know the way to the City's exit but ultimately lead those that follower deeper into its walls and farther from any way of leaving. Daemons and Mutants also prowl its streets, cackling with glee at the plight of the lost. They rarely attack, but they taunt and torment from afar. The Inevitable City is curious in that Daemons from all four of the Gods of Chaos can be found within its walls. Whether this means that the City is neutral ground for them or the Daemons themselves are trapped, no one knows.

The Inevitable City is a symbol of all that is lost, and the plight of those that find themselves in desperate situations with no way out. Its illusions and mazes have a way of returning a traveller back to the same location, regardless of what route he takes. Scholars believe the Inevitable City is a living metaphor for the downward spiral that the lure of Chaos represents, for once you walk down the dark path there is no hope of return.

The Lost Soul

The twisting, maddening road that leads to the Inevitable City, as well as the confounding streets inside its walls have a way of making a person utterly confused as to where he is and where he's going. Characters who gain an insanity while looking for or exploring the Inevitable City pick up the Lost Soul, and find it extremely difficult to get from one point to another without feeling utterly lost. Even the familiarity of his home disappears and the rooms and hallways become a maze. Unless guided by another, the victim simply wanders in circles, looking for the right way to go—and even when aided, he believes they must surely be going down the wrong path.

Every day, the character must make a Will Power Test to get his bearings. If he fails, he falls into a confused stupor and finds it almost impossible to reach particular locations that he wants to get to. Unless guided by another person, getting from one location to another takes four times as long and he suffers a –10% penalty on Intelligence and Fellowship Tests due to his confusion. If he succeeds, he has enough of a grasp to function better, but it still takes twice as long for him to get from Point A to Point B without assistance.

Plot Seed: The Doomed Twin

Whilst travelling down some lonely road, one of the characters spies a person walking far ahead of them. Even from the distance, it's obvious who person is…the character himself! No matter how fast he runs, or methods he employs to catch up, the double always moves a little faster,

eluding capture or interrogation. The figure does not perfectly mirror the character's movements, suggesting a living being, or at least not merely a reflection of some kind. If the character continues to follow, he eventually finds himself approaching the Inevitable City—the duplicate, regardless of the actions of his twin, dejectedly enters inside its gates.

The Drifting Castle

Even though most places in the Chaos Wastes seem not to be fixed to any one location, the Drifting Castle is truly uprooted and mobile. The Drifting Castle is a curious place, held aloft in the sky by a floating berg of blackened stone. A massive, mighty fortress, it floats along, at home amidst the clouds. Its outer walls are thick and seemingly impregnable, designed to fend off almost any size of army. Towers and manors of stunning size and craftsmanship loom high into the sky, growing taller as they get closer to the middle of the city. A fortress that Dwarfs any citadel in the Old World dominates the tallest portion of the Drifting Castle. Truly a city of this size could hold untold tens of thousands of people.

And yet, despite its size and magnificence, the Drifting Castle is devoid of life. No soldiers line its walls. No merchants hawk their wares in the streets. No nobles rule from the gilded throne-room. The Drifting Castle was seemingly created by some indeterminate power, and then abandoned, forever floating about the Chaos Wastes with no real purpose. It's unknown whether the Drifting Castle ever had a population to speak of, and the streets, complete and lined with shops and homes, show no signs of activity. Buildings contain the goods and trappings of a thriving city, but everything is neatly lined up and tidy, as if never used. A thin dust covers every surface, and the signs of a gentle decay can be seen in the walls and all objects. The few trees within the city continually shed dead leaves, though none seem to ever lose them all. Tattered banners, bearing the herald of some unknown and forgotten house or people, flap limply in the lonely wind that provides the only sound in the empty streets and halls.

Getting up to the Drifting Castle is quite a task. There are no roads, ropes, ladders, or stairs to its main gate, which sits several-hundred feet up in the air. The only way to reach the Castle is by flying, either through magical means, or by a mount capable of flight. Interestingly, despite the formidable walls and fortification, the gates into the Castle are all wide open, so anyone that can actually reach the walls of the Drifting City can do so unmolested.

On the surface, the Drifting Castle appears to be a looter's paradise, as everything sits intact, and there are no guards to prevent theft. Indeed, the shops and homes of the Drifting Castle are filled with goods of all kinds—weapons, armour, works of art, and other valuables. Anyone can fill up sacks full of loot without problem. However, anything taken from the Drifting Castle begins to rust, corrode, or disintegrate once it leaves the confines of the floating rock. Over the course of a few days, goods from the Drifting Castle become completely unusable, and eventually turn to dust. Even stranger, anyone that actually returns back to the Drifting Castle discovers the same destroyed objects returned, seemingly untouched, in their original location. The dust remains, however, and is prized by Magisters for its destructive capabilities. If used as an ingredient for a spell that deals damage in any way, the Dust of the Drifting Castle adds +3 to the Casting Roll.

Scholars and Magisters believe that the Drifting Castle is merely a symbol of lost hopes, abandoned plans, utter loneliness, and the folly of building grand things to last the ages. No one is certain which Ruinous Power is responsible for creating the Drifting Castle or what its ultimate purpose really is. It merely exists, standing as a testament to the uncaring Gods of Chaos and the hopelessness of life.

The Lonely Fear

Characters that actually reach the Drifting Castle are soon filled with an overwhelming sense of loneliness and despair. The first hour he wanders the vacant streets or explores the empty buildings, a character must make a Will Power Test. For each additional full day spent in the Drifting Castle, he must make an additional test with a cumulative –20% penalty per day.

If a character fails this test, he immediately gains 3 Insanity Point and succumbs to a form of insanity known as the Lonely Fear. The victim find himself terrified of being alone and will do anything to remain in the presence of others. He never willingly goes anywhere by himself and even insists that someone stay close by while he sleeps. This paranoia reduces the victim's Fellowship score by –10%, as his desperation and clinginess set others ill at ease.

Should he ever find himself out of sight of another person, even for a minute, he must make a Will Power Test. If he fails, he runs about in a blind panic, trying to find another living soul. If he's unable to find someone, his Will Power score is halved until he locates someone—if he is alone for an hour or more, he curls up in a ball and refuses to move or act. If the character succeeds, he still suffers a –10% penalty to his Will Power and Fellowship Characteristics, which lasts until he spends at least an hour in the presence of other people.

Plot Seed: Gold for Dust

The Characters are sent by a powerful Magister to locate the Drifting Castle to bring back as many items as possible from its empty buildings. The Magister knows the characters will return with nothing more than dust, which he wants to use in his studies. He hopes that the Characters will succumb to the Lonely Fear, making it easy for him to part the Characters from his prize.

The Vale of Creatures

As its name implies, this area is a breeding ground for all manner of horrible monsters, mutated beasts, and Daemons of bewildering forms. The land itself is a desolate plain, punctuated with needle-like towers and hideous trees that seem to be composed of living, mutated creatures. Colours here shift and transform between muted tones and loud, vibrant hues that appear sickly in their extravagance. Sound has no power here. Noises are quickly swallowed up in the stillness and silence of the Vale of Creatures, so a person must shout to be heard—but even this comes across as a hollow whisper. The horrible sounds of rutting Daemons are reduced to soft murmurs of decadence and depravity. This silence is not that of the peace of the grave, nor ease at labours' end. It is the malicious, plotting silence that occurs before evil acts begin.

Eventually, however, this silence is broken by the sound of a hundred-thousand angry bees, seemingly coming from all directions. The very ground itself heaves and twists, vomiting forth an army of misshapen creatures. The lives of these beasts are brief. Lumpy and hideous, they twist and writhe in pleasure at their birthing, and then turn to each other in search of further depravity. When one falls exhausted from its unlovely exertions, its fellows chuckle at its fate. The body is quickly torn apart by its kin, and the remains are reabsorbed into the ground, where the cycle repeats again. The trees of the Vale perform similar rites, producing an eternal flux of faces, limbs, and other twisted forms. A few of these creatures manage to escape their bonds and roam the open plains, sometimes taking to the air on bat-like wings. Anyone unlucky enough to find himself exposed within the Vale of Creatures risks being violated by its inhabitants, his body used to fertilise the ground, serving as compost and material for the rest.

The Vale of Creatures is representative of both Nurgle and Slaanesh: Nurgle, for the Vale's fecundity; Slaanesh for the experiences found here. As these two powers conflict, so too do the spawn of the Vale. While most of the foul beasts birthed in the Vale of Creatures do not survive, those that are strong enough to make it on their own bolster the armies of Chaos. Some stumble out of the Vale and seek out others of their kind to join in unsavoury unions and bring misery to the lands of mankind.

Nature's Revolt

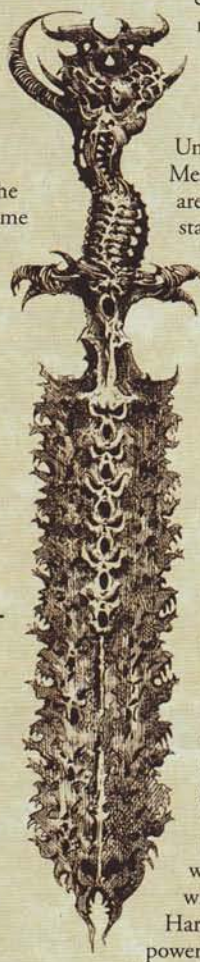
Those that witness the depravity of the Vale of Creatures come to question the "natural order" of plants and animals and see the corruption that resides within nature. Someone with this affliction sees mutation in every animal and every plant. Horses appear covered in sores, sheep bear additional limbs, and birds sprout two or more heads. Plants grow and writhe in unspeakable ways, their fruit gross and withered. Trees seem to move in unholy unison and their branches appear as wicked arms. Strangely, however, creatures already bearing the stigma of mutation appear normal and proper to the victim.

Upon entering the Vale of Creatures, a person must make a Will Power Test. If he fails this test, he immediately gains 3 Insanity Points and suffers a –20% penalty to Intelligence. At the beginning of each day, he must make a Will Power Test or become averse to approaching normal animals. He never willingly enters woods, rides horses, or associates with dogs, livestock and the like. If he succeeds, he can function normally, but suffers a –30% penalty on any Animal Handling Tests and a –10% penalty to Will Power Tests.

Victims with this madness typically confine themselves to the largest cities, where they can avoid most animals and woodlands. Most actually prefer to live in basements and other underground locations. When this insanity becomes unbearable, they actually seek out confinement to sanatoriums, prisons, and other places where they do not have to view the hideous corruption of nature.

Plot Seed: The Rift in the Vale

A recent spike in power from the Realm of Chaos has both torn a hole in the border of the Vale of Creatures and bolstered its power, creating a veritable army that escapes its confines. These creatures spread like a plague into the southern lands, slowly transforming the trees and ground into a mirror of the foul place where they were birthed. The adventurers must find where this weak spot is, and find a way to close it before the hole grows even larger. The hole is situated close to a monolith, which seems to be feeding the rise in Chaos. If it were destroyed or hindered in some way, perhaps the rift would seal.



The Bastion Stair

The Outer Realm of Khorne is girded by a titanic wall or cliff of deepest red and blackened iron that stretches unbroken from one end of the horizon to the other. The Bastion Stair marks the only entrance into his domain. Surrounded by pinnacles, columns, and arches of blood and carved bone, the Bastion Stair is built as a fortress and prison. Daemons, chained to the walls and steps in unbreakable bonds of spiked iron, scream and thrash at their imprisonment, hurling terrible epithets at anyone unfortunate enough to be close at hand. The steps of the Bastion Stairs are enormous and were never designed to be trod upon by mortal feet—climbing them is more akin to scaling a mountain. The higher it climbs to dizzying heights, the more horrors can be viewed. Gibbering mouths emerge here and there in the steps and walls, praising the name and deeds of Khorne in their Daemonic tongue. Profane runes and bloodstained sacrifice stones, some still bearing the bodies of their victims, can be seen no matter where a person turns. The geometry of the stairs conforms to no logic or sanity and seems to twist and ripple into itself in confusing knots and gravity-defying angles.

The Bastion boasts smaller landings, some of which are of such a massive scale that a castle could easily fit on them and still have room to spare. Daemons and other creatures of Chaos dance and cavort here, gleefully killing each other in a wanton display of blood and slaughter. At no point, however, does any traveller see another normal living creature or beast once they take the first steps of the Bastion Stair—even carrion crows avoid the apparent bounty of corpses and dangling bodies that line its walls and steps.

The Fields and Meadows of Khorne

Journeying up the Bastion Stair seems to take an eternity—the laws of time, cause and effect, and movement collapse under the weight of such a monstrosity. But still, there are those that somehow manage to reach the top of the Stairs and find themselves again on flat ground, but this time within the Inner Realm of the Blood God, on the Fields and Meadows of Khorne.

Unlike the twisting insanity of the Bastion Stair, the Fields and Meadows are neat and orderly, but still horrific. The fields of Khorne are lined with row after endless row of bloody corpses lashed to stakes like a grotesquery of bean plants. Blackened flowers, engorged on blood, grow from the corpses; they are "watered" through a series of aqueducts and ditches filled with gore. Untold thousands of Daemons are charged with the upkeep of these fields, vomiting blood on the fruits and voiding their bowels to fertilise the terrible flora. New corpses are planted every moment, with a tenderness and concern that seems so out of place in such a macabre location. The whole scene is one of blood—even the sky unceasingly burns an angry red. The stench of a slaughterhouse intermingles with the curiously-sweet scent of the blackened flowers and fruit.

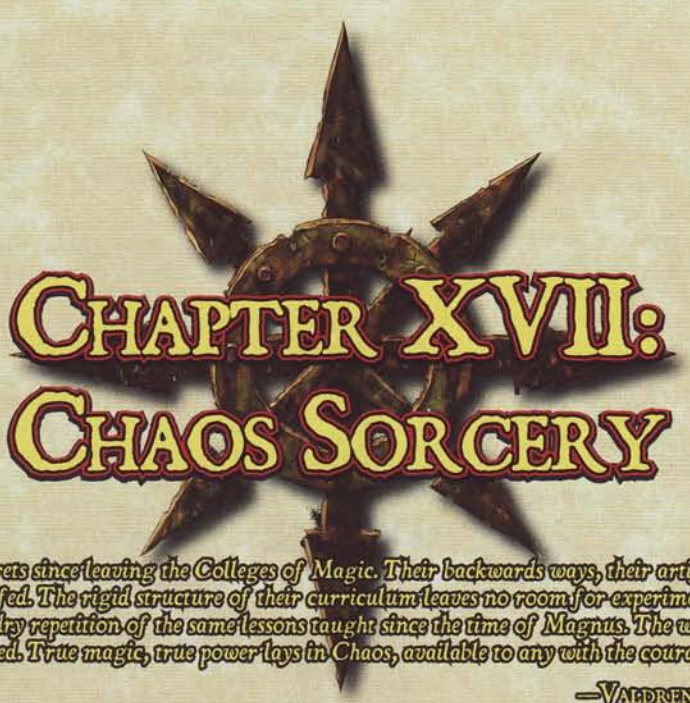
Blood Fruit and Dread Blooms

The sickening fruit and flowery blooms that grow on the field of corpses are filled with strange toxins and magical powers. Blood Fruit resemble a wan, black, malformed apples and are tautly filled with a mixture of blood and oily, dark ichors. The flowers that adorn the corpses are called Dread Blooms. They are strangely exquisite in their appearance, much like a blood-red lily streaked with blackened tendrils. The central part of the flower grows into the shape of a deformed face—the larger and older the bloom, the more detailed and horrific the visage. Dread Blooms release a pungent, intoxicating scent akin to jasmine intermingled with the coppery stench of spilt blood. A person approaching within 30 feet of a Dread Bloom (even plucked) must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or succumb to its powerful scent—a powerful hallucinogen that provokes murderous thoughts. A person failing this Will Power Test attacks the nearest person, friend or foe, and continues every round until he succeeds at the test. Once a person succeeds at this Will Power Test, he is forever resistant to the effects of that particular bloom.

Eating a Blood Fruit wracks the body with terrible mutations. Upon eating a Blood Fruit, the character gains 1 Insanity Point and must make a Very Hard (–30%) Toughness Test or gain a mutation (see **Chapter III: Catalogue of Change**), which occurs over the course of 1d6 days. Once plucked from its vile source, a Blood Fruit loses its potency and becomes completely inert within 1d4 weeks. These fruits are prized by Chaos Sorcerers for use as ingredients for spells and rituals.

Plot Seed: The Axe of Justice

An elderly Priest of Sigmar receives a vision from his God while on his deathbed. With his last words, he informs his tenders that an ancient battleaxe—the fabled Axe of Justice, a relic of one of Sigmar's Champions—sits abandoned on one of the steps of the Bastion Stair after a failed crusade. Such is the might of this relic that the Daemons of that blasphemous place stay far away from it. He claims that a cyst of sorts has enveloped the battleaxe, much as a wound gets infected when trying to expel a splinter. He charges his fellow Priests to launch an expedition to locate and return this relic to its proper place in the High Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf.



Chapter XVII: Chaos Sorcery

"I have no regrets since leaving the Colleges of Magic. Their backwards ways, their artificial restrictions chafed. The rigid structure of their curriculum leaves no room for experimentation; they offer only the dry repetition of the same lessons taught since the time of Magnus. The wonders those fools have missed. True magic, true power lays in Chaos, available to any with the courage to take it."

—Valdren, Cataclyst

The term Chaos Sorcery is false. It deceives, creating a false distinction between that which the Sorcerers of the north use and that which is used by the Magisters of the Empire. Chaos Sorcery is magic. Like Colour Magic used by the Magisters, it is drawn from the Winds of Magic that blow from the Realm of Chaos. Instead of being constrained to a single Wind, those who wield Chaos Sorcery tap multiple Winds, bending and twisting them to suit their purposes, or they call upon the festering pools of *Dhar* that stain the land, that corrupt and mutate everything around them.

— Magic Defined —

Without Chaos, there would be no magic. All magical energy, called the Winds of Magic, emanates from the northern pole, where it's said the Gate to Heaven fell and tore a hole in the fabric of reality. From this damaged region, raw Chaos spills into the world, changing and tainting all that it touches.

The energy itself can be harnessed, controlled. A spellcaster can use his will to refract the energy into its component parts, separating it like strands of multicoloured yarn. In an effort to reduce the risks of working with magic, Imperial Magisters (Wizards) devote themselves to the study of a single Wind, learning from long practice how to impose structure on this energy and produce miraculous effects known as spells.

But the processes of the Magisters are intentionally limited. Working with the Winds of Magic in the raw has terrible consequences, with often unpredictable results. Most Magisters know something of Elven magic, whisper of the power to be had in the Tower of Hoeth where Elven Wizards practice High Magic, the safe blending of some or all the Winds, but such power is beyond the skills of nearly any Human to master.

The restrictions imposed by the Elven High Mage, Teclis, chafes many talented Magisters, driving them to study the forbidden arts to reach beyond the safe limits of Human magic. The techniques they use are reckless and carry grave consequences, corrupting the mind and flesh with each spell they cast. This forbidden form of sorcery is called Dark Magic.

Dark Magic

Dark Magic is a complex thing. On the one hand, it is used to describe the techniques of those not formally schooled as a Magister with the techniques taught by the Colleges. Yet, the magic of the Wood Elves, High Elves, and even the Runemagic of the Dwarfs certainly don't follow the teachings of the Orders of Magic, but, they are not Dark Magic either. In this sense, Dark Magic implies the reckless use of magic employed by Witches and Warlocks, those individuals who are self-taught in their arts.

But Dark Magic is far more than simple Hedge Wizardry. It also encompasses that which is employed by the Necromancers, the process of using the Winds of Magic to create and control the spirits of the dead. It is also the foul magic used by the Chaos Dwarfs to construct their mechanical abominations, and it is especially refers to the magic used by practitioners of Chaos Magic who serve the Ruinous Powers. It is also the magic practised by the Dark Elves of Naggaroth.

Dark Magic cannot be all these things at the same time. However, it is true that they are united by one overriding facet—all of these spellcasters rely on the use of *Dhar*, that which is often referred to as the most corrupt form of magic. Some have said that *Qhaysh*, High Magic, is the harmony of all eight colours working in unison, so *Dhar* must be the colours working in discordance.

Using Dark Magic

Whereas a Magister draws upon a single refined Wind, shapes it, and forms it to produce a spell, a practitioner of Dark Magic psychically grasps whatever energies are present, forcing them to conform to his wishes. They channel any available magic, bending the sorcerous energies to create the desired effect. Since the individual Winds each serve a well-defined purpose, the Dark Magic user's technique actually corrupts the energy rather than tapping into some other pool of latent magic. Each time a spell is cast in this way, it damages the fabric of the world; hence, spells created using Dark Magic are violent, disgusting, and corrupting, reflecting the most

"I have witnessed the explosion of a thousand suns, the extinction of a thousand worlds, the damnation of a thousand souls. I have tasted true power, unvarnished, undiluted, pure—Dark Magic birthed unto Humanity with the cry of our dying world. Whilst you dabble with but a single Wind, I have mastered them all. Fear me, for I am thy better.

"It's quite simple, really. Chaos is magic, and magic is Chaos. Understanding this simple fact will dispel all the delusions to which your small mind still clings. Oh, but what of the Warp magic of the Skaven? Or the magic contained within the Dwarf Runes, or Battle Magic, or the High Magic used by Elves? Fool, these are all Chaos, albeit, in some cases, cunningly disguised, but Chaos all the same. You see, it really doesn't matter what the caster believes, what values he upholds, for whenever he draws upon the so-called Winds of Magic, he harnesses loosed energy from the Realm of Chaos.

"What about the Winds and Colour Magic? Utterly ridiculous. It's a lie invented by Teclis and his cronies to keep Humans from understanding the truth of magic. See, the Elves are dying; they devour themselves. Whilst they squat in their towers on that wretched Isle, their righteous kin, the Druchii send wave after wave against them. For you see, Malekith, called the Witch King by his detractors, understood the truth of Dhar, often called Dark Magic, but that is a false term that understates the essence of this energy. He sees the lie, and it disgusts him. The Elf High Mages seek to keep their power to themselves and fear all others. We, as Humans, could learn a lot from Malekith for he alone sees the High Elves for what they are: gutless cowards who live behind falsehoods in a futile attempt to stave off their inevitable extinction.

"So long as we bow to the strictures of the Orders, we will always be slaves to the Elves and their plotting. We must throw off the shackles of deception and lift ourselves, we true masters of magic, out of the ignorance of structure and restrictions to embrace Chaos in its truest form. Until we do so, we will always be weak, and will always be victims of the savage hordes of Chaos. Only through mastery of all the Winds will we ever contain the threat that looms like a spectre in the north."

— Magreta Gebauer, Black Magister

dangerous qualities of the agents of Chaos. Frequent use of Dark Magic not only damages reality, but it also presents an incredible risk to the caster himself, resulting in a myriad of unexpected side-effects, not to mention the increased risk of triggering Tzeentch's Curse.

Risks aside, the true appeal of using Dark Magic is the power it offers. Instead of being confined to a single Wind, the caster can use as many or as few winds as there are available at the time of the casting. This always results in loosing strands of unchecked energy that manifests itself in strange ways, for the spell itself (or the ritual for that matter) is magic in its most raw, unruly form. It is because of this that the Colleges of Magic and the Witch Hunters are so keen to track down and execute users of Dark Magic—and not for some ethical reason, despite protestations to the contrary. The loosed strands of energy do not dissipate on their own; once conjured and rendered into their twisted form, they remain, changing the environment in subtle ways at first, until the corruption becomes so great that it warps the very landscape, as has happened in the Chaos Wastes and in pockets throughout the Old World. Some believe this extra energy can be harnessed, used to fuel terrible spells and forge blasphemous items of Chaos. Others claim this stuff eventually coalesces to become Warpstone. Others still say it is what some Magisters see with their witch sight, the manifestations of magic gone awry. No one knows for certain what happens to this energy except to note casting spells in areas rich with *True Dhar,* as some call it, have spectacular effects.

— Witchsight —

Witchsight (*i.e.* the Magical Sense Skill) is the ability of most spellcasters to sense the presence or absence of Magic. All people born with the talent to work magic have some degree of witchsight that can be developed and expanded with training so the spellcaster can actually see the ebb and flow of the Winds of Magic, witness the scintillating colours of the Chaos energy in its raw form, and be better able to harness it for the casting of spells. For more information on the development and function of witchsight, be sure to reference *Realms of Sorcery* page 46.

Chaos Made Flesh

Having the ability to sense magic enables Magisters and their ilk to better control the energies they wield. Aside from its utility, witchsight also reveals an abundance of odd manifestations, eerie phenomena, and sometimes glimpses of the future and the past. Most Magisters learn to cope with the sometimes unsettling visions they experience, reminding themselves that their art is one of mysteries that are impossible to unravel. But some phantasms are too frightening, too maddening to ignore. These are the vestiges, the essence of Chaos formed into something that resembles flesh, but is intangible, insubstantial, and can affect the world in no significant way—or so the Magisters say.

The things of the Aethyr, for lack of a better term, are harbingers, apparitions foretelling some significant event. They may take the form of a nest of wriggling maggots, the fiery forms of long-dead witches, or even a pack of ghostly hounds that breathe fire and shower sparks wherever they step. Despite their macabre and disgusting appearance, they seem to have no power over those who see them.

So, what then, are these things that only those with witchsight can see? There are many theories, ranging from Daemons struggling to breach the barrier between the world of men and the Realm of Chaos to hallucinations brought on as a result of dabbling in the forbidden. What is known for certain is the apparitions always appear in the aftermath of some significant magical event, as if they were drawn to the instance, somehow compelled to witness the caster in his act of magic use. More importantly, the same harbingers tend to appear time and again when certain conditions are met. For instance, the Handmaidens (see *WFRP* page 211) always manifest themselves after excessive use of Gold or Celestial Magic. The Rotwyrms seem drawn to Jade and Amethyst Magic, and so on. Since these apparitions appear again and again, there must be some reason for their appearance, and they must fulfil some purpose.

The Truth

The apparitions are as real as Daemons and as real as the Dark Gods themselves. Their existence is a window into the very nature of Chaos. Without the existence of Mankind, Chaos would have little power, since Chaos and its minions are reflections of the psyches and nightmares of mortals. Feeding on fear and misgiving, Chaos takes shape, becoming

The Rider in Red

He had it. Really, honestly, brilliantly. He had it. He looked down to his bloody hands and the tome they grasped. The blood was his master's. It was slippery and cold, but Helmut didn't care. He had the power now, and that finicky old bastard was dead. There, just behind the bed, his foot still jerked up and down. Helmut supposed the man wasn't quite dead yet.

Refusing to let the book escape his grasp, he padded on bare feet to the edge of the bed. He saw the white-haired wretch. His night robes were black with blood. His skin was sallow, as the blood spilled out from his neck. Like a fish out of water, the dying master gasped and cried. Helmut smiled at the tears that carved runnels in the flesh.

The knife. Yes. The knife. There. The light glinted crimson off the metal. Helmut, smiling, stooped over the trembling corpse that was not quite a corpse and plucked the dagger from the pool of spreading blood. And then he couldn't breathe. The old man had some life after all.

He struggled. He fought. But the grip was too strong. The dying man pulled the former apprentice close; close enough for his cold, blue lips to caress the lad's ear. In a faint whisper that reverberated through the hole in his throat, Helmut heard the old man speak.

"Rotten... fool... Rider... Red... take you..."

And then the grip relaxed, and the scent of excrement wafted from the corpse as it released its bowels.

Helmut stood, rubbing his throat. He kicked the cadaver once and hobbled away, pulling out the chair when he reached the desk. He filled a cup with amber fluid and drank. He hefted the book to the desk. With his recovered dagger, he cut the bindings that held it shut and opened it to reveal the wonders within.

For days, he leafed through the grimoire, studying the profane contents. He cared nothing for the pangs of hunger, subsisting on the liqueur on the desk. Time seemed to rush past him. The sun and moon danced in the sky, and the corpse of the master bloated with some hideous tumescence.

There.

He found it. The spell. He stood, his limbs protesting from his long rest. He stretched, coaxing the muscles to relax.

He glanced at the page, testing the incantation with his tongue on his teeth. He was ready.

Fumbling through the cabinets, he acquired the materials for the spell. He drew a circle on the ground using a mixture of his own urine and silver shavings from a Sigmarite holy symbol. And he spoke. He spoke the words. He chanted the words. He sang the words. They rolled from his thick tongue. They shivered his teeth. He could see the currents of magic, the sparkling colours of a thousand possibilities. He was a vessel and they were like nourishing water, filling him with their power. He watched with wonder as the words dropped from his tongue.

But then he felt it. He heard it. He was not alone. His voice still chanted, still spoke, yet his mind was strangely detached, separated from the serious matter at hand. Heat. He turned his head, feeling lances of pain from too-taught muscles protesting the sudden movement. Still he spoke. There, the Winds of Magic coalesced and turned dark and violent, filling the room with their abominable presence. And then, from the darkness there was light; queer tendrils of liquid fire that flowed and undulated, throbbing with hatred. They burst free from the sickening womb, forming into something that could not, should not be. The Red Rider.

Helmut screamed through the arcane syllables. The Red Rider laughed. His blasphemous steed changed into a thousand forms and yet none. The ritual slipped away as Helmut fumbled for control. He struggled, and his foot broke the hermetic circle he had scribed. The Red Rider laughed. Blackened claws straight from the darkest nightmares of mortal imagination broke through the plane of reality, reaching, grasping, clawing. The Red Rider laughed...

Two days later, the Witch Hunters burned the place to the ground.

the very thing mortals loathe. Apparitions are formed from these same emotions, but are defined by the common myths and legends that have circulated amongst spellcasters since the Elves first dabbled with the Winds of Magic. They are what the Magister expects to see and nothing else. With each legend of the Dark Hounds or sightings of the All-Knowing Serpents, Magisters unconsciously look for these things, casting out their witchsight to see if they are being watched by their enemies, by the Daemons who lurk in the shadow of every spell they cast. Hence, they are both real and unreal; they are the manifestations of expectations, of the pervasive terror of what lies beyond the veil of reality.

Using Apparitions

Apparitions may serve a variety of purposes in a *WFRP* game. They may be nothing more than simple warnings to Players that they use magic too recklessly. They remind the spellcaster that his doom is imminent if he continues down the path. However, they can also function in more important ways. An apparition might appear as a warning that something strange and magical has recently occurred. It might reveal the presence of Daemonic activity, or offer a clue about some sinister plot. A character that uses Magical Sense when walking into a room that once held a possessed mortal might see reflections of the Daemon in a mirror. Or, if a Character uses witchsight in an area of particularly strong emotion, such as a murder scene, he might catch glimpse of blood running from the walls. In short, apparitions are a GM's tool, and the result of their appearance is left to the player to interpret.

Expanded Apparitions

The *WFRP* rulebook described four common apparitions GMs can use to haunt Player Character Wizards, but these are not the only things Wizards will see. Part of their appeal is that they have an established mythology, with countless legends about their appearance and purpose. The fact is Wizards who work magic can see anything with witchsight, lending to their air of mystery and horror of bending reality to achieve a desired affect. What follows are additional vestiges to expand on the ones already described. At the GM's option, the first time a spellcaster sees a particular apparition, he must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

Black Essence

The Black Essence is not so much an independent creature as it is something that seems to hang about the living. Preceded by a moist stink of decay and cloying brimstone, the black essence appears suddenly. Wherever the caster looks, he sees foul clinging darkness spilling out from eyes, nostrils, and mouths. Even when no one's around, the caster sees pools of this filth in puddles on the ground, dripping from the walls, staining plants and so on.

Also Known As: Creeping Darkness, Foul Aura, Mortal Doom
Attracted By: Dark Magic, Necromancy, Foul Rituals

Eyes of Nurgle

Flies are vermin of Nurgle, as nearly everyone knows. They feast on rot and excrement, laying their eggs everywhere. What begins as a single green fly alighting somewhere nearby swiftly becomes dozens, hundreds. The swarm crawls over everything, into and out of the mouths of oblivious people around the magic user. Although they may seem like normal flies, a closer look reveals the bloated green bodies are fitted with minuscule wailing Human heads mounted on the insect body.

Also Known As: The Bleak Swarm, Grim Feastings, Legion
Attracted By: Dark Magic, Amethyst or Jade Magic, Magic of Nurgle

Fat Man

The Fat Man is a spectre of true and disgusting evil. Believed to be the personification of Human excess, he appears as a squat, morbidly-obese man, with pasty, white skin and a wormy mouth flanked by heavy, dripping jowls. Black, piggish eyes stare out hungrily from beneath the rolls of fat on his head. To make matters worse, he's nude and covered with stretch marks and dark blue-green veins. When the Fat Man appears, he is always feasting. He may be seated in a pile of his own excrement in a street or at the next table in a tavern. His harbinger is a rancid smell of sour milk and ham.

Also Known As: Corpulent Stalker, the Devourer, Gluttony
Attracted By: Magic of Slaanesh, Selfish Spellcasting

Lost Child

The Lost Child is believed to be the sorrowful spirit of an executed youth. He (or she) is frightfully pale, with great saucers for eyes beneath a mop of unruly hair. Dressed in simple, though charred, garb, the Lost Child shyly peers out at the caster from behind a tree or corner of a building. After a moment, the phantasm opens its mouth and out pours a river of blood. A child's laughter also precedes the manifestation of this apparition.

Also Known As: The Abandoned, The Wretch, Wasted Youth
Attracted By: Deceptive spells, Shadow Magic, Magic of Chaos

Mabrothrax

The Steward of Filth, as this thing is known, is believed to be the servant of Nurgle himself, and its appearance always foretells the outbreak of some new and dreaded plague. There are some legends that suggest it is in fact a Greater Daemon who is so powerful it can appear in the Old World at will without being summoned first. Mabrothrax is a large, hulking humanoid with thin spindly arms and legs that end in appendages equipped with razor-sharp claws. Its body is a thin bag of skin filled with a soupy mess of entrails, excrement, and decay. Situated on top of this disgusting torso is a round, searching head dominated by a massive maw filled with sharp jutting teeth. The stink of rot and faeces precedes the manifestation of this apparition.

Also Known As: Steward of Filth, Handmaiden of Nurgle
Attracted By: Magic of Nurgle, Despair, Disease

Rider in Red

The Rider in Red is believed to be the personification of the Blood God himself. Though the particulars vary a great deal—sometimes he appears to be a Knight adorned in red armour and others he's nude with flaming red skin—he always riding a black steed that exhales plumes of smoke from its nostrils and causes sparks to appear when it stamps its feet. Its harbinger is the smell of brimstone and the sound of deep rolling laughter.

Also Known As: Blood Knight, Fleshrender, Hell King
Attracted By: Bright Magic, Destructive Spells, Cruelty

— The Effects of Place and Time —

Both *WFRP* and *Realms of Sorcery* describe the effects of place and time on the workings of magic. When Morrslieb is full, magic is strong. During a Chaos Incursion, spells sometimes function in unexpected ways. Corrupted land, pools of Dark Magic, and more can all alter the outcome of a spell's casting.

Chaos Dice

Chaos Dice can be used to reflect the uncertain nature of casting a spell or ritual in an area rich with the forces of Chaos. The GM specifies a number of extra dice (usually one, but as many as four) added to the Casting Roll. These dice do not add to the Casting Roll, but do count for the purpose of Tzeentch's Curse. If you use Hedge Magic, Chaos Dice are in addition to the extra die ordinarily rolled by Hedge Wizards.

Chaos Wastes

The further one travels towards the Realm of Chaos, the greater effect it has on casting spells. Wizards find it harder to separate the Winds of Magic into distinct colours, resulting in sometimes disastrous mishaps and accidents. However, those spellcasters who use Dark Magic find their technique particularly suited to this climate. Characters who do not use Dark Magic add 1 to 4 Chaos Dice to their Casting Roll, depending on how close they are to the Realm of Chaos.

Dark Magic Pools

Dark Magic Pools are areas where shreds of energy used to cast Dark Magic spells are left to coalesce into invisible pools of sinister energy. Whilst the Pool itself is not visible without Magical Sense, its effect on its environment is. Wilted trees weep diseased sap, the grass is dead, and even the very stones are split asunder by the corruption. These places breed mutation and wreak havoc with spellcasters who use Colour Magic. Generally, these areas produce 1 or 2 Chaos Dice. In addition, all Characters, regardless of method of casting are subject to side-effects (see **Table 17–1: Expanded Chaos Side-Effects** for details). Finally, extended exposure to such places puts all living things at risk of gaining mutations. See **Environments** in **Chapter II: The Lost and the Damned** for details.

Seasons and Skies

Smart Wizards know not to underestimate the influence the celestial bodies have on magic. Certain days of the year are pregnant with energy. When Morrslieb waxes, the creatures of Chaos grow in power. The appearance of a new object such as a comet, or even a shooting star, in the night sky always foretells doom or precedes some significant event that will change the course of history. The moons changing colours, the positioning of the constellations, and a variety of other phenomenon can all impact the effectiveness and potency of magic. Such events can add a bonus of +1 to +4 on each die of the Casting Roll.

Tzeentch's Curse

The tables found in *WFRP* page 143 are sufficient to describe most effects of Tzeentch's Curse. But if you want a little more flavour in your magical mishaps, you can use the Expanded Tzeentch's Curse tables found in Appendix II.

— Chaos Magic —

Though Dark Magic encompasses a variety of different kinds of sorcery, from Skaven Magic to Necromancy, the remainder of this chapter focuses on the spells of Chaos, those magics used by Chaos Sorcerers and their kind. For details on other Dark Lores, be sure to check out *Children of the Horned Rat* for Skaven Magic and Night's Dark Masters for an expanded look at Necromancy.

Side-Effects of Chaos Magic

Chaos Sorcerers, Black Magisters, and other users of Dark Magic believe theirs is the path of true magic, unbound by the strictures imposed by Colour Magic or the heady concepts of High Magic. They may be right; their spells are often more destructive and powerful than other spells, but such power comes at a great price. Chaos Sorcerers risk not only Tzeentch's Curse, but *Dhar* ravages the body when recklessly used, resulting in unpredictable side-effects that leave a lasting scar on the caster.

Whenever you cast a spell using Dark Magic that results in Tzeentch's Curse, you are at risk of a side-effect. If you get doubles on the percentile dice when resolving the curse, you also suffer from a side-effect. Roll percentiles again on **Table 17–1: Expanded Chaos Side-Effects** to see what happens. You can gain each side-effect multiple times, and effects are cumulative. For example, each time you gain Debilitation, you reduce your Toughness Characteristic by –1d10%.

Allergy

You have an extreme allergy to a common material, like leather or fur. When in contact with it, you take a –10% penalty to your Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility Characteristics. If you roll this side-effect more than once, you either get a new allergy or your existing allergy becomes more severe.

Aversion

You develop an aversion to a common element of daily life such as light, water, or the crying of infants. When forced to be around it, you suffer a –10% penalty to your Will Power and Fellowship Characteristics. If you roll this side-effect more than once, you either get a new aversion or your existing aversion becomes more severe.

Character Flaw

You develop an irritating character flaw, like excessive arrogance, selfishness, or boorishness. Permanently reduce your starting Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%. If you roll this side-effect more than once, you either get a new Character Flaw or your existing Character Flaw becomes more severe.

Corpulence

You experience a sudden increase in body weight. No matter what you do, you just can't seem to lose it. Increase your weight by +20% each time you gain this side-effect. For every two times you gain this result, you also permanently reduce your Agility Characteristic by –1d10%.

Debilitation

As a result of a mild sickness, such as a wracking cough or a weakened constitution, you permanently lose –1d10% from your Toughness Characteristic.

Disfigurement

You gain a repulsive disfigurement of a random part of your body as determined by the hit location chart. This can be anything from unsightly sores to scaly skin to the growth of fur. Unless you disguise the disfigurement, you suffer a –10% penalty to your Fellowship Characteristic in all social situations. If you roll this side-effect more than once, you either get a new disfigurement or your existing disfigurement becomes more severe.

Disgusting Habit

You develop a disgusting habit. It can be anything from only being able to defecate in public to eating only raw flesh to vomiting after every meal. Permanently reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%. If you roll this side-effect more than once, you either get a new disgusting habit or your existing habit becomes even more repellent.

Disturbing Presence

Your aura becomes so malignant that children and animals refuse to go near you, and you suffer a –10% penalty to your Fellowship Characteristic in all social situations.

Emaciation

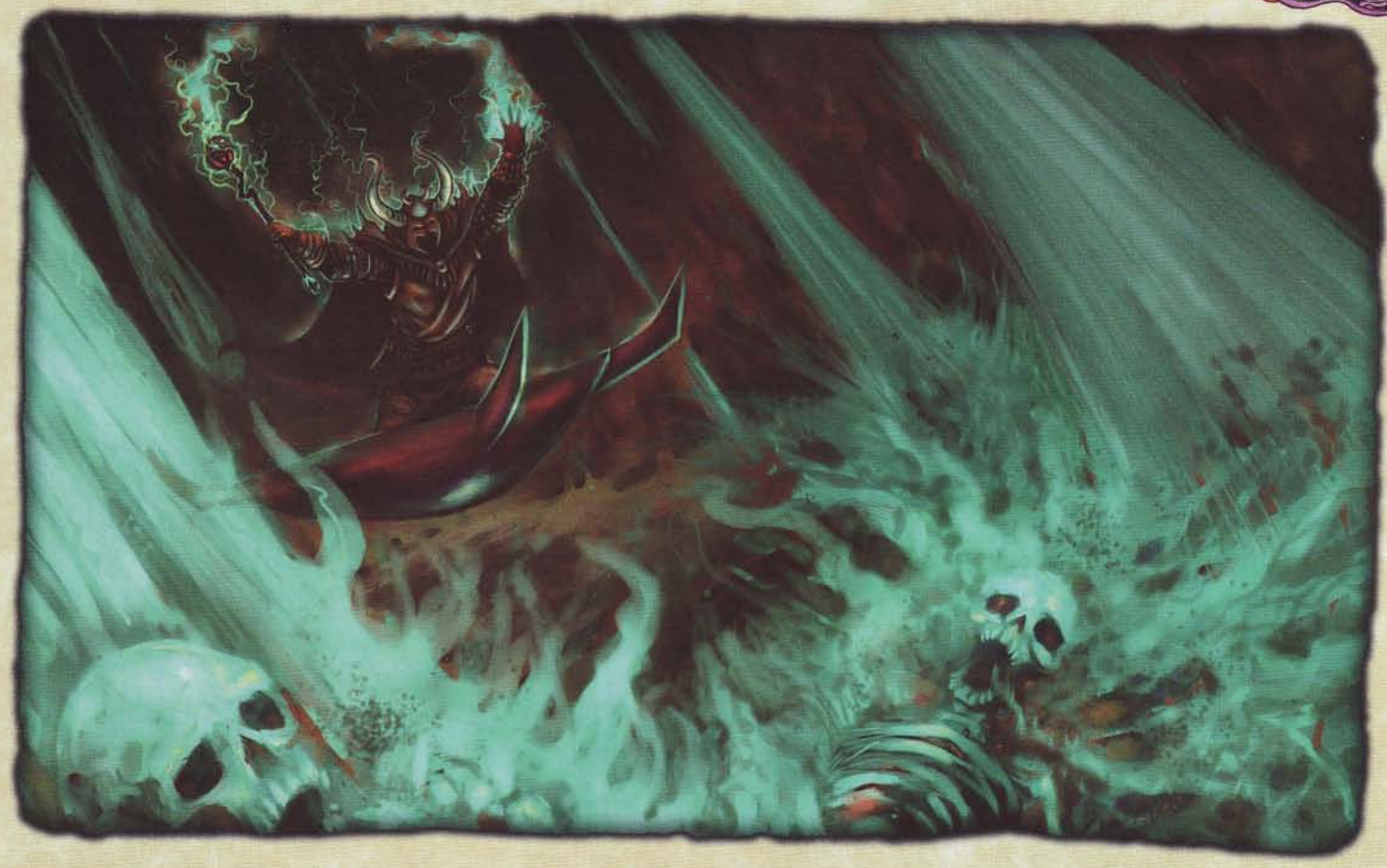
You can no longer keep weight on your body, giving you a gaunt, sickly appearance. Reduce your body weight by –20%. For every two times you gain this result, you also permanently reduce your Toughness Characteristic by –1d10%.

Hobbled

One of your feet twists painfully, reducing your Movement Characteristic by –1.

Table 17–1: Expanded Chaos Side-Effects

Roll	Result
01–05	Allergy
06–10	Aversion
11–15	Character Flaw
16–20	Corpulence
21–25	Debilitation
26–30	Disfigurement
31–35	Disgusting Habit
36–40	Disturbing Presence
41–45	Emaciation
46–50	Hobbled
51–55	Infested
56–60	Madness
61–65	Mutation
66–70	Odd Visions
71–75	Palsy
76–80	Rotting
81–85	Stench
86–90	Unnatural Appetite
91–95	Vulnerability
96–00	Weakness



Infested

Your body is infested with hundreds of small vermin, perhaps lice, perhaps scabies. Nothing you do gets rid of them. Permanently reduce your Will Power Characteristic by –1d10%. If you roll this side-effect more than once, you either get a new infestation or your existing infestation grows worse.

Madness

Gain 1d10 Insanity Points.

Mutation

Chaos energy wracks your body. Gain one mutation.

Odd Visions

You are afflicted with terrifying visions that might involve flesh sloughing from the bones of the living, or pale white worms swimming through the flesh. Though you know they aren't real, it's sometimes hard to distinguish between reality and hallucination. Gain 2 Insanity Points, and you take a –10% penalty to all Perception Skill Tests.

Palsy

You become prone to periodic fits of shaking. At the start of any stressful situation (combat, a verbal confrontation, etc.) you must make a Will Power Test or suffer a fit that lasts 1d10 rounds. During the episode, you take a –10% penalty to your Agility, Intelligence, Will Power, and Fellowship, and you can only take half actions each round.

Rotting

You leave bits of yourself behind wherever you go. Your skin is corrupted, split, and weeping, though somehow the condition does not seem to get any worse (nor does it seem to improve). Reduce your Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%.

Stench

You develop a most unpleasant odour. For each instance of this side-effect, it takes one application of perfume to mask the stench for a day. If you had gotten stench three times, for example, it would take three applications of perfume a day to hide your smell. When the smell is noticeable, you take a –10% penalty to your Fellowship in all social situations.

Unnatural Appetite

You develop an obscene hunger for the unspeakable. This could include Human (Elf, Halfling, *etc.*) flesh, dung, blood, rotting food, and just about anything else a cruel GM can devise. When confronted by the object of your desire, you must succeed on a Will Power Test or break out your pewter spoon and get to work on cleaning your plate. Whilst this has no appreciable effect on the character, if witnessed whilst in the act of feeding, you take a –10% penalty to Fellowship Tests made to interact with any witnesses. Each time you gain this side-effect, you either develop an additional craving, or the difficulty to resist feasting worsens by one step (Average to Challenging, Challenging to Hard, and so on).

Vulnerability

You are susceptible to a particular common substance, such as flour, wine, ale, or vomit. If this substance comes into contact with your skin, you immediately catch fire. See **Fire** in *WFRP* page 136. Each time you gain this side-effect, you develop an additional vulnerability.

Weakness

You permanently lose 1d10% from your Strength Characteristic.

— Chaos Spells —

Included herein are a number of new Petty Magic and Lesser Magic spells, as well as several new Lores to replace the Lore of Chaos from *WFRP*. As these new Lores fall under the Dark Lore umbrella, it's important to note that these spells are neither technically Arcane nor are they Divine. Chaos spellcasters are just as much Wizards as they are Priests.

Petty Magic (Chaos) Spells

Petty Magic is the lowest form of magic, learned by dabblers and base Sorcerers first learning the arts of Chaos. Most practitioners of Dark Magic learn these spells before attempting greater magic.

Befuddle

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bud of Black Lotus (+1)
Description: Your touch causes one opponent to become drowsy and giggly for 1d10 rounds unless he succeeds on a Will Power Test. Whilst affected, the opponent takes a –20% to all Characteristics and Skill Tests. *Befuddle* is a touch spell.

Blessing of the Master

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Pint of blood from a child (+1)
Description: You call upon the might of Daemons to grant you a boon. Increase one of your Characteristics by +10% for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Burn

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bit of ash from a spent torch (+1)
Description: You cause a spark to fly from your fingertip to land anywhere you wish within 8 yards (4 squares). The spark deals no damage, but if left to its own devices and if it lands on a flammable object, that object catches fire in 1d10 rounds. See **Fire** in *WFRP* page 136.

Curse

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A fingernail from the victim (+1)
Description: You place a curse on one chosen victim within 12 yards (6 squares). The victim is entitled to a Will Power Test to resist the spell's effect. The curse is annoying and is in no way lethal nor causes any penalties aside from some mild discomfort and perhaps a minor penalty on Fellowship Tests (no more than –10% as the GM decides). Example curses include: warts, boils, change in hair colour, uncontrollable flatulence, smelly feet, nasty rash, and so on. *Curse* lasts for one day.

Eyes of Clarity

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The eye of a man hanged for three days (+1)
Description: Your eyes glow with an unholy green light, enabling you to see as if you had the Night Vision Talent. If you already have the Night Vision Talent, the range of your vision doubles. See **Illumination** in *WFRP* page 117 for details.

Spew

Casting Number: 3
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Thimble of Troll vomit (+1)
Description: You force a target within 8 yards (4 squares) to spit up a little vomit unless he succeeds on a Toughness Test. The target takes a –10% penalty to all Fellowship Tests involving social situations for the next 1d10 rounds.

Lesser Magic Spells

Lesser Spells are commonly known spells any spellcaster can learn. Learned from dusty tomes and old grimoires, these spells are rarely taught but can be mastered by anyone who has a strong foundation in spellcasting. The following Lesser Spells could be learned by Wizards of the Empire and elsewhere but are uncommon at best.

Bind

Casting Number: 10
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bit of rope (+1)
Description: You call up an invisible magical force to bind an opponent's hands causing him to drop whatever was is held. The target must be within 12 yards (6 squares). The target may spend one half action each round to attempt a Strength Test to break the bindings. The bonds last for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Climb

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A daub of glue (+1)
Description: Your hands and feet become tacky, adhering to any surface you touch. You gain the Scale Sheer Surface Skill at +20% for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. If you already have this skill, you instead gain a +20% bonus to Scale Sheer Surface Tests for the duration.

Hand of the God

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: Finger from a Priest of Sigmar (+2)
Description: You twist and warp the Winds of Magic to swirl about you, repelling the effects of mutation for a short time. For a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic, you gain a +10% bonus to any test made to resist gaining a mutation.

Side-Step

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A grasshopper (+2)
Description: You vanish and reappear in a space of your choosing, up to 10 yards (5 squares) away. Since you step into the Aethyr, there is a 10% chance each time you cast this spell to attract the attention of some Daemon. If this occurs, instead of you reappearing in the desired location, a Lesser Daemon of the GM's choosing grabs a hold of you. You are lost in the Realm of Chaos forever. Use cautiously.

Suppress Mutation

Casting Number: 15

Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A healing draught (+2)
Description: A Mutant you touch loses one mutation of your choosing for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic. If the subject is unwilling, he receives a Will Power Test to resist the spell. This is a touch spell. This spell has no effect on creatures with Instability (such as Daemons) nor on creatures without mutations (for obvious reasons).

Tremor

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bit of crushed stone (+1)
Description: You cause the ground to suddenly shudder. Use the small template. All creatures beneath the template and that are standing on the ground must succeed on an Agility Test or fall. You are not affected by your own casting of the *tremor* spell.

The Lore of Chaos

The Dark Lore of Chaos may be selected by any character with access to the Dark Lore Talent. Sometimes called the Lore of the Great Beast, it offers a spectrum of spells not tied to any particular Dark God. In general, this Lore is selected by Warlocks (see *Realms of Sorcery* page 129) and some unaligned Black Magisters and Daemonologists.

In addition to the Dark Lore of Chaos, there are three other Lores specific to the Ruinous Powers that grant spells—one for Nurgle, Slaanesh, and Tzeentch. Under each of these Lores are three spell lists, two of which contain spells from the Lore of Chaos Undivided. These spells are collected here from the *WFRP* rulebook for your convenience.

Boon of Chaos

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An amulet engraved with the symbol of one of the Gods of Chaos (+1)
Description: You call upon the favour of the Dark Gods of Chaos. You gain a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill, Toughness, Will Power, or Fellowship for one minute (6 rounds).

Burning Blood

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A vial of Daemon blood (+2)
Description: You spit blood that burns like acid at any one target within 24 yards (12 squares). The target suffers a number of Damage 4 hits equal to your Magic Characteristic. This is a magic missile.

Dark Hand of Destruction

Casting Number: 17
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The hand of a hanged man (+2)
Description: You wreath your hand in a nimbus of Dark Magic. It counts as a magic weapon with the Armour Piercing Quality and Damage 7, and you gain a +10% bonus to your Weapon Skill when attacking with it. The spell remains in effect for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. You can retain it with a successful Will Power Test each round thereafter.

Lure of Chaos

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A defiled holy symbol (+2)

New Talent: Extra Spell

Description: Your deeper studies into your Lore give you the ability to cast a spell not on your Spell List. Extra Spell is unusual in that it is not one talent but many, and each must be acquired individually. Each Extra Spell Talent gives you access to a single spell, noted in parenthesis, such as Extra Spell (Wind Blast), for example. This spell must come from your Lore, so you must have a Lore before you can gain this talent.

Description: You bewitch one character with 24 yards (12 squares) and bend him to your will. Unless the target makes a successful Will Power Test, you decide what he does on his next turn. Any commands that would be deemed suicidal grant the Character an additional Will Power Test to break the hold of this spell. Undead are immune to the *lure of Chaos*.

Summon Daemon Pack

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: The fresh hearts of six humanoids (+3)
Description: You summon a number of Lesser Daemons equal to your Magic Characteristic. They appear in any unoccupied spots within 12 yards (6 squares) of you and remain for 1d10 minutes. If you gain this spell from the Lore of a particular Ruinous Power, you summon Lesser Daemons appropriate to the Chaos God.

Summon Lesser Daemon

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: The fresh heart of a Humanoid (+2)
Description: You summon one Lesser Daemon, which appears in any unoccupied spot within 12 yards (6 squares) of you. The Daemon remains for 1d10 minutes. If you gain this spell from the Lore of a particular Ruinous Power, you summon a Lesser Daemon appropriate to the Chaos God.

Touch of Chaos

Casting Number: 20
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The horn of a Beastman (+2)
Description: Your touch channels pure Chaos energy into one target, causing him to mutate and change unless a successful Will Power Test is made. If the test is failed the target gains one mutation. The mutation manifests in a matter of seconds and is permanent. If affected, the target must also make a successful Will Power Test or be stunned for 1 round by the suddenness and vileness of the change. This is a touch spell. Undead are immune to the *touch of Chaos*.

Summoning Daemons

Several Chaos spells involve the summoning of Daemons. When the Daemons first appear, the summoner must make a successful Will Power Test to control them. Otherwise, they do as they please, and their actions are controlled by the GM. Daemons don't like being summoned by mortals and are often quite angry at those who call upon them.

Table 17–2: Lore of Chaos Spell List

Boon of Chaos
Burning Blood
Dark Hand of Destruction
Lure of Chaos
Summon Daemon Pack
Summon Lesser Daemon
Touch of Chaos
Veil of Corruption
Vision of Torment
Word of Pain

Veil of Corruption

Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The blade of a Chaos Champion (+3)
Description: You create a foul cloud of corruption anywhere within 36 yards (18 squares). Use the large template. Those affected must make a Will Power Test or lose 1 Wound regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour. Wounded characters continue to lose 1 Wound per round until a successful Will Power Test is made. Those who suffer more than 1 Wound must also make a Toughness Test or begin to mutate. Those who fail the test gain one mutation. Undead do not gain mutations, but are otherwise affected by this spell.

Vision of Torment

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A small mask (+1)
Description: You cause any one character within 24 yards (12 squares) to have a hellish vision. The target is stunned for 1 round unless a successful Will Power Test is made. Once the character recovers from being stunned, he must make a second Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

Word of Pain

Casting Number: 27
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The blood of a Daemon (+3)
Description: You speak one of the secret names of the Chaos Gods. Simply enunciating this word causes those around you incredible pain. Centre the large template on yourself. Those affected take a Damage 8 hit that ignores armour and must make a successful Will Power Test or become helpless for 1 round. You are not affected by your own *word of pain*.

The Lore of Nurgle

As the father of plagues, Nurgle grants his servants a selection of foul spells that spread illness and despair. These spells are characterised by their profound vileness, involving disturbing odours, rotting flesh, and the corruption of the body.

Foul Messenger

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A fistful of human dung (+1)
Description: You vomit a stream of blue and green flies that fly about you and form into a swarm that vaguely resembles a toad-like head. You may pass a message to the swarm, up to 25 words. The swarm then flies off to deliver the message to the intended recipient at about one mile per hour, whispering in his ear in a hoarse voice that sounds of retching. When they've completed their task, they burrow into every one of the recipient's orifices and vanish once inside. The first time someone receives a message by means of this spell, they must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.

From One to Many

Casting Number: 26
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A slippery organ torn from the body of a plague victim (+3)
Description: Your body collapses into a man-shaped cloud of buzzing flies. Anything you wear or carry falls to the ground, as does any equipment you were carrying. You gain the Flier Talent with a Fly speed equal to your Movement Characteristic. While in this form, you are immune to all damage from non-magical weapons. You cannot be the target of spells (except *dispel*), unless they are damaging area spells. You can change your shape so long as you remain in one continuous form, meaning you cannot separate yourself (and therefore you cannot be separated) into two or more different clouds. You can squeeze through tight spaces, as small as those a single fly can fit through. *From one to many* lasts for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic, though you may end it any time. If the spell ends prematurely and you are contained in a space too small for your body to fit your body, you are instantly slain.

Joyous Aspect

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The umbilical cord of stillborn babe (+1)

Description: You place your hands on the face of the target creature, and when the incantation is complete, small green tendrils spread like hairs from your palms. After seven seconds of agony, the target's features are rearranged so any blemish, any affliction, no matter how severe is concealed behind a mask of health. As perfectly formed as it is, it seems false and disturbing. The cheeks are too rosy, the cut of the jaw too perfect, the teeth are a little too white, and the eyes sparkle with lascivious promise. Joyous aspect remains in place for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic or until the target takes at least 1 Wound.

Miasma of Pestilence

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Tears from a diseased child (+2)
Description: A foul green mist rises from the ground around you. Use the large template with you at the centre. All creatures that remain under the template and for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic thereafter take a –20% penalty to all Characteristic and Skill Tests. The spell lasts for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. You are not affected by *miasma of pestilence.*

Nurgle's Boon

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A thimbleful of vomit (+2)
Description: With *Nurgle's boon,* you absorb a disease from an afflicted creature you touch and contain it without suffering the effects for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic. You may transfer the disease to another target you touch, though the target is entitled to a Toughness Test to resist the disease. If it succeeds, the disease is not lost and you may try to touch the target again. If the spell expires before you transfer the disease, you become infected instead.

Plague Wind

Casting Number: 29
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: The broken wind of a Great Unclean One (+3)
Description: You call forth the foul winds of Nurgle to sweep across the land, spreading death and disease. Select any space within 24 yards (12 squares) and centre the large template over it. All living creatures under the template must succeed on Hard (–20%) Toughness Tests or contract Neiglish Rot. In addition, the cloud causes Terror. It disperses after a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Reveal the Inner Beauty

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A piece of rotten fruit infested with maggots (+2)
Description: You cause an object or individual to age rapidly. This is a touch spell. If inorganic, this spell causes the object to become brittle, worsening the quality by one step. If organic, the subject ripens rapidly until it begins to spoil, splitting open and spilling its stinking contents everywhere. A living creature is entitled to a Toughness Test to resist this spell. On a failed test, the subject ages 2d10 years and permanently loses –1d10% from its Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Strength, Toughness, and Agility Characteristics.

Stench of Nurgle

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A rotten egg (+1)
Description: Streams of foul smelling mist rise from your body and pollute the air around you. The stench is so noxious, those who breathe in the fumes are sickened, spraying vomit and becoming nearly incapacitated by the odour. All living creatures adjacent to you must make a Toughness Test or become helpless for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. Even those who succeed on this test take a –10% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests. The fumes remain around you for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. You are not affected by your own *stench of Nurgle.*

Table 17–3: Lore of Nurgle Spell Lists

Nurgle Elemental	Nurgle Mystical	Nurgle Cardinal
Burning Blood	Boon of Chaos	Foul Messenger
Dark Hand of Destruction	Joyous Aspect	From One to Many
Foul Messenger	Lure of Chaos	Joyous Aspect
From One to Many	Miasma of Pestilence	Miasma of Pestilence
Nurgle's Boon	Plague Wind	Nurgle's Boon
Reveal the Inner Beauty	Stench of Nurgle	
Sumptuous Pestilence	Stream of Corruption	Reveal the Inner Beauty
Touch of Chaos	Summon Daemon Pack	Stench of Nurgle
Veil of Corruption	Summon Lesser Daemon	Stream of Corruption
Vision of Torment	Word of Pain	Sumptuous Pestilence

Stream of Corruption

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A piece of maggoty meat (+2)
Description: You spew a stinking jet of putrid blood, pus, maggots, and slime. Use the cone template. Any target touched by the stream must immediately succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or take three Damage 4 hits. In addition, those who are affected by the stream are nauseated and take a –10% penalty to all Characteristic and Skill Tests for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Sumptuous Pestilence

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: Brain of a Chaos Champion of Nurgle (+3)
Description: You infect all living creatures within 24 yards (12 squares) with a terrible disease. Roll on the following table to see which pestilence you conjure up. Affected targets may recover (or not recover) from the diseases as normal.

Sumptuous Pestilence

Roll	Pestilence
01–16	The Shakes
17–32	Eye Rot
33–48	Creeping Buboes
49–64	Bone Ague
65–80	Grey Fever
81–96	Green Pox
97–00	Neiglish Rot

The Lore of Slaanesh

Slaanesh is the God of Pain and Pleasure, and the spells associated with his perverse delights reflect his sick passions. These spells prey upon the mind, creating false sensations and driving victims to commit unspeakable deeds.

Acquiescence

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Symbol of Slaanesh (+1)
Description: Your corrupting touch places a living creature into a blissful, euphoric state for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. Each round the victim would take an action he must succeed on a Will Power Test or stand and smile mindlessly, giving up all actions for the round. Targets that succeed on three Will Power Tests in a row end the effects of this spell. *Acquiescence* is a touch spell.

Breath of Inspiration

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A measure of almond liqueur (+2)
Description: You blow a stream of scented air into the face or ear of an adjacent living creature, filling its head with glorious visions of his capabilities and skill, yet simultaneously sullying his soul and filling him with shame. The subject of *breath of inspiration* gains a bonus to any one test equal to +10% × your Magic Characteristic, which he must use within a number of days equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Cutting Wit

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Crushed rose petals (+1)
Description: You create a long writhing tongue that probes the crevices of those struck by its lascivious form. You can strike targets up to 12 yards (6 squares) away. Treat *cutting wit* as a *magic missile*. Those struck by the tongue take a Damage 3 hit that ignores armour as it delivers a pulse of pure agony. The tongue remains for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic and you may attack with it as a half action.

Flesh Puppet

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A marionette (+3)
Description: You seize control of another creature, making it your puppet. If the target fails a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test, the colour of his eyes change to match your own. In addition, he becomes flushed and sweaty, as if excited and eager. While under your control, the target must obey your psychic commands. If you order the target to attack his comrades, he must do so. So complete is your control over the *flesh puppet*, you may even speak from his mouth. You retain control over the victim for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic, but you must keep him in your sight at all times. Also, you must spend a half action each round maintaining control, or the spell immediately ends. Those subjected to this spell feel violated and must succeed on another Will Power Test when it expires or gain 2 Insanity Points. If you order the target to act in a way that would be construed as suicidal, the target may attempt another Will Power Test to end the effect.

Fleshy Curse

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A severed growth packed with 144 living spiders (+3)
Description: You cause a single creature within 24 yards (12 squares) to sprout horrible, uncontrollable growths. The target can resist this spell by succeeding on a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test. Each round after you cast the spell, roll 1d10 and consult the following table to determine the effects for the round.

Fleshy Curse

Roll	Effects this Round
1–3	Growths of fat, sinew, and muscle spurt from the victim, spill forth 2 yards (1 square) in a random direction. Any creature in its path must succeed on an Agility Test or be buried beneath the mess. Each round thereafter, he must succeed on an a Challenging (–10%) Agility Test to wriggle free. After a minute, he risks suffocation.
4–6	A tentacle shoots out 1d10 × 2 yards (1d10 squares) in a random direction. Any creature in its path must succeed on an Agility Test or take a Damage 3 hit.
7–8	Nothing happens this turn.
9–10	The victim and all his growths move 1d10 2-yard squares in a random direction.

The effects of fleshy curse are permanent, and the victim continues to grow until targeted successfully by a *dispel* spell (which causes all growths to vanish) or until he is killed. Whilst affected by this spell, the victim can take no action and is considered helpless.

From Pain, Pleasure

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A drop of sweat from a lover (+2)
Description: You cause the senses of a creature within 12 yards (6 squares) to warp and twist. The subject of this spell is entitled to a Will Power Test to resist its effects. If the target fails, it perceives pain as pleasure and pleasure as pain for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. In addition, on any given round when the target deals damage or takes damage, he gains a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests and to his Toughness Characteristic for 1 round.

Golden Torrent

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: An ounce of urine (+3)
Description: Boiling out from the palm of your hand is a pulse of yellow light. The beam can affect any single target within 24 yards (12 squares) and your line of sight. The target is filled with pleasant, mind-numbing emotions. Each round he would take an action, he must succeed on a Will Power Test or stand and smile mindlessly, giving up all actions for the round. Targets who succeed on three Will Power Tests in a row end the effects of this spell.

Mask of Desire

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The tongue of a harlot (+2)
Description: A creature you touch undergoes a profound change as swirling pink motes descend on his flesh, eliciting excitement and intense pleasure. *Mask of desire* has several different effects. First, it immediately counters the effects of over eating, drunkenness, and lack of sleep. Second, it removes any outward signs of injury or abuse, though it does nothing to repair any injuries. Last, it grants the subject a +10% bonus to his Fellowship Tests for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Pavane of Slaanesh

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A flask of wine (+2)
Description: All living creatures within 24 yards (12 squares) must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or do nothing but stand and dance lewdly to the Aethyreal sounds of Slaanesh's music for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. During this time, they can take no actions and are considered helpless. If attacked, they spell immediately ends for the affected creature. As a side-effect of this spell, each minute a victim dances, he must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10/5 Insanity Points as a result of listening to that unearthly tune.

Succubus

Casting Number: 28
Casting Time: Three full actions
Ingredient: The tongue of a virgin (+3)
Description: At the end of this spell, your spirit pulls itself free from your now comatose body and drifts to the Aethyr. Though you cannot physically interact with the physical world, you can still smell, taste, feel, hear, and see as normal. While in ghostly form, you are completely invisible and cannot be harmed by any non-magical weapons. You are still bound by the laws of nature—you cannot fly, walk through walls, or any other act that you ordinarily could not perform. You cannot cast spells. You remain in this state for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic × 2. Before the spell ends, you must re-enter your body. If you are somehow prevented from doing so, your consciousness snaps back to your body, but you must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. You may not cast this spell on others.

Though similar to *project spirit* (see *Realms of Sorcery* page 151), *succubus* has an unusual affect that manifests itself when your ghostly form comes into contact with mortal flesh. Through the power of Slaanesh, the subject of your touch feels it, even though he cannot see, smell, or hear you. You cannot harm the subject, only excite his senses. For each hour you spend caressing your victim, the subject of attentions must succeed on a Toughness Test and a Will Power Test. On a failed Toughness Test, he loses 1d10 Wounds as his soul is teased from his body. On a failed Will Power Test, he gains 1 Insanity Point from the intense pleasure. Whilst being titillated, the target may act normally, despite feeling a bit odd.

Table 17–5: Lore of Slaanesh Spell Lists

Slaanesh Elemental	Slaanesh Mystical	Slaanesh Cardinal
Acquiescence	Boon of Chaos	Acquiescence
Breath of Inspiration	Cutting Wit	Breath of Inspiration
Burning Blood	Fleshy Curse	Cutting Wit
Dark Hand of Destruction	Lure of Chaos	Flesh Puppet
Flesh Puppet	Mask of Desire	Fleshy Curse
From Pain, Pleasure	Pavane of Slaanesh	From Pain, Pleasure
Golden Torrent	Succubus	Golden Torrent
Touch of Chaos	Summon Daemon Pack	Mask of Desire
Veil of Corruption	Summon Lesser Daemon	Pavane of Slaanesh
Vision of Torment	Word of Pain	Succubus

The Lore of Tzeentch

As the Lord of Change and Magic, Tzeentch's spells offer Sorcerers incredible power and capacity for destruction. His spells are violent, for they bring about the ultimate change, the change of life to death.

Destroy Magic

Casting Number: 20
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: The blood of a Horror (+2)
Description: You intone the profane words of Daemons, drawing the energy found within a targeted magic item into yourself. A magic item of your choice within 6 yards (3 squares) immediately loses all magical properties for 1d10 minutes. You must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or gain one mutation.

Dispel Mortal

Casting Number: 30
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The eyes of a Wizard (+3)

Description: Select one creature within 6 yards (3 squares). The target must succeed on a Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test or be sucked into the Realm of Chaos to become the plaything of Daemons.

Enrage Beast

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Wolf urine (+1)
Description: Your eyes flash with unwholesome light as you inspire fear in a single ordinary animal within 12 yards (6 squares). The target animal is entitled to a Will Power Test to resist this spell. On a failed test, it acts strangely. Roll 1d10 on the following table to see what it does.

Enrage Beast

Roll	Result
1–2	*Panic!* The animal flees in a random direction from a horde of invisible fire wolves that only it can see.
3–4	*Faint!* The animal collapses in a faint.
5–6	*Vicious!* The animal sees its master (or another creature) as its enemy and attacks. Horses buck riders, dogs growl and bite, birds tear at the eyes, and so on.
7–8	*What's that smell?* The animal releases a tremendous burst of flatulence. All characters within 4 yards (2 squares) must succeed on Toughness Tests or take a –10% penalty to all Tests for as long as they remain in the area. The cloud disperses in 1d5 rounds. Roll again on the following round.
9–10	*Shudder and Die!* The poor beast becomes so terrified that its heart explodes in its chest, and it dies.

The animal returns to normal after a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic, unless it dies.

Flames of Fate

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A small meteorite (+1)
Description: Pale orange flames spring up from the ground all around you. Contained within the flickering tongues of fire are images of the future. You may re-roll any Characteristic or Skill Test made within a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Mindfire

Casting Number: 10
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Cranial fluids from a madman (+2)
Description: You cause a lance of magenta flame to leap forth from your hand. This is a *magic missile*. If you hit, the target gains 1d10/2 Insanity Points if he has none. If he has Insanity Points, he instead loses 1d10/2 Insanity Points and takes a Damage 1 hit that ignores Toughness Bonus and armour. If you reduce the target's Insanity Points to 0, they lose any insanities they've acquired.

Pink Fire of Tzeentch

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Flaming arrow (+2)
Description: Guttering flames of pink energy spew forth from your fingertips and strike a single creature within 6 yards (3 squares). This is a magic missile that causes two Damage 4 hits that ignore armour.

Slave to Chaos

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A handful of sand (+2)
Description: You send your consciousness into another living creature. The subject of this psychic attack is entitled to a Will Power Test to resist your intrusion. On a failed test, you take control of the subject's actions for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic × 2. If you command the subject to act in a suicidal way, the target receives another Will Power Test to break the effect. While in possession of a mortal body, your body lies in a deep sleep. When the spell ends, the subject must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain one mutation.

Subvert Strength

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A bit of wax (+2)
Description: Your hand glows with queer blue spots. A nonmagical inanimate object you next touch loses its hardness, becoming soft and malleable. Steel bends, glass folds, rock becomes putty. If you cast this spell on a weapon, it bends or even breaks if used in combat. On armour, it ceases to offer protection, losing all armour points in the affected location (and if it takes a hit, armour there is destroyed). You may only affect an object of up to two cubic yards. You can shape this material as you like, though the GM may require an appropriate Trade Test. The object remains soft and wax-like for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Transformation of Tzeentch

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The heart of a Mutant (+2)
Description: Select a single target within 12 yards (6 squares). That target must succeed on a Routine (+10%) Will Power Test or

collapse as his body undergoes a series of horrific transformations. Each round, for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic, the target must succeed on a Routine (+10%) Toughness Test. When the spell expires, the target gains one mutation for each failed Toughness Test. Whilst under the effect of this spell, the target is considered helpless.

Tzeentch's Blessing

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The finger of a Wizard (+2)
Description: You cry out to Tzeentch for the Dark God's blessing. Roll 1d10. On an odd number, you gain one mutation. On an even number you may add one spell from any Lore to your repertoire for one day.

Tzeentch's Fire Storm

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A bonfire made from the bones of 13 Mutants (+3)
Description: You cause a blasphemous storm of purple flame to erupt anywhere you designate within 24 yards (12 squares). Use the large template. All creatures under the template take four Damage 4 hits. Those slain by *Tzeentch's fire storm* are incinerated, transformed into pink ash that blows away in the wind. But that's not all. The ashes swirl about for 2 rounds and finally coalesce into Pink Horrors of Tzeentch, one for each victim slain. These creatures are not under your control, and they attack the closest creatures to them. They eventually grow weary of this world and return to the Realm of Chaos after 1d10 rounds.

Table 17–6: Lore of Tzeentch Spell Lists

Tzeentch Elemental	Tzeentch Mystical	Tzeentch Cardinal
Boon of Chaos	Destroy Magic	Destroy Magic
Burning Blood	Dispel Mortal	Dispel Mortal
Dark Hand of Destruction	Enrage Beast	Flames of Fate
Lure of Chaos	Flames of Fate	Mindfire
Pink Fire of Tzeentch	Mindfire	Pink Fire of Tzeentch
Touch of Chaos	Slave to Chaos	Slave to Chaos
Transformation of Tzeentch	Summon Daemon Pack	Subvert Strength
Tzeentch's Fire Storm	Summon Lesser Daemon	Transformation of Tzeentch
Veil of Corruption	Tzeentch's Blessing	Tzeentch's Blessing
Vision of Torment	Word of Pain	Tzeentch's Fire Storm

— Summoning Daemons —

One of the central strengths of the Chaos Sorcerer is the ability to conjure Daemons from the Realm of Chaos. They can call upon the infernal legions to do their bidding (most of the time). But such efforts are not without risk, for directly calling upon the entities of the Realm of Chaos is dangerous, and many Wizards have lost their lives after a failed attempt.

Up until now, *summoning Daemons* fell under the Lore of Chaos Spell (though there are rituals enabling more permanent effects). Whilst these spells are effective in producing the desired creatures, the Daemons are usually of a lower quality, and they do not remain for long in the mortal world. To call the more powerful fiends, Chaos Sorcerers rely on rituals to do the needed deed.

Rituals of Daemon Summoning

Conjuring Daemons requires a ritual specifically tailored to the Daemon. A ritual could be designed to summon a particular type of Least or Lesser Daemon, or a Servant or Creature, but to summon the more powerful Daemons, like Exalted Daemons and Greater Daemons, the caster must have a ritual keyed specifically to the Daemon in question. Rather than provide dozens of distinct rituals, what follows is a ritual template to help you build Daemon Summoning rituals of your own design (be sure to check out the guidelines for designing rituals in *Realms of Sorcery* page 169). Note these rituals are neither Arcane nor Divine, allowing casters from either tradition to use them. All of these rituals, however, require the Dark Magic Talent.

Call Daemon

Type: Dark Magic
Arcane Language: Daemonic
Magic: 1 (Least Daemon), 2 (Servant, Creature, or Lesser Daemon), 3 (Daemon Prince or Exalted Daemon), 4 (Greater Daemon)
XP: 100 (Least Daemon), 200 (Servant, Creature, or Lesser Daemon), 300 (Daemon Prince or Exalted Daemon), 400 (Greater Daemon)
Ingredients: Consult **Table 17–8: Sample Summoning Ritual Ingredients** for ideas. In addition, if you intend to summon a Daemon Prince, Exalted Daemon, or Greater Daemon, you must also have its True Name (see **Chapter XIX: Masters of Chaos**). If you lack this component, you take a –20% penalty to opposed Will Power Tests to control it.
Conditions: Consult **Table 17–9: Sample Conditions**.
Consequences: In general, the consequences should be severe. For Least Daemons, Servants, and Creatures, the caster could gain 1–3 Insanity Points, while Lesser Daemons may grant Insanity Points as well as mutations. Failure when summoning a Daemon Prince or Greater Daemon should always result in the caster being pulled into the Realm of Chaos.
Casting Number: The Casting Number can be generated randomly. For Least Daemons, it should equal 1d10+2, for Servants and Creatures 1d10+4, for Lesser Daemons 2d10+2, for Daemon Princes and Exalted Daemons 2d10+8, and for Greater Daemons 3d10+8. Add +4 for each Daemon summoned beyond the first. So, a ritual that summons four Lesser Daemons would have a Casting Number of 2d10+14.
Casting Time: All Call Daemon rituals have a base time of 8 hours plus 2 hours for each required point of the caster's Magic Characteristic.
Description: The ritual calls the indicated Daemon from the Realm of Chaos and it appears in a space you indicate within 12 yards (6 squares). However, Daemons resist serving mortals. So roll 1d10 on **Table 17–7: Daemonic Response** to see how the Daemon reacts.

Octagrams

Just as spellcasters can take advantage of protective circles when casting spells (see *WFRP* page 144) to shield them from the worst of Tzeentch's Curse, Daemonologists and Sorcerers may take advantage of octograms when summoning Daemons. An octogram is a hermetic circle with an eight-pointed star drawn within it. In addition to drawing the upside-

Table 17–7: Daemonic Response

Roll	Result
1	*Chaos Maw.* The ritual fails and creates a quivering orifice that sucks the Sorcerer bodily into the Realm of Chaos with a satisfied slurping noise. All living creatures that can see the gate gain 1 Insanity Point and must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10 more Insanity Points. The portal remains open for 1d10 rounds before closing with a pop.
2	*Profane Expulsion.* The air thickens and thunder sounds as the Daemon claws its way free from some extra-dimensional womb. Like a newborn babe, it screeches and whines, refusing to mind the caster's commands. Roll 1d10. On a 1–3, it attacks the closest creature, on a 4–6, it attacks the Sorcerer, on a 7–9, it aids the Sorcerer for 1d10 hours and then turns against its master, and on a 10, it simply returns to the Realm of Chaos. If the Daemon remains, it goes back to the Realm of Chaos in 1d10 minutes.
3	*Interference.* The ritual unexpectedly summons a less powerful Daemon. For example, if the intended Daemon was a Lesser Daemon, the resulting creature is a Servant of the GMs choosing. The Sorcerer must succeed on an opposed Will Power Test to control it. If the Daemon wins, it retains control and attacks whomever it wishes. If the Sorcerer succeeds, he gains control of the Daemon for a number of weeks equal to his Magic Characteristic.
4–7	*Loose Bindings.* The air twists and warps, solidifying, taking the shape of the summoned Daemon. The Sorcerer must succeed on an opposed Will Power Test to control it. If the Daemon wins, it retains control and attacks whomever it wishes. If the Sorcerer succeeds, he gains control of the Daemon for a number of weeks equal to his Magic Characteristic.
8–9	*Bindings of Magic.* The summoned Daemon appears in a cloud of black smoke, swirling flies, a pillar of blood, or out of nothing to the sighs of a thousand lovers. The Sorcerer must succeed on an opposed Will Power Test to control it. If the Daemon wins, it retains control and attacks whomever it wishes. If the Sorcerer succeeds, he gains control of the Daemon for a number of months equal to his Magic Characteristic.
10	*Complete Bindings.* The summoned Daemon appears. It senses great power in the mortal and bows and scrapes in fear for its existence. The Sorcerer automatically controls it, and it remains in the mortal world until released or dispelled.

Table 17–8: Sample Summoning Ritual Ingredients

Type	Possible Ingredients
Servant or Creature	A minor body part (finger or toe), animal sacrifice, rare incenses and materials worth 50 *gc*
Lesser Daemon	A significant physical sacrifice (arm, eye, tongue), Human sacrifice, jewels or weapons worth 100 *gc*
Exalted Daemon or Daemon Prince	Sacrifice of innocent (child, Priest), offering incense and materials worth 500 *gc*, true name
Greater Daemon	Sacrifice of 66 souls, a king's treasure, a magic item, true name

Table 17–9: Sample Conditions

Type	Possible Conditions
Servant or Creature	Body painted in blood, saliva, or some other fluid, an altar, symbol of Chaos
Lesser Daemon	One additional caster, altar, bonfire, symbol of Chaos, ruined building
Exalted Daemon or Daemon Prince	Three additional casters, ruined city, conflagration
Greater Daemon	12 additional casters, Monolith, Graveyard, site consecrated to Chaos

down star inside the circle, the caster must also scribe glyphs and sigils of warding, invoking the names of the Gods for protection as well as the true name of the summoned Daemon.

To draw the octogram, the caster must have the Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) Skill and materials worth 100 *gc* × the Magic Characteristic required by the ritual. Drawing the octogram requires 1 hour of careful work, and at the end of this time, the GM secretly makes an Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) Test for the Character. Each degree of success grants the caster a +10% bonus to his Will Power Test made to control the summoned Daemon. Should the circle be breached (smudged or scattered) at any time during the Will Power Test or casting, the Daemon automatically breaks free.

Once the octogram is drawn, the caster may then perform the ritual to summon the Daemon. Assuming the ritual works, the Daemon appears inside the octogram . If you scribe its True Name into the octogram , it remains there until you make the opposed Will Power Test. Otherwise, each day, it may attempt a Will Power Test to break free.

The caster may wait to take this test for a number of days equal to his Magic Characteristic. Characters may draw octograms when casting the *summon lesser daemon* and *summon daemon pack* spells.

Daemonic Familiars

Sorcerers can use Daemon Summoning Rituals to gain Daemonic Familiars. As with Wizards who bind or create Familiars (see *Realms of Sorcery* page 183), Sorcerers can benefit from the service of a Daemonic helper, an assistant that lends its power and expertise to the spellcaster. Like other Familiars, Daemons can improve a Wizard's power, giving him a boost to his magical strength or even storing magical energy. Though the rewards are great, they are not without risk.

Calling the Familiar

To call a Daemonic Familiar, you must have access to a ritual that summons Least Daemons. (Theoretically, it may be possible to use a more powerful

Daemon as a Familiar, but these beings are better able to resist the magic that would bind them.) You must also have a Magic Characteristic of 2 and the Academic Knowledge (Daemonic) and Speak Arcane Language (Daemonology) Skills. Though not required, a octogram is a useful tool to help keep the Least Daemon throughout the bargaining process.

Bargaining for Service

Once the ritual is complete and the Daemon appears, you must bargain with the fiend to gain its service. The process is simple. You must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Fellowship Test opposed by the Daemon's Will Power Test. If you fail, you may try again each day for a number of days equal to your Magic Characteristic. If you do not manage to secure a bargain, the Daemon returns to the Realm of Chaos from whence it was summoned (though if a octogram is used, and if it's damaged, the Daemon may escape to do what it wishes in the mortal world).

You can reduce the difficulty of your Fellowship Test by offering gifts and promises to the Daemon. The better the gift, the more agreeable the Daemon becomes, making the challenge of convincing it to serve you all the easier. Possible gifts and their corresponding reductions to difficulty could include:

- *Immortal Soul:* If the caster offers his immortal soul that the Daemon can claim at the end of its service, reduces the difficulty by two steps.
- *Limited Service:* Limiting the service to a number of years reduces the difficulty by one step, to a number of months by two steps, and the number of days by three steps.
- *Sacrifice:* For each sentient mortal sacrificed to the Daemon, decrease the difficulty by two steps. For every animal sacrificed to the Daemon, decrease the difficulty by one step.

Negotiating service can also be handled through role-playing. The GM should decide beforehand what the Daemon wants (the eyes of children, a steady supply of blood, worship, Human sacrifice and so on) and then bargains for service based on how closely the caster comes to the Daemon's desires. So long as the terms favour the Daemon, the GM may do away with the opposed Tests and simply grant the Familiar to the Sorcerer.

Daemonic Familiar Motives

Daemons exist to corrupt and destroy, and so even if bound by strict terms of service, the Daemon always works against his master. He will not overtly betray him, but he will work to put his master into dangerous positions, putting his master's life at risk or simply making life more difficult. Canny Wizards include provisions in their negotiations to lessen the risk of a prolonged relationship with the Daemon.

The Daemonic Familiar should always be run as an NPC. GMs should feel free to use these creatures as plot devices, foils, or even as antagonists for the Character that summoned it. This said, the Familiar should not be such a risk that the Character regrets binding the Daemon. Instead, the Character should always wonder what his Daemon intends, why it does what it does, and be on the look out for the Daemon's betrayals (minor as they may be).

Improving Familiars

Once the caster binds the Familiar, the Daemon automatically enters the Familiar Career (though it gains none of the listed Skills and Talents and must buy them as it gains experience points). This is the same career that bound or created Familiars use. Familiars gain experience points at half the rate of their masters: *i.e.*, for every 200 points a Familiar's master accumulates, the Familiar earns 100. Familiars never earn experience points on their own. In addition to spending experience on advancement picks from the Familiar creature career advance scheme, Familiars can also spend experience points to buy new Familiar abilities.

Binding More Powerful Daemons

You can use these rules to bind more powerful Daemons. Simply use a more powerful ritual. However, note that the more powerful the Daemon, the greater chance it will resist the bargaining phase, to say nothing of the increased risks for casting the spell. In short, if it's a Daemon, it can be a Familiar, but Least Daemons are the safest of the lot.

—Familiar Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+10%	+20%	—	+50%	+50%	+35%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write

Talents: Acute Hearing, Aethyric Attunement, Alley Cat, Flee!, Frightening, Keen Senses, Resistance to Chaos, Resistant to Magic, Sixth Sense, Strong-minded, Unsettling

Trappings: None

Career Exits: None

Familiar Abilities

In addition to the powers already available to the Daemons, the familiar also gains other abilities that enhance its usefulness to the caster. As the Familiar gains experience points, it may spend them to gain additional abilities. Each Familiar starts with one Familiar ability, generated on **Table 17–10: Starting Familiar Ability**. Both Familiars and their masters may also contribute experience points toward buying new Familiar abilities in the course of play. Each new Familiar ability costs 300 xp, which may be paid by the Wizard, the Familiar, or both in combination.

Chaos Reservoir

The Familiar can absorb any spell that specifically targets it or its master, saving it for later use. To absorb the spell, the Familiar must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test. If it succeeds, it locks the spell away. For up to 1d10 days, the spell remains stored there. Within that period, either the master or the Familiar can release that spell back into the world, designating a new target or targets, a new area of effect, and so forth. Only one spell may be stored at a time; a Familiar may not attempt to soak another spell if it already has one stored.

The GM, however, secretly rolls the length of time the spell can remain stored. If the duration expires and the stored spell remains unreleased, the magical energy burns both Familiar and master from the inside out. Each takes Damage equal to one-third of the spell's Casting Number, rounded down. If the Familiar takes a Damage 5 hit or greater, it automatically explodes.

Bonds of Blood

The Familiar and master can communicate complex thoughts and emotions to each other instantly, without speech, and over any distance.

Table 17–10: Starting Familiar Ability

Roll	Result
01–10	Chaos Reservoir
11–20	Bonds of Blood
21–30	Luck of the Damned
31–40	Magic Focus
41–50	Infernal Power
51–60	Master's Touch
61–70	Master's Voice
71–80	Voice of Reason
81–90	Player's Choice
91–00	GM's Choice

This ability increases the ability of each to cogitate and withstand mental stresses, raising the Intelligence and Will Power of both by +10% for as long as both are conscious and cooperative.

Luck of the Damned

The Familiar is somehow a magnet for good luck. The Familiar has a reservoir of 2 Fortune Points that either the Familiar or its master can use each day.

Magic Focus

The master can use the Familiar's magical nature to amplify the effects of his spellcasting much as a lens focuses light. When a spell is cast in this way, one of its quantitative effects—range, area of effect, duration, and so on—is doubled. The downside of using this ability to cast a given spell is that it is unpredictable and makes one of the dice in the Casting Roll a Chaos Die.

Infernal Power

As long as the Familiar lives and remains his Familiar, the Wizard gains a bonus of +1 to his Magic Characteristic.

Master's Touch

The Familiar acts as an extension of its master's touch, sight, and location. This can be used for the purposes of casting Touch spells, casting spells at targets the caster must be able to see, and casting spells that affect the caster's location.

Master's Voice

The master is capable of projecting his voice through his Familiar. This has two effects. First, the master can communicate to anyone who is within earshot of the Familiar. Second, if the Familiar is within 24 yards (12 squares) of its master, the master can project his own voice through the Familiar to cast spells, which allows him to cast even if he is prevented from speaking by a gag, a magic effect, or any other force (as long as it does not also affect the Familiar's ability to speak).

Voice of Reason

The Familiar dampens chaotic forces. When its master makes a Casting Roll that contains doubles, triples, or quadruples, the master may elect to re-roll the dice in order to avoid Tzeentch's Curse. Of course, if the first roll is a success in casting, the master may wish to keep it to be guaranteed of success—it's up to him. If the master elects to re-roll, he must abide by the second result, whatever it is. This effect is cumulative with the effects of protective circles (see *WFRP*, page 144).

Peril: Familiar Dangers

Familiars, in addition to being powerful companions, can also be dangerous to their masters. The following sections describe the ways this can manifest.

A Sign of Sorcery

Daemonic Familiars are clear signs of complicity with the Ruinous Powers. Normal Familiars are often grounds enough for harassment by Witch Hunters and other opponents of Chaos, but having a Daemon in one's employ is grounds for immediate persecution and destruction.

Attention of Chaos

Daemonic Familiars are sometimes granted as Rewards—as clear a sign as any that the Dark God has an interest in the Character's career. Those who conjure Daemonic Familiars are likely to attract even more attention, drawing to them Daemons and other agents of Chaos.

Obsession

Because of the close relationship the master and Familiar share, it is possible for the master to become utterly obsessed with his magical servant. Every time the Familiar spends experience points on an advancement or new ability, its master must make an Easy (+20%) Fellowship Test. If he fails, he becomes obsessed with his Familiar—its activities, its whereabouts, its thoughts and opinions. In addition to role-playing this obsession, it gives others an easy (if figurative) chain to yank. Anyone threatening or otherwise using the Familiar against its master (GM's judgment) causes such psychological disturbance within the master that he suffers a –10% penalty to his Intelligence and Will Power, and a –20% penalty to his Fellowship, until the situation is resolved.

Death or Departure

Unlike other Magisters and their Familiars, Chaos Sorcerers have no emotional ties to their thralls. The Dark Wizard never takes a penalty once his minion is released or slain. However, Daemons are spiteful creatures and almost always seek revenge on their former masters. For one week after the Familiar is released or dies, anytime the Sorcerer triggers Tzeentch's Curse on a Casting Roll, the severity of the curse worsens by one step to a maximum of Catastrophic Failure. The Daemon's revenge lasts for one week before it loses interest and picks on someone or something else.

Aethyric Link

Familiars have a special link to their masters, and, because of this link, enemy spellcasters can exploit the bond. As such, spellcasters can use another Wizard's Familiar as a special ingredient to augment spells targeting the Familiar's master. The Familiar adds a +1 bonus to the Casting Roll. When used in this way, the Familiar experiences intense pain and must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or take a Damage 1 hit. If it takes a critical with a value of 5 or more, it explodes messily. Naturally, sane Familiars do what they can to avoid being used in this way.

A Wizard cannot use his own Familiar to get a bonus when he casts spells to affect himself. A Wizard's allies could conceivably use a Familiar to cast friendly spells on its master, but a Wizard who frequently allowed this would face open rebellion from his Familiar in very short order.

Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos

"And so when Sigmar's crown is sundered, his hammer shattered, and his divinity revealed as the mockery that it is, the Legions of Chaos will pour forth from their womb far to the north. And wherever they tread, the ground will blacken. And what they touch will wither to dust and blow away. And when they speak, all will bow before their might. And in these final days, the world shall die to make way for the new, the beautiful, and the ever-changing."

The Legions of Chaos are endless. There is no limit to their numbers. They are born from the will of their masters and exist to serve them. Though there are countless varieties, each unique in their awfulness, many serve particular Dark Gods, and their names reverberate in myth and legend. They are the enemies of mortals. They are what Champions of Chaos aspire to be. They are Chaos incarnate.

— The Truth about Daemons —

In the Realm of Chaos, the Dark Gods wage war against each other, pitting legions of unruly forms against one another in a game of perpetual conflict. Flitting through the queer battlefield, composed of colours only the mad can envision, are their slaves, the Daemon host carved from the raw stuff of Chaos by the immense will of the Ruinous Powers.

Types of Daemons

Though they are birthed of Chaos, there seems a strange order to the Daemon spawn of the Dark Gods. Scholars have identified types of Daemon, ranked by relative levels of power, and countless in number. Each seems unique in their awfulness, but they are also alike. There are distinct forms that arise to curse the Old World time and again, each foul type fulfilling a particular role in some unknowable master plan. There is no understanding the reasons for these Daemon breeds; there is simply the inscrutable way of Chaos.

There are three loose groups of Daemons: Beast, Lesser, and Greater, though even these classifications do not encompass Exalted Daemons, Daemon Princes, or the myriad of the least of all fiends that lurk in the spaces between the realms of Ruinous Powers.

Beasts

Beasts are lowly fiends that exist only to serve the wishes and needs of mortal servants. Champions sometimes use them as steeds or as grunts in their armies. Their dim intelligence doesn't make them any less dangerous, and in some ways it makes them more so, since they have no concerns for their own health and safety.

Though it is possible to summon one of these creatures, they are more often sent into the mortal world by the Dark Gods. When bound to the service of a Champion or similar owner, they seem to be able to cross the borders between the Chaos Wastes and the Realm of Chaos with impunity, entering and leaving at will.

Lesser

Lesser Daemons have the capacity for thought and reason, and they plot and plan in their ongoing effort to undo mankind's morality. Though powerful or horrifying, most mortals can deal with them for short periods without compromising their sanity or lives.

"Daemons are the denizens of the Realm of Chaos. Created by the Dark Gods, they are sent forth to aid their mortal Champions in their campaigns to conquer the lands of civilised men. Some are mindless beings of pure animosity, whilst others are cunning and carefully plot the downfall of those they claim to serve. Daemons can be summoned, bound, compelled, and killed. They are beings of magic given form from our nightmares and fears. They exist only to bring about the end of all there is."

—Viktor Wechsler, Knight of the White Wolf

Greater

Harbingers of doom, the Greater Daemons are the most powerful servants of the Dark Gods. They are among the mightiest creatures in the entire world, and when they appear, they scorch the very land for miles around with their corruption. For more information on Greater Daemons, see **Chapter XIX: Masters of Chaos**.

— Daemons of Khorne —

Juggernauts

Blood Crushers, Soul Crushers, Feet of Khorne, Juggers, Blights of Khorne

The Blood Crushers of Khorne are a mix of Daemon and machine, used as mounts by the mightiest of Champions. These four-legged beasts blend the features of canine and bull but are covered in profane armour formed of a fused mass of flesh, bone and metal. Though they may look more machine than beast, beneath this heavy Khorne-marked armour is the war hungry heart of a vicious Daemon.

—Juggernaut Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
58%	0%	55%	58%	24%	6%	44%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	24	5	5 (7)	7	0	0	0

Skills: Perception

Talents: Acute Hearing, Daemonic Aura, Frenzy, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Bloodthirsty:* Each round of combat, the Juggernaut must succeed on an Intelligence Test or attack the closest living creature. If being ridden, the rider can substitute a Challenging (–10%) Ride Test as a Half Action for the Juggernaut's Intelligence Test. If the rider gains two or more degrees of success, he need not make another Ride Test to control the Juggernaut for the duration of the combat.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Horns (×3), Metallic Skin. A Juggernaut has a 25% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne** to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* A Juggernaut need not worry about instability so long as its owner still lives. Should its rider be killed, however, the following rule takes effect. Any round in which a Juggernaut is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Trample:* When the Juggernaut makes a Charge Attack, any creature in its path must succeed on an Agility Test or take a Damage 5 hit as the crushing hooves of the Juggernaut trample them into the mud.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2

Weapons: Horns, Hooves, Bite

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Juggernauts

A typical mount for Chaos Champions, Juggernauts only serve Champions of Khorne. When encountered alone, it is because their rider was slain. A loosed Juggernaut could wipe out an entire village to say nothing of a small force of PCs.

Flesh Hounds

Beasts of Khorne, Flesh-Renders, Hunters of Blood, Inevitable Ones

Merciless predators, it's believed they know the scent of every mortal creature. They are relentless trackers, crossing seas and mountains to reach their prey. They are brutal things with razor-sharp claws as long as swords. Their blood-slick bodies ripple with unnatural sinew and muscle. Around their necks, fitted in place by long spikes and studs, are the terrible Collars of Khorne. They are savage killing machines, born from Khorne's wrath and set upon the mortal world to do his bidding.

—Flesh Hound Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
54%	0%	46%	38%	48%	14%	66%	5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	3 (5)	7	0	0	0

Skills: Follow Trail +20%, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Daemonic Aura, Fearless, Frenzy, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Poisonous Bite. A Flesh Hound has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne** to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Collar of Khorne:* All Flesh Hounds are equipped with Collars of Khorne, granting them a +30% bonus to Will Power Tests made to resist spells.

- *Instability:* On any round in which a Flesh Hound is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth and Claws
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Flesh Hounds

Flesh Hounds are excellent adversaries to heighten tension and build suspense. Occasionally used by Kurgan and Norsemen as hunting beasts, packs of these monsters will precede a larger force and lead their masters to the enemy with their howls. It takes canny action to evade these monsters, for they are relentless trackers and will follow their prey to the ends of the earth.

Bloodletters

Khorne's Chosen, Teeth of Death, Naked Slayers, Takers of Skulls, Horned Ones

Horned Ones are the foot soldiers in Khorne's legions. Numberless, they fight amongst each other for the honour of being despatched to the mortal world, to take the fight against those who oppose Chaos and chop their enemies into quivering pieces of meat. They are full of hate, and they live to fight. They are carnage incarnate, and they only know killing.

These Daemons are tall, rangy humanoids with snarling bestial faces, twisted with rage. Their monstrous visages are framed by horns sprouting from the sides of their skulls. Their blood-red skin is hard as brass forged upon the anvil of ceaseless war. They frequently paint their bodies with the gore from their enemies. They always fight with terrible swords known as Hellblades, laughing when they thump into the flesh of their foes. When they march, they chant the names of those they've slain in battle.

—Bloodletter Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
50%	0%	51%	34%	48%	48%	48%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	5	3 (5)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Frenzy, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Horns, Metallic Skin. A Bloodletter has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne** to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Bloodletter is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2
Weapons: Claws, Great Weapon (Two-handed Sword), Horns (SB–1 Damage)
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Using Bloodletters

Legions of Bloodletters patrol the Wastes of Chaos, throwing themselves into battle to prove their worth and might. Some say these Daemons search for a mortal master to lead them to glory. Others say they are just the manifestation of the Blood God's perverse will, and they exist only to kill. Groups of these Daemons may make raids alongside Kurgan or Norsemen, but instead of retreating with their spoils, they push on, driven to reach some place of interest or importance. Everything in their path is doomed unless the people can be evacuated in time.

An Eldritch Encounter

"I faced a Daemon once. A foolish Black Magister thought to bring it into our world, and as many have learned before him, such meddling leads to one end: death. The Daemon threw off the Black Magister's eldritch bonds, stepped free from its circle, and skinned the conjurer alive. The madman's apprentice escaped and came for us. His courage must be commended. A Daemonologist, even an apprentice, is guaranteed to die by fire, which that young man did eventually find. He did Sigmar's will in the end, so I pray Morr had mercy on the lad's soul.

"We—myself and two other Witch Hunters that is—left our lodgings at the Pork and Pot and crossed town to the Black Magister's shack. The house, it seemed to swell, to stretch, and then shrink in on itself. The very thing was alive with evil. Something that had no right to be in our world was within, and it was my duty to send it back to whatever hell it came from.

"I sent the two lads who were with me to hide around the sides of the house while I drew the thing out. I remember the sweat. I wasn't scared, but against my will, it poured off me. By the time I had taken the few steps to the door, I was soaked as if I had stood in a downpour. But dallying on my sodden shirt wasn't my purpose. I sent my boot smashing into the door. And through the open portal, with the door swinging crazily on one hinge, I saw a sight that's stayed with me.

"There on the floor was the twitching Black Magister, his body glistening wet with blood. Not a strip of skin was left, but somehow he lived. Standing over him was both the most beautiful and the most terrifying woman—if woman it could be called—that I'd ever seen. I felt a fire in my loins, and my heart began to quicken. My trusted Dwarfen-forged sword dropped a few inches as my eyes drank in all her awfulness. She looked up at me with pools of lavender. Her pale skin was flushed with excitement, and the long tresses of her black hair hung straight down on either side of that exquisite face. She was naked and perfect but for a few sweeps of midnight blue warts that painted her thighs. I would have been hers, had it not been for what she was doing. She held in one hand the Warlock's skin. Her other arm had slipped inside the loosened flesh as if she were considering how to climb inside it.

"Bile filled my mouth, and my eager excitement faded. She knew that I would never be hers. Ever. She recoiled like a spring, head cocked to consider me. And then she sprang. Her face contorted into a twisted snarl, and her eyes burst with violet flames. I back-peddled out of the house and called to my men. We fought her. It was fast and messy. One of my boys, Johannes, died, his head torn from his shoulders. But a few bites from my blade put the bitch down.

"That's it, friend. That's the story. I gave up Witch Hunting that day. You'd do well to do the same."

New Talent: Daemonic Aura

Description: Daemons are made of the very stuff of magic, which protects them when they are in the mortal world. Any time a non-magical weapon hits a Daemon, the Daemon's Toughness Bonus is treated as though it were increased by +2. Additionally, the Daemon's own attacks are considered to be magical. Lastly, Daemons are completely immune to the effects of poison and suffocation.

— Daemons of Nurgle —

Nurglings

Nurglings are the very image of Father Nurgle himself, having friendly, mischievous faces and bloated, green bodies fitted with disproportionate limbs. The only difference is their size. A Nurgling is no taller than a foot high. These foul things inhabit the bodies of larger Daemons, preferably the Great Unclean Ones who spawn them. Nurglings creep into the crevices, burying themselves beneath the diseased flab of their bulky forms and suckle on the cancerous wounds that weep foul pus. While covering their host, they jockey for the favour of their master, purring with pleasure when caressed or squealing with delight when offered a choice morsel of flesh.

Even as disgusting as they are, nothing compares to how they are often created. A Nurgling grows in the rotting flesh of a Great Unclean One. Like infants, they feed on the nutrients of the mother, though in this case, it is the rancid milk of pestilence. In time, a diet of filth enables the Nurgling to grow large enough to allow it to eat its way out of the wet innards, born to whatever horrid existence it faces. Queerly, Great Unclean Ones tend to see these vermin as their children. They coddle them, coo at them, and caress them, showering them with affection—though such endearments are no obstacle to the Greater Daemon's tantrums and bottomless hunger. Many Nurglings rot away, get caught between the Daemon's prodigious toes, or are dissolved in its gastric juices.

Nurglings are also bred from the pus shed by Great Unclean Ones. As these massive, bloated fiends walk the land, they leave a swathe of oily filth in their wake. The fluid collects in sticky pockets, lying in wait for the hapless passer-by who has the misfortune to dip his foot in the morass. The foulness enters the victim's body, travelling through the blood to lodge inside of the abdomen where it grows, feeding on the body's excrement. In time, when it is large enough, it distends its host's belly and cries out insults and profanities as much and as loudly as it can. It eventually grows tired of such behaviour and travels out through the mouth or anus, depending on its mood, to be free and seek its fortune in the world. (Such experiences, whilst terrifyingly unpleasant and causing 1 to 3 Insanity Points, are never lethal—just very uncomfortable. For more details, see the **Great Unclean Ones** in **Chapter XIX: Masters of Chaos**.)

Such Nurglings may look for others of their kind—they are indeed sociable creatures, but many content themselves in the filth and squalor of Human cities, feasting on offal piles, sewers, and the like. But from time to time, the Nurgling will seek out its Human host out of some strange affection, to visit a plague as a means of gratitude.

Nurglings rarely attack a foe by themselves, preferring instead to gather in swarms of chattering, gibbering green bodies. They claw and bite at their foe's legs, biting ankles and licking at any interesting sores or abrasions they discover. They have tiny teeth as sharp as razors and leave festering little bites on their victims but rarely kill them outright.

—Nurgling Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
20%	30%	21%	23%	60%	25%	30%	25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	7	2	2 (4)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Perception, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Swim

Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Fearless, Night Vision, Unsettling

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Cloud of Flies. There's a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle** to generate it if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Nurgling is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Plague:* Opponents that survive an encounter with a Nurgling may still be undone. Any character that suffered at least 1 Wound from a Nurgling must make a Toughness Test at the end of the combat or contract a disease of the GM's choice.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Teeth (SB–2)

Slaughter Margin: Routine

Using Nurglings

While travelling, one of the Player Characters steps in a patch of pus and becomes infected with a Nurgling. As it grows, the Character must mute the muttering and insults that echo out from his gullet. Can he find a way to remove the thing, or will he wait for it to pass on its own?

The poorer neighbourhoods in most Old World cities tend to be near the smelliest and most awful sections of town, so when a new sickness appears in one of these districts, no one thinks anything much of it.

However, the disease is far worse than the Galloping Trots or some other distress; it turns out to be Neiglish (Nurgle's) Rot. Some investigation on the area turns up a crowd of Nurglings, but they are just the start of a much darker plot.

For another adventure idea involving Nurglings, be sure to check out **Sing for your Supper** in *Plundered Vaults*.

Beasts of Nurgle

The Beasts, Slime Hounds

The horrid Beasts of Nurgle are massive lumbering fiends that are as stupid as they are ugly—and they are hideously ugly. The product of too much corruption in an area, these things combine the features or several different creatures, creating a terrifying abomination. The Beast's body is that of a massive, black-spotted slug that glistens with dewy excretions and is topped by a massive head with a large, drooling, fang-filled mouth ringed in tentacles that drip a paralytic toxin. Growing all along the length of its moist body are razor-sharp spines that stick out in random places. About midway down the trunk, a pair of useless legs ending in clawed and webbed feet flop about uselessly. The thing's body ends in a long tail fitted with a sharp stinger. Though somewhat uniform in appearance, the Beasts are heavily corrupted and sport many mutations and alterations, giving these creatures a wide array of unpredictable abilities and features.

Beasts of Nurgle seem to serve no purpose whatsoever. They are unreliable on the battlefield, crushing their own forces as much as their enemies with their flailing. The things move very slowly, and everything dies that touches the slime trails they leave. In fact, so great is their stink that birds fall from the sky, trees wither and die, and grass for scores of feet all around turns to ash. They are excitable creatures that behave in the most unpredictable ways.

The Beasts of Nurgle congregate in herds near the edge of the swirling darkness that marks the border between the Umbra and the Realm of Chaos, feeding on Nurglings and other Daemons that spill out from the Aethyr. Rarely, these herds slip south, into the hunting territory of the Kurgan and Hung where many of these creatures wind up as food for the cook pots. Beasts of Nurgle are only seen during Incursions, but liars and madmen have claimed to see them, spinning wild stories about how friendly these things are.

—Beast of Nurgle Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	0%	36%	52%	18%	10%	58%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	15	3	5 (7)	3	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%, Swim
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Afraid of Fire:* Fire causes Fear in Beasts of Nurgle.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Cloud of Flies, Suckers. In addition, a Beast of Chaos will have a number of extra mutations. Roll 1d10. On a 1–3, 1 mutation; 4–5, 2 mutations; 6–7, 3 mutations: 8–9, 4 mutations; 10, 5 mutations. Roll on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle** to generate the additional mutations, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Embodiment of Decay:* Beasts of Nurgle automatically destroy all plant life short of trees and small animals (no larger than deer) within 12 yards (6 squares). All other living creatures (including all Humans, Elves, Dwarfs, and Halflings) must succeed on Toughness Tests or permanently reduce their Toughness Characteristic by –1d10%. Those who succeed are immune to this ability for 24 hours.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Chaos Fury is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Paralysis:* Whenever the Beast of Nurgle succeeds on a Weapon Skill Test, its target must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or become paralysed for 2d10 minutes. Paralysed creatures are helpless.
- *Plague:* Beasts of Nurgle are carriers of Neiglish Rot. Any Character who takes at least 1 Wound from a Beast must succeed at a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or contract this horrid disease.
- *Rubbery Hide:* The Beast's rubbery hide grants it 2 Armour Points in all locations.
- *Slime Trail:* The Beast of Nurgle leaves a glistening trail of slime infested with Neiglish Rot. The slime remains for 10 rounds before evaporating. Any creature that steps into the slime trail must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or contract this horrid disease.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2
Weapons: Tentacles
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Swarms

Some Daemons, such as Nurglings, prefer the advantage of superior numbers. In fact, so accustomed are they to fighting in numbers, they form in swarms of 30 or 40 Daemons. When they do so, they fight as a single creature, modifying their statistics as follows. In addition, they gain the following Talents and use the listed Special Rules.

—Daemon Swarm Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	—	+20%	+20%	—	—	+20%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: None
Talents: Fearless, Natural Weapons
Special Rules:

- *Swarm:* If a Swarm of Daemons successfully deals Damage to its opponent, it automatically moves into its space. Each round thereafter, the Sorrow Swarm gains a +20% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests against that target. The target also takes a –20% penalty to all Tests while so covered.

  A Swarm of Daemons reduced to 0 Wounds is dispersed and the individual Daemons flee in all directions.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth and Claws
Slaughter Margin: Increase by one step

Using Beasts of Nurgle

Some of the most disgusting Champions of Nurgle actually desire these creatures, hoping to ride them into battle. Agents for such a villain might hire Characters to track the thing down, all the while being followed by the Champion and his retinue, who hope to use the Characters as a food offering to gain the Beast's service.

Amongst the Kurgan and Norsemen, hunting Beasts of Nurgle is an act of extreme courage, and those warriors who survive the experience are counted among the best in the tribe. The Player Characters could be envoys to this tribe, hoping to secure their assistance against a more overt Chaos Tribe who has been raiding the coastline of late. But before the Jarl will listen, he demands the Characters bring back the head of the Beast.

Plaguebearers

Plaguebearers, Tainted Ones, Maggotkin, Rotbearers, Tallymen of Plagues

The Plaguebearers are the vile Lesser Daemons of Nurgle. Charged with counting all the poxes and contagions in the world, they breach the boundaries between the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos to spread woe and despair, spilling their filth wherever they go. And in their deep bass voices, they mutter and grumble, naming and counting the diseases that afflict mankind.

The Maggotkin are especially foul, humanoid in shape but savaged by sickness and hunger. At the centre of their being is a grossly distended abdomen, split in places to reveal the gushing organs within and the wriggling maggots that feast on the rot. Resting above this prodigious bulk is a gaunt rib cage covered by thin green or ochre flesh that testifies to their master's nature. Two spindly limbs just barely bear their sack-like bodies, bent by pestilence so virulent it warps the bones. Of all of their features, it is the egg-shaped head perched on a thin neck that's the most disturbing. Its single, large eye situated in the centre of its face weeps thick sludge, shadowed by the horn that pierces the cankerous flesh on its brow. Beneath the eye is a wormy mouth, slick with the filth dripping from is rolling eye. It is a thing to be detested, but it is a thing of power.

Venerated by the Chaos cults of the Lord of Despair, the Tainted Ones are living symbols of Nurgle's blessings, personifying all that the Dark God is. By embracing the nature of these fiends, the cultists learn to accept their own corruptions and grow beyond them. Those few who foolishly stand against the Plaguebearers, they learn a terrible lesson about slow, leprous death.

—Plaguebearer Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	0%	41%	47%	40%	30%	44%	11%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	4 (6)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike to Injure, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Cloud of Flies. There is a 50% chance of a Plaguebearere having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle** on page @@ to generate the extra mutation if present. Modify the Daemon's stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Plaguebearer is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Plague:* Opponents that survive an encounter with a Plaguebearer may still be undone. Any character that suffered at least 1 Wound from a Plaguebearer must make a Toughness Test at the end of the combat or contract a disease of the GM's choice.
- *Stream of Corruption:* Once every other round, a Plaguebearer can vomit a *stream of corruption* at one melee opponent as a full action. This disgusting and toxic mixture of entrails, maggots, bile, and filth automatically inflicts a Damage 3 hit on its target. It may be dodged but not parried. Anyone struck by this attack must make a Toughness Test or contract a disease of the GM's choice.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon, Claws
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Using Plaguebearers

Followers of Nurgle are often indistinguishable from the trains of plague victims forced to wander from town to town, driven on by their countrymen's unwillingness to aid them. Those processions that venerate the Lord of Decay are often granted Plaguebearers to guide them on their travels, shepherding them along like so many leperous sheep. And with Plaguebearers come a host of new diseases that can spread like wildfire throughout the towns and hamlets speckling the countryside.

— Daemons of Slaanesh —

Fiends of Slaanesh

Beasts of Slaanesh, Bestials, Rams of Slaanesh, Unholy Ones

The Hunting Beasts of Slaanesh are a foul race of Daemonic creatures. Spawned from the mad mind of the Serpent, these creatures combine several traits of scorpion, Human and reptile to become some unholy abomination. The main body of the Fiend is white or some other pastel hue and segmented, ending in a broad stinger tail that drips with venom. Four roughly humanoid legs branch out from the rear body to give the creature stability. From the front of the lithe body grows a Humanoid torso covered in a row of breasts and a pair of arms. The Fiend's head is reptilian, not too unlike that of a monitor lizard, but with a longer prehensile tongue. Its emerald, alien eyes perch on either side of its head, rolling about in its skull.

Fiends are base creatures that scour the Chaos Wastes in search of victims (innocent or otherwise) to torment. Barely above the mutated predators that share the same grounds in terms of intellect, these things are vicious omnivores, taking great pleasure in sampling the flesh of their still-living victims.

—Fiend Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	36%	35%	39%	14%	43%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	14	3	3 (5)	6	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow +10%, Follow Trail +20%, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Daemonic Aura, Excellent Vision, Fearless, Frightening, Keen Sense, Natural Weapons, Rover, Scales (2), Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Horns, Scorpion Tail. A Fiend has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh** on page @@ to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify the Fiend's stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Fiend is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Lick:* The Fiend may make a Standard Attack to lick an adjacent opponent. If it hits, the target slips into a blissful state of pleasure. The subject must succeed on a Will Power Test or become bewildered (as the spell; see *WFRP* page 158) for 1d10 minutes.
- *Musk:* The Fiend can squirt a musky perfume as a full action that extends out 8 yards in all directions. All living creature within range must immediately succeed on a Will Power Test or be compelled to approach the Fiend on his next action. Once there, they stand helplessly, drinking in the curious odour. Each round after the first, the victim may attempt a Will Power Test to break the effect. A Fiend can squirt its musk just once per combat.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2

Weapons: Horns or Lick

Slaughter Margin: Hard

Using Fiends of Slaanesh

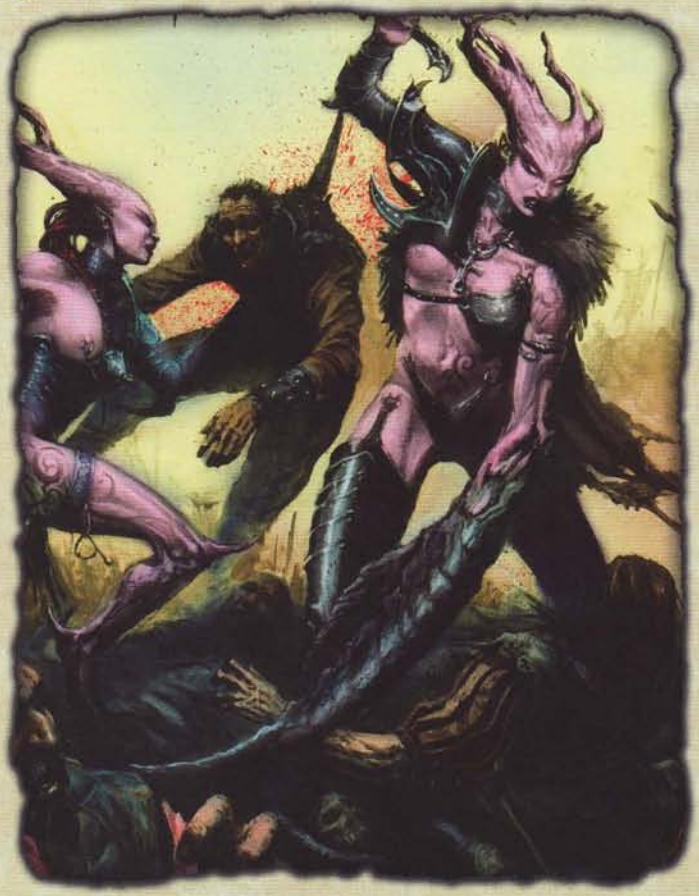
The Fiends of Slaanesh prowl the Chaos Wastes in packs, attacking groups of Kurgan, Hung, and Dark Elves. On occasion, a group of Fiends may descend into Norsca or elsewhere, destroying livestock and abducting townsfolk. Their attacks may seem at first the work of animals, but a Follow Trail Test indicates something far more sinister.

Steeds of Slaanesh

Flesh Lickers, Tongue Flayers, Degraded Ones, Whips of Slaanesh

The Steeds of Slaanesh are strange, disturbing creatures that roam in herds along the borders of the Realm of Chaos. Gifted to Champions of Slaanesh or sometimes ridden by the alluring Daemonettes, the Steeds are excellent servants, carrying their riders across uncertain terrain with natural grace and incredible speed, while lashing out at foes with their whip-like tongues.

Like all creatures of Slaanesh, the Steeds have a perverse beauty, combining elegance and sleekness with an unnatural appearance. They are bipedal, with a body shape not unlike that of an ostrich, *sans* feathers. It has two long, feminine legs, and a crest of vivid green hair that runs down the length of its back. The glossy fur on its legs and upper body is typically lavender, whilst the head, tail, and underside are pastel yellow with mottled deep red markings. About halfway down its long neck, there sometimes grows a vertical row of breasts, marking this thing as a creature of the Serpent. The most disturbing quality of this creature is its conical head equipped with a sphincter-like mouth. Flitting out from this orifice is a long, electric-blue, whip-like tail that ends in a sharp barb.



as their masters. Steeds, though dim creatures, are filled with natural cunning and are expert hunters who like to toy with their prey. They may drag off a townsperson whose death cries last for days, driving the locals mad with fear.

Daemonettes

Children of Slaanesh, Bringers of Joyous Degradation, Givers of Indescribable Delight, Debauched Ones, Seekers of Decadence

The Daemonettes are powerful symbols of Slaanesh. Existing only to serve his twisted will, in some ways they are extensions of the Prince of Pleasure, exulting in the sensual experiences they enjoy and inflicting pain to excite their depraved sensibilities. Though they are often used as soldiers of Slaanesh in war, on occasion, the Serpent may bestow one of these creatures onto a mortal as some kind of perverse gift that almost always kills its recipient.

Like all creatures of the Lord of Pain and Pleasure, Daemonettes are horrific and disturbing beings. No right-thinking creature should find beauty in these merciless killers, and yet these Daemons somehow transfix and beguile onlookers, bending them to their unspeakable will. They have creamy, pale skin and large, emerald pools for eyes, but instead of hair, most have horny bone ridges. Instead of hands, their arms end in scythe-like talons, much like a crab's claw. These man-sized Daemons stand upon two legs that end in two-toed feet fitted with black talons.

Given their grotesque appearances, it's hard to imagine these beings as seducers. History has proved time and again that their entrancing presence and honeyed words have lured many a mortal to an agonising death. The Daemonette transfixes the weak-willed as a snake charms a mouse, drawing ever closer, moving surely, forming sensual words on her perfect lips, deluding, seducing, until she can plunge her talons into her foe. As the mortal dies, his life-blood spilling out in torrents, she laughs the thrill of the kill and the ecstasy and pain of the mortal's death titillating her capricious whim.

—Steed Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43%	0%	41%	48%	51%	12%	51%	3%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	19	4	4 (6)	10	0	0	0

Skills: Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Swim
Talents: Acute Hearing, Daemonic Aura, Keen Senses, Night Vision, Frightening, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Piercing Tongue. A Steed has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh** to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* A Steed need not worry about instability so long as its owner still lives. Should its rider be killed however, the following rule takes effect. On any round in which a Steed of Slaanesh is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Tongue
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Steeds of Slaanesh

The Steeds of Slaanesh are rarely encountered away from Daemonettes or Champions of Slaanesh, but when they are, they can be as much of a threat

—Daemonette Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	0%	40%	37%	52%	31%	40%	55%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	4	3 (5)	5	0	0	0

Skills: Charm +20%, Dodge Blow, Gossip +20%, Night Vision, Perception, Performer (Dancer), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (any two), Torture
Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Aura of Slaanesh:* A Daemonette is so seductive and bewildering that living opponents within 4 yards (2 squares) take a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill and Will Power Characteristics.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Animalistic Legs, Pincer Hand. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh** to generate the extra mutation if present. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Daemonette is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Pincer Hand
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Using Daemonettes

Like Bloodletters, Daemonettes are creatures of conflict. They serve Slaanesh as his primary warriors in the ongoing battles for dominance in the Shadowlands. Occasionally, though, a Black Magister will summon one of these Daemons to learn forbidden lore or to experiment with foul carnal pleasures. Most summonings such as these lead to tragedy, as well as the release of one of Slaanesh's more dangerous minions into the Old World.

— Daemons of Tzeentch —

Discs of Tzeentch

The Discs of Tzeentch float in the clouds of swirling energy that makes up the Realm of Chaos, drifting through the Aethyr, feasting on lower Daemons and the souls of the damned. They are formless things of shadow on this mad plane, vicious and uncaring. They are commanded by their dark master to seek out and destroy the essences of mortals who are pulled into the plane and retrieve their souls for Tzeentch to change.

Sometimes, Tzeentch despatches these creatures into the mortal world. Once out of the Realm of Chaos, their magical bodies assume a strange physique. Most become round and flat, capable of flying through the air much as they did in their native plane. The magic that transforms them always gives them some other alteration, some mutation that sets them apart from others of their kind.

The most honoured of Tzeentch's Sorcerers, called Thrall Wizards, are granted a Disc for their constant service. These Discs bear their riders into battle, giving them a unique perspective on the movement of their armies, and enabling the Sorcerer to be better able to strike down important targets. It's said that since Discs are in essence sent by their God into the mortal world, they can return to the Realm of Chaos at will—sometimes still carrying their riders on their backs.

—Disc Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	0%	51%	56%	44%	44%	58%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	5	5 (7)	1 (15)	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology, Magic), Concealment, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Fearless, Flier, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* A Disc has a number of mutations. Roll 1d10. On a 1–4, 1 mutation; 5–8, 2 mutations; 9–10, 3 mutations. Roll on **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch** to generate the additional mutations, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* A Disc need not worry about instability so long as its owner still lives. Should its rider be killed, however, the following rule takes effect. On any round in which a Disc is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0
Weapons: Bite
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Discs of Tzeentch

Characters encounter these Daemons in conjunction with a Chaos Sorcerer. These Daemons provide mobility and added muscle to these threats, bringing home the surreal nature of the Daemons of Chaos. On the other hand, in campaigns featuring Chaos-aligned Characters, it's possible that a PC will gain the service of one of these creatures.

Flamers

Burning Horrors, Fire Daemons of Tzeentch

Of all the common Daemons spawned from the Realm of Chaos, Flamers are amongst the strangest. Like Discs, they are beings of pure magic, only given form when cast out of their plane into the mortal world. When they appear, they are disturbing to say the least. They have tubular bodies melded with gnashing faces or grimacing maws that end in a pinkish, fleshy skirt that they use to propel themselves along the ground. Their arms are blue trunks that each end in dripping orifices capable of spraying liquid flame.

Though the expressions on their sinister faces might suggest otherwise, Flamers are mindless creatures, driven by instinct and instruction from the Lords of Change. They are found only rarely in the mortal world and then only at times when Tzeentch despatches them to aid the great hordes that wage war against the soft men of the south.

When the Flamer spews its fires, small droplets fall to the ground and ignite. After a moment, the flames take on the characteristics of a nearby person or object, portraying the events unfolding around it, often in a deeply disturbing or mocking manner. They only sputter out when the Flamer moves on.

—Flamer Statistics—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
27%	45%	41%	46%	44%	0%	0%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	11	4	4 (6)	6 (6)	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Hoverer, Natural Weapons
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Bizarre Colouration. A Flamer has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch** to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Flamers:* As a full action, a Flamer may release a stream of fire against any foe within 6 yards. Use the Cone Template. All creatures under the template each take a Damage 4 hit. In addition, all creatures must succeed on Agility Tests or catch fire.
- *Mindless:* Flamers have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Leg 0
Weapons: Bite
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Using Flamers

Though Flamers are Daemons, they are better described as fleshy manifestations of Magic, much like the Horrors of Tzeentch. Found in Archaon's forces, many of these creatures were eliminated by the Empire's Magisters and allies. It's entirely possible, though, for one or more to still be lurking in the wilds. One adventure possibility is a freakish outbreak of fires. No one knows what causes them, but from the column of smoke rising out of the woods, the source must be nearby. However, all efforts to track down the culprit have failed; the searchers never return.

Screamers

Like Discs and Flamers, Screamers are beings of pure energy in the Realm of Chaos. They flit about on the currents of magic, fighting with Discs for the souls of the dead. But when a host gathers, the Screamers are drawn by extremes of emotion, often brought on by the tensions that mount before a conflict. They slip free from their Aethyreal bonds to enter the world of Men and circle overhead, sampling the flavours of Human emotions. The Screamers follow armies into war, sensing a great harvest of souls to feast upon. And during brutal conflicts, they dive from the heavens, issuing their horrific scream as they rip through the ranks of enemy soldiers, slicing through armour and flesh with their horned and toothed bodies before lifting up once more to ride the currents of the Winds of Magic.

A Screamer is a large glimmering being that looks something like a mutated purple manta ray. All along the edges of their flattened bodies are sharp barbs and horns. Their tails extend out behind them for a few feet, ending in a horned, mace-like tail. They can be easily spotted by the streaks of colours they leave wherever they fly.

These things are not intelligent beings; they survive by instinct alone. They are drawn to extreme emotion, drifting towards places where agony, love, and hate run fierce. Once they discover such a rich place, they tease out the souls to feast upon as they depart for whatever reward they hope to attain.

—Screamer Statistics—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
36%	0%	42%	46%	44%	0%	0%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	18	4	4 (6)	1 (20)	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Excellent Vision, Flier, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike to Stun
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Spiked Tail. A Screamer has a 50% chance of having an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch** to generate the additional mutation if present, and then modify stats as appropriate.
- *Mindless:* Screamers have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0
Weapons: Barbs, Spiked Tail
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Screamers

Screamers are intensely attracted to places of extreme emotion. Thus, these creatures may target places that have suffered from recent tragedies (such as Wolfenburg or anywhere in Hochland or Ostland for that matter) or battlefields. The residual emotions can keep Screamers around for weeks after the battle has finished, making them surprising opponents in places thought abandoned.

Pink Horrors

Tzeentch's Lesser Daemons are known as Pink Horrors. Unique in their form's utter unpredictability, Pink Horrors are shapeless masses of solid magic that undulate and transform, cycling through a myriad of different shapes and colours, ever changing, always in a state of becoming. New faces push out against their rubbery hides only to retreat as the section is replaced by a new flap of skin or a nest of writhing tentacles. They amble along, warping everything they touch, spraying showers of multicoloured sparks with incredible bursts.

Their behaviour is no less random. One Pink Horror might caper and gambol about, tearing at its strange flesh, while another shrieks and giggles like the maddest of men. Some grumble and lash out, letting loose terrifying shrieks or streams of nonsense, and others are utterly silent, nearly immobile, trembling with barely contained energy.

Pink Horrors congregate in packs, the magic in their forms harmonising to reach new levels of potency. A single Pink Horror is capable of loosing gouts of eldritch fire, but when gathered in herds, they can change the very fabric of realities, launching waves of changing energy that wreaks havoc with their opponents' forms. Don't believe for a minute that simply slaying these things is the answer. Many warriors have done just this only to find themselves facing twice as many of these horrid things.

—Pink Horror Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	33%	35%	36%	45%	60%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3 (5)	4	1–3	0	0

Skills: Channelling +20%, Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws. There is a 75% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch** to generate the extra mutation if present. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Divide:* When a Horror is reduced to 0 Wounds, there's a 20% chance something strange occurs. If so, roll 1d10. On a 1–5, the Horror splits into two identical Blue Horrors, retaining any Chaos Mutations of the Pink Horror. On a 6–10, they explode in a cloud of energy. Use the small template. All creatures beneath this template must succeed on a Will Power Test or gain one mutation.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Horror is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Living Magic:* In a very real sense, Horrors are magical energy given shape and sentience by their Lord. Their bodies continually give off energy that they are capable of directing in a manner reminiscent of spellcasting. In fact, as they gather in numbers, their Magic Characteristics grow proportionally.

  A single Horror has a Magic Characteristic of 1. In a group of three to eight, each has a Magic Characteristic of 2. In groups of nine members or more, each has a Magic Characteristic of 3. Horrors can direct their energies towards casting one of the three spells noted in the Horror Magic sidebar. Note that Horrors are subject to Tzeentch's Curse, but the effects are spectacularly different. If a Horror gets a double or triple on a Casting Roll, a random Horror from the group explodes with a mad cackle of laughter, and the spell is successfully cast, regardless of the Casting Roll.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Claws
Slaughter Margin: Hard

—Blue Horror Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34%	0%	28%	35%	36%	20%	32%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	2	3 (5)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Channelling +20%, Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws. Blue Horrors retain any Chaos Mutations had by the Pink Horror
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence

Horror Magic

These three new spells can be cast by Horrors of Tzeentch only.

Tzeentch's Fire

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: None
Description: The Horror hurls a ball of shimmering pink and blue fire at one opponent within 48 yards (24 squares). This is a *magic missile* that causes a Damage 4 hit. Anyone struck by Tzeentch's fire must also make a Will Power Test or be stunned for 1 round as the magic courses through them.

Coruscation of Energy

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: None
Description: The Horror unleashes magical energy, forming a whirling vortex of power. Place the small template anywhere within 24 yards (12 squares). All creatures under the template take a Damage 2 hit.

Uncontrollable Mutation

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: None
Description: The merest touch of the Horror causes an opponent's body to rend itself apart. This inflicts 1d10 Wounds, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour. If the target is slain, a new Horror immediately erupts from the victim's body. It can act normally on the following round. If the target was wounded but not slain, he must make a Will Power Test or gain a mutation. *Uncontrollable mutation* is a touch spell.

they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Horror is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Claw
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Horrors of Tzeentch

In the aftermath of the Storm of Chaos, packs of these creatures still roam the ruined landscape that marks Archaon's passage. Abandoned and uncontrolled, these Daemons roam as they will, burning and destroying all they can. Groups of Knights Panther and members of other Orders have recently begun efforts to remove these things and cleanse the land as best they can.

— Least Daemons —

There are more Daemons in the Realm of Chaos than those that serve the Ruinous Powers. Some exist in-between the domains of each of the Chaos Gods. While dangerous to mortals, they are small and insignificant compared to the might of the aligned Daemons. In fact, they skitter about the Realm of Chaos, food for the more potent forces. Some escape the plane of Chaos to plague the world of men—indeed, they often serve as familiars because they are too weak to resist mortal magic, though many suspect a more self-serving reason may be at heart, such as escaping the Realm of Chaos.

Because they do not serve any one Ruinous Power, any of the Dark Gods can use them. The longer a Daemon serves a power, the more it takes on that God's characteristics: those who serve Khorne become red and warlike for example. In time, they might gain enough power and patronage to become indistinguishable from other servants of the Chaos Gods.

Chaos Furies

These winged Daemons are not associated with any one particular Chaos God. Since they lack the power of a particular Ruinous Power behind them, they are among the weakest of the Lesser Daemons, though more than a match for most mortals. Cowards, Furies fight battles in which they have the decided advantage, picking off isolated individuals. They are also cruel, so when they have a victim, they like to toy with it first, ripping at the flesh just enough to inspire fear and set it running where they follow for a while. Once they've tired of the sport, they kill their prey in the most painful manner they can devise.

Chaos Furies are fierce creatures with great, leathery wings. Their faces have more in common with Dragons than they do with Humans, as they are twisted into snarling visages full of sharp angles and wicked fangs set beneath searching, feral, red eyes.

—Chaos Fury Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	0%	41%	36%	44%	30%	42%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3 (5)	4 (6)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Flier, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Wings. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present. Modify stats as appropriate. If this Daemon serves a particular Chaos God, roll mutations on the table appropriate to its master.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Chaos Fury is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Claws
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Chaos Furies

Chaos Furies haunt forlorn places, always searching for lone or injured travellers. Natural cowards, they choose their fights wisely, engaging only when they have the clear advantage. It's believed Chaos Furies infest the mountains all over the Empire, especially as of late, and they harass and destroy caravans laden with arms and supplies, making recovery after the Storm all the more difficult.

Daemonic Mounts

Daemonic Mounts are steeds created by the Dark Gods and Greater Daemons for their favoured mortal Champions. There are endless variations of these creatures, with some being vaguely horse-like and others so strange that they defy description. The only common thread among these creatures is that they are fast and carry their riders into the thickest battles without regard for their own lives. Many Daemonic Steeds look like massive, black warhorses with eyes of red or purple fire and breathe pestilential clouds. Daemonic Steeds can be used to represent non-specific creatures in service to no particular Ruinous Powers.

Those Daemonic Mounts in service to Khorne have bull or ox-like features and are sometimes covered in iron plates. Those in service to Nurgle look like massive slugs surrounded by clouds of flies. Those Mounts who serve Slaanesh share many similarities to the Steeds of Slaanesh, whilst those of Tzeentch are shapeless masses of ever changing flesh.

—Daemonic Mount Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	0%	58%	59%	34%	13%	38%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	28	5	5 (7)	8	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim
Talents: Acute Hearing, Daemonic Aura, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Unsettling, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Horns (×3). There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present. Modify stats as appropriate. If this

Daemon serves a particular Chaos God, roll mutations on the table appropriate to its master.

- *Instability:* A Daemonic Mount need not worry about instability so long as its owner still lives. Should the mount's rider be killed, however, the following rule takes effect. On any round in which a Daemonic Mount is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Hooves and Huge Horns
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Using Daemonic Mounts

Daemonic Mounts are best used as allies for powerful Chaos adversaries. A Champion or Chaos Sorcerer may ride one of these horrid beasts, giving him an even greater edge over the Player Characters.

Once a Daemonic Mount's master is slain, though, not all return to the Realm of Chaos. Some remain behind to cause all sorts of problems. Perhaps one takes control over a herd of wild horses and breeds some new terror onto the mares.

Imp

Ah my love, I can help you. Let me be your inspiration, your heart, your vision. Let me lift you from the squalor and help you to reach the heights you so deserve. Yes, that's it. You understand. Now, a little kiss, and the world shall be yours.

—Kwahreel, Muse

Imps are the least of the least, minor Daemons that are born from loosed emotions. In their "natural" state, they are amorphous things, endlessly cycling through a variety of shapes that seem to reflect the thought or concept that birthed them. It is only when a Dark God claims an Imp that it becomes something. Dark Magisters and Chaos Sorcerers conjure Imps to serve as Familiars.

Bubo

Imps of Nurgle are tiny versions of Nurglings, being delicate, fragile, foul, and green. They look like small withered peas but are dimpled with sphincters that issue foul yellow wetness. These creatures thrive on sickness.

Fearling

Imps of Tzeentch are small balls of pink flesh, like a miniature Horror of Tzeentch. It sits and quivers, expelling blue and pink flames from its many mouths. When it moves, it pulls itself along with pseudopodia, scorching the ground wherever it goes. Fearlings inspire rebellious thoughts and acts of anarchy.

Malice

Imps of Khorne are miniature warriors encased in black armour. They look like tiny Chaos Warriors and indeed, they have the temperament of the most vicious Khorne Champion. Malices feed on rage and hate, inspiring both in mortals.

Muse

Imps of Slaanesh are appealing, taking the form of beautiful young women with perfect nubile bodies and long hair of scintillating colours. They are tiny, no taller than three feet, but despite their size, they have power over men, stealing their souls, and draining away the capacity for sensation. But they are also inspiring, urging their victims to new heights, always pushing further and further to attain the glory they seek.

—Imp Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	26%	25%	36%	55%	31%	31%	45%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	5	2	3 (5)	4 (4)	1	0	0

Skills: Charm +20%, Channelling, Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow +10%, Gossip, Intimidate, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any two), Swim, Torture
Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Dark Magic, Fearless, Hoverer, Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (any one), Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Schemer, Unsettling
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Levitate. There's a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** to generate it if present, and then modify stats as appropriate. If this Daemon serves a particular Chaos God, roll mutations on the table appropriate to its master.
- *Leech:* Any creature standing within 4 yards (2 squares) of an Imp must succeed on a Will Power Test or permanently reduce their Fellowship Characteristic by –1d10%. An individual Character can only be affected by this ability from the same Imp once per day.
- *Bubo:* Those bitten by this Imp automatically contract a random disease.
- *Fearling:* Fearlings can grant allies one extra die on their Casting Rolls.
- *Malice:* A Malice grants the Frenzy Talent to all allies within 4 yards (2 squares).

- *Muse:* Once per day, the Muse may grant a +10% bonus to any Skill or Characteristic Test made by an ally within 4 yards (2 squares).
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Imp is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Average

Using the Imp

Imps can be used in several different ways:

- A Player Character works to create a Familiar, scribe a new ritual, or brew a potion, but is having difficulty with the rolls. Sensing a suitable victim, an Imp appears to help complete the process. Will the Character allow the Daemon to assist, taking the first step down the road to corruption?
- A famously inept artist starts to churn out quality work, raising the suspicions of his rivals and competitors. After a few weeks, the artist is gaining important patrons and is moving ahead. Anger and resentment drive a few passed over artists to hire killers to eliminate the man—but when the killers vanish, fear sets in, and the artists start to leave.
- The Characters are passing through an old battlefield or ruined city, when they get the distinct impression they're being watched. What they don't know is that at the centre of the ruin is a Tomb of a fallen Chaos Champion. So violent was the battle that Khorne despatched a nest of Malices to protect the site and add more skulls to the altar.

— Designing New Daemons —

You should feel free to create new and interesting Daemons. Daemons can take many forms, from massive abominations blending the forms and shapes of a dozen different creatures to tiny, formless motes that modify emotions. The possibilities are endless. The following tables are designed to help you create Daemons quickly and take advantage of the wide range of options included in this book. The tables themselves are sufficient for generating interesting and terrifying Daemons, but you can also use them as a starting point for designing Daemons of your own dark inspiration. Daemons created using these tables have a Challenging Slaughter Margin.

Generating the Base Stats

When creating a new Daemon, you must first decide what kind to create: Least, Beast, or Lesser. Once you've selected the type, roll for Characteristics as described on **Table 18–1: Daemon Statistics**. You'll later modify these with mutations and other abilities as the creature takes shape.

Allegiance

The next step is to determine the Daemon's allegiance. Most are aligned to one of the four Dark Gods, but this need not always be the case. To determine allegiance, roll 1d10 and consult **Table 18–2: Daemon Allegiance**. Apply all of the indicated modifiers to the Daemon's profiles.

Khorne

Daemons of Khorne tend to have red hides and dark hair. They favour swords and axes and protect themselves with plate armour forged from bronze and iron by their mortal minions. Khorne Daemons' skins ooze blood, and they stink of death. Increase the Daemon's Strength and Toughness Characteristics by +10%. These Daemons roll on **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne** for all mutations gained.

Nurgle

Daemons of Nurgle are foul and disgusting. Their flesh is some shade of sickly green or ochre, and is covered in warts and boils, open suppurating wounds, and dripping infections. They may wear armour, but most don't. Likewise, they might wield weapons, but then again, they might not. Increase the Daemon's Toughness and Will Power Characteristics by +10%. These Daemons roll on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle** for all mutations gained.

Slaanesh

Slaanesh's Daemons are hideous beings, hard, alien and deeply disturbing. They are possessed of a strange charisma that frequently blinds the weak-willed to their true appearance. They tend to have patches of carapace on their flesh, and their limbs end in twisted claws. Slaanesh Daemons employ swords and whips. Increase the Daemon's Intelligence and Fellowship Characteristics by +10%. These Daemons roll on **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh** for all mutations gained.

Tzeentch

Tzeentch Daemons have a bewildering number of forms and sizes. They can look like lumpy bits of animated flesh or composite creatures blending the forms of a dozen different animals. Daemons of Tzeentch may wear mail armour and wield weapons, but most rely on their natural weapons and defences. Increase the Daemon's Intelligence and Will Power Characteristics by +10%. These Daemons roll on **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch** for all mutations gained.

Table 18–1: Daemon Statistics

Characteristic	Least Daemon	Beast	Lesser Daemon
Weapon Skill (WS)	15+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	15+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Strength (S)	15+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Toughness (T)	15+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Agility (Ag)	30+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Will Power (WP)	30+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	20+2d10	5+2d10	5+2d10
Attacks (A)	1	1	2
Wounds (W)	6	12	15
Strength Bonus (SB)	—Equal to first digit of **Strength**—		
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—Equal to first digit of **Toughness**—		
Movement (M)	4	6	4
Magic (Mag)	0	0	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0	0	0
Fate Points (FP)	0	0	0

Table 18–2: Daemon Allegiance

Roll	Result
1–2	Khorne
3–4	Nurgle
5–6	Slaanesh
7–8	Tzeentch
9–10	Unaligned

Unaligned

Unaligned Daemons exist outside the influence of the four Dark Gods and, therefore, exhibit none of their qualities. They can look and act like anything, from perfect beauty to maddening ugliness. These Daemons roll on **Table 3–1: Mutations** for all mutations gained.

Skills and Talents

All Least and Lesser Daemons should have Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic) and Speak Language (Dark Tongue). Feel free to add additional skills, with 4 to 6 being a good number, and your best choices coming from the following: Dodge Blow, Intimidate, and Perception. Beasts should begin play with Perception and 1 to 3 other skills as appropriate.

All Daemons gain the Daemonic Aura and Night Vision Talents. Least Daemons also gain the Unsettling Talent and Will of Iron. Beasts gain the Natural Weapons and Will of Iron Talents and have a 50% chance of gaining the Unsettling Talent and a 50% chance of gaining the Frightening Talent. Lesser Daemons gain the Frightening Talent and Will of Iron Talent. In addition, Daemons should have three to four additional Talents best drawn from Ambidextrous, Flier, Natural Weapons, and Strike Mighty Blow. These are the most common, but feel free to select others.

Table 18–3: Appearance

Roll	Appearance
01–05	*Mundane Appearance:* The Daemon appears unnaturally normal. Very suspicious…
06–15	*Unusual Appearance:* The Daemon has an unusual feature. Roll 1d10/5 times on **Table 18–4**.
16–20	*Queer Colour:* The Daemon has an unsettling colour (see **Table 18–5**).
21–30	*Animalistic Body Parts:* Replace 1d10/2 body parts (see **Table 18–6**) with parts from animals (see **Table 18–7**).
31–35	*Unholy Flames:* A random limb (see **Table 18–4**) gains the flame property (see **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury**).
36–40	*Withered Frame:* The Daemon's flesh draws tightly to the bone. It looks like a Daemonic skeleton. Add +2d10% to its Agility Characteristic.
41–45	*Bloated Frame:* The Daemon's body fills with blubber, inflating into a morbidly obese abomination. Add +2d10% to its Toughness Characteristic.
46–55	*Hideous:* This Daemon is disgusting to look upon. It gains one mutation and the Frightening Talent.
56–65	*Warped:* This Daemon did not fully take shape and instead blends the shapes of many horrors. It gains 1d10 mutations.
66	*Manifestly Weird:* Replace 1d10 body parts (see **Table 18–4**) with parts from **Table 18–8**.
67–74	*Extra Bits:* This Daemon gains an extra animal part (roll once on **Table 18–4** for where and **Table 18–7** for what).
75–80	*Bizarre Bits:* This Daemon gains an extra part (roll once on **Table 18–4** for where and **Table 18–8** for what).
81–85	*Very Large:* This Daemon is enormous. It doubles its Wounds.
86–90	*Very Small:* This Daemon is wee. Halve its Wounds.
91–94	*Ethereal:* This Daemon is ghostly and insubstantial. It gains the Ethereal Talent.
95–98	Roll twice, re-rolling future results of 95 or higher
99–00	Roll three times, re-rolling future results of 95 or higher

Table 18–4: Cosmetic Features

Roll	Result	Roll	Result
01–04	Extra Joints	53–56	Tusks
05–08	Long Arms	57–60	Fangs
09–12	Long Legs	61–64	Odd-shaped head (wedge, disc, sphere)
13–16	Stubby Arms	65–68	Mane
17–20	Stubby Legs	69–72	Spiked Head
21–24	Tentacle Arms	73–76	Long Neck
25–28	Nest of Tentacles for Legs	77–80	Beak
29–32	Clawed Hands	81–84	Huge Ears
33–36	Hoofed Feet	85–88	Drool
37–40	Humped Back	89–92	Twitches
41–44	Vestigial Wings	93–96	Rotting
45–48	Short Tail	97–00	Design Your Own Cosmetic Feature!
49–52	Long Tail		

Table 18–5: Unusual Colour

Roll	Colour
01–10	White
11–20	Brown
21–30	Red
31–40	Yellow
41–50	Blue
51–60	Green
61–70	Orange
71–80	Purple
81–90	Grey
91–100	Black

Table 18–6: Body Parts

Roll	Body Part
01–10	Head/Face
11–20	Torso
21–30	Arm, Left
31–40	Arm, Right
41–50	Leg, Left
51–60	Leg, Right
61–70	Entire Body
71–80	Left Half of Body
81–90	Right Half of Body
91–94	Top Half of Body
95–98	Bottom Half of Body
99–00	Extremity (Eyes, Nose, Hand, etc.)

Table 18–7: Animal Parts

Roll	Animal	Roll	Animal
01–02	Ant/Termite	51–52	Hyena/Jackal
03–04	Aardvark	53–54	Lion
05–06	Albatross	55–56	Lizard
07–08	Ape	57–58	Maggot/Worm
09–10	Ass/Mule	59–60	Orang-utan
11–12	Bat	61–62	Owl
13–14	Bear	63–64	Ox
15–16	Beetle	65–66	Porcupine
17–18	Bison	67–68	Praying Mantis
19–20	Boar	69–70	Puma
21–22	Bull	71–72	Ram
23–24	Camel/Gnu	73–74	Raven/Crow
25–26	Centipede	75–76	Rhinoceros/ Hippopotamus
27–28	Cock	77–78	Scorpion
29–30	Crocodile	79–80	Snail/Slug
31–32	Dog/Wolf	81–82	Snake/Cobra
33–34	Dragon/Unicorn	83–84	Spider/Tick
35–36	Duck	85–86	Tiger
37–38	Eagle/Hawk	87–88	Tortoise
39–40	Elephant	89–90	Turkey
41–42	Elk	91–92	Toad
43–44	Fly	93–94	Vulture
45–46	Fox	95–96	Wasp/Bee/Hornet
47–48	Gorilla	97–98	Weasel
49–50	Horse	99–00	Walrus

Chaos Mutations

All Daemons have Chaos Mutations. Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations. On a 1 to 3, 1 mutation; 4 to 6, 2 mutations; 7 to 9, 3 mutations; 10, 4 mutations. Roll on the appropriate table as indicated under their allegiance and modify statistics accordingly. Lesser Daemons with allegiances to Dark Gods have a 10% chance of having a Reward of Chaos.

Instability

Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Daemon is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Appearance

The most defining characteristic of a Daemon is its appearance. They can literally have any form you can imagine. Simply pick a base creature: Human, Horse, Duck, whatever you want. Then roll 1d100 on **Table 18–3: Appearance**.

Daemon Names

Names hold power in the Old World, especially in magical matters. Some say that everything in existence has a True Name, and to know it grants mastery over the object. Nowhere is this truer than with Daemons. To know a Daemon's True Name gives an individual a decided advantage in dealings with such creatures, aiding in controlling them. Because these Names are so potent, Daemons go to great lengths to protect their identities, including using aliases and titles called Use-Names.

Table 18–8: Really Strange Stuff

Roll	Result	Roll	Result
01–02	Anemone	51–52	Mould/Fungus
03–04	Blister full of puss	53–54	Mushroom
05–06	Bronze or Copper	55–56	Octopus/Squid
07–08	Cactus	57–58	Piranha
09–10	Catfish	59–60	Pitcher Plant
11–12	Coal or Jet	61–62	Potato
13–14	Crab	63–64	Pumpkin
15–16	Crayfish/Lobster	65–66	Rabbit/Mouse
17–18	Cuttlefish	67–68	Sea Cucumber
19–20	Eel/Lamprey	69–70	Sea Slug
21–22	Excrement	71–72	Sea Urchin
23–24	Fish	73–74	Seaweed
25–26	Flint or Obsidian	75–76	Seahorse
27–28	Gemstone	77–78	Shark
29–30	Gold, Silver, Lead	79–80	Shellfish
31–32	Granite	81–82	Single-celled Animal/ Amoeba
33–34	Iron	83–84	Stalactite
35–36	Ivy/Vine	85–86	Starfish
37–38	Jellyfish	87–88	Swordfish
39–40	Lava (beneath hard crust)	89–90	Thistle
41–42	Lungfish	91–92	Thorns/Bramble
43–44	Manta Ray	93–94	Tongue
45–46	Marble	95–96	Tree
47–48	Mass of Eyes	97–98	Venus Fly Trap
49–50	Moss	99–00	Whale

Use-Names

Use-Names are typically nonsense names, collections of evocative words the Daemon finds entertaining or suitable. In no way is the Daemon bound to just one Use-Name. In fact most Daemons have several, and they often, inexplicably, switch from one name to another. Examples include Red Flayer, Bloodspoor, Frothmaggot the Fury, and so on, so long as they reflect the nature of the Daemon.

True Names

True Names are nothing like Use-Names. They are alien and unpronounceable, giving even the most schooled scholars in the occult fits and starts as they try to work around the jumbles of letters. But often the research and struggle is worth it, for these names offer a mortal leverage when dealing with the Daemon.

Daemons do their best to keep their True Names hidden. They never reveal their names unless faced with utter annihilation, though almost all are willing to cough up the name of a weaker and less significant Daemon in exchange for freedom. Other avenues for finding True Names include grimoires and forbidden tomes. Some say that within the most blasphemous texts one can find the True Names of the Greater Daemons hidden within the words themselves. But such knowledge is rare and hard to acquire, and those who have it are loath to give it up.

Using True Names

Once a Character acquires a Daemon's True Name, his next step is pronunciation. Uttering the name requires a Hard (–20%) Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic) Test. The GM always secretly rolls this test so that the Character doesn't know for certain if he has it right. Regardless of success or failure, a Daemon will answer to any name given, whether it's pronounced correctly or not—though if not, the caster has no special advantage.

Table 18–9: Number of Elements

	—Name Elements by Category—			
Power	Least*	Beast	Lesser	Greater
Khorne	—	2	4	8
Nurgle	—	2	3	7
Slaanesh	—	2	3	6
Tzeentch	—	2	4	9
Unaligned	1d10/5	(1d10+2)/3	1d10/2	1d10

*Least Daemons are always unaligned. If used by a Dark God, they gain one additional name element.

Table 18–10: True Name Elements

Roll	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	A	COG	FL	LL	SS	CC	ALZ	MK	RO	IUV
2	ER	KW	PP	Z	AA	DA	Z'Z	EK	NIX	W
3	FOL	MM	SH	ABL	DE	G'G	NZ	UV	IJ	PH
4	N'N	TH	AE	DH	GZ	O	T	NEN	RG	OI
5	THL	AK	DH	HH	OA	TL	RYL	SFS	UH	BE
6	AN	DU	HL	OE	U	AO	TE	YG	Q'R	KF
7	E	I	OO	UL	AR	EE	AF	VA	HO	OP
8	II	OW	UU	BH	EO	IL	D	ED	WN	RT
9	RH	Y	IO	EU	IR	PH	FGN	CM	AIC	X
10	YY	CH	FF	KS	Q'	ZH	LE	CK	BB	ZOB

Creating True Names

Each Daemon has a True Name composed of Name Elements. Greater Daemons have a number of elements equal to their God's associated number. See **Table 18–9: Number of Elements** for details.

Once you've determined the number of elements, roll 2d10 (one for the row and one for the column) for each element on **Table 18–10: True Name Elements**. Once the elements are generated, they can be used as is, or you can rearrange them to make them more useful. Feel free to add apostrophes and other pronunciation to break the name up and make it a bit more unpronounceable.

Example: *A Greater Daemon of Slaanesh has six name elements, and a roll on* **Table 19–1: True Name Elements** *gives VA, CM, OW, ZOB, AK, RH. Vacmowzobakrh could theoretically work,*

but a few extra apostrophes help break up the block and at least give the GM a chance of saying the word… if only in his head. So, Vac'mowzob'akrh is the name of our Keeper of Secrets.

Final Information

Once you've assembled the basic components, all you have left to do is take care of assembling the final descriptive elements such as weapons and trappings, clothing, and name. As a general rule, Least and Lesser Daemons use weapons only if they don't have natural weapons (claws, fangs, and so on). Also, they can wear armour at your discretion, though only on locations that haven't been mutated beyond reason. Beasts do not usually use weapons or wear armour. A Daemon may wear clothing, but only if it has an Intelligence Characteristic of 20% or higher.

Example Lesser Daemon

Kate decides to make a Lesser Daemon to harass her PCs, so she starts by rolling its Characteristics as described on **Table 18–1: Daemon Characteristics**. She fills them in as she goes. Next, she determines her Daemon's allegiance by rolling 1d10. She gets a 2, so this Daemon serves Khorne, increasing its Strength and Toughness Characteristics by +10% each.

Lesser Daemons have Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic) and Speak Language (Dark Tongue), and a few others. Kate decides to give this Daemon the following skills: Command, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, and Perception. Her Khorne Daemon also has Daemonic Aura, Night Vision, Frightening, and Will of Iron. She gives him Flier, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), and Strike Mighty Blow, too.

Next come mutations. She rolls 1d10 to see how many she gets. She rolled a 9, giving her three. Referencing **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne**, she rolls three times getting Horns, Strong, Zoological Mutation (ears of a horse), and then modifies the profile accordingly.

Appearance comes next. Kate opts to give the Daemon the basic body of a Human. So she rolls on **Table 18–3: Appearance** to see how the form changes. Getting a 40, the Daemon gains Withered Frame, and so Kate increases the Daemon's Agility by +2d10%.

Next comes the Daemon's name. Since it's a Lesser Daemon of Khorne, it gets four name elements. Rolling on **Table 18–10: True Name Elements**, Kate gets: ZH, TH, Y, and HL. Putting them together and adding an apostrophe, it's called Zhthy'hl.

The final stage is to outfit the monster. A Great Weapon and Full Mail Armour should round it out nicely.

Zhthy'hl

This terrifying Daemon has a skeletal frame, its blackened skin drawn tightly to its bones. Its head is skull-like and fitted with two short black horns and framed by two long horse ears. Despite its frail appearance, it is quite strong, hefting an impossibly long sword. Bloodstained mail drapes from its frame, swaying with its movements.

—Zhthy'hl—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	41%	62%	44%	46%	31%	43%	20%

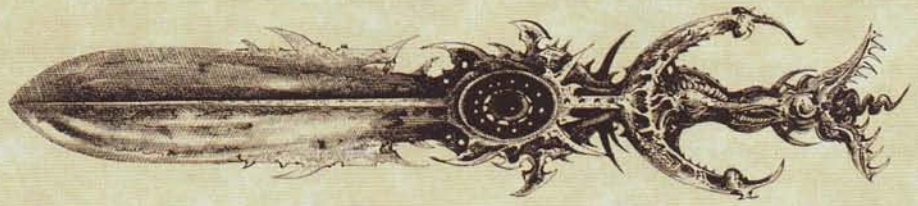
Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	6	4 (6)	4 (8)	0	0	0

Skills: Command, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Flier, Frightening, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Horns, Strong, Zoological Mutation (Ears of a Horse).
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as mortals are and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which this Daemon is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wound in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Armour: Full Mail Armour
Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3
Weapons: Horns (SB–1), Great Weapon (Two-handed Sword)
Trappings: None



Chapter XIX: Masters of Chaos

"Foul things, fluttering thing, screeching things clambered and fought, waiting for the arrival of the dreaded one that would lead them to victory. For days they waited until finally, summoned by their ill will, black clouds coalesced from the weeping sky, drawing together as if inhaled by the gods themselves. The gathered host quieted, and as one, they lifted their eyes to the torn and angry heavens. All was still. All was quiet. And then it sounded: a low booming roar, so loud, so powerful that it spread throughout the land. A great chorus of cries lifted from the host, for they knew what was upon them. The master of Chaos had arrived."

—Tome of Corruption

The mightiest powers from the Realm of Chaos are the Greater Daemons. While Exalted Daemons and Daemon Princes are forces of great power, they are as nothing when compared to the magnificence of the true Masters of Chaos. The Greater Daemons exemplify the qualities of their dark masters, most closely resembling those traits and characteristics mortals expect to find in the Dark Gods. Their powers are beyond all others in the Old World. They are capable of slaughtering armies on their own, and can warp the very landscape with their presence. To know them is madness, to face them is death. They are Chaos incarnate. Use them wisely.

They are the best and greatest minions the Chaos Gods have in their employ, capable of great destruction and influence on the feeble mortals. Since they have such power, they are the closest to the Ruinous Powers, mirroring many of the same emotions and actions of their Gods. Greater Daemons always operate to advance their master's cause. They may be at the centre of a vast conspiracy to undo the structures and organisations within the Empire or be the driving force behind a horde of mortals spilling out of the Wastes to raze Kislev. But one would do best never to underestimate the cunning of these creatures. They are intelligent and driven, and their existence is a blight on the world.

— Using Greater Daemons —

Unlike other Daemons and creatures presented in this book, Greater Daemons have power far beyond the scope of the capabilities of *WFRP* Characters, and their very appearance in the Old World has far-reaching consequences. Player Characters do not stand a chance of defeating one of the creatures in open combat. They can only ever hope to outwit them or to foil their plans.

As Enemies

The most obvious use for Greater Daemons is to be the opposition, the threat that looms large in the minds of the heroes. Such beings represent the will of the Dark Gods in its purest form. They manifest as pure hate, despair, desire, and hope, and are harbingers of the world's doom. As such, facing one of these creatures should be the culmination of a campaign, the final scene of an unfolding story. They could be the generals of armies, the power behind the machinations of decadent cults, or even threats unleashed on the Old World to bring its doom.

"And behold, a Daemon Lord comes in the full panoply of battle. At his passing, the trees gibber their rage, and the stones shout their hate to the uncaring sky. He hunts the enemies of his Master, for his meat is mortal flesh and his wine mortal souls.

"At his left hand moans a Daemon, bound in the shape of an axe. Its songs of blood and hatred echo forth and fill the sky with a moaning that stirs the dead. At his right hand stand Lesser Daemons, huntsmen all, straining at the leashes of the Hounds. They chomp upon the shades and spirits they have harried, throwing morsels of innocence to each other, so that all may sample the sweetest meat.

"Behind him wait the Legions of his Master, arrayed in armour fluted and chased with gold, brighter than the sun and darker than midnight. Each holds a shrieking sword, each screams in disharmony with his blade, each joins the chorus of Chaos, a promise of worse than death for those that hear it. Beneath their feet, the earth writhes at their touch, as if seeking to escape their presence.

Behold, a Daemon Lord comes, and we are doomed..."

—*Codex Daemonica*

Surely Characters, even the most powerful ones at that, stand little chance of defeating such a monster, they might slow its approach just long enough for a cabal of Magisters to complete the ritual to send it back to the Realm of Chaos. Perhaps resting on the laurels of doing their part to slow the inevitable tide of destruction is enough.

As Gods

Many of the cults described in this book serve the Dark Gods themselves. As important and powerful cults, such service is in keeping with their influence. However, there are many more cults in the Old World, more than one can ever know, and amongst these, many worship Daemons instead of the Gods. This is

especially true in the tribes of the Norsemen, Kurgan, and the Hung, who see such beings as divine emissaries, as worthy of worship as are the Daemonic Princes and other heroic figures that populate their myths. A Greater Daemon might take a strong role in the development of the cult's conspiracies, manipulating its minions to further not only its own interests but also those of its master.

As Masters

Greater Daemons can also serve as profane masters. In campaigns where the Player Characters are Champions of Chaos, such Daemons might serve as intermediaries between the PCs and the Dark God. A Lord of Change might employ a group of Champions and cultists to set in motion a series of events that make sense only to it. Or a Greater Daemon might replace a Cult Magus, gaining total control of the cult and issuing orders from its hidden lair.

As Plot Devices

Since fighting Greater Daemons is futile at best, the appearance (or threat of an appearance) of a Greater Daemon could drive an adventure or even an entire campaign. A Greater Daemon's True Name is of incredible value, and cultists and Sorcerers the world over hunt for these elusive and unpronounceable titles. For example, an entire campaign could centre on tracking down the name elements of a Bloodthirster in order to keep them from a Khorne cult bent on releasing the Daemon in the heart of Altdorf. Or perhaps a Greater Daemon did appear in a small city and levelled it, slaughtering the population, and leaving a smouldering ruin behind. The Characters might embark on a great investigation where they have to get to the bottom of the summoning, find out who was responsible, and stop it from happening again.

As Symbols

Finally, Greater Daemons serve as symbols, reminders of the futility of fighting Chaos. Their might is unmactched, their threat limitless. Beings of such power are beyond the imaginations and abilities of all but the most powerful beings in the Old World. Characters might stumble onto lands that have been forever changed by the presence of such great wickedness, seeing the effects of Chaos first-hand in the warped trees, walking stones, and the trembling hordes of Chaos Spawn that were born simply in the Daemon's passing.

— Bloodthirsters of Khorne —

Fists of Khorne, Drinkers of Blood, Lords of Skulls, Eaters of Gore and Flesh, Deathbringers of Khorne, Blooded Ones, Guardians of the Throne, High-handed Slayers

The Lords of Skulls are the Greater Daemons of Khorne. They are the brightest and most powerful servants of the Blood God. Indeed, they are the most favoured of all of Khorne's servants. Their bloodlust extends far beyond mortal comprehension, and no amount of killing, no quantity of corpses is ever enough, for the Fists of Khorne ever want more death.

One may talk with a Bloodthirster, for they speak all the tongues of mortals, every dialect, every strain. This is of little avail, for all that the Lords of Skulls wish is to slaughter the world and lay its steaming carcass at the feet of Khorne. The Bloodthirster exists only to kill, raising its head to the brooding sky to take in the stink of blood and death as it claims yet more skulls for the Skull Throne.

On the battlefield, the Bloodthirster is the master of war. He binds his legions to his murderous will, driving his forces to acts of greater slaughter that exalt the name of Khorne. They are beings of incredible cunning, instinctively capable of defeating the best and brightest mortal generals. They can sense which way a battle is flowing, instantly seizing the chance to use their blades and troops to the greatest effect.

When they join the battle, they are terrifying opponents. With each sweep of their dreaded rune axes, they level entire regiments. Their mere presence scorches the earth with potential violence, and the beating of their wings stirs up violent storms as if awakening the very skies to the hatred that boils in Khorne's veins. It is especially dangerous in that it combines malign intelligence with brute strength. No man can stand against the Bloodthirster, for it throws itself into every fight with abandon, butchering anything it can with no regard for itself. It screams challenges to mortal foes, heedless of the consequences of its hate. What's worse is the appearance of such a creature emboldens the other servants of the Blood God, inciting them to near suicidal frenzies. As walking Demigods of death, nothing short of an entire army can halt the progress of this implacable foe.

Manifestation

A birth of a Bloodthirster into the Old World ravages the land, sending waves of rippling wickedness in all directions, infecting mortals with its hate and thirst for violence. For miles around, the sky darkens, taking on a ghastly hue as clouds, swollen with blood, race across the firmament, spilling torrents of crimson rain onto the land. Black lightning flashes amidst these stinking abominations, lancing from the Chaos-wracked heavens to set fire to the earth.

As the Greater Daemon draws closer to its enemies, waves of its essence roll from its massive form, contaminating the hearts and minds of those mortals in its path. Tempers shorten, and emotions run wild. Fights break out over minor or even just perceived offences, and as the Daemon draws closer, the conflicts turn violent as former friends struggle to kill one other due to the rage that burns in their hearts. Other phenomena testify to the Bloodthirster's power. Animals turn rabid, acting strange and attacking without provocation. The Daemon's presence causes plant life to change, growing thorns or even teeth that gnash at the air, searching for the flesh of the living. And worst of all, inanimate objects perspire. Beads of black blood dot the surface and run, dripping down the lengths of blades or mixing with the fluid in cups.

And then it comes. Black clouds spill over the land, blotting out the sun. Flashing within its cyclopean depths are flashes of red lighting accompanied by booming roars that unman even the boldest heroes or drive them to unearthly acts of violence. And when the acidic rains begin to fall, and when the wind drives the droplets horizontal, a massive entity drops from the eye of violence, unfolding as it does to reveal a Daemon, massive in size with oozing red skin and a mane of gore-encrusted hair. It is the personification of killing. It is the Bloodthirster. It flies on great pinions that beat with a slow rhythm, sending the stench of blood and brass with each stroke of its black wings. Its merest presence stirs the hearts of men to violence, evoking dark thoughts and a bloodlust that demands to be quenched.

Appearance

The Bloodthirster is a massive dog-faced Daemon. It has crimson skin that perspires blood. It has the lower legs of a beast, blending the traits of a goat and bull, with the upper body of a man, though covered in thick curly black hair that's sodden with gore. Atop its neck is a bestial tusked head fitted with two bull horns that spread to either side. The horns and head of this Daemon are decorated with profane symbols of Khorne. From its back spread two massive leathery wings, not unlike those of a Dragon. Covering its body are plates of Chaos Armour, bolted directly to its bone and fused to its flesh. Many Drinkers of Blood also tear the faces of their victims from their skulls to add them to their armour like some perverse purity scroll.

Most Bloodthirsters wield Daemonic Axes known simply as the Axes of Khorne. Said to contain the essence of failed Daemons, these weapons

are noted for cutting through flesh and armour with ease. Some of these Daemons also wield great whips made from the cured hides of Slaaneshi worshippers, each snap sounding of moans and screams, the cursed souls languishing in eternal suffering.

Capabilities

The Bloodthirster emits a profane aura of wrath and hate that fuels the beast within all mortals, emboldening them to more daring acts of slaughter, but even the feelings of bloodlust do not stiffen the spines enough of those who see this Daemon in the flesh. Those who have witnessed first hand the might of a Fist of Khorne go mad from the experience, their minds destroyed by the sheer magnitude of its power and the implications of its purpose.

When the Bloodthirster appears, it unleashes its awful roar, splitting the air with the sound of a thousand screeching souls wailing at once. Those unfortunate to hear the call of the Bloodthirster find their souls shrivelled, consumed by the fires of hate. The reverberating noise drives all who hear it mad, forcing them into an orgy of slaughter, whereby mortals set upon each other with frightening abandon, slaughtering friend and foe alike.

Though the carnage created by Human hands is horrid, nothing compares to when the Blooded Ones wade into the midst of their armies. Their massive forms blot out the sun; the stench of gore and death form choking clouds of decay that paralyse their enemies with nausea. The sweeping blows of their Daemonic Axes and whips cry out with each stroke, causing their victims to explode as if they were swollen sacks of blood. As the Bloodthirster kills, a cloud of crimson mist hangs in the air about it.

—Bloodthirster Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
90%	0%	77%	77%	89%	89%	89%	66%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
7	69	7	7 (9)	6 (12)	0	0	3

Skills: Command +20%, Dodge Blow +20%, Intimidate +20%, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (all)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Excellent Vision, Flier, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Armour of Khorne:* Bloodthirsters wear Chaos Armour specially granted to them by Khorne. They take no penalties for wearing it.
- *Axe of Khorne:* Bloodthirsters wield Daemonic Axes in combat. With each swing, the collected fiends shriek with power. Treat them as Hand Weapons with the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities. In addition, all critical hits made with these weapons use the sudden death rules. Anyone other than a Bloodthirster who picks up this weapon is instantly destroyed.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Animalistic Legs, Blood Lust, Claws, Horns (×3), Magic Resistant, Wings. In addition, there's a 10% chance that the Bloodthirster will have an additional mutation. If so, roll on **Table 3–2: Mutations of Khorne** to generate them. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Frenzied Attack:* When in the throes of a Frenzy, a Bloodthirster may make three attacks with a standard attack instead of just the normal one.
- *Hideous Strength:* All Bloodthirster attacks count as having the Impact Quality.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Bloodthirster is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Regeneration:* At the start of its turn each round, a Bloodthirster regenerates 1d10 Wounds. This ability ceases to function if the Bloodthirster dies.
- *Roar:* Rage and hate consume the Bloodthirster. At the start of a combat, it may let loose a terrible bellow, driving all who hear it mad. All living creatures must succeed on Challenging (–10%) Will Power Tests or gain 1 Insanity Point and fly into an uncontrollable Frenzy, attacking the closest living creature regardless of friend or foe. Each round after the first, the victim may attempt a new Will Power Test to break the effects of the Bloodthirster's roar.
- *Savage Charge:* The fierceness of a Bloodthirster's attack can overwhelm its enemies. Bloodthirsters can make four attacks during a charge attack.
- *Soul Hunger:* The Bloodthirster demands fresh souls for his master, so he is especially aggressive in battle. Whenever the Bloodthirster makes a Swift Attack, he may re-roll the first missed melee attack.
- *Whip:* The Blooded Ones all wield long whips woven from the hides of fallen Champions of Slaanesh. This weapon functions as a normal whip in all ways except that those struck by it must succeed at a Hard (–20%) Toughness Test or become overwhelmed with pain, taking a –20% penalty to all Characteristic and Skill Tests for 1d10 rounds.

Armour: Heavy Armour (*Armour of Khorne*)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Impossible

Passage of Blood

The Player Characters come upon the site of horrific destruction, the dead spreading out for miles around. The ground is covered in pools of blood and dark crimson clouds above are just now dispersing. Carrion birds wheel overhead, descending to pluck a morsel of flesh from the swelling corpses of the dead. Jackals and rats worm their way through the dead, worrying the flesh with their sharpened teeth, heedless of the cries of the dying.

As the PCs manoeuvre through the wreckage, they find a massive crater and chunks of bloody meat all around. The area smokes with latent energy, the profane remnants of some maddening creature. At the bottom of the hole is a small pool of blood, and in the centre, cooking the fluid around it, is a brass rivet adorned with a small symbol of the Blood God. The metal object fell off the Bloodthirster's armour and fell to the ground. So powerful is even this smallest bit of the Daemon's essence that it kills the very earth on which it stands.

Should a PC take the bolt, he finds his dreams haunted by images of death and battle. His personality slowly drifts towards the barbaric, and he finds perverse cravings to drink blood and feel the hot spray of his enemy's fluids strike his bare flesh. In time, the object corrupts the mortal as surely as if he had swallowed a chunk of Warpstone, setting him on the path to become a creature of Khorne. Of course, this all depends on him keeping the item. Such relics are bound to attract attention from Khorne's other servants, and who knows what the servants of the Blood God would do to recover it?

— Great Unclean Ones —

Plague Lords, Decayed Ones, Fly Masters, Stench Lords, Father Nurgle

The servants of Nurgle wander the Chaos Wastes in great cavalcades. Ever-marching, they move from place to place, expounding on the glories of pestilence, imbuing all things with sudden tumescence, leaving in their wake fields of blistering, swollen, split, and rotting corpses and vegetation. Plaguebearers count the glories of their hideous master, while carpets of Nurglings mewl and whine, picking and twitching in the perpetual becoming that defines their existence. And behind the great parade are the droves of mortal followers, driven mad with despair and titillated by the wonders revealed to them by the servants of Nurgle. But of all of the members of this unruly host, none are quite so horrific as the Great Unclean Ones.

The massive terrors are a blend of sheer grotesqueness and rampant decay. They are sinister things, whose affection and corruption evoke shuddering madness from those who witness it. They have no shame, no sense of decency, revelling in the basest acts. Fat wormy fingers probe the depths of their dripping nostrils. They randomly spray their leavings in great clouds of such pestilential power that the faintest whiff kills. They engorge themselves on food and drinking, spilling their tainted meals out onto the ground through the rents and tears in their prodigious bulk. When not indulging their bestial appetites, they laugh and pinch, coddle and coo their mewling broods of Nurglings.

On the battlefield, the Great Unclean One waddles into the thickest of the fray, muttering such foul jokes that the souls of those who hear them shrivel. It joyously slaughters foes, chortling with disgusting mirth. It might snatch a fleeing warrior to stuff the unfortunate soul into its suppurating maw only to spray the mostly dissolved carcass in a stream of noxious vomit. In the bodies of its victims bloom the most unsightly monstrosities, and the Fly Master, always patient and endearing towards its spawn, will pause to aid in the birthing of some new unspeakable enemy or harvest the shoots of fungus and corruption from the twitching dead.

Manifestations

The signs of a Great Unclean One are visible to all, even to those that would deny such a thing could ever stain the world. The air grows heavy and humid, and the very winds seem to slow, laden as they are with the faintest hint of rot, blending the odours of a rotten tooth with the carcass of an animal left too long in the sun. In the folds of clothing, buried in the smallclothes beneath armour, in the crevices of the flesh, there is tickling movement as a new maggot is born. Swollen black flies seem to come from nowhere, first individually, then in great swarms.

As the Daemon draws closer, the infestation of flies and maggots spread. They infest everything, from food to water. Fruits and vegetables ripen on the vines with such speed, that they burst, spilling their seeds onto the ground in a syrupy mess of pale slime. Everything blooms and ripens to the perfect moment of harvesting only to collapse into foul-smelling rot and perversion.

And then, the Great Unclean One appears. Its awfulness spreads throughout the land, causing lesions to appear on the flesh and existing cancers, warts, and buboes to grow. All that lives gives way to decay and rot, sagging on the vine. Clouds of flies blot out the sun, and the very air dies, filled with the stink of death. And the booming laughter and profane muttering drive those who hear it mad with despair.

Appearance

The Greater Daemons of Nurgle are among the most horrific Daemons known to mortals. Beneath clouds of swarming fly souls, they are almost perfect replicas of Nurgle himself: bulbous figures bloated with corruption. Their sickly green skin is little more than a few smooth places between mountainous boils, cavernous wounds from which spill torrents of chunky pus, and fields of quivering blisters. It is a breeding ground for every pox and blight ever to torment the good people of the mortal world. Through the various rents of decayed and ruptured flesh, the internal organs are in full view, pumping corruption throughout its massive

bodies, leaking filth and bile over its thick hide, painting it with fresh new contagions to tickle the flesh. And crawling and nuzzling and suckling and hiding on this grotesque thing are swarms of tiny Nurglings, whom the Fly Master sees as his brood. Truly, the Great Unclean Ones represent the inevitable decay and decline of all things.

Despite their macabre appearance, the Decayed Ones have a cheerful disposition, favouring their pets and followers with almost fatherly attention. Between the rancid coos and the constant praises that stream from its seeping maw, its existence is maddening. Great Unclean Ones take great pride in the achievements of their fellow creatures, loudly celebrating each new affliction, new pox, and new sore with exuberance. When faced with the destruction wrought in Nurgle's name, their booming laughter can be heard for miles.

Such love of Nurgle and his children breeds a cheerful readiness to fight in his name, for the corpse-strewn battlefield is a fertile garden for new disease and pestilence. The Great Unclean One sweeps through war at the forefront of a tide of filth and decay, swinging its great flail and splashing all with droplets of corruption. The Decayed Ones butcher their way through armies with each swing of their mighty arms, as unstoppable as the inevitable march of decline.

Capabilities

The appearance of a Great Unclean One is more than sufficient to unman even the boldest hero. The air sours with the presence, filling it with a pestilential mist that causes the flesh to rebel, infesting all mortals with horrid illnesses that wreak havoc with the body and mind. With each new blast of flatulence, some new plague is born, each rumbling belch produces legions of virulent diseases, and those unfortunate to face these Daemons have little hope of living through the encounter.

The Great Unclean One contaminates the earth as much as it does the air. Wherever it goes, it leaves a trail of slippery slime that breeds Nurglings by the thousands. The grass brightens and grows until it can no longer bear the weight of its expanded form. The rocks dissolve, and the earth turns into a soupy morass of excrement and mud. What's worse is that the trail of a Stench Lord remains for decades, polluting the earth and seeding the land with future calamities for the unwary.

Though it is awful to behold and experience, it is far worse to fight. Its dripping hide corrodes the strongest steel, and plumes of acrid smoke and droplets of acidic excreta surround the Daemon as it wades into the thickest knots of its enemies. And through it all, it disgorges the contents of its vast and often-exposed gullet, spewing an unholy combination of entrails, partly digested flesh, wriggling maggots and its own vile excrement in a torrent that not only burns but afflicts its victims with the most virulent of all plagues to stalk the lands of men.

—Great Unclean One Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
84%	0%	65%	68%	43%	89%	89%	45%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	69	6	6 (8)	4	4	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Magic) +20%, Blather, Channelling, Charm, Command +10%, Intimidate +20%, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (any six), Swim

Talents: Ambidextrous, Dark Lore (Nurgle), Dark Magic, Daemonic Aura, Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (any two), Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Strike Mighty Blow, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Cloud of Flies, Grossly Fat. Roll 1d10–5 (minimum 0) to determine the number of additional mutations. Roll on **Table 3–3: Mutations of Nurgle** to generate each one. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Corrosive Flesh:* So virulent and toxic are the fluids that gush from the Great Unclean One's wounds, they corrode and destroy any inorganic material that comes into contact with their flesh. Whenever the Stench Lord is struck by a non-magical weapon, that weapon is instantly destroyed.
- *Host of Nurglings:* The Great Unclean Ones are walking breeding grounds for Nurglings who infest its bulk, vying for the best spots where they can suckle on its cancerous fluids. Each round of combat, (1d10/2)–1 Nurglings fall from the Great Unclean One, each dropping into a different adjacent square. The Nurglings help their master by chewing on the ankles of their enemies.
- *Infected:* Anyone struck by a Great Unclean One's claws must succeed at a Toughness Test or contract Neiglish Rot and one other disease of the GM's choice.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Great Unclean One is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Malaise of Pestilence:* The Stench Lords give off clouds of malfeasance, filling the air with corruption. All creatures that come within 48 yards (24 squares) of a Great Unclean must succeed on a Toughness Test or contract a disease of the GMs choice. Whether a victim has succeeded or failed, he cannot again be affected by the Malaise of Pestilence for 24 hours.
- *Plague:* Opponents that survive an encounter with a Great Unclean One may still be undone. Any character that suffered at least 1 Wound from a Great Unclean One must make a Very Hard (–30%) Toughness Test at the end of the combat or contract Neiglish Rot.
- *Rotten Hide:* Between its prodigious bulk and the ropes of rotten flesh hanging from greening flab, the Great Unclean One cannot feel the strikes of weapons. It gains 5 Armour Points to all locations.
- *Slippery Mucous Trail:* The Plague Lords leave a trail of thick ochre-coloured slime wherever they go. Those creatures stepping in a space the Great Unclean One previously occupied must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or become infected by a Nurgling (see entry in **Chapter XVIII: Legions of Chaos**).
- *Stream of Corruption:* Once every other round, a Great Unclean One can vomit a stream of corruption at one melee opponent as a full action. This disgusting mixture of entrails, maggots, and filth is automatically a Damage 3 hit. It may be dodged but not parried. Anyone struck by this attack must make a Toughness Test or contract Neiglish Rot.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5
Weapons: Claws and Teeth, Flail
Slaughter Margin: Impossible

An Unwelcome Discovery

Though the warnings were everywhere, many people of the Empire refused to see the threat of the recent Chaos Incursion until it was already underway. One such group of fools was an Ostland merchant caravan bound for Praag. About three days before reaching the city, the hordes of Chaos spilled out of the north and swept across the land. Most of the caravan fell to Kurgan raiders, but a single wagon and a handful of Imperials slipped away, fleeing into, of all places, the Troll Country. There they wandered for weeks, evading Chaos Trolls and Mutants, until they could wend their way to a safe haven.

Their plan seemed to work, and though half-starved, injured, and more than a little frightened, the surviving wagon and its passengers emerged

from Kislev just as the war was winding down. What the merchants didn't know was that their journey carried them over the path of a Great Unclean One, and not only were these poor fools carrying an assortment of noxious plagues, many of them grew Nurglings in their gullets.

When they stopped in a village, they were welcomed as heroes, celebrated for their cunning and courage. But soon after they arrived, strange things happened. A few elderly folk fell ill from strange and varied afflictions. Food spoiled, animals succumbed to maladies, and blight spread through the fields. People obviously suspected the travellers, and when they approached the inn where the travellers were staying, they found all the heroes dead from sickness. To make matters worse, things crawled out of their bodies and slithered across the floor. No one knows where the creatures went, but they suspect they remain, still, in the village.

— Keepers of Secrets —

Slayers of Slaanesh, Feasters of Pain, Base Ones, Despoilers of the Flesh, Great Horned Ones

Passion, pleasure, pain, and inspiration: these are the hallmarks of the Keeper of Secrets. The Greater Daemons of Slaanesh personify limitless experience and unfettered desire, the very concepts born into flesh. They are repulsive and horrific, yet they transfix mortals with a monstrous allure that defies explanation.

The Base Ones are ultimate licence. They exist to evoke the senses, to create, to experience, and to exult in the mortal whims of passion. They also dull the mind, making it harder to appreciate the ordinary and the mundane. They are the pain of failure, the agony of excess, and that which drives mortals to more daring acts to escape the ordinary.

Like a dancer, the Greater Daemon moves with liquid grace, flitting about like the gentle brush of a lover's fingers on the flesh. Wherever it goes, all becomes possible. But when it passes, it leaves behind anguish and agony, as real and as painful as the sharp stab of a cruel knife. And all those who have known the greatest pleasure are wracked with despair and loss, uprooting themselves from the normal experience to follow after the haunted promises of the Great Horned Ones as they sway to the tune of Slaanesh's wicked laughter.

Manifestations

The moment a Base One appears in the world, the tendrils of Slaanesh's foul will spreads, carried on the Winds of Magic to tantalize and torment mortals for miles around. There is an unclean trembling in all things, potential struggling for release. Mortals break out into sweats, and their hearts pound against their chests. Animals become inflamed and turn violent, kicking against their stalls or tearing against their harnesses. Weapons throb with invisible tumescent energy. Wood shivers and warps. The trees creak, and the earth yawns, gushing merry water from its depths. Inhibitions fade, old loyalties dim, and the bonds of trust weaken. Passion fills the hearts and minds of all, and if unchecked, mortals revel in wild abandon.

But the physical tingling of desire is not all that results from the hint of a Keeper. Artists become feverishly inspired, fanatically sketching and drawing, creating masterpieces far beyond their skill. From the lips of poets come exquisite verse that perfectly captures sorrow absolute or unabashed desire. From the throats of singers spill songs of such beauty that those who hear it die from broken hearts. The Daemon fills the dreams of mortals with such visions of beauty that they thrash about weeping for the unachievable perfection of their nightmares. When they awaken, their days are spent in melancholy, yearning for that which they cannot have and can never attain.

The closer the Daemon comes, the more pronounced its effects. The artist paints with his own blood, the poet claws out his own eyes just to see what true darkness is like, the singer chokes and drowns on the lyrics as she struggles to be free from her imperfect throat. As the world softens, assuming warm colours and gentle, rounded, glistening forms, blades sharpen, emotions run hot, and madness flares in the mind.

The Keepers laugh and delight in all things, and they constantly drive their slaves to greater acts of experience. The Base One can play any instrument, draw any image, and to hear them sing is to lose your soul. Their cackle is the blend of a heartless woman and an innocent child. They murder without thought, compassion, or remorse—killing just to see the aesthetic in the spray of blood or the pitch of a dying man's scream. Witty and capricious, they indulge in every fantasy with cruel and selfish abandon, caring not one whit for those they harm.

Appearance

The Keeper of Secrets is awful to behold. It takes the form of an androgynous being of impossible stature. Its four arms, two of which end in pincers, beckon and weave as it sways to the music of mortal delight and the hurt that results from over-indulgence. Its huge jewelled eyes contain the secrets of pleasure and pain, hidden lusts and terrifying impulses. Its pastel skin exudes a narcotic musk that acts to magnify the senses, enrapture the spirit, and thrust dark impulses into the minds and hearts of mortals.

Its head, sometimes human, sometimes bestial, is ringed with a nest of curved horns that glisten with an oily sheen. A serpent's tongue writhes from between its razored teeth, tasting the air and the perverse energy contained within. A number of swollen breasts cling to the left side of its torso, like vast obscene ticks. It stands upon strong legs that give way to almost reptilian claws. It strides the earth, clad in an elaborate costume of bizarre colours and exotic materials, from iron-hard chains to the softest velvets. Horrific as it is, it nevertheless commands the eye, whatever it happens to be doing.

Capabilities

When a Keeper of Secrets appears, all hope is lost. Its presence wreaks havoc with the minds of those mortals around it, interfering with their ability to concentrate, distracting them with its unnatural charisma. The Base One dances through battle, sliding past regiment and would-be hero alike, exulting with each slash of its pincers, its laughter mingling with the screams of the dying.

On and off the battlefield, the Keeper of Secrets easily dominates mortals with its otherworldly allure. Those who fall victim to the Despoiler's glamour do anything to please their master, forgetting all that is decent as they loose themselves in the Daemon's aura.

When this game becomes tired, dull, done, the Base One will likely plunge its pincers deep into their slave's flesh, pausing to experience the heat of the organs throbbing their last, to drink in the fading light of their eyes, before scattering the carcass into bloody gobbets. This fate, perhaps, is better than abandonment by the Great Horned One, for once a creature has basked in its presence, nothing will sate their overwhelmed senses ever again.

—Keeper of Secrets Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
86%	0%	77%	77%	89%	89%	89%	66%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	39	7	7 (9)	6	4	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Charm +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (any four), Dodge Blow, Hypnotism +20%, Intimidate +20%, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (any two), Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any four), Torture +20%
Talents: Acute Hearing, Ambidextrous, Armoured Caster, Contortionist, Dark Lore (Slaanesh), Dark Magic, Daemonic Aura, Dark Lore (Slaanesh), Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (any two), Lightning Parry, Linguistics, Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Aura of Slaanesh:* The Keeper is so seductive and bewildering that living opponents within 16 yards (8 squares) suffer a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill and Will Power Characteristics
- *Chaos Armour:* The Keeper wears pastel Chaos Armour that accentuates its unsettling form. It takes no penalty from wearing heavy armour.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Extra Limbs (2 Arms), Horns, Piercing Tongue, Pincer Hand. In addition, there's a 10% chance that the Keeper of Secrets will have an additional mutation. If so, roll on **Table 3–4: Mutations of Slaanesh** to generate them. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Domination:* The Keeper can use its supernatural powers of seduction to put the weak willed under its control. It may attempt to control a single living creature within 24 yards (12 squares) as a full action. This is an opposed test that pits the Keeper's Fellowship against the target's Will Power. If the Daemon wins, it gains complete control over the target and can compel him to do as it wishes. The target may attempt to break free from this control after 1d10 minutes by another opposed test. The Keeper can free a subject from domination at any time as a free action.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Base One is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Rending Attack:* A Keeper's natural weapons are so razor-sharp that they count as having the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities.
- *Soporific Musk:* Cloying streams of pink mist rise from this massive Daemon's perverse body that can deaden a mortal's reflexes and fill him with fatigue. All living creatures within 8 yards (4 squares) must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or halve their Weapon Skill and Agility Characteristics for 24 hours.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Chaos Armour)
Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5
Weapons: Claws, Horns, Piercing Tongue
Slaughter Margin: Impossible

Infectious Revel

A subversive pleasure cult in Nuln completes a horrific ritual that requires the lives of a hundred sacrifices to conjure up a Keeper of Secrets from the Realm of Chaos. When it appears, it watches, bemused as the cultists awkwardly attempt to please the abomination they have brought into the world. But it soon becomes very clear that their efforts are for naught, and the Daemon toys with them instead. It takes its time killing them, spending days humiliating its would-be masters.

Though none are aware of the depraved acts unfolding in the backroom of one of the city's most luxurious estates, the effects of the Daemon's presence is being felt throughout. People behave lasciviously. There's a flurry of activity among the various patrons as their artists, poets, and entertainers achieve new heights of perfection. Marriages are forged and broken in the same day, as men and women struggle to slake their unholy thirst for the pleasures of the flesh. Women become pregnant, swelling rapidly and birthing beautiful blond boys with disturbing appetites and sinister behaviours.

The city seems to be affected by some plague, but no physician can determine its cause let alone its cure. After a few weeks, what was once a thriving energy, an infusion of drive and excellence, turns into sick depravity as people turn to forbidden acts to bring them to the same heights of pleasure. Temples burn to the ground, bodies litter the alleys, and the city slides down into the depths of depravity. Can the PCs uncover what's afoot and send back the Daemon whence it came?

— Lords of Change —

Watching Lords, Eyes of Tzeentch, Feathered Lords

Extreme change is not a natural thing. Beneath every plot, every event, every turn of fate, there lays the machinations of Lord Tzeentch. In the interests of perpetual change, Tzeentch demands the world remain in a constant state of flux, always unfolding, always altering, trapped in a constant process of becoming. The signs of his work are everywhere, from the emergence of a new species to the mutations and corruptions that riddle his benighted servants. He is the master of mutation and magic, and it is up to his greatest servants, the Lords of Change, to carry out his fickle whims.

Tzeentch blessed the Lords of Change, his Greater Daemons, with the ability to see into the future and the past, to see the larger workings of the unfolding randomness that makes up the foundations of reality. Armed with incredible cunning and the timeless wisdom of their infernal master, they detest the confining bindings that stability and familiarity represent. And so they devote themselves to breaking the world and making it anew. Each furthers his agenda, but all shatter the structures of mortals to recreate them only to destroy them once again. The Eyes of Tzeentch are as unfathomable as their master, playful in their manipulations of mortals, though tempered by a keen intellect that enables them to see every consequence of every action they take.

As manifestations of the Grand Schemer, the Changer of the ways, Greater Daemons of Tzeentch are hideously unpredictable and manipulative. They are the most readily summoned but also most likely to give false or misleading advice and prophecies to further their own eternal schemes. Many Champions make pacts with these Daemons and benefit greatly only for their plans and ambitions to disastrously come to nothing and leave them as twisted spawn rife with mutation. But should a Champion be cunning enough to outwit such a creature, the rewards are almost limitless. Mutation, division, strife, and discord are its goals, and many are the mortal, shortsighted fools who would follow the capricious Lord of Change, to be broken upon their own convoluted scheming.

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Manifestations

The presence of a Lord of Change is heralded by a variety of strange effects. From sudden and powerful storms, to random mutations that riddle the flesh of the innocent, nothing is beyond the capabilities of these Greater Daemons. Their reach is far, causing the common man to become fickle and contrary in his emotions. Animals act strangely, spooked by phantom images. What was once a brave and courageous dog is reduced to a whining, mewling beast terrified by the softest sounds. Spider swarms creep through windows, whilst mice scramble to escape the fields only to be trampled under the feet of confused and startled commoners. The Lords of Change set minds on fire, evoking madness and strange behaviour.

The change on the minds is reflected in the changing of form. Mutations are more rampant. Moles and birthmarks move across the flesh as if by their own accord. Eye colours change to pink, cyan, and lavender, along with hair colour, and even the very flesh. Such changes may be minor, whilst others are magnificent, but none in proximity to a Lord of Change emerge unscathed.

Though these Greater Daemons principally affect the minds, they also injure the environment. Ordinary objects change colour, assuming contrasting and clashing hues or cycling through a number of different patterns until they begin to vibrate with a disturbing eagerness to pick themselves up and wander away. Familiar landmarks vanish, road signs and fingerposts jumble, and the letters in texts seem to lift off the page to rearrange themselves in new and interesting combinations. Trees undergo complete transformations, becoming altogether new species. Dead wood becomes living once more, whilst young saplings decay in a matter of moments. Swirls of strange clouds skid across the sky, changing shape and assuming new forms that twist and writhe in a constant state of becoming.

But of all the changes the Feathered Lords bring, none are as drastic as the effects they have on magic. It's said that when a Lord of Change appears, the currents of magic move in contradictory and conflicting ways, undulating, shifting and producing unexpected and bizarre results. Pools of *Dhar* ignite and burn with a purple or brown luminescence, and the most practised Magister finds his magical abilities thrown into disarray. Chaos manifestations appear everywhere, and those who see them go mad with fear and panic. It is a terrifying experience to face the might of the Lord of Change, and those who do never emerge unscathed.

Appearance

When a Lord of Change reveals itself, it is a vision of horror. A massive feathered creature with the head of carrion bird wobbling on top of a wattled neck, it seems almost frail, almost too weak to support what it does. No secret can be kept from the all-seeing gaze of a Lord of Change, for all ambitions and woes are laid bare before its immortal stare. With bright multi-coloured wings, and a gigantic bird-like face, a Lord of Change is the most bizarre of all Greater Daemons. Its skin writhes with unnatural energies—magic courses through its warping body as blood pumps through a mortal.

Capabilities

Although a Lord of Change prefers to use magic and trickery to further its ends, it is still a fearsome fighter; its great scything claws can pierce the thickest armour. Many adventurers have underestimated these strange creatures, thinking their wiry frames and fluttering wings fragile, only for their lances and swords to shatter against its immortal skin.

The Lord of Change is almost always armed with some weapon or device of Chaos—a mighty artefact infused with the essence of magic. With these swords and axes, the Feathered Ones can hack their way through the hardiest of opponents. Before closing with its foes, though, it fixes its enemies with a potent stare that immobilises those brave enough to meet it. While held, the Feathered One closes to slash with its Chaos Weapon before loosing a cackling screech.

More than their Daemonic traits, Lords of Change are master magicians. They can draw upon the raw power of Tzeentch, twisting and warping it to serve their needs. Not only are they skilled at working with magic, they are also skilled at resisting it. They can emasculate spellcasters by removing their magical ability and leaving them exposed to the Lord of Change's vicious temper.

—Lord of Change Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
62%	0%	64%	63%	76%	90%	94%	30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	32	6	6 (8)	6 (18)	5	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Magic) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) +20%, Academic Knowledge (any two), Channelling +10%, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (any six), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Magical Sense +20%, Perception +20%, Search, Secret Language (any two), Secret Signs (any two), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any six), Torture

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Ambidextrous, Dark Lore (Tzeentch), Dark Magic, Daemonic Aura, Dealmaker, Fast Hands, Flier, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (any four), Mighty Missile, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Schemer, Strike Mighty Blow, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Beak, Bird's Legs (×2), Claws, Feathered Hide. Roll 1d10–6 (minimum 0) to determine the number of additional mutations. Roll on **Table 3–5: Mutations of Tzeentch** to generate each one. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Chaos Weapon:* Lords of Change typically arm themselves with Chaos Weapons. Roll 1d10/2 to determine how many properties the weapon has. Consult **Chapter XIV: Chaos Armoury** to randomly generate the properties.
- *Controlled Chaos:* Whenever a Feather Lord's Casting Roll results in Tzeentch's Curse, the Lord of Change rolls twice on the appropriate table and selects the better result.
- *Dense Feathers:* The feathers covering the Lord of Change's hide are metallic and durable, granting the Daemon 2 Armour Points to all locations.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Lord of Change is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Penetrating Stare:* A Lord of Change can immobilise opponents with a mere glance. It can use this ability against a single victim within 24 yards (12 squares); this is a half action. The target can resist with a successful Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test, otherwise the target is considered helpless for 1 round. Each round thereafter, the target can attempt to break the gaze by succeeding on a Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test. The Lord of Change can maintain this ability as a half action each round. Finally, every round a victim remains entranced, they gain 1 Insanity Point.
- *Spell Destroyer:* A Lord of Change is allowed a Will Power Test when targeted by any spell (not just those that allow Will Power Tests to resist). If the test is successful, the spell is immediately dispelled. A Lord of Change can voluntarily forgo this protection if it wants to benefit from a friendly spell. In addition, upon being the target of a spell, the Lord of Change and the attacking spellcaster must make opposed Will Power Tests. If the Lord of Change wins, the spellcaster reduces his Magic Characteristic to 0 for 24 hours.
- *Tzeentch's Will:* Whenever the Lord of Change makes a Characteristic or Skill Test, it rolls twice and takes the better result.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2

Weapons: Beak (SB–1), Chaos Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Impossible

A Tangled Plot

The Lords of Change see all possibilities, all future and past events. They manipulate the currents of fate to best suit their interests, setting in motion a chain of events that have an end result that could never be anticipated. Take, for instance, this recent plot:

A Feathered One glimpsed that a future cell of cultists would be destroyed by a particularly pious Witch Hunter, some thirty years into the future. Since the cult in question is to fit within another plan, the Lord of Change sets into motion a complex series of instances that will spare its future minions. The events fall as follows:

- *Now:* The Feathered One instructs a Cultist to fabricate evidence about a baker's wife that implicates her in a disgusting tryst with a local tanner. Once the information is assembled, the cultist is to reveal his forged findings to the baker and then flee the city.
- *Two days later:* The cultist approaches the baker in secret, and tells him about the woman's infidelity.
- *That night:* Enraged, the baker confronts his wife, a tussle ensues, and he kills her.
- *One week later:* The baker is hanged for murder.
- *One month later:* The murdered woman was an outspoken supporter for the Temple of Shallya. Through her efforts, the Temple had funds enough to support a local orphanage. With her death, however, people lose interest in supporting the Shallyans.
- *One year later:* The Shallyans lack the funds to support the orphanage, and it closes. One of the orphans is a child with an as-yet-undiscovered talent for magic. Had the orphanage stayed open, he would have been adopted by an Order of Magic. Now, he takes to the streets.
- *Three years later:* Having discovered his talents, he dabbles in Dark Magic to survive.
- *Five years later:* Dabbling becomes full-blown Dark Magic use, and the young man is a potent Daemonologist. He has become strong enough that he can now conjure up Daemons.
- *One month later:* The young man summons a Daemon who agrees to serve the Chaos Sorcerer but only if the Sorcerer takes in a local boy as an apprentice.
- *Three months later:* The Daemonologist, concealing his foul studies, befriends a local youth who is noted for his religious zeal. The Daemonologist and the lad become friends, and the lad comes to see the Sorcerer as a father figure, completely unaware of his mentor's foul activities.
- *One month later:* Witch Hunters, who've long sought the Daemonologist, corner their quarry in his home. After hours of torture, they finally consign him to the flames. To teach the young man a lesson, they force the boy to watch.
- *That night:* From his ordeal, the boy develops a deep and abiding hatred of Witch Hunters and Priests of Sigmar. He renounces his God and submits himself to the Ruinous Powers.
- *Result:* If the boy had not been befriended by the Daemonologist, he would have grown into a zealous Witch Hunter and would have been responsible for the destruction of the Greater Daemon's cult.

Appendix I: The Nature of Chaos

The Empire and the Elder Races may push back the tides of Chaos, hurling back the horrors of the Chaos Wastes, triumphing over the legions of the damned, and scattering them to the winds, but the respite earned grows shorter with each Incursion. The forces of the distant north grow ever more powerful, Be'lakor crowning champions to fight against the Dark Elves, the brave mystic warriors of fabled Cathay, and the good men and women of the Empire. And just as mortals clear the debris from the previous invasion, the clouds of war gather once more in the north, and the blasphemous armies march again. Many might ask who commands these forces, what drives them to throw their lives away on the points of stout Imperial pikes time and time again? It is the Gods. They crave the flesh and souls of the untainted. They desire to mutate and corrupt all the uncorrupted, to remake the world in their own perverse image.

But the realisation of the doom does nothing to explain the reasons behind the constant Incursions and the ever-present threat of physical corruption. To truly know what all mortals face, one must examine the nature of Chaos, to realise the extent of its hold over the mortal world. Only by accepting the truth, such as it is, can mortals make peace with the fate that awaits us all: total extinction.

There is one simple truth to Chaos. Put aside all the nonsense about what the Kurgan eat or how the Daemons escape into the world. Don't concern yourself with all the niggling particulars, for they mean nothing in the face of one single fact. There is nothing but Chaos. Nothing. There are no Gods. There's no Empire, no Norsca, no Elves, no Dwarfs, nothing. Nothing but Chaos. When we pray to holy Sigmar, our prayers are heard not by some ascended mortal. Our prayers are not heard at all. There's nothing there. Nothing! And the vaunted Dark Gods? Equally false. They don't exist either. Nor do the Daemons, the Beastmen, even this pen in my hand. It's all illusion.

And it seems real, doesn't it? It seems like there must be some truth to the things of our world. We experience emotions, desires, hopes, and even a little anger. We love and we hate. We see the sun rise and set, the moons wax and wane. You can feel the sword you paid too much for in the grip of your right hand. I know you do, but you, too, are part of the great illusion; don't you see? All of the experiences you righteously defend are part of the same circle of lies used to establish that there is such a thing as yourself.

What does this mean? It's simple. We, like everything else, are bits of Chaos, floating in the Aethyreal Sea of Nothing. Our thoughts and ideas are random manifestation of the many varied forms of Chaos. Each individual is but a single phenomena in a sea of possibilities. And these individual, almost self-realised entities, who, remember, are still part of the soup that is Chaos, project their experiences and sensations, false as they are, onto the rest of Chaos, forming more manifestations. The concert of these projections create an illusory world, and the differences we see in others are but reflections of our own expectations as things of Chaos. The so-called rules, the order of things, are fruitless, mere examples of the massive delusions we entertain in our desperate effort to announce to infinity that yes, we count, we are individuals, we are ordered things in an order-less universe.

And as our realised selves evolve, growing more complex in the sustained madness that has worsened since our hypothetical birth, we try to justify existence by inventing notions of Gods, of concepts like virtue, love, and beauty. But we also invent despair, disappointment, shock, and outrage. We yearn for things we do not deserve and hate the things we do have. All of these experiences take shape in Chaos, forming into beings of great power whose existence depends on the shared emotions and experiences of we self-created mortals. But one thing governs all. With order imposed, Chaos always seeks to return to its primal self, to dissolve the constructs we have created and reduce all to a sea of changing forms and fleeting sensations. And so Chaos works constantly to unravel that which we build. And yet, even this effort to return have we applied our own construct. We named it Tzeentch, epitomising this constant drift back to the way ideas once were.

So, gentle reader, dismiss all of your fears, all of your suffering, and all the nightmares that haunt your dreams. You, like us all, are naught but Chaos. Accept the mutations that appear in your mind and flesh, embrace them, for it is the natural way. It is our resistance to the ways of Chaos that makes us into miserable alienated beings. Discard your reliance on the physical for it is nothing but a lie. But then, perhaps all of this is a lie as well. . .

Appendix II: Tzeentch's Curse Expanded

WFRP campaigns involving a lot of magic and spellcasting see frequent manifestations of Tzeentch's Curse. This section further explores the calamities and backfires magic brings about, providing replacements for **Tables 7–2**, **7–3**, and **7–4** in *WFRP* page 143. They are used in precisely the same way those tables are whenever arcane spellcasters roll doubles, triples, or quadruples on Casting Rolls. It also provides a new rule to make Chaos Manifestations a bit more likely in Chaos-infused places and times.

Table A2–1: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–04	**Witchery:** Within 10 yards (5 squares) of you, milk curdles, wine goes sour, and food spoils.
05–08	**Fumblehand:** A randomly selected item you are holding or carrying flies 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) in a random direction, thrown invisibly by Winds of Chaos.
09–12	**Rupture:** Your nose begins to bleed and continues until you make a successful Toughness Test. You can test once per round.
13–16	**Nailrot:** A randomly chosen fingernail or toenail turns black and falls off. It will grow back normally.
17–20	**Breath of Chaos:** A cold and unnatural breeze blows through the area.
21–24	**Horripilation:** Your hair stands on end for 1d10 rounds.
25–28	**Waxy Earful:** Your ears become completely plugged with wax, which require a successful Heal Test to clear. Until you receive such treatment, you suffer a –10% penalty to all tests involving hearing.
29–32	**Wyrdlight:** You glow with an eerie light for 1d10 rounds.
33–36	**Cold Sweats:** All those within 10 yards (5 squares) of you immediately break into a cold sweat lasting 1d10 rounds.
37–40	**Sleeping Nerves:** Every muscle in your body tingles for 1d10 rounds. You suffer a –5% penalty to all tests made in that time.
41–44	**Unnatural Aura:** Animals within 10 yards (5 squares) of you get spooked, and unless controlled with an Animal Training Test, they flee the scene.
45–48	**Milky Eyes:** A milky film covers your eyes for 1d10 hours. You suffer a –10% penalty to any tests involving sight in that time.
49–52	**Bane of Flora:** All plant life within 10 yards (5 squares) of you withers and dies.
53–56	**Haunted:** Ghostly voices fill the air for the duration of your spell.
57–60	**Handfrozen:** The bones and muscles of one of your hands (determine which one randomly) are frozen into an unnatural position by Chaos energy. Though this is not painful, you cannot move your fingers from their bizarre arrangement for 1d10 minutes.
61–64	**Aethyric Shock:** The magical energy coursing through you causes you to lose 1 Wound, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
65–68	**Creeping Congregation:** Insects fill the area around you, buzzing and crawling. They do no harm and disperse within 1d10 rounds, but they are obvious—and potentially frightening—to everyone in the area
69–72	**Mental Block:** You channel too much magical energy. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced by 1 for 1d10 minutes.
73–76	**Channel Burn:** The channels of magic in your body are burned by coursing magic. You suffer a –1 penalty to every Casting Roll you make in the next 1d10 minutes.
77–80	**Intestinal Rebellion:** Your bowels move uncontrollably, soiling both your clothing and your pride.
81–84	**Grave Offence:** You uncontrollably shout something horribly offensive to those around you. The GM may overrule you if your invention is insufficiently offensive.
85–88	**Fluid Transformation:** All liquids on your person—including spell ingredients—turn to brine.
89–90	**Kin Inconvenienced:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order and "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
91–92	**Accumulation of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell (in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples).
93–97	**Whimsy:** The GM can choose any result from this chart or make up a comparable minor effect.
98–00	**Unlucky!:** Roll on **Table A2–2: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation** instead.

Table A2–2: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–04	**Witch Eyes:** Your pupils turn bright red. They revert to their original colour at dawn the following day.
05–08	**Silenced:** You lose your voice for 1d10 rounds.
09–12	**Hairless:** Every hair in your body falls out.
13–16	**Blacknail:** Every fingernail and toenail on your body turns black and falls off. They grow back normally.
17–20	**Wracked:** You suffer burning pain for 1d10 rounds, suffering a –10% penalty to all tests made in that time.
21–24	**Channel Conflagration:** The channels of magic in your body are set ablaze by coursing magic. You suffer a –1 penalty to every casting die you roll in the next 1d10 hours.
25–28	**Overload:** You are overwhelmed by magical energy and are stunned for 1 round.
29–32	**Rag Doll:** You spontaneously fly through the air 1d10 yards (1d10/5 squares) in a random direction, landing roughly and suffering 2 Damage.
33–36	**Fire!:** Your clothing bursts into flame (see *WFRP* page 136).
37–40	**Lodestones:** Every piece of metal on your body is permanently magnetized.
41–44	**Limbfrozen:** The bones and muscles of one of your arms or legs (determine which one randomly) are frozen into an unnatural position by Chaos energy. Though this is not painful, but you cannot move the affected limb for 1d10 hours.

45–48	**Tongue-twisted:** Chaos energy infuses your mouth; anything you speak for the next 1d10 minutes comes out as gibberish, rendering spellcasting impossible during that time.
49–52	**Chaotic Wind:** Chaos blows through any magical spell ingredients you are carrying. Any spell cast using them will make one of any associated Casting Roll's dice a Chaos die.
53–56	**Craven Familiar:** A Daemon Imp (see *WFRP* page 229) appears from the Aethyr and attacks you next round.
57–60	**Chaos Foreseen:** You get a glimpse of the Realm of Chaos and gain 1 Insanity Point. Any time after this event, you can spend 200 xp and gain the Dark Lore (Chaos) Talent.
61–64	**Undone:** Every tie, clasp, and fastener of every type on your body flies violently open. Belts come undone, pouches fly open, boots come unlaced, and so on.
65–68	**Regurgitate:** You throw up uncontrollably, unable to do anything else, for 1d10 rounds. In that time you spew up much more vomit than could possibly have been contained in your stomach.
69–72	**Aethyric Attack:** Magical energy burns through you, causing you to lose 1d10 Wounds, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
73–76	**Enfeeblement:** Chaos energy wracks your body, debilitating your constitution. Your Toughness Characteristic is reduced by 10% for 1d10 minutes.
77–80	**Mindnumb:** You channel too much magical energy. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced by 1 for twenty-four hours.
81–84	**Daemonic Possession:** You are possessed by a Daemonic entity for one minute. During that time, the GM controls all your actions and when you take control of your body again, you'll have no memory of what you just did.
85–87	**Kin Affected:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order and "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
88–90	**Storm of Chaos:** Roll on **Table A2–1: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestations**. Every creature within 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) suffers that effect.
91–92	**Store of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell (in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples).
93–97	**Perverse Delight:** The GM can choose any result from this chart or make up a comparable major effect.
98–00	**Trick of Fate:** Roll on **Table 6–3: Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation** instead.

Table A2–3: Expanded Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–05	**Wild Magic:** You lose control of the magic as you cast your spell. Everyone within 30 yards (15 squares), including you, loses 1 Wound regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
06–10	**The Withering Eye:** Chaos energy wracks your body, debilitating your constitution. Your Toughness Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
11–15	**Broken:** Your will is utterly broken. Your Will Power Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
16–20	**Stupefied:** Your mind regresses to protect you from a worse fate. Your Intelligence Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
21–24	**Tzeentch's Lash:** Magic power overwhelms you, knocking you out for 1d10 minutes.
25–28	**Aethyric Assault:** The Winds of Magic lash out at you. You suffer a Critical Hit to a random location. Roll 1d10 to determine the Critical Value.
29–32	**Rageboil:** Everyone within 10 yards (5 squares) of you is immediately and irrationally outraged by your very presence. They all move to attack you—even your allies—and only come to their senses after 1d10 rounds.
33–36	**Albino Affliction:** Your skin and hair are bleached utterly white by roiling Chaos.
37–40	**Heretical Vision:** A Daemon Prince shows you a vision of Chaos. You gain 1d10 Insanity Points. Any time after this event, you can spend 100 xp and gain the Dark Lore (Chaos) Talent.
41–44	**Mindeaten:** Your ability to use magic is burned out of you. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced to 0. For each full 24 hours that passes, it increases by 1 until it returns to full strength.
45–48	**Boiling Blood:** For a brief instant your blood literally boils in your veins. You suffer 2d10 Wounds, which are reduced by Toughness but not armour.
49–52	**Uninvited Company:** You are attacked by a number of Lesser Daemons (see WFRP page 229) equal to your Magic Characteristic. They appear from the Aethyr within 12 yards (6 squares) of you.
53–54	**Chaotic Servitors:** 1d10 Daemon Imps (see *WFRP* page 229) appear from the Aethyr and do your bidding for 1d10 rounds.
55–65	**Daemonic Contract:** You suffer 1d10 wounds (regardless of Toughness Bonus and armour) as a two-inch Chaos rune burns its way onto a random part of your body. Should you ever collect 13 of these, they will spell out a contract that signs your soul away to a Ruinous Power (GM's discretion). Removal of the branded skin will make no difference to the contract.
66–68	**Windblock:** You are unable to breathe for 1d10 minutes (see "Suffocation" in *WFRP* page 136), after which you—gasp!—manage to draw breath.
69–71	**Lineage Concluded:** The infection of Chaos renders you sterile or barren.
72–74	**Eyefuse:** You close your eyes as the Winds of Magic howl about you, and your eyelids are fused shut. You cannot see until this is corrected by magic or surgery.
75–77	**Spasmodic Paroxysm:** Your entire body convulses violently as the pure stuff of Chaos courses over you; you bite off your tongue. You become very difficult to understand and suffer –5 to all Casting Rolls until you are somehow healed.
78–80	**Witherlimb:** A randomly determined limb withers and becomes permanently useless.
81–83	**Mutating Wind:** You must make a Will Power Test or gain a mutation.
84–86	**Called to the Void:** You are sucked into the Realm of Chaos and are forever lost. Unless you have a Fate Point to spend, it's time to roll up a new character.
87–89	**Kin Afflicted:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order and "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
90–92	**Vortex of Chaos:** Roll on **Table 6–2: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestations**. Every creature within 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) suffers that effect.
93–95	**Hoard of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell (in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples).
96–00	**Dark Inspiration:** The GM can choose any results from this chart or make up a comparable catastrophic effect.

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