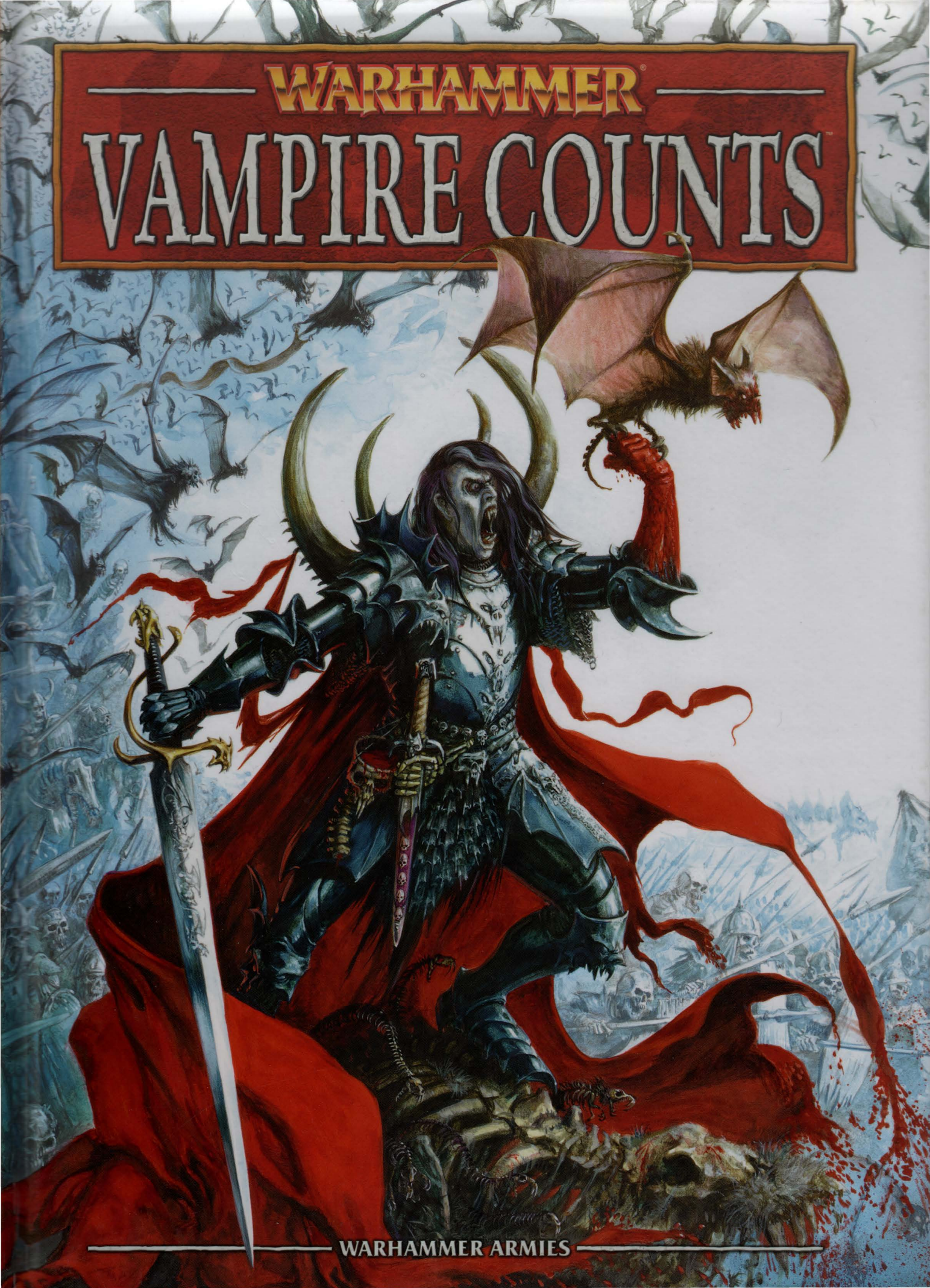


WARHAMMER VAMPIRE COUNTS



WARHAMMER ARMIES





VAMPIRE COUNTS



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Written by: Phil Kelly. **Cover Art:** Dave Gallagher.

PRODUCED BY THE GAMES WORKSHOP DESIGN STUDIO

Art: John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Kevin Chin, Paul Dainton, Dave Gallagher, Neil Hodgson, Nuala Kinrade, John Michelbach, Adrian Smith. **Book Design:** Christian Byrne, Carl Dafforn, Glenn More, Emma Parrington, Mark Raynor. **'Heavy Metal':** Neil Green, David Heathfield, Mark Holmes, Kornel Kozak, Darren Latham, Joe Tomaszewski, Anja Wettergren. **Games Development:** Robin Cruddace, Matthew Hobday, Jervis Johnson, Phil Kelly, Mark Latham, Adam Troke, Jeremy Vetock, Sarah Wallen, Matthew Ward. **Hobby Team:** Dave Andrews, Mark Jones, Chad Mierzwa, Chris Peach, Duncan Rhodes. **Miniatures Design:** Mike Anderson, Giorgio Bassani, Trish Carden, Juan Diaz, Martin Footitt, Mike Fores, Jes Goodwin, Colin Grayson, Mark Harrison, Alex Hedström, Matt Holland, Neil Langdown, Aly Morrison, Brian Nelson, Oliver Norman, Seb Perbet, Alan Perry, Michael Perry, Dale Stringer, Dave Thomas, Tom Walton. **Production & Reprographics:** Simon Burton, Chris Eggar, Marc Elliott, Zaff Haydn-Davies, Kris Jagers, Melissa Roberts, Rachel Ryan, James Shardlow, Markus Trenkner. **Previous Editions:** Alessio Cavatore, Bill King, Jervis Johnson, Space McQuirk, Tuomas Prinen, Rick Priestley, Gav Thorpe. **Special Thanks to:** Alan Merrett, for his sage advice.

Additional Playtesting: Ben Curry, Adam Hall, Ben Johnson, Greg Milne, Martin Morrin, Chris Taylor.

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UK
Games Workshop Ltd.,
Willow Rd, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS

NORTHERN EUROPE
Games Workshop Ltd.,
Willow Rd, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS

NORTH AMERICA
Games Workshop Inc,
6211 East Holmes Road,
Memphis,
Tennessee 38141

AUSTRALIA
Games Workshop,
23 Liverpool Street,
Ingleburn,
NSW 2565

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Vampire Counts*, a gruesome grimoire that reveals the secrets of the lords of the night and their Undead minions. This book provides all the information you'll require to collect and play with a Vampire Counts army in games of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT VAMPIRE COUNTS?

The Vampire Counts are fiends without equal. They seek to topple the civilisations of the living and supplant them with an Undead empire. Each Vampire is a unique and majestic figure with his own personality, drive and ambition. In contrast, their minions are mindlessly obedient – rank after rank of ragged and dirt-encrusted cadavers forced back to life by their masters' necromantic power.

A Vampire Counts army arrayed on the battlefield is a frightening sight. Amongst the endless ranks of maggot-ridden corpses and clacking, rust-clad Skeletons come hideous and misshapen predators. The skies fill with the rustle of a thousand leathery wings as giant bats whirl and screech. At the heart of this nightmare ride the Vampires themselves, moonlight gleaming from their fangs as they smile in the anticipation of the slaughter to come.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer army books are split into sections, each of which deals with a different aspect of the army. *Warhammer: Vampire Counts* contains:

- **The Living Dead:** This section describes the history of the Vampire Counts, from the coming of Nagash to the undying aristocracy of the von Carsteins that holds the blasted wilderness of Sylvania in thrall.

- **Undying Hordes:** Each and every unit type in the army is examined here, with a full description alongside its complete rules. This section also includes the Vampire Counts' unique magical artefacts and macabre spell lore.
- **Summoning the Horde:** A showcase of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the Vampire Counts army, beautifully painted by Games Workshop's 'Eavy Metal team.
- **Vampire Counts Army List:** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines presented in the previous section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as Characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special, or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Vampire Counts* contains everything you need to play a game with your army, there are always more tactics to use, different battles to fight and new painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine *White Dwarf* contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer hobby, and you can find articles specific to the Vampire Counts on the Games Workshop website:

www.games-workshop.com







THE LIVING DEAD

In the forsaken lands of Sylbanaia, ancient evils stir and armies long dead stand ready for battle. Raised from mass graves and despoiled tombs, the Undead battalions of the Vampire Counts gather amidst the tumbled ruins and blasted groves of this ill-favoured realm. Upon fen and moor, creatures of darkness that have haunted the nightmares of Men for millennia break free from ancient cairns and age-worn mausoleums. In the eternal gloom can be heard the scrape of bone on bone, wordless moans, and the clank of rusted wargear. The unliving host advances, a tide of resurrected corpses, driven on by necromantic magic and the undying will of its Vampire general.

The living dead strike fear into the hearts of their foes, for they are a blasphemy against nature and reason. Legions of shambling soldiers wear down their enemies in a relentless tide, whilst monstrous beasts and deathless knights crush all opposition. Those that fall to the Undead armies soon rise again – where once stood defiant enemy soldiers now stand the twitching corpse-puppets of a morbid fiend.

UNDEATH ASCENDANT

The dead do not rest easy. Necromancers seek to escape their mortality by searching for forbidden lore within the antique pages of accursed books. Armies slain in the poisoned wilderness of the Chaos Wastes do not lie dead as others do, returning instead to ghastly unlife and bringing terror to their former comrades along the boundaries of Kislev. In Sylvania, filth-clad corpses claw their way from muddy earth to attack unwary travellers. In the musty crypts of centuries-dead noblemen, tomb robbers freeze when they hear movement in the darkness. Behind it all towers the shadowy figure of Nagash, the Great Necromancer, who in ancient days rivalled the gods themselves.

THE VAMPIRE COUNTS

More folklore and legends surround the Vampires than any other creature of the night. Since time immemorial they have been seen as monstrous flesh-eaters, charismatic lords and ladies, and dread generals of the Undead. The most powerful of the walking dead, the Vampire race was created by unholy ritual and dread elixir many thousands of years ago.

Though physically strong, fast and resilient, it is not these qualities that make the Vampires such a threat. It is will and force of personality that drives the Vampires to seek great power, a driving force that most other Undead creatures lack.

Imbued with supernatural control over the dead, Vampires make natural leaders for the armies of Undead that plague the world. Though loathed and hunted, Vampires also lurk within human society, either masquerading as aristocrats, or dwelling in haunted citadels on the edges of civilisation.

All Vampires were once human, with hopes, dreams and families of their own. Even though traces of emotion still stir in their shrivelled hearts, the Blood Kiss has transformed them into monsters without exception. Their once-humble aspirations have been consumed, twisted into a desire to conquer and rule over the mortals they left behind. In truth, though, Vampires cannot forget their past lives. Their names and heraldic symbols will be emblazoned on the shields and banners of their Undead armies, for Vampires are proud creatures that revel in the terror they cause. Whether sorcerer or warrior, a Vampire's immortal existence is fuelled by a craving for magical power and worldly domination.

This deadly ambition was writ large during the Vampire Wars. For over a century, the infamous von Carsteins of Sylvania waged war upon the Empire, leading armies of Undead the like of which had not been seen since the time of Sigmar. Three successive von Carstein Vampires arose to challenge for rulership of the Old World – Vlad, Konrad and Mannfred – each a unique and deadly threat. Under the command of the Vampire Counts, hordes of Zombies, legions of Skeletons and hosts of other fell Undead creatures besieged the Empire in a relentless campaign for control. Divided by politics and war, the Empire was almost overrun and came close to being enslaved to the will of a Vampire Emperor. It was only through the sacrifices of the armies of the Elector Counts, and the efforts of a few remarkable heroes of the Empire, that the Undead were held at bay.

Though the von Carsteins were eventually defeated, persistent rumours claim to this day that the last of the Vampire Counts, Mannfred von Carstein, escaped destruction. For centuries, the tales say, he has awaited the moment when the Empire is once more weak and vulnerable. When the darkness gathers, the armies of Sylvania will go forth again, greater than ever before. While dead things stir in their graves and travellers disappear in the middle of the night, there is always the fear that one day the Vampire Counts will rise again, to sweep away the rule of the living and create an eternal empire of the Undead.



The Blood Kiss

The manner by which a Vampire turns a mortal into another Vampire is subject to much speculation. Known variously as the Blood Kiss, the Dark Awakening, Turning and the Red Ascension, this process is believed to involve the exchange of blood in some fashion. It was Queen Neferata's blood that gave rise to the first Vampires. The Blood Kiss is a highly secretive and personal affair, possibly unique to each Vampire, and the lords of undeath do not discuss it, not even with others of their kind.

The Midnight Aristocracy

The Vampires of the Old World haunt the darkness, filled with an insatiable thirst for human blood and saturated with the raw power of Dark Magic. Since the defeat of the von Carsteins, most Vampires remain hidden from the eyes of Man. However, Vampires occasionally inveigle themselves into the great cities of the Empire, moving in high society where their lordly positions allow them to conceal their true natures. Some lurk in the deep woodlands or within dark caverns, preying on travellers and peasants. A few dwell within the mist-shrouded ruins of their old castles and emerge from their cobwebbed crypts to feast intermittently on whatever they can find. Others still have become debased and feral creatures, feeding on fresh corpses in graveyards and making their lairs in dusty mausoleums.

Such is the Vampires' innate dominion over death that it is impossible to ever know for certain whether they have been slain. They have a habit of returning and wreaking terrible vengeance on their would-be slayers when least expected. A Vampire can lie dormant for years, decades or even centuries, gathering his might while his minions prepare the way for his return to power. Once at his full strength, the Vampire will muster a horde of the Undead and go forth once more, fighting in pursuit of his depraved ambitions.

When a powerful Vampire stirs, the Dark Magic he exudes acts as a magical beacon to spirits and dead things for many miles around. In this manner, a Vampire draws all manner of dreadful creatures to his service. Ghouls and Crypt Horrors leave their graveyard lairs and Dire Wolves slink out from the shadowy forests. Ghosts and spectres, revenants of dead warriors and murdered men, draw strength from the Vampire and weave insubstantial forms for themselves in order to plague the warm-blooded living. Slack-jawed Zombies claw themselves out of shallow graves at the Vampire's command. Units of armoured Wights stalk forwards in a parody of disciplined soldiery, flanked by beasts of the wild that have been reshaped by the energies of necromancy into something

far more hideous. The skies above the Vampire writhe with swarms of blood-sucking bats, some of which are as large as the dreaded Zombie Dragons that bear the lords of undeath to battle. Twisted mockeries of once-noble predators flap through the cold air alongside unliving monstrosities borne upon leathery wings.

The deathly adepts known as Necromancers can also feel the rising of such a lord of darkness, and will leave their hiding places to serve at the feet of a truly undying master. They bargain their skills and servitude in exchange for more knowledge, or in the hope of earning the Blood Kiss themselves. Some bear dread artefacts to war upon palanquins of the dead, hoping to use the might of their unholy predecessors against their prey. Perhaps most deadly of all those summoned are the other Vampires that heed the dark call – some sired by the Vampire and therefore bonded to it by magic and blood, others seeking alliance or simply a chance for fresh slaughter.

The Tireless Hordes

Relentless, implacable and dreadful, the Undead are among the most dangerous opponents in the known world. Bound by the will of their Vampire, they are a fell and mighty force. They cannot be reasoned with, bribed or coerced. They know neither fear nor mercy. They need neither sleep nor warmth, drink nor wholesome sustenance. As they spread across the land, their ranks swell with the corpses, and sometimes even the spirits, of their slain foes.

Few things inspire more fear in the hearts of men than the sight of the walking dead. Their cadaverous forms are wrapped in funerary vestments, and they wield ancient, rusty weapons – they are a vision of the fate that awaits all living creatures. When confronted by that which haunts all Men's nightmares, most mortals feel an indescribable horror, as much a weapon as any blade, and only the bravest warriors will stand their ground. When the Undead march to war, all the living tremble in fear.

Places of Death

To understand the restless dead, one must understand the nature of magic. The Winds of Magic constantly emerge from the Realm of Chaos and blow out across the world. Magical energies permeate everything. Gusting down from the Chaos Wastes, most of the currents of magical energy separate into one of the eight colours of magic. Some, however, remain a roiling mass of pure Dark Magic that descends where it will. A peculiar quality of Dark Magic is that like attracts like. Once Dark Magic starts to build up in an area, more and more of it will be drawn to that same place. This forms a swirling vortex of evil that eventually coalesces into a solid form – warystone. It is Dark Magic that provides the power to animate the dead, therefore, many of the areas where that fell force waxes strongest are also the places that attract or spawn Undead.

Some philosophers observe that, since Chaos feeds on strong emotions, places where great negative emotions such as fear, terror, hatred and horror have been felt also attract Dark Magic. They claim that battlefields, plague-stricken towns and houses where dark deeds of murder have been committed draw the forces of undeath to them. Alternatively, it could simply be a reflection of the fact that dreadful energies are often unleashed during battles, or that the mass graves and plague pits of diseased townships attract and provide cover for Vampires and their unspeakable rites.

Whatever the reason, there are particular areas in the Old World and beyond that attract the Undead. These areas include the Desolation of Nagash, the Land of the Dead, the Imperial realm of Syltania, the cursed city of Mousillon in Bretonnia, the Barrow Hills in the Border Princes, the Ghouls Caves in the Worlds Edge Mountains, the Zombie-haunted swamps south of Skavenblight in Tilea, and the Mound of Krell in the Grey Mountains. These areas, ill-famed as they may be, are far from being the only places where the Undead are found. Any lonely tower with access to old burial grounds or crypts may be the haunt of a Necromancer or, worse still, one of the Vampires that they usually serve.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VAMPIRES

Vampires are immortal beings that have spread the curse of undeath across the lands for thousands of years. Though almost all of them now dwell in the rain-swept forests of the north, their origins lie in the sun-baked desert cities of the Land of the Dead.

South of the Empire, south of the Border Princes, south even of the Badlands and Karak Azul, lies a land of which very little is known. Even those who know its true name – Nehekharā – do not say the word aloud. They refer to it in hushed tones as the Land of the Dead. Few men have been there and returned to tell the tale, and so the history of the Land of the Dead is steeped in black rumour and shrouded in mystery. A few insights can be gleaned from ancient texts, such as Abdul ben Raschid's Book of the Dead.

This great tome tells of how the powerful Priest King, Settra, conquered all of the cities of the realm of Nehekharā, and yet he was not content, for he could not defeat death. He set his priests to solving the mystery of immortality, and though they extended his life for many years, they could not unlock the secrets of eternal life. Following Settra's death and entombment within a vast pyramid, successive Priest Kings became similarly obsessed with avoiding death. Over time, the great mortuary temples and pyramids dwarfed the cities of the living, and all thought and endeavour was bent towards immortal life. Eventually, this obsession with achieving immortality would bring about Nehekharā's demise and, from its death throes, the birth of the Vampires.

THE RISE OF NAGASH

Roughly four-and-a-half thousand years before the present day, Nagash was born in Khemri, largest of the cities of Nehekharā. The brother of the reigning Priest King, Nagash was a mighty priest well-versed in the mystical incantations of his folk. From an early age, Nagash was obsessed with death, even more so than the rest of his people. Nagash wandered through the city's necropolis for weeks at a time, and entered the oldest tombs without fear. He observed the morticians as they prepared the dead for internment. He watched warriors wounded in battle fade and die, and resolved that he would never succumb to such a fate.

It was Nagash's capture, and subsequent torture, of a small party of shipwrecked Dark Elves that led to his discovery of Dark Magic. Nagash soon mastered the basics of necromancy, and the people of the city began to shun him. A natural and brilliant sorcerer, his experiments met with considerable success. Amongst the greatest of his macabre achievements was the distillation of an elixir from human blood that would grant everlasting life to its drinker. Soon, Nagash had a loyal following of noblemen with whom he shared his discovery. In a bloody coup, Nagash seized control of Khemri and had his brother buried alive within their father's pyramid.

As the years turned into decades and the decades turned to centuries, Nagash and his followers took to conducting their experiments and rituals hidden in the cool, dark places in the palatial tombs of the necropolis. They began to shun the light altogether as they made plans for their dark ascension.

Nagash supervised the building of a great Black Pyramid, one of the mightiest structures ever attempted by men. It cost a great many lives to build, but the blood, sweat and souls given to its construction only increased its potency, for the pyramid was designed to attract the foul winds of Dark Magic. For the Priest Kings of the other cities, long disturbed by events in Khemri, this was the final blasphemy. They formed an alliance against Nagash and sent their armies into battle with him.

During the long war that followed, waves of dark power blasted the lands. Many of Nehekharā's oases were so saturated that they became as dismal and lifeless as the surrounding desert. After nearly a century of constant warfare, however, the armies of the Priest Kings succeeded in sacking Khemri. As Nagash fled from the burning city into the cold depths of his pyramid, the Great Necromancer swore to the Priest Kings that their cities would become as dust. The Priest Kings laughed. One by one they found Nagash's disciples within the pyramid and dragged them out screaming to be burned and beheaded in the sunlight.

All of the morbid statues and monuments to Nagash's glory were toppled into the sand. The sanctums of the Necromancer's disciples were despoiled, and the practice of Dark Magic was outlawed on pain of death. Yet the agents of the Priest Kings could not find the renegade himself. Although his disciples claimed to have seen Nagash enter his sarcophagus, the coffin itself was mysteriously empty.

The Damnation of Lahmia

In defiance of the laws imposed by the Priest Kings, Neferata, the Queen of Lahmia stole the most potent of Nagash's books and pursued her own studies in the dark arts. She attempted to replicate the Elixir of Life, and eventually she had a small measure of success. Neferata no longer seemed to age, but was possessed of a terrible thirst for blood. Over time, many of the court of Neferata also drank the elixir, and joined her as Vampire lords and ladies. Thus was the dynasty of the Lahmian Vampires born into the world. More cautious than Nagash, they took pains to conceal their nature from the other Priest Kings. The first Vampires reigned like gods over Lahmia, governed by their undying queen and hidden from the ire of the Priest Kings.

Gradually, the Vampire covens of Lahmia began to grow in confidence, and their excesses increased. They would not submit to walk the earth like common soldiers, and insisted upon being borne upon ornate thrones at all times. Hundreds of slaves entered their palaces every day, and were never seen again. These Vampires also learned that Nagash had not been destroyed, but was rebuilding his power in the citadel of Cripple Peak, which would become known as Nagashizzar. In thrall to the Great Necromancer and bound to him by the corrupted Elixir of Life, the rulers of Lahmia sent envoys to Cripple Peak. Agents of the Priest Kings captured and interrogated some of these heralds, and the Vampires' existence was uncovered. Enraged beyond measure, the Priest Kings once more amassed their armies and made war. The fight for Lahmia was long and bloody, with the deadly Vampires using their strength and sorcerous skills to slay hundreds of the Priest Kings' warriors.

Yet the Priest Kings were not without magic of their own, and their armies numbered in the tens of thousands. Eventually, the Vampires lost the battle. The population of Lahmia was enslaved, the pyramids smashed, and the Vampires driven out. Most fled northward, one-by-one arriving in Nagashizzar to be welcomed by the Great Necromancer. Nagash looked upon the corrupt immortals and was pleased. The Vampires were worthy champions for his armies, their damnation a tribute to his dark genius.

War with the Priest Kings

Nagash had not been idle and had learned much about the art of necromancy and animating the dead, conceiving of a mad and deadly master plan. He vowed to turn the entire world into a necropolis filled only by the unquiet dead, where no action would be performed, no deed done, save when he willed it. Nagash would be the lord over all of it.

The first step on Nagash's road to utter dominion was the elimination of his former homeland, for he wished a bitter vengeance upon the Priest Kings. At his command, the Vampires led his legions forth to war. On ships made of fused bone, the Undead horde made its way from the Sour Sea, down what future generations would know as the Straits of Nagash, to the Bitter Sea. The Undead legions made landfall at the ruined port of Lahmia and surged forwards on their mortal foes, the exiled Vampires spearheading the attack.

However, Nagash had seriously underestimated his former countrymen. In the time of his absence, the Land of the Great Vitae River had become a mighty empire ruled by a

single Priest King – Alcadizaar the Conqueror. Alcadizaar was the greatest general of his age and his empire was at the zenith of its power. When the Undead came, they found themselves opposed by a unified, confident army. Moreover, the enchanters of the Great Kingdom had made progress in the arts of magic, particularly in the creation of animated war-constructs. No easy victory was possible against them.

The ensuing wars stained the sands red for many years. The Vampires were mighty sorcerers and fell warriors, and they were determined to reclaim their kingdom. Wherever they appeared, terror and dread came upon the enemy, yet the Vampires were not invincible. The war swayed backwards and forwards for a decade. At first, the legions of the Undead had the upper hand, then the armies of Alcadizaar struck back with displays of tactical genius. Battle after battle was fought until all of Nagash's legions were destroyed. The defeated Vampires fled across the desert to Nagashizzar to bring their dark master the report of their failure.

Great was Nagash's rage. He cursed the vampiric captains that had failed him. Ever afterward they would know constant pain and their howling cries would carry the knowledge of their misery to all men. The remaining Vampires fled Nagashizzar by night, dispersing in all directions to confuse pursuit. Even after Nagash's death at the hands of Alcadizaar, the Vampires bore his curse. Thus, the first Vampires disappeared across the world, each founding their own bloodthirsty dynasty that would endure and grow through the centuries, terrorising the living to the present day.





THE VAMPIRE WARS

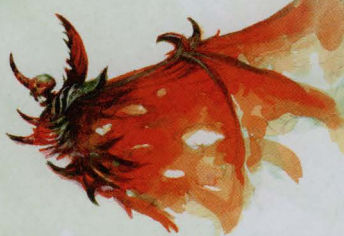
In the eastern reaches of Stirland, under the cold shadow of the Worlds Edge Mountains, lies Sylvania. This land of bleak hills, blasted moorlands and mist-shrouded forests is shunned by all sensible travellers and is without doubt the most ill-famed region in the Empire. No sane man would venture forth after dark and no questing knight or weary pilgrim ever accepts shelter within the brooding, rotting castles that tower over the land. By night, the brutish peasants of the squalid villages lock and bar their doors, and hang bundles of witchbane and daemon root over their shutters to ward against the evils of the night.

For as long as any man can remember, evil tales have been told of Sylvania. The odds are good that if ever a tavern bard is reciting a grisly ballad, or a court poet inscribing a story of horror, then the setting will be this dire place. Sylvania is indeed a land where unquiet spirits, thirsty Vampires and evil sorcerers still walk beneath the moons' pale light.

The Winds of Magic blow strong in Sylvania, and the keeps of the nobility are all built over particularly ill-omened sites. Even the notoriously violent and fearless Stirland tax collectors wear amulets blessed by Priests of Morr and Sigmar, and go about their business in fifty-strong companies whenever their Elector Count compels them to seek his due.

The Madness of Otto Von Drak

The nadir of this dark land came when Vlad von Carstein took rulership of Sylvania. It began on a storm-lashed night when Otto, last of the mad von Drak Counts, lay on his death bed in Castle Drakenhof, cursing the gods that he was without a male heir to continue his legacy. Otto was a cruel man, fond of putting the heads of peasants on spikes at the slightest provocation, and when crazed with drink he was convinced he was Sigmar reincarnated. The nobles of his court had no respect for his authority, and paid no attention to his commands. Sylvania seethed with strife.



As his family keenly awaited his final breath, Otto swore he would marry his daughter Isabella to a daemon rather than let his hated brother Leopold inherit. Otto had already refused his daughter's hand to every noble in Sylvania, for he despised them all. No man of breeding from beyond the borders of von Drak's realm wanted to marry a Sylvanian heiress, and so it was that when Isabella von Drak knelt at Otto's death bed, she was still without a husband.

Outside, thunder rumbled and lightning split the storm-black darkness. Victor Guttman, the aged priest of Sigmar who had been called to shrive the old count, fainted away. Then, from out of the storm came the sound of wheels and pounding hooves. A dark coach pulled by four mighty black steeds drew up outside the keep. A heavy hand smote the door a ringing blow, and a proud voice demanded entry.

The Arrival of Vlad

The castle gate swung open on its hinges before any man-at-arms could touch it. The visitor was revealed and, as one, the baying guard dogs ceased to howl and slunk away. The stranger was tall, darkly handsome, and of noble bearing and aspect. No-one stayed his entry as he marched directly to the count's chamber. The newcomer's accent was foreign, perhaps from Kislev, or even further afield. He named himself as Vlad von Carstein, and recited his noble antecedents to the count. He then claimed the wide-eyed Isabella's hand in marriage. Looking into the stranger's cold, dead eyes, the count perhaps regretted his rash oath, but before he knew it, he had given his blessing nonetheless.

The priest Guttman was revived from his swoon and brought to the chambers of Otto, where the marriage ceremony was performed before the dying count's bed. Almost as soon as the last of the ritual words were spoken, Otto von Drak expired, leaving his daughter and his entire estate in the charge of Vlad von Carstein. The new count's first act was to hurl Isabella's uncle Leopold through the window of the highest tower of Castle Drakenhof.

Vlad seemed as eccentric as old Otto. He never ate in the servants' presence. He never walked abroad by day. He dismissed the elderly Sigmarrite priest and sent him from the town. No one ever saw Victor Guttman again. Soon, many of the old servants at the keep were dismissed and mysterious, swarthy strangers took their place. However, the new count seemed less oppressive than the old one, and so the folk of Sylvania got on with their daily business, ignoring the hooded and cloaked foreigners that often visited the castle. Years of punitive von Drak rule had taught them not to question the deeds of their betters. All that concerned the lower classes was that at least the new count didn't order senseless executions or demand exorbitant taxes at a whim.

No one doubted the count's prowess in battle either. When the famed company of Bernhoff the Butcher rode into town and demanded tribute, Vlad cut the veteran mercenary down as if he were a stripling. The count then proceeded to slaughter the entire mercenary band while his bodyguard watched, picking their teeth and making smug comments. The count's popularity was assured. Within his realm, the laws were kept, and the guilty were punished without mercy.

The Healing of Isabella

Scant days later, word reached Drakenhof that Isabella had fallen sick with an incurable illness. One of the physicians who tended her claimed her heart had stopped. The new count insisted this was not so. He dismissed the learned doctors, claiming he would care for her with his own hands. Three days later she appeared in front of her folk, saying she was fully recovered. She was ever afterwards pale and wan, however, and never left her chambers save by moonlight.

At first, none of the feuding nobles of Sylvania paid any heed to the commands of the new count. If this bothered Vlad, he gave no sign of it. The count cherished his tenants as a peasant family cherishes a beast they are fattening for the Midsummer feast. After decades of rule by mad Otto, this new order was welcomed by all save the most paranoid.



After several months, however, dark things began to happen. Young men and women from the villages began to disappear. The living dead gathered at the borders of each settlement in growing numbers. These were small forces at first, and they came after only those who disobeyed the count's authority. If any rebellious Sylvanians escaped the clutches of the Undead, then they quickly fell victim to strange accidents.

Only those who had sworn allegiance to Vlad von Carstein seemed immune to these depredations. Soon, the renegade nobles of Sylvania were queuing up to swear fealty to him. Within ten years, Vlad was more firmly in control of unruly Sylvania than the Elector Counts were of the largest states in the Empire. Some remarked that such was Vlad's success as a ruler he should in fact sit upon the Imperial throne. After all, the von Carsteins were an ancient family that could trace their lineage back to the founding of the Empire.

Generations later, Vlad and Isabella still presided over the lands, unchanged by the years. At first, few paid attention to their longevity. The lives of peasants had always been squalid and short, and nobles had always enjoyed vastly longer lifespans. However, when the oldest woman of Drakenhof insisted that her grandmother had been a girl when Vlad von Carstein came to the throne, even the most dim-witted peasantry began to surmise that all was not as it seemed.

The spreading rumours drew more and more Witch Hunters to Sylvania. Those who chose to investigate the von Carsteins were never seen again. Yet worse was to come. The mysterious disease that had first laid low Isabella von Carstein struck other noble families allied with the count.

Soon, every castle in Sylvania was home to long-lived, nocturnal folk, pallid of aspect and merciless in their rule. The number of the living who went missing became more and more noticeable. The temples to Sigmar, Taal and Ulric were closed, the Priests of Morr were driven from the region and the dead were left untended to pile up at the sides of the roads. Grim watch posts were set up along the border, and few were allowed to cross – either into or out of Sylvania.

When catastrophe struck the Ostermark capital of Mordheim in the year 2000, Vlad was swift to act. A great meteor of warpstone had destroyed half the city, and shards of raw magic littered the ruins. As the claimants to the Imperial throne sent mercenary forces to seize this new source of power, so too did Vlad send dark minions forth into the ruins. It would be another decade before the strange seeds harvested from that blighted city would bear fruit.

Vlad Marches Forth

On Geheimnisnacht in the year 2010, Vlad von Carstein revealed the nightmarish truth to the world. The Count of Sylvania stood upon the battlements of Castle Drakenhof and intoned a terrible incantation he had taken from one of the Nine Books of Nagash. Fuelled by the warpstone recovered from Mordheim, Vlad's magic flowed over Sylvania, coiling through unguarded Gardens of Morr and pooling in open peasant graves. Across Vlad's lands the dead awoke. Skeletons clawed their way through the peaty soil; Zombies stirred in their muddy holes; Ghouls loped from their crypt lairs to worship their new master. With this act, Vlad von Carstein had thrown down the gauntlet to the Empire. The Wars of the Vampire Counts had begun.

The Sylvania armies headed northwest. They crossed the River Stir and headed for Talabheim. The Undead force blackened the horizon with its numbers, for each of the Vampire aristocracy of Sylvania led a whole army of Skeletons and Zombies. Perhaps stranger still, the peasant levies of that land marched alongside their Undead masters.

At the Battle of Essen Ford, the Undead faced the Talabecland army of Ottilia III. Before the battle, Vlad von Carstein promised the humans clemency if they surrendered, and no mercy if they opposed him. Though fearful, Ottilia's general ordered the attack. Crossbows and bullets cut a swath through the legions of Undead as they crossed the ford, but Vlad's magic reanimated his fallen minions once more and spurred them forward. Knightly charges destroyed hundreds of walking corpses but still thousands more pressed onwards in an unstoppable wall of flesh and bone.

Vengeful spirits and spectral horsemen swept through the Talabecland lines, shrieking and killing, while the never-ending army of Zombies dragged down soldier after soldier. Embattled against a seemingly endless horde of the dead, Ottilia's forces were encircled. Vlad led the final attack himself at the head of his Black Knights, while the Wights of the Drakenhof Guard surrounded the enemy general.

Faced with the power of Vlad and his fellow Vampires, the forces of Ottilia were overwhelmed. Many surrendered, but Vlad was true to his word. His followers butchered every captive, and then Vlad used his powers to re-animate their bodies and add them to his growing legion.



As he watched his men executed and then raised up once more as Zombies, Ottilia's general, Hans Schliffen, became so incensed that he flew into a berserk rage. Schliffen broke free from his captors' grasp, seized the count's own enchanted sword from its scabbard, and struck off Vlad's head. Schliffen was immediately torn limb from limb by Konrad von Carstein, most deranged of the count's followers.

With Vlad seemingly destroyed, the remaining Vampires squabbled among themselves to see who would take his place. Herman Posner, Baron of Waldenhof, finally prevailed. That very night, as Posner strutted at the head of the army, Vlad von Carstein returned. Posner threw himself at Vlad's mercy, but was cut down without a moment's thought.

With the army of Talabecland smashed, Vlad turned his attention even further westward, towards the fortress-city of Middenheim. At the Battle of Schwarhafen, Vlad was cut down by Jerek Kruger, leader of the Knights of the White Wolf, and amongst great turmoil and confusion, the army of Sylvania was defeated. Yet within a year, Vlad von Carstein was leading another army to war. Grand Master Kruger's smashed and bloodless body was found at the foot of the Middenheim spire. The Knights of the White Wolf and Knights Panther were scattered by Vlad's Undead creatures and winged giants that swooped down from the skies. The soldiers of Middenheim retreated to the city and destroyed the causeways leading up to the gates.

Content that the Graf of Middenheim's army posed no more threat to his ambition, Vlad ravaged Middenland to further swell his forces. At every village and town he came across, Vlad offered the same bargain – serve him and live, oppose him and die. At first, many tried to fight the Undead, but all suffered the same fate as Ottilia III's army before them. Vlad's Undead legion grew ever larger and stronger. Soon, miles-long columns of refugees fled westward, fearful of the relentless onslaught of Vlad's Undead army.

Vlad turned his attention eastward and fought along the Old Forest Road through Hochland and into Ostland. Army after army was sent to check his advance but the result of every battle was the same – the undying legions slew their enemies in a battle of attrition the living could not hope to win. Nothing seemed to stop Vlad, every time it appeared he had been slain, he returned to wreak his revenge. At Bluthof, the Vampire Count fell with five lances through his body and the count of Ostland's Runefang lodged in his heart. Three days later, Vlad was seen ordering the execution of prisoners outside the gates of Bluthof.

With the northern provinces overrun and their armies smashed, Vlad turned south and made for Reikland. At Bogenhafen Bridge, a lucky cannon shot took von Carstein's head clean off. Within the hour, the cannon crew were drained of blood and the army overrun.

Altdorf Besieged

By the winter of 2051, the Sylvanians laid siege to Altdorf, capital of Reikland. The great city was surrounded by a leagues-long ditch edged with sharpened stakes, and the Reik had been redirected into the ditch to give the city a moat of fast-flowing water. None of the precautions taken by the defenders worked. They did not stop the von Carsteins and their allies for a moment. Great siege engines built of

fused human remains lumbered forward, animated by Dark Magic, while carrion crows and blood-sucking bats circled greedily overhead. Vlad gave his usual ultimatum – open the gates and serve him in life, or fight on and serve him in death. Ludwig, the Reikland's claimant to the Imperial throne, wanted to surrender. The Grand Theogonist Wilhelm III, high priest of the Cult of Sigmar, convinced him to defy Vlad instead. Wilhelm cloistered himself within the Great Temple of Sigmar. After three days of prayer he emerged once more, claiming that Sigmar had revealed the salvation of the Empire to him.

That same day, Wilhelm dispatched an agent to the Vampire Count's camp. His name was Felix Mann, and he was the greatest thief of the age. His task was to steal the Vampire Count's ornate ring. By stealth and trickery, Mann made his way to the heart of the Sylvanian camp. Heart in mouth, he entered the great black silk pavilion where the Undead aristocrats lay sleeping in open coffins. The master thief Mann slipped the ring from von Carstein's finger and fled, never to return. No one knows what became of him.



When he woke, Vlad was enraged and ordered an immediate attack on the city. The Undead army surged forwards under the burning will of the Vampire Count, and great siege towers of bone were wheeled to the walls. On the towering battlements, Skeletons and Reiklander Swordsmen hacked at each other. Imperial heroes armed with ancient weapons taken from the vaults of the city cut down the Vampire aristocrats, and were in their turn chopped apart.

At the centre of the vast struggle that engulfed the city, the Grand Theogonist clashed with the Vampire Count Vlad. After an hour of combat, holy hammer against magical blade, Vlad gained the upper hand, for his foe was tiring and he was not. Sensing that the end was near, Wilhelm charged his foe headlong and flung himself and Vlad over the battlements. The two fell together, locked in an embrace of death. First, Vlad was impaled on a wooden spike at the wall's foot, and then Wilhelm landed on top, driving the count still further on. With an awful scream the count expired, for without the power of his magical ring, Vlad at last proved vulnerable.

With Count Vlad destroyed and his armies crumbling, the Sylvanians were forced to lift the siege and retreat. So great were the casualties inflicted on the men of Altdorf that no pursuit was possible. The last casualty of the Battle of Altdorf was Isabella von Carstein. Unable to face eternity without her husband, she impaled herself on a stake and shrivelled to a pile of dust before the eyes of would-be Emperor Ludwig and his bodyguard. Ludwig would have pressed into Sylvania and taken the fight to the evil scourge at its heart but the other claimants to the Imperial throne joined forces against him, fearing that Ludwig would use his new popularity to secure his claim to the throne. So the pernicious lords of Sylvania were able to regain their strength.

KONRAD THE BLOODY

There were five surviving claimants for Vlad's title: Fritz, Hans, Pieter, Konrad and Mannfred. All could claim to be von Carstein's direct heir, since he had personally spread his curse to all of them. A vicious power struggle erupted. For more than forty years, the Vampires warred and plotted amongst themselves, giving the Empire vital time to recover from the desolation wrought by Vlad's attacks.

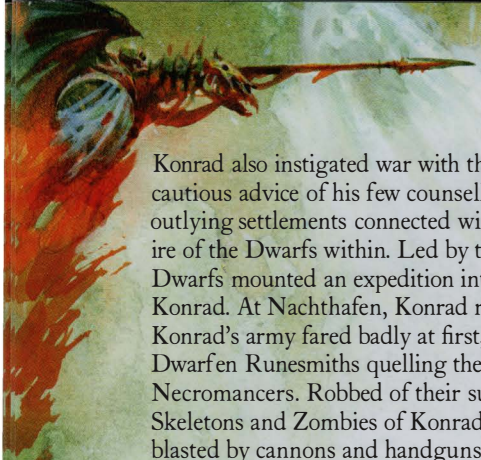
Fritz von Carstein was killed on the field of battle while attempting to besiege Middenheim. Hans perished when Konrad instigated a quarrel with him over who was the toughest and then slew him, cutting his body into pieces. Pieter was slain in his coffin by the Witch Hunter Helmut van Hal, a distant descendant of the infamous Necromancer. Rumour at the time suggested that Mannfred had led van Hal to Pieter's lair. After Pieter's death, Mannfred disappeared, leaving Konrad as undisputed ruler of Sylvania.

Konrad von Carstein was completely mad. Even when he had walked among the living he had the reputation of being a blood-mad butcher; evil, merciless and insanely violent. Konrad had once ordered his crossbowmen to use every cat in his domain as target practice. On at least two occasions, Konrad had ordered peasant villages put to the torch because he didn't like their smell. He tried his mother for the crime of having given birth to him without his consent, and upon finding her guilty, Konrad had her bricked up in a tower. Acquiring the power and longevity of a Vampire did nothing to strengthen Konrad's already shaky grasp on reality.

Lacking skill at necromancy, Konrad enslaved any magicians he could capture and forced them to do his bidding. He led a huge army that ravaged the length and breadth of the Empire, but where Vlad had offered his opponents a choice between life and death, Konrad offered them a choice between dying quickly and dying painfully.

Konrad's ambitions paled in comparison to Vlad's, for he sought not to rule as a Vampire Emperor but only to immerse himself in bloody slaughter. His warmongering took his army as far south as Nuln and the Grey Mountains, and it was here that the mad Vampire Count first met the Knights of Blood Keep. Though Konrad's behaviour was neither honourable nor noble, the promise of great victories was enough to win the Blood Knights to his cause. With the Blood Knights in his vanguard, Konrad defeated every foe sent against him, despite his frequent bouts of hysteria and grave tactical errors. None could stand against the raw power of Konrad the Beast's armoured host.

At Kleiberstorf, Konrad faced the army of Averland. Archers and mortars took a heavy toll on the Sylvanian army, but Konrad threatened and pleaded with his Necromancers to keep his army moving forward. He offered power and riches to his captive wizards and they acceded, combining their powers to unleash a scourging wind on the Averland forces. As Dark Magic whipped around the soldiers, ethereal hands clawed at their souls. Panic began to spread as the unnatural gale slew more and more men. In a moment of rare clarity, Konrad saw that the moment was ripe and unleashed his Blood Knights and the Drakenhof Guard. Faced with insubstantial terrors and armoured Vampires charging them, the Averland army broke and fled. Konrad pursued them for five days, hunting down and killing every last man.



Konrad also instigated war with the Dwarfs, against the cautious advice of his few counsellors. Undead armies raided outlying settlements connected with Zhufbar, rousing the ire of the Dwarfs within. Led by the King of Zhufbar, the Dwarfs mounted an expedition into Sylvania to hunt for Konrad. At Nachthafen, Konrad rode forth to meet them. Konrad's army fared badly at first, with the power of the Dwarfen Runesmiths quelling the magic of Konrad's pet Necromancers. Robbed of their sustaining energy, the Skeletons and Zombies of Konrad's host lay where they fell, blasted by cannons and handguns.

Konrad remained confident despite these setbacks. He launched an all-out attack on the right flank of the Dwarf army, leading the assault himself and seeking out every Runesmith in the throng. While the Blood Knights smashed into the disciplined ranks of the Dwarfs, Konrad cut down the Runesmiths and fed on their spilt blood. As they gained magical ascendancy, Konrad's Necromancers were able to resurrect the fallen warriors of the Undead army and, under the urging of Konrad, the unliving host lurched forwards once more. The Dwarfs fought on resolutely, never once giving in to their fear, but it was a hopeless fight. The Dwarf King challenged Konrad to single combat, but the Blood Count instead despatched Walach Harkon, the Grand Master of the Blood Knights, to fight as his champion. Harkon killed the Dwarf King after a bitter duel and gorged himself on the royal blood of his foe. Within the next hour, the Dwarfs had all been slain.

Konrad was so unwaveringly vicious that, confronted with his wrath, the three claimants to the Imperial throne put aside their differences and combined forces against him on two separate occasions. The first time was at the Battle of Four Armies, an inconclusive clash fought outside Middenheim in 2100. This battle was most notable for the infamous scene of treachery where Ludwig's son and successor, Lutwik, and Ottilia IV of Talabecland treacherously ordered the assassination of each other during the fray – after all, a battlefield is the ideal place for a blade in the back. In the chaos that followed their mutual destruction, the nobles of the Empire desperately sought to unite under a single leader. Helmut of Marienburg was the prime candidate.

A conclave of the Elector Counts assembled at Averheim to decide the matter. Even as support for him was gathering in the council hall, Helmut began to act erratically, struck dumb and vacant at a critical time. Helmut's skin began to peel away and one of his eyes dropped out, much to the horror of the assembled counts. Even Helmut's son, Helmar, refused his father's claim to the throne once it was discovered that Helmut was a Zombie under Konrad's control! Discovered, Konrad's Necromancers fled with their Zombie Emperor-to-be. Enraged that his devious plan had failed, Konrad slaughtered his way from Averheim to the Howling Hills, putting to the torch every town and village he came across.

Grim Moor marked the second alliance to face Konrad von Carstein. Here, in the spring of 2121, a combined army of men and Dwarfs finally met Konrad's host. Konrad was so incensed he ordered his army to attack the combined forces arrayed against him, rather than retreat further. As before, the armoured warriors of Konrad's elite withstood the punishment dealt them by the handguns and war machines of the Empire and Dwarf gun lines, striding relentlessly

forward. But then, the regiments of the Undead faltered; the magic that bound them seeped away and they collapsed. Konrad's Necromancers had betrayed him and fled. It was only Konrad's raw will and innate Vampire abilities that kept any semblance of his army animated, but the effort proved too much.

In a mad fit, Konrad wandered away from the battle, shouting maniacally. The Dwarf hero Grufbad captured Konrad and held him down while Elector Count Helmar impaled his father's killer with his Runefang.

LAST OF THE VON CARSTEINS

The most cunning of the Vampire Counts was Mannfred. Some Vampires claim he was awake when the Carstein Ring was stolen, and afterward spent long years seeking Felix Mann. While Konrad ravaged the Empire, Mannfred studied the art of necromancy. He journeyed into the Lands of the Dead in search of the secrets of unlife, before returning to the castle at Drakenhof with a library of dark lore.

After Konrad's death, Mannfred became the undisputed ruler of Sylvania. For a full decade, he let the various contenders to the Imperial throne think the Sylvanian threat was over. Where Vlad had ruled through his iron will and raw power, and Konrad reigned with fear, Mannfred used his necromantic prowess and devious manipulations to forge his armies. He sought out Vampires from beyond the borders of Sylvania and bribed, coerced and flattered them into joining him. He spent many long months in the wild places of the Empire, rousing spirits and Wights from their decrepit tombs. When vicious civil war again wracked the Empire, Mannfred deemed it was time to strike.

Mannfred von Carstein's Undead legions crossed the Sylvanian border in the depths of winter. With the summer campaigning season over, the armies of the Elector Counts were unprepared for the sudden assault. Mannfred's armies marched through the snows towards Altdorf, putting to the sword any living men they met and raising the corpses to swell the ranks of Mannfred's horde. In the infamous Winter War of 2132, Mannfred defeated several hastily assembled Imperial armies that attempted to block his path. Victory followed victory and, soon, the dark rumour of Mannfred's coming was enough to send villagers fleeing from their homes only to freeze to death in the snow. When Mannfred's much-enlarged force reached Altdorf, they found the city seemingly undefended.

Triumph filled Mannfred. He looked set to become not a Vampire Count but a Vampire Emperor, achieving what Vlad and Konrad had failed to do. Then the Grand Theogonist, Kurt III, appeared on the battlements. The Sigmarite high priest had brought forth the evil Liber Mortis from the deepest locked vaults of his temple, and he began to recite the Great Spell of Unbinding from its pages. As the incantation continued, Mannfred's power over his minions began to weaken. Seeing his followers crumbling to dust, Mannfred ordered a hasty retreat, for his foes were ready and prepared to meet the Undead threat head on.

Unperturbed, Mannfred marched his army along the Reik to Marienburg, capturing several large vessels along the way and manning them with the raised corpses of their crews.



Mannfred intended to lay siege to the port city and then sail his Zombie fleet within to attack from another direction, but he soon found his land assault was staved off by the army of Marienburg and their allies. Mannfred oversaw the construction of mighty war machines, immense catapults of twisted logs and living sinew, and settled down for a siege. A few days later, his scouts revealed that an army from Altdorf was fast coming up behind him. Mannfred was forced to lift the siege of the port and retreat.

So began a long cat-and-mouse chase, with neither side entirely sure which was the cat. At Horstenbad, the army of Ostermark surrounded Mannfred as his army wound its way along the forest road, destroying nearly half of the Vampire Count's forces. Yet Mannfred escaped and within the month had seized the town of Felph and created a new army. When the army of Ostermark lay siege to Felph, Mannfred unleashed a magical storm that killed whole regiments with bolts of purple lightning, their still-smoking bodies rising to their feet to grapple with their former comrades. On and on the campaign raged, with neither side able to secure ultimate victory. Twice, Mannfred retreated into Sylvania to escape pursuit. The first time, he smashed the Averland and Stirland army sent after him, raising up an uncountable horde of Zombies at Bylorhof.

Determined not to make the same mistakes as they had before, the nobles of the Empire swore a truce among themselves and began to scour the Sylvanian woods. Warriors despatched by the High King of the Dwarfs aided in the fighting. The armies of the Empire were relentless and, eventually, Mannfred was brought to battle at Hel Fenn.

Mannfred's army was vast, his necromantic power having raised a legion of Zombies from the muddy depths of Hel Fenn. Mannfred's unliving host continued to retreat into the swamps, drawing the exhausted Imperial army onwards into the filth and gloom. Yet Mannfred had not reckoned on the determination of his foes. Eventually he was brought to battle in the eastern reaches of the great marshland, where the warriors of the Empire and Dwarfs fought with grim resolve.

Mannfred saw that victory was beyond him and attempted to flee. The Elector Count of Stirland, mounted upon a majestic Griffon, gave chase and caught Mannfred at the very edge of the swamps. Though the Elector Count was wounded badly, his Runefang cleaved great gouges into Mannfred's flesh and the Vampire's mangled corpse sank into the depths of the swamp. Despite a long search, neither Man nor Dwarf ever located Mannfred's body. Thus ended the reign of Mannfred, the last of the von Carsteins. Or so it seemed at the time...

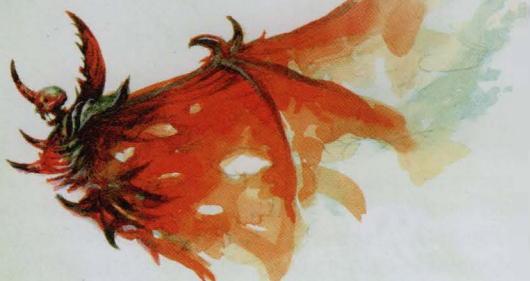
The Hidden Threat

Worse still, whilst the Vampire Wars had raged, the curse that blighted the von Carsteins bled unchecked across the lands. To this day, the children of Nagash haunt the darkness from frozen Kislev in the east to prosperous Marienburg on the west of the Old World. Who knows how many noblewomen are secretly queens of undeath, how many dashing aristocrats have a gory secret, or how many barons and dukes owe their fealty to an unliving king? Hidden from mortal sight, the Vampires marshal their ghastly armies, waiting as patient as spiders for the time to bind the living into their web of undeath forever more.

WAR IN THE BORDER PRINCES

The year 2522 saw the return of Mannfred von Carstein to the world of mortals. Mannfred, hell-bent on taking the Imperial throne for himself and ruling over the Old World, even if it took eternity to do so, had bided his time since his defeat at Hel Fenn. But the passage of time is of little consequence to one with immortality in his blood. The Vampire Count was content to gather his strength once more and wait for the moment to strike.

Mannfred had watched with great interest as the Chaos-worshipping tribes of the Kurgan invaded the Empire en masse, bringing destruction and anarchy to the Old World before eventually being repelled at great cost by an alliance of Dwarfs, Elves and Men. As the drama played out, it became clear to Mannfred that with these three great races united against them, even the famously deadly armies of the Dark Gods could be held at bay. Mannfred would not make the same mistake, for he desired the Old World for himself. He intended to drive a wedge between the elder races and, in breaking the bond of trust between the races of Elf, Dwarf and Man, weaken the Old World's military capacity to the point where it was ripe for conquest by his Undead hordes.



Over the years leading up to his re-emergence, Mannfred travelled far and wide to secure allies. His studies with the disciples of Nagash, in the ruins of Lahmia, had come to completion, and Mannfred's magical abilities had never been stronger. Yet the von Carstein's plans were ambitious indeed. In return for their secrets, Mannfred had sworn a dread pact with the corrupted wraith-wizards that yet served Nagash in the South – a pact to aid them in their own goal of summoning the Great Necromancer once more and bringing a new order to the world. The von Carsteins had secretly been working towards this same goal for centuries, gathering the relics of Nagash's reign unto their castles. Though great progress had been made, their efforts had ultimately fallen short, for in truth, Nagash had become more like a god than a man, and his spirit was beyond even the abilities of the Vampire Counts to bring to the mortal realm. It would take the rituals of ancient Nehekara combined with the sacrifice of a powerful and innocent soul to achieve a true resurrection. Mannfred, in his genius, saw a way to hasten the return of Nagash and seriously weaken those who would stand against him in one stroke.

Mannfred travelled northwards from the deserts of Nehekara into the lands of fair Bretonnia – often travelling incognito, but occasionally summoning the dead from local cemeteries to fight beside him when the territorial knights of that land gathered to drive him out. Mannfred's mastery of the nefarious magical arts saw him carve a bloody path

through the mountains to the east of Bretonnia until he located the Lichemaster, Heinrich Kemmler, and the Wight King, Krell, along with their army of armoured Wights. Under a full moon, surrounded by mist-shrouded barrows, the Lichemaster agreed to Mannfred's plan. The embittered Necromancer would take any chance to grind the civilisation he had left behind into dust. War would come to the forces of order once more.

A Diabolical Plan

As the twisted forests of the Old World turned from verdant green to a ragged mass of brown, red and gold, the Phoenix Delegation of Ulthuan marched from the coastlines of the Border Princes to the south of the Empire on a diplomatic mission to Karaz-a-Karak. These visits were typically fraught and tense occasions, for the Elves and the Dwarfs had once waged a bitter war against each other, and the old wounds still festered in their hearts. In the wake of the Chaos invasions, the High Elf King, Finubar, had agreed to parley with the High King of the Dwarfs, Thorgrim Grudgebearer, and cement their alliance in the years to come. Secretly, each sought to secure their own position, and impress upon the other that they were more than powerful enough to prevail if the alliance turned sour. Locked in the wars with the evil Dark Elves, the High Elf King had been forced to remain in Ulthuan. To ensure he did not offend the Dwarf High King by sending some mere functionary, Finubar sent his astonishingly beautiful daughter, Aliathra. Dwarf Kings are easy to offend, but it was said that as well as being a mage of impressive skill, Princess Aliathra could charm an angry Manticore's head into her lap.

The Worlds Edge Mountains are infested with greenskins, and the Phoenix Delegation had been attacked by Orc tribes several times on their journey into the high peaks that held Karaz-a-Karak. Each time, the uncanny martial mastery of the High Elf army, combined with the magic of Aliathra, had driven the greenskin tribes back without major loss. The Elven princess was sure that their precise displays of martial and magical force would not be lost on their mountain-dwelling hosts, and the Dwarfs felt no need to insult their guests by marching to their rescue. The Elven delegation entered Karaz-a-Karak in good order, and with great courtesy and skill, they successfully cemented their alliance with the Dwarfs. However, by the time they began the journey back to the coast, Mannfred's mortal agents had spread word of the Elven presence far and wide. The greenskin tribes had gathered in force, and worse still, they were not alone. Hidden in the dark valleys were two great armies of Undead with Mannfred leading one and Heinrich Kemmler the other. The forces of darkness were ready to spring their trap.

Out from the gates of Karaz-a-Karak marched a great throng of Dwarfs, flanking the Phoenix Delegation of Ulthuan with an honour guard over a thousand strong. They had passed less than ten leagues before the Orc tribes sprung their ambush, howling down the mountainsides with a great roaring war cry that shook scree from the peaks. At a gruff command from Elder Thane Orgrimm, the Dwarf honour guard locked their shield walls into place to form a bulwark of steel. Aliathra's princely consort, Yluthian, took to the skies on his noble Griffon, Everswift. As the princess'



Swordmasters closed protectively around her, hundreds of Elven archers smoothly nocked arrows and sent volleys of deadly shafts straight over the heads of their stout Dwarf allies. To the amused distaste of the Elven warriors, the valley ran red with filthy Orc blood before the hour was out.

It was only when a full half of the Orc tribes had expended themselves that Mannfred made his move. The skies suddenly darkened as whirling swarms of bats thundered out from caverns and cracks in the mountainsides. From the river that ran through the valley's centre stalked a cleverly concealed army of Skeleton Warriors, their sodden armour bearing the faded heraldry of the von Carsteins.

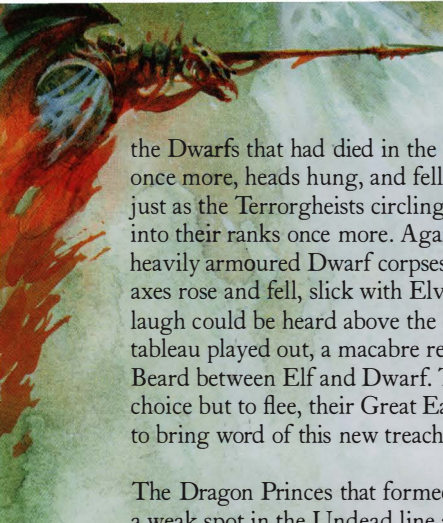
A great phalanx of heavily-armoured Wights marched up from the valleys below, Krell at their head, tirelessly grinding through the scree to block the delegation's escape. To the rear, the remnants of the Orc tribes barred the route back to Karaz-a-Karak. Out from the clouds came a trio of gigantic, bat-like Terrorgheists, rotting jaws agape. One was swiftly intercepted by Yluthian upon Everswift, but even that lightning-fast warrior could not stop all three. The deafeningly shrill cries of the vile creatures burst the eardrums of the Elf warriors below as the beasts and their Strigoi riders plummeted downwards to feed.

Worst of all, as the Lichemaster's dolorous chanting echoed from the mountainsides, every single one of the dead Orcs that littered the slopes jerked back to life. Even the disembodied arms and hands of those cut to pieces by Elf Swordmasters and Dwarf Clansmen started to drag themselves toward the Dwarf shield walls once more.

The anarchy that followed was the antithesis of the ordered defence mounted by the allies earlier that day. As the sun began to disappear behind the mountains, the sheer number of Undead began to tell. From above came flock upon flock of giant bats; the majority were incinerated by Aliathra's searing white magic or struck by the wheeling Great Eagles that had accompanied the High Elves on their journey, but the rest plucked at the eyes and faces of the Elf archers with blood-encrusted claws. To the fore, the Undead minions of Krell had taken position and, as Krell waded into the Dwarf lines with great sweeps of his dreaded black axe, his Undead knights lowered their lances and charged. Some of the deathly cavalymen – incorporeal fiends clad in flickering green flame – charged straight through the Dwarf shield wall and onwards into the ranks of the High Elf Swordmasters. They left the cold white shells of dead Dwarf veterans behind them, their souls ripped from their bodies.

It was too much for the Dwarfs. Krell had slain Thane Orgrimm in personal combat, and under the Wight King's ensuing onslaught, the shield line began to buckle and break. Their Longbeard brethren, practically buried under shambling mounds of Undead greenskins, were in no position to reinforce them. Mannfred's skeletal horde bristled with hundreds of Elven arrows sticking from eye sockets and spines but, reinforced by their master's iron control over necromantic magic, they came on and did not stop until there was not a single arrow left in any Elven quiver. The situation looked grim indeed.

It was then that Kemmler cemented his reputation in the eyes of the von Carsteins forever. As the Lichemaster chanted,



the Dwarfs that had died in the battle stumbled to their feet once more, heads hung, and fell upon the Elven delegation just as the Terrorgeists circling in the skies above dived into their ranks once more. Against the horrified Elves, the heavily armoured Dwarf corpses took a terrible toll. Runic axes rose and fell, slick with Elven blood. Mannfred's eerie laugh could be heard above the din of battle as the grotesque tableau played out, a macabre reminder of the War of the Beard between Elf and Dwarf. The Elves were left with no choice but to flee, their Great Eagles already speeding away to bring word of this new treachery to the courts of Ulthuan.

The Dragon Princes that formed Aliathra's reserve identified a weak spot in the Undead line and charged, a shower of pallid limbs and broken bones left in the wake of their explosive exit from the jaws of Mannfred's trap. Amongst

them came the Elven princess upon the back of her bond-horse, Salanir the Proud. Magical power crackled around the Dragon Princes as the remains of the Elven delegation fought with the fury of Khaine in order to secure their princess' escape. Just as it seemed the Dragon Princes would thunder headlong into the ranks of Krell's Wight army on the slopes below, Aliathra gave a triumphant shout and the entire spearhead of cavalry galloped into the night air as if a bridge of mist had formed beneath them.

It was then that Mannfred himself finally struck. Plunging from the mountain peaks upon a Zombie Dragon of awesome size, von Carstein swooped down to intercept the fleeing princess. At his mental command, both remaining Terrorgeists wheeled about to join him. As Aliathra shot like a dart of white light over the heads of Krell's army, the young Elf Prince Yluthian fought Mannfred in a desperate aerial battle to ensure her escape.

Up on the slopes of the mountains, the gloating Kemmler also had one last trick to play. Reaching out with tendrils of dark power, the Lichemaster infused the pursuing Terrorgeists with necromantic energy until they shot through the air with hellish speed. Turning in her saddle, Aliathra gestured fiercely and consumed one of the creatures in a blinding conflagration of magic, but the other plunged down towards her with a soul-searing screech that stunned the mage-princess into unconsciousness. It snatched her and her horse up in its claws, wheeling around to rejoin the fray. Bereft of Aliathra's airborne enchantments, the Dragon Princes made decidedly graceless returns to the valley below.

The high-altitude duel between Mannfred and the High Elf prince was reaching its bloody peak. For all Mannfred's vampiric speed and the sheer draconic size of his Undead mount, the High Elf and his Griffon were just too nimble, darting in with lance and talon to strike over and over again. Only the Armour of Templehof had protected Mannfred from a lance-shaft through his black heart. Then, just as Prince Yluthian aligned his predatory steed for another charge, Mannfred smiled. As the last Terrorgeist passed overhead, the corpse of Salanir the Proud fell out of the skies and bodily collided with the shocked Elf prince, knocking him from his saddle. The Griffon, momentarily distracted, was impaled through the neck on Mannfred's blade. A split second later, the Zombie Dragon snapped its great rotten skull forward like a mantrap and sunk its teeth into the noble Griffon's head with a horrible crunch. At Mannfred's command, the Griffon's thrashing body was released. Its cooling corpse tumbled toward the valley below. Kemmler had brought the falling cadaver under his control before the beast hit the stony ground, and on lifeless wings it flew back to attack its former allies in the valley.

Mannfred's part in the battle was over. He knew that between Kemmler's necromancy and Krell's brute force, the tattered remains of the allies would have no chance but to flee. The High Court of Ulthuan would soon get word that the Phoenix King's daughter had died under the protection of a Dwarf honour guard, and the old wounds would reopen, driving a blade of accusation between Elf and Dwarf forever. As his great Zombie Dragon bore him south towards Nehekhar, the unconscious princess held tightly in the claws of his Terrorgeist escort, Mannfred chuckled quietly to himself. The deed was as good as done.

Nagashizzar

By the shores of the Sour Sea, surrounded by the glittering desert of the Desolation of Nagash, is Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, mightiest fortress this world has ever seen. Built by the tireless labour of countless Undead things the castle rises nearly half a mile over the desert. It was excavated from the living rock of Cripple Peak and the mountain top is its highest spire. Hundreds of other great towers bristle from the mountainside. By night terrible green witchlights burn in their windows.

Nagashizzar is a fortified mountain pierced by countless leagues of corridor. Within thousands of chambers hundreds of Undead things wait ready to answer their lord's every command. Vast as this great army is, it is but a tiny fraction of the legions who once served the Great Necromancer. Four mighty gates guard the approaches to Nagashizzar, each watched over by mighty war machines of the most dangerous type – animated golems of bone, bolt throwers that fire the thigh bones of giants, catapults that throw screaming skulls and worse. The gates themselves are made from some nameless black metal which shines like burning obsidian and is ten times harder than steel. The pits beneath Nagashizzar extend down almost twice the height of the mountain, forming a huge honeycomb of galleries and mines where once Undead and Skaven toiled to find warpstone. These corridors are patrolled by untiring sentries from Nagash's Undead legions, who must be eternally vigilant in case the Skaven should ever return.

Within his audience chamber at the height of the peak the husk of Nagash sits on his throne of skulls. He has brooded here for over a millennium, waiting and planning, guiding his agents by the power of his thoughts. The only living things within this vast fortress are the disciples of Nagash. These madmen worship Nagash as a god and lead his cult until the day he re-emerges from his citadel to conquer the world. Now infused by the power of the Dark Magic that has surged through the world since the last Chaos incursion, Nagash is almost ready to strike back at the world of the living.



THE LANDS OF SYLVANIA

From the Spider Haunts to the Bane of Troth, Corpse Run to the Necromanse, Sylvania is a realm steeped in dark legend. Under the shadow of the Vampires, its populace has become a terrified, superstitious people. Close to uninhabitable, Sylvania's forests are dingy copses of twisted, half-rotted trees that claw what nourishment they can from the bone-strewn soil. Desolate moorlands and sluggish rivers of clotted blood punctuate the yellow-leafed woods, wind-swept and storm-shrouded by dark clouds that seep down from the Worlds Edge Mountains on an almost daily basis.

It is a depressing, dismal realm settled in the time of Sigmar by dissident, evil men dispossessed by the god-king's unification of the peoples of the Empire. When warpstone shards fell upon the lands in 1111, Sylvania's fell reputation was sealed, as the dead erupted from their graves and laid siege to the villages and towns. Ever since, it has been a loathed and feared province, avoided by the other people of the Empire, common folk and lawmakers alike.

Sparsely populated, Sylvania has long proved a refuge for men intent on dark deeds and secretive studies, as well as evil creatures hunted by the forces of the Emperor. Long before Vlad von Carstein unleashed his Undead armies upon the Empire, Sylvania had been home to Crypt Ghouls, Necromancers and Chaos worshippers. Sylvania is nominally part of Stirland now, though Vlad's bloody legacy holds Sylvania in its infernal grip; the dread realm is still home to brooding malice and evil powers.

In crumbling castles, towering mausoleums and forgotten keeps dwell the Vampire progeny of Vlad von Carstein. Though they are wary now of the Empire, united as it is under the rule of Emperor Karl Franz, the surviving von Carsteins still plot and scheme, dreaming of immortal power. They muster their forces in secret, building armies of the dead from bodies and bones, waiting for any sign of weakness in the Empire.



In the Shadow of Death

The scattered villages and hamlets of Sylvania are even more isolated and parochial than other settlements of the Empire. Grubbing what existence they can from the infertile land, the peasantry live in small communities of inter-related families, and never venture far from their crude hovels.

There are few stone roads here; rutted, half-flooded tracks and paths link most villages, all but impossible to navigate except in the relatively dry summer months. At times, the mud itself seems to be a living thing, clawing at the legs of the weak and dragging them to a suffocating death. The populace are for the most part concerned with day-to-day survival, raising famished, skinny goats and pigs, tending to what scraps of farmland they have in the hope of gathering enough crops to survive the long and cruel winter.

Sylvanian villages are in a constant state of disrepair, for good stone and wood is hard to come by. All, however, have barred or boarded windows and heavy doors to keep out the night's predators. Crude fetishes and charms of a dozen gods hang on every lintel and frame. The villagers daub symbols of protection on their doors with pig's blood, to guard against the unnatural horrors of this frightful land. Hanging outside the gates of the most desperate townships can be found criminals and travellers caged in iron maidens, their only companions the crows and vampire bats that feed on them.

Ever since Vlad closed the holy shrines, they have fallen into decrepitude, for no priest ventures into Sylvania without a sturdy guard of armed men. Truly, Sylvania is a godless realm, for darkness claimed it many centuries ago.



Drakenhof Castle

Drakenhof Castle is the accursed citadel where Vlad von Carstein began his reign of terror, and from which battlements he summoned his Undead army. It was home to generations of von Draks before Vlad came, and some say it is the home of Mannfred von Carstein to this day.

Adventurers still seek the towering castle out because of the treasure trove of occult lore rumoured to be contained in its library. It is said that copies of all the great sorcerous works can be found there, shackled tight to shelves made from wood that bleeds scarlet in the candlelight, but no one who has sought them has ever returned. The castle itself is huge, built on top of a massive cliff from where it dominates the surrounding forest. It has four mighty towers and a gigantic central keep, beneath which are a huge number of crypts, dungeons and abandoned torture chambers. Secret passages run all the way through the cliff and are said to come out in the woods. The notorious poet-adventurer Felix Jaeger, purportedly the last living visitor to Drakenhof, reports that the castle seems abandoned, though thin screams emanate from its spires every night. The curtains and tapestries have rotted away, and the furniture is cracked and dusty. In the dining hall, the obsidian goblets, from which Mannfred and his lackeys used to drink blood, still stand undisturbed on the banqueting table. The walls of the great hall are hung all along with portraits of the Vampire Counts: tall, gaunt, red-eyed men who have each carved a bloody furrow into history.

In recent years, it seems that some Undead evil has returned to the castle. Peasants in nearby villages claim their young people are mysteriously vanishing. Huge red-eyed wolves prowl the forest and keep trespassers at bay. By night, sinister coaches make their way to the castle on clandestine business, and the dead once more stir uneasily in their tombs.



Fort Oberstyre

When Vlad von Carstein was defeated at the Siege of Altdorf, the Count of Stirland ordered a castle to be built overlooking the westward road from Sylvania. Fort Oberstyre took twenty-three years to build, but in its day was the epitome of Imperial construction and military technology. Its angled walls were proof against rocks and cannonballs and its stake-lined moat was thought to be impenetrable. It could hold a garrison of three thousand men and was protected by four cannon batteries that left no approach unguarded.

Yet the ongoing political and military battles for control of the Empire sapped Stirland's coffers and, in 2088, the garrison was reduced to just seven hundred men; three of the batteries were removed for use in the siege of Glustebad, and many of the battlements began to fall into disrepair. When Konrad attacked in 2094, Fort Oberstyre held out for less than two hours. Konrad leapt the moat and scaled the wall of the gate tower before lowering the drawbridge to allow his Vampire knight allies and skeletal men-at-arms to butcher all inside.

After Konrad was finally despatched at the Battle of Grim Moor, Fort Oberstyre was renovated and heavily rebuilt, and the Count of Stirland maintained a full strength garrison despite the drain on his treasury. In mockery of these efforts, Mannfred von Carstein swept away the defenders in a single night. As the sun set on Fort Oberstyre, Mannfred used his Necromantic enchantments to rouse the spirits of those slain by Konrad and set them upon the soldiers within. The wailing spectres and ghosts killed men with their chilling touch and the garrison, driven mad with fear, surrendered or fled before dawn's rays touched the castle's walls.

Ever since, there have been several attempts to reclaim Fort Oberstyre, but even the most dedicated Priests of Morr have failed to exorcise its wild spirits. Whole garrisons stationed at Fort Oberstyre have committed suicide rather than spend another night in its haunted chambers. It remains an evil blight upon travellers using the western road, luring them to their doom on storm-wracked nights.

Hunger Wood

Of all the miserable forests of Sylvania, Hunger Wood is the most despised by the Sylvanian folk. It is a spirit-infested maze of briars and bogs, in which the unwary are easily trapped. Travellers that venture beneath the contorted boughs do not return. Instead, they are doomed to wander until they are lost and crazed with hunger and thirst, forced to fall upon each other to feed and drink, devouring human flesh and drinking blood to survive. For centuries, several tribes of Crypt Ghouls have claimed it as their territory.

On the southern border of Hunger Wood stands Castle Templehof, once home to Countess Emmanuelle. A cousin of Konrad von Carstein, Emmanuelle fought against the Dwarfs during the infamous Night Siege. Dark spells swathed her fortress and its surrounds in an ever-present gloom, and for several months the Dwarfs fought in darkness, preyed upon by the minions of the Countess. Eventually the castle was stormed and Emmanuelle slain, and the Dwarfs laid runic markers upon the dreadful site to repel Dark Magic. Over recent decades, some of these wards have somehow been removed, and foul things once more stir in the southern boundaries of Hunger Wood, guided by some evil intelligence.

Hel Fenn

Second in infamy only to Castle Drakenhof, Hel Fenn is the centre of Zombie activity in Sylvania. In ages past, the tribes of men who scratched a living from these lands used to bury their dead in this swampland in the east of Sylvania. When the great warpstone showers came, Hel Fenn boiled, churned and fumed, and spewed forth a multitude of dead from centuries past. Rotted corpses draped in mud and weeds erupted from the thrashing mire and engulfed entire villages.

It was to Hel Fenn that Mannfred finally retreated when his campaign against the Empire faltered and failed. In the middle of the blighted marshland, he turned at bay to confront his pursuers. Even as the Imperial army trudged through the mire, grasping hands from the chill waters dragged soldiers to their doom, while at night sentries were lured to their deaths by flickering ghost lights. Fully a quarter of the Empire's army died in Hel Fenn before they even saw battle. Nearly as many deserted on the hideous march in pursuit of the Vampire Count as former comrades returned in the darkness to attack the camps. Even after Mannfred's defeat, the marshes took a heavy toll. Trapped by the Dark Magic unleashed in the battle, these poor souls still wander the marshes as stumbling Zombies. These foul creatures remain to be harvested like rotten fruit, and so Hel Fenn remains a haunt of Vampires and Necromancers seeking to control the Undead hordes of the swamps.



Corpse Run

A stretch of the Aver Reach river, the Corpse Run forms a nauseating barrier between the south of Sylvania and Averland. Upstream in the Worlds Edge Mountains, melting snow and spring floods often wash through burial grounds, both new and ancient. By quirk of the flow of the Aver Reach, these bones and body parts are often deposited around a small island south west of Ghoulish Wood. The bottom of this unwholesome stream is littered with bones polished smooth, along with rotting limbs and disfigured heads. Tainted with warpstone dust, the Corpse Run is home to many mutated fish, which feed upon the corrupted corpses to grow into monstrous carnivorous terrors. Driven into a frenzy by the smell of flesh, these creatures have been known to leap from the water to attack people – even the most foolhardy fisherman steers clear of Corpse Run!

The warpstone also infects the bodies of the dead, and on occasion they rise from their watery graves to attack nearby villages. Zombies hung with dirty grey weeds and gnawed by fish drag themselves up the riverbank to waylay travellers. Skeletons covered in algae and encrusted with filth lurch mindlessly along the river road. During Konrad von Carstein's attacks upon Averland, the Vampire's thrall Necromancers commanded the Undead creatures of Corpse Run. They directed the river-dead into towns and villages to spread chaos, terror and disease, paving the way for Konrad's relentless advances.

THE LINEAGE OF BLOOD

-2500

The rise of Nehekhara. Upon their death, the Priest Kings are entombed in great pyramids.

-2000

The Birth of Nagash.

-1968

A group of Dark Elves are shipwrecked off the Nehekhara coast and captured by the High Priest of Khemri. Nagash studies their Dark Magic and proves a more than apt pupil.

-1950 to -1750

Nagash prolongs his fading youth by distilling the Elixir of Life from human blood. He recruits certain depraved noblemen to rule under him. Their span of life extends far beyond that of ordinary mortals.

Nagash slays the Priest King of Khemri and seizes power. He later orders the construction of the Black Pyramid, one of the largest structures ever built by man, dwarfing even the Great Pyramid of Khemri.

-1750 to -1600

The Priest Kings form a great confederation against the Great Necromancer. After nearly a century of warfare, Nagash's power is finally broken, and he is forced to flee north. Neferata, the Queen of Lahmia secretly takes Nagash's books.

-1520

Neferata creates a corrupted version of the Elixir of Life. Though she achieves immortality, the Lahmian queen is left with a terrible thirst for human blood. She eventually passes the curse to others, creating the race of Vampires.

-1500 to -1350

Nagash uses his Undead slaves to excavate mines beneath Cripple Peak, creating the citadel of Nagashizzar. Primitive human tribesmen start to worship Nagash, leading to their devolution into the corpse-eating race of Ghouls.

c.-1200 to -1170

The rulers of Lahmia become aware of the Great Necromancer's presence and send emissaries to him. Rumour of the Lahmian cult reaches the Priest Kings, and the followers of Nagash are defeated and driven out.

-1163 to -1152

Nagash declares war upon the Priest Kings. Alongside other fell creatures, the Vampires lead Nagash's armies.

The Priest Kings are united under King Alcadizaar, and his formidable leadership defeats Nagash's first assault.

The Vampire W'soran stays with Nagash and dares his wrath, whilst the other Vampires flee to escape the Great Necromancer's anger.

Nagash unleashes a plague upon the land. His own Undead forces are immune to the foul magic but the folk of the land die in droves. A new army of freshly-raised Undead invades the lands of the Priest Kings, sweeping all before them. Alcadizaar is brought in chains to Nagashizzar to be tormented by Nagash.

-1151

The Great Ritual. After consuming prodigious amounts of warpstone, Nagash begins the Ritual of the Waking. Sensing the danger they are in, the Skaven of Cripple Peak free King Alcadizaar, who cuts down Nagash and flees with his Crown of Sorcery.

-1150

W'soran quits Nagashizzar with a cabal of Nagash's priests and one of the Great Necromancer's spell books.

-1147

The body of Alcadizaar is discovered by Kadon, who wrests the Crown of Sorcery from the dead priest king's grasp. Possessed by the spirit of Nagash, the shaman founds the city of Mourkain – meaning Place of Death – atop Alcadizzar's burial mound.

-1122

W'soran gives the Blood Kiss to his apprentices so that they may continue to aid him in his studies for eternity.

-1020

Ushoran arrives in Mourkain, drawn by the power of the Crown of Sorcery. He usurps Kadon and assumes control of the city, founding the kingdom of Strigos.

c.-600

Vorag Bloodytooth unites the scattered tribes of Crypt Ghouls that lurk below Cripple Peak and becomes the first Ghoul King. The vast, if undisciplined, army under his command quickly overruns, and all but destroys the Red Cloud Goblin tribe. The survivors of the tribe are enslaved to build the Fortress of Vorag east of the Plain of Bones. While besieging the Goblin lair of Grey Hag, Vorag is struck by a bolt from a Goblin artillery piece and killed. The fortress of Vorag is forgotten and falls into ruin.

-326

The Dwarf city of Silver Pinnacle is invaded and conquered by Neferata, former queen of Lahmia.

-250

The kingdom of Strigos reaches its height, and Ushoran calls upon the Vampires of the old world to join with him. Neferata spurns his invitation, desiring secrecy for Vampire-kind, and uses her influence to incite the men of the surrounding regions to attack Strigos.

-223

Melkhior, one of W'soran's students, slays his master and takes the Book of Nagash from his vault.

c.-200

Mourkain is sacked by Orcs and Goblins, led by Warboss Garsnag Craktoof. Ushoran is destroyed while defending the gates, by the Orc shaman known as 'Red Eye'. The surviving Strigoi Vampires are driven into the wilds and their people scatter, eventually devolving into the Ghoul Kings.

15

Nagash returns from his crypt in Nagashizzar to rebuild his empire of the dead. He attacks the newly-founded Empire of Sigmar, and several Vampires return from their exile to fight alongside him. After an epic battle, Nagash is slain by the man-god and the Vampires flee into hiding once more, pursued by the warriors of Sigmar.

253

Abhorash slays a Dragon in the Worlds Edge Mountains and drinks its blood, curing himself of his Blood Thirst forever. His followers spread across the world seeking to emulate their master.

876

Norse raiders on the way to Lustria capture an Empire merchant ship and unwittingly take on board the body of the Vampire Luthor Harkon. When the ship arrives in Lustria, the entire crew has been turned into Undead. Luthor wrecks several ships and raises their crews, creating a fleet of Zombie pirate vessels that terrorise the eastern coast of Lustria. The place becomes known as the Vampire Coast.

1111

The Black Death unleashed by the Skaven wipes out three-quarters of the Empire's population. Skaven erupt from their hidden tunnel systems and overrun the land. After a shower of warpstone shards falls in Sylvania, the Necromancer Frederick Vanhal raises a huge Undead army from the bodies of the plague's victims and turns back the Skaven invaders.

1112 to 1124

Vanhal builds the fortress of Vanhaldenschlosse and carves out a powerful Undead empire. Over the following decade Vanhal, the remnants of the Empire, and the Skaven fight a prolonged war against each other. The fighting ends when Vanhal is assassinated by his apprentice and his Undead horde crumbles. The Skaven, weakened by their war with Vanhal, are driven back underground by Count Mandroid Skavenslayer.

1207 to 1244

Dieter Helsnicht is discovered to be a Necromancer and driven out of the Empire city of Middenheim. He escapes to the Forest of Shadows where he raises a large Undead army and attacks the Empire. He annihilates one Empire army that is sent to stop him, but is defeated at the Battle of Beeckerhoven by a combined Empire and Kislevite force. Dieter's body is never recovered.

1454

The Duke of Aquitaine returns from the crusades as a Vampire. Known as the Red Duke, he is defeated at Ceren Field and his body magically entombed.

1681

The Night of the Restless Dead. Nagash returns to life once again, 1,666 years after he was slain by Sigmar. For one night, throughout the known world, the dead stir and walk the land, sowing terror and confusion amongst the living. Many Vampires come out of hiding and wage war to increase their domains. Countless villages and towns are overrun before the night of terror ends.

1797

Vlad von Carstein becomes the first Vampire Count of Sylvania, and marries Countess Isabella von Drak. Over the following two centuries, the remaining aristocratic families of the region are infected with Vampirism.

1887

Walach Harkon, student of Abhorash, arrives at Blood Keep. In one night he defeats their best warriors, slaughtering the unworthy. He spares a few and turns them into Vampires, forming the legendary Ordo Draconis – known to the superstitious folk of the Empire as the Blood Dragons or Blood Knights.

1932

The Red Duke is freed by his disciples and once more wages war on Aquitaine. His army is again defeated at Ceren Field, and the Red Duke flees to the sanctuary of the Forest of Châlons.

1946

Blood Keep finally falls to siege. Walach Harkon and several of his followers escape the pursuing forces of the Empire.

2000

A warpstone meteor destroys the city of Mordheim. Vlad von Carstein sends agents to the ruined city to secure warpstone shards with which he can power his magic.

2010

The Vampire Wars begin with the devastation of Ostermark by Vlad von Carstein. Undead armies rampage tirelessly between Stirland and the northern border.

2014 to 2015

Vlad attacks Middenheim and is slain by Jerek Kruger, Grand Master of the Knights of the White Wolf, but returns to Middenheim within the year and butchers Jerek Kruger and his knights.

2051

Vlad von Carstein is slain at the Siege of Altdorf, and Isabella commits suicide rather than carry on without him. The Vampire Counts fight amongst themselves and their Undead army splinters into separate feuding forces.

2058

Konrad von Carstein leads an army of Wights into the Moot and ravages several villages. He is forced to return to Sylvania when Hans von Carstein takes up residence in Drakenhof castle and claims the rulership of Sylvania.

2094

Mamfred von Carstein leaves Sylvania and travels south. Konrad von Carstein begins his bloody reign over Sylvania.

2100

Konrad's rampage is stopped by a union of armies from Stirland, Marienburg and Reikland, aided by Dwarfs sent by the High King of Karaz-a-Karak. After the Battle of Four Armies, Count Helmut is nearly elected as Emperor until it is discovered that he is in fact a Zombie controlled by Konrad von Carstein.

2108 to 2121

The Undead of Sylvania continue to plague Ostermark, Stirland and Middenheim, though Konrad himself is rarely seen. When the Blood Count does take command of the armies, a series of impulsive assaults against Imperial castles sees the Undead horde repelled several times. Konrad is finally defeated by a combined Empire and Dwarf army at the Battle of Grim Moor. He is slain by Grufbad, the Dwarf hero, and Elector Count Helmar.

2122

Mamfred returns to Sylvania and takes undisputed rule over the von Carsteins. He bides his time and builds alliances with Vampires beyond the borders of Sylvania, including the Sisterhood of Silver Pinnacle.

2124 to 2145

The forces of the Empire and Mamfred's Undead army fight over a dozen battles in an attempt to gain a decisive superiority. After two decades of sporadic war, Mamfred is finally forced to retreat back to Sylvania by a combined army of Empire troops.

2132

Mamfred von Carstein launches a surprise winter attack against the Empire when it is in the grip of a vicious civil war. He almost succeeds in capturing Altdorf, but is thwarted by the Grand Theogonist of Sigmar, Kurt III.

2145

Determined to end the threat of the Vampire Counts once and for all, the various factions of the Empire unite and, along with their Dwarf allies, scour the dark forests of Sylvania. Mamfred is finally brought to bay at Hel Fenn, where he is defeated.

2300

Duke Maldred of Mousillon dies from the Red Pox and the city falls into decay. None claim the castle or its lands and the Undead walk amongst the ruins.

2304 to 2305

The forces of Ostermark fight several battles with the Undead hordes of Waldakir Rahtep, before the Vampire is eventually slain by Captain Stefan von Kessel.

2491

Heinrich Kemmler, the Lichemaster, finds the burial mound of Krell and raises the Chaos Champion back to life. At the head of a powerful Undead horde, the two sweep down from the Grey Mountains into Bretonnia. In a wild battle at la Maisontaal Abbey, their army suffers such heavy casualties that they are forced to retreat.

2505

Itinerant poet and adventurer Felix Jaeger claims to meet Mamfred von Carstein in Drakenhof Castle.

2506 to 2518

In an ironic repeat of history, Melkior's apprentice, Zacharias, attempts to steal the Book of Nagash from his master. Melkior awakes and drives Zacharias from his tower, pursuing him across the Old World. Zacharias eventually hides in the Middle Mountains. There, he slays a Black Dragon and uses the beast's carcass as a mount, returning to Melkior's tower and defeating his former master.

2512

The Ghoul Swarms blight Stirland.

2520

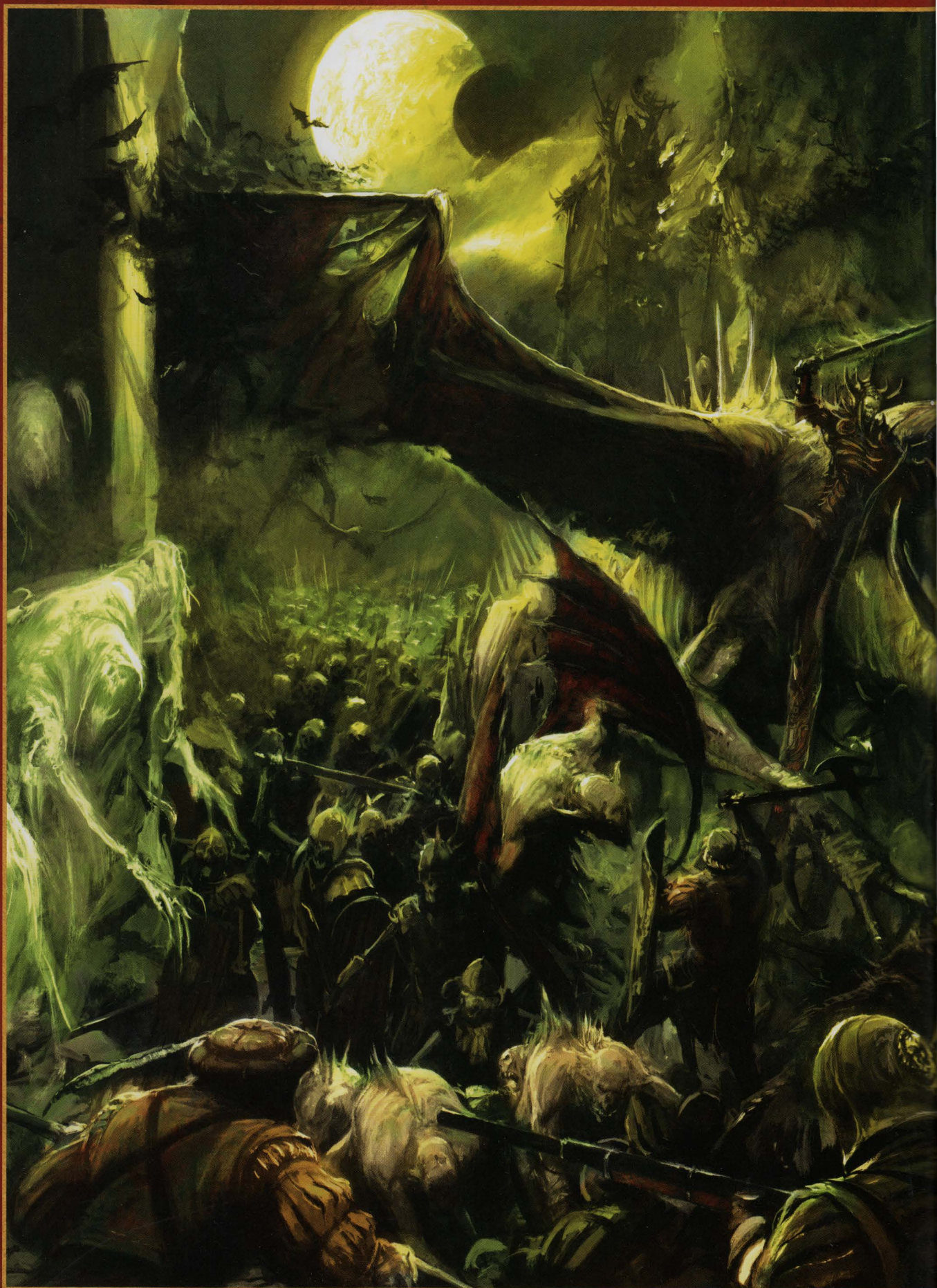
Following rumours of activity in Drakenhof Castle, Grand Theogonist Volkmar dispatches the Witch Hunter, Gunther Stahlberg to investigate. He is never heard from again.

c.2522

Nyklaus von Carstein, tired of the infighting of his peers, uses shadow magic to translocate his entire castle into the fabled nautical realm of the Galleon's Graveyard. There he becomes Count Noctilus, terror of the seas and commander of the fabled Dreadfleet. He is hunted down and killed in his lair by a confederation of pirate lords led by the vengeful Captain Roth.

2522

Rumours begin to circulate in Stirland that Castle Drakenhof is once again inhabited by the Undead. Screams can be heard upon the winds and ever more people are going missing. The Witch Hunters grow increasingly frantic as the name Nagash is once again whispered in the shadowed corners of the Old World.





UNDYING HORDES

The Vampires of the Old World claim dominion over the mortal remains of all earthly creatures. To die is to surrender oneself to their power. The generals of the Empire claim that the night is always darkest before the dawn; the Warrior Priests of Sigmar preach that there is hope yet. But they know little of the games immortals play. Patient, cunning, devious, the Vampires work to conquer the lands of the living with ancient and corrupted sorcery. Should they succeed in their dread goals, the rays of the sun shall be forever suffocated by the night, and the age of men will be replaced by an age of the dead. The world will be transformed into a ghastly necropolis of mindless and unliving slaves, ruled over by the iron will of the Vampire Counts.

When death alone is certain, how can the living possibly hope to prevail?

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in the Vampire Counts army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristic profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core troops to special characters and from the Lore of the Vampires to the magic items used by their champions.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

On this page, you will find all of the rules that apply to either the entire army or to several units in the army. These rules are integral to the way that the Vampire Counts army works. Special rules that apply to just one or two units are instead covered in the appropriate entry.

UNDEAD

Not every creature in the armies of the Vampire Counts is technically one of the living dead, but all are bound to the will and magical power of their sorcerers.

All units with the Undead special rule are Unbreakable, Unstable and cause Fear, as described in the *Warhammer* rulebook. In addition, units with the Undead special rule cannot make march moves unless they are within 12" of the army General (or have the Vampiric special rule), in which case they can march as usual. Lastly, when a unit with the Undead special rule is charged, it can only elect to hold.

THE GENERALS OF UNDEATH

Every Vampire Counts army is animated and driven onwards by the sorcery of its General. Your army's General must be a Wizard. If he is able to choose a spell lore, he must use the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

Slain General

If the General of a Vampire Counts army is destroyed, the magical animus binding his army together begins to dissipate, and the ranks of his warriors begin to crumble. However, the complete disintegration of the Undead horde can be halted if another Wizard is present to sustain the flow of Dark Magic.

At the end of the phase in which the General is removed as a casualty, and at the start of every friendly turn thereafter, all friendly Undead units on the battlefield must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately suffers a number of Wounds equal to the amount by which it failed the Leadership test, with no saves of any kind allowed. These Wounds are distributed as if from a shooting attack.

If, at the start of any of your turns following the death of the General, there is one or more friendly Wizards on the table who know spells from the Lore of Vampires, no unit in the army needs to take this Leadership test – the Wizards' powers are sufficient to sustain the Undead for now.

Example: The army's General, a Vampire Lord, is destroyed in the enemy's Shooting phase. At the end of the phase, a unit of Zombies (Ld 2) takes a Leadership test and rolls a 7. The unit therefore suffers 5 Wounds. At the beginning of the Zombies' next turn, there is a Necromancer on the table who knows spells from the Lore of Vampires, so they do not need to take a Leadership test.

However, by the start of the Zombies' following turn, the Necromancer has been slain and there are no other friendly Wizards on the table who know spells from the Lore of Vampires. As a result, the Zombies take another Leadership test, and this time they roll a 3, resulting in a further Wound.

VAMPIRE COUNTS BATTLE STANDARDS

The ensorcelled battle standards of the Vampire Counts magnify the invisible forces that give the Undead strength.

In addition to the normal rules for the army battle standard, units of Undead within 12" of their battle standard suffer one less Wound than they normally would due to the Unstable special rule, or following the death of the army's General.

Example: A unit of Zombies suffers 6 Wounds because of a lost combat. Because they are within 12" of the Battle Standard Bearer, five models are removed instead of six.

VAMPIRIC

Though Vampires thrive upon Dark Magic, they are powerful beings not easily manipulated by necromantic spells and are able to exist independently of the animating will of a General.

Models with the Vampiric special rule never suffer Wounds because of a destroyed General, and unless they have joined a non-Vampiric unit they (and their mounts) can make march moves as normal.

RESURRECTING FALLEN WARRIORS

Some magic spells and items can resurrect fallen warriors in an Undead unit by restoring a number of Wounds' worth of models to the unit. If the target consists of a single model, such as a lone character or a Corpse Cart, then it can never exceed its starting Wounds value. If the target is a unit of more than one model, then Wounds regained in this way follow a strict order. First, the unit champion is resurrected – if there was one – and then the musician. Standard bearers are never resurrected; if the bearer has been destroyed, the banner crumbles to dust. Resurrected command models displace rank and file models as required. Finally, any remaining Wounds resurrect rank and file models. In the case of multiple Wound models, all models in the unit must be fully healed before another can be resurrected. Resurrected models are added to the front rank until it reaches at least five models (or three models in the case of monstrous infantry). Additional models can then be added to the front or rear rank. If the unit already has more than one rank, models can only be added to the rear rank.

Raised models may never displace enemy units; if there is not enough room, any excess models are wasted. Similarly, if you do not have enough models of the appropriate type, place as many as you can – the rest are wasted.

A unit cannot usually be taken beyond its starting size, though certain powers, spells and special rules may provide exceptions. Unless specifically stated otherwise, spells and magic items that restore lost Wounds cannot heal characters or their mounts. If a character has joined a unit, only the unit will recover lost Wounds.

VAMPIRES

Vampires are the true masters of Undeath. Despite their curse, Vampires retain all of their devious intelligence, and hence all of their ambition and desire. This makes them very dangerous indeed, for they can continue to grow and learn, spending eternity perfecting their skills and honing their diabolical plans and schemes. A Vampire is ultimately a selfish creature who retains many of the traits and drives he possessed when mortal. Whilst the crudest of their kind exist only to feed, some lust after temporal power and conquest of the living. The brotherhood of the Necrarchs strive to attain unparalleled necromantic skills, whereas Lahmians possess immense wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Vampires share no common appearance other than being basically humanoid. Most can pass as human at a distance, and some are even more convincing mimics, hiding their evil nature behind a veneer of aristocratic nobility. Sometimes they are darkly handsome or disturbingly beautiful. Only those who feed well and regularly can maintain the masquerade of the living for any length of time. Yet for all of their guile and glamour, a Vampire is a dead thing, possessed of neither heartbeat nor breath. They are rotting corpses kept animated by Dark Magic and immortal will. The strain of maintaining their appearance drains a Vampire's energies and, when stressed or angered, their true face may be revealed. Some Vampires make no attempt to hide their unholy nature. These creatures revel in the entropy and decay that has become their existence. Their skin has sloughed off, their fangs are prominent and their fingernails have become iron-hard talons. The scent of the grave hangs heavily about them, mixed with the stench of rotten meat and stale blood.

The greatest curse of Queen Neferata's legacy is that Vampires cannot live on normal food and drink, but must imbibe fresh blood for sustenance. For the youngest Vampires, this unnatural thirst is very strong. At this stage, they are often rash and easily caught and killed by Witch Hunters and other dedicated enemies of the night. Though most Vampires learn how to survive on less and less fresh blood until they need to feed only every few years, some never overcome their primal hunting instincts.

As a Vampire ages, his powers increase. He becomes physically stronger and faster, until he is able to tear a man in half and move as fast as the wind. He is able to call upon a host of powers, the nature of which vary from Vampire to Vampire. Some can call forth creatures such as wolves and bats to assail the armies of the living, and sometimes they even learn how to change into these forms. Others are able to mesmerise weak-willed mortals with barely a glance. If the Vampire has a strong affinity for magic, then his necromantic abilities expand both naturally and through study. Despite these awe-inspiring powers, however, there is a terrible price to pay. As the decades become centuries, many Vampires lose their minds, sliding inexorably into madness.

Ever since Nagash cursed their kind centuries ago, Vampires have loathed the sun, for it weakens them. Thus, when they march to war, the sky darkens as the Vampires summon great storm clouds and swarms of bats to blot out the hated daylight. The enemy quails at this magical darkness, wary of the fight to come. In battle, there are those Vampires whose



martial pride compels them to stride directly towards the leaders of the enemy armies, flanked by the most elite of their Undead minions. Their contempt is evident in their unhurried approach and the smug twist of their pale lips. Others, preferring not to entrust the magical augmentation of their Undead army to mere Necromancers, devote their energies to spell casting instead. Even so, a warrior foolhardy enough to meet a Vampire in combat will quickly realise the scale of his mistake as a lightning-quick strike of an ancestral blade pierces his heart and cold, sharp fangs pierce his throat.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Vampire Lord	6	7	5	5	5	3	7	5	10
Vampire	6	6	4	5	4	2	6	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Vampires and Vampire Lords are Wizards that can use the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60), the Lore of Death, or the Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead, Vampiric.

The Hunger: Whenever a character with this special rule kills one or more enemy models in close combat, roll a D6 at the end of the Close Combat phase. On the roll of a 6, the character recovers a single Wound lost earlier in the battle.

NECROMANCERS

Necromancers are amongst the most cursed of all those who practice the magical arts, for they have exchanged their humanity for the ability to raise the dead and command them to wage war upon the living. Strange as it may seem, these depraved madmen have made this dread pact willingly. At the heart of each Necromancer's morbid obsession is the need to subjugate and punish those who have persecuted him in the past, regardless of the cost.

It is usually men, rather than the longer-lived races, that delve into the study of necromancy. Perhaps, because Elves have such vast lifespans, they do not feel the need to prolong them by unnatural means. Dwarfs have no aptitude for magic, let alone a desire to defile the honoured dead. Orcs and Goblins have little concept of their own mortality and do not fear death in the way men do. Most Skaven are too caught up in their own scuttling pursuit of the way of the Horned Rat. Thus it is usually only men who set their feet on the path that will lead them either to a peculiarly horrible form of everlasting life, or to eternal damnation. These individuals are not necessarily evil to begin with. Some may desire knowledge for its own sake; others may seek immortality, or to prolong the life of a loved one. Regardless, something about their unnatural pursuit invariably turns them to a darker path. Perhaps it is the horror and revulsion their fellows feel for them, or perhaps the pulsing energy of Dark Magic, that warps their minds. Either way, when men take to the path of necromancy, madness is never far behind.

Mystery shrouds the study of necromancy. To learn the dark art, an aspirant must find either a Necromancer or Vampire and become his apprentice, or acquire a forbidden book rich in the secrets of undeath, such as one of the fabled Nine Books of Nagash. It is this intrinsic mystery that drives Necromancers to become servants of the Vampire Counts, hoping to learn firsthand from the masters of undeath.

For the majority of these would-be wizards, once they are in the thrall of a Vampire, they can never leave their service – Vampires are notoriously domineering and loath to let their devoted subjects depart. Even finding a Vampire willing to be a tutor has its obvious difficulties. Many of those who have sought apprenticeship with a Vampire have ended up serving in a more menial way; as an animated corpse, for instance, a light snack, or as raw ingredients for a particularly difficult enchantment. Given the morbid reputation and dreadful habits of Vampires, it is perhaps safer to confine oneself to the study of blasphemous tomes instead.

Seeking out books of forbidden lore has its own perils. Many are copies of older texts from long-forgotten times, and there is no guarantee that any of the rituals found in them are correctly transcribed. Some simply do not work at all, and others may go disastrously wrong, such as when the infamous Jacques de Noirot accidentally animated all of the corpses in the cemeteries of Mousillon and then found he could not control them. Possessed of an insatiable desire for human flesh, the Zombies devoured the hapless Necromancer and rampaged through the city streets. After feeding on hundreds of peasants, merchants and men-at-arms, they were eventually destroyed by the King of Bretonnia's household knights.

As a man follows the dark path of the Necromancer, he becomes ever more detached from his mortal roots. Morbidly questing after the secrets of death, a Necromancer deeply steeped in the lore of the dead stands on the threshold between worlds, neither wholly alive, nor one of the Undead. His body twisted with unholy power, his mind seared by the horrors he has witnessed, a Necromancer often has more in common with his lurching, moaning minions than with the living he seeks to slay.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Master Necromancer	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8
Necromancer	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Necromancers and Master Necromancers are Wizards who use the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60) or the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

UPGRADES

Master of the Dead: The Necromancer is able to use the *Invocation of Nehek* spell to increase units of Skeleton Warriors beyond their starting size.

WIGHT KINGS

All across the Old World there can be found the tombs and cairns of the ancestors of men. Atop rocky hillocks, within forest groves and high in the mountains, those cultures that once lived in what is now the Empire entombed their greatest leaders in mighty barrows. Charms of protection were laid upon these tombs to ward away grave robbers and scavengers. Crude runes were carved into the lintels of the graves, and amulets and talismans were hung from the walls. Some of these still hang in place, a testament to the magic they contain, though many of them have been defaced, stolen or destroyed by the creeping minions that serve the Vampire Counts. Others are unaccountably changed by the dark energy that seeps through the earth, and now bear grim symbols and the face of death itself.

Not all of these warded tombs lie silent. Some were built in areas where Dark Magic flows and gathers. In these accursed places, the incumbents rest uneasily, their souls flickering between the world of mortals and the realm of the afterlife. When the flow of Dark Magic grows strong enough, the ancient warlords rise from their crypts as Wight Kings, eyes glowing with unnatural life. Even for those prehistoric kings who lie in relatively safe tombs, there is not always the eternal rest for which they yearn. Determined Necromancers and Vampires endeavour to break open the seals of the ancient cairns and use their magical powers to direct baleful energies inside, resurrecting the dead within and enslaving the entombed lords to their will.

The chieftains of the ancient tribes were buried in their full ceremonial panoply, with bronze breastplates protecting their ribs and winged helms framing their grinning skulls. The tribe's shamans placed the best swords, axes and spears in the dead grip of the ancient kings as they were laid on their slabs. The interior walls of the barrows were painted with scenes of the leader's life, so that should they awaken, they would be reminded of their greatest deeds and most heroic victories.

In the mountain range known as the Vaults, savage tribes of men wage war upon the monsters that haunt the peaks. In caverns hidden from beast and storm, they bury their honoured dead in the fashion of the ancients. Every year, the tribesmen return to pay homage to the chieftains of the past, and every year, there are always a few who are no longer in place. These waking dead walk the lands once more, the tattered remnants of their majesty bound to the service of the lords of the night.

Wight Kings are incredibly powerful Undead, almost as hard to destroy as Vampires. Suffused with Dark Magic, a Wight King's weapons shimmer with baleful energy. The merest touch of their spear tip or blade can drain the life from their foes, or slice through flesh and bone with an ease that is frightening to behold. Clad in ancient armour, their flesh all but withered away, there is little for an adversary to cut or stab. Even to stand before one of these skeletal warriors of antiquity takes an extreme effort of will. For these reasons, a Vampire will often charge a Wight King with carrying forth the Undead general's personal banner. Such a duty is often integral to the army's stability, and these indomitable Undead warriors are able to hold aloft the army standard whilst tirelessly striking down one foe after another.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Wight King	4	4	0	4	5	3	4	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Killing Blow, Undead.

The Helm of the Draesca

The Draesca tribe dwells near the mines of Oakenhammer, in the mountains to the far south of Sylvania. During each tribal coronation, the new High King will don the Helm of the Draesca; an ancient artefact that accelerates the ageing process of its wearer dramatically. Seven years of twilight are granted to the King before he finally succumbs to undeath altogether. During that time, his every whim is catered for – the helm grants him great power over the living and the dead alike. Each new High King is determined to carve his mark on the world before his tenure has passed, and so the armies of the Draescan Kings go forth into the world every seven-year cycle, their numbers bolstered not only by thousands of the living dead but by the dusty cadavers of every king to have ever worn the helm.

CAIRN WRAITHS

Cairn Wraiths are hooded, spectral creatures that dwell in the realms of nightmare, haunting the dreams of men. They are amongst the most dreaded of all Undead. Lacking physical forms altogether, they cannot be put down by axe, sword or hammer blow. Even the strongest faith cannot banish such creatures easily. Worse still, the icy touch of a Cairn Wraith drains the essence of mortal men. A Cairn Wraith is capable of reaching into the body of an adversary and closing its freezing claws around the victim's vital organs, sending painful chills right through a man's soul.

Before the founding of the Colleges of Magic, men knew little about the magical arts. For thousands of years there were tribal wise men, gifted seers, healers, astrologers and hedge magicians who were viewed with suspicion, awe or fear. Through a quirk of nature or mindset, these lucky few were able to use the Winds of Magic with relative safety. For most, the only magic that could be harnessed was unpredictable shamanism or difficult rituals. Many did not realise the inherent hazards of what they were doing. Slowly, the sorcery corrupted them, and as they became steeped in Dark Magic, these sorcerers learned to extend the span of their lives by decades, even centuries.

Most of these seekers of immortality managed only to preserve their spirits, not their bodies. Decay took their mortal forms, rotting it away even as they sought desperately to sustain it. With no corporeal form to speak of, these

sorcerers became wandering spirits, clad only in their death shrouds. As their grip on the world of mortals weakened, these vagrant souls were drawn to places of grief, where they lingered, feeding on the sorrow of mourners. Not truly alive but unable to die, they became chilling shadows caught between this world and the next as miserable spirits who hunger for the warmth and flesh of mortals. Bound in the mortal realm to tombs and barrows, swathed in robes of inky darkness, these spirits became Cairn Wraiths.



So unnatural are Cairn Wraiths that their very presence fills the air with horror. Even the hardened soldiery of the Empire shiver at the mention of a Cairn Wraith sighting; most folks that have actually set eyes upon them become crazed with fear long before they are killed. Though each Wraith is possessed of a glimmering will, there are ancient rituals known to the eldest Vampires that can call forth these unquiet spirits and bind them into an army. Only when the ritual is intoned backwards, syllable by syllable, are the Cairn Wraiths released back to the place of their death.

Vampire Counts purposefully bind Cairn Wraiths to their service, using them as shock troops against the living. Accompanied by units of deathless warriors, these sinister creatures glide across the battlefield, tattered robes rippling in etheric winds as arrows, bullets and bolts pass harmlessly through them. Unhindered by cannonball or flame, the Wraiths close in on their prey, seeking out and cutting down the enemy without so much as a whisper.

Because they are impervious to physical weaponry, only the raw energies of magic or a well-placed blow from an enchanted weapon can slay a Cairn Wraith. The crippling fear that arises from having a nigh-unkillable spectre scythe down any too slow to escape causes even brave men to quit the field. Those who do resist the urge to flee find their return blows passing through the Wraith's incorporeal form. It is well that such creatures are so rare, for these silent assassins are quite capable of slaughtering their way through an entire garrison over the course of a single moonless night.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Cairn Wraith	6	3	0	3	3	2	2	3	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ethereal, Terror, Undead.

Chill Grasp: A Wraith can substitute all of its Attacks in close combat for a single Chill Grasp Attack. The Wraith makes a single Attack; if this Attack hits, then it will automatically wound. No armour saves are allowed against the Chill Grasp Attack.

TOMB BANSHEES

The inhuman sounds that accompany the advance of the Undead armies often prove a weapon in their own right. The low moaning of the Zombies, the chittering of swarming bats, the cackling laughter of Necromancers raising the battlefield dead to fight once more – all these unsettle and disturb the foe. But it is the howl of the Tomb Banshee that is the most dreaded weapon of all, for it spears the souls of those who hear it like a lance through the heart.

Many sorceresses, enchantresses and witches have plagued the lands over the centuries. The most bitter, restless spirits of these evil-hearted women became the unquiet horrors men call Tomb Banshees. Known as Grave Harridans in the southern Empire, Wailing Hags in Bretonnia and the Freezing Shriek by the Dwarfs, these shades cannot pass into the afterlife. They fear crossing the void to face whatever punishment awaits them for their evil deeds, and so it is an easy matter for a Vampire to bind them to his service.

Tomb Banshees constantly howl in remembrance of the forbidden pleasures of the life that was once theirs and in bitterness for the peace of the grave that they cannot attain. Their grief-stricken wails can be lethal to mortals and strike terror into the hearts of all who hear them. Those who do not have a will of iron can die of sheer fright upon hearing the mournful screams of the Tomb Banshees. Blood trickles from their ears and fills up the whites of their eyes as the mind-wrenching shriek takes its supernatural toll. Fully-armoured knights collapse lifeless from their saddles and whole ranks of infantry fall lifelessly as the Banshee does her evil work.

A Tomb Banshee's visage is sunken and skull-like, framed by lank hair that writhes like a nest of serpents. She is swathed in flimsy shrouds and grave-robos that swirl with a life of their own, or drift and cling to the wearer's slender frame as if she was carried forwards by underwater currents. Each Tomb Banshee is surrounded by flickering ghost lights; all that remains of the men she murdered whilst alive. These glowing will o' the wisps are forced by some strange alchemy of the soul to crackle and swirl around their tormentor, disembodied ghostly heads etched with a permanent expression of fear.

A single Banshee is a terrifying prospect, and even those warriors skilled enough to match blades with a Vampire have little defence against her unnatural screams. It is not unheard of for one of the most powerful Undead lords to bind several to their service.

At the Siege of Ironstone Fortress, the canny Vampire Lord Vyktrons von Kreiger found that his infantry were being pounded to dust by artillery fire faster than he could raise them up. Even his elite troops could not breach the heavily barred stone gate at the front of the castle. Sending in the spirits of the three witch-women that had led him down the path of necromancy in the first place, von Kreiger pushed once more towards the gates. The stout ironstone doors of the fortress were proof against physical foes but they could not keep out the deadly shrieks of the Tomb Banshees.

With the three Banshees howling through arrow slits and murder holes, the gate's defenders turned white and died of shock to a man. It was a simple matter for von Kreiger to

raise the dead guards with a necromantic spell, forcing them to unbar the gates to the castle – their first act in an eternity of servitude. Tales such as these resound throughout the lands of men, and it is a foolish warrior indeed who does not shudder at the sound of those ghostly howls in the night air.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Tomb Banshee	6	3	0	3	3	2	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ethereal, Terror, Undead.**

Ghostly Howl: A Ghostly Howl is a special attack that can be used against a single enemy unit in the Shooting phase, even if the Tomb Banshee has marched, charged or is engaged in close combat. This attack has a range of 8" and needs line of sight to its target. If the Tomb Banshee is engaged in combat, her Ghostly Howl can only target an enemy unit in base contact.

To resolve a Ghostly Howl, roll 2D6 + 2. For each point by which the result exceeds the target unit's Leadership, the target unit suffers 1 Wound with no armour saves allowed. Wounds from a Ghostly Howl are magical attacks and are distributed as if from shooting.



STRIGOI GHOUL KINGS

The pallid creatures known as Ghoulish Kings are in fact once-proud Strigoi Vampires forced into a troglodytic existence. Though all Strigoi descend from the same ancient lineage of Ushoran, they have devolved to become something far fouler and more hate-filled than their brethren. The Ghoulish Kings spend their days creeping through the hidden places of the world, but under cover of night, they will wreak their vengeance at the head of a shambling army of Undead.

Not all the Vampires of the Strigoi dynasty were destroyed with their founder, Ushoran, when the Orcs of the Badlands descended upon Mourkain, capital city of Strigos. Some survived and fled to the human kingdoms in the north. In need of succour, they searched for others of their kind, and eventually found them in the forests of Sylvania. But the Vampire Counts of that land still remembered the arrogance of Ushoran, and turned on their would-be allies without a word of parley, hunting them down like animals in the woods.

After many similar bloody betrayals, the few remaining Strigoi scattered across the Old World. Whenever they met Vampires of different castes, the Strigoi Vampires had to hide from the wrath of their kin. From catacomb, haunted wood and moss-covered ruin they would spy on the Lahmian and von Carstein Vampires at the balls and banquets of the aristocracy. The nobility and wealth of their finely-dressed kin reminded the Strigoi of what they had lost, and bitterness and envy started to gnaw at their minds.



In their desolation, many of them lost their sanity completely and became solitary, pathetic parasites, wary of feeding on humans for fear of attracting the attention of Witch Hunters or, even worse, their own contemptuous kin. For this reason, they hid in graveyards, digging out recently buried corpses to drink their cold, foetid blood and hiding during the day in the dank crypts near their feeding grounds. Their physical appearance soon came to reflect their miserable condition, and over the centuries, the remnants of the Strigoi turned into hunched and grotesque monstrosities.

Packs of flesh-eating Crypt Ghouls are attracted to these dismal Strigoi and often form grotesque courts around them. Grave robbers, and those who steal from the bodies of the fallen, have learned well that they must practice their depraved crafts in the twilight and be home before nightfall. Under cover of darkness, different breeds of scavengers fall on these places of death: swarms of Ghouls led by deadly hunters, the Strigoi Vampires. It is little wonder that the people of Sylvania refer to the Strigoi as the Ghoulish Kings.

Even if most of them have to some degree lost their minds during their long exile, the Ghoulish Kings still possess many of the innate powers common to all Vampires. They can tear out a victim's throat in the blink of an eye, and their authority over the Undead and the myriad creatures of the night is still strong. The Ghoulish Kings have not lost the power to raise the dead from their slumber and bind them to their will, but they do so in their own instinctual way. Their magic is less subtle than the forms of necromancy practiced by other Vampires, but in the cut and thrust of combat, their savagery gives them a definite edge.

At times, powerful Strigoi Ghoulish Kings raise vast armies of the living dead around themselves and push south in a desperate attempt to recreate the kingdom they lost. So far, their advance has always been halted by warmongering tribes of greenskins blocking the way to the Badlands, or by disciplined armies of the Tomb Kings that stride out from the desert. Yet across the Old World, the minions of the Ghoulish Kings have been sighted ever more frequently. Some say the ancient brethren of the Strigoi are uniting under one leader and massing great armies of degenerate beasts in their cavernous lairs. If this is true, no creature – living or dead – is truly safe from their wrath.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Strigoi Ghoulish King	6	6	3	5	5	3	8	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character, Vampire).

MAGIC: Strigoi Ghoulish Kings are Wizards that use the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

SPECIAL RULES: **Poisoned Attacks**, **Regeneration (5+)**, **The Hunger** (see page 27), **Undead**, **Vampiric**.

Infinite Hatred: Ghoulish Kings have the Hatred special rule. However, they may re-roll failed rolls To Hit in every round of close combat, not just the first.

CRYPT GHOULS

Crypt Ghouls are ugly, stooping creatures with only a vestigial sense of reason. Their skin is sallow and filthy, their eyes are bestial and insane, and their snarling lips reveal sharp-pointed teeth in slaving mouths. Dressed only in the rags they pull from their victims, the Crypt Ghouls carry weapons they have picked up or have crudely fashioned from the remains of their unwholesome meals. These skulking fiends do not need such implements to kill, however, for they have long claws sufficient for their needs. These claws are encrusted with grave-filth and decaying meat; those that take even the lightest scratch from their talons can die from unnaturally potent infections that spread through the victim's body. In addition, their constant diet of rot-fouled meat confers a sinewy and unwholesome resilience.

Though not truly Undead, Crypt Ghouls unconsciously feel the Dark Magic that surrounds the most powerful Undead lords and are drawn inexorably towards it. Once their presence is betrayed, their newfound master quickly dominates their weak and willing minds. Though they will lope into battle at the behest of their master, Crypt Ghouls, and even their ghastly pack leaders, are cowardly creatures that will slink away from combat if their prey seems to be fighting back with any real determination. This innate cowardice can be overcome by a mental command from their vampiric masters, for those Ghouls who have fled can be coerced back to the front lines with the lure of Dark Magic.

The first Ghouls were the descendants of the insane and evil-hearted cannibals of the Far South – men who ate the flesh of their dead in gory rituals. These primitive corpse-eaters lived upon the shores of the Sour Sea, drawn to dwell under the looming, freezing shadow of Nagashizzar. The tribes worshipped the Great Necromancer and frequently partook of the Dark Feast. They would gorge themselves on the flesh of their own and, generation by generation, they were driven mad by their own loathsome practices. Now, these devolved humanoids roam the Desolation of Nagash, preying on travellers in their search for fresh meat.

Even in the enlightened era of Emperor Karl Franz, there are tales of cannibalism within the borders of the Empire. During times of pestilence and famine, the desperate and the depraved take to eating human flesh to stay alive. The stories tell that isolated farms, and sometimes even whole villages, have devolved to this vile state. Some even claim the practice has become customary rather than necessary.

During the Ghoulish Swarms of 2512, when the crops failed for the third year running, the Knightly Orders of Stirland were employed en masse to 'investigate' the borders of their barren realm. The full-scale battle between the brightly-clad soldiery of the Elector Count and the ravenous, blotch-skinned hordes of the afflicted villagers has not been easily forgotten. Their fields and shabby hamlets were burned to the ground, but the memory of their foulness lingers on.

Literally driven underground by their persecutors, these cannibals and their mutant offspring hide in catacombs and mausoleums. There, the Crypt Ghouls devour the carcasses of nobles, or take to living in the graveyards of the poor where they feed on peasant corpses. The Priests

of Morr do what they can to protect their holy gardens against the encroachments of Crypt Ghouls, but many of the Old World's graveyards and cemeteries date back a thousand years or more, and beneath them are labyrinths of subterranean chambers and tunnels.

On occasion, the Brotherhood of Morr will employ a professional Witch Hunter to sweep the catacombs with sword and fire. As time passes, though, the Crypt Ghouls return to eat the dead and prey upon isolated mourners and priests. Other colonies of ghoulish fiends creep through the years undiscovered. A small army of these foul, verminous creatures dwells within the great burial crypts on the hills around Mousillon, and they sweep down into the cursed city every time the Chaos moon is full. Even in times of relative peace, the city guard are all always well-armed, and never enter the mausoleums and sepulchres of Mousillon's cemeteries except in bands of at least a dozen men.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Crypt Ghoul	4	3	0	3	4	1	3	2	5
Crypt Ghast	4	3	0	3	4	1	3	3	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Poisoned Attacks, Undead.



ZOMBIES

Zombies are shambling horrors that stagger towards the enemy battle line in a noisome horde. Grotesquely reanimated corpses, they are compelled by the Dark Magic of a Vampire or Necromancer, and driven by the will of their master to commit acts of extreme violence.

Zombies are foul to behold. Their bodies are rotting and torn beyond the limits of sanity. The evidence of their violent deaths is clear for all to see, and their unclean flesh is blotched with rot and riddled with vermin. A Zombie's skin hangs in strips from his tattered frame, revealing withered muscle and bloodless veins. Broken legs propel them onward with lurching strides and twisted fingers clutch hungrily at their victims. Yet Zombies are often made from more than corpses, for when the Vampire Counts are on the warpath, their Necromancers are often forced to improvise in order to amass a truly unstoppable horde. Spiked and rusting railings from graveyard fences are substituted for missing limbs; broken backs are buttressed by mouldering planks or hammered into a semblance of solidity with rusted coffin nails. Fingers hacked off by wild sword thrusts are replaced with jagged spikes and Elven arrowheads. Any debilitating wound they suffer is compensated for with stomach-churning expediency, for all that a Zombie's masters require of it is to stumble into battle.

For all their horrific appearance, Zombies are slow and clumsy, making it easy for local militia and adventuring

warbands to destroy individuals or even to bring down small groups. Unfortunately for the innocent folks sleeping fitfully in their fortified towns and villages, the Old World boasts a rich supply of corpses, and thus Zombies can be raised and set loose upon the living in overwhelming numbers. All fear the witching hour, when a tide of groaning, clawing Undead batters down sturdy wooden gates, or when a crowd of Zombies pile together in order to spill over walls and palisades. When the Chaos moon rises high in the sky and wolf-howls pierce the night air, watch-fires are stoked and holy amulets of Sigmar are clasped a little tighter.

To call the way a Zombie attacks 'fighting', is perhaps to give the foul creature credit beyond its due. These sickening half-things have no skill to speak of, but are instead driven only by the insatiable urge to rend, kill and consume the living. Any warrior unfortunate enough to be pulled down by a Zombie horde will find himself torn slowly apart by a mass of desperate clawing fingers, his flesh gouged from his body in grisly, glistening chunks. The fortunate die quickly, but those unlucky souls who are trampled beneath the horde spend their death throes in miserable agony as their innards become a crimson feast.

Soldiers who have met in battle with the Undead before, or who hear the terrifying tales whispered at campfires, know the best methods with which to slay the restless dead. A blow to the skull with a hammer or axe will slay usually a Zombie outright, and severing the head is an even surer method of destruction. But precise strikes such as these take focus and skill, and Zombies are seldom found in ones or twos. Instead, these death-walkers are raised in large numbers, gathering upon the battlefield in their hundreds. Against hordes such as these, even the strongest sword arms tire, the stoutest hearts can falter, and the most skilled blades can become lodged in putrid flesh. Even those of surpassing skill will eventually feel the clammy touch of dead hands upon their skin.

Zombies are easily sustained by the powers of necromancy, jerking back to their feet like jangling puppets as invisible force swirls around them. Their numbers can seem almost infinite as they press relentlessly forwards, those that fall in battle compelled by necromantic power to stagger or crawl towards the foe moments after being cut down. Such shuffling hordes are often used by Vampires to exhaust the regiments of their enemies, slowly overwhelming the foe in a ceaseless tide of blood-slicked, maggot-ridden flesh.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Zombie	4	1	0	3	3	1	1	1	2

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes Last, Undead.

The Newly Dead: Zombie units can be increased beyond their starting size by spells and effects that add models to an existing unit. In addition, when Zombie units are successfully targeted by the *Invocation of Nehek* spell (see page 60), they regain an extra D6 Wounds.

SKELETON WARRIORS

For thousands of years, armies have marched and fought across the Old World. There is barely a field, hill or valley that has not seen fierce fighting at some point in the past. Going as far back as the time of Sigmar and even earlier, these great battles have left unmarked graves beyond counting. Such charnel fields attract Dark Magic, and the souls of some warriors remain trapped in the material realm. Some are the spirits of men betrayed by their commanders, others of cowards who were cut down as they ran, or of those who died a violent and unexpected death.

Beneath the mud lie the grave-stained bones of these bitter, ancient warriors. Long held beneath the earth, they are clad in their corroded armour, their lifeless hands still gripping the swords, axes, spears and shields they held in life. Provided their remains have not been blessed by the rites of Morr, a Necromancer or Vampire can use the coiling energies of Dark Magic to instil a semblance of life and a flicker of spirit into these dormant warriors.

As the regiments of past massacres claw their way to the surface, their empty eye sockets glow with unholy power. Silently, they gather together in a semblance of their old ranks, mutely awaiting the commands of their new lord as the remains of their tattered banners flap in the unnatural breeze of their creation. Lipless horn blowers raise their instruments and sound a spectral, mournful dirge.

Though a Skeleton no longer possesses flesh to cut, nor organs to pierce, a well-aimed blow can destroy it. Dark Magic replaces flesh the long since devoured by the writhing creatures of the earth, but an arrow or sword thrust can disrupt the magic that binds the ancient bones of these soldiers together. Decapitation or severing of the spine is usually enough to release the Skeleton Warrior's spirit from the mortal plane, and a heavy blow from a bludgeoning weapon such as a hammer or a club can shatter a Skeleton into pieces. However, even those that are felled can be raised up again as necromantic power knits together shattered bones and instils them with unholy vigour once more.

All that these long-dead fighters can recall of mortal life are faint impressions from battles fought in ages past. All that they feel is the compulsion to fight and obey their masters. They have no autonomy or intelligence, though some vestige of their battlefield training remains ingrained in their bones. Driven by the undying will of a Vampire, these ragged warriors can still wield their swords and spears, and raise a shield to block an enemy attack. A mortal who dares to fight an army of Skeletons is confronted by rank upon rank of ghastly apparitions. Who could remain unafraid with the soldiers of antiquity lurching towards him?



Geheimnisnacht and Hexensnacht

There are two nights every year considered evil above all others, when the dark spirits of the world come forth and the creatures of Chaos howl in the darkness. The first night is Hexensnacht, the Witching Night, which marks the new year. The better known, and more feared night, is Geheimnisnacht, the Night of Mysteries. These are the only two nights when both moons, Morrslieb and Mannslieb, are completely full. Where Mannslieb is bright and consistent, Morrslieb is an unpredictable and immense chunk of warpstone, a massive satellite of raw magic. Whenever Morrslieb nears the surface of the world, the Winds of Magic blow fiercely and Dark Magic gathers in invisible tides and pools. It is this Dark Magic that stirs the dead in their graves, mutates unborn animals and drives livestock to devour each other. The combined forces of both moons pulling at the world at the same time make these nights extremely important to cultists, Necromancers, Vampires and other fell sorcerers, for at such times their powers are at their height. Sacrifices are made to the dark gods, and dire rituals bring forth whole armies from their graves. Ancient artefacts are bound into reliquaries and unholy weapons are forged. The people of the Old World bar their doors and windows, mutter prayers, stoke their fires high, and pray that they will survive to see the dawn.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skeleton Warrior	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3
Skeleton Champion	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

DIRE WOLVES

Dire Wolves are macabre parodies of the living Giant Wolves that roam the Badlands and the forests of the Old World. Their flesh hangs in tatters from cracking bones, their skulls and innards exposed through tears in their skin. They are swathed in an eerie, glimmering twilight and their eyes glow with unnatural energy. The stench of putrefaction hangs on their wet breath and their howls cause shivers of fear to freeze the bold. When they are slain, their bodies dissolve into a coiling miasma, leaving nothing behind.

The lands of the eastern Empire are plagued by giant wolves that emerge in winter from lairs high in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Driven by a ravenous hunger, they descend to the foothills in large packs, attacking farms and villages and preying on travellers. The men of the Empire hunt these beasts mercilessly, but this only serves to keep their numbers in check, and their voracious attacks at bay, for a short time.

In the blighted lands of Sylvania, the corpses of these wolves must be burnt or buried deeply, for those that are not will return from the dead and continue the hunt. Even when the correct precautions are taken, and the bodies of these monstrous predators are buried in deep pits, Dark Magic can still gather and resurrect them. Half-rotted, their fur matted with blood and grime, the animated carcasses claw and wriggle up through the earth in order to hunt again. Maggots writhe in open wounds and charred skin hangs from their bones in ragged flaps.

Dire Wolves are the hunting hounds of the Vampires and their senses are as keen as they were in life. They gather in great packs around the castles and towers of the Undead lords of Sylvania, their mournful howls echoing for miles across the still night. When the princes of Undeath make war upon the living, the Dire Wolves follow, treating the Vampire as their pack leader. In battle, the Dire Wolves often lope along the flanks of the Undead army, driving away enemy cavalry and leaping on small, vulnerable regiments or war machine crews.

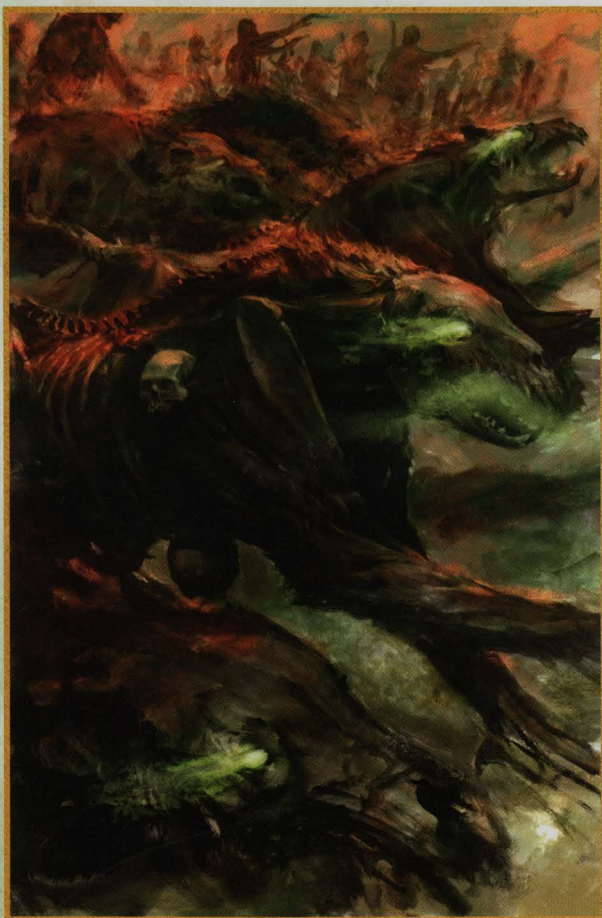
Vampires sometimes keep the largest of these creatures in pens deep below their castles and towers, feeding them on local peasants until they are large and glutted, then goading them to new heights of viciousness. The Vampires imbue their creations with Dark Magic to increase vitality and bestow a callous cunning. These monstrous creations are known as Doom Wolves, and it is these larger, more ferocious beasts that lead the Dire Wolf packs to war.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3
Doom Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: War Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead, Vanguard.

Slavering Charge: In a turn that they successfully charge, Dire and Doom Wolves add +1 to their Strength.



Mourkain

In the heart of the Badlands lies a desolate and haunted ruin named as Morgheim – which means the Place of Death – on certain Imperial maps. These remains are all that's left of the once great city of Mourkain, which long ago thrived under the reign of successive rulers of the Undead, before being destroyed by an Orc horde and lost to the annals of history.

Mourkain was originally founded by the shaman, Kadon, after the chance discovery of a corpse in the river clutching a crown in its dead hands: the ancient Nehekharan King Alcadizaar and the Crown of Nagash. Kadon buried the body, but kept the crown, and was afterwards compelled by the nascent spirit within it to build a city and establish a cult in its worship.

The settlement grew and the cult of Nagash spread across the Badlands, soon attracting the exiled Ushoran. Eventually usurping power by killing Kadon, Ushoran became the new ruler of Mourkain. He expanded the borders and founded the kingdom of Strigos. His desire was to rebuild the lost glory of Lahmia, but this was not to be. The Orc tribes of the region united, and not even Ushoran and his Vampire court could stay the destruction they wrought. Morath, Ushoran's lieutenant, escaped with the Crown when Ushoran was slain defending the gates. The rest of his court fled as the city burned behind them.

BAT SWARMS

When the armies of the Vampires go to war, the skies above them are obscured by a multitude of bats. These living clouds blot out the light of sun and moon alike, purposefully swathing the battlefield in darkness the better to confound and demoralise the living. As battle commences, hundreds of these animals descend on the enemy, battering and clawing at eyes and hands in order to distract the foe.

Mutated by the Dark Magic that saturates the ancient towers and caves where they roost, these bats can grow so large their wingspan can be as wide as a man's outstretched arms. In dark clouds, they descend upon the enemy, chittering, biting and generally making concentration impossible. When numbered in their scores, they can tear the skin from a man and strip the flesh from his bones in a few heartbeats.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Bat Swarm	1	3	0	2	2	5	4	5	3

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Hover, Undead.

Cloud of Horror: An enemy unit in base contact with one or more Bat Swarms has the Always Strikes Last special rule.



FELL BATS

With a body as long as a grown man, Fell Bats are a fearsome sight. They are darker than midnight and silent as death, even when in full flight. In fact, the only noises that a Fell Bat makes on the hunt are horrible gobbling slurps when it sinks its distended mouth into living flesh. In truth, a Fell Bat bears as much resemblance to an ordinary bat as a maddened lion does to a domestic cat. Those who have encountered them, and lived, tell how they hunt with unerring accuracy, swooping down to knock knights from their saddles or pick off lone warriors unawares.

Vampires view Fell Bats much as a Bretonnian Lord might his prized hunting falcons. Precious sweetmeats are offered to Fell Bats from the ramparts of the Vampire's fortress, but to harness an entire flock, a grander sacrifice must be made. A fresh victim, belly-slit and screaming, or a terrified messenger sent to run into the night with his eyes put out is more to their taste. Once they have the scent of gore, they will fall upon the enemy battle line with bloodthirsty intent.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Fell Bat	1	3	0	3	3	2	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: War Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Undead.

GRAVE GUARD

Upon the walls of Drakenhof Castle, and the other Vampire-haunted keeps of Sylvania, patrol tireless warriors clad in rust-gnawed armour. These dread sentries are the Grave Guard – Wights drawn from their ancient tombs to act as guardians for the Vampire rulers of Sylvania. Although their bodies have decayed, leaving only bones and tattered flesh, Grave Guard are held together by evil magic so strong that it has endured for centuries. They wear ancient battle gear of primitive alloy, corroded by time and dusty with the years. These eerie, silent sentinels stand constant vigil on the crumbling battlements and at the iron-bound gates, never resting, eternally ready to defend their Vampire masters. When a Vampire marches forth, his Grave Guard advance at the head of the Undead host. They form a formidable corps of warriors, their enchanted blades cutting down the toughest of enemies with strike after pitiless strike.

The sheer resilience of the Grave Guard has become well known across the nations of Human, Elf and Dwarf. Their combination of stout shields, thick armour plates, and the natural resilience of the Undead means that a simple sword blow has little chance of stopping them. When Lichemaster Kemmler broke the wards of Athel Loren and raised a legion of Grave Guard from the barrows hidden in its outskirts, the Wood Elves of that verdant realm found their usual tactic of pin-cushioning the intruders with arrows to be ineffective. The Undead warriors trudged on tirelessly into the forest, many with slender shafts sticking out from their

eye sockets and jutting from their empty rib cages. They were only defeated when the ancient tree-spirits of that realm arose and crushed the Grave Guard one by one under giant root-encrusted feet. Unfortunately for the defenders of Athel Loren, the Grave Guard attack was merely a diversion. Kemmler had escaped with the magical artefacts he had come for hours before his plan was uncovered. Worse still, that same night, he raised up every last one of the Grave Guard to fight once more, and the forest was stained with Elven blood.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Grave Guard	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	6
Seneschal	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Killing Blow, Undead.

A surge of excitement invigorated Pieter von Carstein as he snapped the neck of another Orc. The sluggish, bitter blood that spilled from the creature's mouth did not interest Pieter in the slightest. The moment of death was far more intoxicating. Pieter felt the strength in his dead muscles swelling.

A crude, cleaver-like blade thudded into Pieter's arm, clanging off his lacquered armour. Contemptuously, Pieter lashed out with his claws, tearing off the Orc's face in one swipe. As another blow skidded ineffectually from Pieter's helm, the Vampire looked at the tattered web of skin that drooped from his fingers, and casually flicked it away. A spear tip plunged into Pieter's cheek, and he broke from his bloodthirsty reverie to focus on the greenskins swarming around him. With a snarl, the Vampire slashed his sword across the chest of an Orc, knocking it backwards into its bellowing fellows. A reverse sweep decapitated another greenskin, and Pieter's armour was drenched in an arterial fountain. Driven on by the love of death, Pieter hacked and chopped, his Grave Guard uncereemoniously beheading any Orcs that escaped his wrath. Suddenly, Pieter realised that his foes had scattered and fled.

Ahead, the Orcs were rallying after the rout, and were gathering inside the log walls of their primitive compound.

'Attend me,' Pieter snarled, gesturing to an imposing figure that stood nearby, clad in tarnished gold and bronze armour, a glowing sword in its skeletal grip. Asteron, long-dead monarch of the Dolgars, approached Pieter, eyes blazing.

What is your will, master?

The Wight's thoughts entered Pieter's head without sound, resonating like the echoes of a crypt.

'Assemble your warriors, prepare for the final attack,' Pieter commanded.

As you will it, master, so shall it be.



BLACK KNIGHTS

In the times before the Empire, there were few domesticated horses, and horsemen were exceedingly rare. In most tribes, a steed was a symbol of wealth and status. So it was often that only a chieftain and his closest warriors would ride mounted into battle, the wealthiest of their number clad in crude iron plate and carrying stout shields. When these early knights died, their horses were ritually killed and buried in the barrows alongside their masters, to carry them in the afterlife.

Many centuries later, the Vampire Counts are known to summon forth the gruesome remains of those ancient knights in order to bolster the masses of lesser Undead minions under their control. As a Vampire stalks through barrows and mausoleums, Dark Magic swirls invisibly around him like a cloak, probing and penetrating the cracked and overgrown porticos of each resting place and saturating the bones of the armoured corpses within. A thousand years of dust shifts and dissipates as the parchment-dry cadavers twitch and sit upright. In a morbid mockery of their old lives, these Black Knights stir into motion, tearing themselves free of thorny creepers and thick cobwebs, cold fingers clamping around the hilts of age-blackened blades. Alongside them, the skeletal remains of their steeds jerk to unlife, twisted by magic into hellish mockeries of the noble beasts they once were.

Outside the barrow, the Vampire splits open the resting place of his new servants with a deafening crack. At his word, fully formed Black Knights ride pell-mell from the tumbledown ruins of their tombs, whole units of warrior horsemen arrayed in the corroded armour of a bygone age. Their steeds are trapped in a strange half-life by rituals that have bound them to their riders. There have been reports of Black Knights galloping straight through the rubble of ruined cities, or even charging across the surface of a lake without leaving so much as a ripple. These unliving cavaliers crash into the ranks of their living enemies, spitting their foes on lances wreathed in cold flame, and lashing out with heavy swords older than the Empire itself.

During their mortal lives, these unearthly knights used weapons bearing enchantments of destruction. Though corrupted by the patina of the ages, these tools of slaughter are no less potent than when the wielder was a man of flesh and blood. It is said that one pierced by a Black Knight's lance or sword never recovers.



Mousillon, City of the Damned

The Bretonnian city of Mousillon has an evil reputation. Commonly known as the City of the Damned, it is built on the banks of the corpse-choked River Grismerie. Mousillon is flooded every spring, sweeping away the hovels of the poor and leaving the streets under a foot of murky, stinking water. Outbreaks of disease are common. Those few who roam the quagmire streets move like zombies, soulless and unseeing, and embittered noblemen on horseback beat or maim those who are not fast enough to get out of their way. In the markets the peasants haggle for rotten fruit and mildewed meat, some of which may well come from the corpses lined side by side in the city streets.

And yet Mousillon is a city of proud Bretonnia. It has its own heraldry, court and bloodlines of high birth, and its knightly defenders bear the black fleur-de-lys of Duke Maldred upon their shields. Though these chevaliers are few in number, when war comes to the City of the Damned, the city seethes with warriors both living and dead. Hidden beneath Mousillon are subterranean halls lined with Black Knights arrayed in tarnished battle armour, waiting in ever-patient ranks for the summons of their fell Duke.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Black Knight	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	6
Hell Knight	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	6
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Killing Blow** (Riders only), **Spectral Steeds** (see page 51), **Undead**.

CORPSE CARTS

When Vlad von Carstein unleashed the armies of Sylvania upon the Empire, between the trudging crowds of Zombies and the endless ranks of Skeletons could be seen the constructs known as Corpse Carts. Driven by macabre, shrouded figures, these unnatural wagons are made of rotted wood, rusted metal and diseased flesh, and each is heaped with writhing body parts. Clawed limbs reach out from the cart's interior to grab at those close enough to touch.

Corpse Carts act like magnets to Dark Magic, drawing their power from the land itself and animating the dead around them. Sometimes a Corpse Cart is hung with a great bell, the clapper of which is a fell lodestone of eldritch provenance. When necromantic magic is thick in the air, the bell tolls and ripples of Dark Magic emanate from the Corpse Cart. Under the influence of this ominous knell, the dead are drawn back together and cadavers stagger to their feet. Other Corpse Carts are lit by braziers that burn with infernal flames. The smoke from these balefires contains particles of warpstone that can drive enemy wizards temporarily insane.

Though Vlad used the power of the Corpse Carts in his war upon the Empire, he was not the first to employ them. On Geheimnisnacht of the year 1111, Morrslieb showered down great meteors upon the lands of Sylvania and legions of black-blotched plague victims rose from mass graves. The warpstone meteors also affected the plague wagons that carried the thousands of dead plague victims to the charnel

pits. Bodies fused together into writhing Undead masses, and the drivers of the carts changed into strange, withered creatures. The infamous Necromancer, Frederick Vanhal, formed an army of the Undead from the newly risen, using his Dark Magic to bind the Corpse Carts to his will. Infused with warpstone and driven forth by Vanhal's evil, the Corpse Carts acted as loci for the Necromancer's magic. When Vanhal's apprentice turned on his master and killed him, the Corpse Carts were no longer controlled. Without Vanhal's guiding influence, the devilish chariots dispersed.

Though most were hunted down and put to the torch, for over a thousand years, the remaining Corpse Carts have wandered along the back roads and dirt tracks of Sylvania, carrying death and misery with them like a shroud. On dark nights, they enter ramshackle villages, stirring the dead in their graves and filling the dreams of slumbering peasants with visions of rot and death. These strange constructs are valued highly by Vampires, for Undead creatures near a Corpse Cart will fight with a frenetic vigour, bolstering the battle line of a Vampire's army.

Similar constructs are found near the damned city of Mousillon, but whether they are true Corpse Carts is unsure. Folklore tells of macabre wagons hung with scraps of brightly-coloured skin, known as Charnevals. The morbid chansons of Bretonnia tell of entranced mortals drained of life by a Charneval, their husk-like bodies climbing on board to join its eternal procession through the night as the Corpsemaster seeks final death in the fires of battle.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Corpse Cart	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Corpsemaster	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	1	5
The Restless Dead	4	1	-	3	-	-	1	2D6*	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: *Random Attacks (2D6) (Restless Dead only), **Regeneration**, **Undead**.

Vigour Mortis: If an augment spell from the Lore of the Vampires targets a Corpse Cart, and is successfully cast, then all friendly Undead units within 6" of the Corpse Cart (including the Corpse Cart itself) have the Always Strikes First special rule until the start of your next Magic phase. Zombies affected by Vigour Mortis lose their Always Strikes Last special rule, and gain Always Strikes First instead.

UPGRADES

Balefire: Enemy Wizards suffer a -1 modifier to their casting rolls if there is one or more units with the Balefire upgrade within 24".

Unholy Lodestone: When a friendly Wizard within 6" of an Unholy Lodestone successfully casts *Invocation of Nehek* (see page 60), he may re-roll a single D6 to determine how many Wounds are restored for each eligible infantry unit.

SPRIT HOSTS

Across Sylvania, poltergeists and ghosts haunt peasants with dreadful groans and freezing touches, sometimes driving whole villages to be abandoned as a result. When the Vampire Counts go to war, these restless spirits are pulled along by the Dark Magic of the Undead army. Insubstantial and impervious to mortal weapons, these angry ghosts swarm over the enemy, leeching energy from the living and leaving stark horror in their wake.

Sylvania is rich in the spirits of the dead, for it has a long history of misery and suffering, and is rife with polluting warpstone. As well as animating the physical remains of the dead, this sorcerous energy also has an effect on the souls of the departed. When Vlad von Carstein cast out the priests of Morr, wardens of the dead, he ensured that the spirits of those who had died could not pass into the afterlife. Since then, the unquiet spirits can often be seen as mournful, swirling mists, through which protrude mournful, wailing faces and grasping hands. Their touch draws some of a victim's soul into the underworld, dragging them into a waking nightmare or stealing their knowledge of who they are. Only a priest of Morr can restore the mind of one who has had his spirit drained by a ghost, and survivors of the process are rare.

All the peoples of the Empire share a common view of what happens to the souls of the dead – they pass into the underworld, the land of Morr, god of Death. Priests of Morr and wizards of the Amethyst College have been known to contact a soul in the underworld and remind it of its former life, strengthening the soul's grip on its memories. The mortal can then commune with that spirit, and learn of things that have passed and things that are yet to pass. The Empire's citizens also believe that sometimes Morr will close the gates of the underworld, and forbid a spirit from entering. He may do this if it is not that individual's time to pass beyond the veil, for instance, or the person has sworn an oath that they have not yet fulfilled. These souls burn brightly in the underworld and disturb the other spirits, and so Morr banishes them back to the realm of the living, condemning them to a shade-like existence until their duty is done.

It is these tortured spirits that can be called forth by the necromantic power of a Vampire, channelling Dark Magic so that the roaming ghosts can manifest themselves. Necromancers must undergo a stranger process still to bind the souls of men, sending their own spirits to the underworld of Morr. Once there, they can steal a few souls, snatching them from under the gaze of the god of the dead. However, sometimes Morr catches these interlopers, imprisoning them for eternity. Their body falls into a catatonic state and then slowly rots away, while their soul suffers anguish without end.

On the field of battle, these vengeful apparitions cluster together into hosts that drift slowly towards their warm-blooded victims with terrible inevitability. Even a cannonball strike will not damage a Spirit Host, for they exist only partially in this world. However, their twilight state does anything but render these spirits harmless. The ghost of a cursed man can claw at a mortal's flesh with long, taloned hands, stilling the victim's beating heart with a touch and killing him outright even as his eyes widen in shock.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Spirit Host	6	3	0	3	3	4	1	4	4

TROOPTYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Ethereal, Undead.

Vanhal's Legacy

In 1111, the dead first walked in the Empire. Corpses marked with the black blotches of plague shambled about the land, needing only a will to guide them. They found it in the form of Baron Frederick van Hal (later known as Vanhal or Vanhel). After conquering the land that eventually became Sylvania, he built his keep at Vanhaldenschlosse. During the time of the Black Death, the Empire suffered at the hands of the Skaven, and only the expansion of Vanhal's necromantic domain halted the ratmen's advance. The Skaven and the Undead fought a long and futile war that only ended when Vanhal was assassinated by his apprentice, Lothar von Diehl. The Skaven, however, were left in a weakened state, allowing the future emperor, Mandred Skavenslayer, to drive them from the land. Later generations of the Vanhal line took up the oath of the Witch Hunter in an attempt to atone for the sins of their heretical ancestor.

CRYPT HORRORS

The malformed monstrosities known as Crypt Horrors are, thankfully, a rare sight. Spoken of in hushed whispers by night watchmen, old priests of Morr, grave-keepers and other nocturnal citizens of the Empire, the few persistent reports of these looming and moon-mad fiends are dismissed as the ravings of superstitious fools. At best, they are thought to be exaggerated sightings of Crypt Ghouls. Unfortunately for the lands of the Old World, however, the stories are often accurate, for Crypt Horrors are very real.

Crypt Horrors are only seen openly in times of war, where they are primarily used as the shock troops of ambitious Strigoi Ghoul Kings. Crypt Ghouls are counted amongst the lowliest of all Vampiric servants; after all, they lack even the common decency to be properly dead. So the sight of a pack of Crypt Horrors accompanying a Vampire to battle is evidence of the terrible depths that their master has sunk to in his quest for survival. In order to create a Crypt Horror, a Vampire must open his veins to a Ghoul and allow it to gulp down his precious blood – essentially a pale bastardisation of the Dark Kiss – an act that is reviled by those who count themselves amongst the elite of Sylvanian society.

For a Strigoi to allow a Crypt Ghoul's foetid mouth to sink into its flesh is a sign that the Vampire is truly desperate. Nonetheless, some Ghoul Kings encourage this strange and abhorrent practice. Once a Crypt Ghoul has drunk the blood of a Vampire, its eyes turn red and it goes into a

killing frenzy. It pulls down weaker members of its own pack, dragging its screeching prey into an open grave or a shattered tomb in order to consume its gruesome feast undisturbed. Finishing its cannibalistic orgy with a smacking of lips, the swollen Ghoul will crawl back to its waiting master, hoping for another draught of vampiric blood. By the coming of the next full moon, the new Crypt Horror will have grown to several times its original size and ferocity.

Crypt Horrors provide a tangible benefit to their Strigoi masters. True Undead can be warded away from grave-haunts by sacred sigils and priests of Morr, and Crypt Ghouls are too cowardly to mount a full-scale assault on such a place. Hence, Strigoi Ghoul Kings will create Crypt Horrors whenever they need to smash through such defences. Crypt Horrors are neither living nor truly dead, and as the call of Morr's realm pulls at what remains of their souls, they vent their rage upon the crypt-gardens of the god of death. Because of this, the keepers of sepulchres and mausoleums fear Crypt Horrors above all other minions of the Ghoul Kings. Once the magical wards guarding the cemeteries are destroyed by the rampage of these foul beasts, their vampiric master is free to raid the corpse-fields beyond. Though the lineage of Strigos has broken every taboo by creating them, they are able to gain power in this way.

A Crypt Horror towers over its Ghoul brethren, and though it retains the characteristic stoop and loping gait of its former life, its sinews become hard as iron. Bony growths and protrusions push out from the creature's spine, and talons lengthen from splayed, dextrous hands. The potent diet of tough Ghoul flesh washed down with vampiric blood wreaks changes inside as well as out. Though the Crypt Horror's freakish metabolism will soon drive the creature's body to consume itself, in the meantime, the fiend's constitution is such that it can reknit even the most horrific wound with an effort of will. This is the main reason why the more elitist Vampire cliques tolerate these foul monsters – Dark Magic, the sustaining power of necromancy, literally runs in a Crypt Ghoul's veins, and therefore the sheer violence it can unleash is not to be underestimated.

In battle, packs of Crypt Horrors muscle their way towards the front lines, eyes glowing with dire light. They use shattered gravestones, tomb statuary and cemetery railings to smash aside those brave enough to stand before them, but it is their meat-encrusted fangs and talons that are to be avoided at all costs. Even a shallow wound from a Crypt Horror bears enough poisonous rot to kill a horse. Despised by the living and the dead alike, Crypt Horrors are creatures to be truly feared.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crypt Horror	6	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	5
Crypt Haunter	6	3	0	4	5	3	2	4	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

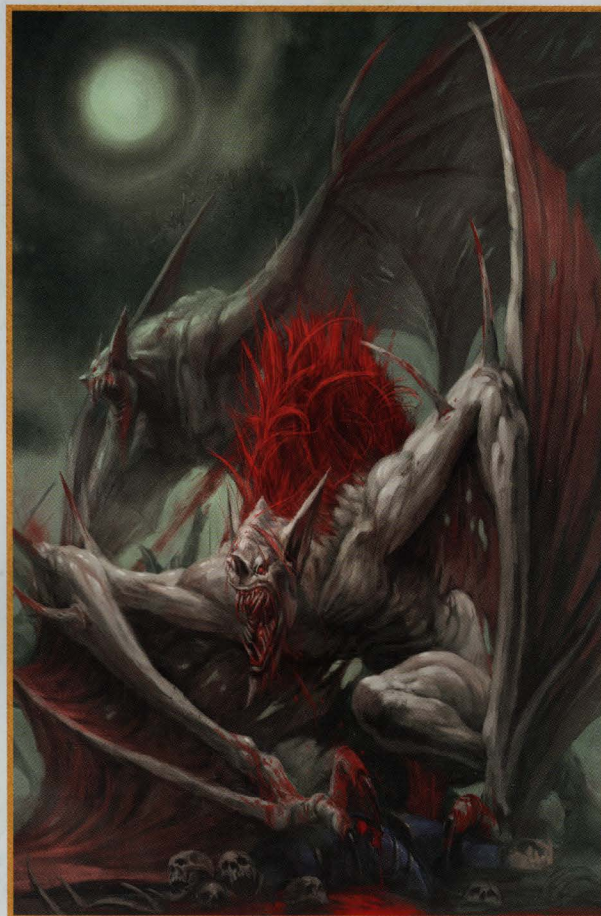
SPECIAL RULES: Poisoned Attacks, Regeneration (5+), Undead.

VARGHEISTS

Vargheists are the darkness in a Vampire's soul made manifest. They are towering winged humanoids, each several times the size of a man. Though the Vargheists once walked and talked as lords amongst the chattel, these curse-born Vampires have devolved into ravening predators desperate for the taste of blood. They prowl the battlefield in packs, ready to pounce upon the least sign of weakness and tear a hole in the enemy ranks with crimson claw and bloody fang.

The creation of a Vargheist is a strange metamorphosis that takes place far from the eyes of mortals. Under the extensive castles of the von Carsteins are vast subterranean networks of basements, galleries and dining halls with vaulted ceilings that stretch into the pitch darkness above. This realm of former glories is where the Vargheist's dark birth takes place.

Once, these haunted halls were places of grandeur and largesse, the sites of sinister speeches, flesh banquets and epic displays of privilege. Now, they are little more than antique graveyards filled with the detritus of an ancient aristocracy. Moth-eaten drapes and tapestries hang like curtains of moss from the damp-raddled walls. Embroidered rugs and mosaics of bone are hidden by inches of tainted and brackish water that seeps through from the cursed lands above. Broken harpsichords lean drunkenly against the cloth-bound statuary of ancient gods; shattered coaches and rot-gnawed sedan chairs are heaped amongst haunted portraits and magical relics stolen from conquered civilisations. Within the mounds of priceless bric-a-brac, chain-bound coffins and sculpted sarcophagi nestle like chrysalises in a rotting woodpile. If a chance visitor were to approach these coffins and blow away the carpet of dust upon them, the name 'VON CARSTEIN' could just about be made out, chiselled in baroque letters upon elaborate stone scrollwork.



letting loose a terrible scream of rage and betrayal that sends great swarms of bats whirling throughout the cavernous chambers. The shattered remnants of its sarcophagus fall away, and the name and personality of its former incumbent is left behind in the mire. The newborn Vargheist begins to hunt, desperate to sink its teeth into mortal veins. At the first taste of blood, the transformation is made permanent – what was once a proud lord of the dead is forever cursed to an existence as a ravening beast.

Though each Vargheist emerges from its prison far stronger in body, it is invariably weaker in mind. After centuries of thirsty confinement, all they really want to do is feed. These creatures are easily bound to their jailor's will as a result, and are sent into battle in packs in order to feast on those enemies foolish enough to stray too far from the sanctuary of the main battle line. Vargheists make formidable fighters, for their raw fury and terrible hunger is undiminished by the control exerted by their cruel, vampiric masters.

Not all of these coffins are empty, for this hidden realm is where the von Carsteins lock away those of their family who have fallen out of favour. Those who come off worse in the endless power struggles of the Vampires often find themselves prematurely buried and left at the mercy of their own relentless thirsts. Slowly, over the course of decades, the constantly dripping water – magically tainted by warpstone in the stalactites overhead – finds its way into the prisons of these unfortunates. Torpid for want of fresh blood, the slumbering Vampires begin to devolve and change shape, growing larger and more bestial as the diluted Dark Magic swilling around them lends them a terrible strength.

Whilst the transformation from humanoid into monster takes hold, the muscular Vargheist will crack open its stone prison with a great effort. Casting aside its chains, the creature unfolds its leathery wings and rears up into the darkness,

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vargheist	6	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7
Vargoyle	6	4	0	5	4	3	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Frenzy, Undead, Vampiric.

VARGHULFS

Within every Vampire's soul lurks a slaving monster, driven to feed on the blood of the living time and again. Most Vampires seek control over this side of their existence, clinging to the trappings of aristocracy, privilege, or – in some extreme cases – a debased form of martial honour.

Yet not all Vampires care for the trappings of mortal life or seek to control their inner urges. There are a few Vampires who allow the animalistic hunter within them to consume their personality completely. These feral predators abandon their citadels in order to run unfettered through the forest, hunting at the head of packs of Dire Wolves or even stranger beasts. Those who revel in such behaviour become physically changed beyond recognition by the Vampiric curse. Hence are born the creatures known to the peasant folk as Varghulfs.

Over the centuries, these most devolved of Vampires become blood-mad killers that exist only to feed. Like enraged, starved beasts, they run rampant, devouring whole villages and yet never sating their thirst. They slaughter without mercy, luxuriating in bloody carnage. As well as devouring the living, a Varghulf will ransack graves and feast upon the bodies of the dead. Other Vampires consider them no better than Ghouln, though the terrible changes wrought by their surrender to the rage within make them deadly in battle.

A Varghulf has a monstrous body, swollen by a constant diet of red meat. Unbound by human form, a Varghulf is

a contorted mass of packed muscle, giving it the strength to crush a chariot or bowl over entire ranks of those stupid enough to try and pen it in. Powerful legs and broad wing-flaps allow Varghulfs to chase down their kills in swift, gliding leaps, and they can lash out at enemies around them with shocking speed. They use their immense claws to strip flesh from bone, the better to suck at the juicy marrow of their prey. A Varghulf's main weapon, however, is a wide mouth filled with dagger-like fangs capable of puncturing armour and crushing skulls.

In battle, the Varghulf becomes a whirlwind of rage. Though voracious and unpredictable killers, Varghulfs are far from mindless. They do not possess the aptitude or inclination for sorcery of their Vampiric cousins, but their presence still acts as a conduit for Dark Magic, and they are able to reknit themselves with the raw stuff of necromancy should they suffer injury.

Pack animals will instinctively follow Varghulfs, recognising the apex predator in their midst. Crypt Ghouls in particular are drawn to Varghulfs, recognising something of their own unwholesome nature in the massive beasts. Hence, the caverns of the Strigoi Ghouln Kings often play host to a Varghulf or two. On occasion, a Varghulf will become a leader of its own pack of Crypt Ghouls, sharing its lair with a loathsome court of flesh-eaters. From a secret cave or decrepit mausoleum, the Varghulf leads its gruesome attendants in midnight hunts that always end in the slaughter of the living. For their part, the Crypt Ghouls gain a powerful protector, something the cowardly creatures value highly. Though the hidden armies of Ghouln that lurk in the catacombs of the world prefer to skulk and hide than to wage open war, when they boil out of the darkness, a Varghulf's presence can be the difference between victory and defeat.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Varghulf	8	5	0	5	5	4	4	5	4

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred, Regeneration, Terror, Undead, Vampiric.

Bestial Fury: For the purposes of calculating combat result bonuses, a Varghulf counts as having no flanks or rear.

'By all means, try and stop 'em. I won't stand in your way. Beat them back, chop them down, hold the line, carry the day. Cover yourself in glory, or in guts, it makes no difference to me. Or to the dead, for that matter. You're just postponing the inevitable, lad. Mark my words, they'll get us all in the end.'

- Black Ruyrecht,
veteran of the Vampire Wars

BLOOD KNIGHTS

Blood Knights are the most fearsome cavalry in all of the Old World. Their training and discipline in life is enhanced by the unnatural speed and strength of the vampiric curse. Blood Knights are nigh indestructible, riding with fangs bared through storms of arrow and shot. Such is their honour that they will refuse no martial challenge, and will fight at the forefront of an Undead army without question. It is said that even the fabled Grail Knights of Bretonnia cannot match the Blood Knights lance for lance upon the field.

Centuries ago, the people of the Empire would have named the knights of the Order of the Blood Dragon amongst the noblest of warriors defending their lands. Their great fortress, Blood Keep, guarded the passes to Bretonnia and was famed for the strength of its walls and the valour of its defenders. As the Tome of Lamentations records, one night, a man of great stature and noble bearing appeared before the gates and demanded entrance. He named himself as Walach of the Harkon family, and when the knights opened the gates to him, they unwittingly sealed their doom. Walach challenged the knights to combat. He slew them with ease, for he was a Vampire who had learned his war craft from the great Abhorash. Though no knight could hope to defeat the Undead monster, Walach spared those who fought bravely and with honour. To these knights, he passed on his vampirism; the others he slew without pause and fed on their life force. Blood Keep became a Vampire lair, from which the deadly knights preyed upon those they once protected. Many decades later, the Witch Hunter Gunther van Hal discovered the truth and attacked Blood Keep with an army sent from Wissenland and Reikland, supported by no less than four Knightly Orders. The siege lasted for three years, and the bloodshed was like nothing the men of the Empire had seen. Van Hal and his soldiers destroyed many Vampires when they finally stormed the castle, and they hunted the survivors through the wilds for years to come. Afterwards, Blood Keep fell into ruin and its evil masters passed into myth. Though Blood Keep was brought low, many Blood Dragons escaped, scattering across the Empire, Bretonnia, Tilea and further afield. Fearsomely accomplished with lance and sword, these warriors became fearsome raiders, either mercenaries led by dark Kastellans or solitary duellists.

Over time, the Blood Knights have become a macabre parody of the virtuous templars that Walach turned. Though they retain the Dragon as their symbol, with blazons and crests in their likeness, their armour is encrusted with images of death and slaughter. Their blades are fell weapons inscribed with dark runes, chased with precious metals and fashioned in the likenesses of evil beasts. The knights do not ride flesh-and-blood horses, but charge across the field of battle upon evil Nightmares that are clad in thick barding painted with disturbing icons of necromantic power.

In the present day, centuries after the demise of their order, there are whispers that Blood Keep is once again inhabited. Gossipmongers claim that immortal knights once more feast on human blood in the ancient halls, and skeletal sentries patrol the ramparts. Some even say that Walach himself has returned with his closest disciples, and that he is gathering his forces to wage war upon the lands of those who attempted to destroy him.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Blood Knight	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	2	7
Kastellan	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	3	7
Nightmare	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Undead, Vampiric.

Martial Honour: Unless a combat includes a friendly character with an equal or higher Leadership, a Kastellan must always issue and accept challenges. If the unit has no Kastellan, then a Blood Knight may be nominated to answer a challenge, just like a unit champion (though as he is not actually a character, he may not issue challenges).

UPGRADES

The Flag of Blood Keep: *This ancient flag is emblazoned with a dragon device, the symbol of Blood Keep for many years. The Blood Knights that bear this fell banner are the disciples of Walach himself. They hold the same disdain for ranged weapons now as they did in mortal life; a disgust exemplified by the enchantments woven into the banner.*

A unit of Blood Knights with the Flag of Blood Keep upgrade gains a 4+ ward save against ranged attacks.

BLACK COACHES

In ramshackle and garlic-hung taverns, grim tales are told of the Black Coaches that haunt the mountain passes. These morbid carriages are omens of disaster and death. They are horrific, unholy things, neither wholly real nor immaterial. A Black Coach is a herald of famine, war and murder, the sight of which can drive a sane man to suicide and cause families to fall upon themselves. Many an Imperial road warden or Bretonnian Knight has attempted to halt one of these ghastly apparitions and died for his trouble.

Legend has it that the driver of a Black Coach is a Wraith of some kind, and that grisly Nightmares pull it to war. On the battlefield, a Black Coach grows ever more powerful, feeding on magics wielded by mortal and immortal sorcerers alike. Driven on by the undying will of the Vampire couched within it, the Black Coach crushes or scythes down the ranks of the enemy without slowing.

When a Vampire is 'slain', its body may crumble to dust, immolate, or otherwise disintegrate. For the most powerful Vampires, this does not necessarily signal their demise, for their wicked spirits can live on even in these frugal remains. If a Vampire's followers can gather his physical remnants and place them within his coffin, the unholy remains will be safe. This gives the Vampire's necromantic servants the time they need to perform certain rituals, enchanting a carriage to bear the remains of their lord while his mortal form slowly feeds upon the energies of death.



By creating a Black Coach, the Vampire's retainers can transport their master's rejuvenating form to places of slaughter. This allows the Vampire to revivify himself, drinking in the coalescing energies that swirl around the crucible of war. Each Black Coach is a magnet for such baleful forces; as it drives onward, it soaks in the energies of the battlefield, shimmering with sorcerous power until it is all but unstoppable.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Black Coach	-	-	-	5	6	4	-	-	-
Cairn Wraith	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	3	5
Nightmare	8	3	0	4	-	-	2	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 3+)

SPECIAL RULES: **Chill Grasp** (Cairn Wraith only, see page 30), **Terror, Undead, Vampiric, Ward Save (4+)**.

Evocation of Death: At the beginning of the owning player's Magic phase, the Black Coach feeds on magical energy. Immediately after the total number of power dice for that phase has been determined, roll all the power dice in the pool. If any of these dice roll a 6, a portion of the power it represents is siphoned into the Black Coach. Power dice that are 'siphoned' by the Black Coach in this fashion can be used in the Magic phase as normal, though keep a note of how many are siphoned in this way. If you have more than one Black Coach in your army, randomly determine which Black Coach gains each siphoned dice. Each dice increases that Black Coach's abilities for the rest of the game, as detailed on the chart below. All of the increases listed are cumulative.

	Effect
1	<i>The Black Coach manifests gleaming scythes.</i> The Black Coach adds +1 to the number of Impact Hits it inflicts when it charges.
2	<i>The Cairn Wraith and the steeds pulling the Black Coach are filled with unholy vigour.</i> The Cairn Wraith and Nightmares have +1 Strength.
3	<i>Blades and fangs glow with green witch-fire.</i> The Black Coach's Impact Hits, Nightmares and Cairn Wraith's Attacks gain the Killing Blow and Flaming Attacks special rules.
4	<i>A pulsing nimbus of darkness envelops the Black Coach.</i> The Black Coach gains the Magic Resistance (2) and Strider special rules.
5	<i>The Black Coach flickers between the world of the living and the realm of the dead.</i> The Black Coach has the Ethereal special rule.
6+	<i>Howling winds swirl around the Black Coach, lifting it into the air.</i> The Black Coach has the Fly special rule.

Total number of siphoned power dice

HEXWRAITHS

The origins of the Hexwraiths are shrouded in mystery, but it is said that they are created on Hexensnacht, tearing their way into the mortal realm from the very bowels of the underworld. Their single-minded purpose seems to be the pursuit of those evil men who have cheated their rightful fate, for a Hexwraith's shade-like existence leaves it with a hunger that only the succour of a damned soul can sate. Once the curse of the Hexwraiths has been laid upon their prey, there can be no escape – the spectral horsemen can hurtle across rivers and pass through mountainsides on their incorporeal steeds without slowing their headlong charge.

Often, their quarry will hide in a brightly lit tavern or well defended fortress, hoping to escape the robed figures that gallop through his dreams and maybe drown his sorrows into the bargain. This is no defence; sooner or later, the Hexwraiths will charge straight through the thickest walls with a ripple of cruel laughter, cutting the soul from their prey and riding out through the other side in one terrifying instant. The only proof that the cloaked and burning apparitions were not figments of the imagination is the rapidly cooling corpse left in their wake, and perhaps a patch of sulphurous soot where the creatures passed through the walls.

Hexwraiths are able to move from the realm of spirits to the mortal world and back again at will. They share many similarities with Cairn Wraiths, though they are not bound to places of death and grief, instead able to ride abroad swiftly at the command of their Undead masters. The scythe-like weapons they use to slay their prey would be lethal enough in the material realm, but because the Hexwraiths shimmer between worlds, their spirit scythes are able to pass through gromril armour or scaled Dragon-hide without hindrance. A single blow from a spirit scythe can snatch away a mortal's essence whilst leaving his physical form completely unharmed. It is these strange weapons that earn the Hexwraiths their nickname of 'reaper knights', for they harvest the souls of the living just as a farmer reaps his crop. A soul taken by a Hexwraith does not dissipate altogether, but is instead absorbed by the spectre that took it. These dread reapers hence burn with flickering flame; all that is left of the horrified spirits they have stolen from the mortal realm.

The arcane bloodline of the Necrarchs were the first to bind Hexwraiths into their armies – some say they learnt the art of their summoning from the stolen Book of Arkhan, others that the legendary Melkhior was the first to master their control. In recent years, however, they have been seen in Undead armies all across the land. When bound into a Vampire's service and commanded by their Hellwraith leaders to ride into battle, whole packs of these apparitions hurtle across the field, plunging headlong through the swiftly dwindling ranks of the foe.

In recent years, the Vampires of Sylvania have learned to bind these creatures of shadow to their service, using them as weapons of war. The sight of a pack of cackling Hexwraiths approaching fast, spirit scythes held high and unnatural soul-fires flickering from their eye sockets, is enough to chill the blood of even the most seasoned warrior. It is small wonder that these deathly riders are amongst the most feared of all the minions of the Vampire Counts.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hexwraith	6	3	0	3	3	1	2	1	5
Hellwraith	6	3	0	3	3	1	2	2	5
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES:

Ethereal, Fast Cavalry, Terror, Undead.

Soul Reapers: Attacks made by Hexwraiths and Hellwraiths in close combat are magical, have the Flaming Attacks special rule, and allow no armour saves.

Soulstriders: Hexwraiths and Hellwraiths can move through unengaged units (whether friendly or enemy) during the Remaining Moves sub-phase, but cannot end their movement within 1" of another unit.

Spectral Hunters: If a unit of Hexwraiths moves through one or more unengaged enemy units in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, nominate one of those units. That unit immediately suffers a Strength 5 hit per Hexwraith (or Hellwraith) that has passed through it, distributed as shooting attacks.

These hits are magical, have the Flaming Attacks special rule, and no armour saves are allowed against them.

TERRORGHEISTS

In the hidden reaches of Sylvania, titanic bats the size of Dragons soar out from their caves to hunt horses, caravans and pegasi under the sickly skies. It is the ambush tactic of the creatures that give them their truly terrifying reputation. A Terrorgheist's vision is poor, so the swooping monstrosity ensures that its prey is rendered motionless by emitting a piercing shriek so loud and unexpected it can stun even a Bretonnian warhorse into paralysis. At that precise moment, the Terrorgheist will dive down, gather up rider and mount in its talons, and return to its lair to glut itself on warm blood.

The lairs of the largest Terrorgheists are strewn with enough corpses to make a Necromancer rub his clammy hands in glee. Few have the nerve to stray inside, though, just in case the Terrorgheist returns from its hunt to find a meal has sought it out, rather than the other way round. Being drained of blood by a Terrorgheist's stinking snout is no one's idea of a good death.

It is the mortal remains of these troglodytic beasts that the Ghouls of the caverns bind to their service. The binding process comes easily to these reclusive Vampires, for Strigoi Ghouls and Terrorgheists have much in common. As Dark Magic swirls around the monstrous cave-creature, a bond of blood is formed between master and beast. Much like any other creature that drinks from a Ghouls King's veins, Terrorgheists have necromantic power running in their blood that can heal even the most severe of wounds.



In death, a Terrorgheist becomes a nightmare made real. Guided by its master's will, the monstrosity creaks through the clouds above the battlefield on blotch-skinned pinions, its rotten flesh and withered organs open to the night air. Clotted hanks of fur cling in patches to its skeletal neck, and its skull swings from side to side as it tracks its prey on the plains below.

It is the deathly shriek of an unliving Terrorgheist that is perhaps its most fearsome aspect. As the magics of undeath are worked upon the beast, its cry is transformed from a simple but shockingly loud noise into a barrage of eldritch power. Some say the Terrorgheist's shriek is nothing less than the screams of the damned, channelled directly from the Realm of Chaos. It matters little to the Terrorgheist's prey, for so devastating is its sonic attack that it can cause a man to die of fright in an instant. By venting this unholy noise as it dives down upon its prey, a Terrorgheist can cripple an enemy regiment moments before it slams into the reeling survivors, slaughtering the rest with tooth and claw.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Terrorgheist	6	3	0	5	6	6	3	4	4

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Large Target, Regeneration (6+), Terror, Undead.

Death Shriek: A Death Shriek is a special attack that can be used against a single unit in the Shooting phase, even if the Terrorgheist has marched, charged, or is engaged in close combat. This attack has a range of 8" and needs line of sight to its target. If the Terrorgheist is engaged in combat, its Death Shriek may target a unit in base contact.

To resolve a Death Shriek, roll 2D6 and add the number of Wounds the Terrorgheist has left. For example, a Terrorgheist with 4 remaining Wounds would roll 2D6+4. For each point by which the result exceeds the target unit's Leadership, the target unit suffers 1 Wound with no armour saves allowed. A Death Shriek is a magical attack and Wounds suffered from it are distributed as from shooting.

UPGRADES

Infested: Legend has it that Terrorgheists explode, into a multitude of bats that feast on those nearby, when slain.

When a Terrorgheist with this upgrade is removed as a casualty, all units that were in base contact (friend or foe) take 3D6 Strength 2 hits.

Rancid Maw: The Terrorgheist's fangs are encrusted with the remains of prey the monster can no longer digest.

Attacks made by a Terrorgheist with this upgrade have the Poisoned Attacks special rule. Note that this does not include the Terrorgheist's Thunderstomp.

ZOMBIE DRAGONS

In death, no creature is beyond the powers of the Vampire. From the smallest bat to the mightiest Manticore, every man, monster or beast can be pulled from death's embrace and bound to fight once more for a new master. The elder race of Dragons is no exception. Those Vampires gifted in the art of necromancy bind the corpses of the great drakes to their will, resurrecting them as **Zombie Dragons**. These once-majestic creatures stagger upright once more with a great despairing roar before stooping to allow their new master to ride atop their powerful shoulders. Wreathed in a fog of rot and surrounded by swarms of blood-hungry flies, a **Zombie Dragon** can turn the tide of a battle purely by dint of its horrific presence.

North of the Land of the Dead, east of the Worlds Edge Mountains, lies the Plain of Bones. The Plain of Bones is a desert of multicoloured refractive sand from which protrude huge rib cages many times larger than a man. This is the place where Dragons once came to die, to rest their bones amongst those of their ancestors as they had done for millions of years, before any other sentient beings walked the world. Here lie the bones of the great ancestral Dragons: skulls the size of castle towers lie mingled with leg bones larger than the mightiest Drakwald oak. These bones date from the great days of the draconic race. Though today's Dragons are of a lesser breed, they are still incomparably mightier than other races of the world.

In the time before the first great Chaos incursion, Dragons flew to this parched land when they knew their time of dying was upon them. At the end of their last flight, they would lie where they fell. No one knows what instinct drew them but over the long millennia, thousands came here in their last hours. This continued until the time of the first great Chaos incursion, when dark power seeped out of the frozen north and malignant evil entered the corpses of the dead Dragons.

The deceased monsters stirred once more, their eyes bright with unnatural light. These fell abominations still prowl the Plain of Bones, evil and near mindless, driven by terrible, unnatural hungers. Dragons are proud creatures, and those that survived the coming of Chaos do not willingly submit themselves to such a fate. They no longer come here to die, though none save the Dragon-riding nobles of Ulthuan know where they now go to end their days.

When they are still among the living, Dragons swallow vast amounts of gold and gems to aid their digestion. These line their stomach, the grinding action helping to break down the vast meals that Dragons devour. When they die, their glittering carcasses contain a king's ransom for those brave enough to claim it. There are always those who become bold when treasure is involved, but in a land devoid of drinkable water and home to poisonous and mutated monsters, death comes to these treasure seekers easily. Some die after drinking from toxic wells, while others fall prey to the great **Zombie Dragons** that prowl that godless realm, leaving their victims' bones strewn across the sands.

These perils mean little to the Undead, however, so it is to the Plain of Bones that a Vampire travels to claim a **Zombie Dragon** as its mount. Animated by Dark Magic, a **Zombie**



Dragon is borne aloft by great tattered wings, its body covered with thick, withered hide. Though in life it once breathed fire capable of melting steel, a **Zombie Dragon** can only belch forth a cloud of pestilent gas which strips flesh from bones and corrodes armour. A **Zombie Dragon's** claws and sword-like teeth remain as deadly as they ever were, and it is capable of ripping an armoured knight in half and swallowing his warhorse in one motion. When such a monster is used as a steed by a powerful Vampire Lord, even the greatest heroes quail before the raw might of undeath, for the combined might of hero and mount is enough to break the back of any army.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Zombie Dragon	6	4	0	6	6	6	2	5	4

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Large Target, Scaly Skin (5+), Terror, Undead.

Pestilential Breath: The **Zombie Dragon** has a Breath Weapon. Any model hit suffers a Strength 2 hit, with a -3 armour save modifier.

Swarm of Flies: Enemies in base contact with a **Zombie Dragon** deduct 1 from their rolls To Hit in close combat.

NIGHTMARES

Vampires do not ride to battle atop mounts of mortal flesh and blood. The steeds of the Vampire aristocracy are unnatural destriers called Nightmares. Some Nightmares are the carcasses of dead warhorses, brought back to life through necromantic magic. Though their flesh is withered and their skin pocked and rank, these mighty steeds are infused with Dark Magic and can easily bite or kick a soldier to death. Other Nightmares are sorcerous constructs of sinew, bone and metal, empowered by magic.

The most impressive Nightmares are those born out of defiled flesh and bone, reared on fresh blood until they stand tall and proud. Their shadowy flanks shimmer with magical energy, their eyes glow like hot coals and their hooves burn with a coruscating magical flame. Smoke snorts from a Nightmare's flaring nostrils, carrying the stench of brimstone and decay. These beasts are often clad in heavy barding or wear caparisons of rusting chainmail, and spiked barding on their bodies to tear at the flesh of their foes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Nightmare	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.



HELLSTEEDS

Some types of Nightmare are known as Hellsteeds. Although at first glance a Hellsteed is a winged horse, it is far stranger than any mortal creature. Its skin is thick and covered in hard scales, and its head is ridged with protective protrusions of bone. When cut by a foe's blade, its blood hisses black and fills the air with the stench of sulphur. Its long fangs and claws are easily capable of disembowelling an armoured man.

A Hellsteed's wings are bat-like and broad of span, tipped with talons. Some Hellsteeds have no skin, their exposed tendons and muscles stretching and bunching as they power through the air on powerful pinions. Hellsteeds often have manes and tails of flame, matching the fires that burn in their eye sockets.

Hellsteeds are notoriously vicious, and Vampires that dabble in the binding of beasts delight in breaking these wild creatures to their will. In battle, Hellsteeds are driven mad by the scent of blood and strain at their reins, eager to trample their prey into the dirt as they plunge into the fray.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Hellsteed	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Undead.



SKELETAL STEEDS

In the time before the coming of Sigmar, evil kings and leaders of men would bargain with sorcerers to enchant their steeds, protecting them from the blows of the enemy. So potent were these sorceries that the horses were protected even after death. Long after their masters were laid to rest, these creatures endured, until their bodies rotted away and only bones remained of their mortal forms. Their spirits, remained, knitting together the skeleton of these beasts and giving them the power to ride through the densest terrain without slowing. It is even said that these creatures can bear their riders between the realms of the living and the dead...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead.

Spectral Steeds: A model mounted upon (or pulled by) a model with this special rule gains the Ethereal special rule for the purposes of movement only. They do not suffer the movement penalty for being barded. Whilst a unit with this special rule is joined by a character without the Spectral Steeds or Ethereal special rules, then it loses this special rule.



ABYSSAL TERRORS

The most warlike Vampires ride to battle on the backs of monstrous, winged, dread-inspiring mounts. Some are creatures of Chaos from the mountains, the resurrected hybrids of rapacious beasts. Others are nightmarish creations of Dark Magic, bound with shadows and given bodies of writhing blood and flayed skin. The most common of these winged fiends are known as Abyssal Terrors.

Abyssal Terrors are inevitably borne to war on ragged wings, allowing their Undead masters to strike at the heart of the enemy army. The latter-day von Carsteins, for their part, were known for their use of huge wolf-headed monsters with slaving jaws and leathery wings. The exposed spinal columns and bony tails of their mounts oozed with a numbing poison that drew all warmth from those it infected, and jagged blades were fused to each Terror's claws.

The creation of these disturbing constructs has more to do with the unholy science of those who follow the dark arts than with any natural process. The most talented of the Vampires that create them, such as the hidden brotherhood of the Necrarchs, draw a twisted amusement from such blasphemous births – they use parts harvested from a wide variety of monsters, fusing bone with ragged muscles and sinew. Their vile creation is finally given animus when Morrslieb is at its fullest and a portion of that cyclopean moon's power is invested in the beast as it lurches and twitches upright.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Abyssal Terror	6	4	0	5	5	4	2	3	4

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Large Target, Terror, Undead.

UPGRADES:

Poisonous Tail: *Abyssal Terrors often have elongated tails ending in venom-tipped bony protrusions. The poison can render a man completely paralysed in just a few seconds.*

Attacks made by an Abyssal Terror with this upgrade have the Poisoned Attacks special rule. Note that this does not include its Thunderstomp.

Sword-claws: *Some Abyssal Terrors have their dreadful physiognomy enhanced by devilishly sharp claw-blades. Some Necromancers take this further by fusing jagged swords directly to the Terror's bones.*

Attacks made by an Abyssal Terror with this upgrade have the Armour Piercing special rule. Note that this does not include its Thunderstomp.



COVEN THRONES

Compensating for a cursed existence with grandeur and luxury is a common theme amongst the Vampire elite. A true lord or lady of undeath refuses to churn through the mud of a battlefield like a common peasant or be content with the dubious dignity of sitting astride a grave-beast. Instead, the monarchs of the night are often borne to war on gilded palanquins known as Coven Thrones. These bone-frame constructs are held aloft by the departed spirits of those who have fallen in love with their owners and got nothing in return but a violent death. Mortal men shiver in awestruck disbelief at the exotic beauty of the handmaidens lounging upon these Coven Thrones – hypnotised by a beguiling glance, a kiss upon the air, or a subtle finger beckoning them into eternal servitude.

The legend of the Vampires originates in the desert realm of Lahmia, and it is the Lahmians who are famed above all for their use of Coven Thrones. Those who hail from that land consider themselves the first amongst the aristocracy of the night, for their darkling city was the first ever to bear the curse of vampirism. All Lahmians descend from Neferata, the Queen of Mysteries, who is said to despise men with a passion. Consequently, very few Lahmians are male. Instead, the most enchantingly beautiful maidens are chosen from amongst the noble families of Bretonnia and the Empire and granted the Blood Kiss. They then gain control of the humans around them with cunning and intrigue, for Lahmians take an active interest in human affairs – no one knows how many eccentric noblewomen, widows and high-born ladies are, in truth,

members of the Undead. The Lahmians are hedonistic, self-indulgent creatures that take great pains to present themselves in splendour and majesty at all times. Thus the Coven Thrones that carry the Lahmian sisterhood are bedecked with rare artefacts and strewn with silk-embroidered cushions and other finery. Over the centuries, the Lahmians have become skilled in the arts of foretelling and prescience in order to stay one step ahead of the agents who pursue them. The Coven Thrones bear great enchanted bowls full of fresh virgin's blood, within which the Vampire's handmaidens can scry the future. What the Lahmians' final purpose is, however, none can fathom.

Despite their luxury, these ostentatious palanquins are potent weapons upon the battlefield. The Vampires themselves move so swiftly as to be virtually invisible to the eye, but their true strength lies in their unity. A coven of Vampires fighting as one is as formidable a prospect as any Dragon or Daemon Lord.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Coven Throne	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Pallid Handmaiden	-	5	3	5	-	-	5	2	7
Spirit Horde	8	3	0	3	-	-	1	2D6*	-

TROOPTYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Pallid Handmaidens only), **Large Target**, ***Random Attacks (2D6)** (Spirit Horde only), **Spectral Steeds** (see page 51), **Undead**, **Vampiric**, **Ward Save (4+)**.

Battle of Wills: Immediately before the first model in an enemy unit rolls To Hit against the Coven Throne or a character upon it (either in close combat or shooting), the opponent must roll a D6 and add it to his unit's Leadership (attacks that do not roll To Hit are exempt from this effect). Next, roll a D6 and add it to the Coven Throne's Leadership. To find the result of the Battle of Wills, subtract the enemy's total from the Coven Throne's total, and apply the result to the table below – the results last until the end of the turn.

Result	Effect
0 or less	<i>Back off, devils!:</i> No effect.
1-2	<i>Must... resist...:</i> The enemy is at -1 WS and -1BS.
3-5	<i>Bewitched:</i> The enemy must re-roll successful To Hit rolls.
6+	<i>Completely enthralled:</i> The enemy turn upon themselves. Every model in the attacking unit makes a single close combat attack, resolved against its own unit. War machines take a single Strength 3 hit for each remaining crewman against the crews' Toughness. Affected units may not otherwise shoot or attack this turn.

Scrying Pool: Bound Spell (Level 3). If cast successfully, the Coven Throne and all of its constituent parts, including its crew and any character using it as a mount, re-rolls failed To Hit or To Wound rolls (owning player's choice) for the remainder of the turn.



MORTIS ENGINES

Many Necromancers and liche-lords have risen to kingship over the Undead, becoming so saturated with evil power that their physical forms radiate magic. Some Vampires actively seek out the citadels of those lords who have gone before, hoping to take possession of their remains and to use them against the living.

No mere casket or hearse could be fit to bear the remains of one of these masters of the night. Instead, they are enshrined within a Mortis Engine, a cage of fused bone, surrounded by trappings of grandeur and borne to war by a host of spirits bound to the infernal device. Though all that remains of their evil sovereign may be a wizened skull or a gilded finger bone, these spirits are forced to protect the unhallowed remains for the rest of eternity. The evil soul that clings to the unholy relic attracts the attentions of wailing Tomb Banshees, who shriek and howl in the air above the grotesque hearse. The Mortis Engines are watched over by deathless attendants known as Corpsemasters, trusted servants of the Vampire Counts who have proven immune to the dire energies that emanate from the relics within.

When the Corpsemaster removes the locks and opens the lead-lined reliquary, the deadly artefact inside can be held aloft, stealing life energy from the enemy and energising nearby Undead. The longer a battle rages, the more energies the relic absorbs, and the more powerful it becomes. Mortis Engines can usually be found where the fighting is thickest, drifting ominously near to the battle line where their power is needed most. However, so redolent with Dark Magic are these artefacts that opening the reliquary is not without risk – its power can sometimes tear apart the engine itself! Indeed, if such a dread relic is ever shattered upon the field of battle, the subsequent release of pure evil has been known to smite everything in the vicinity, living or Undead, in a wave of destructive Dark Magic.

Some reliquaries also carry blasphemous tomes to battle, or scrolls of parchment rumoured to have been penned by Nagash himself. Oftentimes the winds of magic become nigh uncontrollable when such a fell tome is near. Heavy with evil magics, painstakingly illuminated with such care that their creator's souls have passed into the leaves of human skin that form its pages, these books can be a boon to the twisted practitioners of necromancy, but also the bane of reckless and unwary spellcasters.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Mortis Engine	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Corpsemaster	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	1	5
Banshee Swarm	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	3	-
Spirit Horde	8	3	0	3	-	-	1	2D6*	-

TROOPTYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Large Target**, ***Random Attacks (2D6)** (Spirit Horde only), **Regeneration**, **Spectral Steeds** (see page 51), **Terror**, **Undead**.

Banshee Swarm: The Mortis Engine can make a Ghostly Howl attack (see page 31).



The Reliquary: At the start of each of your turns, roll 2D6 and add the current turn number. This is range of the reliquary's dark aura this turn in inches. All enemy units within range of the dark aura immediately take D6 hits, with a Strength equal to the current turn number, distributed as from shooting. Also, place a marker next to all friendly Undead units that were within range of the dark aura at the start of the turn. These units improve their Regeneration saves by one point until the start of their next turn, to a maximum of 4+. If they have no Regeneration save, they are treated as having the Regeneration (6+) special rule instead. Finally, if the 2D6 result was a double, then the fell energies prove too powerful; in addition to the usual effects, the Mortis Engine takes 1 Wound with no saves of any kind allowed. When the Mortis Engine suffers its last unsaved Wound, every unit within 12 plus the turn number in inches, friend or foe, must take 2D6 hits with a Strength equal to the current turn number. These hits are distributed as shooting.

UPGRADES

Blasphemous Tome: All Wizards (friend or foe) within 12" of one or more models with a Blasphemous Tome gain +2 to their casting result when casting spells from the Lore of the Vampires. If any Wizard miscasts within 12" of one or more models with a Blasphemous Tome upgrade, he must roll twice on the Miscast table. The miscasting player's opponent chooses which result applies.

VLAD VON CARSTEIN

Vlad von Carstein was the first and greatest of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania. A master swordsman and skilled general with no small aptitude in the magical arts, it was he who tainted the aristocracy of Sylvania with the curse of vampirism, and in so doing, created an Undead kingdom in the heart of the Empire.

Count Vlad was a towering figure, with a mane of long hair and piercing eyes. Those who met him and survived described him as possessed of a feral charm, but with an evil temper that could turn into a berserk fury if he was thwarted in his endeavours. It was said that at such times, only his wife, Isabella, could calm him without blood being spilt.

No records tell of the origins of Vlad before his coming to Sylvania. Even the Vampires of that realm know nothing of Vlad's life before that fateful night in Drakenhof, and Vlad certainly never recounted or wrote down his personal history. That he knew much about the workings of the Empire, and its internal division at the time of his arrival, attests to knowledge of the dealings of mortal men for many years.

In all possibility, Vlad was a noble of the Empire who was dispossessed some time before he received the Dark Kiss. Baseless speculation even contests that he was in some way a relation (possibly even an ancestor) of one of the contenders to the Imperial throne. With his final death, however, all knowledge of Vlad's earlier life passed away.



Vlad was not the first Vampire to have been encountered in the Empire, but before his rise to power, these Undead creatures had been solitary predators. A few had perhaps amassed small forces and carved out far-flung domains, but it was Vlad's usurpation of Sylvania, and his ascendancy to the position of Count, that marked a new era of bloodshed. As the first true Vampire Count, Vlad had designs not only to create a realm of the dead, but also to secure dominion over the living. Vlad waged his war in order to become Emperor, for he truly believed he had a legitimate claim to the throne. With the might of the Empire at his command, and Isabella at his side, he would have become one of the most powerful rulers in the world. Who can say how far Vlad's dominion of undeath might have stretched across the globe had he succeeded? That he came so close to achieving his ambition should have been a dire warning to the other Elector Counts, but they forgot the lessons of the first war and fell to bickering amongst themselves again, paving the way for Vlad's unholy successors, who assail the Empire to this day.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Vlad von Carstein	6	7	5	5	5	3	7	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Vampire Lord).

MAGIC: Vlad is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

VAMPIRIC POWERS (see page 61): **Aura of Dark Majesty, Beguile, Supernatural Horror.**

SPECIAL RULES: **The Hunger** (see page 27), **Undead, Vampiric.**

Beloved in Death: If Vlad and Isabella von Carstein are in the same unit, they are inspired to fight all the harder, and hence they both benefit from the Always Strikes First special rule. Furthermore, Vlad becomes subject to Frenzy and Hatred should Isabella be slain, and vice versa.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blood Drinker: *When this sword draws blood, the life force of the victim is used to revitalise the blade's master.*

Magic Weapon. Close combat attacks made with Blood Drinker are resolved at +1 Strength. In addition, whilst Vlad wields Blood Drinker, he restores lost Wounds on a score of 4+ for the purposes of The Hunger special rule.

The Carstein Ring: *This ancient heirloom of the twisted house of Sylvania makes the Vampire carrying it almost impossible to kill.*

Talisman. The Carstein Ring grants Vlad a 4+ ward save. Furthermore, the first time Vlad is removed from play, roll a D6 at the end of the phase. On a roll of 2+, he is immediately returned to 'life' with a single Wound. Vlad must then be placed in the front rank of a friendly unit anywhere within 12" of the point where he fell (even one in close combat). If there is no such unit for Vlad to join, he is removed as a casualty.

ISABELLA VON CARSTEIN

Daughter of the mad Count Otto von Drak, Isabella was much like many of her noble counterparts. She was vain, immoral and selfish, and cared little for anything that did not affect her personal comfort and standing. Though very intelligent, she had a classical, rather than practical, education. She was considered somewhat strange for her love of some of the more male pursuits, such as hunting and falconry, over needlework and music. In fact, outside of Sylvania, the only thing that made Isabella vaguely desirable as a wife was her stunning, cold beauty. This, however, was not enough to tempt suitors worthy of inheriting the throne of Sylvania, and Mad Otto certainly did not wish to give her hand to any of his rivals within the province.

When Vlad von Carstein arrived on the night of Otto's death, Isabella was pleased that creepy old Uncle Leopold would not inherit, though she was far from happy at having to marry this sinister stranger. As the months passed, however, what had started out as a marriage of convenience developed into something far more. Vlad's charm was irresistible, and Isabella's devotion to him grew so strong that Vlad and his wife became inseparable. Vlad long resisted Isabella's requests to join him in undeath, but when she lay dying from a fatal, wasting illness, Vlad realised that he could not carry on without her, and reluctantly inducted her into the ranks of the Undead. As a Vampire, Countess Isabella was forever at Vlad's side, feeding his ambition and teaching him the ways of the Sylvania court and about the wider Empire. Isabella was Vlad's most valued confidante, and the only person, living or dead, whose advice he trusted.

'Please, come in and join me for dinner. I can see from the way you dress, you are a man of exquisite... taste.'

- Isabella von Carstein

When Vlad set forth on his mission to become Emperor, Isabella accompanied him on the road to war. She carried an heirloom of the von Draks with her – a chalice made for her great grandmother, Countess Bathori. Corrupted by Dark Magic, this golden goblet was forever filled with fresh blood, from which Isabella drank even in the midst of the fiercest fighting. Those who dared confront her in battle would stare wide-eyed as her wounds healed within seconds, time seeming to flow backwards for the lithe Vampire Countess as blood crawled back into opened veins and alabaster flesh neatly sealed in its wake. Their hesitation would invariably cost them dearly, for when they returned to their senses, they would invariably find their throats slit or a sword driven right through their chests.

It is claimed that when Vlad died, Isabella was fighting atop one of the gate towers of Altdorf. Protected by a ring of Grave Guard, she battled against the self-declared Emperor Ludwig and his Greatswords. When the Wights suddenly collapsed around her, Isabella realised that her beloved had been finally destroyed and his necromantic power undone. So stricken was Isabella that she turned from the men battling against her and flung herself from the tower. Isabella's body was impaled on the stakes below, before crumbling into dust.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Isabella von Carstein	6	6	4	5	4	2	6	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Vampire).

MAGIC: Isabella von Carstein is a Level 1 Wizard. She uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

VAMPIRIC POWERS (see page 61): **Beguile.**

SPECIAL RULES: **The Hunger** (see page 27), **Undead, Vampiric.**

Beloved in Death: See Vlad's entry, opposite.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blood Chalice of Bathori: *Countless are the innocent souls whose life essence has flowed into this bewitched goblet.*

Enchanted Item. Isabella, or another Vampiric character in the same unit, may drink from the Blood Chalice of Bathori at the start of each friendly Magic phase. The chosen model regains a single Wound lost earlier in the battle.



MANNFRED VON CARSTEIN

While Vlad von Carstein was the most physically powerful of the Vampire Counts, Mannfred was the most cunning. When Vlad was slain, Mannfred did not involve himself in the infighting that would see Konrad rise to prominence. Instead, he travelled far and wide, seeking to deepen his knowledge of necromantic lore. He made an unholy pilgrimage to the ancient tombs of Nehekara and the ancient city of Lahmia, where he wrested the secrets of the Liche Priests from bone-dry papyrus and scrolls made from human skin.

Mannfred also studied the ancient spells in the first of the Books of the Dead. Eventually, his journeys took him to Nagashizzar. None can say what foul bargains Mannfred made with that surreal realm's inhabitants in return for forbidden knowledge. When Mannfred finally returned to Sylvania, he was more powerful than ever, and took over the Undead legions in the wake of Konrad's destruction.

Mannfred was almost as masterful as Vlad at concealing his true nature. As he sought for allies, Mannfred would travel abroad in the guise of an Imperial lord. He was always courteous to those he met on his travels, as befits a noble from a powerful family. When Mannfred revealed himself at the height of his power, his appearance was far more horrifying – his face became contorted and corpse-like, and his scalp writhed with magical energy. Yet his newfound powers were not enough. In the end, Mannfred was defeated and his army annihilated at the Battle of Hel Fenn.



Some storytellers claim that Mannfred is not vanquished. They say he rode from Drakenhof against the forces of Chaos when they invaded the Empire. If Mannfred has survived, then surely he will reveal his designs for the Imperial throne.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Count Mannfred	6	7	5	5	5	3(5)	7	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Vampire Lord).

MAGIC: Mannfred is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from both the Lore of Death and the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

VAMPIRIC POWERS (see page 61): **Dark Acolyte, Master of the Black Arts, Summon Creatures of the Night.**

SPECIAL RULES: **Loremaster (Lore of Death and Lore of the Vampires), The Hunger** (see page 27), **Undead, Vampiric.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Unholy Power: *Whenever this blade tastes blood, its wielder seems to exert greater control over the Winds of Magic.*

Magic Weapon. For each unsaved Wound caused by the sword, Mannfred gains an extra dice at the start of the ensuing Magic phase (this will be a power dice in his own Magic phase, and a dispel dice in the enemy's Magic phase).

Armour of Templehof: *A product of twisted sorcery, this construct fuses with the wearer, giving him tremendous endurance.*

Magic Armour. The Armour of Templehof confers a 5+ armour save. Furthermore, the wearer gains +2 Wounds.

MANNFRED THE ACOLYTE

This represents Mannfred during the reign of Vlad. Though he was not as skilled, he was still a formidable necromancer.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Mannfred the Acolyte	6	6	4	5	4	2	6	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Vampire).

MAGIC: Mannfred the Acolyte is a Level 2 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

VAMPIRIC POWERS (see page 61): **Dark Acolyte.**

SPECIAL RULES: **Loremaster (Lore of the Vampires), The Hunger** (see page 27), **Undead, Vampiric.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Unholy Power: (see above).

KONRAD VON CARSTEIN

There are few things more dangerous than a violent lunatic, but one of them is an immortal violent lunatic with the strength and speed of a Vampire. Adding a literal thirst for blood to Konrad's figurative one did little for the noble's stretched sanity. The first of the von Carsteins had considered this as a potential advantage, and Konrad was one of the last of the von Carsteins to be embraced into the family.

Perhaps Konrad's complete lack of scruples and his tenuous grasp on reality amused Vlad. In retrospect, however, it might have better served his dynasty if Vlad had simply cut off Konrad's head when the chance first presented itself; his insane depravity resulted in far more harm than good. Once given the Blood Kiss, Konrad made no attempt to hide his supernatural powers, and fed openly on his friends and subjects (as well as rats, cats, cows, wandering pedlars and anything else with a pulse that came too close). Konrad appointed himself as something of a berserk enforcer for Vlad, executing anyone who displeased the count. This, naturally, also included anyone who displeased Konrad. Over time, this encompassed many victims, including enemy generals, priests of all descriptions, people with a squint, and several Necromancers who had laughed at Konrad's pitiful magical skills.



When Konrad usurped power after Vlad's death, he took a very different view to Necromancers, and encouraged many to join his entourage. He rewarded them greatly, for though he was barking mad, Konrad was no fool. He needed the Necromancers to raise his armies for him, and while they served him well, he guaranteed their safety.

In battle, Konrad would lose all self-restraint. He revelled in the shedding of blood, and was a skilled swordsman. Driven on by a never-ending rage, Konrad led his army more as a bloodthirsty whirlwind than a general, his unconscious will pushing his minions forwards. However, when in this state, Konrad was also prone to excessive feeding, and would sometimes stop in the middle of a battle to lick clean his armour and sword, or drink from fallen enemies. It was during one of these blood-drunk fits that Konrad was slain by the Dwarf Thane Grufbad and the Elector Count Helmar.

'I say you can find out the servants of Death by their marks. No man is born so unnatural that his body does not revolt at the foul pollution of Undead blood. And by these marks can you tell them: by the fangs of the predator, for their thirst for blood and flesh is like that of a vile beast; by their porcelain white skin, cold to the touch and unnatural to the eye; by the glow of their eyes, behind which lives the terrible Hunger.'

These are the marks of the blackest evil. These are the marks of the Vampire.'

- Witch Hunter von Ingeheim



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Konrad von Carstein	6	7	4	5	4	2	6	4	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Vampire).

VAMPIRIC POWERS (see page 61): **Red Fury.**

SPECIAL RULES: **Hatred, The Hunger** (see page 27), **Undead, Vampiric.**

One Bat Short of a Belfry: At the start of each of Konrad's turns, you must determine the state of the mad Vampire's fragile mind. Roll a D6. On a roll of a 1, 2 or 3, Konrad is subject to the rules for Stupidity until the start of his next turn. On a roll of a 4, 5 or 6, Konrad is subject to Frenzy until the start of his next turn. Note that Konrad may become subject to Frenzy even if he has previously been beaten in a round of combat.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Waldenhof: *The heirloom of the lords of Waldenhof Castle has never been more expertly wielded than in the hands of Konrad. This spirit-possessed sword bites deeply when it strikes.*

Magic Weapon. The Sword of Waldenhof has the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule. Furthermore, the Sword of Waldenhof and Konrad's hand weapon count as Paired Weapons.



HEINRICH KEMMLER

The Lichemaster

Heinrich Kemmler burns with the need for power. Having recognised the limits that mortality placed upon him in his early years, Kemmler made it his life's work to escape them. He plunged into the world of Necromancy as a young man, and by the time he had reached his fortieth year he was able to raise entire graveyards of corpses to do his bidding.

Kemmler became a great and much-feared Necromancer, plundering every Wizard's tower and ancient temple he could find in his search for dark truths. His star was in the ascendant for many decades until ambitious rivals began to usurp his power. United, those who Kemmler had defeated proved stronger than even the self-styled Lichemaster. At the Battle of Ten Thousand Skulls, Kemmler's foes succeeded in driving him to his knees. Although he finally managed to scatter his attackers with a great spell of confusion, his body was broken and his mind blasted in the battle.

For many years Heinrich wandered the Grey Mountains and the Border Princes as little better than a half-sane beggar. By some quirk of fate, he uncovered the tomb of Krell; a long dead Chaos Champion whose burial mound was so magnificent it towered high above him. Here Kemmler struck a terrible pact with the gods. They restored him to his former power and in return, Heinrich swore to slay and

destroy in their name. Now, the name of the Lichemaster once again strikes terror into the hearts of ordinary folk.

Beneath Kemmler's robes, his body is covered with scars, cuts and abrasions from his years of madness. He is shrouded in a large dark cloak that can carry its wearer across the veil between worlds. When going into battle he wields the Chaos Tomb Blade, and the Skull Staff, a potent magical artefact that chatters and gibbers constantly.

Though he does not know it, Kemmler's wanderings in the mountains were subtly guided by the spirit of Nagash – part of an evil plan that would free Krell and unite him with the forces of the Undead. Nagash's plans have suffered a minor setback following the heavy casualties that the Lichemaster's armies suffered at the Battle of Maisontal Abbey, but in time they are sure to bear rich and terrible fruit.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Heinrich Kemmler	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Master Necromancer).

MAGIC: Kemmler is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires (see page 60).

SPECIAL RULES: Loremaster (Lore of the Vampires), Master of the Dead (see page 28), Undead.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Chaos Tomb Blade: *This evil weapon not only fills its wielder with an unholy energy but also entraps the souls of those it cleaves, binding their fleshless remains in servitude.*

Magical Weapon. The Chaos Tomb Blade confers +2 Attacks. Furthermore, if Kemmler is in a unit of Skeleton Warriors or Grave Guard, for each model he slays in close combat, an extra model is added to his unit following the rules for Resurrecting Fallen Warriors. Newly created models have the same equipment as the rest of the unit.

Cloak of Mists and Shadows: *Kemmler is surrounded by a dark cloak that swirls and twists with a life of its own.*

Enchanted Item. At the beginning of each of Kemmler's turns, choose either the Fly or Ethereal special rule. Kemmler has that rule until the beginning of his next turn.

Skull Staff: *The jaws of the skull staff chatter and gnash, warning Kemmler of baleful magic in his vicinity.*

Arcane Item. At the beginning of the friendly Magic phase, your opponent must declare all of his magic items that are within 12" of Kemmler, and the models/units that are carrying them. In addition, Kemmler receives a +1 to his dice rolls when he attempts to dispel.



KRELL

Lord of Undeath

Krell was a mighty Chaos Champion in the days before the birth of Sigmar, the ruler of a barbarian tribe that had been corrupted by the Chaos god Khorne. Krell carved out an empire amongst the barbarian tribes of the north and then turned against the Dwarfs to the south. He allied with the Night Goblins that stormed the Dwarf strongholds of Karak Ungor and Karak Varn, and his name is recorded many times in the Great Book of Grudges, though he was eventually slain by the Dwarf hero, Grimbul Ironhelm, during the assault on Karak Kadrin.

Krell's followers carried away his body and buried it in a barrow tomb. Nearly 1,500 years later, Nagash came upon the tomb when he was searching for the Crown of Sorcery. Easily translating the runic inscriptions on the tomb walls, Nagash realised that this barrow held the remains of a mighty champion. Nagash was much pleased, and instantly set about raising this prized hero to fight in his armies.

Krell was placed in command of one of Nagash's Undead legions when he fought against Sigmar at the Battle of the River Reik. Leading from the front, Krell's forces attacked the Empire's Dwarf allies. The battle raged furiously, the Dwarfs stubbornly refusing to give ground against the endless ranks of Undead troops. Just as it seemed the Dwarf line would crumble, Sigmar cut down Nagash. In moments, the Undead army was all but destroyed as units withered and turned to dust. Only Krell and his Grave Guard survived Nagash's defeat. At the head of his troops, he was able to battle his way through the Dwarf lines and escape. Sigmar's forces were exhausted and did not pursue Krell immediately. This proved a costly mistake. Marching night and day, Krell led what remained of his forces on a dance of destruction that cut a bloody swathe across the lands. Entire communities were destroyed, towns sacked, and castles burnt to the ground. To this day, stories of Krell and his Doomed Legion are told across the Empire.

Krell was finally cornered by Sigmar and defeated at the Battle of Glacier Lake, and his body was imprisoned in a magically constructed tomb. Centuries later, Heinrich Kemmler, the Lichemaster, came upon the tomb of Krell and freed the ancient Wight. Kemmler believes Krell to be in his thrall, but the servants of Nagash are not so easily enslaved...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Krell	4	5	0	4	5	4	5	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Wight King).

SPECIAL RULES: Killing Blow, Terror, Undead.

Champion of the Dead: Krell must always issue a challenge whenever possible, and must answer any challenge issued by the enemy. If Krell is fighting a challenge whilst in the same unit as Heinrich Kemmler, he has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Armour of the Barrows: *The passage of the ages has strengthened rather than weakened this elaborate Chaos plate armour. Such is the aura of entropy that surrounds it that it has the power to decay the magic of enemy weapons in an instant.*

Magic armour. The Armour of the Barrows confers a 4+ armour save. If an enemy with a magic weapon wounds Krell in close combat and Krell passes his armour save, that magic weapon's abilities are nullified; it is treated as a normal, non-magical weapon of the same type for the remainder of the game. If no type is listed, treated it as a hand weapon.

The Black Axe of Krell: *When the Black Axe of Krell bites into flesh, it leaves behind jagged shards that swiftly eat their way into the victim's heart.*

Magic Weapon. Requires Two Hands. The Black Axe of Krell confers +2 Strength in close combat. It has the Always Strikes Last and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules. Furthermore, any model taking an unsaved Wound from the Black Axe but not removed from play must roll a D6 at the start of each of its subsequent turns. If the result is higher than the number of Wounds it has remaining, that model suffers an additional Wound with no armour saves allowed.



The Lore of the Vampires

THE CURSE OF UNDEATH (Lore Attribute)

As the powers of Dark Magic are wielded to the purpose of necromancy, its unwholesome energies animate and invigorate the Undead.

When a spell from the Lore of the Vampires is successfully cast, the Wizard (or another friendly model within 12") instantly recovers a single Wound lost earlier in the battle.

INVOCATION OF NEHEK (Signature Spell)

Cast on 6+

The caster intones the dread syllables handed down from Nagash himself, breathing unlife into the cadavers strewn across the battlefield.

Invocation of Nehek is an **augment** spell that targets all friendly Undead units within 6". The target units immediately regain a number of Wounds as follows: infantry gain D6 plus the caster's Wizard level in Wounds (roll for each unit); other troop types targeted gain 1 plus the caster's Wizard level in Wounds. However, models with the Vampiric, Ethereal or Large Target special rules can never regain more than 1 Wound per successful casting. Wounds gained are distributed as described in Resurrecting Fallen Warriors (see page 26). The Wizard can choose to target all friendly Undead units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+. Alternatively, he can choose to target all friendly Undead units within 18". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 18+.

1 VANHEL'S DANSE MACABRE Cast on 6+

The Undead are filled with magical energy that causes them to jerk forwards on the attack with tireless and unnatural speed.

Vanhel's Danse Macabre is an **augment** spell that targets a friendly Undead unit within 12". The target unit re-rolls failed To Hit rolls in close combat until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. In addition, if the target unit is unengaged, it can immediately make a move of up to 8" in the same way as a normal move made in the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly Undead units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

2 HELLISH VIGOUR Cast on 8+

The caster invigorates the creatures under his control, who attack the foe with new-found speed and ferocity.

Hellish Vigour is an **augment** spell that targets a friendly Undead unit within 12". The unit re-rolls failed To Wound rolls in Close Combat until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly Undead units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

3 GAZE OF NAGASH Cast on 9+

Bolts of Dark Magic leap from the caster's eyes, withering flesh and blackening the bone beneath.

Gaze of Nagash is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits. The Wizard can choose to extend the range to 48". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

4 RAISE DEAD

Cast on 9+

One skilled in the art of necromancy can awaken mortal remains to reinforce the Undead legions under his control.

Raise Dead is a special type of spell with a range of 18" that brings a brand new unit of Zombies into play. Choose a point on the battlefield – that point need not lie in the caster's line of sight or forward arc. Next, roll 2D6+3. This is how many models comprise the new unit. The caster can choose to summon 2D6+3 Skeleton Warriors instead. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

When placing this unit, it must be wholly within the spell's range and at least 1" away from all units, buildings and impassable terrain. It can be placed facing any direction, and in any legal formation, so long as the unit's front rank contains at least five models. This unit does not have any upgrades or command models. Units summoned by this spell cannot be dispelled, and do not award victory points under any circumstances. Finally, if a summoned unit cannot be placed because there is not enough room, the unit does not enter play at all, though the spell's lore attribute may still apply.

5 CURSE OF YEARS

Cast on 12+

The Wizard spits out an ancient curse and his enemies age at an incredible rate, hair turning white and skin shrivelling.

Remains in Play. *Curse of Years* is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". When cast, roll a D6 for every model in the target unit – on a score of 6 the model suffers a Wound. At the end of the next Magic phase, roll again for each model in the unit, they will suffer a Wound on a 5+, and so on, to a maximum of 2+. No armour saves are allowed against Wounds caused by *Curse of Years*.

6 WIND OF DEATH

Cast on 15+

The Wizard calls forth spectral winds that howl through the ranks of the foe, tearing their souls from their bodies.

Remains in play. *Wind of Death* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates the direction in which the *Wind of Death* will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by 3. Any unit beneath or passed over by the template takes D6 Strength 3 hits for each rank of models in the unit with no armour saves allowed. If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster and roll a scatter dice and a D6. The template moves a number of inches equal to the roll of the D6, in the direction indicated by the scatter dice. If a Hit! is rolled, use the small arrow on the Hit! symbol. In either event, in subsequent turns, the *Wind of Death* will move a number of inches determined by rolling an artillery dice, in a random direction determined by rolling a scatter dice. If a misfire is rolled in subsequent turns, the *Wind of Death* dissipates and is removed. The caster may choose to infuse the *Wind of Death* with more power so that it uses the large round template and its Strength is increased to 4 instead. If he does so, the casting value is 25+.

VAMPIRIC POWERS

Though they share the curse of undeath, Vampires are unique creatures with myriad abilities and traits. Some dedicate their immortal existence to mastering warfare, whilst others delve into arcane lore, create nations of Undead through political manipulation, or willingly succumb to their bestial nature.

On this page, you will find powers that can be bought for your Vampires. You cannot buy multiples of the same power for a single Vampire, but different Vampires in the same army can have the same powers if you wish.

MASTER OF THE BLACK ARTS 75 points

The Winds of Magic themselves present little challenge to this Vampire, so matchless is his magical prowess.

A player using a Vampire with the Master of the Black Arts power can re-roll one of the dice when he is determining the strength of the Winds of Magic.

CURSE OF THE REVENANT 55 points

Through magic, bloodletting or sheer force of will, the strength of this Vampire to survive the centuries is beyond compare.

This Vampire has +1 Wound on his profile.

RED FURY 50 points

This Vampire has long had a savage and unstoppable bloodlust. He will not stop until his enemies lie dead at his feet.

For each unsaved Wound that the Vampire causes in close combat, it can immediately make a further Attack. These additional Attacks do not benefit from Red Fury. An Attack that automatically kills an enemy counts as having done an amount of Wounds equal to the number of Wounds that model had remaining.

FLYING HORROR 30 points

The Vampire is able to take to the skies with great, membranous wings, or perhaps can even metamorphose into a monstrous bat.

Character on foot only. The Vampire has the Fly special rule.

QUICKBLOOD 30 points

The sword-strikes of even the most skilful men are but clumsy and childlike before the preternatural speed of the Vampire.

The Vampire has the Always Strikes First special rule.

AURA OF DARK MAJESTY 25 points

This Vampire projects an aura of supremacy. To be in his presence is to truly know your own lowly place in the world.

All enemy units within 6" of one or more Vampires with the Aura of Dark Majesty suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership. This penalty is cumulative with any other modifiers.

DARK ACOLYTE 25 points

Some Vampires have an affinity for necromantic magic beyond that of their peers, which only increases with age and practice.

The Vampire adds D3 to the casting total whenever he successfully casts *Invocation of Nehek* (regardless of the casting value chosen).

FORBIDDEN LORE 25 points

To learn several paths of magical teaching is beyond most men, but time is of little concern to an undying scholar.

The Vampire can generate his spells from any one of the lores in the *Warhammer* rulebook, except the Lore of Life.

SUPERNATURAL HORROR 25 points

This Vampire is hideous to look upon, having long since forsaken the trappings of nobility and beauty. The revulsion he causes in mortals vindicates his decision to embrace the beast within.

This Vampire has the Terror special rule.

FEAR INCARNATE 20 points

This Vampire has a dread reputation. It is said that he has slaughtered thousands of would-be heroes over the centuries, and no right-minded warrior will seek battle with such a foe.

Fear tests caused by the Vampire (or his unit) that have been passed by an enemy unit must be re-rolled. If a Battle Standard Bearer is conferring its Hold Your Ground ability to the testing unit, the two rules cancel each other out.

BEGUILE 15 points

The Vampire has an entrancing gaze that mesmerises the foe prior to delivering his death-strike.

At the beginning of the Close Combat round, after challenges have been issued and/or accepted, select a model in base contact with the Vampire. That model must take a Leadership test with a -3 modifier; if the test is failed, the model must re-roll successful To Hit rolls that phase.

MASTER STRIKE 15 points

So strong is this lord of the night that a well-placed blow from his sword can bring low even the mightiest foe.

The Vampire may exchange all of his Attacks for a single Attack with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

DREAD KNIGHT 10 points

This Vampire has followed the path of the warrior to its ultimate conclusion, taking up arms in dark mockery of a knightly vow.

The Vampire has +2 Weapon Skill. In addition, unless he is part of a combat containing Krell or a Vampiric character with higher Leadership, he must always issue a challenge when possible, and must answer any challenge issued by the enemy.

SUMMON CREATURES OF THE NIGHT 10 points

The Vampire howls into the cold night, and his cry is answered by the baying of countless dark creatures.

This Vampire can use the *Invocation of Nehek* spell to increase units of Dire Wolves, Bat Swarms and Fell Bats beyond their starting size.



VAMPIRE COUNTS MAGIC ITEMS

On these pages are magic items available to Vampire Counts armies. These can be taken in addition to any of the magic items listed in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

SKABSCRATH Magic Weapon

75 points

The legendary blade of the Undead mercenary, Ennio Mordini, Skabscrath flickers with pale flame. A blade so potent it cannot be sheathed without first taking a life, Skabscrath is possessed of an evil sentience that drives the wielder to ever darker acts. Some claim the blade is more steeped in evil than any Vampire, for it will betray its wielder if its bloodlust is not sated. When unsheathed, Skabscrath emits the terrible screams of all those it has slain, amplified to such a degree that it can cause those who hear them to die of fright.

The bearer has the Devastating Charge and Frenzy special rules, and all close combat attacks made by the bearer have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

In addition, the bearer of Skabscrath gains the Death Shriek special rule (see page 48).

Finally, such is Skabscrath's desire for bloodshed that if the bearer has not killed an enemy model in close combat when the game ends, he is removed as a casualty.



NIGHTSHROUD

40 points

Magic Armour

(Necromancers can wear the Nightshroud)

Ensorcelled in pitch darkness in the heart of Castle Drachenfels, the Nightshroud owes more to the otherworld than to reality. Originally fashioned from the death-raiments of King Pharatohep, the Nightshroud has since been soaked in the blood of sorcerers and witches. The aura of gloom that clings to it is so strong it can physically manifest, lashing out with shadowy tendrils that grapple with all those who would strike the wearer.

The Nightshroud adds +1 to the bearer's armour save. Furthermore, enemy models in base contact with the wearer lose all Strength bonuses conferred from normal and magical weapons, and have the Always Strikes Last special rule.

BANNER OF THE BARROWS

50 points

Magic Standard

Woven from the wind and the cold, the chill of this banner touches the hearts of those who stand before it, sapping their will and ability to fight. Worse still, the banner exude a palpable aura of dread that manifests as screaming death's heads, filling the living with unnameable fear. Many of the ancient warriors that go to war beneath the Banner of the Barrows fought under it when they were still creatures of flesh and blood, though they are now forever bound to its shimmering presence.

All Grave Guard, Black Knights and Wight Kings in the same unit as the Banner of the Barrows receive +1 To Hit in close combat. This bonus also applies to Krell, Lord of Undeath should he be in the same unit. Note that the bonus is not conferred to any mounts they may have.

THE SCREAMING BANNER

25 points

Magic Standard

Even the bravest warriors tremble at the thought of fighting against a unit carrying this terrifying banner. The squalling wails emanating from the folds of this tattered standard recall the horrors of war and the laments of the wounded and dying. All who hear it swear later that their fallen comrades cried out to them, screaming in pain and begging for their soul's release from torment.

Enemy units taking a Fear test whilst in combat with the unit carrying this banner must roll one extra dice for the test and discard the one with the lowest result.

Blasphemous Artefacts

Just as there are men whose souls resonate with cruelty even after death, there are dark treasures in the world that are saturated with the energies of evil deeds. Many of these have spent centuries in the possession of potent liches or Vampire lords; some are even said to have belonged to the Great Necromancer Nagash himself. Wars have been fought and countless lives expended over such nefarious items, for it is rumoured that some can grant power over death itself.

BLACK PERIAPT

Arcane Item

55 points

Any tomb robber would sell his own grandmother for a gem the size of the Black Periapt, but the true power of this strangely glowing artefact is only realized in the hands of a spellcaster.

The Black Periapt allows the bearer to save up to two of his army's unused power dice or dispel dice at the end of any Magic phase, and then add them to his side's power or dispel dice pool at the start of the next Magic phase.

Example: At the end of his Magic phase, the Vampire Counts player decides to save two power dice in the Black Periapt. In the opponent's next Magic phase, he therefore benefits from two extra dispel dice. During that turn, he stores a dispel dice for his next Magic phase, whereupon he benefits from an extra power dice.

STAFF OF DAMNATION

Arcane Item

40 points

This gnarled staff has been carved from the blackened heartwood of the Hangman's Tree. Decorated with the bones of murderers and soaked in the blood of the traitorous Necromancer Ulbrecht Thrice-Cursed, the Staff of Damnation contains a powerful spell that fills nearby Undead with a frantic vitality.

Bound Spell (Power Level 4). If cast successfully, this item casts an **augment** spell. All friendly Undead units (and their mounts) within 6" of the bearer gain the Extra Attack special rule until the start of the bearer's next Magic phase.

THE CURSED BOOK

Arcane Item

35 points

This tome was written by the mad Necromancer Har-ak-Iman, said to be the most depraved man to have ever lived. His vileness radiates from The Cursed Book, draining life and energy from all living beings. Each page contains a powerful curse that can cripple and demoralise those nearby, though once read, they fade from sight until the light of Morrslieb is cast upon them.

At the beginning of the bearer's Magic phase, the bearer may choose to sacrifice D3 power dice from the pool. If he does so, roll a D6 on the following chart. Assuming there is a viable target for the indicated spell, that spell is automatically cast at its minimum casting value, requiring no power dice. A dispel attempt can be made as normal. If you don't have the requisite number of dice to sacrifice, then you lose what dice you have and the book has no effect this turn.

D6	Spell Cast
1	<i>Melkoth's Mystifying Miasma (Lore of Shadow)</i>
2	<i>The Enfeebling Foe (Lore of Shadow)</i>
3	<i>The Withering (Lore of Shadow)</i>
4	<i>Soulblight (Lore of Death)</i>
5	<i>Doom and Darkness (Lore of Death)</i>
6	<i>Curse of the Midnight Wind (Lore of Heavens)</i>



BOOK OF ARKHAN

Arcane Item

25 points

This terrible book is said to have belonged to the infamous Arkhan the Black, greatest of Nagash's disciples. During the long years of his tutelage, Arkhan kept extensive notes on his reviled experiments within the pages of this tome, and it is said that he still searches for it to this day. When its words are intoned, nearby Undead move with a vigour that defies belief.

Bound Spell (Power Level 3). This item casts the *Vanhel's Danse Macabre* spell (see page 60).

ROD OF FLAMING DEATH

Enchanted Item

40 points

The eye sockets of the skull atop this ages-old rod glow bright with magical fire, and its jaws clatter and gnash constantly. It contains a spell of fiery destruction that takes the shape of a shrieking skull. When the skull detonates upon its targets, thick tendrils of green-black flame swirl around them, turning everything they touch to ash.

Bound Spell (Power Level 3). If cast successfully, this item casts a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that inflicts D6 Strength 4 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. Any unit taking one or more unsaved Wounds from this spell must immediately take a Panic test. Furthermore, if the target unit moves for any reason during its next turn, every model in the unit suffers an immediate Strength 4 hit, after which the spell's effects end. If the unit does not move the spell ends at the start of the caster's next Magic phase.





SUMMONING THE HORDE

The Vampires and their Undead legions have marched to war many times in the history of the Warhammer world, and each time have brought terror and blood to the realms of the Old World.

There is nothing more satisfying than the spectacle of a fully painted Warhammer army, and the Vampire Counts offer a particularly striking tabletop experience. Your hordes of Skeleton Warriors and Zombies shamble towards your opponent's force, led by some of the most powerful characters in the Warhammer game, and supported by hulking monsters, shock cavalry and deadly apparitions.

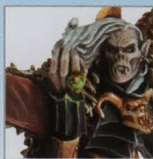
This section provides a showcase of Citadel miniatures from the Vampire Counts range, painted by the world famous 'Eavy Metal team, along with a selection of heraldry illustrations to inform your colour schemes and insignia. Whether you're purely a collector, painter or gamer, you'll find plenty of inspiration for your own force of bloodthirsty Vampire Counts within the following pages.



Vampire Lord



Manfred von Carstein



Vlad and Isabella von Carstein



Konrad von Carstein



Vampire

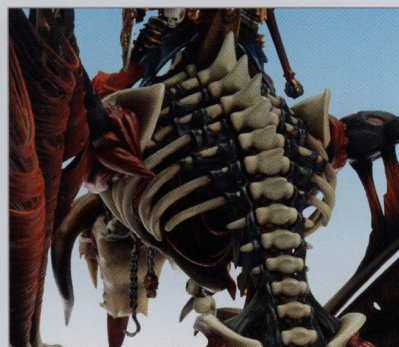
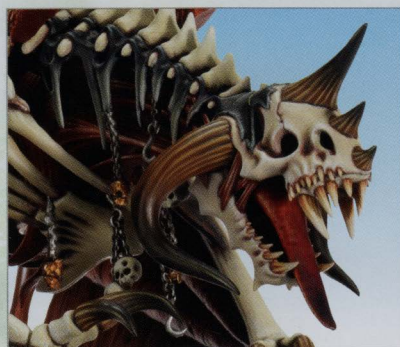




The heraldry of Blood Keep harkens back to the ancient knightly order of the Blood Dragon.



Vampire Lord on Zombie Dragon





A Vampire and her Pallid Handmaidens on a Coven Throne.



Master Necromancer



Heinrich Kemmler



Necromancer



Blood Knights and a Varghulf crash into the High Elf battle line.



Hell Knight



Black Knights



Black Knights wield cursed weapons and ride ghostly steeds.



Krell, Lord of Undeath, at the head of a Wight army.



Wight King



Krell, Lord of Undeath



Grave Guard



Skeleton Warriors in service to Heinrich Kemmler.



Skeleton Warriors from different areas of Sylvania.





Skeleton Warriors



Skeleton Warriors from the von Carstein family.





Unholy lodestone upgrade.

Corpse Cart with the balefire upgrade.



Dire Wolves



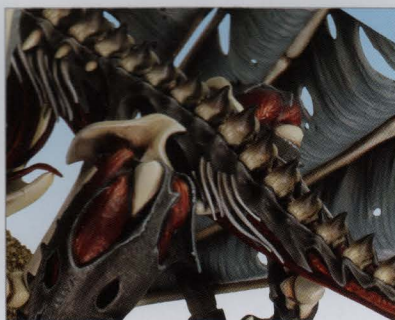
Zombies



A relentless horde of Zombies rises up against the living.



Strigoi Ghoul King on Terrorgheist





Crypt Horrors



Crypt Hunter



A horde of Crypt Ghouls and Crypt Horrors crawl out of the darkness.



Crypt Ghast



Crypt Ghoul



Hexwraiths



Physical barriers cannot protect against the pursuit of Hexwraiths.



The restless ghosts of Sylvania battle against Daemon trespassers.



Varghulf



Cairn Wraith



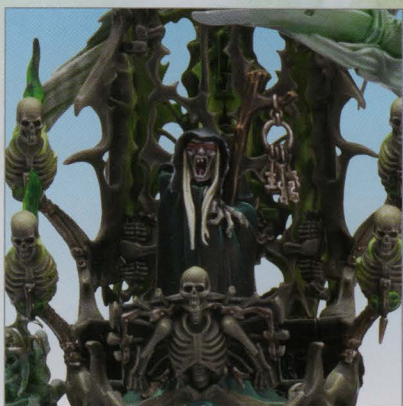
Tomb Banshee



Vargheists



Once proud lords of the dead now forever cursed to an existence as ravening Vargheists.



The Reliquary waits to release its dark aura upon the battlefield.



Mortis Engine





VAMPIRE COUNTS ARMY LIST

The Vampire Counts are the aristocracy of undeath, unliving masters of dark power. They seek to crush the proud armies of the living with great hordes of mindlessly obedient corpses, and to raise up the fallen into their control. From the most repulsive Zombie to the mightiest Varghulf, the creatures of the night are all bound to a single purpose: the conquest of the mortal realms.

This section of the book helps you turn your collection of Vampire Counts Citadel miniatures into a horde of corpse-soldiers ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page that lists every unit's characteristics profile and page number, for quick and easy reference during your games.

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the *Warhammer* rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages, you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and how many points they cost.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the *Warhammer* rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, in the following format:

1 GRAVE GUARD	2 M WS BS S T W I A LD	4 11 points per model
Profile Grave Guard Seneschal	4 3 0 4 4 1 3 1 6 4 3 0 4 4 1 3 2 6	3 Troop Type Infantry Infantry
5 Unit size: 10+	7 Special Rules: 8 Options:	
6 Equipment: • Hand weapon • Heavy armour • Shield	• Killing Blow • Undead • May upgrade one Grave Guard to a Seneschal 10 points • May upgrade one Grave Guard to a musician 10 points • May upgrade one Grave Guard to a standard bearer 10 points – May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points • The entire unit may replace their shields with great weapons 1 point per model	

1 Name. The name by which the unit or character is identified.

2 Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).

3 Unit Type. Each entry specifies the unit type of its models (for example, 'infantry', 'cavalry' and so on).

4 Points value. Every miniature in the *Warhammer* range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, a Skeleton Warrior costs 5 points, while the indomitable Vlad von Carstein costs 495 points!

5 Unit Size. This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases, units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.

6 Equipment. This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.

7 Special Rules. Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the *Warhammer* rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here to serve as a reminder.

8 Options. This is a list of optional weapons and armour, mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic banner or even take magic items at a further points cost.



This Skeleton Warrior costs 5 points. A unit of 10 such models would therefore cost 50 points.



This Grave Guard is armed with a hand weapon and shield, and wears heavy armour. He costs 11 points.



This Grave Guard has exchanged his shield for a great weapon, and costs 12 points in total.

LORDS

VLAD VON CARSTEIN

495 Points

Profile

Vlad von Carstein

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
6 7 5 5 5 3 7 5 10 Infantry (Special Character, Vampire Lord)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Blood Drinker
- The Carstein Ring

Magic:

Vlad is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires.

Vampiric Powers:

- Aura of Dark Majesty
- Beguile
- Supernatural Horror

Special Rules:

- Beloved in Death
- The Hunger
- Undead
- Vampiric

COUNT MANNFRED

530 Points

Profile

Count Mannfred

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
6 7 5 5 5 3(5) 7 5 10 Infantry (Special Character, Vampire Lord)

Magic Items:

- Sword of Unholy Power
- Armour of Templehof

Magic:

Mannfred is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Death and the Lore of the Vampires.

Vampiric Powers:

- Dark Acolyte
- Master of the Black Arts
- Summon Creatures of the Night

Special Rules:

- Loremaster (Lore of Death and Lore of the Vampires)
- The Hunger
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Nightmare 24 points
 - Hellsteed 30 points
 - Abyssal Terror 120 points
 - May be upgraded to have a Poisonous Tail 15 points
 - May be upgraded to have Sword-claws 10 points

Designer's Note: *This army list entry allows you to field Mannfred as he was at the height of his power. You may only include one version of Mannfred in your army, either Count Mannfred or Mannfred the Acolyte.*

HEINRICH KEMMLER

350 Points

Profile

Heinrich Kemmler

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
4 4 3 4 4 3 4 1 9 Infantry (Special Character, Master Necromancer)

Magic Items:

- Chaos Tomb Blade
- Cloak of Mists and Shadows
- Skull Staff

Magic:

Heinrich Kemmler is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires.

Special Rules:

- Loremaster (Lore of the Vampires)
- Master of the Dead
- Undead

Note:

If Heinrich Kemmler is taken in your army, no other Necromancer, or Master Necromancer, can be given the Master of the Dead upgrade.



LORDS

VAMPIRE LORD

220 Points

Profile

Vampire Lord

M WS BS S T W I A LD
6 7 5 5 5 3 7 5 10

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Vampire Lord is a Level 1 Wizard. He may use spells from one of the following:

- The Lore of Death
- The Lore of Shadow
- The Lore of the Vampires

Special Rules:

- The Hunger
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options:

- May purchase up to 3 additional magic levels. 35 points per level
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 4 points
 - Great weapon 10 points
 - Lance (mounted only) 10 points
- May take a shield. 3 points
- May take heavy armour 6 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Nightmare 24 points
 - Hellsteed 30 points
 - Abyssal Terror 120 points
 - May be upgraded to have a Poisonous Tail 15 points
 - May be upgraded to have Sword-claws. 10 points
 - Zombie Dragon 245 points
 - Coven Throne 230 points

See page 89 for profile.
- May take magic items up to a total of 100 points
- May take Vampiric Powers up to a total of 100 points



MASTER NECROMANCER

165 Points

Profile

Master Necromancer

M WS BS S T W I A LD
4 3 3 3 4 3 3 1 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Master Necromancer is a Level 3 Wizard. He may use spells from one of the following:

- The Lore of Death
- The Lore of the Vampires

Special Rules:

- Undead

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard 35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Nightmare 20 points
 - Hellsteed 30 points
 - Corpse Cart 90 points

See page 92 for profile and options. The Master Necromancer replaces the Corpsemaster.
- Abyssal Terror 120 points
 - May be upgraded to have a Poisonous Tail 15 points
 - May be upgraded to have Sword-claws. 10 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 100 points
- Either one Master Necromancer or Necromancer in your army may take the Master of the Dead upgrade 20 points

STRIGOI GHOUL KING

260 Points

Profile

Strigoi Ghoul King

M WS BS S T W I A LD
6 6 3 5 5 3 8 5 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character, Vampire)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Strigoi Ghoul King is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Vampires.

Special Rules:

- The Hunger
- Infinite Hatred
- Poisoned Attacks
- Regeneration (5+)
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options:

- May be mounted on a Terrorghast 225 points
- See page 95 for profile and options.*
- May take magic items up to a total of 100 points
- May take Vampiric Powers up to a total of 100 points

Designer's Note: Remember that, due to the Magical Interference rule in the Warhammer rulebook, a Strigoi Ghoul King may not choose magic armour.

HEROES

MANNFRED THE ACOLYTE

200 Points

Profile

Mannfred the Acolyte

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
6 6 4 5 4 2 6 4 7 Infantry (Special Character, Vampire)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Sword of Unholy Power

Magic:

Mannfred the Acolyte is a Level 2 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of the Vampires.

Vampiric Powers:

- Dark Acolyte

Special Rules:

- The Hunger
- Loremaster (Lore of the Vampires)
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Nightmare.....16 points
 - Abyssal Terror.....120 points
 - May be upgraded to have a Poisonous Tail.....15 points
 - May be upgraded to have Sword-claws.....10 points

Designer's Note: This army list entry allows you to field Mannfred as he was during the reign of Vlad. You may only include one version of Mannfred in your army, either Count Mannfred or Mannfred the Acolyte.

KRELL, LORD OF UNDEATH

205 Points

Profile

Krell

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
4 5 0 4 5 4 5 3 9 Infantry (Special Character, Wight King)

Magic Items:

- The Black Axe of Krell
- Armour of the Barrows

Special Rules:

- Champion of the Dead
- Killing Blow
- Terror
- Undead

KONRAD VON CARSTEIN

160 Points

Profile

Konrad

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
6 7 4 5 4 2 6 4 6 Infantry (Special Character, Vampire)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Sword of Waldenhof

Vampiric Powers:

- Red Fury

Special Rules:

- Hatred
- The Hunger
- One Bat Short of a Belfry
- Undead
- Vampiric

ISABELLA VON CARSTEIN

175 Points

Profile

Isabella von Carstein

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
6 6 4 5 4 2 6 4 7 Infantry (Special Character, Vampire)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Blood Chalice of Bathori

Magic:

Isabella von Carstein is a Level 1 Wizard. She uses spells from the Lore of Vampires.

Vampiric Powers:

- Beguile

Special Rules:

- Beloved in Death
- The Hunger
- Undead
- Vampiric

HEROES

NECROMANCER

65 Points

Profile

Necromancer

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
4 3 3 3 3 2 3 1 7 Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Undead

Options

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard 35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Nightmare 15 points
 - Corpse Cart 90 points*See page 92 for profile and options. The Necromancer replaces the Corpsemaster.*
- May take magic items up to a total of 50 points
- Either one Master Necromancer or Necromancer in your army may take the Master of the Dead upgrade 20 points

Magic:

A Necromancer is a Level 1 Wizard.

He uses spells from one of the following:

- The Lore of Death
- The Lore of the Vampires

VAMPIRE

105 Points

Profile

Vampire

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
6 6 4 5 4 2 6 4 7 Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- The Hunger
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options

- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard 35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 3 points
 - Great weapon 8 points
 - Lance (mounted only) 8 points
- May take a shield 2 points
- May take heavy armour 4 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Nightmare 16 points
 - Hellsteed 30 points
 - Coven Throne 230 points*See opposite for profile.*
- May take magic items up to a total of 50 points
- May take Vampiric Powers up to a total of 50 points

Magic:

A Vampire is a Level 1 Wizard. He may use spells from one of the following:

- The Lore of Death
- The Lore of Shadow
- The Lore of the Vampires

WIGHT KING

85 Points

Profile

Wight King

M WS BS S T W I A LD Troop Type
4 4 0 4 5 3 4 3 9 Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Killing Blow
- Undead

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 2 points
 - Great weapon 5 points
 - Lance (mounted only) 5 points
- May take a shield 4 points
- May be mounted on a Skeletal Steed 12 points
 - May have barding 8 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 50 points

BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Vampire or Wight King in the army may carry the Battle Standard for 25 points. He may carry a magic standard (with no points limit), but if he carries a magic standard, he may not choose any other magic items – though a Vampire may still choose Vampiric Powers.

HEROES

CAIRN WRAITH

60 points

Profile

Cairn Wraith

M WS BS S T W I A LD
6 3 0 3 3 2 2 3 5

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Great weapon

Special Rules:

- Chill Grasp
- Ethereal
- Terror
- Undead

TOMB BANSHEE

95 points

Profile

Tomb Banshee

M WS BS S T W I A LD
6 3 0 3 3 2 3 1 5

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ethereal
- Ghostly Howl
- Terror
- Undead

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile

Skeletal Steed

M WSBS S T W I A LD Troop Type
8 2 0 3 3 1 2 1 3 War Beast

Special Rules:

Spectral Steeds, Undead

Nightmare

8 3 0 4 4 1 2 1 3 War Beast

Undead

Hellsteed

8 3 0 4 4 1 2 1 3 War Beast

Fly, Undead

Abyssal Terror

6 4 0 5 5 4 2 3 4 Monster

Fly, Large Target, Terror, Undead

Terrorgheist

6 3 0 5 6 6 3 4 4 Monster

Death Shriek, Fly, Large Target, Regeneration (6+), Terror, Undead

Zombie Dragon

6 4 0 6 6 6 2 5 4 Monster

Fly, Large Target, Pestilential Breath, Scaly Skin (5+), Swarm of Flies, Terror, Undead

COVEN THRONE

Profile

Coven Throne

Pallid Handmaiden

Spirit Horde

M WS BS S T W I A LD
- - - 5 5 5 - - -
- 5 3 5 - - 5 2 7
8 3 0 3 - - 1 2D6* -

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 5+)

Crew: 2 Pallid Handmaidens

Drawn by: Spirit Horde

Equipment:

- Hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Pallid Handmaidens only)
- Battle of Wills
- Large Target
- *Random Attacks (2D6) (Spirit Horde only)
- Scrying Pool

- Spectral Steeds
- Undead
- Vampiric
- Ward Save (4+)

CORE UNITS

ZOMBIES

Profile
Zombie

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
4	1	0	3	3	1	1	1	2	Infantry

3 points per model

Unit size: 20+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes Last
- The Newly Dead
- Undead

Options:

- May upgrade one Zombie to a musician 5 points
- May upgrade one Zombie to a standard bearer 5 points



SKELETON WARRIORS

Profile
Skeleton Warrior
Skeleton Champion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3	Infantry
4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	3	Infantry

5 points per model

Unit size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Undead

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Skeleton to a Skeleton Champion 10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Skeleton to a standard bearer 10 points
 - One Skeleton Warriors unit with a standard bearer may take a Magic Standard worth up to 25 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with spears free



CORE UNITS

CRYPT GHOULS

10 points per model

Profile

Crypt Ghoul
Crypt Ghast

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
4	3	0	3	4	1	3	2	5	Infantry
4	3	0	3	4	1	3	3	5	Infantry

Unit size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Poisoned Attacks
- Undead

Options:

- May upgrade one Crypt Ghoul to a Crypt Ghast 10 points

DIRE WOLVES

8 points per model

Profile

Dire Wolf
Doom Wolf

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	War Beasts
9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	3	War Beasts

Unit size: 5-20

Special Rules:

- Slavering Charge
- Undead
- Vanguard

Options:

- May upgrade one Dire Wolf to a Doom Wolf 10 points



SPECIAL UNITS

CORPSE CART

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
Corpse Cart	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 5+)
Corpsemaster	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	1	5	-
The Restless Dead	4	1	-	3	-	-	1	2D6*	-	-

Unit size: 1

Crew: 1 Corpsemaster

Drawn by:

The Restless Dead

Special Rules:

- Random Attacks (2D6)*
(The Restless Dead only)
- Regeneration
- Undead
- Vigour Mortis

Options:

- The Corpsemaster may be armed with a spear 1 point
- May be upgraded to have one of the following:
 - Balefire 15 points
 - Unholy Lodestone 30 points

GRAVE GUARD

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
Grave Guard	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	6	Infantry
Seneschal	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	6	Infantry

Unit size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Killing Blow
- Undead

Options:

- May upgrade one Grave Guard to a Seneschal 10 points
- May upgrade one Grave Guard to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Grave Guard to a standard bearer 10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with great weapons 1 point per model

BLACK KNIGHTS

21 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
Black Knight	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	6	Cavalry
Hell Knight	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	6	Cavalry
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3	-

Unit size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Killing Blow
(Riders only)
- Spectral Steeds
- Undead

Options:

- May upgrade one Black Knight to a Hell Knight 10 points
- May upgrade one Black Knight to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Black Knight to a standard bearer 10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points
- The entire unit may take barding: 3 points per model
- The entire unit may take lances 2 points per model

CRYPT HORRORS

38 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
Crypt Horror	6	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	5	Monstrous Infantry
Crypt Haunter	6	3	0	4	5	3	2	4	5	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Poisoned Attacks
- Regeneration (5+)
- Undead

Options:

- May upgrade one Crypt Horror to a Crypt Haunter 10 points

SPECIAL UNITS

FELL BATS

Profile
Fell Bat

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
1	3	0	3	3	2	3	2	3	War Beasts

16 points per model

Unit size: 2+

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Undead

BAT SWARMS

Profile
Bat Swarm

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
1	3	0	2	2	5	4	5	3	Swarm

35 points per base

Unit size: 2+

Special Rules:

- Cloud of Horror
- Hover
- Undead

SPIRIT HOST

Profile
Spirit Host

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
6	3	0	3	3	4	1	4	4	Swarm

45 points per base

Unit size: 1-10

Special Rules:

- Ethereal
- Undead

Equipment:

- Hand weapons

HEXWRAITHS

Profile
Hexwraith
Hellwraith
Skeletal Steed

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
6	3	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	Cavalry
6	3	0	3	3	1	2	2	5	Cavalry
8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3	-

30 points per model

Unit Size: 5-10

Special Rules:

- Ethereal
- Fast Cavalry
- Soul Reapers
- Soulstriders
- Spectral Hunters
- Terror
- Undead

Equipment:

- Great weapon

Options:

- May upgrade one Hexwraith to a Hellwraith 10 points

VARGHEISTS

Profile
Vargheist
Vargoyle

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
6	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
6	4	0	5	4	3	4	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

46 points per model

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Frenzy
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options:

- May upgrade one Vargheist to a Vargoyle 10 points

RARE UNITS

VARGHULF

175 points

Profile
Varghulf

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
8	5	0	5	5	4	4	5	4	Monster

Unit size: 1

Special Rules:

- Bestial Fury
- Hatred
- Regeneration
- Terror
- Undead
- Vampiric



BLOOD KNIGHTS

50 points per model

Profile
Blood Knight
Kastellan
Nightmare

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
4	5	3	5	4	1	5	2	7	Cavalry
4	5	3	5	4	1	5	3	7	Cavalry
8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-

Unit size: 4+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Lance
- Barding
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Martial Honour
- Undead
- Vampiric

Options:

- May upgrade one Blood Knight to a Kastellan15 points
– the Kastellan may be given a magic weapon worth up to25 points
- May upgrade one Blood Knight to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Blood Knight to a standard bearer10 points
– May have a magic standard worth up to50 points
– If a magic standard is not taken, one unit of Blood Knights
in the army may take the Flag of Blood Keep75 points



CAIRN WRAITHS

50 points per model

Profile
Cairn Wraith
Tomb Banshee

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
6	3	0	3	3	2	2	3	5	Infantry
6	3	0	3	3	2	3	1	5	Infantry

Unit size: 3-10

Equipment:

- Great weapon
(Cairn Wraiths only)

Special Rules:

- Chill Grasp
(Cairn Wraiths only)
- Ethereal
- Ghostly Howl
(Tomb Banshee only)
- Terror
- Undead

Options:

- May exchange one Cairn Wraith for a Tomb Banshee25 points

Designer's Note: Only Cairn Wraiths and Tomb Banshees that are taken as Hero choices are characters. When taken as a Rare unit, Cairn Wraiths are rank-and-file models, whilst a Tomb Banshee is the unit champion.

RARE UNITS

BLACK COACH

195 points

Profile

Black Coach
Cairn Wraith
Nightmare

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
-	-	-	5	6	4	-	-	-
-	3	0	3	-	-	2	3	5
8	3	0	4	-	-	2	1	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 3+)

Unit size: 1

Crew:

1 Cairn Wraith

Drawn by:

2 Nightmares

Equipment:

- Great weapon
(Cairn Wraith only)

Special Rules:

- Chill Grasp (Cairn Wraith only)
- Evocation of Death
- Terror
- Undead
- Vampiric
- Ward Save (4+)



TERRORGHEIST

225 points

Profile

Terrorgheist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
6	3	0	5	6	6	3	4	4

Troop Type

Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Death Shriek
- Fly
- Large Target
- Regenerate (6+)
- Terror
- Undead

Options:

- The Terrorgheist may take any of the following upgrades:
 - Rancid Maw 15 points
 - Infested 10 points



MORTIS ENGINE

220 points

Profile

Mortis Engine
Corpsemaster
Banshee Swarm
Spirit Horde

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
-	3	0	3	-	-	2	1	5
-	3	0	3	-	-	3	3	-
8	3	0	3	-	-	1	2D6*	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 5+)

Unit size: 1

Crew:

1 Corpsemaster and a
Banshee Swarm

Drawn by:

Spirit Horde

Equipment:

- Hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Banshee Swarm
- Large Target
- *Random Attacks (2D6)
(Spirit Horde only)
- Regeneration
- Spectral Steeds
- Terror
- The Reliquary
- Undead

Options:

- May take the following upgrade:
 - Blasphemous Tome 20 points

SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Type	Pg
Count Mannfred	6	7	5	5	5	3	(5)	7	5	10 In(SC)	56
Heinrich Kemmler	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	1	8 In(SC)	58	
Master Necromancer	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8 In	28	
Strigoi Ghoul King	6	6	3	5	5	3	8	5	9 In	32	
Vampire Lord	6	7	5	5	5	3	7	5	10 In	27	
Vlad von Carstein	6	7	5	5	5	3	7	5	10 In(SC)	54	

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Type	Pg
Cairn Wraith	6	3	0	3	3	2	2	3	5 In	30	
Isabella von Carstein	6	6	4	5	4	2	6	4	7 In(SC)	55	
Konrad von Carstein	6	7	4	5	4	2	6	4	6 In(SC)	57	
Krell	4	5	0	4	5	4	5	3	9 In(SC)	59	
Mannfred the Acolyte	6	6	4	5	4	2	6	4	7 In(SC)	56	
Necromancer	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7 In	28	
Tomb Banshee	6	3	0	3	3	2	3	1	5 In	31	
Vampire	6	6	4	5	4	2	6	4	7 In	27	
Wight King	4	4	0	4	5	3	4	3	9 In	29	

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Type	Pg
Abyssal Terror	6	4	0	5	5	4	2	3	4 Mo	51	
Coven Throne	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	- Ch	52	
- Pallid Handmaiden	-	5	3	5	-	-	5	2	7 -	-	
- Spirit Horde	8	3	0	3	-	-	1	2D6	- -	-	
Hellsteed	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3 WB	50	
Nightmare	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3 WB	50	
Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3 WB	51	
Terrorghast	6	3	0	5	5	5	2	4	4 Mo	48	
Zombie Dragon	6	4	0	6	6	6	2	5	4 Mo	49	

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Type	Pg
Crypt Ghoul	4	3	0	3	4	1	3	2	5 In	33	
- Crypt Ghast	4	3	0	3	4	1	3	3	5 In	-	
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3 WB	36	
- Doom Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	3 WB	-	
Skeleton Warrior	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3 In	35	
- Skeleton Champion	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	2	3 In	-	
Zombie	4	1	0	3	3	1	1	1	2 In	34	

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Type	Pg
Bat Swarm	1	3	0	2	2	5	4	5	3 Sw		
Black Knight	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	6 Ca	39	
- Hell Knight	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	6 Ca	-	
- Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3 -	-	
Corpse Cart	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	- Ch	40	
- Corpsemaster	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	1	5 -	-	
- The Restless Dead	4	1	-	3	-	-	1	2D6	- -	-	
Crypt Horror	6	3	0	4	5	3	2	3	5 MI	42	
- Crypt Haunter	6	3	0	4	5	3	2	4	5 MI	-	
Fell Bat	1	3	0	3	3	2	3	2	3 WB	37	
Grave Guard	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	6 In	38	
- Seneschal	4	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	6 In	-	
Hexwraith	6	3	0	3	3	1	2	1	5 Ca	47	
- Hellwraith	6	3	0	3	3	1	2	2	5 Ca	-	
- Skeletal Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	3 -	-	
Spirit Host	6	3	0	3	3	4	1	4	4 Sw	41	
Vargheist	6	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7 MI	43	
- Vargyle	6	4	0	5	4	3	4	4	7 MI	-	

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Type	Pg
Black Coach	-	-	-	5	6	4	-	-	- Ch	46	
- Cairn Wraith	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	3	5 -	-	
- Nightmare	8	3	0	4	-	-	2	1	- -	-	
Blood Knight	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	2	7 Ca	45	
- Kastellan	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	3	7 Ca	-	
- Barded Nightmare	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3 -	-	
Cairn Wraith	6	3	0	3	3	2	2	3	5 In	30	
- Tomb Banshee	6	3	0	3	3	2	3	1	5 In	31	
Mortis Engine	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	- Ch	53	
- Banshee Swarm	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	3	- -	-	
- Corpsemaster	-	3	0	3	-	-	2	1	5 -	-	
- Spirit Horde	8	3	0	3	-	-	1	2D6	- -	-	
Terrorghast	6	3	0	5	6	6	3	4	4 Mo	48	
Varghulf	8	5	0	5	5	4	4	5	4 Mo	44	

Troop Type Key: In=Infantry, WB=War Beast, Ca= Cavalry, Ch=Chariot, MI=Monstrous Infantry, MB=Monstrous Beast, MC=Monstrous Cavalry, SC=Special Character, Mo=Monster, Sw=Swarms, Un=Unique, WM=War Machine.





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