



GARGANTUAN WARS



GARGANTUANS

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RELEASE YOUR GARGANTUAN POWER!

Buried in the mountains across western Immoren, beasts of immeasurable strength and size have remained dormant for centuries. Now Hoarluk Doomshaper and Madrak Ironhide race to claim the power of these terrifying mountain kings before the agents of the Circle Orboros do. At the same time, the Skorne Empire marches their massive mammoths against the nation of Ios, the Circle stand ready with their towering woldwrath constructs, and Everblight unleashes his most terrifying creations yet, attracting the attention of his far-flung brethren.

HORDES takes a monster-sized step forward with the release of Gargantuans. For years we have been looking forward to bringing these enormous creatures and creations to the tabletop. Strikingly detailed as well as imposing, when these giants take their place on the battlefield, they bring a daunting presence to whatever force they join.

In addition to all the new opportunities and play styles that come from fielding a gargantuan, playing against them is also an entirely new—and fun—challenge. Not only is it hugely entertaining to imagine one of these creatures pounding its foes into stew, it is equally fulfilling to visualize the earth-

shaking crash and ensuing exaltation from the troops when one of these enormous creatures falls in battle.

HORDES: Gargantuans also introduces warlock units. These units operate like character units, but the character leader is a warlock, with all the powers and abilities that entails. This enables us to explore new team-oriented concepts for our characters and imbue them with group dynamics. Plus, how cool is it that Makeda now rolls with a personal bodyguard of Ancestral Guardians? Very!

One of the most rewarding ways to play with gargantuans is in games of 150 points or more, and the Unbound play format offers a fun and engaging way to play games of this epic scale. At this size, fielding three or more gargantuans becomes a realistic option—and if you thought adding one of these gigantic warbeasts to a game ratchets up the possibilities, imagine what can happen with several on the same table!

Now, with giant gargantuan warbeasts and the rules to field them in epic battles of a similarly massive scale, you are more than ready to unleash monstrous miniatures combat!

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MOUNTAINS THAT WALK

PART ONE

WESTERN CYGNAR NEAR CLOUTSDOWN FEN,

AUTUMN 608 AR

The attacking trollkin felt a wave of enthusiasm on seeing the Cygnaran lines begin to break. The forward sword knights bravely held, but only in an attempt to buy time for their brothers in arms to retreat. The long gunners began to withdraw in an ordered fashion, but some were soon overcome by terror and dropped their rifles as they fled. Chief Madrak Ironhide felt it too—the surge of the hunter's instinct in his blood, the righteousness of victory against an enemy deserving his vengeance.

As the routed soldiers ran along the beach back toward the swampy morass inland, kriel warriors followed with war cries, hacking them down when they tripped and fell. From the closest hillock pyg sharpshooters picked out targets among those nearing the trees.

**THE GREAT AXE RATHROK IN
MADRAK'S HANDS DRIPPED
GORE ONTO THE SANDS AS HE
CARVED ITS IMPERISHABLE BLADE
THROUGH THE SHATTERED LINE.**

The great axe Rathrok in Madrak's hands dripped gore onto the sands as he carved its imperishable blade through the shattered line. He pushed through with a roar, widening the gap and throwing the remaining sword knights into panic. He heard only a heavy pounding in his head, like the beating of great war drums from another era.

Every strike of his axe felt like a release—the momentary easing of some primal hunger he could not entirely satisfy. It was the blood frenzy of Rathrok. Some part of him recognized this, but that cautionary voice seemed feeble, distant. The need for violence spread outward from him like a hot wind and he could feel his ferocity echoed in the full-blood trolls whose minds were joined to his.

Madrak and his nearest beasts and warriors swept through the mud-spattered sword knights, leaving the sands littered with armored bodies. They next closed on a wavering line of long gunners whose sergeant had kept them from routing. The soldiers were firing as fast as they could while retreating toward the trees, their faces slick with sweat.

One of the champions on Madrak's left staggered beneath the impact of several bullets to his chest and fell to his knees, weapons tumbling from limp fingers. Others along

the line followed. Madrak's rushing feet devoured the open ground, and he brought his axe around to cleave through a raised rifle barrel. Rathrok was not to be denied. With a sharp twang the rifle was shorn in two, and the man's chest opened beneath the axe's edge. He heard the sound of meaty blows as his companion kin and trolls added to the carnage.

Madrak strode on, scowling, and closed on a young long gunner who had turned to flee. The youth's foot caught in a clump of seaweed, and he stumbled and fell. He scrambled backward, pushing with hands and feet as he stared up at Madrak in terror.

It was his expression that gave Madrak pause. With great difficulty the chieftain sought to rise above the red haze and phantom drums pounding in his ears that he discovered to be his own heartbeat. He checked his swing midway through, his tendons straining. He could feel Rathrok's influence, an insidious inky cloud spreading across his thoughts and trying to send impulses to his limbs. It wanted him to kill, to embrace the carnage. Madrak clenched his teeth and fought it off. His choices were his own.

The long gunner regained his wits, got back to his feet, and turned to run. Madrak lowered Rathrok, prepared to let him go. He heard a sonorous chanting behind him and turned to see Hoarluk Doomshaper approaching with his weapon extended toward the fleeing soldier. There was a surge of primal power as the rune-inscribed stones atop Willbreaker gleamed green. Other glowing runes appeared in the air around the shaman's arm as his vengeful prayers took form. A spectral wave of hate stretched forth and raked the back of the fleeing long gunner, tearing through armor and flesh. The youth was dead before he hit the ground.

Madrak glowered at the shaman for this needless excess, but Doomshaper only walked on. Beyond him, Mulg had lifted a dead trencher into his mouth—clothes, weapon, pack, and all—and was chewing with a satisfied expression. Taking in the rest of the beach, Madrak saw the fighting was all but over.

"There is no need to hunt them to the last," Madrak said to Doomshaper's back. "They are broken."

Doomshaper turned to regard him with a frown. "All that has happened, and still you worry about those not your kin," he said. "Every man we kill today is one less to fight us tomorrow." Doomshaper looked from Madrak's bloody axe to the gore covering him. "I am glad you have at least learned to fight with proper conviction."



Madrak's scowl deepened. He had not spoken to Doomshaper about the strengthening of Rathrok's hold on him, and he wondered if the shaman were aware of his struggle. He suspected the embittered elder would view the curse as an opportunity.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Borka Kegslayer, who rested his heavy mace casually against his shoulder. He, too, was spattered with blood, but his expression was troubled, lacking his usual enthusiasm in the wake of battle. Madrak could see the belligerent northern dire troll named Rok a dozen paces behind Borka, feasting on the fallen. The other dire trolls and some of the full-blood trolls that had accompanied their war bands did the same. The smaller trolls joined in tentatively, like coyotes trying to steal stray morsels from grizzly bears. They were lucky to get any leavings at all.

Madrak did not encourage his own trolls to eat slain human enemies, but he had been forced to become inured to the practice among Doomshaper's army. The number of dire trolls that had come to join the shaman made such measures a necessity—keeping the great beasts fed was not easy. Madrak seemed the only one concerned about

such things; the rowdier trollkin with Doomshaper and Borka cared nothing about human preferences regarding their dead.

"A poor fight," Borka groused loudly as he neared, shaking his head. "Hardly worth waking up for. When are we getting to the real battles?"

Madrak felt his temper rising at this familiar refrain. He said, "In addition to neutralizing an important garrison, this strike will give us valuable supplies, such as blasting powder." He had instructed his kithkar to salvage as much weaponry and ammunition as they could in order to keep those valuable war materials from the indiscriminating gullets of the dire trolls.

"So you said last time, and the time before that," Borka insisted. "This fight was beneath us. Too easy."

"Crushing your enemies with overwhelming force is never a bad thing," Doomshaper said, his voice low and thoughtful, "but Borka has a point." He fixed his gaze on Madrak. "When we joined forces, we spoke of clearing this region of the Cygnaran Army, of stripping away the defenses of Ceryl and showing them the Gnarl's was

not to be trifled with. Once Cygnar's second-largest city was defenseless and hungry dire trolls were clawing at the gates, they would beg for our mercy. Perhaps you no longer value your oaths." He shrugged as he said this, as if he bore no ill will toward Madrak for changing his mind, but his expression was fierce.

"Our plan stands," Madrak insisted. "Ceryl will face our might soon." In truth he had serious reservations about the proposed strike against a city the size of Ceryl, but not because he thought they might fail. The army they had gathered might accomplish even this task, which would indeed create a powerful impression on the humans who had underestimated the might of the United Kriels. But he also saw countless potential pitfalls. "We must proceed carefully. We cannot rouse the humans against us too early."

Doomshaper's expression grew darker. "You give them too much credit. They are weak."

COULD HE HOLD HIMSELF BACK WHEN RATHROK TOOK HIM OVER AND FILLED HIS MIND WITH THE COMPULSION TO SLAUGHTER?

"You know the heart of trolls," Madrak said, "but I know the mind of mankind. You chastise me for it, but I know how they think. If you want anything beyond endless battle and strife, you will do as I say."

"I can think of worse fates than endless battle," Borka said. He was ignored by Doomshaper and Madrak, whose eyes were locked in a familiar battle of wills.

Madrak continued, "We will advance on Ceryl at the proper time. Let us show them our strength but also prove we are reasonable and can negotiate for peace, given the proper terms. They must see us as a nation, not as monsters."

"Better monsters than sheep," Doomshaper said, but with less intensity. He looked away, to where Mulg fed. "We will do as you say—for now. But time passes, and our warriors grow impatient."

Madrak knew Doomshaper was not wrong in thinking negotiating from a position of strength was required if they were to change anything; Cygnar had proven it had no respect for the kriels. But it would be easy to provoke the humans to retaliate in a style the trollkin had never before endured. He felt no confidence in his or Doomshaper's ability to restrain the dire trolls if

they attacked Ceryl. How long could the great creatures stand outside the gates of the city, ignoring its teeming populations, after being roused by the smell of blood and stung by a thousand bullets?

The tougher question was: could he hold himself back when Rathrok took him over and filled his mind with the compulsion to slaughter? For the first time in his life Madrak felt an uncomfortable affinity to the dire trolls and the danger of their awakened rage. Ceryl was a city with hundreds of thousands of innocents. Doomshaper claimed he was not interested in terrorizing regular citizens, but Madrak did not trust him. More importantly, he did not trust himself. He looked again at the gleaming runes along the cheeks of the ancient axe.

Contributing to his unease were haunting images from disturbing dreams over the last few weeks. These were different from earlier visions Rathrok had awakened—those had been scenes from the past, from wars and battles of other times and places. These dreams showed the kriels and villages of the Gnarl's consumed by fire, lightning, chaos, and bloodshed brought on by a catastrophe that never revealed itself. The images bore all the signs of some approaching doom. Was this something he would prevent or hasten by striking at Cygnar's garrisons?

He kept these thoughts to himself as the strike forces withdrew back to the southern Gnarl's to regroup with those left behind as well as to lick their wounds and assess their spoils. Altogether casualties had been light, and nearly everyone involved in the battle would be fighting again in days, thanks to the resilience Dhunia had given them. Doomshaper had great sway among the trollkin inhabiting this region and had largely taken over a pair of neighboring villages for encamping their combined armies. Many of the inhabitants of the village had joined their efforts, either helping provide food and other supplies or taking up arms and marching with Doomshaper. Most others had left to stay with kin elsewhere in the forest, hoping to return eventually.

Madrak did not feel comfortable in the Gnarl's—these kin seemed quite different to him than his kriels from the Thornwood, now displaced far to the east. He missed his mate, Kargess, and blood brothers like Horthol, and all those he had left behind in Grissel's care. He was wary of the long stares their war parties received from the Gnarl's elders who had refused to leave. The councils of elders elsewhere in the region remained aloof, sending stern warnings about bringing war to the forest.

Madrak knew that at least some of these elders had been complicit in betraying Doomshaper to Cygnar's Fourth Army, conspiring in the shaman's capture and imprisonment. They had turned on one of their own.

Madrak felt they should be revealed and had thought bringing them to justice would be one of their first tasks together, but Doomshaper had unexpectedly advised against it. The shaman preferred to let his enemies believe their treachery had gone undetected. To what end, Madrak did not know. Perhaps it was better he stayed ignorant of Gnarls politics. This was one of the few great bastions left to the united kriel in the south, and they could not afford to alienate the thriving villages here.

For now, Madrak walked among the armed encampments, looking at the unfamiliar and fierce faces of the warriors they had gathered, and pondered his next move. He stayed up late into the night. He was not eager to return to his dreams of these villages on fire, with hundreds of kin screaming in pain.



After weeks of moving out of sight, it ran counter to Grim Angus' instincts to make his approach so blatantly as he crossed the stream and entered the eastern Gnarls. The journey across northern Cygnar had been long and wearying, with some time venturing into the Wyrmswall to avoid military patrols and to reconnect with isolated villages he had known would provide him hospitality. Knowing Grissel's urgency he had made the journey as quickly as possible, taking little time to rest and pushing his small band of pygs and scouts to their limits.

None of them were in great spirits, although moods had lightened as they had neared their destination. They were all running lean and hungry, and his full-blood trolls had been getting ornery. This had forced Grim to raid a farmstead just east of the river the day before. A few fat sheep and chickens had managed to pacify them.

His two most useful and trusted pygs had proven invaluable. Both Muggs and Krump had greatly assisted in hunting and scavenging for food along the journey, freeing Grim to focus on navigating their route to evade military patrols as well as blackclads and other perils. Given most trollkin communities of the Wyrmswall were isolated and suspicious, even approaching these had been dangerous; feuds between neighboring kriel were common in the region. Grim had been through the area before, though, and had friends in unlikely places.

Despite the arrant openness of Grim's advance and the fact that his people had stowed their weapons, the first band of Gnarls kriel warriors that spotted them felt compelled to bluster as they approached. The warriors at the fore scowled and clashed axes to shields as they made a show of spreading out warily. More could be seen in the trees, including some with rifles.

Grim was short on patience after the long trek and not inclined to indulge their posturing. He touched the brim of his hat by way of greeting and said, "Take me to Chief Madrak Ironhide. Immediately."

Muggs stepped forward and puffed out his chest while tapping the snare gun Grim had taught him to use. "Be quick about it," the pyg said, trying to deepen his voice. Krump grabbed his arm and pulled him back, shooting an apologetic look at Grim, who ignored them.

The senior warrior's quills quivered in agitation as he clenched his axe, but one of his battle brothers seemed to recognize the former bounty hunter and pulled the senior trollkin aside to whisper to him. The kithkar gave Grim an appraising look but then waved him forward. Soon enough the warriors were sharing news and rumors with Grim's scouts while the warlock was directed deeper into the woods.

After a hike along narrow trails through the knotted trees they reached a sizable walled village where a large number of trollkin and trolls were scattered both within and outside the walls. Grim recognized many of the wide variety of quitari patterns from Doomshaper's war bands. Signs of war preparation and recovery were plain, and smoke billowed from village forges where weapons and armor were being crafted or repaired. These kin looked rowdier than those Grim had left in the east, and he saw several contests of strength and potentially dangerous sparring. Many of the trollkin were drinking heavily, which only increased the levels of noise and aggression.

**THEY WERE ALL RUNNING
LEAN AND HUNGRY, AND HIS
FULL-BLOOD TROLLS HAD
BEEN GETTING ORNERY.**

As Grim moved through the village he spotted the unmistakable form of Borka Kegslayer standing atop the village's elevated *kuar* dueling platform, looking at home amid his boisterous champions. Unable to tell if they were feasting, fighting, or drinking, he decided it was likely all three.

He found Madrak close to the smithies, speaking with a soot-stained old stone-beard in a heavy leather apron. As Grim neared he heard Madrak insisting they needed to find more nimble-fingered kin and pygs to help both in altering the grips of human firearms and in preparing ammunition for their scattergunners and sluggers. Madrak broke off at the sight of him. The great albino chief crossed over to him

and clapped him on the shoulder with one hand, clasp- ing his arm in the other and greeting him with uncharacteristic enthusiasm. "Grim! A surprise to see you here."

Grim gave a small smile and inclined his head in respect. "I need to speak with you, Ironhide, Urgently." His eyes darted over the village smith and the others nearby, several of whom had stopped to stare at the new arrival. Wearing his long coat, goggles, and a broad-rimmed hat and with Headhunter on his back, Grim looked nothing like the locals, who were more traditional in their choice of attire.

Madrak motioned toward the enclosed forge room of the smithy, which was private though cramped and uncomfortably hot. Grim waved off Muggs and Krump, ignoring their indignant protests at being left behind. Once they were alone, Madrak said, "I'm anxious for news. Given your expression, I fear the worst."

"Not the worst," Grim said, removing his goggles to hang around his neck, "but it isn't good." He succinctly described what had happened at Lake Scarleforth, including Gunnbjorn's initial successes and the subsequent skorne retaliation. Madrak's expression darkened the longer Grim talked.

"I had thought things might be going well for once. Or better, at least."

Grim said, "Grissel sent me to do more than deliver news. I'm to guide you back. It's been many months now, and everyone hopes you are ready to return. Doomshaper too, if he'll willing." After a pause he added, "Even Borka, if we must."

GRIM TRIED TO MATCH MADRAK'S STARE BUT FOUND HIM UNYIELDING. "YOUR PEOPLE NEED YOU."

Madrak stared at him for long seconds, his expression suggesting inner conflict. But when he spoke he only said, "I cannot return. I have obligations."

Grim tried to match Madrak's stare but found him unyielding. During the trek Grim had prepared himself mentally for arguing with the albino chieftain, trying to invent ways to persuade him. He could not remember most of what he had rehearsed. "Your people need you," he said simply, and saw this had an impact. "They are safe, but I doubt it will last. Grissel found a place away from the skorne, but it is not good ground. We need to consolidate our strength. With you here and her there, we are divided."

Madrak's expression did not change. "I hear you, Grim. Times have been hard for Grissel—for everyone. But I cannot return, not yet. I am sorry you traveled so far for so meager an answer." He paused a moment and said, "We could use you here, if you want to help. Even if not, our hospitality is yours. Eat, drink, rest. As long as you wish."

Grim frowned but did not argue; it was clear he would make no headway. This left him in a quandary. Grissel had sent him on a mission, and he took pride in his reputation for getting his quarry. On the other hand, as a bounty hunter he'd never tried to bring in someone like Madrak Ironhide. How much simpler it would be if he could simply tie up the stubborn chieftain, put a sack over his head, and haul him east.

Still, even with the most difficult bounty, there was always a way. He could be patient. He had several days, perhaps even weeks, before he was obliged to return to Grissel—enough time to convince Madrak his responsibilities lay elsewhere or perhaps help resolve whatever bound him to Doomshaper. As Grim left the sweltering forge he decided to speak to the Shaman of the Gnarl's directly.



Hoarluk Doomshaper had taken one of the largest round stone buildings, once occupied by the village chief. Wherever his journeys took him, when not otherwise embroiled in conflicts, kriel politics, or recruiting warriors, he sought out and studied krielstones. He paid particular attention to those stretching back to the earliest days, when the first stone scribes had mastered the Molgur rune system and put it to their own use.

Here in his chambers, a variety of his oldest scrolls had been extracted from their protective tubes and unspooled atop several tables to show pertinent sections for comparing and deciphering. Many of the passages he was most interested in were rubbings from particularly ancient krielstones, some using older variants of the Molgur alphabet and not easy to interpret. Many were partial or incomplete; some of the scrolls themselves had been damaged, but more often they had been taken from krielstones that were eroded or fractured.

The focus of his work had been on the oldest legends of the kin, tales already ancient when the Molgur had dominated the Wyrmwall and passed by word of mouth from generation to generation before eventually being set in the first krielstones. These passages related to a catastrophe in the primal days of the kin, when the world was in flux and the fertility of Dhunia and virility of the Wurm began to populate the world. Legends of these times spoke of the Mountains That Walked, primal giant trolls that had

eventually become enraged at the intrusion of trollkin into their territories. When those trolls came down from their mountains eating or destroying everything they saw, the kin had been forced to find a way to subdue them. Those trolls had somehow been chained below the earth, trapped for the ages. Earthquakes were said to derive from their thrashing against their bonds.

Chroniclers and shamans interested in the old tales knew variations on these myths. Most kin dismissed them as allegorical or stories to frighten the young. Doomshaper had long suspected otherwise. He had been piecing together clues over the years and increasingly believed this story was too pervasive not to hold a kernel of truth. All he had learned suggested the dire trolls were not the first and most primal of Dhunia's strong-blooded children. The legends said the Mountains That Walked would not die from age or hunger but persisted immortal and hidden. Not only did he seek proof of their existence, but he also worked to discover the means by which they might be unleashed once found.

His fingers tracing the surface of one of these ancient texts, he heard a visitor approach. He clenched his teeth but ignored the newcomer completely. He had instructed his warriors and champions not to trouble him; perhaps they needed sterner orders.

He smoothed out the scroll with his left hand while using the charcoal in his right hand to inscribe translated runes on a fresh parchment. After a moment, the intruder cleared his throat. Doomshaper continued to work. The visitor stepped closer. "Doomshaper?" he asked at some length. "It's Grim Angus—"

"I know who you are!" Doomshaper snapped without looking up. "I did not invite you in. Go away."

"We need to speak," Grim insisted. "It's important."

The shaman kept his eyes on the rubbing. "Nothing is more important than this work. If you must speak to me, you can wait."

He could feel irritation radiating from the ordinarily reserved Grim Angus, but Doomshaper knew he would wait. If there were immediate peril, he would have gone to Madrak or Borka, and he had come as a supplicant. Every encounter between kin of their caliber was a battle of wills, and the Shaman of the Gnarlks knew the importance of ensuring the young respected their elders.

From the corner of his eye Doomshaper saw Grim step back and lean against the stone wall, watching him. After several minutes, he began pacing. The shaman scowled at his parchments but did not pause in his work. He had disregarded far stronger distractions than this. He heard

Grim walk to the table nearest him to peer at the various scrolls open there. Suddenly the younger warlock said, "I've seen this symbol. The Mountain That Walks."

This was so unexpected Doomshaper broke away from his work to look at the other warlock for the first time since he had stepped into the building. He asked incredulously, "You've seen this?" The rubbing before him was from the only stone relating the tale he had ever found. Was it possible the hunter had stumbled upon another? More likely he was simply mistaken. To the untrained eye, many of the runes looked similar.

"I'VE SEEN THIS SYMBOL. THE MOUNTAIN THAT WALKS."

Grim stepped closer and pointed to one of the oldest scrolls, to an ancient glyph prominent at the top of a heavily fragmented rubbing. "This one. There was a village in the Wyrmwall on the way here, Jacinth kriel. Have you heard of it?" Doomshaper impatiently signaled for Grim to continue. "An isolated bunch, not very friendly. They had a krielstone with that symbol. It caught my eye since I'd never seen it before."

"It is very old," Doomshaper allowed, unable to hide his interest.

Grim continued, "The elder who'd offered me hospitality told me what it meant. There was more written beneath it, beyond what you have there." He waved to indicate where the lower half of the page was only half-covered in runes, at a diagonal slant. It had been taken from a severely damaged stone.

"Show me." Doomshaper restrained his excitement even as his pulse raced. Grim was young and had been raised in cities. He would not know the old runes.

"I might be able to recall some of the symbols," Grim said, his head tilted thoughtfully. "My memory is very good. Had to be, in my former line of work." He took off his hat and turned to face Doomshaper more directly, his eyes sharp. "Of course, I might remember better if you were to listen to why I came here. One less thing on my mind."

Doomshaper frowned. He begrudged the other warlock any more of his time, but the prospect of learning more of the tale he had been chasing for so long was simply too enticing to refuse. Finally he motioned for Grim to continue. "Madrak says he has unfinished business. Obligations to you. Maybe you can let him off the hook a little earlier than planned?"

Despite himself, the Shaman of the Gnarlks was impressed at the gall of the bounty hunter. "Madrak's obligations are his own. But perhaps we can find a way to expedite things. Now,



show me!" He thrust the piece of charcoal at Grim and then stepped back to watch as the younger trollkin attempted to reconstruct the missing runes. Doomshaper found himself holding his breath as he realized they described a place set amid a chain of mountains he felt certain he knew.

NORTHERN THORNWOOD

While leading her forces into the northern Thornwood alongside her twin sister, Rhyas had almost been able to forget she was anything but a Nyss, a creature of the frozen cliffs and peaks of the Shard Spires. She had been able to see

miles in every direction in the crystal air of those peaks. This forest, on the other hand, closed in upon her and limited her senses, filling her with dread and loathing. It felt inimical to her kind. She had sensed this during their last crossing, when the entire Legion of Everblight had hastened toward the Castle of the Keys, having pulled up their encampments in the frozen north of Khador. A similar urgency filled her now, its origin not within her mind yet inseparable from it.

On that previous trek they had made this portion of the journey largely underground, taking advantage of the ancient caves and vast tunnels riddling Immoren, many of them known to Everblight. Now venturing below was too risky, not until they were near their quarry, for Cryx had tremendously expanded their control over those tunnels. Rhyas was surprised to find she preferred the tunnels to the dense trees. Both were enclosed places with limited visibility, yet underground she knew where to expect enemies. Here, a threat could emerge from any side. It made her anxious.

Increasingly she preferred sending her mind out to perceive the forest through her dragonspawn. The trees did not hinder them, particularly those

flying above the tree tops. Seeing this way had become so instinctive Rhyas sometimes did not even realize she was doing so. Other than the nephilim, her spawn felt like extensions of herself.

Suddenly she felt the kiss of metal against her neck. The world slowed as the bullet pierced her skin and the phantom of death crossed her mind. Instinctively she sent the injury away, and her flesh became whole even as a great wound opened on the shoulder of the nearest nephilim soldier, with whom she had maintained an arcane rapport.

Rhyas immediately drew on her blighted power to cloak herself in darkness and tumbled behind the nearest tree as another shot rang out. She sent her harriers and seraphs wheeling in the direction from which the rifle reports echoed. Through the senses of the nearest harrier she perceived a Khadoran lying in wait with a massive scoped rifle. Through their connected athanc shards she said to her sister, "Saeryn, there are Widowmakers in the trees." She conveyed the location of the one she had spotted by giving an impression of what her spawn had seen and added, "I'll take care of them."

"No," Saeryn replied, just as quickly. "Keep moving south. The Cryxians have been driven to the surface, and you must reach them."

Rhyas sensed Everblight's agreement with this command and reluctantly obeyed. She corrected the course of her dragonspawn as she leapt from the cover of the trees, allowing a single harrier to strike from the sky onto the Khadoran that had fired upon her. Before the marksman could reload, the harrier was upon him, crashing through the branches to slice open his throat with its scythe-like talons.

She continued south, drawing on the mystical essence of her nephilim bolt thrower to give her easier passage through the underbrush. With each leaping stride she was able to glide briefly through the air, passing over roots and branches that would otherwise have entangled her. Now that their positions had been revealed, more shots rang out from long-ranged Khadoran rifles, and one of her harriers dropped from the sky, pierced by multiple bullets. The others dipped lower and flew evasively as they sped out of range, closer to Rhyas. "How do you know what Cryx is doing?" Rhyas asked, wondering at having been left in the dark.

The link to her twin conveyed Saeryn's impatience, as was often the case when she was asked to explain herself. "I've scattered several spawn deeper into the forest, and one found where the earthquake forced the Cryxians to emerge. They killed it, but not before I saw them." She passed along the brief and confusing images of what a harrier had seen in its final moments, before it was torn apart by necromantic forces. Given the distance, Rhyas was stunned her sister had been able to stay in contact with the creatures. Yet another ability her twin had kept from her.

"There are more Khadorans converging behind those Widowmakers," Saeryn noted, her tone unworried. Saeryn and her immediate escort were behind Rhyas' fore group, and Rhyas worried about her as she moved ahead. "They must have tracked us from the remains of that patrol." This referred to a small skirmish with a border patrol at the forest's periphery. It had been a quick clash, but Everblight had not allowed them to stop to properly cover their trail.

They had left a small group of striders behind to obscure their tracks, but clearly those hasty efforts had been too superficial for the Khadorans.

"Let us fight together and crush them," Rhyas replied, itching to put her blade to work.

"You must go on," Saeryn insisted. "I will join you as soon as these are dealt with." Lending emphasis to Saeryn's words was Everblight's looming presence in the back of Rhyas' mind, pushing her south, toward the Cryxians Saeryn had found. Another athanc might be there, waiting. Everblight's desire for it was overwhelming. "We're the closest, so we must engage the enemy until reinforcements arrive." The entire conversation had taken but moments in the connection between their minds. Saeryn was already diverting her forces to deal with the pursuing Khadorans.

Rhyas was surprised to learn they were nearest to the Cryxian column, and she began to feel resentful about Saeryn keeping back secrets. Were she and Vayl in private communication? Ever since their journey through the Iosan caverns while assisting Thagrosh, it seemed to Rhyas that her sister and Vayl had become strangely close, consulting with one another on larger decisions for the Legion. "What of Lylyth?" she asked.

THE WORLD SLOWED AS THE BULLET PIERCED HER SKIN AND THE PHANTOM OF DEATH CROSSED HER MIND.

"She has been recalled north, to gather reinforcements," Saeryn said. "I need to concentrate on this fight, Rhyas. Do as you are told!"

The words stung, but only slightly; Rhyas was accustomed to her sister's moods and so pressed on, signaling to those leading her swordsmen, hex blades, and legionnaires to follow her lead. That last news was intriguing. What sort of special reinforcements could possibly be important enough to divert Lylyth away from the athanc they had been sent to recover?

STARSPPOINT RIDGE STONES, WYRMWALL MOUNTAINS

The exodus from the Hawksmire River nexus was hasty even by the standards of the Circle Orboros, and the aftermath brought considerable confusion and frantic activity. The battle fought there against the skorne to hold them at bay from the vital ritual conducted by Baldur and Morvahna had been only narrowly won. Though the

ritual had been completed before they made a hasty retreat through the portal opened by Mohsar, it was impossible for many to weigh the losses that had been suffered. There was a sense of uncertain victory but little celebratory spirit, as so few understood what had been won. This was often the case with the Circle's junior druids, who rarely entirely comprehended the goals of their superiors, but this time the sentiment spread even to the upper ranks.

Morvahna walked among them and took in their mood and attitudes as she loaned her power to knit the injuries of some of those she passed. Her mind performed automatic triage, ignoring superficial suffering and prioritizing those who would be of greatest service in the days ahead. Less experienced druids could bleed and suffer, gaining scars that would strengthen them if they survived. She was only inclined to assist those with more valuable skills or lore.

Wayfarers were the most active of those present, as they always were in such times, appearing amid crackling thunder and vanishing just as quickly as they received or related urgent messages or assisted others to this place. Stone keepers were situated around the great rune-inlaid stones of the site, unmoving yet as busy as the wayfarers. The ley line network was being taxed, as was always the case when the Circle was at war. Morvahna sensed additional stresses in the deep running channels below the earth, residual shockwaves from the ritual.

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WHAT HAD BEEN WON.**

Looking at the others moving through and gathering into small groups, she saw confusion and strain on many faces. Even though she had assisted in Baldur's ritual, she felt uncertain about the merits of what had been achieved. The losses were fresh and vivid. The faces of pragmatic druids she knew had previously spent the lives of Wolves of Orboros without grief seemed disheartened. Morvahna was conducting her own tally as she took in those gathered. She saw that Kaya, while still unconscious, was well tended by her wolf companion and Grayle. She was strong and her connection to Orboros powerful; she would recover. It would be better to allow her to recuperate naturally.

Grayle scowled and his upper lip twitched into a snarl as Morvahna started to walk past. His expression was strikingly similar to that of Laris, whose eyes were locked

on her. "Heal her," Grayle said in a commanding tone. Morvahna narrowed her eyes at him, and he seemed to remember he was speaking to a superior. "Please," he entreated.

Another time she might have ignored him, but Morvahna was aware she might need his abilities soon. She let her expression soften and said, "She needs rest. Her contribution to the ritual was draining. Healing her would do her no favors." His jaw clenched at this, clearly blaming her for contributing Kaya's blood to Baldur's rite.

"Walk with me for now," Morvahna said, her tone not sharp yet resonant with authority.

Grayle stood and clenched his hands, as if his fingers missed his blades. "I was commanded to protect her," he said.

Morvahna swept her eyes across those gathered in the clearing. While many were wounded, it was nonetheless a sizable gathering of the forces of Orboros. "She is safer here than anywhere else. I have need of you." When he still hesitated she sighed and added, "It was Baldur who commanded you? I intend to speak with him. Come." She could have reminded him of her rank, as the instinct for obedience was strong with him, but she knew it was better in this case to persuade.

She did not wait to see if he followed but walked on. She could sense him not far behind her and smiled. As she circled the grounds, she took in the totality of the situation, assessing not only the scope of the force gathered but also her standing among them. This was a mental exercise Morvahna conducted constantly, like a spider testing the strands of a web. Her authority had been carefully crafted but required perpetual vigilance to maintain. The looks that came her way were curious but also slightly hostile, more bold and defiant than she had seen in years. Too many overseers were willing to hold her gaze for several seconds before looking away. Her political clout among the potents and subordinates had suffered because of the failed trial against Krueger.

A temporary setback, she was sure. Respect among the Circle was a slippery commodity. It fell to her to restore her standing by subtler means. In recent years she had relied too much on sternness, but she knew how to manipulate with a compliment as well as a rebuke. She was certain she could resume her place.

On finishing her circuit she felt the strong urge to return briefly to her island abode, where her powers had been bound into the supernatural means to communicate with and marshal her far-flung allies. She had more pressing business, though; several key figures were missing. This included most notably Omnipotent Mohsar, who had used his power to allow for the group exodus, but also Baldur,

who had instigated the ritual that had compelled their gathering. Given his previous urgency she could not fathom what might have diverted him.

Baldur's return to the living had been a shock, as had been witnessing the primal power he now possessed. She had felt affronted when he had ordered her to assist him, but that had quickly been replaced by curiosity. After his body had been destroyed, Baldur's soul had witnessed things few mortals had ever returned to relate. Morvahna hungered to learn what had transpired beyond the veil; she had spent decades studying that knife's divide, manipulating the fragile thread of life. Not that she had time to question Baldur. In the face of his urgency she had felt compelled to lend her aid—he had been a reliable ally in her fights against Everblight's legion.

With Grayle behind her, she stepped to the nearest of the massive rune-covered stones and placed a hand upon its surface. Through her skin she could feel tremendous power flowing through the pillar, which was warm and still thrumming from transporting the recent arrivals. Her brow furrowed in concentration as she sent her will outward along the ley line conduits below the soil, seeking for traces of Baldur. Not knowing where he might be made this difficult, but he had recently used these conduits, and she could follow the fading trail he had left.

Morvahna felt a sudden electrical sensation as the hair along her arms rose and there was a connection. A ghostly image of Baldur's face appeared before her as if shaped from luminous fog. Knowing she might not be able to maintain this long, she immediately asked, "Baldur, where are you?"

"Far from you," Baldur answered, his voice muffled and distant. "Did everyone make it through?"

"Yes, except Mohsar. Did he take you with him?"

"No. Wurmwood summoned me, and I was in no position to refuse." He paused before saying sternly, "Someone must intercept the Legion. I am in no position to do so."

"Leave that to me," Morvahna said. "I won't allow them to reach Venethrax's prize." She was aware that several other druids of significant rank were nearby, including Tamora the Longshadow and Bradigus Thorle the Runeshaper. It was to her benefit that such others witness that her efforts were in alignment with Baldur the Stonesoul.

"That must not happen," Baldur affirmed. "Do not underestimate the foe."

Morvahna drew herself up and said, "Do not forget, it was I who gathered us to stop them at the Castle of the Keys. With greater support I might have prevented all of this."

"A fair assessment," Baldur said. "Let us leave past mistakes in the past. I expect those who survived the ritual are unready for another battle, but we have no choice."

"I have reserves not yet called upon."

"They will not be enough," Baldur said bluntly. Morvahna blinked in surprise, wondering what he knew of her influence and alliances. His spectral face looked past her to the former Wolf of Orboros with her. "Grayle will join you?"

"That is the plan," she said.

Behind her, Grayle started. "What of Kaya?" he asked.

"LEAVE THAT TO ME," MORVAHNA SAID. "I WON'T ALLOW THEM TO REACH VENETHRAX'S PRIZE."

Ignoring him, Baldur asked Morvahna, "What is your assessment of her condition?" He sounded more detached than she would have expected given he had all but raised Kaya. Perhaps such emotions did not reach him as strongly since his return.

"She needs rest, but her wound will close. She is no use to us as she is, and Grayle cannot speed her recovery."

Baldur inclined his head toward Grayle and said, "Go with Morvahna, and do as she asks." To her he said, "You will need others."

Morvahna hesitated and then said, "There is an untapped army already prepared for war, if I can reach and persuade the one who has gathered them."

Baldur's misty brow furrowed. "He will not welcome you." The image began to fade as the connection waned.

"I will persuade him," she insisted. "There is no other way." Whatever else Baldur might have intended to say was lost as his face dispersed into shapeless vapors. Morvahna turned and walked to gather those still capable of fighting, ignoring Grayle's brooding expression as he followed behind, trapped by bonds of duty.



Krueger the Stormlord received the arrivals on an elevated ridge with his army arrayed around him. They stood with weapons held ceremonially, though they were prepared to respond should violence erupt. A discernible tension and watchfulness marked the posture of most, particularly the ranking Wolves of Orboros. Some of his forces had just emerged from a small but bloody skirmish

with Menite border forces as they made their way west across the Black River from the desert. Determined not to show weakness, Krueger had ensured the wounded were kept out of sight.

The position of his army forced the arriving column to walk through a long armed gauntlet before entering the clearing. Krueger stood on a steep incline looking down on them like an attending king. His back was to the rising sun as it emerged over the hills and glinted off the river rushing through the gorge behind and below him. A little lower, Wolf Lord Morraig sat comfortably upon his muscular lupine mount, which was cleaning one of its front paws.

Morvahna rode with stately elegance at the fore of the approaching force, seated sidesaddle on a muscular Skirovik mountain goat caparisoned for battle in bronze armor. Walking next to her was Grayle the Farstrider, looking competent and ready to do battle. Behind them were Morvahna's preferred escorts, her particularly protective and loyal pureblood warwolf and an albino Gnarlhorn satyr of impressive size. Next came Nuala the Huntress alongside her veteran bloodtrackers. Tharn wolf riders brought up the rear, grisly war trophies and other spoils of war hanging from their belts and weapons.

Krueger watched their approach warily, keeping his expression aloof. His instincts told him Morvahna was not here for battle, although Grayle's presence could not be dismissed. Novice though he was, the Farstrider was a formidable warrior. Krueger wished Kromac were at his side to better convey the full range of his own allies, but he and his Tharn were otherwise occupied nearer the Glimmerwood. More than anything he wondered what had prompted Morvahna to seek him out in the first place.

MORE THAN ANYTHING HE WONDERED WHAT HAD PROMPTED MORVAHNA TO SEEK HIM OUT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

"Morvahna the Autumnblade," he began, affecting an air of nonchalance. "You have come a long way, but time is precious and there is nothing I want to hear from you unless you have come to swear fealty."

He expected a biting rebuttal. Their conversations had long had a certain natural course, like a river that had carved a deep bed through the landscape. Morvahna dismounted, leaving her blade with her mount. She stepped forward and spoke in carefully enunciated tones, "Call me Autumnblade no more, but Dawnshadow, to represent the urgency of my

cause. Krueger the Stormlord, I come before you today as a supplicant, not as a rival. I entreat you to attend my words."

Krueger heard a surprised intake of breath among those gathered, particularly the other ranking druids, and regarded her with narrowed eyes. Titles were important among them, inextricably tied to politics. That she had used the one he had recently claimed was as unexpected as her posture. Adopting a new title for herself was also significant and not something done lightly. Morvahna met his eyes serenely. She radiated dignity, but with an air of unusual vulnerability. A manipulation, surely, but to what end? He had meant to send her away, but to do so now would look like fear. "I will indulge you," he said with a casual wave of his hand. "Speak."

"I come here on a matter of vital significance to our order," she began.

"Naturally," Krueger said with a cynical smile. "Such is always your claim. You said something similar before your failed attack on the Castle of the Keys." He felt certain this would antagonize her enough to drop her placid facade.

She ignored the bait and said, "This task is not one I set in motion, but I bring my allies to it willingly. I hope to persuade you to do the same. The animosity and strife that has long festered between us has begun to hinder the Circle Orboros, and I am sorry for my part in it. Let me be the first to admit I have acted rashly and in doing so exacerbated a feud that served as a dangerous distraction to us both. I ask you to set aside old grudges in the interest of the stability and survival of our order." At this end of this speech she bowed her head to look down humbly.

Krueger felt a burst of fresh anger and the skies darkened above him as thick clouds began to gather. "Was your mind on unity and burying old grudges when you sought my execution at a trial before the Grand Convocation?" He sneered. "You are a fraud."

She looked up again, her eyes piercing but her expression sincere. She held her head high and said, "I was wrong. That trial was a mistake. I was motivated by loyalty to the omnipotents and a desire to do right by our fellowship."

"And which of the omnipotents do you curry favor with now? Dahlekov? I suppose after his failed assassination he has decided to pursue other options."

"I do not serve the omnipotents in this, but the Circle itself. There are larger matters at stake than our personal agendas. I was reminded of this by Baldur. It is his course I follow."

He had intended to provoke her into anger but found his own temper rising instead. "You would use Baldur's memory for your own manipulations? That is devious even for you, *Dawnshadow*."

"But of course you couldn't know!" she said with feigned surprise. He knew instantly he had fallen into a trap. "Baldur is returned to us, having been granted visions from Orboros while his spirit was separated from his body." This statement provoked gasps from the other druids gathered nearby. Krueger could not keep his disbelief from his face. Before he had absorbed this, Morvahna turned to the Farstrider and encouraged him to step forward.

Grayle seemed uncomfortable under Krueger's withering stare but inclined his head respectfully to him and to Wolf Lord Morraig, who watched him closely. Krueger knew their respective positions had changed considerably after Grayle's wilding; once the wolf lord would have been Grayle's superior. As a druid, Grayle was beyond their hierarchy, but respect to Morraig remained. His voice was calm and self-assured when he spoke. "I can confirm Baldur has arisen again. I was present for his awakening."

The impact of this statement rippled through the gathered druids, and Krueger regretted his decision to meet Morvahna so openly. Unlike most, Baldur was well beloved among all the Circle's cabals.

Krueger greatly disliked being caught by surprise. It was particularly galling that such a momentous event had transpired without his awareness. This was the cost of being estranged from the omnipotents and cut off from the rest of the Circle. He had his own network of informants, of course, but it only reached so far. He considered Morvahna's cunning; he might have taken her words as a lie, but there was no reason Grayle would deceive him.

Morvahna broke the shocked silence. "Baldur returned with knowledge of a grave threat in the north, one he felt compelled to thwart. That task is unfinished. Cryxian forces have recovered an athanc from Khador's northern mountains and seek to bring it to their master. The Legion of Everblight moves swiftly to intercept. Baldur and I completed a ritual to drive the Cryxians out of their caves to give us a chance to intercept, but to do so we must move *now*." Her tone gradually became more strident, less persuasive and more commanding, and Krueger's scowl deepened.

"I am pleased Baldur is among the living," he said. While he felt obliged to say this given the atmosphere among his subordinates, he realized he meant the words. They had not always seen eye to eye, but Baldur had been a worthy peer, and a reliable ally on those occasions their purposes had aligned. "But if the urgency is so great, why are you not already at battle?"

Morvahna smiled. "We have need of your army, Stormlord. We endured a difficult fight at Hawksmire River to complete the ritual. There were many casualties. The next phase requires the forces you have gathered."

Krueger stared at her, silent, for several seconds. He wanted to refuse on general principle. The last thing he wished to do was expend the lives of his army on some battlefield not of his own choosing. Yet he could not seem petty before his subordinates. If Morvahna had been speaking for the omnipotents, that would be one thing—Krueger had already turned his people against them—but Baldur was another matter.

Clearly she hoped to manipulate him into a position of subservience. "So I am to hand you my army, because you ask politely? No. If you wish my aid, you will kneel before me and accept my leadership in the confrontation ahead." He smiled cruelly, knowing she would never consent to this condition, thus revealing her own pride.

"Agreed," she said. To his astonishment, Morvahna bowed her head. "This is your army, Stormlord, and I would not presume to command it. I surrender my interests and agree to obey you for this battle. I will direct my forces in support of your strategy."

He thought he saw an eager gleam in her eyes as they locked with his. Krueger shook his head. She had maneuvered him expertly. At the same time, he could not deny the potential for a tremendous political coup. Should they be victorious, word would spread that it was he who had stepped forward when the Circle had need. He could not imagine how this plan could profit her own schemes—except, of course, that should he fail, the shame of defeat would be his. He made his decision. There was nothing to do now but move forward, and ensure success.

"Very well." His voice crackled like thunder as he ordered, "Prepare to march. Battle awaits."

GARGANTUAN RULES

GARGANTUANS

The groups waging war on the periphery of the Iron Kingdoms have at last brought forth the gargantuans to join their battles. These tremendous beasts of war tower over the battlefield, dwarfing men and ordinary warbeasts alike, each embodying the fighting spirit of its faction. Gargantuans possess the unmatched strength and size to employ terrible and formidable weapons at the behest of their controlling warlocks, who must bring all their will to bear in order to focus the great beasts' irrepressible rage against their enemies. With such destructive potential, these beasts are the most powerful weapons in a warlock's battlegroup.

A gargantuan is a huge-based (120 mm) warbeast.

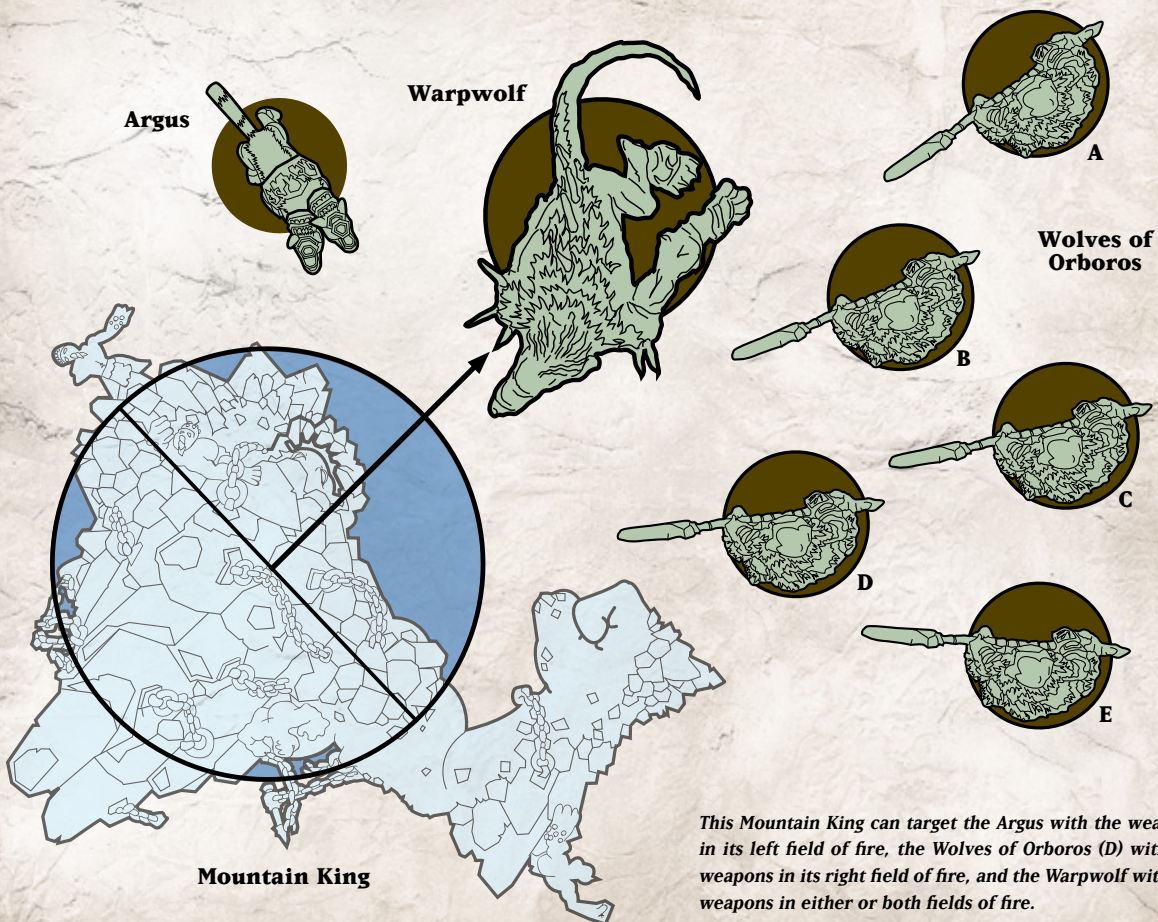
HUGE BASE

A huge-based model occupies the space from the bottom of its base to a height of 5".

FACING AND LINE OF SIGHT

A gargantuan's front arc is marked on its base. Its front arc is further divided into two 90° fields of fire. These fields of fire determine which models a gargantuan can target with its weapons depending on their location. Weapons located on a gargantuan's left side (L) can target only models in its left field of fire. Weapons located on a gargantuan's right side (R) can target only models in the gargantuan's right field of fire. Weapons with locations "H" or "—" can target models in either field of fire. If any part of a model's base is on the line separating the left and right fields of fire it is considered to be in both fields of fire.

FIELD OF FIRE



This Mountain King can target the Argus with the weapons in its left field of fire, the Wolves of Orboros (D) with the weapons in its right field of fire, and the Warpwolf with the weapons in either or both fields of fire.



TARGETING A GARGANTUAN

A gargantuan never gains a DEF bonus from concealment, cover, or elevation.

CLOUD EFFECTS AND FOREST TERRAIN

Cloud effects and forest terrain do not block line of sight to a gargantuan.

TARGETING A GARGANTUAN IN MELEE

A model targeting a gargantuan with a ranged or magic attack does not suffer the target in melee attack roll penalty. If a ranged or magic attack misses a gargantuan in melee, that miss is not rerolled against another model. It misses completely.

A gargantuan can be targeted by combined ranged attacks while it is in melee.

PREDEPLOYMENT

Gargantuans must be placed before normal deployment. If both players have models to predeploy, they predeploy their models in standard deployment order.

MASSIVE

A gargantuan cannot be pushed, knocked down, or made stationary. A gargantuan cannot be moved by a slam or throw.

GARGANTUAN MOVEMENT

A gargantuan can only advance during its normal movement and cannot be placed.

PATHFINDER

Although the icon does not appear on their stat lines, all gargantuans have the Pathfinder advantage.

CONTROLLING A GARGANTUAN

Gargantuans must be assigned to a battlegroup, and your opponent can never take control of your gargantuan by any means.

GREAT BEAST

A gargantuan can never gain Advance Deployment, Incorporeal, or Stealth.



GARGANTUAN COMBAT RULES

RANGED ATTACKS WHILE IN MELEE

A gargantuan can make ranged attacks while in melee. A gargantuan never suffers the firing in melee penalty when targeting a model it is in melee with.

A gargantuan cannot gain the aiming bonus when engaged.

GARGANTUAN MELEE RANGE

Gargantuan melee weapons and gargantuan melee attacks have a 2" melee range unless otherwise noted. This includes all power attacks made by a gargantuan.

GARGANTUAN POWER ATTACKS

A gargantuan can make all the power attacks available to a warbeast along with two additional power attacks available only to gargantuans: power strike and sweep.

POWER STRIKE

A gargantuan making a power strike power attack uses the force of its tremendous melee power to send a smaller-based model flying. A gargantuan must have at least one Open Fist to make a power strike power attack.

SLAM POWER ATTACK REVISITED

Smaller-based models hit by a slam power attack made by a gargantuan are moved an additional 2".

Its target must be in the Open Fist's field of fire and have a smaller base than the gargantuan.

The gargantuan makes a melee attack against the target. If the attack hits, the target is slammed $d6+2$ " directly away from the gargantuan. The POW of the slam damage roll and the POW of collateral damage rolls resulting from the slam are equal to the STR of the gargantuan.

SWEEP

A gargantuan can use its arms to scythe through models within its reach. A gargantuan must have at least one melee weapon in its left or right field of fire to make a sweep power attack. This model makes one melee attack with the weapon against each model in the weapon's field of fire and within its 2" melee range. Models hit suffer a damage roll with a POW equal to the gargantuan's STR.

WARLOCK UNIT RULES

WARLOCK UNITS

HORDES: *Gargantuans* introduces warlock units. In a warlock unit, the model with the Officer ☞ advantage is the warlock and is the only model in the unit that has the special rules of a warlock. The warlock controls a battlegroup, has a feat, can spend fury, etc. If the warlock is destroyed, his upkeep spells expire and his warbeasts become wild as normal.

A warlock unit is always a character unit because the warlock is a character. Unlike other warlocks, however, a warlock in a unit is not an independent model. He is the unit commander, and as such, he activates as part of the unit.

GRANTED: FEARLESS

A warlock that is part of a warlock unit always has the Granted: Fearless ability. While the warlock is in play, the models in its unit gain Fearless ☞.

BATTLGROUP

The other models in a warlock's unit are part of its battlegroup.

ATTACHMENTS

Warlock units cannot have unit and weapon attachments like other units, but they *can* have warlock attachments like standard warlocks. If a warlock unit has a warlock attachment, the attachment remains a solo and does not become part of the warlock unit.



UNBOUND RULES



LARGE-SCALE BATTLES IN THE IRON KINGDOMS

It took months of preparation and planning to get everyone here. Throngs of war-scarred warriors stand behind you preparing for the gory task ahead. As you look across the field that will soon be stained with blood and littered with the detritus of battle, snarling growls rumble from the beasts you have gathered. They are hungry, and you aim to feed them. Never before have you commanded such a massive gathering of warriors, weapons, and warbeasts, and a trepidatious excitement begins to rise among your army. You are keenly aware of your counterpart across the field, who has amassed an equally terrifying force, but you can already taste victory. The day is yours to win. Your name will be immortalized in the songs of the youths and the teachings of the elders. You need only give your commanders the order: Attack!

This is the cauldron from which legends arise. This is HORDES Unbound.



OVERVIEW

The following rules are an optional system for playing large-scale WARMACHINE and HORDES games. These rules feature a new alternating sequence of play that keeps both players involved constantly throughout the game. Though the standard rules can accommodate large-scale play, these rules present a new way to play WARMACHINE and HORDES that keeps the action fast and furious by removing downtime between players' turns. Instead of each player taking a turn and moving all his models each round and then waiting while his opponent takes a turn and moves all *his* models, Unbound rounds are divided into several turns in which players alternate activating *portions* of their armies. In this way, Unbound simulates the ebb and flow of actual battle, giving players ample opportunity to act and react to the fortunes of war.

Instead of completely replacing the rules of WARMACHINE and HORDES, these rules modify only the structure of play while leaving the core mechanics untouched.

As a result of this alternating sequence of play, some model rules have been modified to integrate better into Unbound games. A list of these changes can be found in the Unbound Rules Appendix, pp. 156-159.

Unbound has been designed with multiplayer and team play in mind in addition to two-player games. These rules are covered below.

UNBOUND ARMY CONSTRUCTION

In Unbound games, each player fields 150-point or larger armies with three or more warcasters or warlocks on each side. An additional warcaster or warlock is added to each army for every additional 50 points of models fielded by each player.

Players can also benefit from Formations when building their armies. Formations are bonuses based on different combinations of models in the army. For a list of Unbound Formations, see pp. 30-35.

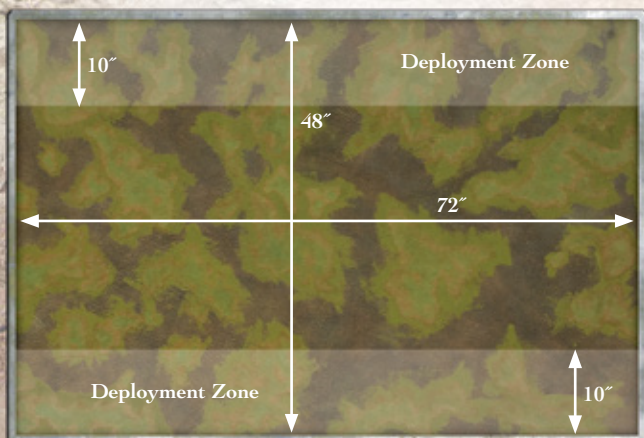


TABLE SIZE

Due to the scope of Unbound games, it is recommended that players use a 4' x 6' table instead of the standard 4' x 4' table. Truly massive games may require even larger tables to accommodate play.

DEPLOYMENT ZONES

Unless otherwise noted, players deploy their armies into standard 10" deployment zones, giving each player a 10" x 72" deployment area.

SEIZING THE INITIATIVE

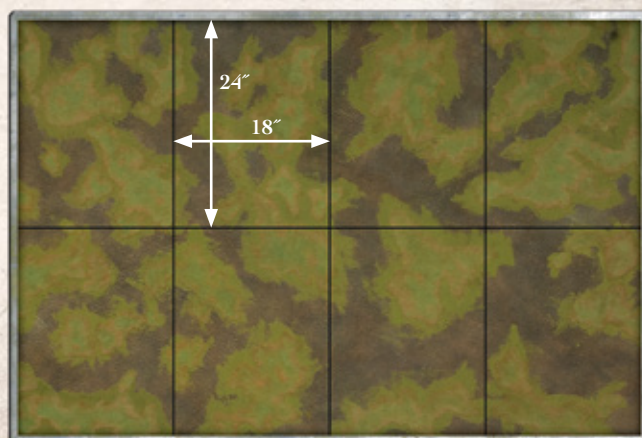
Unless the scenario dictates otherwise, at the start of the game each player makes a starting roll to determine which player will be the first player. The first player sets up first and takes the first turn as in a normal WARMACHINE or HORDES game.

When playing Unbound, the order of play is not static. Instead, beginning with the second round, at the start of each round players roll to determine which player takes the first turn that round. Each player rolls a d6, just as for the starting roll. The player with the higher roll (or the highest roll, in a multiplayer game) has **seized the initiative** and takes the first turn that round.

Note that any modifiers to the starting roll, such as those from the Intelligence ability, do *not* affect the roll to seize the initiative.

DOMINATION BONUS

The more ground a player controls, the greater his chances of seizing the initiative. When playing Unbound, the table is divided into eight 24" x 18" territories. Starting with the beginning of the second round, a player gains +1 on his roll to seize the initiative for each territory he controls at that time. A player controls a territory if he has one or more models completely within it and his opponent does not.





ALTERNATING PLAY

Unbound rounds are divided into a variable number of turns based on the number of warcasters and/or warlocks each player has at the start of the game.

The number of turns each player takes during a round is equal to the number of warcasters and/or warlocks each player has at the start of the game +1. Once the number of turns a player takes during each round has been determined, it does not change as play progresses and warcasters and warlocks are destroyed or removed from play.

PLAY ACCORDINGLY

The round structure of Unbound games substantially changes the familiar timing of the game and forces players to approach their model and unit activations carefully. Notably, many spells and feats that can be stacked in normal WARMACHINE and HORDES games are limited to affecting only the models activating in the current turn.

As in a standard WARMACHINE and HORDES game, a player must activate each model/unit in his army once each round. Contrary to standard games, however, only a subset of models will activate in a given turn. During each of his turns each round, a player can activate one battlegroup and an assortment of other models and units.

During each round, players alternate taking turns, starting with the player who has the initiative. Once both players have completed all their turns, the round ends. A new round then begins starting with a new roll to seize the initiative.

For game effects, a **round** is measured from the current turn to the end of the last turn of the round. A game effect with a duration of one round expires at the end of the current round.

THE ANATOMY OF A ROUND

Each round has three **phases**: Maintenance, Control, and Activation.

MAINTENANCE PHASE

During the Maintenance Phase players take turns performing the following steps, beginning with the player who has the initiative that round. Once the player with the initiative completes all these steps, the next player will resolve them.

1. Remove all focus points from your models. For each of your models with the Fury Manipulation ability, remove all fury points in excess of its FURY stat. Leave fury points on warbeasts at this time.
2. Check for expiration of continuous effects on any models you control. After removing all expired continuous effects, resolve the effects of those that remain in play. All damage dealt by continuous effects is resolved simultaneously.
3. Resolve all other effects that occur during the Maintenance Phase.



CONTROL PHASE

During the Control Phase, players take turns performing the following steps beginning with the player who has the initiative that round. Once the player with the initiative completes all of these steps, the next player will then resolve them.

1. Each of your models with the Focus Manipulation ability, like warcasters, replenishes its focus and receives a number of focus points equal to its current FOCUS. Each of your models with the Fury Manipulation ability can leach any number of fury points up to its current FURY from warbeasts in its battlegroup in its control area.
2. Each model with the Focus Manipulation or Fury Manipulation abilities can spend focus or fury points to maintain its upkeep spells in play. If a model does not spend focus or fury points to maintain a spell requiring upkeep, the spell expires and its effects end immediately.
3. Make a threshold check for each of your warbeasts with 1 or more fury points left on it. Any warbeasts that fail the check immediately frenzy.
4. Resolve all other effects that occur during the Control Phase.

Note that shaking knockdown and stationary effects in an Unbound game occurs at the start of a turn in which a model activates.

Focus is allocated at the start of each turn, rather than at the start of the round.

ACTIVATION PHASE

During the Activation Phase, players take turns activating their models as defined in the Taking Turns section below. All models you control must be activated once per round.

MARKING ACTIVATED UNITS

We strongly recommend marking your models and units as you activate them. This can be accomplished by placing a token next to each model and unit as it activates. Remove those tokens at the end of the round.

During your final turn of each round, it may be helpful to mark activating units with tokens of a different color to denote they activated during your last turn of the round. Leave these off-color tokens in place when the other activation tokens are removed at the end of the round so players will remember which models/unit cannot activate during the first turn of the next round. After that turn ends, remove the off-color tokens since these models are now eligible to activate this round.

TAKING TURNS

Except for his last turn each round, a player must declare his intention to activate one warcaster- or warlock-controlled battlegroup at the start of each of his turns. Though the models in the battlegroup are still activated separately, all models in the declared battlegroup must be activated that turn.

During a turn in which a player activates a battlegroup, he can also activate any combination of the following:

- Up to 4 units
- Up to 4 solos
- Up to 2 independent warjacks
- Up to 2 battle engines

A player can exercise any of these options or none, as he chooses.

Models and units can be activated in any order during a turn. The models in a battlegroup do not have to be activated before other models and units a player is activating that turn.

All of a player's warcaster- or warlock-controlled battlegroups will have activated before his last turn each round. During his last turn each round a player activates his remaining models and units. If a player has already

activated all of his models and units before this turn, he will not be able to activate any models or units during his last turn of the round. Models and units activated during a player's last turn of the previous round cannot be activated during his first turn of a given round. This means that a model can never activate two turns in a row. Note that this rule only applies to models that were activated during each player's last turn of the round (the turn after all warcaster or warlock battlegroups have already been activated).

When a model or unit activates, any warjacks or warbeasts the model or unit controls must also activate that turn. This includes warjacks and warbeasts controlled by 'jack marshals and lesser warlocks.

EXAMPLE: Brent and Jack are playing a 150-point Unbound game and each player is fielding 3 warlocks. Because the players are fielding 3 warlocks each, each will take 4 turns each round. During each player's first 3 turns each round he must activate one battlegroup. In addition to activating the models in the battlegroup, each player can also activate any combination of the following: up to 4 units, 4 solos, and 2 battle engines. During each player's fourth turn of the round he must activate any model or units that he has not yet activated that round. Any models/units activated during that fourth turn cannot be activated during the first turn of the upcoming round.



LOST WARCASERS AND WARLOCKS

If one or more of a player's warcasters or warlocks have been destroyed or removed from play, that player is not required to activate a warcaster- or warlock-controlled battlegroup during each of his turns and can choose which turns to activate his remaining warcaster or warlock-controlled battlegroups. However, he must still activate all of his remaining battlegroups each round, can only activate one warcaster- or warlock-controlled battlegroup each turn, and cannot activate a warcaster or warlock-controlled battlegroup during his last turn each round.

EXAMPLE: Jason and DC are playing a 150-point game with each player taking 4 turns each round. Ordinarily, each player must activate a battlegroup during his first 3 turns each round. However, if one of Jason's warcasters is destroyed, he can activate his remaining two battlegroups on the first, second, or third turns and must activate both by his third turn each round. If Jason loses another warcaster, he can choose to activate his remaining battlegroup during the first, second, or third turns but cannot activate it on his fourth.

FOCUS ALLOCATION

At the start of each of a player's turns, each model with the Focus Manipulation ability activating that turn can allocate focus points to warjacks in its battlegroup that are in its control area.

In order to allocate focus, a player must declare at the start of the turn that the models allocating focus will be activating that turn. This includes non-warcaster models with the Focus Manipulation ability he wants to allocate focus that turn.

HARD TARGETS

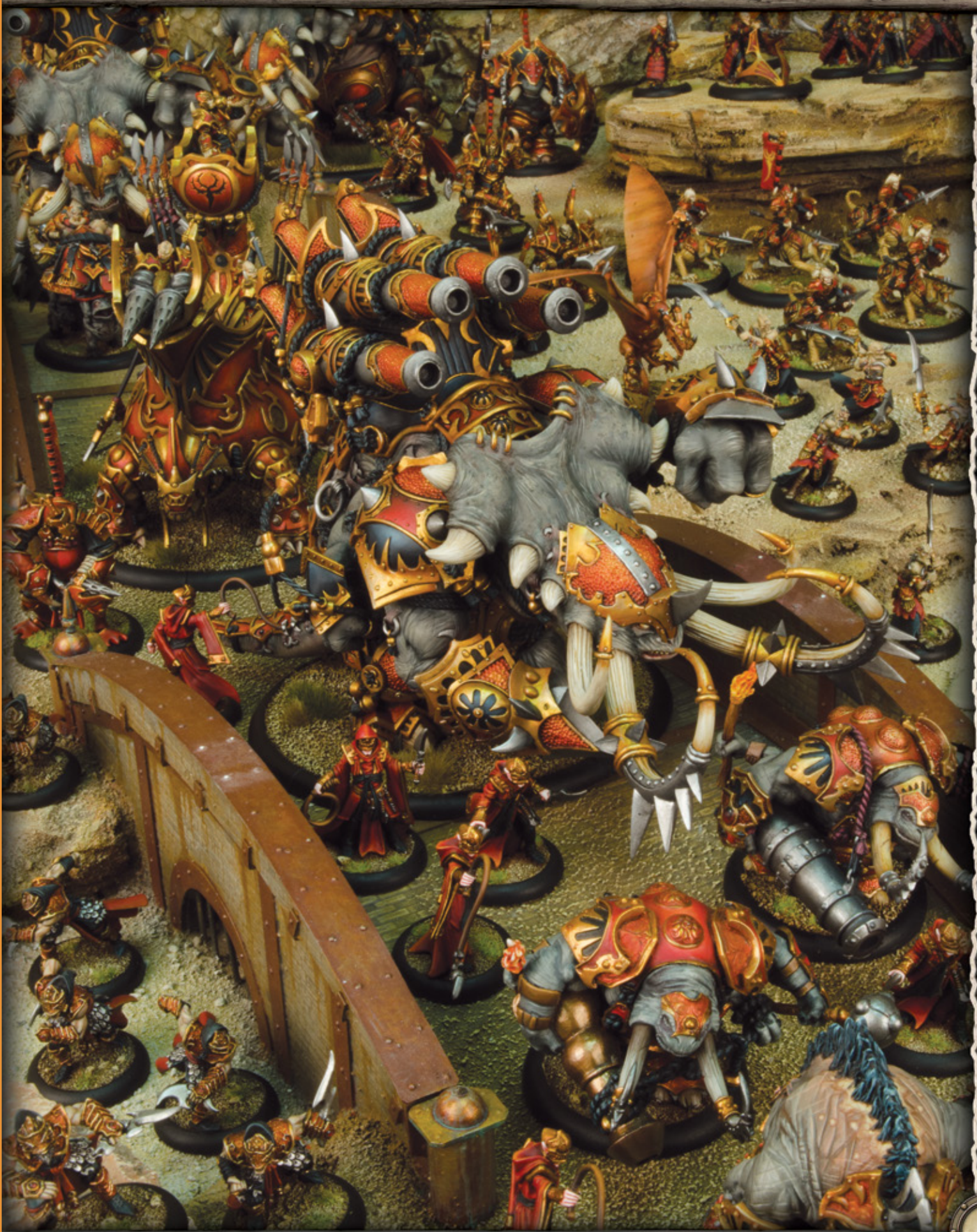
Remember that warcasters that have not yet activated will still have their full focus allotment and therefore will be exceptionally difficult to damage. Players should consider that when determining their order of activation.

SHAKE EFFECTS

Instead of spending focus to shake effects during the Control Phase, a model that can spend focus to shake knock down or stationary does so at the start of its activation.

Instead of being forced to shake effects during the Control Phase, a model that can be forced to shake knock down or stationary does so at the start of its activation.





MULTIPLAYER GAMES

FREE-FOR-ALL GAMES

Unbound can accommodate three or four players in free-for-all games. At the start of the game, all players roll as normal to determine the order of play. At the start of subsequent rounds, players roll to seize the initiative. Reroll ties, with the highest reroll winning the roll, followed by the next highest, and so on.

In a three-player game, each player deploys his models into a 10" × 34" deployment zone. One player deploys in the middle of the west table edge, the next player in the northeast corner of the table, and the third player in the southeast corner of the table.

For a four-player game, increase the table size to 4' × 8'. Each player deploys his models into a 14" × 38" deployment zone, each in a different corner of the table.

TEAM GAMES

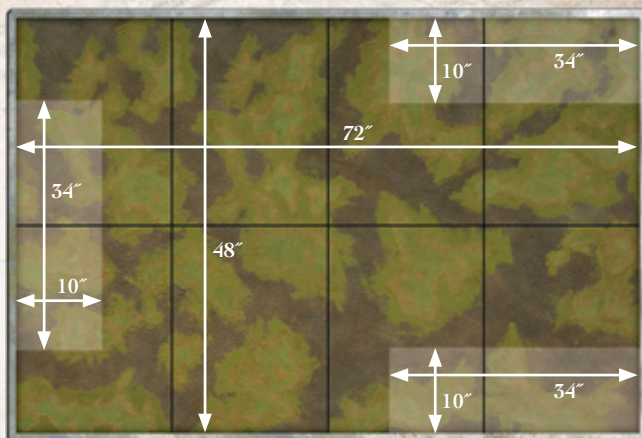
Team games are played with two or more players on each team, with each player controlling one or more battlegroups. Each team plays a single faction, but its army can include non-faction models that will work for that team faction. Players should decide which battlegroups each player will control before the start of the game. Generally, fielded models that are not part of a battlegroup are not assigned to a specific team member.

Instead, players on the team take turns controlling the models that are not part of one of their battlegroups. Remember that each team army can include only one of any character model.

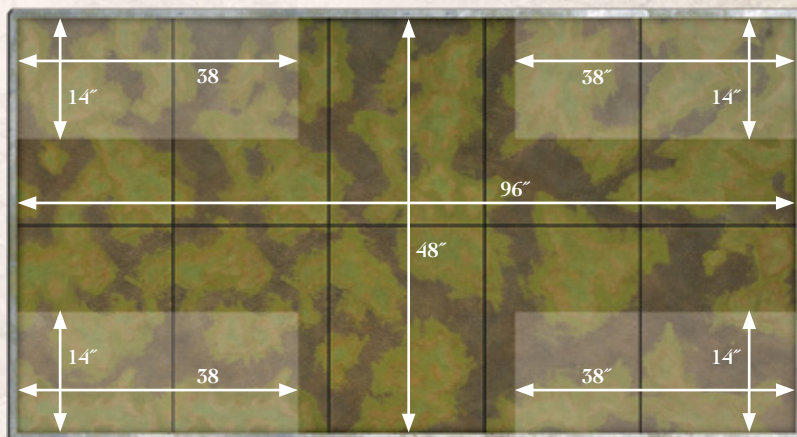
At the start of the game, the teams roll to determine which will set up first and take the first turn. Starting on the second turn, teams will roll to seize the initiative. When calculating a team's domination bonus, count all models on the team.

Throughout each round, teams alternate taking turns. Except for their last turn each round, the players on a team must declare their intention to activate one warcaster- or warlock-controlled battlegroup at the start of each of their turns. The player in control of that battlegroup will then activate all the models in the battlegroup that turn. Additionally, other team members can activate and move additional team models and units that are not part of a battlegroup. On a turn he activates his battlegroup, a player cannot also activate other team models and units. Those are left to his teammates to activate.

THREE-PLAYER GAME



FOUR-PLAYER GAME



During a turn in which a player activates a battlegroup, the other members of the team can activate any combination of the following:

- Up to 4 units
- Up to 4 solos
- Up to 2 independent warjacks
- Up to 2 battle engines

EXAMPLE: Ed and Chris are playing a 150-point game against Bryan and Will. Ed controls two warcasters and Chris controls one. During their first turn of the game, they decide that Ed will activate one of his battlegroups. In addition to Ed activating the models in his battlegroup, Chris can activate up to four units, up to four solos, up to two independent warjacks, and up to two battle engines.



FORMATIONS

Formations are benefits available to players in Unbound games based on the composition of their armies. There is no maximum number of Formation benefits a player can gain for his army. Although the descriptions of Formations are organized by faction, the benefits are granted based on the models in the army, not its primary faction.

EXAMPLE: *If Rask controls three Blackhide Wrastlers while part of a Circle army, the Wrastlers in the army still benefit from the Still Waters Formation.*

Note that some Formations require a grouping of three or more warjacks or warbeasts in a battlegroup. These requirements must be met at the start of the game, and the Formation benefits are not contingent on the models remaining in play.



TROLLBLOOD

TROLL AXER WARBEASTS – DEMOLITION TEAM

Requirement: One or more of your battlegroups includes three or more Troll Axer warbeasts.

Benefit: Troll Axer warbeasts in a battlegroup with three or more Troll Axers gain Tag Team. (When making a melee attack targeting an enemy model in melee range of another friendly model with Tag Team, a model with Tag Team gains +2 to melee attack and melee damage rolls.)

DIRE TROLL BOMBER WARBEASTS – BOMBS AWAY

Requirement: The army includes three or more Dire Troll Bomber warbeasts.

Benefit: Dire Troll Bomber warbeasts gain Assault. (As part of a charge, after moving but before making its charge attack, a model with Assault can make one ranged attack targeting the model charged unless they were in melee with each other at the start of this model's activation. When resolving an Assault ranged attack, the attacking model does not suffer the target in melee penalty. If the target is not in melee range after moving, this model can make the Assault ranged attack before its activation ends.)

DIRE TROLL MAULER WARBEASTS – BUCKING BRONCOS

Requirement: The army includes three or more Dire Troll Mauler warbeasts.

Benefit: Dire Troll Mauler warbeasts gain Counter Charge. (When an enemy model advances and ends its movement within 6" of a model with Counter Charge and in its LOS, the model with Counter Charge can immediately charge it. If it does, it cannot make another counter charge until after your next turn. A model with Counter Charge cannot make a counter charge while engaged.)

MOUNTAIN KING GARGANTUANS – GRUMPY OLD MEN

Requirement: The army includes two or more Mountain King gargantuans.

Benefit: Reduce the cost of Mountain King gargantuans by 1. Additionally, Mountain King gargantuans gain Deathdealer. (Models with Deathdealer gain +2 on melee attack rolls against trooper models.)

TROLLKIN CHAMPION UNITS – BACK TO BACK

Requirement: The army includes three or more Trollkin Champion units.

Benefit: Trollkin Champion units gain Stalwart. (While B2B with another model in its unit, a model with Stalwart cannot be knocked down.)

TROLLKIN FENNBLADES UNITS – HEADSMEN

Requirement: The army includes three or more Trollkin Fennblade units.

Benefit: Trollkin Fennblade units gain Unyielding. (While engaging an enemy model, a model with Unyielding gains +2 ARM.)

TROLLKIN WAR WAGON BATTLE ENGINES – DEFENSIVE DRIVING

Requirement: The army includes two or more Trollkin War Wagon battle engines.

Benefit: Trollkin War Wagon battle engines gain +2 DEF.



CIRCLE ORBOROS

SCARFELL GRIFFON WARBEASTS – ACES HIGH

Requirement: The army includes three or more Scarsfell Griffon warbeasts.

Benefit: Scarsfell Griffon warbeasts gain Advance Deployment (A).

FERAL WARPWOLF WARBEASTS – FORAGERS

Requirement: The army includes three or more Feral Warwolf warbeasts.

Benefit: Feral Warwolf warbeasts gain Snacking. (When a model with Snacking boxes a living model with a melee attack, the model with Snacking can heal d3 damage points. If the model heals, the boxed model is removed from play.)



WOLD GUARDIAN WARBEASTS – THE INDOMITABLE

Requirement: The army includes three or more Wold Guardian warbeasts.

Benefit: Wold Guardian warbeasts gain Bulldoze. (When a model with Bulldoze advances into B2B contact with an enemy model during its activation, it can push that model up to 2" directly away from it. A model can be pushed by Bulldoze only once per activation. Bulldoze has no effect when this model makes a trample power attack.)

WOLDWRATH GARGANTUANS – NATURAL WONDERS

Requirement: The army includes two or more Woldwrath gargantuans.

Benefit: Reduce the cost of Woldwrath gargantuans by 1. Additionally, Woldwrath gargantuans gain Regeneration. (A model with Regeneration can be forced to heal d3 damage points once per activation. A model cannot use Regeneration during an activation it runs.)

REEVE OF ORBOROS UNITS AND WAR WOLF SOLOS – PET WOLVES

Requirement: The army includes three or more Reeve of Orboros units.

Benefit: For each Reeve of Orboros unit in the army add one War Wolf solo free of cost. These solos ignore normal FA restrictions.

THARN RAVAGER UNITS – HARVEST SEASON

Requirement: The army includes three or more Tharn Ravager units.

Benefit: Tharn Ravager models each begin the game with one corpse token.

CELESTIAL FULCRUM BATTLE ENGINES – LUNAR ALIGNMENT

Requirement: The army includes two or more Celestial Fulcrum battle engines.

Benefit: Celestial Fulcrum battle engines each begin the game with 3 fury points.

SKORNE

CYCLOPS SAVAGE WARBEASTS – BOON OF DESTINY

Requirement: One or more of your battlegroups includes three or more Cyclops Savage warbeasts.

Benefit: A warlock that starts the game with three or more Cyclops Savage warbeasts in its battlegroup gains Future Sight.

TITAN CANNONEER WARBEASTS – FIRE BRIGADE

Requirement: The army includes three or more Titan Cannoneer warbeasts.

Benefit: Titan Cannoneer warbeasts' Siege Guns become AOE 5.

TITAN GLADIATOR AND BRONZEBACK TITAN WARBEASTS – SHOCK ASSAULT

Requirement: The army includes two or more Titan Gladiator warbeasts and one or more Bronzeback Titan warbeasts.

Benefit: Bronzeback Titan warbeasts gain Advance Move. For every Bronzeback Titan warbeast in the army, up to two Titan Gladiator warbeasts also gain Advance Move. (Before the start of the game but after both players have deployed, a model with Advance Move can make a full advance.)

MAMMOTH GARGANTUANS – TARGET PRACTICE

Requirement: The army includes two or more Mammoth gargantuans.

Benefit: Reduce the cost of Mammoth gargantuans by 1. Additionally, Mammoth gargantuans gain Corrective Firing. (A model with Corrective Firing gains a cumulative +1 on ranged attack rolls against a model it has targeted with a ranged attack roll this turn for each time it has previously targeted the model this turn.)

CATAPHRACT UNITS – FORTIFIED LINE

Requirement: The army includes three or more Cataphract units of the same type.

Benefit: Cataphract units gain Advance Move. (Before the start of the game but after both players have deployed, a model with Advance Move can make a full advance.)

VENATOR REIVER UNITS – HEAVY WEAPONS

Requirement: The army includes two or more Venator Reiver units.

Benefit: Add a Venator Flayer Cannon Crew unit to the army free of cost. For every additional Venator Reiver unit in the army after the first two, add an additional Venator Flayer Cannon Crew unit to the army free of cost. These units ignore FA restrictions.

SIEGE ANIMANTARAX BATTLE ENGINES – RAPID DOMINANCE

Requirement: The army includes two or more Siege Animantarax battle engines.

Benefit: Siege Animantarax battle engines each begin with three rage tokens.



LEGION OF EVERBLIGHT

NEPHILIM SOLDIER WARBEASTS – DEATH FROM ABOVE

Requirement: The army includes three or more Nephilim Soldier warbeasts.

Benefit: Nephilim Soldier warbeasts gain Sprint. (At the end of its activation, if a model with Sprint destroyed one or more enemy models with melee attacks this activation it can make a full advance.)

RAEK WARBEASTS – HUNTING PACK

Requirement: One or more of your battlegroups includes three or more Raek warbeasts.

Benefit: Raek warbeasts in a battlegroup with three or more Raeks gain Advance Deployment (A) and Long Leash. (When checking to see if a model with Long Leash is in its controller's control area, double the area.)



CARNIVEAN WARBEASTS – HUNGER MOTIVATION

Requirement: The army includes three or more Carnivean warbeasts.

Benefit: Carnivean warbeasts gain Aggressive. (A model with Aggressive can run or charge without spending focus or being forced.)

ARCHANGEL GARGANTUANS – FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS

Requirement: The army includes two or more Archangel gargantuans.

Benefit: Reduce the cost of Archangel gargantuans by 1. Additionally, Archangel gargantuans gain Point Blank. (During its activation, a model with Point Blank can make melee attacks with its ranged weapon, with a 0.5" melee range. Do not add the model's STR to damage rolls made with ranged weapons. Charge attacks made with ranged weapons are not boosted.)

BLIGHTED NYSS SWORDSMAN UNITS – SEEK & DESTROY

Requirement: The army includes three or more Blighted Nyss Swordsman units.

Benefit: Blighted Nyss Swordsman units gain Hunter and Pathfinder (P). (A model with Hunter ignores forests, concealment, and cover when determining LOS or making a ranged attack.)

BLIGHTED OGRUN WARSPEAR UNITS – BLOODY MURDER

Requirement: The army includes three or more Blighted Ogrun Warspear units.

Benefit: Blighted Ogrun Warspear units gain Quick Work. (When a model with Quick Work destroys one or more enemy models with a melee attack during its combat action, immediately after the attack is resolved it can make one normal ranged attack. Attacks gained from Quick Work do not count against a weapon's ROF.)

THRONE OF EVERBLIGHT BATTLE ENGINES – ROOKS

Requirement: The army includes two or more Throne of Everblight battle engines.

Benefit: Throne of Everblight battle engines each begin the game with three corpse tokens.

MINIONS

BONESWARM WARBEASTS – DEATH REAVERS

Requirement: One or more of your battlegroups includes three or more Boneswarm warbeasts.

Benefit: Boneswarm warbeasts in a battlegroup with three or more Boneswarm warbeasts each begin with one corpse token.

BLACKHIDE WRASTLER WARBEASTS – STILL WATERS

Requirement: The army includes three or more Blackhide Wrastler warbeasts.

Benefit: Blackhide Wrastler warbeasts gain Feign Death. (A model with Feign Death cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks while knocked down.)

SWAMP HORROR WARBEASTS – HELPING HANDS

Requirement: The army includes three or more Swamp Horror warbeasts.

Benefit: Swamp Horror warbeasts gain Lash. (A model with Lash and friendly warrior models B2B with it cannot be knocked down.)

BOG TROG AMBUSER UNITS – SPECIAL FORCES

Requirement: The army includes three or more Bog Trog Ambusher units.

Benefit: Bog Trog Ambusher units gain Stealth (S).

GUN BOAR WARBEASTS – SUPPLY RAID

Requirement: The army includes three or more Gun Boar warbeasts.

Benefit: Gun Boar warbeasts' Big Guns become ROF 2.

ROAD HOG WARBEASTS – BLOCKADE RUNNERS

Requirement: The army includes three or more Road Hog warbeasts.

Benefit: Road Hog warbeasts gain Bulldoze. (When a model with Bulldoze advances into B2B contact with an enemy model during its activation, it can push that model up to 2" directly away from it. A model can be pushed by Bulldoze only once per activation. Bulldoze has no effect when this model makes a trample power attack.)

FARROW BRIGAND UNITS – HEAVY RAID

Requirement: The army includes two or more Farrow Brigand units.

Benefit: Add a Farrow Razorback Crew unit to the army free of cost. For every additional Farrow Brigand unit in the army after the first two, add an additional Farrow Razorback Crew unit to the army free of cost. These units ignore FA restrictions.

FARROW SLAUGHTERHOUSER UNITS – GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT

Requirement: The army includes three or more Slaughterhouser units.

Benefit: Slaughterhouser models gain Relentless Charge. (Models with Relentless Charge gain Pathfinder (P) during activations they charge.)



UNBOUND SCENARIOS

The following scenarios have been designed for Unbound games. They reflect titanic clashes between armies in the midst of war and cover a broad selection of missions and battlefield conditions. Unbound scenarios are narrative and mission-oriented and are not purely competitive. These scenarios do not simply create an alternate win condition but instead frequently alter how the game itself is played.

Unless otherwise noted, these scenarios are intended to be played on a 4' × 6' table.

When selecting a scenario, players either agree on which scenario to play or roll on the appropriate table below. It is best for players to determine which scenario they will play prior to building their armies since the scenario rules can introduce significant twists, such as building destruction or board-wide flooding.

TERRAIN PLACEMENT

Before choosing their deployment zones, players take turns placing terrain features. Players alternate placing terrain features until one player wishes to stop. The other player is then allowed to place one additional terrain feature. Each player must place a minimum of three terrain features unless otherwise dictated by a scenario's special rules.



Terrain features should be moderately sized, no more than 12" across. A terrain feature cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature. The exceptions to this are that terrain features can be placed on hills and that trench terrain features can be placed where they touch other trench terrain features.

MULTIPLAYER PLAY

Many of the following scenarios are suitable for play with three or four players. Additional rules for each of those scenarios are described in its Multiplayer Game section.

RANDOM SCENARIO DETERMINATION

If both players agree, instead of choosing a scenario for the battle, you can roll 2d6 and consult this table to determine the scenario you will play.

ROLL	RESULT
2	Basic Battle
3	Treasure Hunt
4	Battle in the Wilderness
5	Occupation
6	The Great Divide
7	No Man's Land
8	Barnstormers
9	Last Stand
10	King of the Hill
11	Scorched Earth
12	Floodland

For multiplayer battles, you can roll a d6 and consult this table to determine the scenario you will play.

ROLL	RESULT
1	Barnstormers
2	Battle in the Wilderness
3	Floodland
4	King of the Hill
5	Occupation
6	Treasure Hunt

BASIC BATTLE

Mortal man is never so close to the divine as when he commands a great army in battle.

—Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk

DESCRIPTION

The loss of the army's commanders will deal a crippling blow to any force and may shatter the morale of an entire army. In this battle, two armies clash with the goal of destroying the opposing commanders.

SPECIAL RULES

There are no special rules for this scenario.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is suitable for multiplayer play.



BARN STORMERS

That fortification not only offers sanctuary but is the key to this battle.

—Grissel Bloodsong

DESCRIPTION

The significance of any refuge from the guns of the enemy cannot be overstated. In the maelstrom of war, any townhouse, ruin, or standing structure can become a de facto fortress.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing any other terrain features, place a 6" × 10" structure in the center of the table, as shown on the diagram below. That structure is an obstruction that cannot be damaged. It should have entryways large enough to accommodate large-based models on two opposite sides.

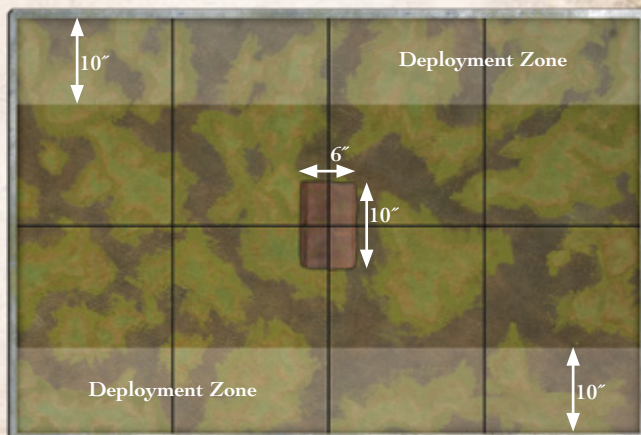
Throughout the scenario, players will attempt to hold the structure. At the end of each round, a player holds the structure and scores 1 victory point if he has one or more models completely in the structure and his opponent has none. Ignore models that are fleeing or out of formation, inert warjacks, and wild warbeasts when determining whether a player holds the structure.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has 3 victory points or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is suitable for multiplayer play.



BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS

What none remember is that the roots of these great trees have long drunk of the blood of the dead and dying.

—The Old Witch of Khador

DESCRIPTION

Two vast armies fall upon each other in the midst of an ancient forest. Only the more tenacious will be able to oust the enemy and take the day.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing any other terrain features, place an 8"-diameter forest in the center of the table. Players then take turns each placing four additional 8"-diameter forests anywhere within 8" of the center forest. These forests cannot be placed within 3" of each other or the center forest.

Throughout the scenario, players will attempt to hold these sections of forest. A player holds a forest if he has one or more models completely within the area of a forest and his opponent has none. Ignore models that are fleeing or

out of formation, inert warjacks, and wild warbeasts when determining whether a player holds a forest.

After the forests are placed, players take turns placing up to two additional terrain features each. Remember that a terrain feature cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature, including a forest.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Starting at the end of the second round, a player wins the game if at the end of the round he holds five or more of the forests. A player also wins if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

In a three-player game, do not place a forest in the center of the table. Instead, players take turns each placing three 8"-diameter forests anywhere within 18" of the center of the table. These forests cannot be placed within 3" of each other.

In a four-player game, place an 8"-diameter forest in the center of the table. Players then take turns each placing two additional 8"-diameter forests anywhere within 8" of the center forest. These forests cannot be placed within 3" of each other or the center forest.





FLOODLAND

A great tide is coming that will wash our enemies from these sacred lands.

—Hierarch Severius

DESCRIPTION

Endless rains are taking their toll, and it is only a matter of time until the floodwaters rise. The army that succeeds in holding the high ground will be the one to take the day.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing any other terrain features, place five 10"-diameter hills on the table. The first hill is placed in the center of the table. The next hill is centered on a point 14" from the north table edge and 14" from the east table edge. The third hill is centered at a point 14" from the north table edge and 14" from the west table edge. The fourth hill is centered at a point 14" from the south table edge and 14" from the east table edge. The final hill is centered at a point 14" from the south table edge and 14" from the west table edge.

After placing the hills, players take turns placing terrain normally. Remember, terrain features can be placed on the hills.

At the start of every round beginning with the second, roll a d6. On a 5 or 6, the floods come. During the round the floods come, all non-elevated portions of the table are covered by shallow water. After the end of that round, all non-elevated portions of the table are considered to be rough terrain for the rest of the game.

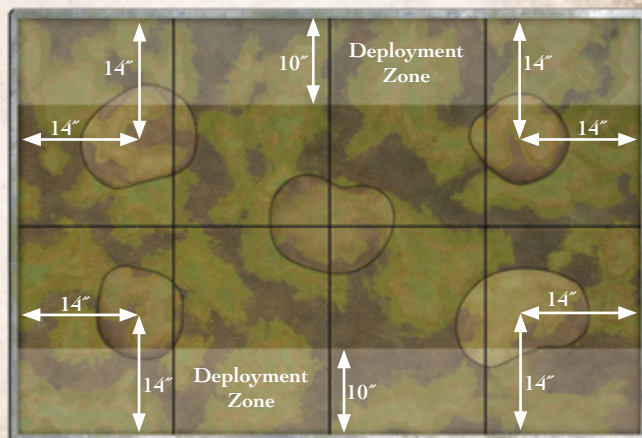
Players score victory points by holding the 10"-diameter hills. A player holds a hill if he has one or more models on it and his opponent has none. At the end of each round, a player scores 1 victory point if he holds three or more of the hills. Ignore models that are fleeing or out of formation, inert warjacks, and wild warbeasts when determining whether a player holds a hill.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has 3 victory points or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is suitable for multiplayer play. A player wins the game when he has 2 victory points or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.



THE GREAT DIVIDE

Wheel your horses around the right flank and I'll strike their center. By Morrow, we will meet in the middle and send them all screaming to Urcaen.

—General Adept Nemo

DESCRIPTION

The surest path to victory is to flank your opponent, to divide his forces, and watch his army collapse under the weight of your assault.

SPECIAL RULES

This scenario is played on a table turned lengthwise with players deploying to the 4' table edges.

Models with Ambush cannot be placed within 30" of the rear of your opponent's deployment zone.

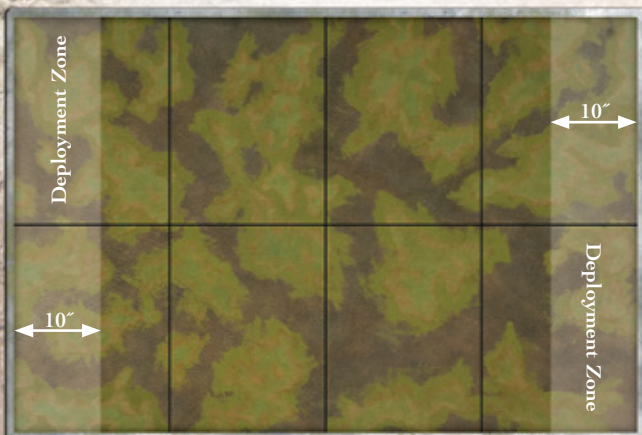
A player scores 1 victory point at the end of his last turn each round if he has one or more models in his opponent's deployment zone and his opponent has no models in his deployment zone.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has 2 victory points or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is not suitable for multiplayer play.



KING OF THE HILL

With the high ground we assure their death.

—Lylyth, Shadow of Everblight

DESCRIPTION

Many battles are fought over strategic locations of uncertain value, but all military strategists know the importance of taking a significant hill before securing ancillary vantage points.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing terrain features, place a hill at least 10" in diameter in the center of the table. No other terrain features can be placed on this hill. After the hill is placed, players take turns placing terrain normally.

At the end of each round, a player scores 1 victory point if he has more models on the hill than his opponent does. Ignore models that are fleeing or out of formation, inert warjacks, and wild warbeasts when counting models on the hill.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has 3 victory points or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

In a three-player game, center the hill at a point in the middle of the table 28" from the west table edge.

In a four-player game, the hill remains centered in the middle of the table.



LAST STAND

Archdomina, their forces are surrounded. We begin the final assault at your pleasure.

—Tyrant Xerxis

DESCRIPTION

Last Stand is a desperate battle for survival. Surrounded and cut off from support, one army prepares for the onslaught of its enemies while the other moves to capitalize on its fortunes or be destroyed in the attempt.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing terrain, players each roll a d6. The high roller chooses whether to be the attacker or the defender.

The attacker sets up first and takes the first turn, but his models lose the Advance Deployment advantage.

The defender's deployment zone is a 12" × 36" area in the southeast table edge. The attacker can deploy his forces anywhere within 10" of the north and west table edges.

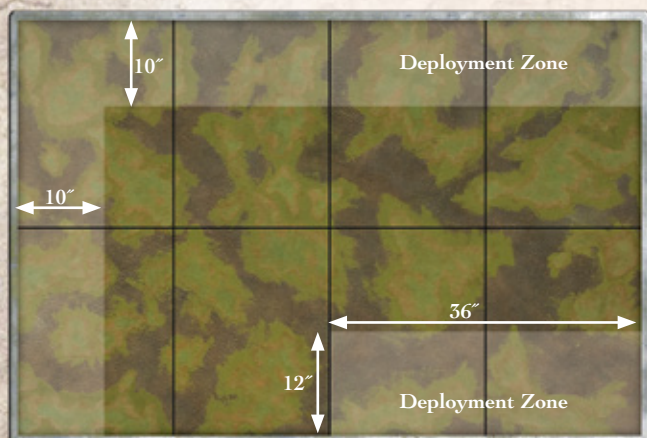
The defender can place two terrain features up to 10" wide within his deployment zone. After these two terrain features are placed, players take turns placing terrain. The defender cannot place terrain within either player's deployment zone, and the attacker cannot place terrain within the defender's deployment zone.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is not suitable for multiplayer games.



NO MAN'S LAND

Supreme Kommandant, the only thing standing between us and victory is a maze of trenches, death traps, and those pitiful ruins our enemies call fortifications. It is going to be a glorious day!

—Karchev the Terrible

DESCRIPTION

The battlefield is a blasted wasteland divided by twisted networks of winding trenches where death lurks behind every corner. The only measure of victory is in territory gained.

SPECIAL RULES

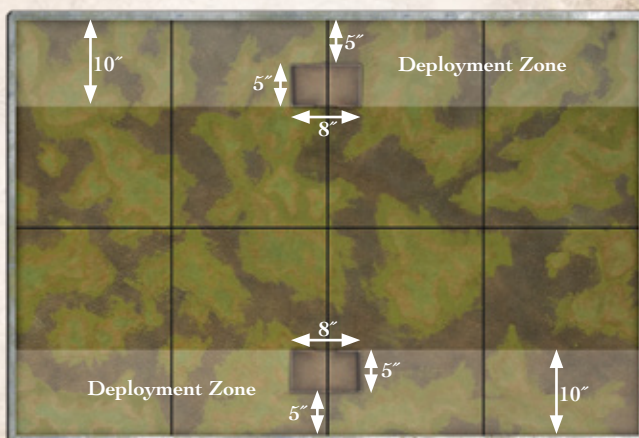
Each player begins with a 5" × 8" command trench in the middle of his deployment zone, 5" from his rear table edge. Players take turns each placing fifteen 3" × 5" trench terrain features. Trench terrain features can be placed in contact with other trench terrain features. After these trenches have been placed, each player can place one additional terrain feature no more than 10" in diameter on his side of the table at least 10" from the nearest trench terrain feature.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game at the end of any of his turns if he has more models completely in his opponent's command trench than his opponent has in that trench. Ignore models that are fleeing or out of formation, inert warjacks, and wild warbeasts when counting models in a command trench. A player also wins the game when he has the only remaining warcaster(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is not suitable for multiplayer games.





OCCUPATION

Only two blocks of blasted and burning buildings stand between us and the enemy. However, my orders say to take and hold this town and that is exactly what I intend to do.

—Captain Kara Sloan

DESCRIPTION

This battle takes place within the sprawling confines of a small town. Its outer defenses are breached, and two great armies now rush to secure the town before it is consumed by the flames of war.

SPECIAL RULES

In the center of the table is an 18" × 18" area representing the Town Square. In the middle of the Town Square is 5"-diameter raised fountain. The fountain area is shallow water that provides cover. Place eight 4" × 6" structures around the Town Square as shown on the map. These structures are ARM 16 and collapse after taking 80 points of damage.

Players then take turns placing terrain normally. Each player must place at least three terrain features, which is limited to structures, ruins, walls, and up to one forest. Remember that terrain features cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature. Additionally, no terrain features can be placed within the Town Square.

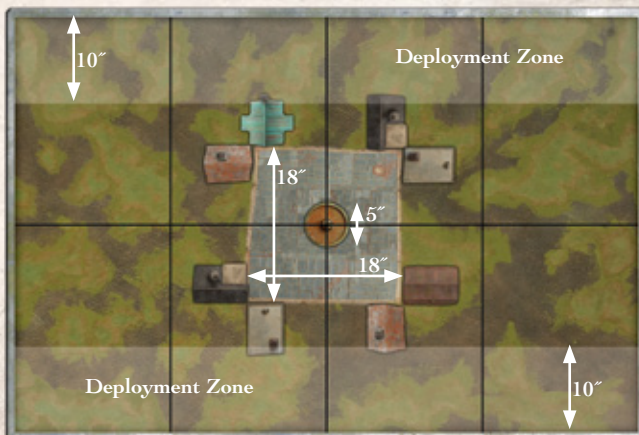
At the end of each round starting with the second, a player scores 1 victory point if he has more models completely in the area of the Town Square than his opponent. Ignore models that are fleeing or out of formation, inert warjacks, and wild warbeasts when determining models in the area of the Town Square.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when he has 3 victory points or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

In a three-player game, center the Town Square at a point in the middle of the table 28" from the west table edge. The Town Square remains centered in the middle of the table in a four-player game.



SCORCHED EARTH

Leave no stone standing. It will be as if the elements themselves passed judgment upon our enemies.

—Krueger the Stormwrath

DESCRIPTION

This battle fully embraces the spirit of total war. One army defends a fortified base, settlement, or encampment while their enemies attempt to destroy every structure left standing.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing terrain, players each roll a d6. The high roller chooses whether to be the attacker or the defender.

Before deploying, the defender places five structures within 20" of the center of the table but not within 5" of a deployment zone. He must place three of these structures

completely on his own side of the table and the other two completely on the attacker's side of the table. The structures cannot be smaller than 3" × 5" or larger than 6" × 8", are ARM 18, and collapse after taking 100 points of damage.

After the five structures are placed, the defender can place up to three additional terrain features. The attacker can then place up to two terrain features. Remember that a terrain feature cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature, including a structure.

The defender deploys his models first and takes the first turn.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins when three of the structures are collapsed or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play. The defender wins if at the end of the fifth round three structures remain standing or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

This scenario is not suitable for multiplayer games.



TREASURE HUNT

If it falls into the wrong hands it could change the course of history...

—Major Victoria Haley

DESCRIPTION

It is a race for vast riches, ancient artifacts, or secret lore as rival armies compete to unearth and retrieve hidden treasures.

SPECIAL RULES

Before placing any other terrain features, players take turns each placing two 4" × 6" ruins anywhere not within 18" of the back edge of a deployment zone. These ruins cannot be placed within 5" of another ruin. After the ruins have been placed, players take turns each placing two additional terrain features.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PRIZE

Players should strive to keep their forces mobile in this scenario. Going for a warcaster kill may be rewarding in the short term, but the real prize here is the treasure. As ruins are eliminated as hiding places and the potential locations become increasingly limited, you will want to reposition your models to concentrate on those ruins that remain unsearched. It could take quite a while to reveal which ruin contains the treasure, so plan your end game accordingly!

Ruins are rough terrain. A model within the area of a ruin gains cover.

In this scenario, players are competing to locate and retrieve a treasure. To find the treasure, players must have their models search the ruins.

Models cannot begin the game within the area of a ruin.

A player can have one of his warrior models search a ruin if the only models in the ruin are his and the searching model began its activation completely within the ruin. To search the ruin, the model must make a special action while completely within the ruin. When a model makes a special action to search a ruin, roll a d6. On a 6 the treasure has been found. Each ruin can be searched only once. If the treasure has not yet been found when the last ruin is searched, that search automatically results in finding the treasure.

Whether or not the treasure is found, the model's activation ends immediately after the special action is resolved.

Once a model locates the treasure, the treasure will move with that model. It may be helpful to place a marker next to the model currently carrying the treasure.

A friendly warrior model B2B with the model carrying the treasure can make a special action to take the treasure. The treasure can change hands this way only once each turn.

If the model carrying the treasure is destroyed or removed from play, mark the location of the center of the model's base at the time it left play. This is the new location of the treasure. If the model carrying the treasure moves or is placed by any means other than advancing, it drops the treasure, which remains on the table centered on the model's location before moving or being placed.

If the treasure is on the table and not being carried by model, a warrior model in B2B contact with the treasure can perform a special action to pick it up.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the game when the treasure is within his deployment zone or if he has the only remaining warcaster(s) or warlock(s) in play.

MULTIPLAYER GAME

In multiplayer games each player places only two ruins. In a four-player game, the ruins can be placed within 22" of the center of the table.



THEME FORCES



HUNTERS GRIM HUNTING PARTY

WARBEASTS: Trollblood non-character warbeasts

UNITS: Pyg Bushwhackers, Thumper Crews, Trollkin Highwaymen, Trollkin Scouts, Trollkin Sluggers

SOLOS: Fell Caller solos

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: Reduce the cost of Thumper Crew units by 1. For each non-Thumper Crew unit in the army, increase the FA of Thumper Crew units by +1.

TIER 2

Requirements: The army includes one or more Trollkin Scout units.

Benefit: Trollkin Scout units gain Ambush. (You can choose not to deploy a unit with Ambush at the start of the game. If it is not deployed normally, you can put it into play at the end of any of your Control Phases after

your first turn. When you do, choose any table edge except the back of your opponent's deployment zone. Place the models in the unit within 3" of the chosen table edge.)

TIER 3

Requirements: The army includes three or more light warbeasts.

Benefit: Light warbeasts gain Advance Deployment (A).

TIER 4

Requirements: The army includes one or more Pyg Bushwhacker units.

Benefit: Your deployment zone is extended 2" forward.



MORVAHNA THE DAWNshadow SEASONS OF FATE

WARBEASTS: Circle non-character warbeasts

UNITS: Druids of Orboros, Tharn units

SOLOS: Druid Wilder, Gallows Grove, Blackclad solos, Tharn solos

BATTLE ENGINE: Celestial Fulcrum

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: You can redeploy models/units with Prey after both players have deployed but before the first player's first turn. The redeployed models must be placed on the table in a location they could have been deployed initially.

TIER 2

Requirements: Morvahna's battlegroup includes two or more living warbeasts.

Benefit: You gain +1 on your starting roll for the game.

TIER 3

Requirements: The army includes a Druid Wilder.

Benefit: Friendly models/units can begin the game affected by Morvahna's upkeep spells. These spells and their targets must be declared before either player sets up models. Morvahna does not pay focus to upkeep these spells during your first turn.

TIER 4

Requirements: The army includes two or more Tharn units.

Benefit: Reduce the point cost of Tharn unit attachments and weapon attachments by 1.



MAKEDA & THE EXALTED COURT ARMAGEDDON

WARBEASTS: Skorne non-character warbeasts

UNITS: Paingiver Beast Handlers, Cataphract units, small-based Praetorian units

SOLOS: Ancestral Guardian solos, Aptimus Marketh

BATTLE ENGINE: Siege Animantarax

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: Makeda & the Exalted Court gain Advance Move. (Before the start of the game but after both players have deployed, a model with Advance Move can make a full advance.)

TIER 2

Requirements: The army includes Aptimus Marketh.

Benefit: Aptimus Marketh and Ancestral Guardian solos each begin the game with one soul token.

TIER 3

Requirements: Makeda's battlegroup includes three or more warbeasts.

Benefit: You gain +1 on your starting roll for the game.

TIER 4

Requirements: The army includes one or more Mammoth gargantuans.

Benefit: Reduce the cost of huge-based models in this army by 2.



LYLYTH, RECKONING OF EVERBLIGHT SCOURGE OF GOD

WARBEASTS: Legion non-character warbeasts

UNITS: Legion units with ranged weapons

SOLOS: Beast Mistress, Blighted Nyss Shepherd, Legion solos with ranged weapons

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: For each Strider Deathstalker solo in the army, you can redeploy one model/unit after both players have deployed but before the first player's first turn. The redeployed models must be placed on the table in a location they could have been deployed initially.

TIER 2

Requirements: The army includes one or more units.

Benefit: Units gain Stealth ④ during the first round of the game.

TIER 3

Requirements: The army includes one or more Blighted Nyss Shepherds.

Benefit: For each Blighted Nyss Shepherd solo in the army, one warbeast in Lylyth's battlegroup can use its animus during your first turn without being forced. These warbeasts cannot also be forced to use their animi that turn.

TIER 4

Requirements: Lylyth's battlegroup includes one or more Archangel gargantuans.

Benefit: For each Archangel gargantuan in Lylyth's battlegroup, add a lesser warbeast to Lylyth's battlegroup free of cost.



MIDAS BUTCHER'S BLOCK

WARBEASTS: Minion Farrow
non-character warbeasts

UNITS: Farrow units

SOLOS: Farrow solos, Rorsh & Brine

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: Farrow Bone Grinder units become FA U. Midas' battlegroup can include Boneswarm warbeasts.

TIER 2

Requirements: This army includes one or more Farrow Bone Grinder units.

Benefit: For each Farrow Bone Grinder unit in the army, one warbeast in Midas' battlegroup gains Advance Move. (Before the start of the game but after both players have deployed, a model with Advance Move can make a full advance.)

TIER 3

Requirements: The army includes one or more Slaughterhouser units.

Benefit: For each Slaughterhouser unit in the army, one Boneswarm warbeast begins the game with three corpse tokens.

TIER 4

Requirements: Midas' battlegroup includes four or more warbeasts.

Benefit: Add one Farrow non-character warbeast to Midas' battlegroup. The warbeast begins the game destroyed.



RASK WATERY GRAVES

WARBEASTS: Minion Gatorman
non-character warbeasts

SOLOS: Thrullg, Minion solos with Amphibious,
Totem Hunter

UNITS: Gatorman Bokor & Bog Trog
Swamp Shamblers, Bog Trog units

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: Gatorman Bokor & Bog Trog Swamp Shambler units become FA 2. Bog Trog Ambusher units become FA 4.

TIER 2

Requirements: The army includes Totem Hunter.

Benefit: Solos in the army gain Advance Move. (Before the start of the game but after both players have deployed, a model with Advance Move can make a full advance.)

TIER 3

Requirements: The army includes two or more units.

Benefit: For every two units in the army, add a Croak Hunter solo to the army free of cost. These solos do not count toward FA restrictions.

TIER 4

Requirements: Rask's battlegroup includes three or more warbeasts.

Benefit: Your deployment zone is extended 2" forward.



TROLLBLOODS

DEEP ENMITY AND COLD BLOOD

Helmsreach, In the Wyrmwall Mountains

Grim Angus propped his rifle against his shoulder and set his eye against the scope. This high up, Headhunter gave him a commanding view of the secluded mountain valley below. It was an idyllic place, untouched by the nations of the Iron Kingdoms or those serving them. A wide stream ran the length of the valley floor, feeding into and flowing out of a small lake. Above the lake stood an imposing wall of granite, a flat-topped cliff nestled between the mountainsides.

What Grim saw in the valley was wholly unexpected: a daunting force of Tharn, warpborn skinwalkers, woldstalkers, and dozens of blackclad druids, with a number of mighty beasts and stone wold constructs. He panned Headhunter left and right, estimating troop counts as his lens passed over the force. Most were concentrated near the base of the granite cliff.

Half a dozen woldwardens clustered around a massive wold that was easily thirty feet tall and carved of such a tremendous volume of wood and stone that its ability to move defied all reason. Grim recognized it as a woldwrath, one of the greatest weapons in the druids' arsenal. It drew back one mighty fist and smashed it into the cliff side to gouge a huge chunk of stone from the wall amid a shower of debris. Large pieces of stone were hauled away by groups of Tharn or other wolds. Elsewhere ranking blackclads stood surrounded by runes of power as they directed pieces of stone to float across the air. He saw several of these gathered near one of the cliff faces, and by the power of their will alone an enormous fragment shivered free and drifted to join the others.

Grim felt certain this was not simply a quarry; woldwraths were too valuable for that. He moved Headhunter up the granite face of the cliff, his view through the scope shaking slightly as the woldwrath continued to pound at the rock. There, atop the mesa-like cliff, was what Hoarluk Doomshaper had sent him to find.

To the naked eye, the monolith appeared as nothing more than a strangely situated column of crudely carved stone, but

it was much more. Through his augmented scope he could discern shapes carved into its surface, edges weathered from thousands of years of exposure to the elements. It was as Doomshaper had described: two great eyes and a fanged maw below a stylized mountain. The mark of the mountain king. According to myth, below the granite mesa rested a creature out of legend. Grim was skeptical such a creature could even exist, but he had fulfilled his task by finding the long-forgotten warning stone.

What Doomshaper had not predicted was the Circle Orboros finding it first. It could be no coincidence the blackclads were here. That they had brought a woldwrath was particularly disconcerting. So far as he knew, the great constructs were only used to protect vital druid holdings; this was the first time he had ever actually seen one.

Hoarluk needed to know about this—*now*.

Grim turned and clambered up the bare cliff face behind him. The pine forest was dense enough to hide his small, mobile force of pyg bushwhackers and trollkin scouts. His three trolls—Thokk, Muk, and Drogg—were farther back, as two impalers and a swamp troll were more difficult to conceal. Krump and Muggs, his two pyg companions, immediately moved from their hiding spots to meet him.

"Any problems?" Grim asked as the trio walked farther into the woods. Krump coughed, causing the iron bear traps on his belt to rattle, and raised his eyebrows at Muggs. "What?" Grim asked and stopped in his tracks. He felt the dread that always indicated a well-laid plan going off the cliff.

"We had some trouble," Muggs said.

Grim sighed. "Were you spotted?"

"Not exactly," Krump replied reluctantly. "Easier if we just show you."

Krump and Muggs led him deeper into the forest. They soon came upon the rest of his party in a small clearing. Several of the pygs were gathered around something on the ground, while the scouts stood guard around the

outside. Grim pushed his way through and looked down at the corpses of two scaly, fish-like humanoids. Each bore wounds from the hand axes of trollkin scouts.

"Bog trogs," Grim said darkly. "Likely brought by the druids to watch their perimeter. Were there others?"

Krump shook his head. "Didn't see any."

"Bog trogs always travel in groups," Grim said, frowning. "There are more somewhere. We have to assume we've been discovered. We need to get back. And fast."



Rask opened his eyes and squinted against the weak afternoon sun. He longed for the warm, comfortable gloom of the swamp, with its deep, murky waters and shielding canopy of cypress and mangroves. The Wyrmwall Mountains were dry and freezing, and his makeshift camp near an icy mountain river only intensified his misery.

He and his bog trogs had taken to basking in the sun at high noon, trying to soak up as much heat as possible before night. Rask had claimed a large boulder in the shallows that captured a little more heat than the sandy shore, though the cold still left him sluggish and slow-minded. His bog trogs and croak hunters lay nearby, many partially buried in the sand. His beasts had taken the cold even harder. Rask glanced over at a pair of ironback spitters huddled together like two great, green boulders.

The sun had warmed Rask's blood sufficiently to fuel his rage at the creature responsible for bringing him to this place. The gatorman bokor Barnabas had commanded him to serve the wretched human blackclads. So far he and his bog trogs had done little more than endure the cold while the humans smashed chunks from a cliff side in a nearby mountain valley. The druids had told him to guard the area around the valley, and he had complied, sending small groups of bog trogs and croak hunters on patrol. So far they had encountered nothing, and Rask grew impatient and irritable.

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye and sat up on his boulder. The gatorman shaman Kymak beckoned him with one taloned hand. Rask grimaced and slid from his perch to wade through the ankle-deep water. At his approach, the bog trogs on shore turned their heads away and flattened their crests against their skulls in deference. Only the semi-sentient shamblers—the reanimated corpses of bog trog warriors—were standing; they lingered close to Kymak, their creator and master. Rask repressed a shudder as he drew close to the animated corpses; this was yet another way the gatormen heaped indignity on his people.

The bokor had made a fire, and Rask shoved one of the rotting bog trog shamblers aside and hunkered down next to the warmth. "What is it, Kymak?" Rask said in Quor-Gar, the rumbling tongue of the gatormen.

Kymak did not bare his throat as he would for a gatorman of higher rank and power. Rask was a powerful sorcerer and a skilled warrior, but the gatormen of the Blindwater Congregation had long ago subjugated the bog trogs and considered them cannon fodder at best and food at worst. Even a bog trog as mighty as Rask barely earned their notice.

As he had many times before, Rask imagined how satisfying it would be to bury his sacral blade in Kymak's scaly chest. The arrogant, condescending gatorman was Barnabas' eyes and ears, though, and his death would make things extremely complicated for Rask when he returned to the Scarleforth.

"Two of your scouts have been killed," Kymak said. When Rask asked for more information, the gatorman simply stared at him, volunteering nothing.

"Where?" Rask rose to his feet.

Kymak pointed a taloned finger at a pair of croak hunters farther down the beach. The frog-like humanoids, called *anura* in their own tongue, leaned on their spears. "I told them to take you when you finished your . . . nap."

Images of murder surged again through Rask's mind. Shoving the thoughts from his head, he turned and made his way down the beach.

**AS HE HAD MANY TIMES BEFORE,
RASK IMAGINED HOW SATISFYING
IT WOULD BE TO BURY HIS SACRAL
BLADE IN KYMAK'S SCALY CHEST.**

"Show me," Rask said to the *anura* in their husky tongue when he reached them. They inclined their heads and began moving toward the tree line some twenty yards from the river. Rask followed.

The croaks took Rask roughly a mile into the woods, ascending at a steep angle. Eventually they led him to a small clearing where a pair of dead bog trogs had been hidden. Rask hunkered down next to the corpses and brushed away the leaves and debris. Both had been killed with edged weapons—probably axes.

He rose and examined the area. The tracks leading from the bodies had been well disguised but were still visible to Rask's keen senses. There were boot tracks but also barefoot marks, all familiar, including those of several larger and heavier creatures. He had an immediate suspicion.

"Come with me," Rask said to the two croaks. "Quietly." They moved swiftly through the forest, following the tracks until they heard the sounds of soft voices ahead.

Rask and the croaks moved toward the noise, their footsteps whisper-soft over the forest floor. They stopped as soon as he could see both armed trollkin and pygs halted near a stream. With them was a trio of full-blood trolls.

Rask's eyes went to the trollkin leader. The figure was attired in a long leather cloak, goggles, and a broad-brimmed hat, partially obscuring his face, but it was the strange, axe-fitted rifle that left little doubt as to his identity: Grim Angus.

The bog trog pondered the situation, the spines in his crest quivering. He had worked with Grim a handful of times; the trollkin was a skilled tracker, but they'd never gotten along. The trollkin were now enemies of the blackclads, his current employer, which made this discovery both interesting and potentially profitable.

After gaining a sense of Grim's intended course, Rask signaled the croak hunters to retreat, and the three of them moved slowly and silently away. The trollkin had a small force—a scouting party, then. This was an opportunity; Rask could feel it in his blood. The obvious response would be to kill Grim for intruding on the blackclads' operation. That was what the druids would expect. But that death would accomplish nothing more than fulfilling his duty as the humans' watchdog.

**A HUGE OCTOPOID NIGHTMARE
WITH BULBOUS EYES AND A
BEAKED MAW OF SERRATED TEETH
DRAGGED ITSELF FROM THE LAKE.**

If he ambushed the trollkin sorcerer, on the other hand, Grim would make a valuable prisoner. He could take the trollkin to the druids, proving his skill and ensuring they treated him with greater respect. But would they thank him? Would they help him remove the shackles Barnabas had placed around his neck?

A third option leapt to mind. Grim was quite valuable to the united kriels, and they might offer something more valuable than the druids for him. Either way, Rask could reap the rewards.

One thing was certain: he would need more forces to take on Grim. He knew Haltshire Lake was just to the west, in the direction Grim was heading. There were several tribes of bog trogs there and possibly other creatures he could bend to his will. If he could reach Haltshire before Grim, the site would serve perfectly for his ambush.



"Why's it so quiet?" Krump asked.

Grim glared at the pyg following him. He, Muggs, Krump, and the swamp troll Muk moved along the shore of Lake Haltshire, while his scouts, bushwhackers, and two of his trolls kept pace in the nearby pine forest. "It *was* quiet," he whispered irritably.

"Idiot," Muggs hissed and slapped the hat off his associate's head. This began a brief tussle that ended only when Grim silently commanded Muk to separate them. The swamp troll lassoed Muggs with its long, sticky tongue and dragged him perilously close to its gaping maw before releasing him.

"Enough," Grim said in a voice that clearly demonstrated he was not amused. "Keep moving, and watch the lake." The abashed pygs obeyed.

They'd come across the webbed tracks of bog trogs not long after entering the area. Care had been taken to obscure the tracks, and Grim hadn't seen them until long after he and his trollkin had entered the area around the lake. What most concerned him were the other tracks interspersed among those of the bog trogs: taloned prints left by something very large and very heavy.

In order to reach Doomshaper and the army of the united kriels he had no choice but pass Haltshire. The information about the mountain kings and the Circle couldn't wait for him to take the longer route bypassing the lake.

Suddenly the tranquil surface of the water was ruptured by the emergence of bog trogs and a large, bipedal turtle-like beast. Grim immediately lifted Headhunter and sighted on the lead bog trog, a familiar large, muscular individual carrying a spear gun with the triple-tined head of a trident jutting from its barrel.

"It's been a long time, Grim," the big bog trog called out. The sound of his burbling voice confirmed his identity and made Grim hesitate, his finger still on the trigger.

"Rask," he said with a grimace. He knew the bog trog warlock from his old life, when he was a bounty hunter. The bog trog was cruel, self-serving, and utterly lethal. Grim had even heard rumors that the warlock had sold his tribe to the gatormen to save his own hide—in the process becoming little more than a slave to the leading bokors of Blindwater. "You're far from home. Barnabas let you off the leash?"

"I'm my own master," Rask hissed irritably. "If you want to live, drop your weapon and surrender."

Grim counted two dozen bog trogs, including Rask, plus the ironback spitter. Not an insurmountable force if he could draw Rask to the beach, but knowing the bog trog, he had kept some in reserve—bog trogs preferred to surprise their prey. He saw Muk edging forward out of the corner of his eye; the swamp troll's rage was mounting, and Grim pulled him back with some effort. "I've seen what happens to your prisoners, Rask."

"You have no choice," Rask said. He and the rest of his amphibious force began wading toward the shore. "Surrender, or die."

Grim had no time to signal his intentions to the rest of his people, who waited nearer the tree line. He would have to trust they would follow his lead. The bog trogs were twenty feet from the shore now. "No closer, Rask. I mean it."

"Oh, I'm closer than you think," Rask said with a fanged grin.

Grim's finger tensed on the trigger but before he could fire the edge of the lake erupted in a geyser of water. A flurry of grey, rubbery tentacles as thick as a trollkin's leg followed. One of them smashed into Grim, knocking him to the ground. Krump and Muggs ran to his side to help him to his feet, nimbly avoiding the waving tentacles.

"Back!" Grim shouted, scrambling away from the water. He sent Muk barreling forward, and the swamp troll lumbered into the water and reached up to grasp two of the larger tentacles in its claws.

A huge octopoid nightmare with bulbous eyes and a beaked maw of serrated teeth dragged itself from the lake. It pulled its tentacles free and then lashed onto Muk instead, proving to be stronger than the troll. Grim could feel its pain and rage escalate. "Hold on, Muk," Grim said and he silently used his will to hasten the troll's flesh to regenerate.

He then sprang to his feet, shouldered Headhunter, and fired at the bog trog leader. Anticipating the shot, Rask ducked beneath the water, only to resurface several yards closer and charge from the lake with the rest of his bog trogs. The spitter launched a gob of acid over the advancing fish-men. The vile stuff missed Grim and the pygs and hissed angrily where it struck the ground.

Grim reloaded and fired again three times as he, Krump, and Muggs moved steadily back toward the tree line. Two of his bullets cut down bog trogs emerging from the water, while the third struck the ironback spitter above the knee on its right leg, removing a chunk of its scaly hide and eliciting a hiss of rage and pain. Krump tossed traps in the path of the bog trogs, and the metal jaws closed brutally around the ankles of three fish-men even as Muggs fired his snare gun. Another bog trog fell to the ground, thrashing beneath a weighted net.

Grim had twenty pyg bushwhackers and a dozen scouts concealed in the trees—and Rask and his bog trogs were walking right into their line of fire. Summoning his most potent sorcery, Grim focused his magic on the pyg bushwhackers and trollkin scouts concealed among the trees. He sharpened their visual acuity and soothed adrenaline-soaked nerves, allowing them to fire with much greater accuracy.

"Now!" Grim shouted and turned to add his own fire. The forest behind him erupted with gunfire and thrown axes. Bolstered by his sorcery, nearly all the missiles found their mark, and the advancing bog trogs crumpled to the ground one after another. Two immense spears, hurled by his impalers Thokk and Drogg, thudded into the armored torso of the ironback spitter, knocking it from its feet.

Following the murderous volley, the trollkin scouts and both impalers broke cover and charged. A bolt from Rask's harpoon gun thudded into the face of the first scout to reach the beach, taking him down. Grim spied the warlock near the left flank of the remaining bog trogs, reloading his harpoon gun and backing toward the water.

Predictably, Rask was fighting from the rear and letting his forces absorb the brunt of the enemy attacks. Grim brought Headhunter up, sighted on the bog trog warlock, and fired. The bullet struck Rask in the shoulder and pushed him back a few staggering steps. The wound wasn't mortal, and Grim knew Rask had likely shunted the injury to his spitter, but it was a start. Rask dove away, disappearing from view.

As Grim fired expertly past them, his scouts surged across the beach with guttural howls and slammed into their foes, ripping a bloody swath through the bog trogs with their axes. The pyg bushwhackers had formed a gun line and were picking off trogs unengaged with trollkin. Thokk and Drogg skewered bog trogs with each thrust of their spears.

Grim and his trollkin made short work of the outnumbered and outmatched bog trogs. Over a dozen fishy corpses littered the beach, and only the ironback spitter, the tentacled beast, and Rask remained. Grim felt satisfaction as he reloaded and waited for his chance to deliver the killing shot.



Rask watched his bog trogs fall beneath the trollkin axes. Their deaths had served him: Grim's forces had advanced down onto the beach within a stone's throw of the water.

He leapt to his feet and saw the enemy advancing toward him, weapons ready. Grim and his pygs were farther back, behind the trollkin. Rask ducked behind the looming bulk of the ironback spitter to his right, placing twelve feet of scale, horn, and muscle between himself and Grim's rifle. Farther

down the beach, his swamp horror was locked in combat with the swamp troll. He urged the beast to attack with all its rage and enjoyed feeling it tear the swamp troll to pieces with its tentacles, spraying dripping remains across the beach.

"It's over, Rask!" Grim called out angrily. He punctuated this by sending another bullet into the spitter, opening another bleeding wound.

Rask squatted down in the shallows near the lake shore, dangling both webbed hands in the cold water. He turned his focus inward, plumbing the murky depths of his power, and let it flow into the lake. A dank and supernaturally thick fog rose from the surface of the water and moved inland, flowing over the trollkin on the shore.

The fog made it impossible for Grim's forces to see anything beyond a dozen paces, while Rask's forces suffered no hindrance. This was the signal the rest of Rask's warriors had been awaiting. From the lake around him rose several dozen additional bog trogs along with the gatorman shaman Kymak and his undead shamblers.

RASK'S VOICE DRIFTED THROUGH THE FOG, ITS SOURCE IMPOSSIBLE TO PINPOINT. "I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU ALIVE, BUT YOUR CORPSE WOULD SERVE ME NEARLY AS WELL."

Rask could see the trollkin and pygmy trolls on the beach stumbling blindly through the unnatural mist. Shouts of confusion and fear echoed through the fog until the loud voice of Grim overrode them.

"Back to the trees!" Grim shouted. "To me!"

Rask knew he had to exploit his advantage. "Kymak," Rask called out. "Slay Grim Angus. The glory of his death shall be yours."

Kymak regarded Rask through slitted reptilian eyes. He was suspicious and watchful but not very bright, and the lure of such a kill was enough to persuade him. He clacked his jaws and rumbled, "Now you will see why your kind is only fit to serve mine."

Rask watched as the gatorman moved off. If Grim killed Kymak in battle, Rask would be well rid of his watchful presence. He could truthfully tell Barnabas he had nothing to do with his death.

Rask summoned the ironback spitter and the swamp horror and waved his sacral blade toward the beleaguered trollkin. The bog trogs moved swiftly and silently from the water, and he fell in behind them, ready to secure his prize.



Grim took a step back and reversed his grip on Headhunter, readying its axe blade. The mist Rask had conjured was so thick he couldn't penetrate it even with his mage sight. All he could see was Muggs and Krump, who had both drawn close as soon as the mist fell, one behind Grim and one in front.

"This stuff's thicker than Borka's beer," Muggs grumbled as he slung his blunderbuss over his shoulder and took his hand axe from his belt.

Grim was all but blind, but he could hear plenty. The sounds of battle surrounded them, although he couldn't tell how many enemies they faced or how many kin remained alive. He looked through his impalers' eyes and saw the squirming form of the tentacled beast snapping its beaked jaws at Thokk, who was as yet only lightly injured. Drogg was unharmed, and Grimm goaded both of them, spiking their ferocity to near frenzy.

"Ware!" Muggs suddenly yelled from behind. Grim whirled, bringing Headhunter up and across his body. Shambling figures were moving out of the mist, each a rotting bog trog corpse.

The thud of Muggs' snare gun sounded, followed by the metallic rattling of two of Krump's bear traps clamping on undead bog trog legs. Grim and the two pygs quickly dispatched the felled shamblers, cleaving undead skulls with short blows. More appeared from the mist, and the three repeated the scenario: snare gun, bear traps, axes.

"I think we—" Krump closed his mouth with a snap as a huge, scaly shape came hurtling out of the fog. The gatorman shaman charged Grim, smashed into him, and drove him to the ground. Grim's arms remained free, and he retained a grip on his weapon. As the attacker leaned close to seize the trollkin's head in his jaws, Grim spun the axe blade of his rifle to hack into the side of the gatorman's head, sending him toppled sideways, limbs twitching as he died.

As Grim climbed to his feet he heard a small metallic sound at the edge of his awareness and felt a vague sense of alarm before Rask's bolt thudded into his shoulder with a spike of pain. Grim felt a terrible lethargy take hold of his limbs.

The hulking shape of the ironback spitter loomed out of the mist. The paralytic magic of Rask's bolt rooted Grim in place, but he raised Headhunter.

"Your last chance." Rask's voice drifted through the fog, its source impossible to pinpoint. "I'd like to take you alive, but your corpse would serve me nearly as well."

The sounds of desperate combat were all around. Grim's trollkin still battled for their lives. He answered Rask by squeezing Headhunter's trigger. The slug struck the spitter squarely, and it staggered back a few paces.

"Kill him!" Rask howled.

Through a great effort of will, Grim fought off the paralysis and felt sensation returning to his limbs. He looked through the eyes of his two impalers again. Through Drogg he saw the inert corpse of the tentacled monstrosity, its rubbery hide leaking black ichor from numerous gouges. Both trolls were injured, but not mortally, and he summoned them to rejoin him. He did not see Muggs and Krump. He rapped his knuckles on Headhunter's stock in a precise rhythm, loud enough to be heard from a distance.

The wounded ironback spitter was barreling toward him, beaked jaws agape in rage. He shot it again, but it didn't slow. Grim flipped Headhunter in his grip again, hoping he might score a lucky strike with its axe blade before the spitter tore him to pieces. It was nearly on top of him when Thokk's and Drogg's hurled spears struck it and sent it to the ground. The two trolls converged on it in a flurry of stabbing thrusts.

The mist had begun to disperse. With his beasts dead, Rask was in a dangerous position. If Grim could lure him into close combat, the bog trog warlock wouldn't be able to avoid death by shunting the wound off to a warbeast.

A loud, metallic knocking suddenly sounded to Grim's right, a signal from Krump. He went that direction and almost immediately heard another welcome sound—the muffled thump of Muggs' snare gun.

A tangle of figures loomed ahead in the mist, two much smaller than the others. He saw Muggs and Krump locked in combat with two bog trog warriors. What drew his attention, however, was the bog trog on the ground trapped within Muggs' weighted net.

Rask had drawn a dagger to cut himself free, but Grim charged forward, covering the distance in three bounds. With a great cry he brought Headhunter's axe blade down on the back of Rask's neck. The shock of the impact travelled up his arm, but Rask was miraculously unharmed. Grim growled as the bog trog battling Muggs took the blow meant for its master. Its head toppled to the ground in a geyser of blood, and it collapsed at the feet of the stunned pyg.

The taint of dark magic caused Grim to falter, providing Rask all the time he needed. The bog trog's dagger flashed as he sliced through the netting that held him and leapt to his feet. Grim made a lunging swipe with Headhunter, but the fish-man jumped away and raced toward the lake, where he quickly plunged beneath the surface.

The abandoned bog trogs stepped back toward the water. Knowing they had no loyalty to Rask, Grim commanded his trollkin to let them retreat. Soon only his own ragged forces remained. He glanced around at the steep casualties, including several scouts and pygs he had fought alongside for months. His heart grew heavy, but his time with the Thornwood kriels and their struggles had slightly inured him to such losses. It was best not to become too attached, and at least half the pyg bushwhackers and trollkin scouts had survived.

"We'd better move quickly," Grim said to those who remained. "My hunch is Rask didn't tell the Circle about us yet, or we'd have seen them already. But since his ambush failed, he'll tell them soon enough. We need to get back to Doomshaper before they try again."

"Sorry, we couldn't get him," Muggs said at Grim's side. "That Rask is slick, even for a fish-man."

Grim looked down at the pyg and gave him a small nod. "You did good back there."

The pyg pushed his goggles back on his head and puffed out his chest. "Hear that, Krump?" he asked, beaming.

Krump snorted and pulled his hat down over his eyes. "Just 'cause you got lucky."

"Both of you did well," Grim added, to head off an argument between the two. "Glad to see the time I've spent training you hasn't gone to waste. But now we need to be on our way." Grim put a hand to his injured shoulder and tested its range of motion, glad to see the wound was already on the mend. He spoke up so the others could hear. "Let's try to make it back by nightfall."

The survivors looked less than pleased that they would again be set to a grueling pace, but they knew when Grim was serious and did not question or complain.

As he and his troops moved off into the forest, Grim's mind went back to the sight of the woldwrath and all the Circle forces gathered in that valley. He had no doubt Doomshaper would decide to march into the thick of it, regardless of his warnings. He had not seen the last of carnage in this place—not by a long shot.



HUNTERS GRIM

TROLLBLOOD EPIC WARLOCK UNIT

Like I tell my boys, the key to the hunt is anticipating every movement of your prey and staying one step ahead. There's always one perfect moment to pull the trigger.

—Grim Angus

GRIM							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	7	6	8	16	15	8	



HEADHUNTER				
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW	
13	1	—	13	



GUN BLADE		
POW	P+S	
5	12	

FURY	6
DAMAGE	17
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
GRIM, MUGGS, & KRUMP	
WARBEAST POINTS	+4
MEDIUM BASE	

rolls against enemy models within 5" of a model with Mark Target that are in its LOS.) (Ranged weapons with Snipe gain +4 RNG).

GRIM

- Officer
- Pathfinder
- Tough

Take Down – Models disabled by a melee attack made by this model cannot make a Tough roll. Models boxed by a melee attack made by this model are removed from play.

Trollkin – This model is a trollkin.

Warlock Unit – This unit is made up of Grim, Muggs, and Krump.

HEADHUNTER

- Magical Weapon

Blood Lure – Warbeasts in this model's battlegroup can charge enemy models hit by this weapon this turn without being forced.

FEAT: ON MY MARK

With a hunter's patience, Grim holds back the fire of his kin even as he stores up arcane power to release at the moment of his choosing. On his mark, the arms of his allies erupt in a deafening roar of unnaturally honed firepower.

While in Grim's control area, friendly Faction models gain Mark Target and friendly Faction models' ranged weapons gain Snipe. On My Mark lasts for one turn. (Other friendly Faction models gain +2 to ranged attack

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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MAGE SIGHT	2	CTRL	5	—	YES	NO
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Place a 5" AOE completely in this model's control area. While a model is within the AOE, models in this model's battlegroup ignore forests and cloud effects when drawing LOS to it and ignore Stealth when attacking it.

MIRAGE	3	6	—	—	YES	NO
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Target friendly Faction model/unit gains Apparition. (During your Control Phase, place models with Apparition anywhere completely within 2" of their current locations. If Mirage affects a unit, only models in formation can be placed.)

MORTALITY	3	10	—	—	NO	YES
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Target enemy model/unit suffers –2 DEF and ARM and cannot be healed. Mortality lasts for one round.

PURSUIT	2	8	—	—	YES	YES
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If target enemy model/unit advances during its activation, immediately after ending this movement one model in this model's battlegroup that is in its control area can make a full advance.

TACTICAL TIPS

TAKE DOWN – Because a boxed model is removed from play before being destroyed, it does not generate a soul or corpse token.

MIRAGE – Remember that troopers must be placed in formation.

PURSUIT – If an affected model made a full advance, ran, or charged during its activation, a model in this model's battlegroup gets to make a full advance.

Among the finest trackers to stalk the wilds of western Immoren, Grim Angus and his band of scouts comprise the first line of defense for the United Kriels. Ranging ahead of the fighting forces, Grim's band identifies foes—and sometimes eliminates them—long before other warriors even know they are there. This requires its leader to be tremendously vigilant at all times and to have the dogged persistence to investigate any perceived threat, bringing back vital intelligence to arm his allies for the fights ahead. By eliminating the scouts of their enemies, he blinds their armies and leaves them vulnerable. While once he was more of a lone operative working for the kriels, he has since grown into an invaluable leader of the irregular skirmishers fighting alongside the front-line warriors of the new United Kriels.

When leaders like Madrak Ironhide and Grissel Bloodsong require the completion of missions in the most remote and inhospitable reaches, it is to Grim Angus they invariably turn. They know he is a staunch-hearted kin who will stop at nothing to complete the task put before him, whether that is tracking down and neutralizing a target or travelling through hostile territory to deliver key orders. Grim's responsibilities expanded as the leaders of what would become the United Kriels saw his true value, and he established a quick rapport with both Madrak and Grissel in particular. His mastery of the wilds and his skill at coordinating armed forces in stealthy ambushes have made his hand-picked team one of the greatest covert assets of the gathered kriels.

Even as his role with the kriels has evolved, Grim remains essentially an outsider, a fact he embraces unapologetically. It is in part his outside perspective that makes him so valuable to the leaders who rely upon his opinions. He has no interest in spending his days surrounded by kin other than those few who know how to survive in the wilds—skinnners and hunters who know when to keep their steps light and their mouths shut and who will obey his signaled orders without hesitation. He has found the company of pygs to be particularly amenable, as they are less inclined to idle chatter and understand that survival in battle requires paying attention and looking out for one another.



Grim is ultimately a pragmatic individual, one who prefers to view the world in tangible terms. He has worked particularly closely with Grissel Bloodsong in her efforts to protect the krielis while trying to carve out a new home for them. He understands what it takes to get through a difficult winter on what scraps one can find in a barren landscape and has applied those skills to good ends. His travels have brought him into touch with a wide variety of krielis across western Immoren, and he has learned a great deal about their various difficulties and challenges. Practical tasks he understands, whereas the ancient myths unfolding and coming to life around individuals like Ironhide and Doomshaper seem inexplicable and largely irrelevant to him.

With the krielis beset by enemies on all sides, the leaders have not lacked for missions suited to the skills of Grim's band, and he accepts assignments one after the other. He returns to camp only long enough to feed his warriors and full-blood trolls food and allow them some minimal rest before setting back out to fight again.

In all his tasks Grim is assisted by a pair of pygs that have become the core of his team: Muggs and Krump. These two came to prominence by proving themselves to be both intelligent and cunning as well as superlative hunters. In short order the pair learned to grasp Grim's complex system of gestured signals and to fight smoothly alongside him even in silence, all three of them coordinating precise ambushes while tracking down their enemies. Muggs and Krump have passed along their expertise to other pygs in the hunting band and often help keep them in line, freeing Grim to focus on the primary task at hand.

Both of these pygs have proven to be tremendous assets. They can be relied upon to see to many vital tasks, including hunting and skinning game, cooking meals, maintaining the band's equipment, and even making simple repairs to weapons. Grim has taken the time to teach Muggs how to use his snare gun and has come to entrust the pyg with it, while Krump has proven quite capable of devising and implementing cunning snares even in the midst of battle. Both are notable for a degree of stalwart courage under fire that is often lacking in pygs.



TACTICAL TIPS

TAKE DOWN – Because a boxed model is removed from play before being destroyed, it does not generate a soul or corpse token.

Both Muggs and Krump are so strongly devoted to Grim that they occasionally emulate him, a habit particularly notable with Muggs, a gregarious pyg whose devotion sometimes overcomes his good sense. In trying to impress his fellow pygs he sometimes apes the warlock's expressions and mannerisms. Krump is inclined to be more dour and serious, adopting an attitude more akin to Grim's own quiet intensity.

Together the team of the Hunters Grim have proven to be more than the sum of their individual skills, working seamlessly together on the battlefield to bring down the most difficult targets. Grim and those he leads have steadily become the eyes and ears of the United Kriels, and its leaders know well just how blind and unready they would be without his tireless efforts on the fringes.



MUGGS

Pathfinder

Tough

Granted: Reform – While this model is in play, after all models in its unit have completed their actions, each can advance up to 3".

Pyg – This model is a pyg.

Take Down – Models disabled by a melee attack made by this model cannot make a Tough roll. Models boxed by a melee attack made by this model are removed from play.

KRUMP

Pathfinder

Tough

Granted: Circular Vision – While this model is in play, models in this unit gain Circular Vision. (The front arc of a model with Circular Vision extends to 360°.)

Pyg – See above.

Take Down – See above.

Trapper (★Action) – Place a 5" AOE in base contact with this model. The AOE remains in place for one round. Living and Undead models entering or ending their activations in the AOE suffer a POW 10 damage roll. Models that are damaged by Trapper are knocked down. Incorporeal models and models with Flight do not suffer the effects of Trapper.

SNARE GUN

Knockdown – When a model is hit by an attack with this weapon, it is knocked down.

MUGGS

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	5	5	6	14	12	7



SNARE GUN

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	—



HAND AXE

POW	P+S
3	8

KRUMP

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	5	5	6	14	12	7



BLUNDERBUSS

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	12



HAND AXE

POW	P+S
3	8

DAMAGE	5
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
SMALL BASE	



NIGHT TROLL

TROLLBLOOD LIGHT WARBEAST

Wandering this country you see some strange sights, but a grown man stumbling senseless toward a night troll's light is a hell of a thing.

—Allen Ashley

NIGHT TROLL

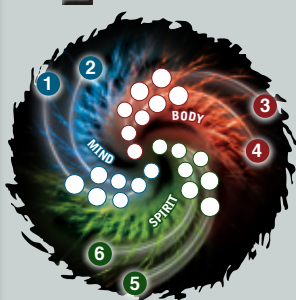
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	8	5	4	12	15	6



WICKED CLAW	
POW	P+S
4	12



WICKED CLAW	
POW	P+S
4	12



FURY	3
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	4
MEDIUM BASE	

NIGHT TROLL

☞ Eyeless Sight

☞ Stealth

Man-Eater – This model can charge living warrior models without being forced.

Regeneration [d3] – This model can be forced to heal d3 damage points once per activation. This model cannot use Regeneration during an activation it runs.

WICKED CLAW

Paralysis – A living model hit by this weapon has its base DEF reduced to 7 and cannot run or charge. Paralysis lasts for one round.

For those communities of the Iron Kingdoms situated near dark and cave-riddled mountains, the night troll is a rarely seen but profound source

ANIMUS

COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

BEGUILE 1 SELF - - NO NO

This model gains Allure for one round. (Living enemy non-warlock, non-warcaster models that begin their activation within 5" of a model with Allure can advance only toward the nearest enemy model with Allure.)

trolls must be compelled to fight during the day and are temperamental when roused. Still, their savage tempers and effective hunting methods make them lethal and terrifying allies for those warlocks willing to work with them. A foe hypnotized on the battlefield is easily torn to shreds by the troll's venomous, paralyzing claws, and the sight of a ravening night troll feasting on a screaming comrade is a terrible one for any soldier to behold.



of terror. The presence of these creatures is marked by an eerie glow at the mouth of caves, luring animals and the unwary to a gruesome end.

This species has adapted superbly to life in the dark caverns of Immoren's mountains and the subterranean labyrinths below ancient ruins. As its eyes have atrophied, its other senses have sharpened. By day, the trolls sleep in the recesses of their lairs, awakening with the setting of the sun. With the fall of night, they lurk in the mouths of their caverns, and their quills begin to pulse with an otherworldly glow, catching the eye of animals or careless travelers. The mesmerizing patterns of luminescence eventually overcome the instincts of the entranced victim, which approaches heedless of instinct or judgment, only to be caught and consumed alive. This horrific fate is almost certainly one of the truths behind cautionary folk tales that stress the dangers of following strange lights in the woods.

Trollkin consider night trolls valuable beasts of war despite the fact that their habits and hunting preferences can be problematic. Being nocturnal, these

TROLLKIN WARDERS

TROLLBLOOD UNIT

Death in battle brings honor, but it is an even greater privilege to give your life defending kith and kin.

—Warder Jorn Felledtree



Those who would kill or enslave the trollkin would do well to fear those called warders. Champions of the kriels, these staunch warriors are honored and dedicated in somber ritual to the defense of not just their chieftains and shamans, but also the old and infirm, the young and weak, the kith and kin least able defend themselves. Warders share a bond of purpose and will leave no comrade behind: to injure one of their number is to invoke the rage of the entire band.

Craving valor as they do, not all champions possess the restraint necessary to become warders. Those who see a greater honor in holding fast against a charging enemy embrace the role with enthusiasm and vehemence. Likeminded warriors band together in a great ceremony, swearing oaths both to those they would defend and to one another as they share their minds and souls in the ancient bond of *kulgat*.

LEADER & GRUNTS

☒ Fearless

☒ Tough

Battle-Driven – When a model in this unit is damaged by an enemy attack, after the attack is resolved models in this unit gain +2 STR and ARM and Pathfinder ☒ for one round.

BATTLE WEAPON

☒ Reach

☒ Weapon Master

LEADER & GRUNTS						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
4	7	7	4	12	17	9



BATTLE WEAPON

POW	P+S
3	10

DAMAGE 8 EACH

FIELD ALLOWANCE 2

LEADER & 2 GRUNTS 5

LEADER & 4 GRUNTS 8

MEDIUM BASE

When warders take up defensive arms, they do so with zealous fervor. Shouting the words of their oath and the battle cries of their kriels, they challenge any who would dare harm the more vulnerable kin, their honored patron, or their brothers in arms.





TROLLKIN SORCERER

TROLLBLOOD SOLO

Dhunia blesses some of us with strength of body, some of us with strength of mind, and blesses all when we set those strengths together.

—Grissel Bloodsong, Marshal of the Kriels

SORCERER

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	5	4	12	14	8



RUNE AXE

POW	P+S
4	10

FIELD ALLOWANCE 2

POINT COST 1

MEDIUM BASE

⊗ Tough

SORCERER

Adjunct [Trollkin unit] – Before the start of the game, choose one friendly Trollkin unit to be this model's client. This model cannot have the same client as another Adjunct. If this model's client unit has Advance Deployment,

this model gains Advance Deployment.

Battle Wizard – Once per turn, when this model destroys one or more enemy models with a melee attack during its activation, immediately after the attack is resolved it can make one Magic Ability special attack or special action.

Magic Ability [6]

- **Arcane Antidote (★Action)** – RNG 5. Target this model or this model's client model/unit. If the target is in range, enemy upkeep spells on the target immediately expire.
- **Ice Bolt (★Attack)** – Ice Bolt is a RNG 10 magic attack. A model hit suffers a POW 12 cold damage roll. On a critical hit, the model hit becomes stationary for one round unless it has Immunity: Cold.
- **Winter Storm (★Action)** – Enemy models that begin their activation in this model's command range lose Eyeless Sight, Flight, and Pathfinder during their activations. Winter Storm lasts for one round.

RUNE AXE

⊗ Magical Weapon

The sorcerers of the trollkin are not timid lore-masters but determined and lethal combatants as fearless as any warriors among the kin. Roused to battle, they assist their brothers by wielding their prodigious arcane abilities with deadly skill. They march forth alongside many military bands, protecting them from the curses of enemy arcanists and prepared to fight other occultists spell-for-spell with their own elemental powers.

Most trollkin sorcerers are recognized as such at birth, born as they typically are with the white skin and red eyes of albinos. Shamans of the kin believe Dhunia herself marks sorcerers with these traits that their people might raise them with the strength of character necessary

TACTICAL TIPS

ADJUNCT – All models in the unit must be Trollkin models.

MAGIC ABILITY – Performing a Magic Ability special action or special attack counts as casting a spell.

to wield such fearsome power responsibly. Though most trollkin sorcerers enjoy some instruction from their elders, the powers at their command are ultimately derived from within and are typically associated with elements prevalent in the region of their birth. Many find themselves commanding the cold winds of winter, a powerful weapon that can be used to attack or defend, just as the storms of winter may kill or confound.



FENNBLADE KITHKAR

TROLLBLOOD TROLLKIN SOLO

There is no joy left for me in battle, just the balance of lives lost and those yet unavenged.
—Fennblade Hurik Strongarm



TACTICAL TIP

TACTICIAN – This includes this model.

Veterans of countless battles, Fennblade kithkar are warriors of renown. Each has led his brothers in arms time and again against any who would infringe upon trollkin lands or harass their people. More than heroes or champions, these vaunted leaders are brilliant battlefield commanders

KITHKAR

★ Commander

⊗ Tough

Hard – This model does not suffer damage or effects from impact attacks or collateral damage.

Righteous Vengeance –

If one or more friendly Faction warrior models were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks while within 5" of this model during your opponent's last turn, after resolving continuous effects during your Maintenance Phase, this model can make a full advance followed by one normal melee attack.

Tactician [Fennblade] – While in this model's command range, friendly Fennblade models ignore other friendly Fennblade models when determining LOS. Friendly Fennblade models can advance through other friendly Fennblade models in this model's command range without effect if they have enough movement to move completely past them.

Unyielding – While engaging an enemy model, this model gains +2 ARM.

BATTLE WEAPONS

➔ Reach

KITHKAR						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	8	7	4	12	15	9



BATTLE WEAPONS	
POW	P+S
5	13

DAMAGE	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	2
MEDIUM BASE	

capable of coordinating the maneuvers of their fellow Fennblades with great precision. A band of Fennblades commanded by such a kithkar fights with the discipline and coordination of thoroughly trained soldiers and with the heart and spirit of legendary warriors.

Even with his remarkable leadership abilities, it is the kithkar's bond with those he leads that is his most powerful weapon. Most veteran kithkar have fought with the same warriors for many years. He knows each warrior of his band as well as he does his own family members—sometimes even better. After facing the elements and enemies together in skirmishes, battles, and raids, the kithkar can anticipate the actions of his warriors and understands he can trust them with both his life and his reputation at arms. In turn, the Fennblades follow their kithkar's commands without question, trusting him to lead them to victory without needlessly endangering their lives. Moreover, they know that should one of their number fall, nothing will stand between their kithkar and bloody vengeance.







MOUNTAIN KING

AN EXCERPT FROM THE FINAL SEGMENTS OF THE TROLLBLOOD MYTH-CYCLE OF THE MOUNTAIN KINGS

When the last of the great marker stones was carved and set, the time of destruction ended. No more would Torn from Peak shatter our villages. No more would Scarred Eye Sees Straight devour the forest. No more would the fury of the mountain kings draw their brethren into its relentless maelstrom.

From the Wurm himself they had risen, the beating heart of the mountain, with the fire of the earth burning in their bellies. Too much a part of the world to see the creatures in it, the mountain kings did not recognize the trollkin as kin, for they were blinded to all but their hunger and the hunt.

Our chiefs were proud and saw the kin indomitable within the forests and spreading across the land. We had prospered, multiplied, carved hollows into the mountains for our krielis. With each generation we ventured deeper into the once-forbidden places, ignoring the dangers the oldest among us had heard sung of at village fires in our youth.

The chiefs looked upon the ruins of their people and knew their own folly. The mountain kings were not kith to the trollkin. Their Devourer's blood could not be cooled by the gentle breath of Dhunia. To venture into their territory had been madness.

The shamans that had spent themselves to bind the walking hunger prayed. They looked to the stones they had set and asked Dhunia to hold fast the kings that were not her children, to soothe their slumber and strengthen the chains that bound them. The ground trembled still, even as the stomachs of the mountain kings shouted to be filled.

Until the end of days the mountain kings will hunger. They dream of the feasting they once did and will do again. They would devour all—even Caen, the flesh of Dhunia. Like their hunger, they will not end.

We must not forget. To awaken them once more would be disaster. Let our krielis settle far from their mountain beds and no more disturb their slumber. Let them rest as they can in Dhunia's care, deep within the earth.



MOUNTAIN KING

TROLLBLOOD GARGANTUAN

Our legends hunger.

—Hoarluk Doomshaper

MOUNTAIN KING							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
5	15	5	5	9	19	4	



DEATHLY ROAR

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
SP 10	1	—	16



BIG MEATY FIST

POW	P+S
4	19



BIG MEATY FIST

POW	P+S
4	19

FURY	5
THRESHOLD	6
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	20
HUGE BASE	

Whelp Shedding – When this model suffers damage from an enemy attack anytime except during its activation, immediately after the attack has been resolved you can place a Troll Whelp model into play B2B with this model if there is enough room for the Whelp's base.

BIG MEATY FIST

Open Fist



To look upon a mountain king is to see the primal essence of the troll: hunger, rage, and the strength of nature. Set loose upon the world, these great beasts shake the ground with their tread and sunder granite with their roars. Mountain kings, which seek to satisfy an incomprehensible appetite, walk Caen again after millennia of quiescence.

Trollkin legend describes mountain kings with fearful reverence. Such tales, which originated long before the age of the Molgur and the mastery of runes, speak of a time of

MOUNTAIN KING

Terror

Kill Shot – Once per activation, when a living enemy model is destroyed or removed from play as a result of a melee attack made by this model during its activation, immediately after that attack is resolved this model can make one normal ranged attack ignoring ROF.

Snacking – When this model boxes a living model with a melee attack, this model can heal d3 damage points. If this model heals, the boxed model is removed from play.

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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AMUCK	1	6	—	—	NO	NO
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When target friendly warbeast makes a special attack, its attack rolls are boosted. Amuck lasts for one turn.

TACTICAL TIPS

AMUCK – This includes power attacks. Amuck does not boost the attack rolls of chain attacks that duplicate the effects of special attacks.

SNACKING – Because the boxed model is removed from play before being destroyed, it does not generate a soul or corpse token.

WHELP SHEDDING – You do not pay points for these Troll Whelps.

plenty for the trollkin throughout the forests and plains of Caen. Those trollkin respected and feared their full-blood troll cousins and kept their distance from the greatest among them, the mountain kings, already ancient in those nearly forgotten days.

The stories say the destructive and terrible mountain kings were the first trolls to emerge from the stony ground, given life by the harsh joining of Dhunia and the Devourer Wurm. They kept largely to the remote mountain ranges, far from where the trollkin communities first appeared. In time, however, trollkin populations began to spread and intrude upon the territory they had claimed.

The encroaching trollkin enraged the mountain kings beyond all consideration. The primal brutes incited one another with furious howls that echoed across the mountain chains, and even those in remote regions came forth to slaughter. Like emissaries of the Wurm, the mountain kings smashed and devoured all in their path, their blinding hunger overcoming any sense of kinship with other trollblood species. Trollkin myth suggests the Gnarl and the Thornwood were part of a single, uninterrupted forest until mountain kings stripped the region between them bare of every animal, stone, and tree.

As the terror they had unwittingly provoked continued, the trollkin saw that in time the great trolls would devour not only their people but also the entirety of the world itself. An ancient epic describes a gathering of great trollkin chieftains, warriors, and shamans who sought to subdue the mountain kings. They ultimately succeeded, though the specific means they employed are poorly recorded and even less understood. What is known is that somehow the shamans of the kin discovered a way to forge chains infused with spiritual energies that could restrain the great beasts, and the trollkin entombed their enormous



cousins within the mountain peaks from which they had come. Many trollkin died to bring the mountain kings to those rage-filled barrows, which were marked with great rune-inscribed stones warning against future disturbance.

At first, the mountain kings stormed beneath the earth, consuming stones in their hunger and causing the earth to quake as they strove to snap the chains that bound them. They eventually fell into a restless torpor, their turbulent dreams filled with images of hunting and feeding. When they stirred in their sleep, avalanches and mudslides plagued the slopes above them. For these ageless beings, sleep was the only escape from the gnawing emptiness of their hollow stomachs.

As ages passed, the mountain kings slowly faded into the mists of myth; few trollkin even dreamed they still lay in chains underground. The existence of the great beasts wasn't proven until Madrak Ironhide and Hoarluk Doomshaper, pressed to desperation, set out to harness their tremendous might. At no small cost, the two succeeded in their unbelievable—and perhaps



unthinkable—quest to bring the first reawakened mountain kings down from the Wyrmwall Mountains, eager to satisfy their undiminished hunger for the first time in thousands of years.

While Doomshaper speaks of other mountain kings still to be freed, the trollkin strive to control those they have already awakened. The ravenous beasts make little distinction between friend and foe, and even the greatest shamans must take care in their presence, using the enchanted chains that still dangle from their hulking bodies to forestall their hunger between battles. They are truly primeval creatures, so closely connected to the essence of creation that their very tissue continually spawns small whelps, which they ignore until hunger calls.

A mountain king evokes terror in all who behold it. It lopes forward to fill its fathomless belly—an urge that grows even stronger when the creature becomes injured. Uneasy trollkin watching such staggering rampages must wonder at the price paid to ensure the survival of their people.



CIRCLE ORBOROS

DRAGON'S IMPERATIVE

The Thornwood, Near Deep Gulch

"They will reach Deep Gulch within the hour," Krueger said after hearing from the wayfarers he had sent to find the enemy. They had isolated the forward column of the forces of the Legion of Everblight that were advancing even now to intercept the Cryxians led by Lich Lord Venethrax, hungry for the athanc he had recovered. As promised, Krueger had taken charge of the Circle army they had rushed into the region, taking advantage of the nearest major node in the ley line network to bring as many forces as they could muster. Those were only a fraction of their combined might, though, particularly with Kromac and his Tharn absent.

Krueger had gathered Morvahna, Grayle, and the leaders of his forces, including his blackclad overseers and Lord Morraig together with his wolf chieftains, to give them their orders. Morvahna's skirovik mountain goat still seemed wary amid the numerous wolves, so she had situated herself on the opposite side of the group. They were within the Thornwood, southeast of where the enemy advanced and some twenty miles north of the diminished Cryxian column. "I will lead the main force from the south and attack first. Morvahna, your forces will converge on them from behind. Grayle, support Morvahna and prioritize eliminating enemy leaders."

Standing next to her mount, the Dawnshadow listened with narrowed eyes. When the creature shook its head and stepped to the left, she realized her mood had affected it and reached out to calm it. While she had sworn to leave command to the Stormlord, she found it difficult to restrain her instinct to take charge. The ley lines in this region had been severely drained by Baldur's ritual to drive Cryx from their tunnels and could not be used to send Krueger's entire army into the region. Reinforcements would arrive as quickly as the overworked stone keepers could expedite them. She said, "The Legion forces are stretched out, but more will reinforce from the north. We should wait until we are stronger and attack closer to Lich Lord Venethrax."

"No," Krueger said vehemently. "We can't risk drawing Cryx into the conflict. Besides, this is the only accessible passage through this part of the forest. We can nullify their numerical advantage utilizing the terrain."

Morvahna retained apprehensions. "What will it serve us to expend our strength now if Legion reinforcements strike when we are depleted?"

Krueger faced her more squarely, his features stern. She knew recent events were fresh in his mind. He said, "We must hit this advance force hard and make them turn back. This will give us time to gather additional numbers. There is no better time or place. You enlisted me to this fight, now heed me. Get your people ready."

While she had to restrain herself from being goaded by his tone, Morvahna could see his point. It was true they had to prevent the Legion from reaching Venethrax; whatever their numbers, they had to make the attempt. Strangely, they were best served by protecting Cryx—for now. Perhaps later they would discover a way to deprive *both* dragon armies of the athanc.



The Circle had learned in their recent struggles how difficult it was to ambush the Legion of Everblight. The Nyss had been superlative hunters even before the blighting, which had only augmented those abilities. The dragonspawn were an even greater problem. Though eyeless, they possessed unusual senses that enabled them to perceive living things behind trees and undergrowth. Accordingly, Morvahna had her people move along the top of the gorge, careful not to betray their presence. One of Grayle's griffons flew high overhead, giving them a vantage from above, where the thick canopy of the Thornwood allowed. Her mounted Tharn and Wolves were skilled at remaining unseen and unheard, communicating through gestured signals. The Tharn were capably led by Nuala the Huntress, with whom Morvahna had a longstanding alliance.

They maintained their position above the gorge as a long line of Legion warriors stretched past below. The breeze carried no noise to betray either the hunted or their hunters, creating an eerie suspense, and Morvahna's group was tense. Grayle was alert beside her, his head lifted as his mind focused on the griffon above. He whispered, "Most are past. Only the stragglers remain. Strike?"

"Not yet," Morvahna said. The wayfarers said the Legion forces were spread out as they travelled overland, which was consistent with what she had observed. Still there was something peculiar about the composition of this vanguard that made her think she had not yet seen the entire advance force.

Her awareness extended into the forest around them, through the trees and other living things within this ancient forest. Communing with them was more difficult than it had once been, as the Thornwood had seen much bloodshed and horror, scarring all living things here. The blight left a distinct imprint, and those who led Everblight's Legion were beacons of malevolent energy. She sensed that one of these warlocks had gone by, but another approached from the north.

Grayle's posture stiffened as they heard the faint sound of battle. Just south of their position, Krueger's army had clearly met the Legion forces at the head of the line. The clash of weapons and the shouts of the embattled were muffled and barely disrupted the solitude where she and Grayle lay in wait. Long minutes passed.

The Farstrider stared at Morvahna intensely, awaiting her order, but she did not speak. Few druids had senses like hers, so attuned to the forces of life and death—trying to explain would have been akin to describing sight to the blind. She saw him blink and look up again, as his griffon finally spotted additional enemies.

"More are coming," she said to him, even as he opened his mouth to tell her. She smiled knowingly. Morvahna's pulse quickened with a familiar blend of excitement and dread as conflict loomed. "After they move past, then we strike."



Krueger's forces had been assigned the unenviable task of feigning a frontal assault to distract the Legion from Morvahna's ambush. He still intended to spend the lives of his soldiers as frugally as possible. This was a battle not of his choosing and he had plans for this army. Above all else, he must end this battle strong, still a power the omnipotents could not ignore.

He had spread his Wolves in staggered lines with instructions to fall back toward the others after briefly

engaging the enemy. If executed properly this would give the appearance of a rout, and if the Nyss pursued, it would further stretch them out. The Legion had shown a preference for reckless aggression.

As soon as the Legion neared, the forward lines of Wolves sprang into action in scattered groups, engaging fiercely and then withdrawing. They suffered as expert swordsmen closed with deadly strikes. Krueger watched Morraig on his wolf shouting orders before engaging personally. The great mount tore out a Nyss throat while Morraig's blade cut down those nearest him. Others closed and he leapt away as reeves fired crossbows into the midst of the Nyss before also falling back. It looked as though they were giving ground, yet it was all according to plan.

The bottom of the gorge was less forested but was choked with undergrowth and broken up by fallen rocks and stones along a shallow stream. The Wolves used the terrain, forcing the blighted swordsmen to stumble across uneven ground as reeves behind them placed their shots. There was a steady thrum as crossbows withered the enemy's advance.

**EACH SWORDSMAN FOUGHT
AS THOUGH EVERY SWING OF
THE BLADE WAS A PLEASURE HE
WOULD NOT BE DENIED.**

Krueger could see the blighted Nyss were masterful with their long blades. Each swordsman fought as though every swing of the blade was a pleasure he would not be denied. When they closed, their blades cut straight through spear shafts, bronze armor, and thick leathers to bite flesh and draw blood. The groans of the injured and dying sounded all along the battle line. Those slain were left behind.

At the vanguard of the Legion army he caught sight of the woman who led them. She wore nothing to signify rank, but a cordon of dragonspawn betrayed her importance. Ahead of her was one of the hulking carnivores, bringing destruction by claw, fang, and the blaze of incendiary breath. Flanking it were a number of nephilim, the nearest wielding heavy halberds and adorned in plated metal armor. Others were armed with great swords or bolt throwers. Small shredders ran amid the blighted Nyss, leaping upon enemies to tear them apart with voracious jaws.

The Stormlord took to the air, the winds sweeping him upward. He flew toward the enemy with his weapon Wurmtongue in hand, directing lightning to strike amid the Nyss. Storm winds howled around him and by his will electricity erupted to confound the enemy,

consuming them with thunderous eruptions before they could charge his Wolves. Those of his wolds he had been willing to commit advanced. Subordinate druids just behind the Wolves summoned their power. At their command, the earth opened to swallow entire ranks of swordsmen and chunks of stone rose from the ground to shatter skulls and crush ribs. He let himself savor the destruction of the foe.

Even as he joined the fray he could hear Morvahna's force converging on the enemy's rear so they were beset on both sides. Krueger's blood froze as he felt a strange familiar sensation, a wavering in the natural flows of energy through which he drew his power. It was akin to ripples caused by the proximity of Everblight's generals but came from behind. Thinking he was being flanked he turned and peered in that direction and at last noticed a familiar figure atop the edge of the gorge, attired in flowing robes, his rotted hands clasping a long, slender staff of wood. It was Blighterghast's emissary. "Not now," he said. He should have known the dragon would choose the most inconvenient time to interfere. The figure raised one hand and pointed imperiously behind him.

**HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THE
DRAGON WOULD CHOOSE THE
MOST INCONVENIENT TIME TO
INTERFERE.**

Krueger darted to the left to evade an incoming bolt from a nephilim's crossbow and directed one of his wolds to engage the beast. When he looked back the emissary was gone. He snarled in frustration—he knew he could not ignore the summons, even to conclude this battle. The mind of the dragon was impossible to predict, and he could not afford to have Blighterghast think he was reneging on their agreement. All the Stormlord's plans hinged on that pact.

After unleashing one last blast of lightning to sear the hide of the nearest nephilim, he turned and flew back from the main battle line. He summoned his senior officers, including the blood-drenched Morraig, and gave them their orders. They would remain to continue the fight, answering to Morvahna. Krueger would return if he could, but they would likely need to conclude the battle without him. Their faces expressed doubts, but none they were willing to risk voicing, and Krueger had no intention of elaborating. He took to the air once more, flying in the direction indicated by the emissary, wondering what his promises to the dragon would cost him.



Morvahna did not need the report from the wayfarer. She had watched from afar as the Stormlord joined battle. She had detected the blighted figure standing on the fringes, and shortly thereafter Krueger had sped away. "He left," she said. Rage simmered, but she did not betray it outwardly.

"He bid me bring word that he has been called away on an unavoidable matter," the cowed wayfarer said, his tone strained by relaying unwelcome news. "He said the authority over those who remain is passed to you. Before he left, he identified the leader of the Legion vanguard. I can guide you to her."

She called to Grayle, who had just finished off the nearest nephilim, and said, "Go with the wayfarer. Strike down the Legion warlock he reveals to you. I will deal with the one leading the rearguard. Move swiftly." She knew that without Everblight's leading agents, the remaining rank and file would lack the conviction to press on and engage Cryx.

Grayle nodded curtly and sprang into motion. His warpwolves were as eager for battle as he, and one growled in its throat as they followed him into the deeper trees along the side of the gorge. They would work their way around the enemy column to strike at its head.

Morvahna returned to the battle while she considered the enormity of Krueger abandoning her in the middle of the battle. His timing was suspicious, departing just as she had committed her forces in full. Yet it seemed impossible he would have chosen to do this without some external compulsion; he had too much to gain by leading them to victory here and too much to lose by abandoning the field. His followers would see this as weakness. She considered the blighted figure that had precipitated his vanishing. She thought back to his trial, in which his loyalty had been questioned after he had disobeyed the omnipotents and spoken with Blighterghast. It could be no coincidence. She was forced to conclude that the figure she had seen was sent by the dragon and Krueger pulled away to do its bidding. Toward what end, she could not imagine. Clearly the Stormlord was at the creature's beck and call. How the mighty had fallen.

She unleashed her simmering rage on the enemy around her through her spells, causing tremendous eruptions of rending power to blast apart several of the nearest archers and grotesques. She turned to see several Tharn wolf riders brought down by concentrated arrow fire. The Legion rearguard included a dizzying array of flying creatures, both dragonspawn and grotesques, affording them tremendous mobility. She took a moment to summon a veil of fog to enshroud her nearest allies, making them difficult

to see and providing obfuscation from the hail of arrows. Her mount pawed the ground impatiently, eager to charge into the fray, but she kept it restrained, having no intention of risking herself prematurely.

Her pureblood let loose an ear-rending howl and sent a shockwave of unnatural energies to rend a number of blighted archers and grotesques while others were pierced by hurled javelins. Morvahna closed her eyes and let her power flow outward. Great bleeding gashes appeared along her body and she allowed the blood to flow, drawing on her own life energy to unsettle the scales of fate. Javelins that might have gone astray found their mark, a spear strike that might have been a shallow wound became a killing thrust. Even as these wounds began to sap her strength, several of her warriors fell to enemy arrows. She gathered the vitality spilling from them to close her wounds. It was a cycle of living energy that was intuitive for her to direct, requiring little more thought than breathing.

Morvahna extended her senses through the trees, trying to gain a larger perspective on the ever-changing disposition of both allied and enemy forces. Several of her gallows trees shifted at the limits of her mental reach to serve as extensions for her power. She observed the Legion moving as if of one mind and guided their reactions as though flowing outward from a central point like ripples in a pond. At the center she spotted a female Nyss in dark leathers with a short dagger in each hand. Here was one of the two primary sources of blighted energy. Across the distance their eyes locked. The Nyss reacted by directing a host of flying dragonspawn to peel off and fly toward Morvahna's position.



Even as Morvahna sent her beasts and wolds to meet the incoming dragonspawn, Grayle was directed to his target by the wayfarer. The Farstrider had made his way through the intervening trees to take his foe unaware. A number of blighted swordsmen advanced alongside her, fighting well despite being engaged from all sides. More corpses of Wolves littered the leaves than those of the blighted. A group of more heavily armored legionnaires followed the warlock, their long blades ready, expertly striking down any Wolves that closed.

He ignored them to focus on the woman singled out by the wayfarer. He took in every motion of her sword, knowing its edge would soon be directed at him. Grayle could tell she was the sort who fought by fueling herself with blood lust. Her skill was formidable, and he felt his anger rise as she cut through one Wolf after another. None who fought under Lord Morraig today were his immediate kinsmen, but they were his brothers and sisters nonetheless.

Grayle and his warpwolves emerged from the trees and sped toward the warlock. The ferals crashed into the warlock's nephilim protectors, tearing deep gashes through armor and dragon hide, while his stalkers hacked into the carnivore with their long blades. Feeling the thrill of the hunt he slipped between several intervening Nyss swordsmen, his blades a blur as he thrust and cut, stepping around them as they fell. He drew on the preternatural senses of his griffon to give him the heightened reflexes to parry other strikes directed at him as he went past. The Nyss warlock turned to meet him when he was only a few yards away, just as he entertained the notion that he might dispatch her before she was aware of him. He called on the power of storm to fill his limbs to lend himself both speed and strength.

Everblight did not choose his generals haphazardly. Against Grayle's hopes the Nyss warlock turned smoothly to block his first strike, her eyes calm and steady. Her face was partially obscured behind a dark veil that covered both her mouth and nose. She stepped to the side of his second thrust and delivered a blindingly fast retaliation.

Grayle narrowly evaded the strike and plunged inward to stab at her exposed side. Once more she deflected his blow, but his two blades gave him the advantage and his off-handed strike slashed her, forcing her to send the injury to one of her nephilim. Both their strikes were so swift he could only react instinctively, falling into a familiar dance. Yet after that first brief exchange he felt a surge of confidence knowing he had the edge. He moved faster and managed to stay inside her reach. His griffon flew down like an avenging spirit to intercept a nephilim closing on him from the rear.

For the moment each of the combatants stood isolated even as the forces around them clashed. Grayle had skillfully deployed the forces with him to tie up the nearest Legion beasts, and the Wolves of Orboros left by Krueger saw his attack and rallied at Morraig's call to lend him aid. The wolf lord charged alongside several war wolves to tie up the legionnaires who otherwise would have surrounded Grayle.

His foe vaulted backward from him, deftly evading his thrusts. As soon as she was out of his grasp he felt the hairs along the back of his neck stand as runes surrounded her form and blighted energies launched from her. He had seen no evidence of her working magic, and yet he staggered and gasped as his lungs seized. His breathing was labored and it entirely threw off his fighting rhythm. He fell back shakily as he saw a gleam of triumph in her eyes and she leapt toward him with renewed conviction.

This time he moved too slowly to block the tremendous overhead blow she delivered with her razor-sharpened blade. Even as Grayle felt the shock of impact he desperately

sent the wound to his nearest warwolf stalker. The beast howled in pain and staggered, collapsing as his torso was rent in half to spill organs onto the forest floor. Grayle could still feel blood dripping from a painful slash across his chest and felt a momentary surge of awed amazement that the blow had been so strong. He could not afford to let her hit him again, and he tumbled to the side, his lungs on fire from whatever blighted magic afflicted him.



Morvahna was kept occupied as her forces were beset by flying menaces. The spearmen defending her were battered back by the heavy grotesques that descended from above. With a shout she unleashed a surge of her power fueled by the creatures' own life forces to tear them limb from limb, albeit too late to save several spearmen. She sent her goraxes and argus to intercept a closing swarm of harriers and directed her pureblood to neutralize a seraph whose breath blazed amid the soldiers on her left flank, lighting several of the nearest trees on fire.

A roiling burst of blighted power exploded from the Nyss warlock as she unleashed her sorcery in several directions. Morvahna's eyes widened in admiration to see a harrier surrounded by Wolves of Orboros erupt with destructive energies before she had to look away, her eyes burning from the warped energies. The six nearest Wolves shrieked in pain as their flesh was torn from their bodies. They fell to the forest floor, their exposed organs shriveling from the onslaught of unnatural radiance.

Even more remarkable was the bond Morvahna sensed between the two Legion warlocks despite the distance between them. This nearest sorceress sent her power through the one fighting Grayle. The flow of energies reminded Morvahna of how she was able to evoke her magic through a gallows grove. She remembered having seen something similar to this exchange of energies once before, in the battle at the Castle of the Keys when they had failed to prevent the Legion from destroying Pyromalfic. She recalled two female warlocks who had contributed to that battle and realized she faced them again.

The idea had come to her then, and she felt certain now, that the two possessed some occult sympathy. At the time they had seemed to her eyes almost the same person divided into two bodies, and she realized that they must be sisters—but more, twins. It was an intuitive leap, but one she felt certain was right. She had seen the wilding shared between twins before and knew the strange bonds shared power created. As Morvahna watched, the nearest sorceress sent additional blighted energy through her sister to afflict Grayle's allies, evoking blighted explosions

around several nephilim. Morvahna could see she would have to separate the two if Grayle were to survive. She began to consider how she could turn the battle.

Morvahna signaled for Nuala to send her reserves to commit to the fight. Several Tharn blood packs advanced at their leader's call and fired their great bows into the nearest dragonspawn. She had intended to preserve them to help cover their retreat. Morvahna knew they had lost the initiative, with losses mounting and Grayle so far unable to finish the Nyss swordswoman. She signaled the reserves to attack that sorceress, shouting, "Drive her back!"

The Tharn advanced while firing arrows and flinging javelins, together with bloodtrackers and wolf riders. Facing their sudden onslaught, the Nyss warlock was forced to retreat up the rocky gorge to a more defensible position. Her blighted archers followed, firing on the Tharn that harried them.

Pleased she had forced them to take the defensive, Morvahna ignored them and impelled her mount to a full gallop toward the Farstrider. It raced across the forest soil, and she was quickly able to get close enough to Grayle for her magic to reach him—she held her sword aloft as runes circled her body and spiraled outward, unraveling the blighted choking tendrils that filled Grayle's lungs. He took a deep and ragged breath and shot Morvahna a grateful look before his adversary was upon him. No longer hindered by her magic, he skillfully evaded her blows and retaliated in kind.

Through a gallows grove Morvahna empowered one of Grayle's remaining stalkers. It had been injured, but now its inherent regenerative powers were amplified with each strike it made, and it quickly healed. Morvahna's own wounds closed as she stole vitality from several Wolves who fell to dragonspawn and blighted Nyss.

She looked back to Grayle's battle and saw his advantage had been restored now that his breathing was back to normal. He had pushed back the Nyss woman with a flurry of blows. Thanks to Wolf Lord Morraig, who had focused on taking down her dragonspawn, she was running out of places to shunt her wounds. The exchange had been bloody on both sides, though, and few of Grayle's host remained. The Circle had suffered badly, and their numbers were greatly reduced. The Legion still had untapped reserves in those who had been stretched out along the gorge and had yet to engage. If they joined the battle, her failure was practically guaranteed. She had to force the entire army to retreat, yet she knew that even without a numerical advantage the Legion would never flee due to fear. They followed their masters to the death. Breaking them hinged on defeating the twins.

Morvahna knew the warlock hunkered down amid the rocks could see the fight between Grayle and her sister and how circumstances had reversed. The Nyss was clearly on the defensive, falling back as Grayle hacked skillfully at her. As predicted, the sorceress came out from her sheltered position, fighting to get closer to her twin. She risked enemy fire, relying on agility as she rolled forward and rushed ahead, invoking her magic as she went to light several nearby wolf riders afire with bursts akin to dragon flame. Those beasts that were left once more became fulcrums of blighted energy, obliterating more of Morvahna's soldiers. As she got close enough, she was able to invoke her magic through her sister once again, afflicting Grayle with a burst of fire that made him stagger back.

As the woman charged into the open, Morvahna shouted orders to her remaining wolf riders to hunt her down and manipulated fate to guide the arrows of the blood packs, changing near-misses to direct hits. Her archers attacked the nearest dragonspawn to interfere with the Nyss warlock's ability to transfer her injuries, sending several blighted horrors falling from the sky. Despite the Nyss' agility, several blood pack arrows struck true, spilling her blood. This distracted the swordswoman from her clash with Grayle, as she saw her sister exposed and vulnerable. Both were threatened with destruction, and both instinctively sought to protect the other.

Suddenly the swordswoman sacrificed one of her nearest spawn, a creature like a serpentine cat, sending it leaping onto Grayle to occupy him just long enough for her to break away and race toward her sister. She cut down several Tharn in her way, and those blighted swordsmen and archers that were left closed ranks around the wounded twins to shield them from additional fire. Morvahna contemplated intercepting on her mount but knew it would be fruitless. A foolish charge would not convince the twins they should retreat—but something else might.

She braced herself and then drew on her own life energy to significantly augment her power, unleashing a tremendous surge of natural energies even as her body erupted in wounds. She ignored the agonizing pain to manifest a torrent of vitality outward through the bloodied grasses to reinvigorate the fallen. Many Tharn and Wolves who had been bleeding out their last suddenly found the strength to stand, their injuries knitted, weapons in hand and ready to fight. Grayle had dispatched the barbed-tailed dragonspawn that had beset him and turned to face the Nyss swordswoman once more. Here amid the trees closest to the edge of the gorge, it suddenly appeared as though the Circle army was restored and fresh, ready for battle once again. In part this was an illusion, as only those closest to Morvahna stood, yet amid the trees it was difficult to ascertain how many had seemingly arisen from

the dead. Morvahna sat regally astride her mount and let her power flow outward from her fingertips to obliterate more blighted warriors.

The two Nyss warlocks were clearly unnerved. They shared a look and then turned to flee north, sending their remaining dragonspawn to cover their retreat. Many of the Nyss soldiers were thrown into confusion. Some sought to engage the arisen Circle warriors, but more turned to follow their masters. It was clear this was not a part of their battle plan. Grayle and Wolf Lord Morraig held the Circle line. Morvahna sent her own power out to help guide their attacks, feeling dizzy and weak from the blood she had shed to restore so much of her army. As additional warriors fell, her health slowly returned, but rarely had she risked walking the knife's edge so closely to death. The gamble paid off as the front lines of the Legion collapsed. The Circle was left battered but victorious, looking north toward where a far larger force withdrew in defeat.

**A FOOLISH CHARGE WOULD
NOT CONVINCE THE TWINS
THEY SHOULD RETREAT—BUT
SOMETHING ELSE MIGHT.**

Ordinarily Morvahna might have encouraged the Tharn to give chase and kill as many of the foe as possible before they could make their escape, but her force was in tatters. Grayle was badly injured and his beasts spent. It had been a narrow victory, and she knew it might not last. The Legion would continue its advance in the days ahead, but the rest of Krueger's army would arrive in due time and stand ready to face them. Hopefully their window to reach Venethrax was closed.

Meanwhile, she intended to find Krueger himself and ask a few pointed questions about his willingness to heed his promises.

MORVAHNA THE DAWNshadow

CIRCLE LIGHT CAVALRY EPIC WARLOCK

All things move toward their end, both brightest day and darkest night.

—Morvahna the Dawnshadow

MORVAHNA							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
8	5	6	4	15	15	9	



EQUINOX

POW	P+S
7	12



MOUNT

POW
12

FURY	7
DAMAGE	16
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
WARBEAST POINTS	+5
LARGE BASE	

FEAT: BLOOD SACRIFICE

To the Dawnshadow, the power of life is in the blood, and by her power this vitality can be freely loaned or borrowed. As Morvahna cuts her own flesh and makes an offering of her blood, her fallen warriors become whole to fight again.

Morvahna immediately suffers 1 or more damage points. This damage cannot be transferred. For each damage point she suffers, return one destroyed

non-character living friendly Faction warrior model to play completely within her control area. Place returned trooper models in formation with their original units. Units cannot exceed the number of models they had at the start of the game as a result of Blood Sacrifice. Returned models forfeit their actions the turn they return to play.

MORVAHNA

Pathfinder

Imperishable Conviction – When a friendly Faction model in its control area is destroyed by an enemy attack, this model heals 1 damage point.

Scales of Fate – When a friendly Faction model makes an attack or damage roll during its activation while in this model's control area, this model can suffer d3 damage points to cause that model to reroll that roll. Each roll can be rerolled only once due to Scales of Fate.

EQUINOX

Magical Weapon

Reach

Life Trader – When an attack with this weapon hits, this model can suffer 1 damage point to gain an additional die on the damage roll against the model hit. Life Trader can be used once per attack.

MOUNT

Ram – When an enemy model is hit by this weapon, it is knocked down and can be pushed 1" directly away from this model. If it is pushed, this model can immediately advance directly toward the pushed model up to the distance that model was moved.

SPELLS

	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
CARNIVORE	2	6	-	-	YES	NO
Target friendly model/unit gains +2 to melee attack rolls against living models. When an affected model boxes a living model with a melee attack, the boxed model is removed from play and this model heals d3 damage points.						
DEATH KNEEL	4	8	4	10	NO	YES
Before dealing damage, count the number of models in the AOE. Add the result to each Death Knell damage roll.						
FOG OF WAR	3	SELF	CTRL	-	YES	NO
Models gain concealment while in this model's control area.						
PURIFICATION	3	SELF	CTRL	-	NO	NO
Continuous effects, animi, and upkeep spells in this model's control area immediately expire.						
SUNDER SPIRIT	2	10	-	12	NO	YES
An enemy warbeast damaged by Sunder Spirit loses its animus for one round.						

Nature's cycles are inherently contradictory, with night turning to day and life to death in moments. Morvahna balances upon the sharp divide between light and dark, life and death, strength and weakness. She draws her strength from the rhythms of the natural world and yet invokes her power to cull enemies of the Circle Orboros, cutting the strands of fate tying them to Caen. More than most, she possesses a keen understanding of the power of blood and sacrifice and can harness the most primal energies to advance her agenda.

Morvahna is counted among the most politically shrewd of the Circle's leaders, a woman who has accumulated tremendous influence and power while navigating the sometimes treacherous upper echelons of the organization. While some of her rivals cannot see past her ambition and facility at manipulation, she has bent all her considerable powers and ability toward the destruction of the order's enemies, foremost among them the Legion of Everblight. Her political machinations suffered a slight setback after a failed attempt to eliminate her greatest rival, Krueger the Stormlord, but this has only forced her to adapt and change her tactics. She has seen how infighting divided the ranks and only created further division and has shifted her goals to restore her power base through subtler means, all while coordinating strikes against an enemy that has become an ever-escalating threat. While her ambition is undiminished, Morvahna has felt compelled to enter into alliances she might once have deemed unthinkable.

The Dawnshadow joins the battles of her order with renewed purpose and wielding all the tremendous powers at her disposal. Astride her Skirovik mountain goat, the power of life in blood is hers to command, and those who follow her entrust their lives to her discretion. The ebb and flow of the natural order rests within Morvahna's fingertips, and those rhythms guide her toward her destiny.

TACTICAL TIPS

BLOOD SACRIFICE – Remove all damage from returned models. If all models in a trooper's unit have been destroyed, it cannot be placed within 3" of a model in its unit and therefore cannot return to play.

CARNIVORE – Because the boxed model is removed from play before being destroyed, it does not generate a soul or corpse token. This model, not the target model, is healed when the target model boxes another model.





RAZORWING GRIFFON

CIRCLE LIGHT WARBEAST

Damnedest thing I've ever seen. There was a blur and then a dozen men cut down in a row. I thought it was a cannon shot until I saw that thing circling back for another pass.

—Steelhead Sergeant Rowf Herren

RAZORWING GRIFFON							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	8	6	1	14	15	6	



CLAW BLADES

POW	P+S
4	12



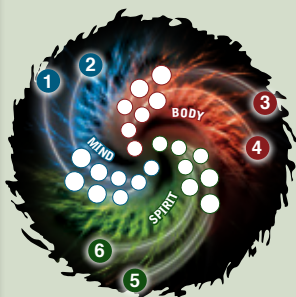
CLAW BLADES

POW	P+S
4	12



WING BLADES

POW	P+S
4	12



FURY	3
THRESHOLD	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	5
MEDIUM BASE	

WING BLADES

Threshing Blades – This model can add this weapon's POW to its trample power attack damage rolls.

RAZORWING GRIFFON

Blade Rush – While making a trample power attack, this model ignores free strikes and does not stop when it contacts a model with a medium or larger base, an obstacle, or an obstruction. This model makes trample attacks against models regardless of their base size.

Flight – This model can advance through terrain and obstacles without penalty and can advance through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past them. This model ignores intervening models when declaring its charge target.

Power Attack Trample – This model can make trample power attacks.

CLAW BLADES

Open Fist

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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AMUCK	1	6	-	-	NO	NO
When target friendly warbeast makes a special attack, its attack rolls are boosted. Amuck lasts for one turn.						

TACTICAL TIPS

AMUCK – This includes power attacks. Amuck does not boost the attack rolls of chain attacks that duplicate the effects of special attacks.

want to dive upon their prey and lift it aloft—not sweep low along the ground scything with their wings before ascending to begin a new attack. As part of their training, razorwings come to expect a freshly killed reward after each battle: the more foes they cut down, the better they will feed from the hands of their masters.



Razorwing griffons plunge into battle with the piercing shrieks of birds of prey, diving into enemy formations as part of their brutal assaults. Flying just a few feet above the ground, they move like threshers across a crop of wheat. The griffons use their sharp-edged blades to slash through ranks of infantry, leaving a bloody trail of the dead and dying to mark their passage.

The master beast handlers of the Circle Orboros spend years training these griffons before ever arming them with blades. Griffons are naturally intractable creatures, and those druids who train them must possess the forbearance of falconers and the grit of warriors; more than a few trainers bear the scars of a quarrel with their beasts. Once a handler is certain of a griffon's training, he arms it with lightweight but resilient metal blades on its leading feathers and gauntlets over its natural claws. The final lessons are difficult, as the trainer must fight the griffon's deeply ingrained hunting instincts. The griffons naturally

RIP HORN SATYR

CIRCLE HEAVY WARBEAST

It's bad enough when goats try to butt you off the side of a mountain—these damn things will pick you up and throw you.

—Allen Ashley



ANIMUS COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

IRRESISTIBLE FORCE 2 SELF - - NO NO

This model gains Bulldoze for one turn. (When a model with Bulldoze advances into B2B contact with an enemy model during its activation, it can push that model up to 2" directly away from it. A model can be pushed by Bulldoze only once per activation. Bulldoze has no effect when this model makes a trample power attack.)

Rip horn satyrs are intimidating beasts with a vicious temperament. They show more cunning than other satyrs but are every bit as fierce, smashing into their enemies, pushing them back, and breaking their lines and formations. The distance closed, the satyrs slash brutally with their bladed

SATYR

Aggressive – This model can run or charge without spending focus or being forced.

HORNS

Hard Head – This model can add this weapon's POW to its head-butt and slam power attack damage rolls.

BLADED GAUNTLET

Open Fist

Chain Attack: Grab & Smash – If this model hits the same model with both its initial attacks with this weapon, after resolving the attacks it can immediately make a double-hand throw, head-butt, headlock / weapon lock, push, or throw power attack against that target.

SATYR

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	12	6	3	12	19	7



POW	P+S
4	16



POW	P+S
4	16



POW	P+S
4	16



FURY	4
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	9
LARGE BASE	

gauntlets at any foe still standing, heaving aside any that somehow survived their punishing initial assault.

Relatively few herds of rip horns roam the wilds compared to the other breeds of satyr the druids of the Circle Orboros maintain. Wild rip horns are notable for being one of the few varieties to use simple tools and build structures, however crude. The druids consider rip horns highly intelligent by the standards of the species, so it was only natural they take a deep interest in the herds.

Rip horns selected to accompany druids in war receive simple bladed gauntlets and are taught to use them in lieu of the brute force that most of their kind prefer. Even with their natural disposition to learning, the stubborn and belligerent satyrs do not always take well to training. The druids are careful not to breed out those traits altogether, however, as they value beasts that are not only cunning but also capable of being stirred to violence for their cause.





THARN BLOOD PACK

CIRCLE UNIT

It matters not how the blood of prey is shed, so long as it runs in profusion.

—Kromac the Ravenous

LEADER & GRUNTS							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	8	7	6	13	14	8	



THARN BOW			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
12	1	—	13



HUNTER'S BLADE	
POW	P+S
3	11

DAMAGE	8 EACH
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
LEADER & 3 GRUNTS	7
LEADER & 5 GRUNTS	10
MEDIUM BASE	

LEADER & GRUNTS

☒ Fearless

☒ Pathfinder

Assault & Battery (Order) – Before their normal movement, affected models can make one ranged attack. During their normal movement, affected models must charge or run. The ranged attack is made before declaring a charge target.

Heart Eater – This model gains a corpse token each time it destroys a living enemy model with a melee attack. This model can

have up to three corpse tokens at a time. It can spend corpse tokens during its activation to boost an attack or damage roll or to make an additional melee attack at one token per boost or additional attack.

Treewalker – This model ignores forests when determining LOS. While in a forest, this model gains +2 DEF against melee attack rolls and can advance through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past them.

Blood packs count among their number some of the cruelest warriors of the Tharn. Ranging far ahead of a main body of attackers, they move through the densest thickets with speed and agility surprising for such hulking warriors. A blood pack falls upon enemy sentries before taking aim with bows too massive for any without the strength of a Tharn to pull. Targets sighted, they loose arrows that could be mistaken for small javelins—projectiles capable of piercing even heavy armor. Blood packs choose their victims with silent coordination, and as one of them fells his mark, his brothers charge forward to take advantage of new opportunities for slaughter.

Like all Tharn, blood packs venerate the Devourer Wurm. Their hunts are more than simple tests of strength and skill: they are sacrifices in the name of the Beast of All Shapes. Blood packs engage in ritual bloodshed among their own before battle, chanting oaths that dedicate the blood they will spill and the pain they will inflict to the Wurm's honor. Relishing the opportunity to evoke fear in their victims' eyes, they take sadistic pleasure in their bloody craft, striding toward their prey like butchers choosing victims from among frightened cattle.



WARPBORN ALPHA

CIRCLE UNIT ATTACHMENT

We claim our tithe in death and glory.

—Warpborn Alpha Hjal Norn



Ravenous and brutal, skinwalker alphas are fearsome combatants, laying low their enemies before feasting upon them as they die screaming. Those they lead follow without hesitation, knowing that they will find either a glorious death or a victory in the blood and viscera of those who stand against them.

Few skinwalkers live long enough to claim the right of alpha, but those who do reign as veterans of years, perhaps decades, of battle. They have killed in the name of the Wurm across the wilderness of western Immoren, hunted great and deadly beasts, and listened to songs praising their scars and valor. Other skinwalkers would not deign to follow a lesser hero, and alphas must stand ready to prove their worth in honorable combat. He meets any challenge to his authority with a primal howl—terrifying for lesser

Attachment [Warpborn Skinwalker] – This attachment can be added to a Warpborn Skinwalker unit.

ALPHA

- ☑ Combined Melee Attack
- ☒ Fearless
- ☞ Officer
- ☾ Pathfinder
- ☠ Terror

Granted: Blood Drinker – While this model is in play, models in its unit gain Blood Drinker. (Immediately after a model with Blood Drinker resolves a melee attack in which it destroys one or more living models, it can end its activation to heal d3 damage points.)

Relentless Advance – When a model in this unit is damaged by an enemy attack, models in this unit gain +2 SPD for one round.

Retaliatory Strike – When this model is hit by a melee attack made by an enemy model during your opponent's turn, after the attack is resolved this model can immediately make one normal melee attack against that model. This model can make one Retaliatory Strike per turn.

Tactics: Rapid Strike – Models in this unit gain Rapid Strike. (A model with Rapid Strike can make one additional melee attack each combat action.)

Unyielding – While engaging an enemy model, this model gains +2 ARM.

POLE AXE

- ☞ Reach

ALPHA						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	8	7	3	12	16	9

POLE AXE	
POW	P+S
5	13

DAMAGE	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	1
POINT COST	3
MEDIUM BASE	

creatures to hear—and the snapping of jaws as he brutalizes the challenger into submission. These constant tests ensure not only that the pack respect its leader, but also that he is strong and cunning enough to be worthy of their loyalty.

Incited to the edge of savage delirium, the alpha and his pack wield their massive axes with shocking speed, cutting down all who come near or dare to return their attacks. They slake their blood thirst upon the gore of their slaughtered foes, rejuvenating themselves without need of respite. Even as their targets fall into mangled ruin, the alpha has already begun to formulate his pack's next move.







WOLFWRATH

NEAR THE GREYBRANCH GAP, 602 AR

Captain Nytyrr looked over the carnage around her with fatalistic detachment, feeling her powerlessness as she lay bleeding.

Her mind went back to when the Fourth Van had taken this barren hill and its rune-etched stones, just a few weeks earlier. She had expected heavier resistance in wresting the site of arcane power from the druids. A few primitive armored humans and a single druid had made an earnest but futile defense, and it was only a matter of moments before Nytyrr's myrmidons had reduced them and their stones to ruin. The company and the arcanists they accompanied had set about constructing their installation to harness the site's power. After weeks without challenge, they had concluded the druids were uninterested or incapable of reclaiming their site.

The storm had begun shortly before dusk, seemingly from nowhere. She had been preparing to retire to her tent when she had heard the first crack of thunder and felt the first drops of rain. She had looked out at the tree line only a few hundred yards from their camp to see lightning strike the forest once, then again, then a third time in rapid succession. She had barely thought of how remarkable that was when the trees had bent aside and a walking mountain had burst forth, the storm gathered tightly above it.

More massive than the stones her company had demolished but covered in the same glowing runes, the mighty construct was upon her houseguard before they could form defensive lines. It was to their credit they did not flee outright. Still, their armor provided little protection from the thunderous lightning that arced from the glowing body, roasting them alive. The stone creation rained blows upon them that splintered her myrmidons like kindling, and Nytyrr shouted for her forces to retreat and regroup. Suddenly a flying piece of steel tore through her torso, cutting her words short.

Pierced through, she fell against a shattered stone bulwark. In the darkness, only the blinding flashes of lightning surrounding the looming construct allowed her to see. A final flash illuminated one of its massive fists, seeming to hover in perfect stillness above her.

Nytyrr closed her eyes as it began its descent.

WOLDWRATH

CIRCLE GARGANTUAN

There is a time for planning and a time for fury.

—Krueger the Stormwrath

WOLDWRATH						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	16	6	5	7	20	—



LIGHTNING STRIKE			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
14	1	—	15



STONE FIST	
POW	P+S
3	19



STONE FIST	
POW	P+S
3	19

FURY	4
THRESHOLD	—
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	20
HUGE BASE	

arced to. The AOE's remain in play for one round. Models entering or ending their activations in an AOE suffer a POW 10 electrical damage roll ⚡.

STONE FIST

⚡ Open Flst

Earth Shaker – When an enemy model is directly hit by an attack made with this weapon, center a 4" AOE on the model directly hit. Models in the AOE are knocked down.



The Circle Orboros has entered the end times, when it must launch the full force of plans centuries in the making and unleash ancient arsenals. Among the greatest of its weapons are the woldwraths, which must be brought forth to the battle lines and pitted against the many forces that would see the world plunged into darkness.

A woldwrath stands as a towering monument to woldcrafting genius, meant to tap into and unbind the

WOLDWRATH

⚡ Construct

Spell Ward – This model cannot be targeted by spells.

LIGHTNING STRIKE

⚡ Damage Type: Electricity

Storm Generator – When a model is directly hit with this weapon, center a 3" AOE on it. You can then have lightning arc to the nearest model within 4" of the model hit, ignoring the attacking model. The model the lightning arcs to suffers an unboostable POW 10 electrical damage roll ⚡. After this damage roll is resolved, center a 3" AOE on the model the lightning

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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DRUID'S WRATH	2	SELF	—	—	NO	NO
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Friendly Faction models gain an additional die on magic attack rolls targeting enemy models within 10" of this model. Druid's Wrath lasts for one turn.

TACTICAL TIPS

SPELL WARD – This model is shielded from friendly and enemy spells alike.

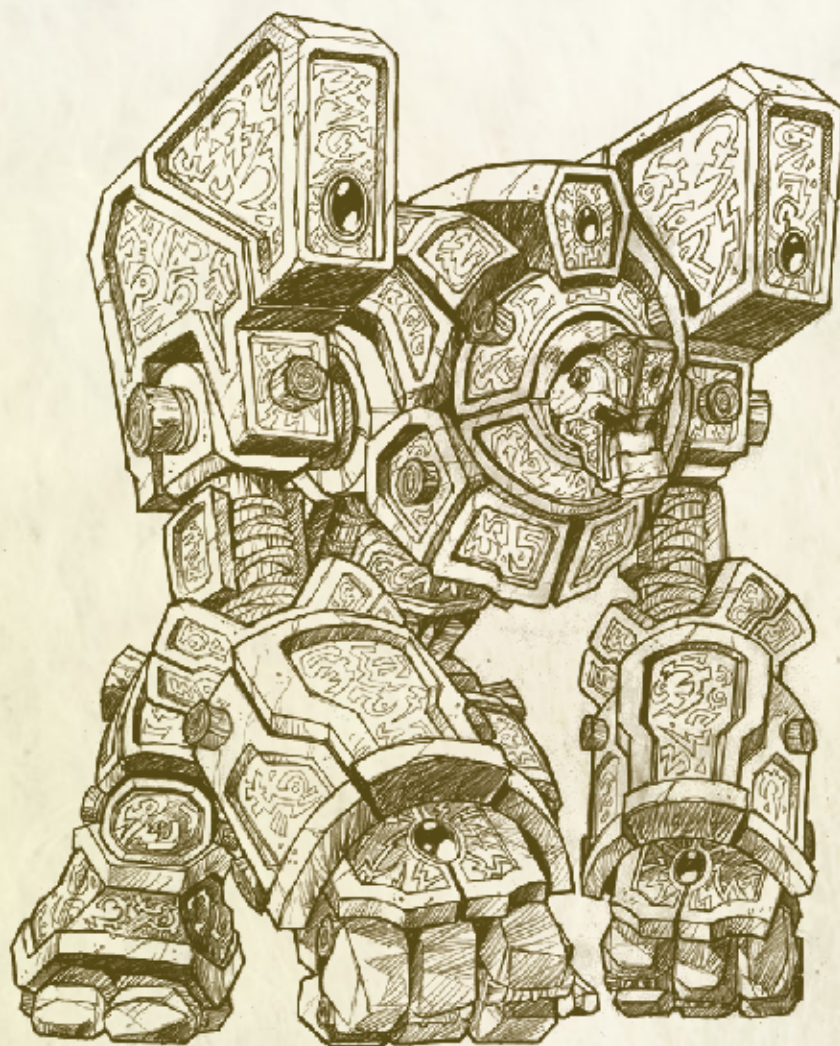
STORM GENERATOR – The lightning will still arc to a model with Immunity: Electricity; it just cannot damage that model. Damage from Storm Generator arcs is not considered to have been caused by a hit or by a melee or ranged attack.

ultimate fury of Orboros. Brought to life amid strenuous, blood-fueled rituals conducted atop powerful conjunctions of ley lines, a woldwrath channels the vast energies that flow within the earth. Its tempestuous assaults are prefaced by voltaic flickers that play along darkening clouds above and the pulsing runes inscribed across its stone form. In the aftermath of its summoned storm, all that remains of its enemies are charred and smoldering husks scattered upon the rain-drenched ground.

Blackclads perfected the crafting of wolds millennia ago. The first woldwraths, however, did not appear until after the dragon Toruk was driven from the mainland and descended upon the Scharde Isles. Before that time, the Circle Orboros held vast territories amid the islands, which formed a vital portion of its ley line network. The speed with which the dragon destroyed the druidic guardians in that region prompted the fabrication of new and mightier weapons: the first great woldwraths.

Senior druids knew the power at their disposal relied upon the network of ley lines that stretched under their feet. The woldwraths were built not simply to siphon that power to drive their myriad functions but also to store it for later use. Able to hold that energy in reserve and then direct it at enemy forces, a handful of woldwraths were created to stand against threats on the scale of dragons, which had rapidly become a growing threat.

When the Orgoth invaded western Immoren, the druids of the Circle Orboros were scarcely more prepared than the warring city-states. The Circle sought to avoid direct contact with the invaders whenever possible, but the Orgoth witches were drawn to the sites of power the blackclads had erected, seeking to exploit them for their own dark rites. The Orgoth launched many brutal raids to that end, forcing the Circle to fight bitterly in a largely



futile attempt to defend them. The woldwraths inflicted a heavy toll upon the invaders in those battles, virtually all of which went unrecorded. The most awesome of these clashes occurred at the battle of Nine Stones, in what would become western Cygnar, where the druids sent five woldwraths against a host of Orgoth. Although the blackclads were ultimately defeated and their wolds crumbled to ruin, the battle set back the Orgoth conquest of druidic sacred sites by decades. In time, as the Orgoth began to lose their foothold in western Immoren, the Circle again deployed woldwraths to expel the invaders from places stolen from them. The Circle eventually withdrew the surviving woldwraths into their most remote fastnesses.

In the present, escalating conflict has forced the omnipotents of the Circle to unleash their great weapons again. Ancient, weathered woldwraths have been drawn from their resting places even as new ones are crafted. Like all wolds, woldwraths must be crafted according to exacting rituals; indeed, tremendous power is required to animate such

huge constructs. A woldwrath's wood and stone frame must be ceremonially imbued with the blood of life at a nexus of ley lines during key astronomical conjunctions. Fresh blood is harvested from battles and delivered unto these productions alongside freshly quarried stone and gathered timber.

Once given the semblance of sentience, woldwraths aid their druidic masters. Off the battlefield, they serve as mobile replacements for the permanent standing stones situated at sites of great power, facilitating members of the Circle in tapping the energy of ley lines. It is in combat, however, that the constructs fulfill their terrible promise. As a woldwrath closes with the enemy, it discharges destructive lightning—emanations so great that whole thunderstorms gather about the construct and linger even after battle ends. While nearby druids leverage its power to augment their own natural magic, a woldwrath smashes the Circle's challengers into wreckage. Roused to battle, it enacts the will of the blackclads and Orboros itself.



SKORNE

UNASSAILABLE

East of Mount Shyleth Breen

Supreme Archdomina Makeda planted the Talon of Murzoul in the rocky soil and leaned upon the renowned blade. She was weary, but like that mighty sword of the first archdominar, she would neither bend nor break. Below her stretched a narrow valley cloaked in thin mist. Just beyond, a rugged pass ascended steeply, finally terminating at the gates of a fortress bristling with stone towers and foreboding ramparts: the Twilight Gate. Within those walls lay an ancient and formidable enemy.

The grim edifice guarded a remote and difficult route into Ios, home to the descendants of Lyoss, the ancient empire whose collapse had opened the gaping wound in the desert the skorne called the Abyss. The pass constituted the sole entrance into Ios through the southern mountains, its primary geographical barrier. To Makeda's knowledge, the vast gate had never been opened. No army had even dared the arduous trek to reach it.

Through the exalted ancestor Hakaar the Destroyer, Makeda had learned that a significant portion of the Iosans' military had been sent abroad, providing a singular opportunity for conquest. She intended to establish a new skorne foothold upon elven soil. Ios afforded no easy points of entry—each path presented its own perils—but instincts honed over decades of war told her this one offered her best chance. The approach to the Gate of Mists to the northwest was more open, with only the forest itself to stand in the way of a looming enemy, but it was also the most heavily fortified for that very reason.

Even here, Ios was well defended. An invading army had few places to establish a hold for a siege without subjecting itself to the full fury of the gate's defenses. A frontal assault, even with a large army, was tantamount to suicide; her scouts had reported the walls held strange cannons that fired goutts of raw energy. Still, compared to the Gate of Mists, the Twilight Gate did not seem insurmountable. The Iosans did not expect an attack here, and although the gate itself was a nigh-impregnable barrier, it lacked the support of a large standing army.

Makeda had led her forces up the treacherous slopes near Mount Shyleth Breen to reach this location, driving them by the brutal ministrations of her paingivers and employing mortitheurgy to push them beyond exhaustion. Some had died, of course, but the massive army had arrived largely intact. She had brought the mightiest weapons of the Skorne Empire: legions of heavily armored Cataphracts; dozens of warbeasts; and four mammoths, the gargantuan cousins of the indomitable titans. Each mammoth fought as a mobile siege engine unto itself, boasting a battery of cannons of earthshaking power.

A secondary skorne army led by Dominar Rasheth and Lord Arbiter Hexeris would harass the Gate of Mists itself, while Tyrant Xerxis' small force would test the heavily fortified northeastern bastion of the Aeryth Dawnguard. The lesser skorne armies would attack those border garrisons and keep them engaged, making it risky for them to redeploy in a unified defense. Meanwhile, Makeda's army could penetrate the interior from an unexpected direction.

A piercing scream from the skorne camp behind Makeda drew her attention. Her lord assassin was hard at work, wringing information from Iosan captives. The enemy could conceal no secrets from her.

She turned toward the camp and saw the stone forms of her two exalted guardians obediently waiting a few steps behind her. Each of the mighty constructs had once been a warrior of great renown from House Balaash. They comprised part of her exalted court, gifts from the extoller caste intended to embody her favor among the exalted ancestors of her house.

As Makeda set off toward the crimson tents, the exalted guardians fell in behind her. She found Morghoul's large, unadorned tent near the center of camp. The screams were reaching a shattering crescendo as she stepped into the gloomy interior.

"Supreme Archdomina," Morghoul said and bowed, stepping away from the naked, bleeding Iosan tied to a

stake in the center of the tent. The lord assassin held a short, curved knife in his left hand, its blade stained crimson. The tent housed only a wooden stool and a steel rack holding an assortment of implements useful in interrogation: short blades, iron rods, pincers, and a few more exotic spiked tools.

"Lord Assassin," Makeda said. "Has this *toksaa* provided any useful information?" She barely glanced at the slumped and moaning Iosan but could see that Morghoul had flayed most of the skin from his left arm.

Morghoul nodded. "He has, Supreme Archdomina. It appears the Twilight Gate is not the only fortification in this area. A small group of scouts occupies a watchtower with a commanding view of the Twilight Gate and the valley. They likely were the first to witness our approach and warned the defenders."

Makeda understood immediately. "From such a place we could fire down upon on the walls," she said. "Is the area large enough to accommodate our mammoths?"

"I believe so, although the path to reach it will be a challenge for them. Nothing we cannot overcome, I think."

"Good. You will leave after nightfall. Take whatever you need," Makeda ordered.

Morghoul bowed. "Yes, Supreme Archdomina."

"You have done well," Makeda said over her shoulder as she turned to leave. Morghoul returned to the Iosan, knife in hand. As the tent flap closed behind her, Makeda heard one last desperate plea cut suddenly short.



Morghoul crept slowly up a thickly wooded mountain slope in the pre-dawn darkness, his footsteps barely a whisper. A half-dozen bloodrunners moved silently behind him, jagged daggers in hand. Behind them were the two basilisks he had brought on this expedition: a drake and a krea. Ahead, the trees gave way to a gigantic rock outcropping that supported a square tower of ivory stone. The winding path there had been cunningly concealed; the skorne scouts never would have found it on their own. The lord assassin felt the press of time. He had hoped to conclude this business under cover of night, but reaching the tower had taken longer than anticipated.

Morghoul had learned the watchtower held only a small garrison. The clearing stood empty save for one of the smaller Iosan myrmidons, encased in white armor dotted with softly glowing nodes of energy and bearing long, curved blades upon slender forearms. Its seemingly perfunctory presence guarding the tower entrance told Morghoul the Iosans were not expecting an attack here. He signaled to the paingivers to wait. He intended to see to the machine personally.

At one with the darkness, Morghoul approached within twenty feet of the myrmidon before it turned its oddly angled head to face him, suddenly alert. He gave up any pretense of stealth and charged forward. A brightening energy field went up around the machine, but Morghoul was upon it before it could fire its enigmatic weapon.

Meeting only slight resistance, he plunged the point of his blade, Mercy, through the barrier and into the glowing node on the machine's left shoulder. Sparks erupted as he shattered internal mechanisms, and the limb seized. A subsequent swipe of his mystical Fan of Shadows rendered the construct blind and unable to follow his movements. He yanked Mercy free and struck several times in rapid succession, each time at another glowing nexus. The myrmidon could not retaliate before its light faded and it toppled, broken and inert.

HE WOVE A LETHAL PATH THROUGH THE GROUP, HIS JAGGED BLADE AND RAZOR-EDGED FAN CUTTING THEM DOWN WITH EACH TWIST OF HIS BODY.

His bloodrunners rushed into the clearing to join him, immediately launching grappling hooks into the tower's upper battlements. Once they had begun to climb, still unseen, Morghoul turned his attention to the structure's single sealed entrance.

Quickly considering his options, the lord assassin commanded his drake to apply its withering gaze against the stone. Waves of rippling, unnatural power shimmered in the air between basilisk and tower; soon, the stone door began to pucker and warp like skin exposed to flame. Morghoul mentally urged the creature to repeat its assault, and the door gave way just as the bloodrunners began to reach the top, climbing nimbly into open apertures to murder those within. Morghoul could hear Iosans raising the alarm as he stepped into the lower level, weapons in hand. He siphoned energy from the krea to create a dense energy field that would slow incoming projectiles.

The few Iosan guards in the bare, circular chamber fired rifles in his direction, but their shots were ineffective. Alarm washed over their faces. Morghoul waved his bladed fan in a precise flourish and vanished as they fired again, and bullets passed through the space where he had been. He emerged from the shadows several yards closer to them and sped across the remaining space before they gathered their wits. He wove a lethal path through the group, his jagged blade and razor-edged fan cutting them down with each twist of his body. He rushed up the winding stairs to

find that his subordinates had efficiently subdued the rest of the small garrison without any losses. He gave a single approving nod to their ranking tormentor.

After ensuring the tower was secure, Morghoul walked to the eastern edge of the rocky outcropping and looked down upon the Twilight Gate. The dawn's first light showed gun emplacements festooning its walls and soldiers swarming its battlements like ants. He turned and surveyed the rest of the area. While it would be tight, he could see a way to fit a pair of mammoths and perhaps a half-dozen titan cannoneers here. He could even position a couple of Venator catapults farther back and then rain down fire upon the Iosan fortress with impunity.

Morghoul retreated from the precipice to check on the mammoths and the beast handlers negotiating the cliffside trail. He knew Makeda's assault would begin soon, and he had little time to prepare. Many skorne would die in the hours ahead, but the imminent conquest held the potential for exaltation—and for that, they would die gladly.



The bloodrunner was somewhat out of breath when he was brought before Makeda, having run several miles across difficult terrain to bring her Morghoul's message. The supreme archdomina sat on a wooden stool in front of her tent buckling her armor. "Report," she said as she began fastening her greaves. Around the camp, she saw many of her commanders letting slaves aid them in donning their armor. She wanted all to see their leader preparing for war.

"Lord Morghoul bid me tell you he is in position, Supreme Archdomina," the bloodrunner said.

"Good," she replied as she slipped her floating pauldrons over her head and fastened each under one arm. She stood and began securing tassets to her breastplate; the long, segmented armor protected her legs from waist to knee. "Signal him he is to begin his assault the moment the Iosans open fire." The bloodrunner bowed and set off to do as bid.

Armor in place, Makeda picked up her massive blade and propped it on one shoulder. It was said the blade may have been forged in ancient Lyoss, the great empire of the *toksaa*, who now called themselves Iosans. She found it fitting her enemy would fall before a weapon crafted by their ancestors.

Her exalted guardians following, Makeda moved through the camp. The majority of her troops and warbeasts awaited their tyrants in a wide swath of cleared forest. In the center of the camp, Makeda found a dozen armored tyrants plus a handful of lord tyrants and two dominars, all handpicked from important noble houses and given command of a portion of the army. The skorne leaders each made obeisance based on their standing. Tyrant Rhadeim, commander of

the prestigious Praetorian ferox legions, simply bowed his head, while Tyrant Xarus, who led the lowly ranks of Venator reivers, dropped to one knee.

She moved among the towering, armored tyrants and approached a much smaller figure attired in the crimson robes of his office.

"Aptimus Marketh," she said. "Have you made the necessary preparations?"

The stooped skorne extoller bowed low. "I have, Supreme Archdomina," he said. "The ancestors will communicate your message to the lord arbiter and Tyrant Xerxis when the time is right. Perhaps we should consult the supreme aptimus—"

"No." Makeda cut him off. "This task is yours. You will not require Zaal's assistance."

"I understand," Marketh said and withdrew.

Makeda turned to the assembled tyrants. "Prepare for battle. We march within the hour."



Scyir Nyla Ferryr drew a deep breath and placed her hands on the crenellation before her. She stood on the eastern forward battlements—those closest to the outer wall—of the Twilight Gate, looking out at the gigantic skorne army approaching up the pass. Her shock at the situation was somewhat muted by its absurdity. The folly of attack should have been clear to the enemy: the steep angle of the valley rendered a protracted siege impossible, and the defenders' vantage would allow their artillery to shred the invaders before they could even close to attack.

That these savages had managed to negotiate the approach with thousands of troops and a multitude of cumbersome beasts was surprising. It was well known the eastern savages had been attacking Cygnar to the south, but she was certain none among the hallytyr had any idea they had been planning to shift their aggression to the Iosan border.

She shook her head. Did these barbarians actually believe they could successfully invade Ios? Their fighting prowess might have advanced over the centuries, but their weaponry remained primitive. The massive cannons mounted on the backs of the largest beasts, however, did give her pause. There might be some danger if those creatures reached the wall.

Nyla turned to the houseguard captain standing at attention behind her. "I want Stormfall archers on the forward battlements, riflemen on the secondary battlements, and all cannons manned and ready."

"Yes, Scyir," he said and set off to enact her orders.

Let these foreigners come, she thought. Let them be smashed against our walls, and let their bones serve as a warning to any who would challenge Ios' strength.

She let her consciousness slip into the cortex of the Hyperion stationed inside the main gate. The mighty myrmidon emerged fully from its dormancy, and she bathed in the pleasant sensation of its immense destructive potential.

Nyla smiled thinly. *Yes. Let them come.*



Makeda gritted her teeth as the mammoth's siege battery cannons discharged with a deafening blast above her. The munitions smashed into the top of the wall and detonated; the explosion destroyed an Iosan cannon and hurled its operators into the air, limbs flailing in death.

Around her was a cacophony of cannon fire, thunderous explosions, and the desperate cries of the dead and dying. The Iosan artillery had been devastatingly effective, and they had begun bombarding her army long before their walls were in range of her own guns. The fortress' weapons released bursts of energy that tore apart warriors or fired heavy metallic bolts that pierced their heaviest armor. The battlements swarmed with archers and riflemen. The gunmen picked off her reivers and other lightly armored troops while the archers fired arrows fitted with explosive tips.

The battle had begun a few hours ago, and Makeda was certain she had lost almost a quarter of her army. Positioning herself in the center of the skorne legion, she stood between two mammoths as the behemoths fired their cannons at the Iosan walls. Four titan cannoneers stood close by, adding their firepower to the fusillade. She actively controlled each of the beasts, fueling their rage and directing their attacks to inflict the most damage.

In front of her stood rank upon rank of Cataphract cetrati, shields locked, providing a bulwark of steel and flesh designed to protect her from the worst of the Iosan assault. On the army's flanks, legions of Venator reivers and batteries of flayer cannons rained steel death upon the Iosan walls. Ferox riders, bloodrunners, nihilators, and several warbeasts waited out of range of the Iosan artillery. They would get their chance when the walls were breached.

Makeda knew her army was being cut to pieces, but the offensive had not been completely ineffective. Morghoul had positioned his mammoths and cannoneers above the fortress, and his beasts fired down at a severe angle, destroying both enemy cannons and troops.

She surveyed the walls, looking for any sign of weakness. The fortress was a series of staggered battlements, each one rising higher than the last—a configuration that allowed the

Iosans to shoot from various angles and left approaching armies no sanctuary from their guns. It was a vexing design. Normally she would need weeks and a well-supplied siege force to crack open the walls before her. She had neither, however, and the risks she had taken just to bring her army to this point might prove her undoing. She immediately hardened her resolve. The ancestors would not have set her on this path to see her fail.

One section of the outer battlements appeared more scorched and pitted than the rest. Here sat the largest battery of Iosan cannons, and neither she nor Morghoul had been able to remove it. The position was partially shielded from direct fire by a thick, sloped deflective cowl. As she watched, the heavy battery unleashed a massive blast of energy up at Morghoul's forces. The destructive energy struck one of the mammoths, whose bellow of pain was audible even hundreds of feet below.

THE BATTLE SUDDENLY SEEMED TO SLOW AS EYES TURNED TO STARE AT THE IMPOSSIBLE SIGHT OF SIXTY TONS OF BEAST, LEATHER, AND STEEL PLUNGING FROM THE SKY.

The sight of the wounded beast spurred the first feelings of true doubt within Makeda. Despite the size of her army and all the firepower she had brought against the Twilight Gate, the Iosans simply might be too strong. If she failed here after receiving the ancestors' guidance, after diverting so much of the Army of the Western Reaches to this place, her recently established rule might be severely damaged.

She watched as the injured mammoth staggered back against the second mammoth on the ledge. That beast, furious at this interference, turned and slammed into its wounded compatriot, who lurched to the edge of the precipice. It stood there for a moment, swaying with confusion and blood loss, before trying to take a step. It wobbled, lost its footing, and plunged over the side with a keening bellow. The mammoth turned end-over-end as it fell through the air, its six limbs flailing wildly. The battle suddenly seemed to slow as eyes turned to stare at the impossible sight of sixty tons of beast, leather, and steel plunging from the sky.

As if guided by the will of the ancestors, the falling mammoth broke through the cowl to strike the main Iosan gun battery and the charged mechanisms empowering it. The subsequent explosions—combining the ordnance on the mammoth with the Iosan machinery—created an enormous, brilliant ball of orange and blue fire whose heat and intensity competed with the sun above. The sound was unlike anything Makeda had ever experienced, a low, reverberating rumble that hammered her ears and shook her bones.

Seconds after the fire and thunder died away, a huge chunk of stone fell from the Iosan wall beneath the obliterated gun battery, and a crack as wide as a titan's arm appeared below that. Makeda immediately commanded both her mammoths and all her cannoneers to concentrate fire on the broken section of wall. Discharged almost simultaneously, more than a dozen blasts thundered across the weakened section a heartbeat later.

She could not have hoped for a better result. A section of wall hundreds of feet across vanished in a cloud of white dust, tumbling defenders to their deaths. The dust cleared quickly, revealing a gaping hole large enough for an army to exploit, and the supreme archdomina urged her forces forward. Banners flashed across the ranks, conveying a single command: *Charge!*

Every remaining Iosan gun turned toward them. Eruptions of concussive energy and armor-piercing bolts slammed into one of her mammoths. Loosing a trumpeting wail, the creature began to crumple. Makeda narrowly avoided being struck by the falling wall of gray flesh, which impacted the ground with a tremendous crash.

**HER EXALTED GUARDIANS
FOLLOWED CLOSE BEHIND, TWIN
BLADES THRESHING ARMOR
AND FLESH IN OBSIDIAN BLURS.**

Moving past it, Makeda impelled the remaining mammoth and the nearby titans into a run, sending them at the gap in the wall. She followed closely with her exalted guardians, shouting commands to her troops. She saw Tyrant Rhadeim and his ferox riders advancing swiftly behind her, and she knew the rest of her reserve troops would quickly follow.

Beyond, roughly a hundred yards of open space stood between the outer wall and the first interior wall. Archers manning the battlement atop the interior wall immediately began to rain arrows down on the Cataphracts, but three squads of Venator reivers behind the cetrati returned fire, keeping the archers from picking off the heavily armored warriors at will. A large contingent of houseguard armed with shields and poleaxes stood between the skorne and the first interior gate. Three towering myrmidons, each brandishing two curved blades, supported the houseguard.

The Cataphracts charged forward and slammed into the first rank of houseguard with a tumultuous clash of steel on steel. Makeda focused her efforts on the myrmidons, urging her mammoth forward into one of them while her four titan cannoneers opened fire on the remaining two.

The mammoth quickly smashed the first myrmidon to scrap with its enormous fists, and the others were dispatched by thunderous cannon blasts.

More skorne troops poured through the breach in the outer wall behind Makeda, and she summoned her mortitheurgy to ease their passage. Targeting the archers atop the secondary battlements, she detonated dark energy in their midst and hurled their broken bodies from the wall.

The Cataphracts had made short work of the houseguard and were now pushing toward the inner gate, a thirty-foot-tall barrier of stone and steel. Before they reached it, however, it opened, and a vast shadow fell across them. Through the aperture stepped a towering myrmidon easily the size of a mammoth, its pristine, white-enameled armor broken only by softly glowing nodes of energy. Its gigantic fists bore glinting blades, and strange mechanisms clustered on its torso.

A strange, buzzing whine suddenly filled the area between the walls as swirling blue energy began to coalesce in the open space above the myrmidon's head. The Cataphracts continued to surge forward, eager to engage the host of houseguard behind the Iosan machine. Then the weapon discharged, but instead of an explosion, all the sounds of the battlefield were suddenly swallowed, leaving an eerie, unnatural silence. Barely a breath later, a brilliant wash of energy erupted from the myrmidon to engulf the Cataphracts in mute annihilation. A dozen of them all but vanished, leaving behind only the imprint of their bodies in layers of ash left like shadows where they had stood.

More houseguard flowed around the looming construct and slammed into the stunned line of cetrati, driving them back. Leading the charge was an Iosan female who moved with speed and agility belying her heavy white and gray armor. She carried an enormous blade in both hands, and Makeda watched her cut down two Cataphracts and knock aside two more with a burst of arcane force.

This could only be the Iosan warcaster who commanded the Twilight Gate and controlled the myrmidon. Galvanized by such a worthy foe, Makeda sent her mammoth at the myrmidon while she charged the onrushing line of Iosan troops. She held the Talon of Murzoul aloft and then brought it down to fell the nearest armored Iosan. As his life spilled forth the sword shivered with power, and Makeda released a rippling burst of dire energy that obliterated two lines of halberdiers in front of her. She pressed on, her flashing blade a sliver of inescapable death. Her exalted guardians followed close behind, twin blades threshing armor and flesh in obsidian blurs.

Ahead, the mammoth had engaged the huge myrmidon, and Makeda compelled it to strike harder and faster. She could feel its rage straining at the edge of her control, filling her with both exhilaration and anxiety. She could not risk losing

control of the massive beast. Fortunately, the resources to avoid such a calamity—the warriors that fell beneath her blade and those of her exalted guardians—were all around her. Letting the lethal flow of combat focus her mind, she channeled mortitheurgical energy through all three blades. Now their weapons reaped more than just flesh. With each Iosan life the trio extinguished, Makeda's arcane might grew. She drew upon this wellspring of mortitheurgical strength and shunted it to the mammoth, driving the creature into a brutal frenzy of hammering fists and gouging tusks.

The myrmidon's armor crumpled beneath the mammoth's magic-fueled onslaught, but its blades continued to slash the beast's flesh, opening up grievous wounds. The ground shook as the two battered at one another.

Makeda and her exalted guardians had cut a swath through the houseguard and were within striking distance of the Iosan leader. The warcaster saw her approaching and—to Makeda's satisfaction—did not shrink from the challenge. They came together in a clash of enchanted steel, their blades ringing against one another in a quick series of attacks and ripostes. Makeda's sword behaved like a living thing in her hands as she slashed, parried, and slashed again.

A tremendous crash of stone on steel suddenly drowned out the din of battle. Makeda looked away from her opponent for a fraction of a second to see the tremendous myrmidon on its back, her mammoth pummeling it with unrestrained bloodlust. She turned her attention immediately back to the warcaster, who pressed forward in a series of lightning-fast thrusts and slashes.

Makeda deflected these attacks with disappointing ease. The Iosan was beginning to tire, but her stoic features held no trace of desperation. The supreme archdomina parried a clumsy overhand slash and then struck out with an armored foot, catching her opponent in the stomach. The Iosan stumbled back, tripped over a corpse, and fell backward. Makeda took a single step back and waited for her to rise. She wanted to kill her on her feet. From the corner of her eye, Makeda saw her exalted guardians cutting down a pair of Iosan warriors coming to their leader's aid.

The enemy warcaster stood slowly and glanced around. She was cut off from her troops and surrounded by a ring of cetrati. Makeda thought this would break her, but instead the woman held up her sword and waited for her opponent to advance.

In Iosan, Makeda asked, "What is your name, warrior?"

"I am Scyir Nyla Ferryl," came the answer. "Do you lead these savages?"

Makeda smiled. "You will die well today, Scyir Nyla Ferryl, for I am Supreme Archdomina Makeda, ruler of the Skorne Empire."

The Iosan's eyes widened but then narrowed again as she set her sword in a high guard and charged. Makeda followed suit. She batted aside the Iosan blade with her own and whirled the Talon of Murzoul in a vicious counterattack. The sword flashed beneath the enemy's guard, and Makeda felt it bite armor and flesh. The mortal cut sent the Iosan to her knees, blood streaming from a wound beneath her left arm.

The supreme archdomina wrenched the blade free and let the Iosan sag to the ground. She collapsed on her back, staring up at the skorne leader. Her mouth moved, and Makeda bent to hear her last words.

"You will fail," the Iosan whispered. Blood leaked from the corner of her mouth. Her lips moved again, and Makeda thought she heard a single word—a name, perhaps—but death stole it, along with anything that might have followed.

The sounds of battle had quieted. Makeda looked up to see the Iosans retreating toward the inner gate, cetrati hounding their footsteps. The death of their leader and the destruction of their shining war machine had reduced their thirst for battle, but their withdrawal was orderly. They were not yet broken.

At Makeda's command, the Cataphracts abandoned the retreating houseguard. She doubted there were more than a few hundred remaining, and she possessed better tools for finishing them. Looking around, she saw that the forward ferox riders had made it through the breach, including Tyrant Rhadeim.

She halted him before he could dismount. "Tyrant Rhadeim," she said, "the *toksaa* flee into their fortress. Remove them. Use any resources you require."

The tyrant nodded. "Of course, Supreme Archdomina. We shall hunt them down and offer them swift death."

Makeda nodded and watched Rhadeim, a dozen Praetorian ferox, and squad after squad of Praetorian swordsmen and Venator reivers disappear through the interior gate. She was confident no enemy would escape the relentless tyrant.

Once she returned to the outside wall, she was pleased to see tyrants and dominars organizing for the next stage of her conquest. Morghoul had led his force down from the watchtower to join the bulk of her army. He approached and bowed low.

"The ancestors have shown their favor, Supreme Archdomina," Morghoul said. "We are victorious."

She turned to look back through the breached outer wall of the Twilight Gate and nodded. "We shall strike deep into the heart of our enemy unhindered by stone, steel, or flesh. This is only the beginning."

MAKEDA & THE EXALTED COURT

SKORNE EPIC WARLOCK UNIT

Her passage will scour the world and engrave her name upon the stones for all time. As the fires from her conquest sweep the west they will unleash an ashen wind that will carry her name to all those who must bow before her, or perish.

—Hakaar the Destroyer

MAKEDA							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	7	8	4	15	17	10	



TALON OF MURZOUL			
POW	P+S		
8	15		

FURY	6
DAMAGE	16
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
MAKEDA & 2 EXALTED GUARDIANS	
WARBEAST POINTS	+2
SMALL BASE	

FEAT: DANCE OF DEATH

Few can compare with Makeda's peerless and deadly grace in combat. At the crescendo of battle she fills her blade and the weapons of her warbeasts with mortitheurgical energies. With every foe she slays, her mystical might grows, fueling her own strikes while granting her absolute command of the warbeasts that fight beside her.

When a model in Makeda's battlegroup destroys one or more enemy models in her control area with an attack, either Makeda can gain 1 fury point or 1 fury point can be removed from a model in her battlegroup that is in her control area. Dance of Death lasts for one turn.

MAKEDA

⊗ Officer

Battle-Driven – When a model in this unit is damaged by an enemy attack, after the attack is resolved models in this unit gain +2 STR and ARM and Pathfinder ⊗ for one round.

Inspiration [Skorne] – Friendly Skorne models/units in this model's command range never flee and immediately rally.

Warlock Unit – This unit is made up of Makeda and 2 Exalted Guardians.

TALON OF MURZOUL

⊗ Magical Weapon

⊗ Reach

Blood Boon – Once per activation, immediately after resolving an attack in which it destroyed a living enemy model with this weapon, this model can cast a spell with COST 3 or less without spending fury.

Makeda leads the Skorne Empire into a new era and in doing so embodies all the strength, pride, and martial prowess of her people. She is not merely supreme archdomina, but one of the greatest military minds and combatants ever forged in the harsh and unforgiving crucible that is eastern Immoren. Marching at the fore of her army, she is positioned to lead this empire on a campaign of unprecedented conquest that will change the shape of Immoren and create a new balance of power.

After seizing the mantle of leadership for the empire and ensuring that any who might defy her understand the dire consequences of treachery, Makeda formalized her rule at the Abyssal Fortress amid the Stormlands. There, she summoned the greatest leaders of the empire to attend her and prostrate themselves before her, making it clear to them she would not allow the skorne to become once more

SPELLS

	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ELIMINATOR	3	8	3	13	NO	YES
Immediately after this attack is resolved, this model can advance up to 2" for each enemy model destroyed by the attack.						
GROUND ZERO	3	SELF	5	13	NO	NO
Center a 5" AOE on this model. Each other model in the AOE is hit and suffers a POW 13 damage roll. Each enemy model damaged by Ground Zero is pushed d6" directly away from this model in the order you choose.						
SUNHAMMER	3	SELF	CTRL	-	YES	NO
Enemy warbeasts/warjacks that advance more than 1" and end their normal movement in this model's control area suffer d3 damage points.						
VORTEX OF DESTRUCTION	2	SELF	-	-	YES	NO
Damage rolls against enemy models in this model's melee range are automatically boosted.						

TACTICAL TIPS

GROUND ZERO – Roll separately for each model pushed.

a divided people. Makeda knew she must demonstrate that the role of supreme archdomina was an extension of ancient skorne traditions and a lasting office in the new empire. To signify she was now far more than the leader of a single house, Makeda ceremonially set aside the weapons of her house, the swords of Balaash. Only a weapon of superlative power and significance could stand in their place. In all of the empire only one could possibly qualify. She commanded that the Talon of Murzoul be brought to her, to be wielded during the conquests to come in the west.

This fearsome artifact is the most ancient weapon of the skorne, connected with the first to call himself archdominar, over four thousand years ago. That was the exalted warrior Murzoul, who brought the skorne together in their first great city, Malphas, beneath the cliffs of the Shroudfall Mountains. The sword of Murzoul was even then a relic of great significance and fearsome power, as its blade had been retrieved from Lyossan ruins near the yawning Abyss and surpassed in quality and refinement any the skorne could forge. When the revered Murzoul received exaltation upon his death, his sacral stone was placed in the pommel of his sword to empower it with his ancestral spirit. Over time the weapon was passed down to the greatest archdominars of Malphas and has thus ever been close to the origins of skorne civilization. In the intervening centuries the sword drank deeply of the blood of lesser skorne houses.


The ruler of Malphas responded instantly to Makeda's summons and alongside the other great leaders vowed obedience to Makeda as she formalized her new role. He surrendered to her the Talon of Murzoul, the greatest treasure of his house. It is a hungry weapon of power and embodies for many skorne their conquest of eastern




Immoren, where their buildings now loom over the ruins of the older empire they replaced and surpassed. Makeda sees the Talon as the perfect weapon to represent her rule, a connection to antiquity that will now be sent forth into lands ripe for conquest.

The dominars and tyrants attending Makeda's formal investiture witnessed their supreme archdomina escorted by several exalted guardians brought into her service as a clear sign of deep ancestral favor. Once more she had managed to exceed anything done by her tarnished predecessor, calling on the extoller caste to bring honor to her rule while also honoring the legacy of her peerless house and its vaunted bloodline. The extollers reviewed the great sacral stones of House Balaash and selected from among them the greatest heroes of the past, who were then given new life in stone to stand beside her and serve as her inner guard. They are tireless and infinitely loyal warriors and protectors sent in pairs to accompany her in battle. Their presence is a tangible sign of approval from some of the greatest warriors and leaders in her house's history. The impression they have made on the soldiers of the Army of the Western Reaches has only deepened the respect and awe the supreme archdomina's forces feel for her. It is said that some of these exalted spoke to the extollers for the first time when given the opportunity to join this court, showing an unusual interest in current events. There is no question that in these conquests Makeda embodies not simply all the living skorne but the dead as well.


EXALTED GUARDIAN


 Construct

Battle-Driven – When a model in this unit is damaged by an enemy attack, after the attack is resolved models in this unit gain +2 STR and ARM and Pathfinder  for one round.

Shield Guard – Once per round, when a friendly model is directly hit by a ranged attack during your opponent's turn while within 2" of this model, you can choose to have this model directly hit instead. This model is automatically hit and suffers all damage and effects. This model cannot use Shield Guard if it is incorporeal, knocked down, or stationary.

SWORD

 Magical Weapon

EXALTED GUARDIAN							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	7	8	3	12	18	10	
							
SWORD							
POW					P+S		
5					12		
DAMAGE							5
FIELD ALLOWANCE							C
SMALL BASE							

Makeda marched from the Abyssal Fortress alongside her exalted court with the Army of the Western Reaches to commit to new and grander battles in the west, looking beyond the petty goals of the former Conqueror. The sight of her wielding the ancient blade at the forefront together with the greatest heroes of her house has inspired all who battle in her name. Already Makeda was a living legend, but now her eventual immortality as an exalted is assured. Her great deeds are daily witnessed by those who see her invoking her powers and standing peerless against her foes. She embodies skorne history, the *hoksune* code, the pride of an entire people, and their unquenchable desire for conquest. Many now hope she will join the immortals and continue to rule the empire in perpetuity.

Upon her return, Makeda turned her army upon the most ancient enemies of the skorne: the elves of Ios. Advised by the most prophetic and discerning of the ancestors, Makeda knows Ios' borders are presently weaker than they have been in centuries, as its military forces are scattered and divided abroad. This opportunity is an omen of historical significance—destiny invites the skorne to subjugate those who once thought themselves their superiors. Supreme Archdomina Makeda has readied the Army of the Western Reaches and gathered together the greatest minds, artifacts, and soldiers for this great task. She will use all the powers at her disposal to see the fortifications of Ios and the western nations reduced to dust and their people enslaved to serve the empire.



REPTILE HOUND

SKORNE LESSER WARBEAST

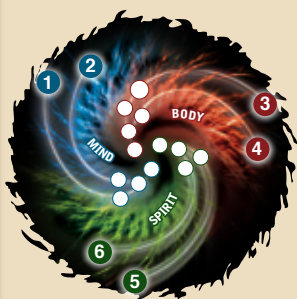
I've heard it said you can judge a people by how they treat their pets, but in the case of the skorne, some consideration should be given to their choice of pets!

—Professor Viktor Pendrake

REPTILE HOUND						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
7	6	5	1	13	13	6



BITE	
POW	P+S
2	8



FURY	2
THRESHOLD	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	2
SMALL BASE	

REPTILE HOUND

Flank [another Reptile Hound] – When this model makes a melee attack against an enemy model within the melee range of a friendly model of the type indicated, this model gains +2 to attack rolls and gains an additional damage die.

Lesser Warbeast – This model cannot make power attacks.

Since the skorne arrived in western Immoren, countless warriors and slaves have met their ends in the slaving jaws of reptile hounds, vicious pack hunters the skorne enjoy setting upon lone

warbeasts and enemy champions. Many foes have been demoralized after seeing their mightiest heroes or greatest beasts torn to pieces by a pack of these scaled predators. Even the most resilient creatures often find their natural powers of regeneration no match for the crushing strength of a reptile hound's jaws; a pack of them working in concert can swiftly reduce even a hulking satyr to a pile of bloody bones.

The wastes of the Bloodstone Marches breed fearsome creatures, and even the smallest of its denizens are savage and tenacious. Packs of wild reptile hounds commonly appear in the trackless desert, their numbers a testament to their vile temperament and ability to prey upon the other feral creatures with whom they share their range. The hounds' ferocity undoubtedly explains their popularity among skorne rulers, who keep them as pets and for blood sport. Many tyrants serving in the Army of the Western Reaches bring along reptile hounds bred by the beast handlers of their houses to serve as both symbols of status and deadly tools of war.

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
--------	------	-----	-----	-----	----	-----

SLAUGHTERHOUSE 1 SELF - - NO NO
This model gains Take Down. Slaughterhouse lasts for one turn. (Models disabled by a melee attack made by a model with Take Down cannot make a Tough roll. Models boxed by a melee attack made by this model are removed from play.)

TACTICAL TIP

SLAUGHTERHOUSE – Because a boxed model is removed from play before being destroyed, it does not generate a soul or corpse token.



DESPOILER

SKORNE CHARACTER HEAVY WARBEAST

The pulsing vitality of its heart is the engine by which the Void is made manifest.

—Void Seer Mordikaar



ANIMUS COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

ARCANE SUPPRESSION 2 SELF - - NO NO

While within 10" of this model, enemy models must pay double fury and focus points to cast or upkeep spells. Arcane Suppression lasts for one round.

TACTICAL TIP

SPECIAL ISSUE – This only gives the warlock the potential to bond to the warbeast. It does not automatically add a bond.

REAR ATTACK – This does not enable this model to target models in its back arc with charges.

A walking testament to the power of mortitheurgy, Despoiler is as much a beast as it is an arcane implement through which the Void howls. The product of unorthodox experimentation, the beast is driven mad by the shrieking of damned souls. Consequently it fights in a near-frenzy, smashing victims to a pulp, though their deaths serve only to further fuel the

DESPOILER

👁️ Eyeless Sight

Affinity [Mordikaar] – While this model is in Mordikaar's control area, it gains Dark Shroud. (While in the melee range of a model with Dark Shroud, enemy models suffer –2 ARM.)

Black Arts – A friendly faction warlock with this model in its control area can upkeep one spell without spending fury.

Death Gate – Once per round when a living enemy warrior model is boxed while within 2" of this model, remove the boxed model from play and replace it with a Void Spirit model.

Inscrutable – Opponents cannot take control of this model.

Special Issue [Mordikaar] – This model can be included in Mordikaar's theme forces. It can also be bonded to Mordikaar.

CLAW

👊 Open Fist

TAIL

👉 Reach

Critical Brutal Damage – On a critical hit, gain an additional die on this weapon's damage roll against the model directly hit.

Rear Attack – When declaring and resolving attacks with this weapon, this model's front arc extends to 360°.

DESPOILER						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	10	6	3	11	18	7



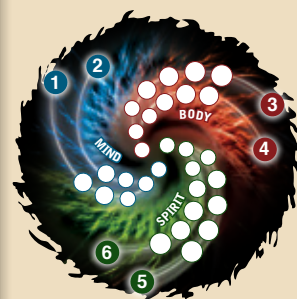
CLAW	
POW	P+S
3	13



CLAW	
POW	P+S
3	13



TAIL	
POW	P+S
4	14



FURY	4
THRESHOLD	10
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
POINT COST	10
LARGE BASE	

din in its mind. The abandon with which Despoiler throws itself into combat might be taken to indicate it wishes for its own end, but the creature is dimly aware it would experience no release in oblivion and relishes the violence of battle for its own sake.

The enigmatic mortitheurge Mordikaar has twisted this beast into a nefarious occult weapon. It is the focus and canvas of a thousand twisted rites, rituals in which it becomes the gateway to the Void, its living flesh a conduit for the profane energies its master wishes to study and manipulate. Within Despoiler dwell the tensions between life and death as the beast is torn between Caen and the Void; woe to those who approach this living precipice of annihilation.





CATAPHRACT INCINDIARI

SKORNE UNIT

The soul of the warrior must be anointed in blood and cleansed with fire.

—The Hoksune Code

LEADER & GRUNTS							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
5	7	7	6	12	15	9	



INCINDUS			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	3	12



INCINDUS BLADE	
POW	P+S
4	11

DAMAGE	8 EACH
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
LEADER & 3 GRUNTS	6
LEADER & 5 GRUNTS	9
MEDIUM BASE	

LEADER & GRUNTS

- ☑ Combined Ranged Attack
- ☑ Fearless

INCINDUS

- ☑ Continuous Effect: Fire
- ☑ Damage Type: Fire

The armies of the Skorne Empire have brought naught but blood and fire to western Immoren, and the mighty incindiarii specialize in those deadly gifts. Marching at the

fore of the assault, they weather incoming enemy fire that would shred more poorly armored soldiers.

These specialized Cataphracts take aim at their targets with steely nerve and peerless discipline, opening fire only when their commanding dakar knows the time is

right to inflict maximum devastation. With dull thuds, their incindi discharge chymical rockets that roast alive men and beast alike in a terrible conflagration. Any who survive this onslaught and attempt to countercharge find themselves no match for the skillfully wielded blades of the incindiarii, who exult in the opportunity to demonstrate their understanding of the *hoksune* warrior code.

The incindiarii are a recently founded martial discipline. Refusing to allow hoary tradition to limit her victories, Supreme Archdomina Makeda recognized the need for her armies to adapt for the broadening war in the west. She ordered certain houses to contribute skilled Cataphracts to form the ranks of the incindiarii. Their weapon, the incindus, is the creation of skorne chymists who were instructed to create a new weapon that both used their lethal compounds and was worthy of the proud Cataphracts. Even so, many incindiarii still prefer to engage in the honor of close combat after firing their deadly new devices.



MORTITHEURGE WILLBREAKER

SKORNE SOLO

A mind open to pain is closed to weakness. A mind closed to pain is open to suggestion.

—Master Ascetic Naaresh



TACTICAL TIP

MAGIC ABILITY – Performing a Magic Ability special action or special attack counts as casting a spell.

Bearing the arrogant demeanor of those who have enslaved the power of death, the mortitheurges known as willbreakers are masters of torture and meditation. That they control the great beasts of the skorne war host is perhaps the least of their fearsome abilities, when compared to their influence over the minds of others.

Through the long study of agony and death, willbreakers learn to finely manipulate the transient energies released by a body in pain and fear. Accordingly, they can reach into the minds of others and reduce them to pawns. A soldier who faces a willbreaker knows the roiling fear of

MORTITHEURGE

★ Commander

Beast Master – This model can force friendly Faction warbeasts in its command range as if it were their controlling warlock.

Magic Ability [7]

• Ancillary Attack

(★Action) – RNG 5. Target friendly Faction warbeast. If the warbeast is in range, it immediately makes one normal melee or ranged attack. A warbeast can make an Ancillary Attack special action only once per turn.

• **Influence (★Attack)** – Influence is a RNG 10 magic attack. Take control of target enemy non-warcaster, non-warlock warrior model hit. The model immediately makes one normal melee attack, then Influence expires.

• **Puppet Master (★Action or Attack)** – Puppet Master is a RNG 10 spell. When it targets an enemy model/unit, it is a magic attack. You can have one affected model reroll one or more dice of your choice rolled for a command check, attack, or damage roll, then Puppet Master expires. Puppet Master lasts for one round.

MORTITHEURGE						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	5	5	4	13	13	9
DAMAGE						5
FIELD ALLOWANCE						2
POINT COST						2
SMALL BASE						

uncertainty, that his own weapons might be turned against his friends and allies or he might be forced to lay down arms and placidly accept the blows of the enemy. Few things can terrify a warrior more than the stark realization that his fate is not his own.

Mortitheurgy, the occult mingling of the energies of death upon the flesh, is one of the most powerful weapons of the Skorne Empire. Those skilled in its craft can wield tremendous influence over the minds and flesh of others as well as over their own bodies. Only the most insidious practitioners of this art earn the right to be named willbreakers.

It is a simple thing for these individuals to manipulate the dull minds of beasts that handlers have already roused in battle through goads and pain hooks, however. Their highest achievement lies in their power to compel the minds of others through meditation on agony. In battle they hunt for soldiers intently focused on combat, those who have weakened their minds by their narrow focus, leaving them vulnerable to mental predations. With a wave of agony empowered by the energies of death, the willbreaker snatches control of his victim's mind and ruthlessly imposes his own imperatives upon it.







MAMMOTH

FROM THE ANNALS OF MASTER BEAST HANDLER XEL OF HOUSE KURSORIK, 4098 EM (231 AR)

In the fourth day of the hunt we left behind the scrublands of the desert's eastern arm and entered the tall grasses of the northern plains. Our titans hesitated at this border, bellowing their refusal, and no goad or hook could encourage them further. Leaving them with beast handlers, I moved north with the remainder of my force, including the pair of basilisks we had captured while crossing the desert.

Another day brought us closer to the looming northern mountains, their peaks shrouded by dark clouds and plumes of ash. Where the tall grass thinned, we found spoor and tracks of prodigious size. The apprentices were unnerved, and the mask-blind basilisks hissed and clawed at their handlers, slashing one's throat. We encamped nearby and let the basilisks feed on the careless man's flesh.

The tracks continued north to a low rise. We crept forward, and suddenly we heard a great din and sighted a cloud of dust beyond. There I beheld a scene that will remain with me all my days: a great hydra locked in battle with a beast like a titan but of a size that would dwarf even the proudest bronzeback. The creature plunged its tusks, each the length of six skorne laid head to foot, through the hydra's armored scales, piercing it repeatedly as the hydra hissed and chewed back, each vicious head striking from a different angle. Both creatures were bathed in blood. Even from hundreds of yards away we felt the ground shake beneath us as these enormous adversaries tore at one another.

The hydra seemed sure to prevail, as its flesh quickly mended itself, but the mammoth beast pierced one of its heads with a tusk and tore the throat completely open. The creature then ripped every head from the hydra's body, one by one. With a great bellow, it pierced the body a final time before feasting upon its vanquished foe.

I watched in awe, knowing the greatest challenge of my life lay ahead. To harness this beast would bring singular honor to House Kursorik and ensure my exaltation.

MAMMOTH

SKORNE GARGANTUAN

With its appetite for destruction, one might think it could thrive on carnage alone.

—Dominar Rasheth

MAMMOTH						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
4	15	6	3	8	20	6



SIEGE BATTERY			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	3	4	15



TUSKS	
POW	P+S
3	18



WAR GAUNTLET	
POW	P+S
4	19



WAR GAUNTLET	
POW	P+S
4	19

FURY	5
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	20
HUGE BASE	

to 2" directly away from it. A model can be pushed by Bulldoze only once per activation. Bulldoze has no effect when this model makes a trample power attack.

TUSKS

Critical Pitch – On a critical hit, instead of rolling damage normally you can choose to have this model throw the model hit. Treat the throw as if this model had hit with and passed the STR check of a throw power attack. The thrown model suffers a damage roll with POW equal to this model's STR plus the POW of this weapon. The POW of collateral damage is equal to this model's STR.

WAR GAUNTLET

Open Fist



MAMMOTH

Assault – As part of a charge, after moving but before making its charge attack, this model can make one ranged attack targeting the model charged unless they were in melee with each other at the start of this model's activation. When resolving an Assault ranged attack, the attacking model does not suffer the target in melee penalty. If the target is not in melee range after moving, this model must still make the Assault ranged attack before its activation ends.

Bulldoze – When this model advances into B2B contact with an enemy model during its activation, it can push that model up

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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COUNTERBLAST	2	SELF	-	-	NO	NO
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When an enemy model advances and ends its movement in this model's command range, this model can make one normal melee or ranged attack targeting that model, then Counterblast expires. Counterblast lasts for one round.

TACTICAL TIPS

ASSAULT – The assaulting model ignores the target in melee penalty even if is not in melee range of its charge target after moving.

Never truly tamed, mammoths reign as one of the most destructive forces known to the skorne. Even experienced beast handlers consider their capture among the greatest challenges they can confront. Besides raw strength and an ornery temperament, the immense beasts possess natural weaponry capable of goring to death any wild threat. Armed and armored, these living siege engines can wreak unparalleled destruction.

The vast Valley of Kornash in the Northern Tor of the Skorne Empire is bordered by foreboding mountains to the north and the Blasted Desert to the west. A relatively lush area, it remains largely unexploited by the skorne because of the tremendous and lethal creatures, including mammoths, that thrive in its uncharted expanses. Although distant cousins to the smaller titans found to the south, mammoths differ from titans in many ways beyond mere size, most obviously the massive armored crests growing from their resilient skulls. Experienced beast handlers conjecture the two species share a common ancestry, but the mammoth's fiercely aggressive disposition and omnivorous diet indicate its lineage is separate. Small mammoth herds range over territory that overlaps with that of the vicious hydra, and the two species clash brutally where they encounter one another. It is often difficult to determine which is the predator and which is the prey.

Mammoths have been known to the skorne for more than a dozen generations, but the risks and expense of capturing and housing them have kept them out of reach of all but the most powerful houses. Besides the staggering cost of feed there regularly is also the price paid in the structural damage they inflict and in slain handlers. Mammoths are almost impossible to breed in captivity, so they must be seized in the wild and transported across hundreds of miles. In order to restrain them, teams of beast handlers add powerful soporifics to their feed and insert harnesses for pain hooks and controlling blades into the drugged



beasts' hides. When even these precautions fail, as they often do, the mammoths may awaken prematurely, inevitably to erupt in a frenzy of motion and decimate any nearby.

When Vinter Raelthorne IV led the Army of the Western Reaches against Cygnar, he forbade the skorne from bringing their mammoths with them, citing the strength of the bridges that traverse the Abyss as insufficient to bear the beasts' weight. After deposing Vinter, Supreme Archdomina Makeda discovered this to be false. Clearly, the Conqueror had feared that mammoths among the Army of the Western Reaches might have allowed the skorne to advance too quickly into the west and gain an advantage he was not prepared to allow. Since learning of this deception, Makeda has authorized the empire's beast handlers to send mammoths west to join the vanguard of her army.

At the direction of Dominar Rasheth, House Telarr has led the way in heeding Makeda's directive. Retaining the most skilled paingivers and beast handlers available, the house has begun to develop and employ new chymical admixtures and excruciation techniques. Rasheth knows

better than most the great profit and influence to be had by exploiting these beasts for war, well worth the risks and cost of securing them.

The skorne have long considered mammoths to be the perfect platforms upon which to haul their great cannons to war. Training mammoths to aim and fire the weapons proved considerably more difficult than with titans, but their size and strength enable them to carry even larger ordnance, allowing skorne military engineers to push the limits of possibility. Under the supreme archdomina's direction, empire-funded weaponsmiths invented a multibarreled, self-reloading mechanism that represents an unprecedented level of sophistication in skorne armament.

Such weapons possess a rate of fire that exceeds the limits of a mammoth's natural coordination. When commanded by a skorne warlock, however, the beasts can lay down an earth-shattering fusillade capable of annihilating enemy formations and fortifications. Left to its own inclinations, a mammoth prefers either to close on the nearest enemy and smash him with its war gauntlets or to gore nearby foes with its tusks and hurl their broken bodies through the air.



LEGION OF EVERBLIGHT

FLIGHT OF ANGELS

The Silvertip Peaks of Rhul

Vayl stood regally in a central position at the edge of the wide basin where the largest of her great spawning cauldrons had been embedded. She endeavored to achieve the proper mental state to oversee the powerful blighted energies that would soon be manifested by their combined efforts but directed by her will. Some resentment lingered in her mind regarding the necessity of this rite, mostly from her lack of involvement to this point. She pushed that thought away, focusing on the fact that ultimately she was responsible for what would transpire. Her frustrations she channeled into determination to prove her unique mastery at overseeing the efforts of the gathered Nyss sorcerers.

Occasionally she was reminded that she had joined her mind with an entity possessed of a vast intelligence and boundless creativity. There was no question Everblight was a visionary. She had not entirely understood that several years ago when she had bound her fate to his. Then, spurred by her visions, she had seen him primarily as a font of power, an ally that would facilitate her grand ambitions. There had since been moments when she was reminded how small she was and how brief her lifespan in comparison to the dragon.

It had begun after Kallus had brought her the teeth of Pyromalfic he had recovered in his mission to the south. She had thought the task she had set him to be impossible; deep down she had even hoped for his destruction. But though he had returned with less of Pyromalfic's remains than instructed, the mission was deemed a success. In the process Kallus had accidentally stumbled upon the ritual chambers of an Iosan dragon cult. Vayl could sense the tome recovered from this site fascinated Everblight and longed to pore over its secrets, but she did not dare risk the dragon's ire by asking him of it.

Instead she had welcomed Kallus, congratulated him, and taken the collection of Pyromalfic's teeth. Each was as long as her forearm, though they had been taken from the lesser, inside, row of that tremendous creature's jaws.

Any of its primary fangs would have dwarfed these. While she would have preferred to have the greater fangs along with the skull itself, she had immediately begun crafting the scrying implement she had foreseen, one intended to allow them to better track the movements of the other dragons as well as of the most blighted of Toruk's undead generals.

She had just begun work on the spherical metal lattice when plans had changed. Without warning, Everblight had occupied her mind and peered through her eyes. She could hardly breathe, so overpowering was the sensation of the dragon filling her and holding her body still, his attention focused on the teeth she held. She could not resist as he applied pressure in her mind to places she did not consciously know, forcing her to enter the trance-like state she preferred when working arcane rituals, particularly oracular portents.

Focusing on this sight she had watched the play of residual blighted energies that permeated and continually flowed through the teeth. They were far less intense than similar energies found in blood enriched by an athanc, and at first Vayl could not understand Everblight's intent. She felt as though she were plunging into the complex, rippling patterns of subtle energies and soon could see the way they had first been layered, imprinting a transformation from energy to substance as the dragon's body came into being with bones that were relatively light and yet impossibly durable. It was as though she was taken back to the first forming of the dragon's flesh and blood and bones from the raw athanc. She had sensed how badly Everblight felt the urge to allow this process to happen with his own flesh, torn from him centuries ago. But it was not for this reason he had come to her. Some chain of thoughts had cascaded within the labyrinthine vault of Everblight's mind, keyed to these bones, and he had been too occupied with them to explain to her, almost too much to allow her to breathe. Paralyzed, she had begun to panic.

At last the sense of presence dispersed and left her in control of her body again. She had just regained her composure after several deep breaths when Thagrosh strode impatiently into her chambers, his eyes blazing with intensity. He had seemed to loom before her in his bulk, his wings partially extended. He had held out his larger clawed hand and demanded, "Pyromalfic's remains."

She had known he spoke with Everblight's voice, not that she would have been in a position to deny him either way. She had done as bid and watched him scoop up the blighted teeth. Resentment had stirred within her at the thought that her own project was not to be. She had said, "I was about to complete the vital work I described. You saw its worth."

He had already turned to leave but paused. "That can come about at some future moment. Now I have better use for these. Come with me, and I shall show you. A new spawn is about to arise."

Despite Vayl's sense of loss she had soon been swept up in the vision of Everblight's newest creation, a creature closer in nature and size to the dragons than anything ever attempted, even in the times of Morrdh. Dragon bones were the key, a catalyst allowing a transformation less reliant on the blood of warlocks. She had to believe this idea had long been brewing in Everblight's mind. Why else had he indulged Thagrosh's recent desire for slaughter amid the Rhulic mountains?

The corpses gathered during his last rampage were piled onto wagons, hauled to the spawning site by blighted Nyss swordsmen and nephilim, then poured into the great cauldron. The stench of blood and rotting flesh was redolent as Thagrosh signaled her to begin the rite. She stood at the southern end of the charnel pit, with him to the north. He opened the veins of his forearm to spill the dragon's blood and let it mingle with the tissues of lesser creatures, recently slain.

Kallus stood between them on the western edge, Absylonia opposite on the east. Vayl raised her arms and began the invocations, then opened a wrist so her blood joined his. The blackish-red liquid steamed in the cold air and began to react with the baser materials. At Thagrosh's nod, Kallus and Absylonia joined in the rite, contributing their blood. Soon their voices were raised in chanting intonations, while Vayl and her sorcerers channeled the blighted energies and activated the silver-inlaid runes of the great cauldron. The flesh within the basin began to churn and smoke, to settle and flow as if possessed of a life of its own. Then Thagrosh took one of Pyromalfic's teeth and hurled it into the depths of the undulating liquid.

The thick, incarnadine fluid trembled and quivered as ripples spread from the dragon bone. Vayl could feel the blighted energies focusing along mystical lines defined by the runes set into the cauldron, each of them igniting with a white fire below the churning mass. She could not take her eyes from Thagrosh. He stood opposite, frozen in a posture of anticipation, with the light of Everblight burning in his eyes. The dragon was within all four of them, and then it seemed as if they were swept aside as their master controlled the shape of the flesh taking form below them.

With a high-pitched, ear-rending shriek the first archangel launched into the sky, trailing gore and casting residual blighted energies behind it as its wings stroked the air. Its size and grace were beyond her imagining, and it was not only Everblight's presence behind her eyes that kept her breath at bay. It seemed a dragon in miniature, albeit like all spawn lacking a true dragon's piercing eyes and relying instead on other senses to perceive the world.

**WITH A HIGH-PITCHED,
EAR-RENDING SHRIEK THE FIRST
ARCHANGEL LAUNCHED
INTO THE SKY, TRAILING GORE.**

Nor was Everblight finished, as Thagrosh shouted orders to the nearest deacons and additional corpses were tumbled into the basin and its cauldron. The process began once more as the first archangel circled above. Three more times one of Pyromalfic's teeth was hurled into the churning depths, three more times the warlocks bled, until Vayl began to feel faint. Long work at other occult rites had conditioned her to the strain, though, and she held firm, knowing her subordinate sorcerers must see her as implacable. She was not immune to a sense of wonder and awe as she looked up at the quartet of peerless dragonspawn. They shrieked with Everblight's voice and stretched their wings, then came down to feast upon what remained of the charnel piles gathered for their birthing.

Vayl knew Kallus had recovered more than four teeth from Pyromalfic. Certainly even now Everblight was calculating and scheming, deciding whether he could divide those remaining fragments and repeat this spawning with less material, determining how best to strengthen his army.

The cauldron's runes had blazed with such intensity that the metal walls began to buckle. As they distended, the blighted energies they directed were likewise disrupted. Vayl knew her subordinates would need to repair and improve the spawning basin and could already see ways this might be accomplished.

She became aware of the approach of another bearing Everblight's essence. She looked up to see that Lylyth had entered the southern end of the mountainous valley where they made their temporary fastness. Above Lylyth flew five seraphim and a trio of angelii, while behind her came nephilim and her complement of striders and archers, stretched out in a long line.

Vayl saw approvingly that those she had sent to hasten Lylyth's arrival had delivered to her the custom-built war sleigh. Lylyth now drove across the ice standing atop a platform set atop long sharp blades, while the blighted ulk pulling it raced forward with augmented strength and endurance, churning frost beneath their hooves. Such sleighs had once been a traditional asset of the greatest Nyss tribes. This one had been augmented with Vayl's sorcery to expedite the passage of the Reckoning of Everblight.

**HE OPENED HIS MASSIVE MAW AND
UNLEASHED A ROILING CLOUD OF
LIQUID FIRE THAT FLOWED ALONG
THE SNOW-COVERED VALLEY.**

This too had been according to Everblight's commands; he intended for Lylyth to take the new spawn and hasten south toward the impending confrontation against the Cryxians over the athanc they sought to bring to Toruk. There was little formality to Lylyth's arrival, as all present knew the urgency of her mission. She swept forward upon her sleigh and then leapt off to approach the archangels still feasting on the last corpses. Already they had added to their mass, and their muscles thickened with an alacrity no natural thing could replicate. This growth was fast even by the standards of Everblight's spawn, thanks to the qualities of Absylonia's exceptionally mutagenic blood.

As Lylyth approached them it became even clearer how greatly these spawn towered over any others. She reached out with one hand, and one by one the four archangels obeyed the inborn imperative to heed a warlock bearing a fragment of Everblight. They clustered around her, their jaws dripping bloody gore, and then inclined their great heads, wings spread for balance. Lylyth touched each in turn, as if accepting their homage, and thereby swiftly completed the bonding ceremony. Vayl felt a small twinge of envy that she would not be taking charge of one of these first spawned creatures, but she knew more would spawn soon enough. Lylyth's mission had priority.

Saeryn and Rhyas had been sent to make the initial strike against the Cryxian column, but it was expected they would be insufficient to recover the prize without additional support. All Everblight's warlocks felt the desire to go forth conflicting with the need to avoid the peril of keeping too many shards of his athanc in one place. Even this gathering felt dangerous, and Vayl knew they would soon scatter again. The need for caution was reinforced by the knowledge that Blighterghast's alliance of dragons might move against them at any time.

Vayl felt a shock through her body and a sickening dread. The tendons in her neck went rigid, and she spun her head to look to the southeast. The athanc shard in her breast seemed for a moment to become like ice, and she gasped and clutched a hand to her chest against the sudden pain. She became aware of a distant shape on the horizon, above the mountains and swiftly growing larger. She had the sudden fear that her thoughts about the dragons had somehow summoned it.

There was an unearthly roar in the distance that echoed across the peaks. Everblight recognized the creature that flew toward them, and the sight stirred fury and fear in equal measure. The sense of identity along with Everblight's reaction spread through his warlocks like a thunderclap. "CHARSAUG, TWIN OF ASHNEPHOS, BOTH ONCE ERDROSS." Instantly they shared the knowledge of the dragons of eastern Immoren, never before seen by mortal eyes in the west, summoned from his distant lair by the call of Blighterghast. Everblight knew Charsaug had seen the spawning of the archangels and had felt compelled to investigate. The possibility of their destruction was at hand.



Lylyth had only just completed her bonding rite with the archangels when she heard the roar and felt Everblight's searing reaction through her athanc shard. She leapt immediately onto her sleigh, taking her bow from where it was strapped. She gave a shout to the ulks to impel them forward, and soon they were galloping. As an expert rider and warlock, she needed no reins to direct the creatures.

Charsaug had seen the long column of blighted Nyss along the valley entrance and banked to veer down and sweep through the air above them, flying low with his great wings spread out to either side. The oncoming draconic presence seemed to press down upon the valley, darkening the air and giving it a leaden quality. It was difficult to gain a proper appreciation for the scale of the dragon until he opened his massive maw and unleashed a roiling cloud of liquid fire that flowed along the snow-covered valley like lava disgorged from a volcano.

Where the fire blazed, ice and snow became scalding steam and the frozen ground ignited. An entire swath of blighted archers were annihilated in the superheated flames. Those at the perimeter were lit afire and perished more slowly, screaming in pain. A tremendous volley of arrows were launched against the dragon from those remaining, both archers and the striders that had swiftly raced toward the perimeter. A hundred sharp projectiles flew up to meet the great creature, but most deflected harmlessly off its scales. Others flew astray, caught in the winds generated by the massive wings.

Lylyth raced toward the Nyss on her sleigh, feeling a rush of combined rage and fear. Her spawn had launched aloft again when first she had taken to the sleigh. They, at least, were immune to fear, being too pure of essence to know the folly of loosing their bestial rage against an infinitely greater creature. At the fore sped the lightest seraphs in a diamond formation, with the angelii behind them. Following with tremendous beats of wings came the gargantuan archangels, flying low and closer to the warlock to whom they were bound.

She sped toward certain death. Whereas another might have been cowed or frozen by this thought, to her it held a certain manic joy, a challenge and defiance she could not have put in words. It was the same feeling she felt waging battle while outnumbered against the humans who had killed her father, the same she had felt when Thagrosh had brought her so close to death before piercing her heart with Everblight's athanc shard.

She nocked not one but three arrows and allowed her mind and spirit to enter the flying spawn as they swept the cold air. She hastened toward the screaming dragon with the exhilaration of one who had fallen off a cliff and knew the bliss of flight for several long seconds before being crushed against the rocks below.

There had been an immediate burst of wordless communication across the athanc shards of the other warlocks. Thagrosh had initially started to advance, Rapture in hand, filled with the desire to do battle. It was his nature to embody Everblight's rage and pride. It was Vayl who embodied the dragon's more calculating side and who called to him to stop. Seeing the other dragon had awakened an ancient fighting instinct in him, one Everblight had to extinguish in the name of survival. Kallus, a brash mirror to his father, also burned to join the blighted Nyss and hurl himself against this ancient sibling, but he too was frozen by Vayl's voice of command. Absylonia had moved closer to Thagrosh protectively, her spawn gathering. Never before had Lylyth been so aware of the fragmented but indivisible mind of Everblight, how each of them was an incomplete reflection of a greater whole.

Vayl coordinated with Kallus and Absylonia to ensure Thagrosh's safety. They could not expose so great a portion of Everblight's essence to this dragon. Despite Thagrosh's turmoil he acquiesced to hasten away from Charsaug toward the narrower mountain valleys to the north. The time would come for him to take part in the looming battles to the south, but not yet. There were caves nearby large enough to accommodate the three warlocks, their spawn, and the soldiers of his honor guard. The dragon would find it difficult to follow into those narrow passages. Vayl stood unmoving and focused her concentrated power toward Lylyth, clearly choosing not to close on the dragon personally. She had opted to assist with her power from a distance, giving Everblight another viewpoint, another channel for his blight.

**NEVER BEFORE HAD LYLYTH
BEEN SO AWARE OF THE
FRAGMENTED BUT INDIVISIBLE
MIND OF EVERBLIGHT.**

With the security of most of his athanc shards assured, Lylyth was cast forth like one of her own arrows. They all shared a simultaneous awareness that she was being expended: a necessary sacrifice. She could not hope to stand against Charsaug except to distract him momentarily from the others. Everblight had no wish of giving the dragon even the slightest taste of his athanc, but they knew she would likely not return.

Everblight was suddenly with her in full, joined to her as one, not preventing her from acting but augmenting her every motion with his power. Her limbs blazed with an aura of blackened fire. Her mind could stretch out far past her normal limits to control her spawn, and she allowed them to surge ahead. The seraphim and angelii were her talons, the archangels her teeth.

Charsaug banked and was coming in for another pass as Lylyth raced her war sleigh through the ranks of archers and striders, many of whom turned and rallied behind her, readying bows as they witnessed her reckless advance. She shouted orders to them, directing them to focus their fire. She felt freshly invigorated by Everblight's presence. It had been too long since he had walked in her skin like this.

A hundred bows stretched back with arrows nocked even as Lylyth raised her own and her ulk raced along the snow-packed ground, the sleigh slicing through the landscape. The dragon glided past again to deliver another blazing gout, and Lylyth and her ulks veered to the right, narrowly evading destruction. The dragon was surrounded by a

shrieking wind, and the air roared as it turned forge-hot against Charsaug's scales, which themselves pulsed with inner heat.

The dragon banked and veered off as it focused on the dragonspawn soaring toward it. It unleashed another warlike bellow as if daring the lesser creatures to fly against it. Everblight radiated keen anticipation at the thought of observing his newest and greatest spawn battle the dragon. This was why they had been created. No other dragon had seen spawn like this, not in all the millennia of their existence.

**NO OTHER DRAGON HAD SEEN
SPAWN LIKE THIS, NOT IN ALL THE
MILLENNIA OF THEIR EXISTENCE.**

Lylyth knew battle at a distance would be fruitless and so sent her spawn directly at Charsaug, hoping most might survive to latch onto the dragon where they could lash and claw at its nearly impervious hide. The archangels she held back slightly, reserving them to follow as the seraphim closed. The angelii she sent higher into the sky, their wings churning.

As they neared, the seraphim let loose great bursts of heated fire, striking Charsaug as he flew toward them, his eyes gleaming hungrily. The blasts of blighted energy scintillated off scales in waterfalls of sparks, fire, and smoke. Yet in several places small patches of flames stuck and continued to blaze. Each dragon's blight was different, its fire unique, and none was entirely immune to the fury of its siblings. Charsaug could bathe in the molten lava of a volcano unharmed, yet the fire of Everblight brought an unfamiliar sting.

The dragon had changed its course but was still just low enough in the sky for the next gathered volley of Lylyth and her soldiers to soar upward and intersect its flight. Lylyth continued to fire arrows at blinding speed from her bow, each barbed point expertly lofted to pierce sections of flesh where the scales were thin. She sought to penetrate muscles and tendons attached to the wings. Empowered by Everblight, more of the arrows struck home.

Charsaug did not react to the needling of dozens of arrows, nor to the patches of fire, but swept his wings down and to bring his massive saurian body upward and swat with his great claws at the closing seraphim. Great talons raked through dragonspawn and left gaping rents from nose to tail. Wings were shorn off, throats torn open, and entrails left to spill across the

snowy landscape as the beasts were sent plummeting to the ground. Nevertheless, several others managed to latch on to the dragon. They clawed and bit, forcing Charsaug to contort himself and stalling his forward momentum, before another was scraped free to tumble to its doom.

Lylyth's angelii fell upon the dragon from on high like falcons descending on a massive eagle. She urged the archangels up as well, now that the dragon's attention was diverted. Their wings scooped the air and they hurled themselves skyward, creating a wind that swept through the archers and striders. Lylyth rode forward beneath them, knocking more arrows and firing repeatedly, her hands a blur.

More seraphim were raked apart, and Charsaug let loose a great bellow and sent fire down once again. It struck a burning swath across one of the largest clusters of blighted Nyss, bathing one of the seraphs as well. The fire consumed and destroyed everything it touched.

The dragon flew higher in quick sweeps of his wings, either tiring of the pricks of arrows or seeking a better vantage. In doing so he looked up to see the angelii on their descent, with razor-sharpened tails thrust down before them. Charsaug lunged his head to catch one whole between his jaws. Its razored tail pierced through his lower jaw, but the spawn was obliterated in a frenzy of gnashing teeth. The other two angelii adjusted on multiple wings to pierce the dragon near the base of his neck, where the wings joined, thrusting deeply into the muscles and tissues. Lylyth thought of the attack on Pyromalfic but knew these strikes to be insufficient to bring down the dragon. Charsaug's flesh had been pierced—brackish blood poured forth—but his wings were still strong. There was no sign he would soon tumble to the earth.

The dragon twisted in midair, spinning so gracefully it seemed impossible, sending the angelii tumbling away, one nearly shorn in half. The other managed to recover by spreading its wings, but Charsaug opened his mouth and spat an enormous flaming ball that exploded into the angelius to blast a gaping hole through its center, and soon the spawn's body was consumed.

The falling and burning remains of the second angelius hit one of the archangels in a glancing blow, unbalancing it, but it quickly resumed its rise. Four of Everblight's greatest spawn, the group roared a challenge and closed on Charsaug. Fire blazed from their mouths as Lylyth urged them closer. She could feel Everblight delighting in the display of draconic carnage. Borrowed ancient memories stirred in her mind. Connected to his rage was the memory

of the armies of Ios and their focused firepower upon his wings. Through Lylyth, he sought to inflict a similar punishment on Charsaug.

The dragon had gained enough altitude that Lylyth's arrows could no longer reach his armored hide. Only Everblight's spawn could match him. She ordered the archers and striders to flee toward Thagrosh and safety as quickly as they could run.

The first archangel reached Charsaug and set upon him, biting onto the upper thigh of his left rear leg and then raking with its claws. The others flew upward, trying to reach the wings. Charsaug let loose a terrible roar that echoed from one end of the valley to the other as he clawed and raked, battering the gargantuan spawn even as they sought to evade. Lylyth lost herself in the minds of the beasts even as she called on the power of Everblight to strengthen their attacks, Blighted fire burned her skin as she accepted more power than she could contain. She saw scales ripped loose from Charsaug, spilling his blood, but knew these injuries were superficial.

Three of the archangels pulled away as Charsaug lashed out and tore into the one that had latched onto his rear leg, raking great wounds along its back and ripping one of its wings loose. As he climbed higher, Charsaug reached down and bit through its neck, savaging it with a rough shake. The archangel fell loose and tumbled to strike heavily amid the hills east of Lylyth, who was turning her ulk around. Arrows nocked and ready, she was hoping the spawn might drive the dragon lower. This would be the moment, she knew. Her blood ran cold at the swiftness with which the dragon had killed one of her great spawn. As mighty as they were, four would not suffice to bring down a creature of such power. It would annihilate in turn, and then it would come for Lylyth on swift wings.

She knew the dragon's strength through Everblight's mind. His cold assessment was indisputable. They could injure Charsaug, yes, but not defeat him. Yet as she watched, the dragon suddenly gave a great sweep of his wings and launched himself away from the surviving archangels. He folded his wings to plunge toward the earth to gather speed and then unfurled them and swept them in several great beats to propel himself rapidly away from the valley. His speed was well beyond that of any of the dragonspawn, and Everblight did not urge her to give chase. Lylyth wheeled her sleigh around and summoned her remaining dragonspawn back to her, watching the dragon disappear quickly into the distance. A sense of startled triumph began to fill her.

Through her bond, Lylyth felt understanding dawn. Charsaug had tasted mortality at the claws and teeth of

Everblight's spawn and would not risk even the smallest possibility of defeat. Such was the way with dragons. Confronted by an unknown enemy he had opted to preserve himself rather than fight. The sense of glory in Everblight's mind filled his warlocks. They knew, as did Everblight, the injured dragon would speak of them to the others of the great alliance—those gathered by Blihterghast. Whatever plans the dragon alliance was hatching, they would be accelerated. Of that there was no doubt.

CHARSAUG LET LOOSE A TERRIBLE ROAR THAT ECHOED FROM ONE END OF THE VALLEY TO THE OTHER AS HE CLAWED AND RAKED, BATTERING THE GARGANTUAN SPAWN.

For now, their greatest spawn had turned away a dragon. Lylyth felt drained, utterly spent as if all emotion had been siphoned away. Everblight's will filled her mind. She was to hasten south with the surviving archangels and all her remaining forces. There was still a loose athanc to claim, and the stakes were now higher than ever. This imperative stirred her blood once more and she prepared to do as bid.

LYLYTH, RECKONING OF EVERBLIGHT

LEGION EPIC BLIGHTED NYSS CAVALRY WARLOCK

What is there beyond devotion, beyond strength, beyond even fear? Only swift death brought by silent blades and falling arrows.



—Rhyas, Sigil of Everblight

LYLYTH							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
9	8	6	8	14	16	8	
		WHISPER					
		RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
		12	1	—	12		
		SCYTHING BLADE					
		POW		P+S			
		4		12			
		SCYTHING BLADE					
		POW		P+S			
		4		12			
		MOUNT					
		POW					
		12					
		FURY					
		5					
		DAMAGE					
		18					
		FIELD ALLOWANCE					
		C					
		WARBEAST POINTS					
		+5					
		HUGE BASE					

FEAT: THE REAPING

Lylyth can harness the blighted energies of Everblight to leech the warmth from her enemies and replace it with the cold touch of imminent death. Guided by the attacks of her allies, this power renders her enemies helpless before the Legion's slaughterous advance.

When an enemy model is directly hit by a ranged attack made by a friendly Faction model while the friendly Faction model is in Lylyth's control area, the enemy model suffers Death Chill. The Reaping lasts for one turn. (A model suffering Death Chill must forfeit either its movement or action on its next activation.)

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ESCORT	2	SELF	CTRL	—	YES	NO
Warbeasts in this model's battlegroup beginning their activations in its control area gain +2" movement. This model gains +2 ARM while one or more warbeasts in its battlegroup are within 3" of it.						
FROST HAMMER	2	SP 8	—	12	NO	YES
Frost Hammer causes cold damage  . On a critical hit, a model becomes stationary for one round unless it has Immunity: Cold  .						
WIND WALL	3	SELF	—	—	NO	NO
This model cannot make ranged attacks, and non-magical ranged attacks targeting it automatically miss. While completely within 3" of this model, models cannot make ranged attacks and non-magical ranged attacks targeting them automatically miss. Wind Wall lasts for one round.						


TACTICAL TIPS

AUTO FIRE – These attacks are simultaneous. Attacks against targets beyond this weapon's range will automatically miss.

REAR ATTACK – This does not enable this model to target models in its back arc with charges.

ESCORT – Modifiers to movement apply only to a model's normal movement.

LYLYTH


 **Eyeless Sight**

Battle Engine – This model is a battle engine and is not a warrior model.

Power Attack Trample – This model can make trample power attacks.

Weapon Platform – This model can make melee and ranged attacks in the same activation. When this model makes its initial melee attacks or a power attack, it can also make its initial ranged attacks. This model can make ranged attacks even while in melee.

WHISPER

 **Magical Weapon**

Blood Boon – Once per activation, immediately after resolving an attack in which it destroyed a living enemy model with this weapon, this model can cast a spell with COST 3 or less without spending fury.

Auto Fire [3] – Make 3 ranged attacks targeting a primary target and any number of secondary targets within 2" of the first target. Ignore intervening models when declaring secondary targets. A secondary target cannot be targeted by more attacks than the primary target. Auto Fire counts as one attack for ROF.

Rear Attack – When declaring and resolving attacks with this weapon, this model's front arc extends to 360°.

SCYTHING BLADES

Threshing Blades – This model can add this weapon's POW to its trample power attack damage rolls.

Those who would oppose Everblight's will must stand ready to pay a heavy cost, and it is Lylyth, the dragon's Reckoning, who will exact that price. Those few who have survived Lylyth's raids speak of the susurrations of runners on frozen ground and the ominous keening noise in the air. As the first arrows strike, that sound is revealed to be wind whistling along the cruelly barbed blades and across the overlapping metal scales protecting the carriage of her war sleigh as it is swiftly pulled across the snow by powerful ulks, their horns lowered to smash through anything in their path.

Since her second rebirth in the dragon's service, Lylyth has lived without the slightest fear of death. She ranges far from the main body of the Legion, preferring to command the swiftest hunters and dragonspawn so she can exploit the speed of her war sleigh. Traditional to Nyss hunters, such sleighs were once used to terrorize the mountain villages of the northern Khadorans. Lylyth has adopted its use within the Legion to represent her place as the pre-eminent tracker and killer among a people famed for such skills.

Lylyth's focused dedication to Everblight lets her put aside all thoughts of the future beyond the immediate task at hand, and in this blank space she has found an unwavering strength. This calm focus has allowed her to hone her skills to a razor's edge. Even as the Reckoning brings death with each arrow launched from her bow, she is herself a weapon hurled by Everblight against his enemies.



AFFLICTOR

LEGION LIGHT WARBEAST

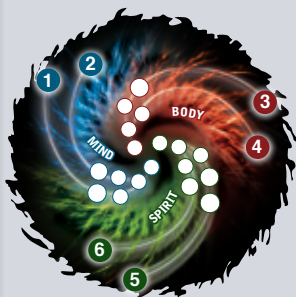
Our language has a word for such an unclean death, but it is forbidden to be spoken aloud.

—Aigyr Sillyl, Priest of Nyssor

AFFLICTOR						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	7	6	4	13	15	7



OVIPOSITOR	
POW	P+S
5	12



FURY	3
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	4
MEDIUM BASE	

Inscrutable – Opponents cannot take control of this model.

Soulless – This model does not generate a soul token when it is destroyed.

OVIPOSITOR

☞ Reach

Infection – Once per activation, when this model boxes a living enemy warrior model with an attack with this weapon, remove the boxed model from play and replace it with an Incubus model.

AFFLICTOR

☞ Eyeless Sight

Blood Creation – This model never attacks friendly Faction warlocks and cannot choose them as its frenzy target.

Flight – This model can advance through terrain and obstacles without penalty and can advance through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past them. This model ignores intervening models when declaring its charge target.

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
--------	------	-----	-----	-----	----	-----

COERCED PROTECTOR 1 SELF - - NO NO

This model gains Sacrificial Pawn [Soulless Warrior] for one round. (When a model with Sacrificial Pawn [Soulless Warrior] is directly hit by an enemy ranged attack, you can choose to have one friendly, non-incorporeal soulless warrior model within 3" of the model directly hit instead. That model is automatically hit and suffers all damage and effects.)

TACTICAL TIP

INFECTION – Because a boxed model is removed from play before being destroyed, it does not generate a soul or corpse token.

Among the myriad powers at Everblight's disposal, the most terrifying is the dragon's capacity to infect his enemies in body and mind. The blight is not only a means to create his servants and spawn but also a weapon to be wielded against lesser creatures. The afflictor was birthed to serve this very purpose, born in blight to spread the blight. Its body is a vessel for delivering the seed of all-consuming, destructive life. Struck by the beast's wicked tail, a victim is pumped full of seething, caustic corruption, his flesh made a vessel for a new child of the dragon.

Afflictors arise from the Legion's ranks like nightmarish wasps made to hunt on the battlefield. Each unfortunate impaled upon an afflictor's barbed tail experiences a few seconds of indescribable agony and fear as a ravaging incubus erupts from his ruined flesh. As the dying man's vision dims, his last sight is of his killer taking wing with a piercing shriek, already hunting its next victim.



NEPHILIM BLOODSEER

LEGION LIGHT WARBEAST

The idea of dragonspawn gifted with the abilities of sorcerers is terrifying. Consider what this suggests of the future envisioned by Ethrunbal.

—Cylena Raefyll

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
WITCH BLIGHT	2	SELF	-	-	NO	NO

When an enemy model casts a spell while within 5" of this model, increase the COST by 1. Enemy models cannot upkeep spells on models within 5" of this model. Witch Blight lasts for one round.

The nephilim are among the dragon's favored children, in no small part due to the speed with which they have diverged into useful strains. The bloodseers are a potent breed of nephilim, perfectly attuned to the dragon's blight. The power of the dragon emanates and surrounds these creatures, who wield it with frightening ease. They glide among the Legion's armies, calling forth the blighted favors of the dragon's will from their fellow spawn, striking down their enemies, and bolstering their brethren as necessary. As ravenous and bloodthirsty as any nephilim, the bloodseers feast upon the raw flesh of their enemies after laying them low with their profane gifts.

NEPHILIM

☉ Eyeless Sight

Flight – This model can advance through terrain and obstacles without penalty and can advance through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past them. This model ignores intervening models when declaring its charge target.

Primal Magic – This model can use the animus of any friendly Faction non-character warbeast in its command range as if the animus were its own.

Telemetry – Other friendly Faction models gain +2 to magic attack rolls against enemy models within 5" of this model.

GAFF

☉ Reach

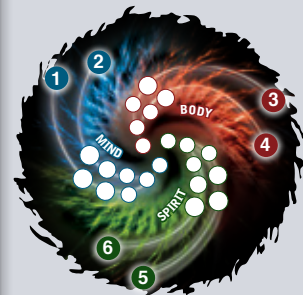
Brutal Charge – This model gains +2 to charge attack damage rolls with this weapon.

NEPHILIM						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	8	5	3	12	18	8



GAFF

POW	P+S
4	12



FURY	3
THRESHOLD	10
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	5
MEDIUM BASE	

The birth of the first bloodseers ushered in a new age in the evolution of Everblight's spawn. Other nephilim have been observed to act as subordinates to the bloodseers in what appears to be the rudiments of a culture developing among this hybrid species. Previously only his warlocks and the sorceresses of the blighted Nyss could effectively and consciously wield the latent mystical potential within the spawn.

Those Nyss who witness bloodseers casting their spells wonder how much longer their species will be necessary to the dragon's plans.

WARSPEAR CHIEFTAIN

LEGION BLIGHTED OGRUN UNIT ATTACHMENT

Fall upon them and visit swift death in our master's name.

—Ronag, Warspear Chieftain

CHIEFTAIN							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
5	9	8	6	12	16	9	




THROWN SPEAR			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	4



WAR SPEAR	
POW	P+S
4	13

DAMAGE	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	2
MEDIUM BASE	

its activation within 10" of the prey gains +2" movement that activation. While this model is in play, models in its unit gain +2 to attack and damage rolls against the prey. When the prey is destroyed or removed from play, choose another model/unit as the prey.

Tactics: Relentless Charge – Models in this unit gain Relentless Charge. (Models with Relentless Charge gain Pathfinder  during activations they charge.)

THROWN SPEAR

Thrown – Add this model's STR to the POW of this ranged attack.

WAR SPEAR

 **Reach**

Set Defense – A model in this model's front arc suffers -2 on charge, slam power attack, and impact attack rolls against this model.

Attachment [Blighted Ogrun Warspear] – This attachment can be added to a Blighted Ogrun Warspear unit.

CHIEFTAIN

 **Fearless**

 **Officer**

 **Terror**

Huntsman – After deployment but before the first player's turn, choose an enemy model/unit to be this unit's prey. While this model is in play, each model in its unit beginning

TACTICAL TIPS

HUNTSMAN – Modifiers to movement apply only to a model's normal movement.

OFFICER – Remember this model can issue the Assault Order. Because this model is an Officer, when it is destroyed it does not replace a grunt in its unit. Instead the unit leader becomes the unit commander.

to the position of chieftain among the warspears requires an ogrun to prove he possesses strength and savagery remarkable even among a race of brutal warriors who prize viciousness in slaughter.



Chieftains among the blighted ogrun are possessed of tremendous ferocity. Before the blight, these ogrun might have been great stalkers of prey dedicated to keeping their people fed and supplied, but the dragon's corruption has turned them from noble hunters to cold, ruthless warriors. Their skills having been honed in countless conflicts, they are consummate killers that exult in the slaughter they bring with the points of their massive spears.

On the battlefield the chieftain directs his forces against the most dangerous of their enemies, offering every kill as a sacrament to the dragon. He incites his warspears to violence and leads them into the fray. Even the most rugged terrain poses no obstacle to these frenzied warriors. Rising

BEAST MISTRESS

LEGION BLIGHTED NYSS SOLO

No greater miracle could Everblight have gifted his people than his blight, and with it, his children.

—Beast Mistress Syllia Shyvys

SPELLS

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BLOOD RAIN	3	8	3	12	NO	YES

Blood Rain causes corrosion damage (☠️). Models hit suffer the Corrosion continuous effect (☠️).

ENERGIZER	*	SELF	CTRL	-	NO	NO
This model spends up to 3 fury points to cast Energizer. Models in its battlegroup that are currently in its control area can immediately advance up to 1" for each fury point spent. Energizer can be cast only once per turn.						

TACTICAL TIPS

DRACONIC CONSORT – This model's type is solo, not warlock.

As the blighted Nyss adapt to their new way of life, some among them have shown a special affinity for the dragon's blight. These rare sorceresses, each blessed with a direct channel to the font of the dragon's power, are

BEAST MISTRESS

☠️ Fearless

🗡️ Pathfinder

Draconic Consort – This model is not a warlock but has the following warlock special rules: Battlegroup Commander, Control Area, Damage Transference, Forcing, Fury Manipulation, Healing, and Spellcaster. This model can have only non-character Faction lesser warbeasts in its battlegroup.

Field Marshal [Aggressive] – Models in this model's battlegroup gain Aggressive. (A model with Aggressive can run or charge without spending focus or being forced.)

Flank [lesser warbeast] – When this model makes a melee attack against an enemy model within the melee range of a friendly model of the type indicated, this model gains +2 to attack rolls and gains an additional damage die.

BEAST MISTRESS						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	5	5	4	14	13	9



NYSS CLAYMORE

POW	P+S
4	9

FURY	4
DAMAGE	5
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	3
SMALL BASE	

able to commune and command dragonspawn on a level almost on par with that of the dragon's warlocks. Though the beast mistresses do not enjoy the privilege of being host to athanc shards, they are still markedly lethal and potent wielders of the blight.

Beast mistresses have been thoroughly inculcated in the radiance of the dragon's glories. Their minds have been carefully attuned to the whispering, almost razor-sharp thoughts of the spawn, and through the spawn they sense the dragon's own will. From the moment they first feel his presence within their awareness, they live only to bask in the presence of the dragon and his children.

As the Legion's armies grow, the beast mistresses are increasingly filling the role of commanders subordinate to Everblight's warlocks but more than capable of leading dragonspawn far afield when directed. In battle they command the spawn with an innate understanding of each beast's capabilities and methods of slaughter. They fight alongside the spawn with ease, their blighted bond to the creatures allowing them to anticipate their attacks and take best advantage of injured or distracted foes.







ARCHANGEL

A TEMPORARY ENCAMPMENT NEAR THORNFALL

How the familiar cowed figure had found him again was a mystery, one Krueger the Stormlord knew would not be answered. The mere appearance of this messenger conveyed that Blighterghast was now heeding matters beyond his eternal vigil, a fact for which Krueger was ultimately responsible. As before, the heavily robed figure leaned upon a long, slender staff of white wood, and the leprous body stank of putrid decay. Extended exposure to the concentrated blight had transformed the flesh, and it persisted in an unstable state between life and death.

"The time has come." The male voice came from the dragon's emissary, its tone flat but ominous. "The foe we share has advanced. We demand more active intervention."

Krueger's eyes widened, but he maintained his regal posture and held his spear Wurmtongue idly, careful to betray no apprehension. "We are readying even now for battle with Everblight's minions, risking our lives. What greater intervention could there be?"

"You forget your place!" Even at some unknown distance and veiled through its rotting intermediary, the voice conveyed ageless power and menace. There was a flare of disquieting blighted energy within the cowl where the figure's eyes should be.

Krueger reminded himself that whatever the guise of the creature before him, it spoke for a far greater being—one that could, on the smallest whim, unravel all his plans and destroy them utterly. The appearance of this emissary here, now, spoke volumes. Finally, he had confirmation that the dangerous course he had set in motion by first visiting Blighterghast had moved forward. More carefully, he asked, "What has changed that disturbs you?"

"The renegade has created something new: spawn beyond the scope of any seen before. Their shape is blasphemy—too closely do they mirror *our* form. Find these spawn, eliminate them, and pave the way for us to end Everblight. If you fail, ash and ruin shall consume the lands beneath our wings." The figure turned and strode into trees, the stench of death wafting behind it.

ARCHANGEL

LEGION GARGANTUAN

Their shrieks herald a new age, a new flesh.

—Vayl, Consul of Everblight

ARCHANGEL							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	14	6	5	11	18	7	

DRAGON BREATH				
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW	
10	1	3	14	

BITE		
POW	P+S	
5	19	

CLAWS		
POW	P+S	
3	17	

CLAWS		
POW	P+S	
3	17	

FURY	4
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
POINT COST	20
HUGE BASE	

DRAGON BREATH

Critical Fire

Damage Type: Fire

Strafe [d3+1] (★Attack) – Make d3+1 ranged attacks targeting a primary target and any number of secondary targets within 2" of the first target. Ignore intervening models when declaring secondary targets. A secondary target cannot be targeted by more attacks than the primary target. Strafe counts as one attack for ROF.

BITE

Consume – If the attack hit a small-based non-warlock/warcaster model the model hit is removed from play.

CLAWS

Open Fist



ARCHANGEL

Eyeless Slight

Blood Creation – This model never attacks friendly Faction warlocks and cannot choose them as its frenzy target.

Flight – This model can advance through terrain and obstacles without penalty and can advance through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past them. This model ignores intervening models when declaring its charge target.

Ride-by Attack – This model can make ride-by attacks.

Soulless – This model does not generate a soul token when it is destroyed.

ANIMUS

COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

DRACONIC AURA 2 SELF - - NO NO

This model gains Righteous Flames. Draconic Aura lasts for one round. (An enemy model that ends its activation within 2" of a model with Righteous Flames suffers the Fire continuous effect .)

TACTICAL TIP

STRAFE – These attacks are simultaneous. Attacks against targets beyond this weapon's range will automatically miss.

Everblight still dreams of the time when he took to wing and spread death like a god; now his longing has been made manifest in the archangel. His most perfect spawn, the archangel courses through the sky and unleashes goutts of flame to spread across the earth. It scorches the enemies of its master, coming to ground only to feast upon those who would defy him. Where the archangel goes, so goes Everblight's legion—and with it, the future Everblight envisions.

In just a few short years, Everblight has learned more about the crafting of flesh through blight than any dragon on Caen. With each new spawn he has wrought, he has refined both his vision for his blighted creations and his understanding of their unique physiology. Beasts like the angelius and seraph informed his knowledge of flight and flame even as their sinuous bodies echo the glory he knew in his draconic form. Devouring the athanc of Pyromalfic multiplied his strength as well as his mastery of blight and his desire to spawn creations worthy of his great legacy.

The dragon first conceived of the archangel while working to consume that essence. But even with the power of his sibling's athanc added to his own, Everblight lacked the essential matter necessary to realize his vision. It was not until his warlock Kallus procured bones of the defeated Pyromalfic that Everblight saw the means to create his ultimate work.

Though the bone pieces were few, each served as a powerful reagent in the bloody genesis Everblight intended. The dragon called his consul to him and had her prepare for the spawning. Vayl and her most skilled sorceresses modified her greatest spawning pool and saw that the wide, deep metal cauldron was set within a stone basin before the Legion's temporary mountain stronghold. Vayl herself spent days filling each sigil set into its surface with a mixture containing her own blood, empowered from the athanc shard she bore.



The sorceresses next set about filling the occult basin to its brim with the blood and carcasses of their victims, placing in the center three fragments of Pyromalfic's skeleton. When all was ready, Everblight called his avatar and messiah, Thagrosh, to the pool along with Kallus and Absylonia to perform the ritual that would push them to new limits in the service of their master. The dragon spoke through Thagrosh in the language of Morrdh. As his intonation reached its climax, the three warlocks drew their own blood and added the concentrated essence of Everblight into the churning pit.

A geyser of blood and gore marked the birth of the first archangels. The air rippled with a black sheen, like the lights of the northern sky tainted with unwholesome energy. The beasts hurtled skyward, goutts of raw blight trailing behind them as a dark radiance. They shrieked in exultation—an echo of the savage joy Everblight felt as he watched them emerge.

The archangels are not merely products of the dragon's vanity. He expects others of Toruk's progeny to rise against him in the imminent future, fearful of his glory; the archangels are among the greatest of the weapons by which he will confront and defeat them. The forms of these new creations possess speed, size, and unquestionable lethality. When enough have been spawned, Everblight will need no longer fear the machinations of his jealous siblings. In fact, he plans to one day fly alongside his spawn and devour the heart of Lord Toruk himself.

For now, the archangels hunt at the vanguard of the dragon's legion, unnaturally predatory and fearsomely quick. Like all the dragon's spawn, they see without eyes and sightlessly scour the earth before dropping from the sky to roast their stunned prey alive. The appearance of the archangels marks a new zenith of Everblight's rise—and a conflict among the dragons the likes of which has not been seen before on Caen.



MINIONS

CORPSES AMID THE BLOODSTONE

Bloodstone Marches, East of Caerly's Craig, 608 A.R.

Despite the blazing desert sun that beat mercilessly upon the sands, the stench that permeated the area was even more oppressive. The carcass of the giant beast had lain there quite some time. Red and gold armor plating sagged from the creature's rotting body. Flies buzzed busily about, landing briefly upon decaying flesh before returning to the air. Whatever had led to the enormous tortoise-like creature's demise, countless carrion followers had seen fit to feast upon it—until the farrow arrived.

Midas snorted as he plunged his hands into the soft, putrid flesh of the creature's abdomen. Around him several subordinate bone grinders also set to their grisly tasks, bone saws and butcher's cleavers stripping the carcass of any unspoiled parts. Pushing and tearing away chunks of rancid meat, Midas finally came upon a thin membrane of gray tissue. In a smooth, practiced motion, he whipped a sharp skinning knife from his belt and sliced carefully through the membrane to reveal the animal's massive liver. Surprisingly, it appeared untouched by decay. Licking his snout, Midas gently pulled the prize from the remains.

The warlock grunted in excitement as he thought of what could be done with a liver of this size; of the soft organs, the liver usually contained the greatest concentration of vital energy in a being's body. As he examined it, however, his hopes plunged: the structure was rife with decay, and several areas squirmed with white maggots. Trying to salvage what he could, Midas began butchering the liver, his hands a blur of motion as he cut away the most spoiled meat. In minutes the mighty organ had been reduced to two piles of flesh, one much larger than the other. Midas grabbed one of the better cuts and popped it into his mouth, scowling as he chewed the slightly spoiled meat. He should have felt the sharp crackle of energy as he gnawed it, even in its imperfect condition. Instead only the faintest hint of residual power traced his tongue. He swallowed, then whistled and stood as another farrow scurried over to collect the smaller pile of choice cuts into a large jar.

Absentmindedly wiping his hands on the apron that covered his thick frame, Midas took a moment to survey the work. Much to his consternation, they had discovered the creature far too late to collect many useful components. He had run into this issue with skorne beasts before. The race's strange mortitheurgy greatly hastened the departure of life force after death. Only immediate harvesting could preserve the primal energies within them.

A farrow named Klerg instructed several slaughterhousers to sever the creature's head. As they struggled to move the massive cranium into one of the wagons from Midas' caravan, the farrow warlock caught sight of a pair of familiar figures approaching from the north. The smaller of the two, Rorsh, casually carried a pig iron rifle at his side. Next to him strode the massive porcine warbeast Brine. Rorsh had left to scout the sands ahead while Midas and his farrow had set about their gruesome work.

Midas held up a thick hand in greeting as the pair approached and asked, "Did you find anything?"

Rorsh grunted gruffly. "Just refuge from the wretched smell." As if interrupted by an unspoken statement he turned his goggled eyes to Brine, who was snuffling toward the pile of discarded liver pieces. "How could you want to eat that?" He smacked the massive war boar on the snout before turning back to Midas. "These worthless scraps are a waste of time. If you need butchering practice, hit a human caravan; at least the meat will be fresh."

Rorsh spit disgustedly as a slaughterhouser passed. The errant glob struck the butcher square on the arm, causing him to look up murderously toward its source. Rorsh's blistering stare quickly sent the slaughterhouser's gaze elsewhere. With a snort of satisfaction, Rorsh reached into his great coat and pulled out a thick cigar.

"There is no such thing as worthless scraps," Midas said as he motioned to his assistants' industry. "Even here we can find all we need amid the refuse of the other races. I only wish that we could have come across this wondrous carcass sooner."

"Probably would've helped the stench," Rorsh said. Midas opened his mouth to respond, but Rorsh cut him off. "I saw several of these things during my stay around the Rotterhorn. The skorne have been bringing them over the Bloodstone to help wage their wars up north. They call 'em animantaraxes." Rorsh struggled with the strange skorne word.

Midas' eyes gleamed. "Do you know where we might find more of them? The mystical power these creatures could offer would be substantial. Harvesting one immediately upon death. . . ." Midas began salivating at the thought, remembering the hint of energy he had tasted earlier. He had encountered many intriguing creatures in his wanderings, but those brought by the skorne offered a glimpse into the untapped wealth beyond the Bloodstone Marches. Capturing the energies of such creatures fresh, however, had proven frustrating.

"It's easy enough to track them," Rorsh said as his lips curled into a wicked smile. "Besides, I've got an outstanding account to settle with the skorne."



They had tracked the skorne column for two days. Rorsh had been right when he had said the skorne feared little among the sands; their obvious trail had allowed Rorsh to get Midas' forces ahead of the caravan. The pace had been arduous, but Midas' host was used to the grueling rigors of life within the Marches. They now waited in the shadow of Caerly's Craig, having established a temporary camp in a rough-hewn pass through towering basalt columns.

Midas had spread his farrow around the entrance to the pass, hoping to hide their presence from any forward skorne scouts. Sensing the minds of the pack of razor boars and the two heavier gun boars lounging lazily in the sun, he let their simple animal contentment wash over him for a few moments. Suddenly, Klerg's voice ended his reverie.

"The preparations are ready, Midas. The bones await your call."

Surveying the work, Midas saw two piles of bones constructed from the decaying beast. The warlock could feel power emanating from them, even in their despoiled condition. Turning his attention to a steel cauldron carved with crude farrow runes, Midas began combining the proper components for the impending ritual: dried sinew, powdered intestine, and several eyeballs with irises glazed milky white. He could sense each ingredient's unique mystical energy being released as he ground them into paste with an elaborately carved mortar. Finally he held out his hand for the jar containing the rest of the liver he had collected from the animantarax. One by one, Midas threw the pieces into the pot. As he finished crushing the last of the liver into the mixture, he withdrew a small fraction of the paste onto his finger and tasted it. Midas felt

a surge of primal power spark within his mouth. He grinned. "This creature was most powerful indeed," he said to Klerg. "I can only imagine what energies fresh pieces might offer."

Midas took the cauldron to the piles of bones and pulled out a heaping handful of the concoction. The bone grinders behind him began a low chant, led by Klerg. As the rhythmic intonations filled the air, Midas spread the mixture across the bones and began mentally weaving the mystical connections in runic formulae that would act as his creations' sinew, muscle, and eyes. Using his skinning knife, Midas sliced across his palm. As he intoned the final words of the ritual, he shook his bleeding hand hard toward the piles of bone, splattering them with bright red beads of his blood. A hiss arose and grew into a keening wail, and the boneswarms sprang to life.

Midas reached out to connect his will with the cold, alien minds of the boneswarms. The sensation was unsettling compared to the natural connection he experienced with his living warbeasts, but he knew these macabre constructs would serve him well in the coming battle.

The gruff voice of Scorge, the captain of Midas' slaughterhousers, broke the stillness of the assembled bone grinders. "Midas," the burly farrow said, bowing as he approached and motioning to a lean brigand behind him. "A messenger from Lord Carver has arrived."

Midas snorted. *What could the self-proclaimed "lord" of the farrow want?* He turned his piercing gaze to the newcomer. "What is it?"

AS THE RHYTHMIC INTONATIONS FILLED THE AIR, MIDAS SPREAD THE MIXTURE ACROSS THE BONES.

Carver's messenger looked about with shifty eyes, clearly uncomfortable in front of the powerful warlock. Midas growled, his patience wearing thin. "Divination is not one of my talents, messenger. Speak your news or be gone. I have many matters to attend to."

Scorge shoved the messenger roughly from behind, finally prompting him to break his silence. "I bring orders from Lord Carver, Bringer of Most Massive Destruction, Lord of the Thornfall Alliance, Master of the" Midas had begun tapping his hoof impatiently, his hand moving toward the massive bone saw on his belt, and the messenger's voice wavered.

"I know who Carver is! Get on with it!" Midas shouted. Responding to the warlock's annoyance, the boneswarms began clacking behind him.

The messenger nervously cleared his throat and jumped ahead. "His Excellence, Lord Carver, demands you return to his hold at once to join his glorious war host. Lord Carver prepares to assault and capture a skorne fortress that occupies a vital location in Caerly's Craig. From there Lord Carver will expand his domain."

Midas pounded his fists against his thighs to stop from backhanding the poor farrow. Though Carver had bested him in personal combat and was therefore owed subservience, Midas was not inclined to be dictated to like a common farrow. That the orders came from the mouth of this weakling made his inner fury burn even hotter.

Midas was about to respond when Rorsh interjected, "If we leave now, you'll miss the chance to add to your collection."

Scorge leveled a withering stare at Rorsh. "Your opinion was not asked for, mercenary."

Rorsh smiled. "Yet I gave it." He took a leisurely draw from his cigar as Scorge bristled in anger.

Midas' mind turned as he debated what to do. Reaching out to touch the cold intellects of the boneswarms, he felt mystical power coursing through them. No, there was too much at stake. He would not abandon his prize now. Carver could wait until he was done with his task. It was best if his new liege understood that not everyone would simply jump at his command.

**A LOUD CRACK BROKE THE AIR
AND EXPLOSIONS BLOSSOMED
ALONG THE SKORNE LINE AS
THE GUN BOARS UNLEASHED
THEIR FIRST SALVO.**

"I will attend him as soon as it is convenient—for me."

Before the indignant messenger could reply, Rorsh stepped toward him and placed a rough hand on his shoulder. "Time for you to go." Any protest the messenger was about to make was cut short by a coughing fit brought on by a large cloud of smoke from the farrow's cigar. Rorsh gave a harsh whistle; Brine, who never strayed far from his master, ambled up. "Come, Brine, let's show this little farrow the way home."

Scorge approached Midas, his brow furrowed in consternation, as he watched the trio leave. "You listen to him too much. He does not understand what it is to be farrow, nor does he understand loyalty to any but himself."

Klerg spoke next. "Is it wise to put off Lord Carver? Even for a prize as great as this?"

Midas locked eyes with his subordinates and stepped in close, overshadowing even Scorge with his hulking form. "My decision is my own. I will not abandon everything like a common swine simply because Lord Carver whistles." He jabbed a finger at both of them. "And until either of you wishes to challenge me for leadership, you will obey my commands!"

Midas watched in satisfaction as the two quickly bent their heads low, cowed. There would be plenty of time to serve Lord Carver after he had secured his trophy.



An unforgiving sandstorm whipped around the enemy column, severely limiting visibility. Midas watched as the skorne emerged from the stinging gale and approached the concealed farrow. Several rows of Praetorian swordsmen marched with coordinated precision behind a large, golden standard. They were flanked by four heavily armored cyclops savages, massive falchions held ready. At the center of the column rode a large skorne tyrant, his menacing appearance bolstered by his long-fanged ferox mount. But the end of the column interested Midas most. Towering above the sands and skorne around them strode two of the great animantaraxes. Midas licked his snout and tightened his grip on his bone saw as he gazed at them. He could feel their energy even from this distance.

Midas reached out to the six razor boars concealed amid the sand, ready to spring upon the skorne column along with the slaughterhousers and the freshly constructed boneswarms. The gun boars, however, required his immediate attention. He allowed their vision to fill his mind, managing the two different perspectives with practiced ease. As the skorne warriors crossed the second marker hidden in the sand, Midas broadcast a single mental command: *Fire!*

A loud crack broke the air and explosions blossomed along the skorne line as the gun boars unleashed their first salvo. Midas heard the distinct report of Rorsh's pig iron and then a chain reaction of blasts that stitched its way through the skorne column, sending red-and-gold-armored bodies flying. Midas saw the skorne scan for their attackers beyond the whipping sands of the storm as their lines fell into disarray. Refusing to lose the initiative, he sent the razor boars to harry the cyclops savages and the animantaraxes before charging his chosen quarry.

The skorne line again erupted in fire from the gun boars' explosive shells. Snorts and squeals added to the discord as the slaughterhousers rushed in from their own concealed positions. In utter chaos, the skorne had no chance to react to this new threat, and the slaughterhousers' wicked polearms cleaved through the line of warriors.

Midas saw Scorge and two of his companions charge into one of the heavily armored cyclops savages. Avoiding a blow from its falchion, the first slaughterhouser struck the creature's knee, taking its leg clean off. As it toppled to the sand, the second cut off both its hands at the wrist, while Scorge leveled a mighty overhand swing that split the creature's helm in an explosion of gore. As the cyclops' life force left it, Midas reached out and stole it for his own purposes.

The farrow warlock urged his boneswarms to attack the remaining Praetorians. The undead constructs consumed skorne whole, sloughing off flesh and adding the revealed bones to their own mass.

Closing on the first of the animantaraxes, Midas summoned a powerful curse to make the creature's flesh more vulnerable to harm, encircling it in fell runes. Drawing energy from his warbeasts, he then unleashed a mystical strike into its bulk, punching through armor plating to tear a great gash in the creature's flesh. The warlock gave a sharp whistle, and several more slaughterhousers emerged from the sands. They rushed the wounded creature, heedless of the razor-sharp needles being fired from the flayer cannon upon its *houdaa*.

Midas drew strength from the connection with his warbeasts and imbued the charging slaughterhousers with a powerful enchantment that stoked their inherent lust for carnage. The wounded animantarax thrashed its great tail, crushing a razor boar to pulp before turning on one of the charging slaughterhousers. With a dull thump of shattering bones, the slaughterhouser went flying. Despite its efforts, the animantarax was quickly butchered by the remaining slaughterhousers as their weapons clove into its flesh. The animantarax crashed to the ground with a low bellow, its blood seeping into the dry sand.

There was no time for satisfaction, however, as the second animantarax thundered forward, sowing death among the farrow. Midas inflicted upon it the same curse that had helped bring down the other.

The farrow was so focused on the final animantarax that he did not notice the tyrant charging atop his ferox. Pain exploded through his side as a wicked halberd sliced through flesh and muscle. Instinctively, Midas sent the wound to one of his razor boars and then grunted as the beast collapsed dead, unable to take the full brunt of the wound. He felt warm blood trickle down his side from the remaining injury. The skorne commander shouted something in his native tongue, and his mount roared to expose razor-sharp fangs.

Without hesitation, Midas poured the energy he had collected from his dying warbeasts into the runes that leapt

into existence around his hand before surging out with explosive force to crash into the tyrant's chest. As the tyrant reeled from the impact, Midas sprang forward and brought his bone saw up in a sweeping arc. The blade easily severed the ferox's head from its body. The big cat toppled to pin the smoking form of the skorne tyrant beneath it. Stepping over the trapped warrior, Midas ruthlessly decapitated him with one stroke.

The sensation of his last razor boar being crushed beneath the animantarax's tail pulled Midas' attention back to the larger battle. The few remaining skorne had fallen back to rally about the mighty creature's body.

As he contemplated his next move, he saw the distinct form of Brine charging toward the animantarax, kicking up huge clods of blood-soaked sand from beneath his hooves. A pair of skorne stepped into the mighty warbeast's path. In quick succession, two cracks of rifle fire rang out and they both fell, gaping holes in their chests. His way suddenly clear, Brine reached the beast and tore into it with crazed bloodlust, goring its exposed neck with his tusks and gouging its eyes with his fists as he vented his fury upon the great creature.

With a snorting bellow and a straining of thick-corded muscle, Brine ripped the animantarax's head from its body. The spell of the bloody spectacle broke, and Midas suddenly realized the mighty war hog was ruining good flesh. He was about to intervene when Rorsh's voice stopped him.

"I'd stay back. Best to let him just work it out."

Midas snorted and stalked toward Brine, fixing the crazed warbeast with an unflinching stare. "This is *mine*," he said, pointing at the animantarax's head. "Find something else to eat."

Brine's muscles tensed, and he dragged a hoof through the sand as if preparing to charge. Midas continued to move toward the animantarax's head, keeping his eyes locked on the hog's. "Get going," Midas growled. "Now!"

With a sudden huff, Brine dropped Midas' gaze and tromped off like a petulant child. Rorsh grunted in surprise and offered Midas a small nod of recognition.

His prize safe, Midas took a moment to survey the situation. His farrow had already begun scavenging everything of value in the area and loading it into the wagons that had been brought forward by the noncombatants of the group. Klerg and his bone grinders oversaw the butchering of the animantaraxes, showing Scorge and some of his slaughterhousers what to cut with their powerful polearms. Several other bone grinders were collecting parts from the fallen cyclopes, while the remaining slaughterhousers stripped the skorne corpses of weapons and armor as well

as choice meat cuts. Skorne flesh was tough and nowhere near as savory as human, but it was not the farrow way to waste anything.

Even though the party moved quickly, spurred by the desire to protect their bounty from the still-raging storm, the sheer size of the animantaraxes meant the process was going to take a while. Midas made his way over to the creatures, his bone saw ready to begin the bloody work, but before he could press the blade to flesh, Rorsh interrupted.

"Something seems wrong here." He furrowed his brow as he tried and failed to light his cigar in the howling wind.

"You mean besides the fact that your pet beast savaged the head of my animantarax?" Midas asked, amazed at Rorsh's stubborn refusal to give up on lighting the cigar.

"Consider it part of my pay." Rorsh looked toward Brine, who was now munching on the decapitated ferox. "I've seen plenty of caravans in my time. And while they're all different in their way, one thing is always the same."

Midas sighed, exasperated. "And that is?"

"Supply carts. Even skorne need food and water. So where are they?"

Midas stopped cold. Rorsh was right.

Explosions suddenly ripped through the rear of the farrow. Scanning that direction, Midas felt a mix of awe and fascination as his eyes came to rest upon the largest warbeast he had ever seen. Even the animantaraxes seemed small compared to this hulking creature. It towered over everything around it, great tusks jutting forward from its broad head. The thing reminded Midas of the titans the skorne used, but on an incredible scale. A broad bone plate swept out to protect its neck, though Midas could not imagine what sort of predator could threaten such a gigantic creature. Behind this sat a huge battery of guns, a multibarreled apparatus secured to its back by an array of thick cords. Thunder boomed across the desert plain as it fired again. The shot fell short, but the powerful detonation shook the earth beneath Midas' feet. The tremendous beast bellowed in rage as it shook its massive head and crashed forward, impelled by its unseen master.

As it neared, Midas caught sight of more skorne warriors and several carts being hauled by strange pack animals. Apparently the defeated column had been only a small part of the whole, likely separated by the intense sandstorm.

"So there they are," Rorsh said. His tone was nonchalant, but he chewed hard on his cigar.

Midas could not help but be captivated by the titanic creature. There was no way his force could stand against it and the skorne forces behind it. He even found himself wishing he had several war hogs now, his desire to live outweighing

his longstanding discomfort with the twisted experiments of Dr. Arkadius. The human's alterations imbued flesh with an unpleasant flavor and similarly tainted its energy, but the results were remarkably effective in war.

Midas signaled Rorsh and began moving back toward the bulk of his forces, which had paused their frantic scavenging at the sight of the approaching beast.

"We need to fall back," Midas said directly to Klerg when they reached where he and Scorge were directing the farrow's efforts. "You know what is most important. Get it loaded before the rest of the skorne get here." He turned to Rorsh. "Take all the blasting powder we have and set it up in the pass behind us. That should stop them from following."

Rorsh scowled. "That's going to take a bit."

"It doesn't have to be pretty—just fast." They all looked at him, unmoving. "What are you waiting for?" he bellowed. "Get to it!"

Rorsh nodded and whistled for Brine as he moved toward the supply wagons nearest the pass. Klerg quickly followed suit, shouting orders to the bone grinders, who immediately began focusing their work on select bits of the animantaraxes. Only Scorge and three of his slaughterhousers remained. Midas looked at them quizzically.

"I'm staying with you, like it or not," Scorge said.

A thin smile crossed Midas' snout. He clapped the muscular farrow on the arm and let out a short snort of appreciation.



Blasts rocked the ground, and Midas felt intense heat wash over him. With a mental command he sent his boneswarms to engage the gigantic skorne warbeast, hoping to silence its guns for a moment. He urged his gun boars to fire into the quickly approaching skorne warriors.

The boneswarms had no sooner reached the gargantuan than they were crushed like ants beneath its massive tread. Scorge and his slaughterhousers were engaged with several skorne Praetorians who had pushed their way toward Midas despite the gun boars' constant fire.

The farrow had fallen back to the opening of the mountain pass in order to negate the enemy's advantage in numbers, but Midas knew they had little time before the might of the new skorne beast alone overwhelmed them. As if in answer, Midas heard the sharp report of Rorsh's pig iron ring out within the pass. It was time to go.

Midas drew all the power he could from his warbeasts. His body wreathed in intensely glowing runes, he tilted his head back and outstretched both arms, sending the runes

to converge around the corpses of his fallen beasts. The bone grinder magic ignited the energy that lingered about flesh and bone. As he drew back his arms, the reanimated warbeasts returned to his side, runes whirling about them. The gargantuan's cannons boomed once more, and Midas' vision went white as the explosion hit him straight on. Instinctively, he transferred the damage to one of the revived razor boars before commanding all his warbeasts to attack the skorne line.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Midas ran forward to Scorge, who was leaning heavily on his pole arm, bleeding from any number of cuts. Skorne corpses lay everywhere about him.

"I think that's enough killing for one day," Midas said.

Scorge scoffed, "Never enough killing in a day." But despite his bold words, Midas felt the slaughterhouse lean heavily on him.

As they made their way into the pass, Midas took one last look at the awesome sight of the gargantuan behind them. He licked his snout. "The next time we meet, I will see what your power tastes like," he muttered.

Midas could have sworn the beast looked up at him right before the pass was engulfed in flame and the crumbling mountainside obscured his view.



Midas walked through the recently conquered skorne fort on his way to meet with Lord Carver, tallying what this particular victory had cost as he went. Clearly, the fort had put up stiff resistance; piles of corpses, both of farrow and of Dr. Arkadius' perverse creations, lay strewn about the area. Midas suspected that had he been there to fight, the casualties might have been lighter—a fact Lord Carver was unlikely to overlook.

Carver had set up his throne room in the fortress' former mess hall. Pushing his way through the heavy wooden doors, Midas saw Rorsh standing just behind and to the right of the throne, a lit cigar hanging from his mouth. The cagey farrow tipped his head as their eyes met. Midas wondered if the sight was a good omen or an ill one.

Rising to his full height, Midas strode forward, refusing to show the slightest hint of the apprehension churning inside him. The farrow lord sat upon his ever-present throne, his right hand resting on the pommel of Hand of God, its point ground into the floor. His very being emanated menace and imminent violence.

Approaching the foot of the dais, Midas bowed his head almost imperceptibly in a required sign of submission.

"Lord Carver, I have arrived, as commanded."

Carver's finger tapped on Hand of God. "Midas," he finally growled, "when you did not report in time for this battle, I swore I would kill you for disobedience."

Midas felt his blood go cold, and it took all his will not to reach for the bone saw at his belt. The warlock forced himself to be calm; he had prepared for this.

**AS HE DREW BACK HIS ARMS,
THE REANIMATED WARBEASTS
RETURNED TO HIS SIDE, RUNES
WHIRLING ABOUT THEM.**

Before he could offer his rehearsed explanation, however, Carver spoke again. "But that was before I knew what you had done." Carver glanced at Rorsh briefly, but his face was unreadable. "Destroying an entire skorne column and blocking the most readily accessible pass to this place . . ." Carver gestured and raised an eyebrow. "I am impressed. You showed remarkable talent in taking initiative in fulfilling my wishes—if not my actual command." He leveled a disparaging stare at several other subordinates waiting along the sides of the hall. "A lesson many of my chiefs might put to good use were they not too stupid to be trusted to think for themselves." Several of the slighted farrow shuffled and made noises, but none were willing to challenge Carver's appraisal.

Midas blinked in surprise, his mind racing as he contemplated the implications. Was Carver seeking only to save face, or had Midas' favor in his eyes truly increased? He said slowly, "Thank you, Lord . . ."

Carver simply waved him off. "You may go. I will summon you when I require you."

Midas thought about the skorne gargantuan and his mouth watered. Arkadius' creations would be essential if he were to take the beast's power for himself. "My warbeasts were killed fighting the skorne," he ventured before departing. "I need more if I am to be of use to you."

"Dr. Arkadius can see to it," Carver growled. "Just be sure your future initiatives bear my interests in mind."

Midas nodded. "Of course." As he turned to leave, he considered the benefits he could squeeze from Carver's regime once word had spread of this meeting. A clever farrow could make much of this sort of opportunity—and he was just such a farrow.

MIDAS

MINION FARROW BONE GRINDER WARLOCK

You eat only to stay alive. I take in the essence of what I consume and make it my own.

—Midas

MIDAS							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
5	7	6	4	14	16	8	

BONE SAW			
POW	P+S		
6	13		

FURY	6
DAMAGE	16
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
WARBEAST POINTS	+5
SMALL BASE	



FEAT: PET CEMETERY

Proving the bones of the freshly slain have their own power, the great bone grinder Midas calls the dead to rise and fight tirelessly in his stead.

Midas spends any number of fury points when this feat is used. Return each destroyed warbeast from Midas' battlegroup to play within 3" of him with one unmarked damage box in each aspect. For each fury

point spent, remove 1 damage point from each model in Midas' battlegroup that is in his control area. Returned warbeasts gain Undead ☠. Returned warbeasts cannot be forced this turn. Returned warbeasts that were destroyed this turn cannot activate the turn they are returned.

Minion – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

MIDAS

Butchery – When a living warbeast is destroyed or removed from play while within this model's control area, place one bone token on this model. Once per turn during this model's activation, you can remove up to three bone tokens from it. This model gains 1 fury point for each bone token removed.

Curse [Bone Grinder] – RNG CMD. Target enemy model/unit. If the model/unit is in range, it is cursed. A friendly Bone Grinder model charging a cursed model gains +2" movement. Friendly Bone Grinder models gain +2 to attack rolls against cursed models. Curse can be used once per activation and lasts for one turn.

Dismember – When this model hits a warbeast with a melee attack, roll an additional damage die.

Farrow Warlock – This model can have only Minion Farrow warbeasts in its battlegroup.

BONE SAW

☠ Magical Weapon

Soul Food – Immediately after resolving an attack in which it destroyed an enemy warbeast with this weapon, this model can cast a spell with COST 3 or less or cast the destroyed warbeast's animus as a spell without spending fury.

Greed, ferocity, and cunning are virtues esteemed by farrow, and Midas lacks for none of these. A potent bone grinder, he is empowered by lives stolen and feasted upon. The energies released in death are weapons and tools for Midas, who consumes his foes to gain their powers and knowledge. At his command, the bones of fallen beasts become animate and dead flesh rises to fight again.

Midas' ambition and interests fueled his quick ascent among his people. As a youth, he observed that the stronger beasts fed upon the weaker. He felt a fascination with and affinity for the predatory brutes of the wild and sought to

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BAD BLOOD	2	10	-	-	YES	YES
A warlock leaching from target warbeast suffers 1 damage point for each fury point leached. The affected warbeast cannot be healed or have damage transferred to it and loses Regenerate.						
BATTLE LUST	3	6	-	-	NO	NO
Target friendly Faction warrior model/unit gains Fearless ☠ and gains an additional die on melee damage rolls for one round.						
CALAMITY	3	8	-	-	YES	YES
Friendly models gain +2 to attack and damage rolls against target enemy model/unit.						
HEX BLAST	3	10	3	13	NO	YES
Enemy upkeep spells and animi on the model/unit directly hit by Hex Blast immediately expire.						

TACTICAL TIPS

CURSE – This model also gains these benefits when charging or attacking a cursed model. Modifiers to movement apply only to a model's normal movement.

HEX BLAST – Because they expire immediately, upkeep spells and animi that had an effect when the model/unit was hit or damaged will have no effect.

PET CEMETERY – A warbeast returned to play is no longer destroyed, so Farrow Bone Grinders cannot choose its animus for Bone Magic until the warbeast is destroyed again.

learn from their primal essence and join it to his own. His instincts drove him to take the path of the bone grinder, creating totems of power from fresh kills. Those of this discipline among his own tribe he found wanting—they practiced their arts without true appetite and were blind to the deeper roots of the latent power hidden within all beasts. Such strength lay not only in the bones but in the flesh and organs as well.

His understanding quickly outpaced that of all others, and he went into the perilous wilds to educate himself. He ventured ever deeper into the Bloodstone Marches, where he subdued increasingly formidable creatures to taste their flesh and seize their powers. He learned to savor the gory physicality of this life, scoffing at methods used by others to cleanse totems and remove bits of flesh.

Midas became a warlord using his powers to intimidate and cajole warriors of his tribe into serving him. He has always been more of an outsider, but his fearlessness, strength of will, and battle prowess drew others to him and he gathered a war band without even seeking the responsibilities of leadership. Tatzylwurms, dire trolls, and other creatures fell before his band, and he feasted on them and added their bones to his totems.

When Lord Carver set about subjugating the other farrow, Midas' war band was one of the last to submit. Midas and

Carver clashed in a battle that challenged the great chieftain more than any that had come before. Though Midas was defeated, after their clash Carver refrained from delivering the killing blow. Impressed at the ferocity of the bone grinders who held to the last, Carver offered Midas a place in his alliance. The bone grinder begrudgingly accepted, seeing this as the best chance to continue his work. He has become a powerful asset to the Thornfall Alliance, but his mind is on the next opportunity to devour the flesh and souls of creatures he has not previously tasted and his never-ending quest to improve his mastery of the bone grinder arts.



RASK

MINION BOG TROG WARLOCK

Rask is poison.

—Wrong Eye

RASK							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
5	7	6	7	15	15	5	



TRIDENT CANNON				
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW	
10	1	—	12	



SACRAL BLADE		
POW	P+S	
4	11	

FURY	6
DAMAGE	15
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
WARBEAST POINTS	+6
SMALL BASE	

FEAT: DARK WATERS

When Rask calls upon the dark powers he has mastered amid the dank fens and marshes, he summons into being a thick and murky fog redolent with the stench of the swamp, blinding his enemies and making the air itself almost too thick to move through.

While in Rask's control area, friendly Faction models cannot be targeted by attacks or charges made by models more than 5" away from them. Dark Waters lasts for one round.

Minion – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

RASK

Amphibious – This model ignores the effects of deep and shallow water and can move through them without penalty. While completely in deep water, it cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks and can make attacks only against other models in deep water. While completely in deep water, this model does not block LOS.

Call to Sacrifice [Bog Trog] – If this model is disabled by an enemy attack, you can choose a non-disabled trooper model of the type indicated in its command range to be destroyed. If another model is destroyed as a result of Call to Sacrifice, this model heals 1 damage point.

Gatorman Warlock – This model can have only Minion Gatorman warbeasts in its battlegroup.

TRIDENT CANNON

Magical Weapon

Ammo Type – Each time this weapon is used to make an attack, choose one of the following abilities:

- **Arcane Interference** – When this model hits another model with an attack, upkeep spells and animi on the model hit expire and it loses the focus points on it. When this model hits a warjack with an attack, that warjack suffers Disruption. (A warjack suffering Disruption loses its focus points and cannot be allocated focus or channel spells for one round.)
- **Energy Siphon** – When this attack hits an enemy model with 1 or more focus or fury points on it, that model loses 1 focus or fury point and this model gains 1 fury point.
- **Paralysis** – A living model hit by this weapon has its base DEF reduced to 7 and cannot run or charge. Paralysis lasts for one round.

SACRAL BLADE

Magical Weapon

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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ADMONITION	2	6	—	—	YES	NO
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When an enemy model advances and ends its movement within 6" of target model in this model's battlegroup, the affected model can immediately advance up to 3", then Admonition expires. The affected model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

BOUNDLESS CHARGE	2	6	—	—	NO	NO
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During its activation, target friendly model can charge without spending focus or being forced and gains +2" movement and Pathfinder when it charges. Boundless Charge lasts for one turn.

FURY	2	6	—	—	YES	NO
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Target friendly model/unit gains +3 to melee damage rolls but suffers -1 DEF.

INHOSPITABLE GROUND	3	SELF	CTRL	—	NO	NO
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While in this model's control area, enemy models treat open terrain as rough terrain. Inhospitable Ground lasts for one round.

TACTICAL TIPS

AMPHIBIOUS – This model can attack other models that are in deep water.

ARCANE INTERFERENCE – If the model hit is part of a unit, upkeep spells and animi on that unit also expire.

BOUNDLESS CHARGE – Modifiers to movement apply only to a model's normal movement.

Of all bog trogs, only Rask has had the qualities to stand amid the gatormen of the Blindwater Congregation as anything akin to a peer. His treacherous methods would be reviled in any other species, but among his cold-blooded kind he has earned respect. Rask is a survivor, a quality prized above all others by bog trogs. He has shown a willingness to betray his kind to save himself, since his destruction could come at any time within the jaws of the warlocks alleged to be his allies.

When Bloody Barnabas' war of subjugation swept through Blindwater, the battles against the bog trogs were particularly fierce. Dozens of bog trog villages were utterly consumed by gatormen. Rask, who had risen to prominence among them, saw firsthand the scope of destruction and knew instantly that his people could never halt the advance of the gatormen.

Risking death if he failed, Rask went to Barnabas and Calaban and made an unexpected offer: in exchange for his life and the survival of his tribe, he would assist the Blindwater Congregation in crushing any resistance. He made good on this by turning on the rest of his kind, using his powers to slaughter any who would not surrender. Those who lived were cowed into submission and enslaved to become the cannon-fodder troops of the Congregation. Rask feels no shame, knowing that without him, no bog trogs would have lived. The bog trogs he leads are aware of the blood on his claws but fear his powers and the beasts at his disposal. Many of them, in their cold-blooded way, admire Rask for achieving a status they could not.



Those who understand the perilous deal he has entered into either envy Rask for his limited freedom or watch and wait for Barnabas to deem he has outlived his usefulness. Meanwhile, he proves himself on the battlefield as among the most skillful killers to arise from the bog trogs. With an expert's precision, he wields a mechanical weapon once raided from a human caravan and adapted to his preferences. While its empowered bolts give him an edge, his ruthlessness is by far his greatest weapon.



RAZOR BOAR

MINION FARROW LESSER WARBEAST

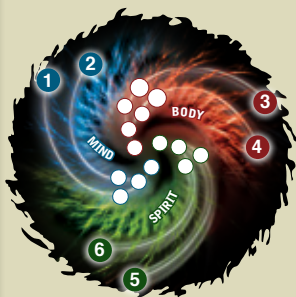
Don't let their hunger fool you; my boars are well fed.

—Lord Carver, BMMD, Esq. III

RAZOR BOAR							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
6	6	5	3	13	14	5	



RIPPING TUSKS	
POW	P+S
4	10



FURY	2
THRESHOLD	6
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
POINT COST	2
SMALL BASE	

RAZOR BOAR

Bacon – When this model is destroyed, each living warbeast B2B with it heals d3 damage points.

Lesser Warbeast – This model cannot make power attacks.

RIPPING TUSKS

Brutal Charge – This model gains +2 to charge attack damage rolls with this weapon

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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VICIOUS	2	6	-	-	NO	NO
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Target friendly Faction warbeast gains Hyper Aggressive for one round. (When a model with Hyper Aggressive suffers damage from an enemy attack anytime except while it is advancing, after the attack is resolved it can immediately make a full advance directly toward the attacking model.)



For as long as the tribes of the farrow have gone to war, they have been accompanied by the vicious razor boars. As large as wolves, razor boars are deadly, untamed creatures that require little incentive or training to join the farrow in battle. When loosed upon an enemy, razor boars charge in heedless of their own wellbeing, intent only on goring their prey and bringing them low to feast upon their soft flesh. Survivors of farrow raids grow pale when they recall the speed with which a few razor boars reduced a well-armed soldier to a heap of rags and bloody bones.

The farrow have spent generations breeding razor boars with the sole intent of making them larger and more dangerous. Only the biggest boars possessed of the most savage dispositions are chosen to be mated, a primitive breeding program that has resulted in beasts of war barely controlled by their masters. Their “training” includes feeding them fresh kills of diverse races so they develop a strong taste for the flesh of humans, trollkin, skorne, and farrow. The victims’ screams of pain and fear ring out from the butchering complex before each feeding, and the beasts learn to associate them with an impending meal. Thus the sounds of suffering serve only to awaken the beasts’ hunger, making the cacophony of battle sound like a dinner bell to them.

GOBBER TINKER

MERCENARY MINION SOLO



He does better work than half my apprentices and doesn't mind being paid in salvage. The lads in the workshop better take notice!

—Cygnaran Chief Mechanik Oldo Torton

TACTICAL TIP

REPAIR – A wreck marker cannot be repaired.

Gifted with an innate mechanical aptitude, gobbers often find themselves in high demand on the battlefields of western Immoren. A diminutive figure struggling valiantly to return a machine of war to working order amid incoming fire has become an iconic image in tales of battle across the continent. Almost every commanding officer can find a use for a talented gobbler tinker and his collection of tools. Many gobbers lead successful mercenary careers as mechaniks for hire, but more than one tinker has been pressed into service by a potential client unwilling to pay his fees.

Gobbler culture places a high value on salvage and finding a use for items that more wealthy races prematurely discard. Gobbers frequently pack small carts with the tools of their

Mercenary – This model will work for Cygnar and Khador.

Minion – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

GOBBER TINKER

Mechanically Adept – This model can attempt to repair friendly non-Faction warjacks and battle engines.

Point Blank – During its activation, this model can make melee attacks with its ranged weapon, with a 1/2" melee range. Do not add this model's STR to damage rolls made with ranged weapons. Charge attacks made with ranged weapons are not boosted.

Repair [8] (★Action) – This model can attempt repairs on any damaged friendly Faction warjack. To attempt repairs, this model must be B2B with the damaged warjack and make a skill check. If successful, remove d6 damage points from the warjack's damage grid.

GOBBER TINKER

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	4	4	4	14	12	7



PISTOL

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	10

DAMAGE 5

FIELD ALLOWANCE 2

POINT COST 1

MEDIUM BASE

trade and set out across the world in search of work and opportunities to test their skill. Armed with their tools, tents, and a trusty sidearm, tinkers can develop a reputation for solid work in harsh conditions and make considerable fortunes—if they survive the rigors of war.

Tinkers who find themselves wandering the more remote regions of western Immoren often take up with trollkin kriels. Many kriels make extensive use of weapons and devices stolen or bought as surplus from the Cygnaran Army, and a skilled tinker can do well for himself repairing their equipment and war wagons. The standing armies of Cygnar and Khador often employ gobbler tinkers as full-time auxiliaries, counting on them to keep their military up and running under the most extreme conditions. Tinkers are possessed of surprising bravery and will not hesitate to gun down enemies who would interfere with their vital repairs.





GATORMAN BOKOR & BOG TROG SWAMP SHAMBLERS

MINION UNIT

For the bokor, life and death are two sides of the same blade.

—Calaban the Gravewalker

BOKOR						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	7	6	3	12	16	8



BITE	
POW	P+S
5	12



TAIL STRIKE	
POW	P+S
3	10

SWAMP SHAMBLER						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	5	3	10	13	6



CLAWS	
POW	P+S
2	8

BOKOR'S DAMAGE	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	1
BOKOR & 9 SHAMBLERS	6
BOKOR: MEDIUM BASE	
SHAMBLER: SMALL BASE	

command range from play to make an additional attack or to boost an attack or damage roll for each Swamp Shambler model removed. When this model would suffer damage, you can choose one or more models in this unit that are in this model's command range to suffer any number of those damage points instead, divided as you choose. If you do, this model does not suffer that damage. A model cannot suffer more damage as a result of Death Magic than it has unmarked damage boxes.

Magic Ability [6]

- **Hand of Glory (★Attack)** – Hand of Glory is a RNG 3 magic attack. Target enemy model hit becomes stationary for one round.

Raise Dead – When a living model is destroyed in this model's command range, this model gains one corpse token. At the end of your next Control Phase, remove all corpse tokens from this model and add one Swamp Shambler Grunt to this unit for each corpse token removed. Swamp Shambler Grunts must be placed in formation. This unit cannot have more than 20 Swamp Shambler Grunts in play at a time.

SWAMP SHAMBLER

☒ Combined Melee Attack

☠ Undead

Amphibious – See above.

Minions – These models will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

BOKOR

☠ Fearless

☞ Officer

Amphibious – This model ignores the effects of deep and shallow water and can move through them without penalty. While completely in deep water, it cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks and can make attacks only against other models in deep water. While completely in deep water, this model does not block LOS.

Death Magic – This model can remove friendly Swamp Shambler in its

TACTICAL TIPS

AMPHIBIOUS – This model can attack other models that are in deep water.

DEATH MAGIC – A model can make additional attacks only during its combat action.

MAGIC ABILITY – Performing a Magic Ability special action or special attack counts as casting a spell.

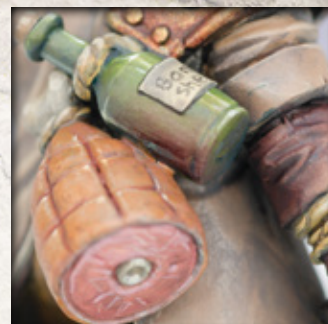
Fearsome necromancers, gatorman bokors literally wield the powers of life and death. Potent fetishes and occult trinkets dangle from their crude leather clothing, further empowering the bokors' croaking death chants. Stalking among the war parties of the gatormen, bokors command the walking slave-corpses of bog trogs, using the cadavers in death with the same ruthlessness that first cost them their lives. Should any doubt the terrible power of the gatormen, they need only look upon the bokors and their undead minions.

Necromancy is the birthright of the bokors, who learn its secrets from the elders of their tribe in their final days. Aging bokors are expected to pass on the secrets of the grave both before and after their own deaths. Once a bokor has transmitted all his knowledge to his protégé, he is ritually murdered and devoured. Portions of his body are fashioned into powerful charms, and he speaks in silent tongues to the new bokor—teaching how, in a fashion, the dead may be returned to the world of the living.

Every bokor desires deathless slaves for both menial tasks and to serve in times of war, and the tribes of bog trogs that serve the gatormen make ideal candidates. When gatormen congregations war upon one another, they first look to the bog trogs to fill their undead ranks. Even in peace, bog trogs may be preyed upon by the gatormen who enslave them. Accordingly, few bokors want for corpses upon which to work their dark rituals. Individually, the undead bog trogs are easily dispatched, but en masse they become as dangerous as they are loathsome.



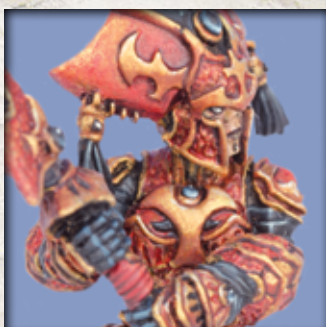
MODEL GALLERY



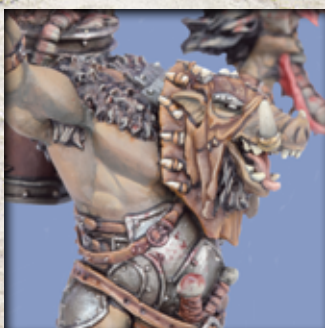
HUNTERS GRIM
Trollblood Epic Warlock Unit



MORVAHNA THE DAWNShadow
Circle Light Cavalry Epic Warlock



MAKEDA & THE EXALTED COURT
Skorne Epic Warlock Unit

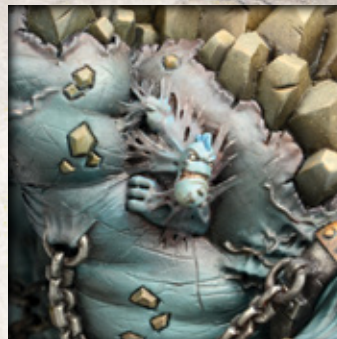
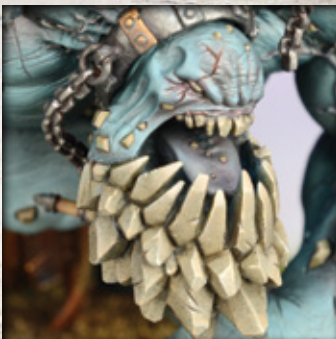


MIDAS
Minion Farrow Warlock



RASK
Minion Bog Trog Warlock





MOUNTAIN KING
Trollblood Gargantuan



WOLDWRATH
Circle Gargantuan





ARCHANGEL
Legion Gargantuan



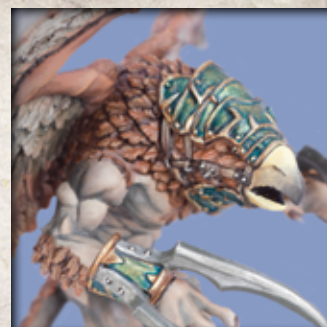
RAZOR BOARS
Minion Farrow Lesser Warbeast



AFFLICTOR
Legion Light Warbeast



RAZORWING GRIFFON
Circle Light Warbeast

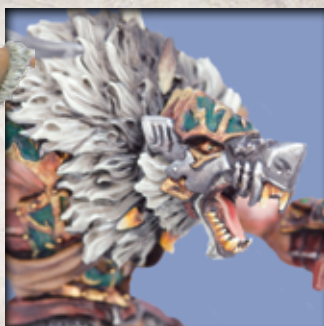




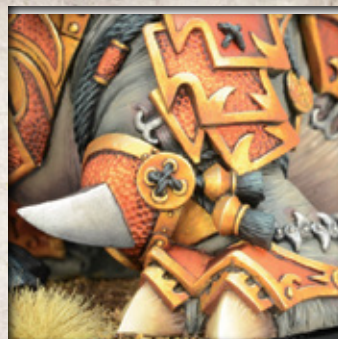
THARN BLOOD PACK
Circle Unit



WARPBORN ALPHA
Circle Unit Attachment



CATAPHRACT INCINDIARI
Skorne Unit



MAMMOTH
Skorne Gargantuan



PAINTING GARGANTUANS



- Gun Corps Brown
- 'Jack Bone
- Umbral Umber
- Thamar Black
- Battledress Green

- Thornwood Green
- Brown Ink
- Beast Hide



MOUNTAIN KING: TEXTURED STONE

The towering Mountain King is guaranteed to look great with even a basic paint job, but one way to make this beastly centerpiece stand out is to give the mountain growing out of his body some extra texture and character.

Step 1) Basecoat the stone with an opaque coating of Gun Corps Brown.

Step 2) Using a large Formula P3 flat brush, spatter the stone with 'Jack Bone.

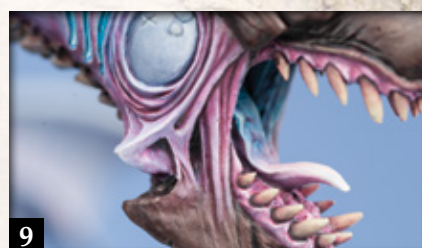
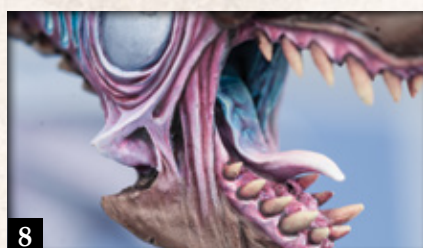
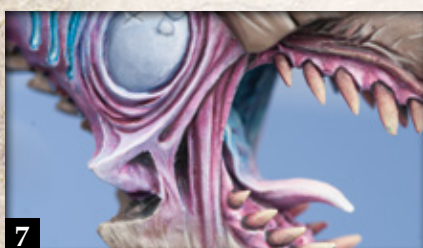
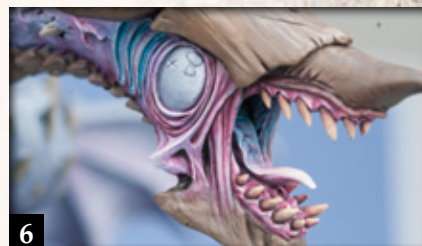
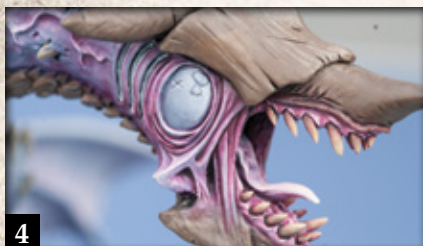
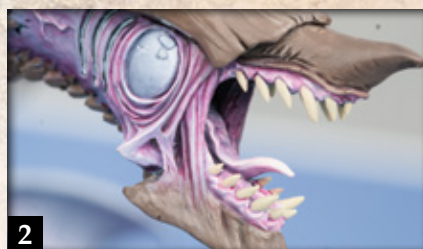
Step 3) Add additional spattering with a 50/50 mixture of Umbral Umber and Thamar Black.


Step 4) Apply shading using Battledress Green. Isolate each face of the stone and apply shading separately to each one that requires it.

Step 5) Apply additional shading using a mixture of Brown Ink and Thornwood Green. Remember that some faces of the stone structure will not receive this and subsequent shades, depending on the direction of the lighting you are simulating.


Step 6) Using a mixture of Brown Ink and Thamar Black, apply extremely dark shading to rock faces that are overhanging.


Step 7) Highlight the edges and upward-slanting faces with Beast Hide. Adding some mixing medium to the paint will help the texture show through the layers.





 Morrow White


 Battlefield Brown


 Beast Hide


 Carnal Flesh


 Menoth White Base

 Murderous Magenta


 Sanguine Base


 Umbral Umber


 Exile Blue

 Frostbite

 Blue Ink

 Hammerfall Khaki

 Brown Ink

 Thamar Black

ARCHANGEL: BEASTLY DETAILS

The Archangel has an enormous amount of detail packed onto a fantastic sculpt. These details are all themes that appear on other Legion beasts, but with the size and detail of the model we can achieve more striking results than on smaller beasts.

Step 1) In this image, the skin has been highlighted and shaded except for the final Morrow White highlighting. The bony armor plating has been basecoated with a mixture of Battlefield Brown and Beast Hide. The gums and tongue have been basecoated with Carnal Flesh, and the teeth have been basecoated with Menoth White Base.

Step 2) Use a glaze of Murderous Magenta mixed with Sanguine Base to alter the color of the flesh and mouth. You can also use this mixture to work some color into the wing membranes.

Step 3) Add Umbral Umber to the mixture from step 2 and work the new mixture into the deeper crevices that separate the folds of flesh. Also blend this mixture into the base of each tooth.

Step 4) Blend a mixture of Umbral Umber and Exile Blue into the base of the teeth and use it sparingly to separate the various parts from one another.

Step 5) Blend Frostbite into the back of the mouth and into the gills on the side of the head.

Step 6) Using a 3:1 mixture of Blue Ink and Turquoise Ink, glaze the areas you painted Frostbite in step 5 to create a glowing effect.

Step 7) Using Hammerfall Khaki, highlight the armor plates with a series of parallel lines that accentuate the texture of the bony plates.

Step 8) Shade the brown plates with Brown Ink mixed with a small amount of Battlefield Brown.

Step 9) Add Thamar Black to the mixture from step 8 and blend the new mixture toward the points of the armor plates and into the crevices as additional shading.



	Frostbite
	Wurm Green
	Sulfuric Yellow
	Menoth White Highlight
	'Jack Bone
	Ember Orange
	Battledress Green
	Ordic Olive
	Cygnar Blue Base
	Brown Ink
	Yellow Ink
	Bastion Grey
	Thrall Flesh

RASK: BOG TROG FLESH

Starting with dark colors and working toward lighter ones is a traditional method of painting that works well on a wide variety of projects. For some projects, though, you can achieve a more striking effect in less time by starting with light colors and working your way through the darker shades. We did just that for the bog trog warlock Rask, and the translucent shading over lighter basecoats adds color and definition to multiple parts of the miniature.

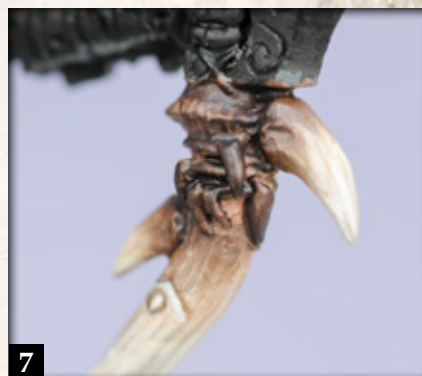
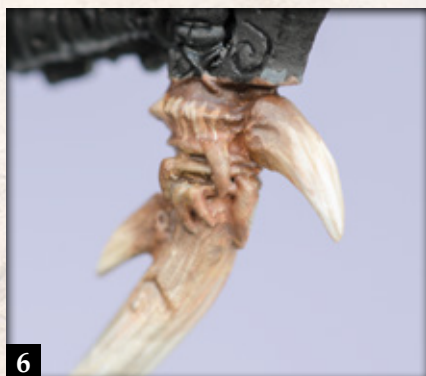
Step 1) Give the flesh and scales an opaque basecoat of Frostbite mixed with Wurm Green. Basecoat the membranous fins with a mixture of Sulfuric Yellow and Menoth White Highlight. Basecoat the bone armor with 'Jack Bone.

Step 2) Apply a mixture of Ember Orange and Wurm Green to each of the three areas in a slightly different way. Paint the scales with a wash; shade the bony areas; and apply a glaze to the fins, concentrating the paint near the base of each fin.

Step 3) Use a mixture of Battledress Green and Ordic Olive to give the bony areas a second shading, give the scales a wash that is concentrated in the crevices, and paint the fins with a series of lines that enhance the texture of the sculpt.

Step 4) Next, differentiate the areas. Shade the scales with a mixture of Ordic Olive and Cygnar Blue Base. With a mixture of Brown Ink and Yellow Ink, apply some thin glazes on the fins. Shade the bone with Bastion Grey.

Step 5) Apply line highlights to the scales using Thrall Flesh mixed with a small amount of Wurm Green. Use a mixture of Sulfuric Yellow and Menoth White Highlight to give sparse highlights to the webbing. Finally, apply blended highlights to the bony armor using a mixture of 'Jack Bone and Menoth White Highlight.



Hammerfall Khaki

Cryx Bane Highlight

Idrian Flesh

'Jack Bone

Menoth White Highlight

Thamar Black

Brown Ink

Rucksack Tan

THARN: ANTLER BOWS

Step 1) After priming the entire model with Formula P3 Black Primer, basecoat the bows with a couple of layers of thinned Hammerfall Khaki. Using paint that is too thick will obscure the details on the bow.

Step 2) Using Cryx Bane Highlight, two-brush blend over the broad areas of the bow. The streaks added to this darker color later will create visual texture.

Step 3) Blend some Rucksack Tan over part of the Cryx Bane Highlight to create color transition. Repeat using Rucksack Tan mixed with a little Idrian Flesh. This is to build a foundation for the next step.

Step 4) Use your smaller brush to paint thin striations of 'Jack Bone and Menoth White Highlight over the antler.

Step 5) Using Idrian Flesh, blend transitions around the rings on the bow and where any antler joints occur. Keep the paint a little translucent to allow the texture created in step 4 to show through. Trace the runes carved into the bow with Idrian Flesh.

Step 6) Blend Battlefield Brown into the Idrian Flesh to create a darker brown. Clean up the transitions between the browns, tans, and whites with two-brush blending. Touch up any striations that have become muddled.

Step 7) Shade and line the breaks between two surfaces on the bow with a mixture of Brown Ink and Thamar Black. Highlight the edges of the runes with 'Jack Bone and Menoth White Highlight.

MAMMOTH: FLESH



	Midlund Flesh		Umbral Umber
	Bastion Grey		Cryx Bane Highlight
	Cryx Bane Base		Trollblood Highlight
	Battlefield Brown		Ironhull Grey
	Greatcoat Grey		Hammerfall Khaki
	Sanguine Base		Red Ink
	Coal Black		

Step 1) Prime the model with Formula P3 Black Primer. Using a 50/50 mixture of Midlund Flesh and Bastion Grey, paint the belly, tail underside, inner arms, and palms. This will serve as the basecoat for the belly. Basecoat the rest of the model in Bastion Grey.

Step 2) This step is to create visual texture. Break a packing peanut in half and use the broken face to apply some Cryx Bane Base and Battlefield Brown on the head and upper arms. Using your basecoat colors, blend the horizon where the colors of the grey skin and the belly meet. This doesn't need to be perfect—just try to blend the seam for a soft transition.

Step 3) Using Greatcoat Grey, apply the first layer of shadows to the skin. Mix Greatcoat Grey and Sanguine Base to get a dusky purple and shade the belly with it.

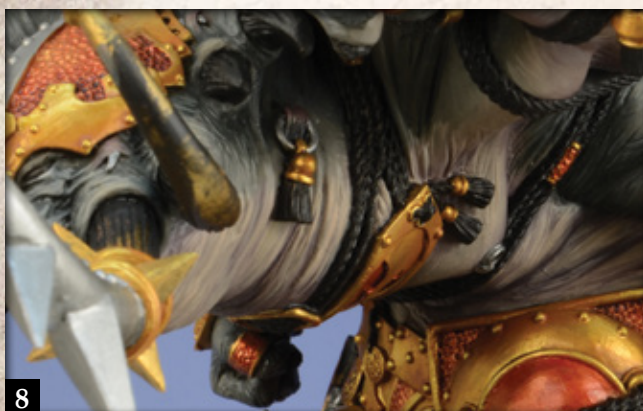
Step 4) Apply the final shading to the skin with a mix of Greatcoat Grey, Coal Black, and Umbral Umber.


Step 5) Reclaim parts of the basecoat using Bastion Grey as necessary. Highlight the belly with Midlund Flesh, then highlight the grey skin with Cryx Bane Highlight. Pick out some of the texture of the skin using a mixture of Cryx Bane Highlight and Trollblood Highlight.

Step 6) Add a few drops of mixing medium to a 50/50 mixture of Beast Hide and Ironhull Grey. Use this to highlight the dark grey skin, blending it over the lines created in step 5. This will soften those lines but allow them to show through.

Step 7) Mix Hammerfall Khaki and another drop or two of mixing medium into the previous mixture. Apply this as a highlight on the dark grey skin. Using Midlund Flesh, pick out some of the wrinkles on the belly.

Step 8) Using Hammerfall Khaki, add the last highlights to the hide. Mix some Hammerfall Khaki with Midlund Flesh and apply final highlighting to the belly. Finally, use a mix of Red Ink and Sanguine Base to apply a red glaze over the areas of skin with piercings and tears.



 Solid Gold

SKORNE GOLD ARMOR

Basecoating models that are heavily armored can be challenging. Metallic paints tend to be thicker than non-metallic paints and can distort details on the model if applied too thick, and trying to basecoat in thin layers of metallic paint can mean spending a lot of time on the first step. In order to save yourself headache and a lot of time, use drybrushing to apply the basecoat, as we did on the Mammoth. Drybrushing can get messy, which is why it is best as a first step on heavily armored models such as Skorne. Once the basecoat is applied, move on to another area of the model and come back to finish the armor later.

MOUNTAINS THAT WALK

PART TWO

WESTERN CYGNAR IN THE GNARLS

Once again Madrak Ironhide witnessed the destruction of the Gnarl's villages. Kriel villages were set ablaze and the kin fought desperately against an invading army. This did not seem a dream, but a reality in which he was imprisoned and powerless to do aught but watch from a distance as kin were cut down. They fought bravely, fiercely, yet what he saw was utter ruin.

This vision was set in the same location but was different in several respects from the one that had been haunting him. The landscape had always been blurred and distorted and the violence almost formless, with a fog obscuring the enemy. While he had repeatedly watched kin suffer and die, he always awoke without knowing who assailed them. Was it Cygnar's army retaliating for the strike on Ceryl? Or some other enemy? Each time he awoke confounded, certain only that something terrible awaited in the near future.

This time the war-torn landscape around him was vibrant, and he could clearly see the enemy. Wolves of Orboros with spears charged while others fired crossbows, and amid them were male Tharn transfigured for battle and fighting alongside other bestial figures in heavier armor. Slavering warpwolves and satyrs rampaged alongside them. Blackclads directed these forces from behind the front lines, wielding powers over storm and earth.

There was an air-sundering howl as gigantic creatures stepped from between the trees. Stooped and muscular, with crusted rock formations along their backs and arms, they resembled ancient dire trolls on an unfathomable scale, looming as large over those brutes as a dire troll stood over a warrior of the kriel's. Their heavy jaws looked carved from stone, with craggy teeth extending upward several feet.

Amist shrouded the scene as they entered the fray. Suddenly he had difficulty making sense of what he was seeing. First the giant creatures fought alongside the blackclads—he saw them hurling kin into their mouths. They shattered buildings, knocked aside full-blood trolls with sweeps of their arms, and crushed others underfoot. Then the scene changed and the walking mountains fought in defense of the kriel's, assaulting the Tharn and blackclads.

Even as his mind grappled with this contradiction the landscape shifted and he stood before a strangely rotted and decrepit tree festooned with dangling bones. In the hollows between its roots lay countless yellowed skulls. Its leafless branches and rune-scarred trunk unsettled him in a way he could not explain, and he sensed a watchful presence. He became aware of a hooded figure standing to his right, arms wrapped in vines. The man's legs seemed rooted to the earth. He spoke in a droning monotone. "The curse will

bring destruction and ruin wherever you are. You cannot escape your fate. I alone know how to end it."

Madrak felt a jolt through his being at these words. "How?"

"There are two ways. One is death, which I can grant you. The other is to surrender to its will. The choice will be upon you soon. Come to me in the mountains."

A howling wind swept the cowed figure away. Ironhide felt as though he were falling into a knot of the great tree. Through that aperture he saw the fighting in the Gnarl's between the warriors of the United Kriel's and the blackclads and their bestial allies. He saw himself alongside the rest of the kin, Rathrok in hand, overcome with blood lust. Once more his vision wavered and it was not himself he saw wielding Rathrok, but a Tharn of singular size and ferocity. His kin were cut down by its edge.

Seeing the weapon in someone else's hands startled him deeply. He had a feeling he had not been meant to see this. The wind increased and the entire scene was scoured away by dust and smoke. Madrak awoke in his chamber in the village of the Gnarl's once more, aching as though he had fought a battle. He looked at Rathrok where it leaned against the wall. Its runes gleamed and began to fade.

He realized there was a pounding on the closed wooden door. "Chief Ironhide! Hoarluk Doomshaper calls for you." Madrak felt a splitting headache from the visions swirling in his mind. He quickly dressed, and the familiar weight of Rathrok was in his hand before he even thought to reach for it.

Ironhide had an apprehension of something momentous brewing as he followed the warrior sent for him. The atmosphere of a war camp in a state of preparation had been replaced by that of an army preparing to march. The warriors who a day before had been carousing were now arming themselves and stocking supplies for the road. He felt rising anger, as the decision to march should have been his to make. There were still kin who had yet to recover from the previous skirmish.

Doomshaper was at the edge of the village, away from the bulk of the mustering forces. He stood speaking earnestly with Grim Angus, whose leathers showed recent tears among spatters of mud and dried blood.

Madrak had been wondering about Grim. He had been surprised when the hunter had vanished without so much as joining them for a meal. The Shaman of the Gnarl's had seemed unnaturally high spirited in the following days, with the air of someone savoring a secret. Madrak had refused to question him about it. Despite having joined Doomshaper

in exile from his kinsmen, their differences were like a vast chasm.

Now Grim was back, with the posture of having completed a mission. Madrak narrowed his eyes suspiciously, certain Doomshaper had sent the hunter on some business without letting him know. This troubled him, though he knew Grim was free to do as he saw fit. Doomshaper turned toward him with a self-satisfied gleam in his eyes when he approached. "Ironhide. Good. We have important matters to discuss."

"Why is the army preparing to march?" he asked bluntly.

"A matter of utmost urgency has come to my attention," Doomshaper said. "Should things go well, you may be free of your obligations to me. You could return to Grissel. To Kargess."

Madrak scowled. "What are you talking about?" Part of his frustration came from the secret that it was much more than his obligation to Doomshaper that kept him away from his kin. It was the curse of Rathrok that had driven him away. So long as that remained, he could not in good conscience return. "Is this about Ceryl?"

Doomshaper shook his head. "No. Perhaps you were correct before, Ironhide. We were too hastily preparing for that battle. The kriels have need of mightier weapons. I intend to correct that."

Madrak knew Doomshaper would never easily give up a course to which he had set his mind. "What will the recovery of these weapons require?" He was strongly reminded of his decision to take up Rathrok to fight those menacing the Thornwood.

"I have worked long years to unravel something I hoped would lead us to the greatest of Dhunia's children. Those labors have borne fruit, thanks to Grim Angus." He waved his staff in the direction of the hunter, who was listening to them with an air of indifference. "In his travels here, Grim discovered evidence I have long sought. Armed with this lore, I was able to send him to a location described in



the old runes. There he confirmed the resting place of the Mountains That Walk, also known as the mountain kings. We can awaken them! None of our enemies will be able to stand against such creatures."

"The mountain kings . . ." Madrak said in an awed whisper. "An old legend. A myth."

"They are real! Buried, chained, below the mountains ages ago. They did not die but are imprisoned, shaking the earth in their slumber, awaiting freedom. We can enlist them to our cause. I have devised the means of freeing them. Stones were set to mark their tombs, as a warning, but it has been

so long even those are now hard to find. Thanks to Grim, I know one such resting place. This cannot wait. We must march to secure them."

Madrak's thoughts went to his dream, to the giant trolls he had seen in the Gnarl. He felt chilled. This could be no coincidence. "The legends say our ancestors sealed them away for good reasons. That they nearly destroyed the kriel. He was still reeling at the notion that such creatures really existed. How deeply did their hate run after thousands of years under the mountains? "They are not described as children of Dhunia, but as creatures of the Wurm."

Doomshaper seemed unfazed. He drew himself up and said, "Our ancestors did not understand the ties of blood that bind us. Not long ago dire trolls were also thought to be irreconcilable. The imprisoned kings will heed me."

The old shaman's confidence was persuasive, but Madrak was troubled. The creatures in his dreams had stood three times the height of a dire troll, and he had seen them devouring kith and kin with an insatiable appetite. He asked, "Secure them from whom? Why the haste?"

Grim spoke for the first time. "The place I found Doomshaper's marker is crawling with blackclads, wolds, and Tharn. Never seen so many in one place. I even saw woldwraths there. That's not normal."

Doomshaper nodded, his eyes bright. "The blackclads know the mountain kings are there and seek to reach them. That cannot happen. Clearly they intend to deprive us of them by destroying them while they are bound. I expect they will find this difficult, but we cannot give them the opportunity."

Madrak's eyes widened as he considered the dream figure that had spoken to him by the decrepit tree. Rathrok had never shown him anything like that before. It seemed this vision must come from somewhere else.

His face must have betrayed him. Doomshaper peered at him closely and asked, "What is it, Ironhide? If you know something, speak up!"

Madrak glared at the shaman, considering his hypocrisy. Still, part of him wanted to speak of what he had seen. He had the growing feeling that his mind was not his own. That this latest vision tied into Doomshaper's plans suggested some other agency at play. He admitted, "I have seen things, in my dreams." He spoke of the Gnarl on fire, of the mountain kings, of the two different battles he had seen. He did not speak of seeing Rathrok wielded by a Tharn chieftain or the hooded figure that had mentioned breaking its curse.

Doomshaper listened, nodding. Then he asked, "You have not had such visions before?"

Madrak considered the other dreams and visions Rathrok had inflicted upon him. "I have never seen images of the future, no." He felt this was truthful enough. "Perhaps just a dream."

"No ordinary dream." Doomshaper shook his head sagely. "That you should see such things, even as Grim brings us this news? It is a warning, a guiding hand." He paused with furrowed brow, considering. When he continued, his voice was steely. "The blackclads do not seek to destroy the mountain kings. They seek to control them." The shaman clenched his fist.

"Is that even possible?" Grim asked, startled.

Doomshaper's expression became thoughtful. He said, "Our ancestors were not wrong to say the mountain kings are children of the Father; it is from him they get their hunger. The blackclads can manipulate anything tied to the Wurm, even those of our blood. We cannot allow them to do whatever they plan."

Madrak sighed, knowing he had given Doomshaper ammunition. He asked Grim, "Where did you find this marker?"

Grim pointed east and said, "Up in the Helmsreach of the Wyrmwall, past Haltshire Lake. But as I warned, the blackclads are there in force, and they'll know we're coming."

Madrak heard the echo of the hooded figure's invitation to the mountains and felt a strange chill. To Doomshaper he finally said, "Very well. We march at once."

HELMSREACH IN THE WYRMWALL MOUNTAINS

Kromac leapt down the rock face using a series of narrow stony platforms where the waterfall tumbled from the cliff face. He carried the corpse of a large boar over his shoulder, and its blood streaked down his torso. The stones were slippery from the cold water but he landed in perfect control, not waiting to see how the white manes and chieftains behind him fared. None managed the descent with any grace, although they reached the broader plateau at the base without serious injury.

Most of the rest of Kromac's Tharn followers were also on the way, although they had not risked the more direct but far more dangerous route chosen by the warlock. All had felt the tree's summons and knew where they must go. The feeling had come upon them shortly after their battle with the skorne near Lake Scarleforth, after Kromac had recovered his axe from the trollkin who had defiled it. The stone keepers awaited them and sent them hence without a word. All ways opened when called by Wurmwood.

Kromac walked in the form of a shaman of the Wurm, leaving his bestial side locked away. He had eyes only for the ancient tree, ignoring the activity elsewhere along the plateau, where wolds and skinwalkers labored to clear chunks of stone from a sheer cliff face. As he neared he

hefted the boar's body down to the venerable tree's roots, offering a blood sacrifice as was the tradition. He knelt and bowed his head. He said the words of greeting and praise in Molgur, suppressing his apprehension. The sacrifice should have been greater, with the hearts of men, but the urgency of the summons had not permitted him to find a settlement.

He heard footsteps and turned to face the approaching figure of Cassius the Oathkeeper, who gestured for him to rise. The other Tharn who had followed him had arrayed themselves respectfully in a semicircle before Wurmwood and kept their heads bowed. All had brought their own lesser kills as offerings.

"You arrived swiftly," Cassius said, his eyes below his hood distant, as though his mind were far away. "You are sworn to the Stormlord. Yet you will do as bid?"

Kromac considered this, folding his bloodied arms across his chest. All interactions with the Oathkeeper might be tests from Wurmwood, one of the oldest and most primal of powers, a conduit to the Wurm. He said, "My vows to the Tree of Fate are deeply rooted." He did not feel this was a betrayal—Krueger was merely a mortal ally, whereas Wurmwood was an agent of the Beast of All Shapes.

Something in Cassius' bearing changed as he suddenly stared out beyond Kromac, his eyes unfocused. His voice deepened and became resonant as he said, "The Stormlord is to be the oracle of the apocalypse. You will be its champion. It falls to you to reclaim the axe of Horfar Grimm, stolen ages ago by the Crone. You will wield World Ender."

Kromac did not understand the meaning behind the words, but comprehension was not required. The words had a weight like heavy chains. He said solemnly, "As the Tree of Fate requires, Oathkeeper."



The army marched east into the mountains, and Madrak felt relief he had forestalled the anticipated strike against Ceryl. Borka was of another mood entirely; though he had been disappointed at first, after hearing Grim tell of the scope of the Circle forces awaiting them he became more enthusiastic. He seemed to enjoy the prospect of venturing into the mountains as winter loomed, as if returning to his frozen homeland. Rök and the winter trolls were heartened as well.

They made their way along what the humans called Twelve Day Road, past Demonhead Pass, and up into the Wyrmwail Mountains. Several times they frightened away travelers. Madrak ensured the trolls were kept under close watch and not allowed to chase after caravans.

The air cooled as they ascended. Grim confirmed it was considerably colder than when he had passed through

before. "It might keep the bog trogs away," he noted, prompting Muggs and Krump to begin retelling the tale of their encounter with Rask again. Even for the hardy trollkin, though, it was unnerving to hear the wind howling through Demonhead Pass.

They had food ample enough for the trollkin, but the trolls were another matter. Grim and his band of skimmers and scouts did what they could, venturing into the nearby hills and valleys after game. The size of the force was enough to keep every hunter busy, and several times they returned with horses Madrak was certain had been pulling human wagons they had passed.

Wary, they prepared for conflict as they departed the main road and passed the shores of Haltshire Lake. If bog trogs were nearby this time, they saw nothing to gain in attacking, for the trollkin passed unassailed. They next entered a valley where the mountains rose on either side of them like teeth, their tops obscured by brooding clouds. Grim led them along a winding path into the heights, and Madrak began to eye every grotto and grove of trees as possible ambush points.

The first attack came that evening as their long, loose column had almost reached a spot Grim thought suitable to encamp. Heading toward a sheltered area amid a copse of trees, the front of the line had passed several loose rock formations at the opening of a defile. The stones suddenly shook into motion and transformed into rune-carved wold constructs that struck without hesitation, swinging massive stony fists at the nearest warriors. Those behind heard the meaty crunches of bones snapping as several kin were crushed before most apprehended anything was amiss.

Simultaneously, a number of smaller rune-carved stone creatures floated into view from along a ridgeline to their left. The woldstalkers fired searing bolts of mystical energy down into the trollkin ranks. Completing the ambush, a dozen twig-like creatures clambered out from the trees to beset those at the fore. Several of these attackers sprayed splintering wood that tore through the warriors, piercing skin and vital organs. Behind them, tapering stone spires pulsed with green energy as they mystically gathered wood to assemble more manikins.

Mulg loosed a rage-filled bellow and leapt at the tallest woldwarden, bringing his tree-sized club around for a blow that forced it to stagger back. Doomshaper's other dire trolls leapt to join him, roaring. Madrak unleashed his trolls to join the fray. His axer Bron charged one of the nearer, smaller wolds. Warriors had drawn axes, blades, and clubs as their shamans chanted prayers to Dhunia. Borka and his dire troll Rök were already in motion, charging another of the woldwardens. Several of the nearest champions sounded their war cries and raced to follow.

Madrak shouted orders to the nearest of the sluggers that served as his personal escort, pointing along the ridge where woldstalkers were firing down. They lifted their heavy weapons to shoot at the floating stones, although the elevation and the rocky ridge that partially shielded the constructs worked against them. Several of their targets chipped apart, but most were untouched. Madrak loaned his will to his impalers Jor and Holg, strengthening their arms as they hurled their spears upward.

He heard the distinct boom of Grim's rifle and saw a blackclad tumble down the rock face from his hiding spot. "Kill the druids to weaken the stalkers!" Grim shouted as he reloaded Headhunter. Madrak spotted another black-robed figure, easily overlooked in the twilight, directing wolds. Rathrok became hot to his touch and its runes gleamed as rage filled him. With a great cry he charged up the steep incline. He drew on Jor's essence to empower his arm and then hurled the axe upward. It was a difficult throw but the axe flew true, tumbling end over end before sinking deep into the chest of the blackclad. Madrak felt stings along his flesh as stalkers fired on him but ignored them. When he reached the stalkers, Rathrok once again in hand, he shattered each to rubble.

He relished hunting down the few blackclads that had controlled them. When the last of those fell, he came back to himself. As the red haze faded he could feel the pain of multiple burns along his chest, arms, and legs, although the damage seemed superficial. He saw that the nimbler scouts and skimmers had taken to the ridge to join him.

Madrak felt a strange sensation, as of eyes upon him, and he looked upward to the higher reaches of the nearest mountain. His breath caught as he saw the distant silhouette of a strange and ominous tree. He squinted against the setting sun and wished he had Grim's rifle with its magnifying scope. It was too far to be sure, but something told him this was the tree from his dream. He had the distinct impression it was weighing him.

His attention returned to the battle below, and he saw the brief clash was already over. Between Borka, Doomshaper, and the dire trolls, the wolds had been reduced to battered chunks of stone and wood. The rune-carved pillars had been shattered as well. Scouts and warriors ranged out to ensure nothing else lay in wait.

Madrak looked back up the mountain but could not find the tree. He clambered down the hillside with his kin, finding the route more treacherous than it had seemed when he had ascended. Doomshaper awaited him, eyes appraising. Madrak was in no mood to hear the shaman's advice, so he walked past his full-blood trolls to find his own stretch of ground for a few hours' sleep. He hoped not to dream.



At daybreak the gathered army set out to continue the climb into the mountains, spirits high from the decisive outcome of the previous day's clash. The ease with which they had overwhelmed the ambushing forces had the warriors excited. Some of this talk was necessary to get them in the proper frame of mind for the next fight, but to Madrak's ear they seemed overconfident. There had been only a few blackclads; the rest had been dispensable wood and stone. They would face worse threats soon enough.

The fell callers' voices boomed out to urge on the warriors and champions, while chroniclers entertained with tales of previous victories. The pipers likewise encouraged them onward as they climbed into the cold mountains.

"Can we make more of a racket?" Grim asked Madrak and Doomshaper, annoyed.

Borka, nearby, laughed. "I think they know we're coming!" Madrak was inclined to agree. Their army was too large for stealth. The enemy would be prepared.

Madrak surveyed their force critically. It was a massive war band gathered from the Gnarl, and thanks to Doomshaper they boasted a sizable complement of trolls, with Mulg and other dire trolls the greatest of them. A pair of earthborns strode on either side of Mulg like a pair of craggy bodyguards. Relations among the dres was unpredictable as their pecking order shifted, but Mulg always remained comfortably at the top.

Aside from a few veteran fennblades, the rank and file were loosely disciplined kriel warriors drawn from the various Gnarl kith, many young and impulsive. They were supported by a strong contingent of champions, including those who had accompanied Borka south, such as Skaldi Bonehammer. But more than experience or the lack thereof, what worried Madrak was their lack of modern arms and weaponry. Aside from a few sluggers and Grim's small escort of rifle-bearing pygs, they were relying on axe, hammer, and blade. They lacked dire troll blitzers and bombers, having left most with Grissel and Gunnbjorn. Madrak would have given half his numbers to have better equipped, more disciplined troops.

Madrak had brought his full-blood trolls, including his faithful fighting companions Jor and Bron and the less experienced impaler Holg. In the Gnarl he had picked up a tough and protective bouncer named Gald. Madrak had begun to think of the looming hulk of armored flesh as his shadow. The hulking white-haired dire troll Rök was never far from Borka, along with his winter trolls. So far it seemed Rök preferred to keep his distance from Mulg, which was for the best.

Grim was the least supported of the group, given the casualties he had taken against the bog trogs. He was down to his last two impalers, Thokk and Drogg, when one day during their hike he disappeared for a time. Madrak assumed he was simply scouting ahead as he often did, until he returned near nightfall with three young slag trolls in tow. The new arrivals were enthusiastically greeted, not least by Borka, who clapped Grim hard on the shoulder in appreciation.

The hunter explained he had seen signs of a lair nearby on his previous journey. Slag trolls were ornery and stupid, but they were fond of eating stone and had developed an acidic expectoration that would serve well against the weapons of the blackclads. Borka, Grim, and Madrak each took charge of one. Madrak introduced his to Bron, knowing the axer would keep it in line.

They did not stop for the night, as Grim told them they were close. It was eerily quiet as they marched. Madrak felt more than slightly peculiar, as he had begun to experience the waking visions. There was a sour feeling in his stomach and he began to think Rathrok was the cause, as if the axe sensed some momentous impending reunion.

Drums began beating somewhere ahead, low and steady, thrumming through the mountain passes. In response the trollkin drummers and pipers increased their own tempo and volume and the warriors readied weapons. A howling rose above the din, large and disembodied, as of many bestial voices. The sound made Madrak's brow itch; he had heard it before, deep in the Thornwood, where the Tharn had once warred against his kriel.

He was not far back from the front ranks of their advancing force as they rounded the last bend to reach a broad plateau—their destination. They turned inward toward the tallest of the mountain peaks, a backdrop for a sheer cliff face where a waterfall descended through a series of ledges to the floor of an expansive clearing, with copses of trees scattered along the outer edges. Just above the rock face rose a distinctive pillar, worn smooth by time, which drew Madrak's eye. This was the marker left by the ancients to warn of the Mountains That Walked imprisoned here, sunk into the earth by prayers to Dhunia.

Large chunks of granite had been cleared away from the cliff wall. This excavation extended into the floor of the plateau, creating an amphitheater against the cliff. The entire region was crawling with wold constructs, the smallest dwarfed by the three tremendous woldwraths laboring to smash the cliff face. Most of the wolds had turned toward where the trollkin had begun to debouch, and it was eerie to see them moving as one at some unseen imperative.

Madrak saw a heavysset blackclad with them, a bald man bearing a large sword of stone. He swallowed as he spotted the familiar twisted tree at the edge of the amphitheater.

Beside it stood a robed figure with a sword, wrapped in vines, who looked serenely across the valley.

All of this was absorbed in an instant before he turned his attention to survey the immediate situation. The ground ahead had been broken by a rough area of shattered earth, with stones at odd angles alongside loose rock. The forward warriors could gather no momentum, as they had to clamber around these, but they were encouraged onward by their shamans and pipers. Several near the fore labored to carry long stone cabers, eager to hurl them at approaching enemies.

**THE FIRST RANKS OF WARRIORS
ENTERING THE AREA QUICKLY
FELL, IMPALED BY ARROWS
AND STRUCK BY THE FOCUSED
ENERGY OF THE WOLDSTALKERS.**

Ahead of the towering wolds, more Tharn than Madrak had ever seen in one place rushed toward battle. They had transformed into hulking brutes, the ones at the fore carrying axes, while behind them were others with long, powerful bows that sent heavy arrows into the front ranks of the trollkin. Not just Tharn, Madrak realized. Among those were creatures even more bestial: massive warpwolves and warpborn skinwalkers, whose furred manes and wolf-like heads suggested an affinity with them. Woldstalkers had lined up along an elevated section of rock to the left of their entrance and began to fire in concentrated bursts. The first ranks of warriors entering the area quickly fell, impaled by arrows and struck by the focused energy of the woldstalkers.

"Forward! Quickly!" Madrak shouted as he pushed ahead, raising Rathrok to signal those behind. "Koltor, move your warriors up!" This order was directed at one of the nearest senior Gnarl's heroes, who fought alongside a number of grizzled champions. Madrak led them forward while invoking runes of sorcery to surround him and spread outward to strengthen the legs of the closest warriors. Their steps became sure as they crossed the jagged ground, no longer slowed. Borka also raced forward to join Madrak, bringing a rushing wind that swept aside all incoming fire.

The two warlocks' trolls pushed lesser warriors aside in their haste to join their masters, frustrated at the chokepoint. They served as a wall of flesh to intercept projectiles heading toward kin behind them. Gald raised his thick shield to block an arrow that would have skewered the nearest shaman, who invoked prayers to stir all who listened to fighting readiness. So, too, the chroniclers with their scrolls invoked the power of legends, and by their efforts a mist arose to veil the area where the trollkin emerged. Behind them came the krielstone bearers, their burdens conveying additional

blessings of hardiness. Thus bolstered, more warriors made it through the hail of fire to crash into the wall of howling Tharn and skinwalkers.

Not far ahead, Borka waded into the thick of it, his heavy mace hammering through ravagers with an ease no other kin could match, sending them flying with shattered ribs and fractured skulls. Rök fought nearby, and he seized a Tharn and hurled him over the edge of the nearby cliff. Madrak remained focused on pressing toward the main floor of the plateau. The urgency with which the woldwraths hammered on that wall seemed ominous.

The red battle haze overtook him amid the carnage. The stones near the entrance to the plateau were soon slick with blood. His anger rising with every kin who fell, he sent Rathrok to strike down any enemy he could reach. He drew on the power of Jor and Holg to extend their throws, while Gald and Bron fought alongside him. They pushed on to widen a wedge of death onto the plateau, gaining ground for other trolls to join the warriors, who also pressed forward.

DIE TO THIS BRUTE, OR BECOME HIM—WERE THOSE THE ONLY OPTIONS?

One of the groups of fennblades assisted by Madrak's magic had charged up the slope to drive away the woldstalkers and their controller. The sluggers followed and from the elevated position began to fire on the Tharn farther back, retaliating against the blood pack archers. Grim's force moved past the sluggers to climb to the higher ridges of the more accessible portion of the ridge to their left where they could gain a good vantage. Scouts with axes in hand joined him in clearing a path.

Doomshaper was farther back, amid the second group of warriors trying to reach the plateau. His dire trolls had just pushed through the chokepoint and rushed ahead. Madrak could hear the great shaman's voice raised as he spoke prayers to strengthen his beasts. At a shout from Borka, Madrak ducked below a Tharn axe, responded with a strike to the ravager's chest, then kicked him free and turned to find Bron had killed another that had been about to attack from the left. He was anxious to clear room for the dired to join the fray and pointed for Borka to join him as they pressed ahead. The constructs were still approaching across the plateau behind the Tharn, and Madrak knew he would need Mulg and the others to meet them.

A double howl rose above the din and Madrak raised his gaze to see an enormous Tharn advancing alongside a second wave of ravagers. This leader gripped a blood-

spattered axe in each hand, by which he carved through an interposing force of trollkin fennblades with appalling ease. His blows seemed as strong as a troll axer's.

At his side and bearing a mighty axe was a tattooed warpwolf crowned with a carved bone headdress like those preferred by the Tharn chieftains. Several other beasts rushed forward at the Tharn's command, including a thick-coated argus breathing frost, a gorax, and a satyr with bladed forearms. This Tharn and his beasts carved a path of destruction that prompted even the bravest kin to panic and fall back. Madrak had never seen this creature in person, but in his mind arose the name Kromac the Ravenous, a living terror that had plagued the kriels of the Thornwood for decades.

Madrak felt the Tharn king's eyes boring into his own and felt another shock of recognition: this was the Tharn from his dream, the one he had seen wielding Rathrok. He intuited at once the creature had come to claim the weapon by murdering him, bringing the death the tree had promised. As the Tharn moved through the intervening trollkin, he demonstrated a joy in carnage that made Madrak feel sick knowing it was the same blood frenzy that had dominated him in recent battles. Die to this brute, or become him—were those the only options?

The bone-crowned warpwolf barreled into Bron and sent the axer flying back through several kriel warriors. It turned on Madrak and raised its axe over its head, opening its slavering jaws even as Ironhide raised Rathrok to block. Before the warpwolf's blow descended, Gald was there, shield upraised to take the hit. The axe cleaved through the shield, nearly slicing it in half and cutting deeply into the bouncer's arm.

Madrak drew on the defensive strength of the troll to manifest a mystical force that pushed the warpwolf back before it could do additional harm. It howled in frustration as Gald whirled his heavy ball and chain to send the weapon spinning toward the enraged creature, but it nimbly stepped aside, then closed again. Bron got back to his feet and rushed to the bouncer's defense. Madrak pulled back his axe to strike the warpwolf but was distracted by the fearsome sight of Kromac charging, his eyes gleaming red.

The chieftain turned to hurl Rathrok straight at Kromac. Movement out of the corner of his eye checked his motion and resolved itself as Borka running at a full tilt from where he had been fighting to collide with the onrushing Tharn, crashing into him with his spiked shoulder lowered. His expression was fierce and Madrak felt a surge of grateful camaraderie for the northern warlock coming to his defense. His appreciation became shock as Borka and Kromac tumbled together across the blood-slicked floor of the plateau toward the edge of the cliff.

The momentum of the impact combined with the downward slope sufficed to send them both off the edge. The Tharn's warbeasts and Borka's trolls momentarily separated and hastened to the cliff edge. Failing to save their masters, they unleashed their rage upon one another. Madrak had no time to consider Borka's fate, though, as more skinwalkers and Tharn closed. Rathrok fed on his anger as he considered the death of so many kin and the appalling loss of Borka. He had no recourse but to unleash a tide of blood. The axe in his hands responded to his will, flying from his fingers to slay anything it touched.



Kromac had been utterly focused on his intended prey and consumed by the blood rage of his bestial form. He had not heeded the mental warning from his argus before the massive trollkin had barreled into him. He managed to retain his hold on his axes as the two of them tumbled into the yawning void. Instinctively he drew on the inner nature of the winter argus to toughen his skin with a rime of mystical frost that shattered as he impacted a wide outcropping. The wind was knocked from his lungs and his vision filled with spots. He could feel the crunching of several ribs, but the battle rage had not left him and he felt no pain, only disorientation.

He heard a thud as the trollkin landed nearby. There was a howl of anger and frustration from Ghetorix above, who was himself distracted as a ferocious white-haired dire troll wielding an axe beset him. Kromac's heart pounded and he drew on his beast's rage to fuel his own as he leapt back to his feet, everything he saw tinged red with the blood haze of murderous impulses. He gave a deep howl and closed on the trollkin, feeling euphoric triumph as he brought his right axe down for a killing strike.

The trollkin moved quickly, rolling closer to the cliff face on the narrow ledge, and the axe blade chipped the stone where he had been. Then he was on his feet, his expression fierce and gleeful. Wielding a massive mace in one hand, he grinned and beckoned to Kromac with the other, as if relishing the chance to feel the wrath of Kromac's axes.

The Tharn king jumped forward to attack, channeling the Wurm to empower his limbs. Even as they clashed with murderous intensity, runes surrounded the trollkin and his skin darkened and developed a dull metallic sheen. Kromac swept his axe Dusk sideways in a brutally swift swing to cut the insolent trollkin in half, but his enemy flinched back just enough to diminish the blow. Kromac's axe cut through thick hide and slid along the skin of the trollkin's belly, but there was no satisfying trail of blood. It was as if the trollkin warlock's flesh were impenetrable.

Growling deep in his throat and reacting as swift as thought, Kromac reversed himself to bring Dawn around, but the trollkin ducked beneath it. Kromac gave a bellow and swung again, this time driving Dusk downward, anticipating the trollkin's step, as the width of the outcropping upon which they fought limited his ability to evade. The axe blade sank through his thick furs to cut into his shoulder blade, yet it felt like hacking into a petrified log, and the axe did not penetrate far. The trollkin stepped inside Kromac's reach, both hands gripping his mace as he delivered a tremendous blow to the side of Kromac's head with a loud crack, sending him reeling.

Kromac's vision blackened again and he saw bursts of white light. His left ear was filled with a high-pitched whine and blood dripped down his cheek. He huffed with a plume of steamed breath and sent this injury to his argus on the cliff above but was unprepared for the second strike. The trollkin swiftly reversed the blow to send the mace into his left shoulder, shattering his upper arm with an explosion of pain so intense it reached Kromac even through his rage. Dawn dropped from his fingers as his arm fell uselessly at his side.

All thought vanished as an enraged madness overtook him. He lashed out with Dusk at the trollkin. The axe moved in a flurry of blindingly fast strikes. He was overtaken by the Wurm, and he gladly accepted it into his being. Wounds opened along his body as he pushed himself beyond his limits to hack again and again, carving savagely into the trollkin's arms, legs, and chest. The trollkin collapsed, blood rushing from multiple gashes onto the cold stone of the outcropping.

Kromac was too badly injured to relish the moment. He felt near death; his head spun sickeningly and he still saw spots from the impact to his skull. His battle rage quickly drained away. His body shifted and changed as he became a Tharn shaman again.

Above him several of his beasts had fallen. He looked up with alarm to see the dire troll that had brawled with Ghetorix clambering down the cliff, sliding as rocks tore loose. It seemed likely the creature would fall and take him with it. He urged Ghetorix back from the edge, simultaneously pulling on the beast's energies to knit his body.

Kromac made a mighty leap upward, away from the enraged troll, to grab hold of the edge of the cliff and pull himself up. He stumbled back from the main clash, knowing he would need time to recover before hunting down the wielder of World Ender.



"We must get closer to the rock face!" Doomshaper shouted, pointing with his staff. Mulg and the other dire trolls roared in response and pushed against the wolds in their path. The fight had gone worse than he had anticipated, and the Shaman of the Gnarl's had begun to feel a deep concern.

Madrak objected, "We're overextended! We need to fall back!"

The trollkin had gotten the majority of their army onto the plateau, but most still pushed against the Tharn and skinwalkers close to the entrance. Grim was with this main force lending them his skill and leadership. Madrak and Doomshaper, along with their trolls, had driven deeper into the enemy and now fought amid the stone constructs closer to their goal. With them were only a small number of the fiercest champions and warriors, including Skaldi and his band, who were shouting Borka's name and fighting to avenge the lost hero of the north. The two groups were cut off from one another, and clearly Madrak felt the need to reunite their forces. Ordinarily this would be a good idea, but they could not afford to turn back. "There is no choice!" Doomshaper insisted. "No matter the losses, we must press on!"

Madrak did not argue but simply nodded and turned back to the fray. Doomshaper considered something was amiss with the Thornwood chieftain, who had lately seemed almost maddened in battle. He had at first thought it a positive sign that Ironhide had entered into these clashes with more enthusiasm, no longer holding back. But he had begun to see there was more to the situation. There was an emptiness in Madrak's eyes, and he would stir from that blank stare only at a battle's end, as if awakening from a dream. Nor was Doomshaper blind to the strange events whereby Madrak would be imperiled and some nearby kin would be wounded or killed instead. It was clear to him the strands of fate bent around the chieftain.

He had no time to dwell on this thought. They were suffering more severe casualties, and a number of champions and several trolls had fallen. The slag trolls were proving their worth—their acidic spittle was quite effective against the constructs, and Doomshaper could draw on their essence to lend strength to the blows of his dire trolls, which were doing the heavy work of clearing the way, striking aside anything that stood in their path. Guiding the constructs from behind the wolds were several blackclads, including the stone-sword wielding warlock he had identified as Baldur, who had once feigned friendship with the kriels of the Gnarl's.

They neared the amphitheater against the rock wall, and the forces clashed along its upper lip. Doomshaper saw Baldur glow with inner power. The blackclad charged a dire troll maunder with the heavy weapon he wielded like a cudgel, and in a few swift blows he toppled the far larger creature, battering its legs and then shattering its skull as it fell forward. Distant but accurate rifle fire from Grim drove him to seek cover, for which Doomshaper was grateful.

The shaman accepted the loss of the trolls pragmatically, sending another dire into the gap, but his attention was elsewhere. He had begun to feel a gathering of mystical energy centered on a cowed figure by a twisted tree near their battle site, and the blood left his face as he recognized the Tree of Fate, another entity from legend. With his mystical sight Doomshaper saw the tree had extended root tendrils outward along the plateau, stretching for hundreds of yards in every direction. They feasted on the blood that slicked the rocks. Even more sinister, its larger roots looked to extend to the cliff face itself, beneath the pillar marking the resting place of the mountain kings. The stone was cracked where the tendrils descended.

Doomshaper felt a rising apprehension. He had not told Madrak all he knew, for his companion had somewhat delicate sensibilities. From poring over old engravings, piecing together clues and speculations of the ancients, he had deduced that awakening the mountain kings would require significant bloodshed. The chains that held them, the Dhunian shackles, would require the touch of the Wurm to weaken their hold—a sacrifice possible only through blood magic.

On first hearing of the Circle forces gathered here Doomshaper had been pleased, knowing this blood could be harvested in battle. There was certainly enough shed now for his purposes, and Doomshaper had begun to prepare himself mentally for the ritual. But the sight of the Tree of Fate told him circumstances were more complicated. He apprehended that the immortal being was already in the midst of some similar rite, its roots glutted with blood. He must wrest back control of the situation.

He felt a deep thrumming beneath his feet, like a slowed heartbeat. "I can feel them!" he shouted at Madrak. "We are near enough! Buy me time!" He did not explain further but began to invoke the ritual, calling out sonorous prayers to Dhunia. He unrolled a long scroll that smoldered with power in his grasp even as circles of runes extended around him.



Madrak had fought in the familiar haze as the axe urged him to kill with abandon. He had to struggle to rise up

from that mist to hear Doomshaper. The shaman's chanting became more resonant, almost tangible, and Madrak could feel the ritual words resounding in his chest.

He nodded acknowledgement to Doomshaper and turned to hurl Rathrok at the bald druid, but a woldwatcher interposed itself to take the strike instead. The axe severed its right arm, which fell heavily to the ground. Its other stone hand pointed at Madrak, and he barely stepped aside as a bolt of greenish lightning surged upward from the soil near him. Bron charged the construct and ended it with two decisive blows of his axe.

The ground below their feet trembled as the woldwraths turned away from the wall as if just now aware of the trollkin attackers. Moving with surprising speed, the goliaths of stone and tree trunks charged across the plateau toward the dire trolls in their way. Lightning poured from them to strike among the kin. The nearest blackclads seemed empowered by their presence and sent chunks of rock with perfect accuracy into champions and trolls alike.

The towering constructs smashed into the nearest dire trolls. One of them crashed an enormous granite hand into an earthborn to send it tumbling through the air, knocking aside several champions who did not leap out of the way quickly enough.

Mulg roared in challenge, seemingly not intimidated by the size of the stone giants, and charged the nearest to hammer it repeatedly with his club, spreading fissures along its rune-inscribed body. The woldwrath backhanded him nearly to the cliff's edge. Another brought mighty blows raining down on a maunder, knocking it to the ground and battering it lifeless. With each strike of its fists the earth shook, knocking nearby warriors down and making them easy prey for other wolds. As if obeying some other imperative, more of the Tharn and skinwalkers had turned away from the battle nearer the entrance to the plateau to charge Madrak and Doomshaper's forces. It was the tree, Madrak felt certain, calling to them, commanding all the Wurm-touched creatures to eliminate Doomshaper.

One of the earthborns landed several blows against the leg of the nearest woldwrath, shattering it and sending the construct toppling. It crushed several champions as it came down, and Bron was nearly smashed beneath one of its falling fists. Mulg regained his feet in time to help finish it, but two other woldwraths still stood, and several of the dire trolls were already down. The defenders around Doomshaper were fewer and fewer.

Madrak could feel his mind begin to splinter from a dark pressure that gathered in him like a thunderstorm. He threw himself against the nearest group of skinwalkers and hacked through them wildly. Every downed troll,

every killed trollkin—all of it fed an unyielding fury that overcame all sense. Madrak looked at the carnage around him as he clove through another foe and remembered the words of his vision. Death or surrender, to rid himself of the curse. All he had to do was give himself to it, to give up his sanity, to become a creature of madness like the warpwolves. He would be free, but at what price? Was there enough power in the axe to prevent the destruction around him? Or would he become the vehicle for the slaughter of the those who were left?

Mulg staggered back at another blow from the second woldwrath, his breath labored. Even his significant regenerative abilities were challenged by the strength of the foe. Lightning shot from a woldwrath closer to the ancient tree to explode into a storm of destruction that enveloped the nearest champions.

Madrak clenched his teeth so hard he thought they might shatter. He saw Doomshaper chanting with furrowed brow, his eyes clenched tight in focus, mystical runes swirling around him. "I can't get through to them," the shaman said hoarsely. "Blood of the Wurm. Bring me blood of the Wurm! Strike with Rathrok, but only on my call."

Madrak could barely comprehend what Doomshaper asked for. Certainly the blood of the Wurm was all around them. He had shed much of it with Rathrok. He saw a warpwolf rushing Doomshaper, battering aside Skaldi Bonehammer with almost casual disregard, sending him flying. The beast's flesh warped and rippled as his form changed in response to some wild imperative. Surely this would stand for the blood of the Wurm, a creature entirely taken over by chaos. He moved to intercept, even as he felt an overwhelming compulsion to strike. A besieged corner of Madrak's mind held him back, knowing he must await Doomshaper's signal.

He checked his axe in mid-swing as the warpwolf raked wickedly sharp claws across his chest. Bron whirled and readied to engage the beast, but Madrak clamped down his will to keep him back even as the warpwolf struck again. Madrak accepted the pain and felt his blood flow. The warpwolf opened its eager jaws, ready to feast upon him, when Doomshaper said, "Now!"

Madrak felt an enormous physical release. His arms glowed with power as he drew Rathrok back and then swung fiercely down to cleave through the warpwolf's head and well into its chest even as Doomshaper's prayers reached a crescendo.

A roaring sound erupted and the axe's handle burned like white fire, lighting the warpwolf's corpse ablaze. He was forced to release the weapon and stagger back even as a churning wind as hot as a desert gale shrieked around

the fallen foe, whose calcine blood sent dark smoke into the maelstrom. Madrak felt the madness fade, replaced by terror at what he had unleashed. The shriek that filled the air was beyond reckoning, echoing across the plateau and freezing in place all the wolds that fought. Even the enraged trolls staggered and turned. White light blazed forth, so brilliant that Madrak had to avert his eyes. It felt as though some greater presence came into the world amid the heat before him, and he turned his face away, holding his burned hand before it. It was as if the Beast of All Shapes himself screamed through a hole in the world. The howl echoed and rose until there was a loud crack of stone sundering. Once more the earth shook, more violently, this time in sustained tremors.

It stopped as fast as it had started. The noise and wind were suddenly gone, and the sense of heat and light faded. New sounds arose behind them, a grinding and smashing noise and a deep bellow that seemed in answer to the one that had gone. Madrak felt hard ground beneath his hands and realized he had been knocked to his back. He regained his feet and stood to blink blearily toward the cliff face, which had transformed. Huge holes gaped in stone that had been solid, and striding through them were unbelievably huge figures with formations of rock upon their backs, trailing thick, ancient chains. The mountain kings.

Without meaning to, Ironhide took an unsteady step back. Just as in his vision, creatures of legend emerged from the side of the mountain, each at least forty feet tall. One appeared, then another, then two more.

They came forth with a palpable fury and rage. When they opened their stony jaws to let loose thunderous bellows, each cry was an echo of the sound Rathrok had unleashed to awaken them. Those howls rippled the air violently to send Tharn flying, shatter eardrums, break bones, and fracture the stone of wolds.

The mountain kings immediately began to smash and destroy whatever they could reach. They were utterly indiscriminate, catching up skinwalkers and kriel warriors with equal alacrity to cram them into their stony maws. One seized an entire woldwarden, tore it limb from limb, and hurled the rocks and timbers into its mouth as readily as it might a living thing. Madrak saw whelps beginning to push forth from its skin, spontaneously birthing from its flesh.

The mountain kings saw the woldwraths, which had turned to face them, and huffed loudly. The gargantuan beasts hurled themselves at one another in a clash that shook the entire plateau. Having been beset by the dire, the woldwraths were already battered and did not long endure the attacks. The Mountains That Walk then turned on anything else near them, rampaging. The forces of the

blackclads erupted into chaos and did what they could to flee. Every wold on the plateau turned to delay them.

Madrak could no longer see the tree, nor the figure that had promised him release from his curse. The fury and anger that had seized him was gone, leaving behind an odd emptiness. He found it difficult to react emotionally to the carnage, to the splendor, glory, and horror of the mountain kings as they crushed Tharn, skinwalkers, and trollkin underfoot and swept entire rows of them aside with their fists.

The runes around Doomshaper faded and he stared up at the mountain kings as though enraptured. Then, with a start, he turned to Madrak and said with vehemence, "We must take control of them!" He set off, staff in hand.

Hearing there was a chance they might bring the kings under control brought life back to Madrak's limbs. He knew he must protect what kin he could. Doomshaper demonstrated utter fearlessness, walking directly in front of the nearest mountain king, who reared back and readied a fist as large as a dire troll, clearly intending to flatten the shaman. Mulg released a bellow and raised his club to swat the mountain king's knee, then shouted again.

The mountain king hesitated and for a moment seemed confused. This gave Doomshaper the time to touch the foot of the great beast and attempt to impress his mental bonding upon it. Madrak watched apprehensively as the mountain king reared back and made a startled noise, shaking its great head. Doomshaper's brow furrowed in concentration, and after a tense moment the ancient troll settled slightly. It shook its head as if to clear it, then looked expectantly at Doomshaper, who simply pointed toward the enemy. It nodded ponderously once and strode off toward the foe, this time taking better care about where it placed its feet.

Seeing such bonding was possible, Madrak found the next mountain king and did the same. Soon the two of them had the kings under marginal control, although their primordial minds were raw and full of rage and controlling them was not easy. Both full-blood trolls and kin eyed them with awe and fear as they were sent to finish off the nearest Circle forces, now scattered to small pockets.

A battered dire troll lumbered toward Madrak. Amid the chaos it took him a moment to realize it was Rök, his mane of white hair matted with blood. The creature had a mournful look as he lowered a burden to the ground. Madrak sucked in a breath to see the mangled form of Borka Kegslayer, his skin pale and lifeless. His left arm had been hacked off, and his right leg appeared to be connected only by a scrap of skin. Several enormous cuts crossed his body, though there was little blood. Madrak felt tremendous sorrow and knew the same sensation was sweeping through the champions

that gathered. Borka's pyg keg-carrier dropped the barrel of strong spirits he bore, pushed through those gathered, and slumped to his knees. Skaldi, limping from his earlier clash, simply stared at the body.

Madrak stepped forward uncertainly, trying to summon the right words to mark the parting of such a hero. A hush fell. He took a deep breath, then frowned as he thought he saw the faintest stirring of Borka's chest. His heart leapt, and he leaned down to feel the war-shaman's face, but it was cold and clammy. He sighed. Suddenly Borka's eyes opened, entirely bloodshot. He gave a wet cough, spraying blood, and said in a feeble whisper, "Ale . . ."

Despite himself Madrak laughed in surprise, and the reaction spread among those nearest. Borka's brows furrowed weakly in anger. Ironhide waved to Skaldi, who hastened to fill a stein and hand it across to be poured into Borka's mouth. He drank it down greedily, choking a little, then closed his eyes, his breathing easing. Madrak turned to the rest of them and said, "He'll live." Their cheers echoed across the plateau, and Madrak stepped away.

As he went to take stock of the rest of the survivors, Madrak felt oddly naked and vulnerable. After a moment he realized Rathrok was not in hand. He felt stunned to his core as he considered that perhaps it was gone. Had he actually rid himself of it? It was impossible to believe he could have done such a thing without noticing. He felt a strange liberation, a moment of wonder and hope. He could finally return to Kargess, his mate. He could return to his people, his life. But then he glanced behind him and saw the axe lying with its point wedged into the stones, thrown from where he had stood during the awakening of the mountain kings. With a leaden heart he walked toward it and raised his hand. He could see it shiver slightly, trying to pull free. He sighed and gripped the handle, feeling its warmth. The curse was still his. There would be no homecoming for him, not yet.

He looked up at the mountain kings striding among the army, lifting corpses from where they lay to stuff them in their maws, and he shuddered. Across the mental bond he had created with one of them he sensed a great gulf, an emptiness, a hunger that might never be filled. There was no warmth, no affection like other trolls felt, only rage and hunger. He could not help but wonder what Doomshaper and he had unleashed. As if aware of his regard, the mountain king looked up and locked eyes with him, its expression fierce and knowing. It turned to continue its feast, and Madrak realized this was only the first of many. With a growing sense of apprehension, he wondered if the gullets of the ancients they had awoken could ever be filled.

UNBOUND RULES APPENDIX

GENERAL

INCORPOREAL ADVANTAGE.

Replace the last line of Incorporeal with the following:

When this model makes a melee or ranged attack, before the attack roll is made it loses Incorporeal until its next activation.

CYGNAR

MAJOR VICTORIA HALEY.

TEMPORAL SHIFT.

Replace the text of Temporal Shift with the following:

Enemy models/units activating while in Haley's control area forfeit either their movement or their action during their activations, as their controller chooses. At the start of your opponent's turns, he must declare which affected models/units he intends to activate that turn. Those models activate first that turn in the order you choose. Temporal Shift lasts for one round.

COMMANDER ADEPT NEMO.

SUPERCARGE.

Replace the text of Supercharge with the following:

When this model allocates focus during your turn, it can allocate up to 5 focus points to one warjack in its battlegroup that is in its control area.

OL' ROWDY.

COUNTER CHARGE.

Replace the second line of Counter Charge with the following:

This model can use Counter Charge only once per round.

PRECURSOR KNIGHTS.

SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of their next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH

GRAND SCRUTATOR SEVERIUS.

DIVINE MIGHT.

Replace the text of Divine Might with the following:

Remove focus points from enemy models with the Focus Manipulation ability that are currently in Severius' control area. Enemy models cannot cast spells and lose the Arc Node advantage while in Severius' control area. Divine Might lasts for one round.

HIERARCH SEVERIUS.

FIRES OF COMMUNION.

Add the following line to the end of Fires of Communion:

These models do not count toward the limit of four solos you can activate this turn.

THYRA, FLAME OF SORROW.

ELITE CADRE [DAUGHTERS OF THE FLAME].

Change the last line of Elite Cadre [Daughters of the Flame] to the following:

(During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in a unit with Vengeance was destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in that unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.)

SANCTIFIER.

CENOTAPH.

Replace the last line of Cenotaph with the following:

At the start of the turn this model's battlegroup activates, you can remove all soul tokens from this model to allocate it focus points, 1 for each token removed.

FIRE OF SALVATION.

RIGHTEOUS VENGEANCE.

Replace the text of Righteous Vengeance with the following:

If one or more friendly Faction warrior models was destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks while within 5" of this model during your opponent's last turn, at the beginning of your next turn this model can make a full advance followed by one normal melee attack.

TEMPLE FLAMEGUARD.

SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

WRACK.

SUFFERING'S PRAYER.

Replace the second line of Suffering's Prayer with the following:

At the end of your Control Phase, this model receives 1 focus point if it does not have any.

KHADOR

SUPREME KOMMANDANT IRUSK. TACTICAL SUPREMACY.

Replace the text of Tactical Supremacy with the following:

During a turn it activated, target friendly model/unit can advance up to 3" after all models have ended their activations that turn.

KOMMANDER ORSUS ZOKTAVIR. ARCANE DEMENTIA.

Replace the third line of Arcane Dementia with the following:

If he destroyed three or more enemy models with melee attacks since the beginning of your last Maintenance Phase, do not roll to determine his base FOCUS; it is automatically 7.

ASSAULT KOMMANDOS. SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

IRON FANG PIKEMEN. SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

MAN-O-WAR SHOCKTROOPERS. SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

MAN-O-WAR DRAKHUN. COUNTER CHARGE.

Replace the second line of Counter Charge with the following:

This model can use Counter Charge only once per round.

WAR DOG. COUNTER CHARGE.

Replace the second line of Counter Charge with the following:

This model can use Counter Charge only once per round.

CRYX

LICH LORD ASPHYXIOUS. SPECTRAL LEGION.

Add the following line to the end of Spectral Legion:

These models do not count toward the limit of four solos you can activate this turn.

PIRATE QUEEN SKARRE. RITUAL SACRIFICE.

Change the text of Ritual Sacrifice to the following:

Remove target friendly warrior model from play. Skarre gains d6 additional focus points at the start of her next activation. Skarre can gain the benefit of Ritual Sacrifice only once per round.

DERYLISS. ARCANE EXTENSION [MORTENEBRA].

Replace the text of Arcane Extension with the following:

At the start of a turn in which Mortenebra's battlegroup activates, if this model is in Mortenebra's control area, Mortenebra can allocate focus to warjacks in her battlegroup that are in this model's command range.

VOCIFERON. ARCANE EXTENSION [ASPHYXIOUS, MASTER OF THE THORNWOOD].

Replace the text of Arcane Extension with the following:

At the start of a turn in which Asphyxious, Master of the Thornwood's battlegroup activates, if this model is in Asphyxious' control area, Asphyxious can allocate focus to warjacks in his battlegroup that are in this model's command range.

BANE KNIGHTS. VENGEANCE.

Change the text of Vengeance to the following:

During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in this unit were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.

MACHINE WRAITH. MACHINE MELD.

Change the fifth line of Machine Meld to the following:

You cannot activate the warjack this round.

RETRIBUTION OF SCYRAH HYDRA.

GRANTED: FOCUS BATTERY.

Change the last line of Focus Battery to the following:

Focus points remaining on this model count toward its focus allocation limit.

DAWN GUARD SENTINEL OFFICER & STANDARD.

GRANTED: VENGEANCE.

Change the last line of Granted: Vengeance to the following:

(During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in a unit with Vengeance were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.)

HOUSEGUARD HALBERDIERS. SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

MERCENARIES

CAPTAIN DAMIANO. DEATH MARCH.

Change the last line of Death March to the following:

(During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in a unit with Vengeance were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.)

HAMMERFALL HIGH SHIELD GUN CORPS.

SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

TROLLBLOODS

JARL SKULD, DEVIL OF THE THORNWOOD.

TACTICAL SUPREMACY.

Replace the text of Tactical Supremacy with the following:

During a turn it activated, target friendly model/unit can advance up to 3" after all models have ended their activations that turn.

SKALDI BONEHAMMER. COUNTER CHARGE.

Replace the second line of Counter Charge with the following:

This model can use Counter Charge only once per round.

TROLLKIN FENNBLADES. VENGEANCE.

Change the text of Vengeance to the following:

During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in this unit were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.

TROLLKIN FENNBLADE OFFICER & DRUMMER. VENGEANCE.

Change the text of Vengeance to the following:

During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in this unit were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.

CIRCLE ORBOROS

MOHSAR THE DESERTWALKER. DISJUNCTION.

Replace the text of Disjunction with the following:

While in Mohsar's control area this round, enemy models cannot be used to channel spells. During your opponent's next Control Phase, his models cannot leach fury and cannot have fury leached from them while in Mohsar's control area.

GNARLHORN SATYR. COUNTER SLAM.

Replace the second line of Counter Slam with the following:

This model can use Counter Slam only once per round.

FERAL WARPWOLF. BAYING OF CHAOS.

Replace the second line of Baying of Chaos with the following:

A warbeast can be affected by Baying of Chaos only once per round.

SKORNE

LORD TYRANT HEXERIS. DEATH MARCH.

Change the last line of Death March to the following:

(During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in a unit with Vengeance were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.)

SUPREME ARCHDOMINA MAKEDA. ELITE CADRE [PRAETORIAN SWORDSMEN].

Change the last line of Elite Cadre [Praetorian Swordsmen] to the following:

(During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in a unit with Vengeance were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.)

BRONZEBACK TITAN. COUNTER CHARGE.

Replace the second line of Counter Charge with the following:

This model can use Counter Charge only once per round.

CATAPHRACT CETRATI. SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

IMMORTALS. VENGEANCE.

Change the text of Vengeance to the following:

During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in this unit were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.

PRAETORIAN KARAX. SHIELD WALL (ORDER).

Replace the first line of Shield Wall with the following:

Until the start of its next activation, each affected model gains a +4 ARM bonus while B2B with another affected model in its unit.

HAKAAR THE DESTROYER. RIGHTEOUS VENGEANCE.

Replace the text of Righteous Vengeance with the following:

If one or more friendly Faction warrior models was destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks while within 5" of this model during your opponent's last turn, at the beginning of your next turn this model can make a full advance followed by one normal melee attack.

LEGION OF EVERBLIGHT BLIGHTED NYSS LEGIONNAIRES. VENGEANCE.

Change the text of Vengeance to the following:

During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in this unit were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.

CAPTAIN FARILOR & STANDARD. VENGEANCE.

Change the text of Vengeance to the following:

During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in this unit were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during the last round, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.

MINIONS

BLOODY BARNABAS. COUNTER CHARGE.

Replace the second line of Counter Charge with the following:

This model can use Counter Charge only once per round.



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