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Foreword

Make it a life-rule to give your best to whatever passes through your hands. Stamp it with your manhood. Let superiority be your trademark.

—Orison Swett Marden

It is with great enthusiasm that we embarked upon the creation of WARMACHINE: Superiority™, for it is within the pages of this book that the vision we have been striving to create for the past four years all comes together. In Prime, we laid the foundation for the factions in WARMACHINE, their conflicts, and the major players who drive this saga of epic struggle for continental dominance. Escalation™ expanded upon each of the armies, opened up new options and strategies, and put in motion the grinding wheels of a grand story arc that would engage the heroes and villains of this war-torn landscape. Next came Apotheosis™. It was the crest of the wave that propelled us to the pinnacle of power where all at once the full scope and magnitude of this clash of titans could be surveyed. With the foundation firmly established, Superiority gives us the opportunity to fill in the cracks, gel the concepts of each nation's military, and elaborate on the themes originated in the previous chapters of the WARMACHINE chronicle.

Here, more than with any of the preceding installments of the WARMACHINE series, we immerse you in the battles tearing apart the nations of the Iron Kingdoms. Within the gripping tales of Superiority, we expose you to the tenuous existence of the lives of soldiers struggling among blood-strewn battlefields churned by the iron-shod feet of nine ton monstrosities through the soldiers' own eyes. Beneath the shadows of their coal belching counterparts and the god-like combat mages who command them trudges the lifeblood of every army of Immoren—the flesh and blood warriors who lay down their lives for coin, cause, or glory.

Free to tackle every nuance of the setting, we passionately explored the structures of the militaries, their inner workings, and their designs for the future. We deliver to you the components needed to construct forces composed entirely of connected elements—themed aspects within the greater whole replete with support weapons, optional configurations, and extraordinary leaders to ignite their

charge into the fray. Fueled by the drive to bring every detail to life, we plunged into the material needed to customize the look and feel of your chosen champions through descriptions of army divisions and fighting companies as well as the honors bestowed upon those valiant enough to survive from engagement to engagement.

Finally, we're able to pull back the curtains and show you the big picture. For years, so many of these creations have been waiting patiently in the wings for the opportunity to burst through the gates and on to your tabletop. Indulge your whims and assemble that mighty fighting machine you have been devising since you first took to the field with warjack and warcaster. Represent the glory of your chosen faction, and demonstrate your superiority to friends and foes alike. But waste no time in your efforts, for by the time you read these words, we will be headlong into the next chapter of this saga. What is left to come, my friends, is the icing on the cake!

Matt Wilson Creative Director

Accept the challenges so that you can feel the exhilaration of victory. —George S. Patton

SMELL THAT? It's victory, punk—a pungent bouquet of cheese puffs, caffeinated beverages, sweat stained convention shirt, and salty little tears. SAVOR THE AROMA because you never know how long it's going to last.

We're 800 pages and four Page 5's into this WORLDWIDE ROAD TRIP. If you've made it this far, you've probably figured out how to lose with dignity or at least how to cry inside-tears so no one can tell that that your inner child WEARS YOUR SORRY ASS like a giant man-suit. You've grasped that playing like you have a pair is a state of being, not that useless hairy growth between some schmuck's jiggling cheese curdled, pasty-white thighs. Either you've learned to carry your head high in the face of adversity, or you've managed to convince the people who think they know you that you don't wet your pillow every night to the spine-grating sounds of a grown man sobbing himself to sleep over his latest BATTLEFIELD BEAT DOWN.

THERE IS NO HONOR in clobbering the smallest kid in the yard, and there is no pride to be won by blazing a path to the well for your fail-safe formula. The REAL BRAGGING RIGHTS come from taking down the big dog with a move that jams his pizza hole open like he just had a juggernaut in a tube sock applied vigorously to the back of his skull. Damn be the modus operandi. DEFY CONVENTION. Tempt defeat, then wipe that food-trapping snaggle-toothed grin off its face with a wrecking ball.

If the fight is easy, you're not challenging up the ladder.

The sweetest victory is the hardest earned.

PLAY LIKE YOU'VE GOT A PAIR.





The kapitan stumbled through the smoke and heard the gunfire cease. He scanned the corpses littering the field. More wore the red and black uniforms of his people than the blue and gold cloth of the enemy. He passed soldiers in disarray mutely holding weapons and staring into the distance, unable to comprehend that no more enemies were coming. Others picked at the dead looking for friends or tattered remnants of their kompanies. He located a lieutenant near the burnt ruin of what was once a surgeon's tent. "What happened? Where is the enemy?"

"You didn't see him?" The lieutenant looked pale, and the kapitan realized he was injured. Blood oozed from his side where he had pressed a ragged cloth. The man's breathing was labored.

Having trained for such things, the kapitan pushed the cloth aside to inspect the wound. "Who?"

"The Butcher! The Butcher of Khardov came. It was he who drove them away!"

"Kommander Zoktavir?" The kapitan did not have the energy to be the junior officer for use of that sobriquet. "Where is he now?"

The lieutenant shook his head. "He came here to this tent. He found the nurses, dying... A misfired shell landed here, tore apart the surgery. The Butch— the kommander lifted a woman who was dying and whispered to her. I did not hear the words. When she died, his eyes went wild, enraged. I thought he would kill me. He gave a roar and charged from the tent with his axe. He chased the enemy south. They routed. That is all I know."

* * *

Orsus Zoktavir felt a splitting pain as if a nail were hammered deeper into his skull with every heartbeat. He clenched Lola in his hands and ran south; his armor and axe were drenched in gore. There were more. They had come from here, this wooden fortress ahead. The hastily erected battlement served as a mustering point near a nameless town. There they were, knights in dark blue. Blood glowed in veins below their skin, and the air was dark around them. They caught sight of him and shouted. Orsus saw lightning jump and skitter across their blades, and he smiled. Yes, come to me, he thought. Only in the battle was there escape from the thoughts haunting him.

Her face rose before him now, making him howl in pain; there she was in his hands looking into his eyes. Blood was on her lips, and she gasped for air. "Where were you?" she asked him. Her lungs were too torn to allow the words to be spoken aloud, so they came out as a whispered hiss before the coughing wracked her. Such hurt in her eyes. The sense of failure. He had seen her again today in that tent. She had come to him again, lying in the ruins. He had scooped up her body, seen her dying eyes, and felt her flesh turn cold. "Where were you?"

Their shouts were meaningless, and he grinned with savage delight as he saw them order a warjack forward—a hulking Cygnaran Stormclad with banners flying above and behind it. It came with a giant sword in hand, and they charged alongside. Lighting smote him. It crackled and smelled like storm, but it did nothing but make him feel more alive. They thought they could destroy him. Power surging, Orsus gripped his axe in both hands and charged. His rage pulsed like liquid fire in his blood. He let loose a bellow that rattled the palisade walls and sent every bird in hearing to flight. The axe lunged forward in his hands, sweeping forward in a wide deadly arc, shearing through armor and flesh, and unleashing gouts of blood. Her face was expunged by a wash of red. "Lola..."

The warjack towered over him and brought its sparking blade down to slam into his thick shoulder armor. The impact jarred him, slamming his left foot deep into the soft and wet soil nearly to his knee. His power field had been boosted by a surge of sorcerous power, and it saved his life. He felt something give way—his collarbone? It did not matter; he felt no pain. He swept his axe up and across in a tremendous blow that shattered through the chassis of the hulking 'jack with a clash of exploding metal. Bolts, pistons, and armored plates went flying as the 'jack toppled over into an inert heap. Orsus glared at the men behind it with red eyes. He saw them hesitate and tremble. Their thick blue visors blocked their faces, but he sensed their dread. "Come to me! Can none of you kill me? Not one?"

He swept through them like a thresher knowing it would not be enough, never enough, to erase her face and to stop her eyes from finding his. His axe attempted to expunge that failure, and each enemy death took him one more step from his torment. Another blow of his axe severed a neck, and a head tumbled and skipped wetly across the ground as a fountain of blood exploded. He swung again and again. He was tireless and unstoppable—reborn in slaughter.

Viscount Parak Vshka.

New Vmbrey,

Llad Volozkya

Dou know now the reports of my death were premature.

Prepare to receive me, and spread the word among my before we return to war's chaos. Thank you for your work. Dou have reclaimed the lands of Korska, and your loyalty has never wavered. I come to attend matters your steed in times ahead, for dark threats arise in our our efforts: watch for ravens.

Vladimir Tapesci,

Great Prince of Korskovny,

Champion of Vmbresk and New Vmbrey

The lord commander's temporary headquarters were cluttered with an assortment of detritus used to track the ongoing fighting. His maps showed city streets marked with fresh ink where there were changes in roads, barricades, and areas turned to rubble. A dozen subordinate officers were present discussing ongoing plans. They looked up as a man entered disheveled, unshaved, and barely in uniform. A nearby colonel was about to reprimand him until he realized who it was and closed his mouth.

Lord Commander Coleman Stryker and the arrival locked eyes. Neither smiled, and there were no warm words. Lord Stryker waved to his men. "Everyone, let's reconvene at noon." Major Markus Brisbane hesitated before leaving, but the commander shook his head and the large warcaster turned to follow the rest.

Allister Caine slouched and turned to Stryker with a smirk. "Looks like you're busy. How about we skip this

meeting? We both have things to do." There had been little contact between the two warcasters in recent weeks except as required for orders. The men were not friends, and they had long ago foregone any illusion of formality or recognition of their rank disparity. "I understand you had a secret meeting with the king a few days ago. How did that go?"

Stryker looked up sharply with a frown. "Who told you this?"

Caine shrugged, "I hear things. Can't imagine that meeting was pleasant. Reprimanded you for the stunt with the barges?"

Stryker's expression was troubled, even distracted, and it did not look as if he had been sleeping. "Enough. I did not call you here to exchange insults. We've suffered heavy losses, and I need every officer I can find. Your time as a lone gun is over."

Caine's eyes narrowed. "What are you talking about?"

The lord commander held up a bright gold adornment—a captain's shield. "You have performed above expectations. Your objectives are successfully met, and there has been a surprising lack of losses among the few soldiers under your command. You have earned your promotion." He extended the emblem to the gun mage. "Congratulations, Captain."

Caine actually retreated a step and shook his head. "I appreciate the offer, but I don't need a promotion. Why don't you give that to someone more deserving?"

"This isn't a gift, nor is it a reward. It is a responsibility the crown requires of you. We need you in a position to interact with the chain of command at a higher level, overseeing more men."

Caine was silent a moment, brooding. When he spoke all insubordination was gone from his tone. "Look, Cole, sir. I think this is a bad idea. I work better when I'm keeping a low profile." He spoke in a lower tone, "Also you know I have a penchant for the sauce—"

Stryker's smile was thin. "I will not judge in these times where a man finds his courage. Some in the eyes of loved ones, others at the bottom of a bottle."

"—even been known to take a nip while in uniform. Disgraceful really."

"Hasn't seemed to foul your aim."

"I can't be trusted around women!"

"Are there any left you haven't sullied?" Despite the flippant words, there was a dark undertone in Stryker's voice. Caine could almost sense Stryker's old self buried under some crushing weight. He felt compelled to try to bring that out in addition to his strong loathing for taking on added responsibilities. He had been utilizing a particularly capable captain adept to run a number of day-to-day operations while he slipped away for Scout General Rebald. If promoted, it would be harder to pull off.

"C'mon, Cole. My paperwork is a mess. I haven't turned in a complete after-action in weeks!"

"We need men of action now, not words. Dependency on words is why we are here today..."

Squirming, Caine raised his knee and planted a mudcrusted boot on Stryker's map table. Dried clods fell away and fragmented across the surface. "I can't even keep my boots shined!"

Stryker mimicked Caine's action, and his lip almost twitched to a smile as he put his own equally mud-covered boot on the table. "Shiny boots don't win

Lord General Olan Duggan, 1st Army, Fellig or Northguard

I have neglected our rendezvous. Given my injuries you will forgive this rudeness. Urgent affairs recalled me to Caspia to initiate a vital project. Captain Dominic Darius is with me. His injuries are graver than mine, so he will be away from the field for several more months. I realize this leaves you with inadequate support. Major Victoria Haley is being sent to you, and you will find no finer soldier. She is an exceptional leader. Ignore her youth; it is deceptive. She will be eager to return to the Third Army, but she must wait until I can relieve her. Chancellor Kinbrace has threatened to reenlist. I tried to dissuade him, but it felt hypocritical to tell a man to leave wars to the young. Should he come to you, use him kindly.

Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo

wars." He stepped down. "We need your help shoring up the eastern border. We've left Eastwall and Fort Falk vulnerable. I cannot focus on this battle knowing our border is vulnerable. There is no debate."

The two stared at one another again, and Caine noticed deep lines under Stryker's eyes. How the man had aged visibly! Did his own face look like that now? It had been a long time since Caine had seen Stryker in a mood like this, and he knew it must be a result of the king's recent visit and the words exchanged between them.

With no excuses left in his arsenal, the gun mage accepted the small gold shield. He attached the pin to his shoulder below his lieutenant stripes. "Thank you, sir." He stood at crisp attention. It was an unfamiliar pose and the only sign of his irrepressible sarcasm. "What are my orders?"

* * *

The faithful gathered in the great courtyard before the Sovereign Temple of the One Faith in Imer. There were hundreds of thousands of them packed so tightly there was only room to stand. They spilled out into nearby streets and crowded rooftops as far as the eye could see. Each wore a black veil over his face, and the absolute silence was eerie. Tangible respect and adoration flowed from them, swept across the courtyard up the great steps of the temple, and swirled around the elevated bier. Adorned with gold, pearls, and diamonds, the cloth over her body caught the sunlight and sent it spinning off in rainbow slivers.

Stepping to the bier were two unmistakable figures. They paused before the faithful. One was Hierarch Garrick Voyle in full raiment as leader of the faith. He wore white and gold fringed in red. It was the gleaming adornment reserved for special ceremonies, not the darker garb worn in his role as scrutator. Next to him was the Testament of Menoth bearing the chained stone of the Omegus recovered from Urcaen by this man who alone had walked there as flesh.

The silence was complete, and the voice of the hierarch was so powerful that all could hear his words. "Know, you faithful, that this is *not* a funeral." Gasps and sobs swept through the masses below. It was the breath of hope they had not dared indulge.

Hierarch Voyle removed his ornate gloves and washed his bare hands in holy oil brought by Visgoth Delcon Vesher. Ringed behind them but back from the bier were the other five visgoths of Sul. Also among them stood Amon Ad-Raza to represent his order, High Paladin Dartan Vilmon to represent his, and others similarly respected. Only those required to maintain the battles in Sul were absent. Voyle thought back to when the Testament, Vilmon, and the other survivors had finished their arduous journey home. On that day Voyle had known immediately what he must do and that he alone could perform the ceremony, channeling power bestowed upon him by the Creator and witnessed by the faithful.

He raised his voice in an ancient and powerful prayer rarely heard by any ears let alone so many. The sun was at its zenith, and a wind stirred the robes of those atop the bier. It suddenly flung the diamond veil into the desert. The Harbinger lay below him. Her flesh lay torn and her body was exsanguinated, yet otherwise she showed not the least hint of decay. The prayer came easily, and he saw her soul return from the keeping of the surface of the Omegus to rejoin her flesh made whole. The ceremony was painless, effortless, and precisely according to the will of the Creator. The entire gathered assembly breathed as one as her newly restored form floated suddenly above the bier, and the Harbinger took in their breath and exhaled it back to them.

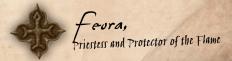
There was a thunderous clamoring—the sound of

a people restored. Every one tore off his black veil to throw onto nearby torches. All were filled with euphoria. Voyle found himself strangely drained and tired yet content. There were tears on his cheeks unseen behind his mask, but he could not recall shedding The them. Harbinger drifted closer. She spoke, and only Voyle heard her words. "I have seen the place foretold in the third prophecy. Is Grand Scrutator Severius

in the north?"

Hierarch Garrick Voyle, Imer

Glory to Menoth! Despite the setback of the breach, we have secured the Grand Temple of the Creator and its courtyard, preserving Salon's Remembrance and many other sacred sites in the periphery and the eastern city. The enemy occupies the west, but we will press against them and fight to reclaim the breach. After the battle of the Grand Temple, Visgoth Rhoven gave leave for me to enter the crypts and pray rigil at the resting place of the hierarchs. I have recovered from my injuries and feel cleansed and ready for battle. I have armed myself with faith's conviction. By my vow I will defend Sal. I will allow neither the taking of this temple nor the extinguishing of its sacred flame.



The hierarch nodded, and she spoke again. "The Covenant of Menoth must be taken to Severius, and it must be sent to the Northern Crusade. Severius is key to our victory." Voyle assented, and she spoke again. "I must go to Sul and aid in the battle there." Voyle held out a hand to forestall further talk and waved to indicate the gathering beyond. As if realizing their presence for the first time, the blindfolded Harbinger turned to her people as a great yell arose. She opened her arms to accept their praise.



It was an unusually clear night when all three moons were visible in the sky through the dense canopy of the forest. Calder was almost full as was elusive Artis, but Laris was a sliver. Skarre Ravenmane contemplated these fortuitous portents. She walked the periphery of a long forgotten ring of low stones, ensuring the space was clear of debris as she let blood drip from a soaked length of cloth in a precisely delineated pattern. This ancient site of knotted trees and thorny bushes existed in a twisted and accursed area of the northwestern Gnarls and was avoided by those who walked the forest. North beyond the trees snaked the rushing flow of the Dragon's Tongue River as it emptied into the seedy and squalid sprawl of Five Fingers. If she climbed one of these trees, she would see the lights of the city.

The stones were six in number. Upon each she placed a blazing censor, and within them she deposited grisly trophies of three hearts, one hand, one liver, and one eye. Even before she spoke the words, she felt the resonance of dark energy flowing from the blood and sacrifices. The mystical strand she sought harkened to her now and was visible to her occult sight in the moonlight stretching from the center of the ring to somewhere beyond Caen. That one strand split and became three. She pulled upon them with her mind as she enacted her rite and sliced her own hand with her sword's edge to bleed into the pattern. The fire from the censors with the hearts flicked green and streaked with black—confirmation they had once belonged to infernalists as the rite required. Attaining them had been no small difficulty, and it brought new enemies to an already lengthy list.

She tugged the mystical triple strand and felt it tug back. Those she sensed on the other side of the world's barrier were straining their power to open the seal. It seemed an eternity, and the moons moved in their orbits, but it was still before dawn when she felt the barrier yield.

A portal opened, and three women stepped through. Darkness poured from them like water from bathers stepping from a pool. Behind them floated the Egregore. They did not speak, but each member of the coven knew what to do. They each stepped to a different point of the compass outside the stones and joined their chants with hers.

With this witch chorus, the portal yawned and stretched. Chained and gagged against the western rock was a living sacrifice, and he choked and wheezed in pain as his body shriveled and all its moisture was sucked away. His screaming ended only when he had become a mummified husk. His soul was gone. Then *he* stepped through, enormous legs followed by the towering torso, and behind him came the sweep of tattered wings. His great blade was in hand, and as his other foot stepped to the ground, the portal howled, closed, and left an empty silence. The four witches prostrated themselves.

Lich Lord Terminus turned to Skarre and inclined his unliving head, bidding her stand. His dreadful voice was a welcome sound to her ears. "You have done well. How long?"

"Three months ye were gone, me lord. Much has happened."

Helleana mused, "To me it was the blink of an eye, and yet..." Her voiced faded with uncharacteristic uncertainty.

Terminus asked, "Where is Goreshade? Has the eldritch betrayed you as he did his old master?"

Skarre shook her head. "No. He has been loyal, gone now to gather information."

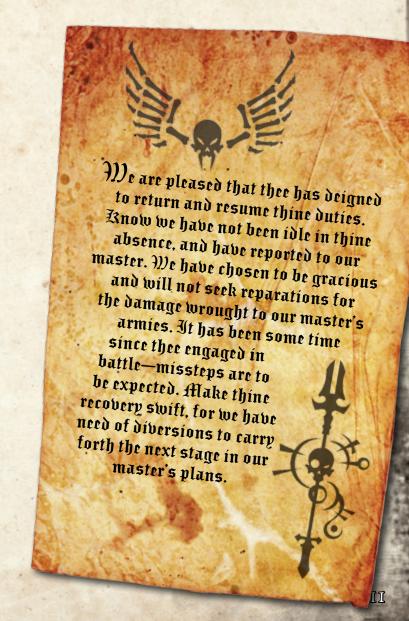
Terminus suddenly turned with his blade raised to face the outer gloom. A thin skeletal robed figure stepped into the clearing, and its clawed hands and forearms were covered in an intricate lattice of runes. Spiked protrusions poked through the robe in its back, and it drew down its hood to reveal itself as a skarlock bearing an unusual number of adornments. Soul cages hung from its waist, ancient rings were set on each finger, several amulets lay chained about its neck, and the runes covering its bones gleamed with inset gold and silver. This creature bowed to Terminus and spoke with a raspy voice in an old and largely forgotten tongue, "Hail Lord Terminus, I come at the bidding of Lords Malathrax and Morbus, and in this capacity I serve as conduit for the words of the master of all, Lord Toruk, God and Emperor of Cryx, who welcomes your return."

Terminus drew himself erect. Both clawed hands folded on the hilt of his blade set into the bloodied stone at his feet. "Speak."

"There is much to say and little time. Know that I have come from a conversation with your counterpart, Lord Asphyxious, and I bring instructions from our master." Anticipating the angry rumbling that rose from Terminus, the skarlock raised a skeletal hand. "Your feud must end, now. Whether it be renewed later remains to be seen. Our master needs you focused on the tasks at hand. There are armies to be restored, and each of you is required to lead them."

"I would relate grievances to our Lord of treachery." Terminus rasped.

"They shall be heard. Come, let us speak. There is much to do."



SUPERIORITY RULES

CAVALRY

Slamming into the enemy with the force of a locomotive with weapons drawn makes cavalry ideally suited for breaking or disintegrating enemy lines. Mounted forces are renowned for their terrifying charges that couple tremendous speed with great weight. Even troops who can avoid being cut down by lance or saber are still vulnerable to being trampled underfoot. It is little wonder that the cavalry charge has remained a valid military tactic since its inception thousands of years before the arrival of the Orgoth.

Certain WARMACHINE models and units are designated as cavalry. In addition to all of the standard rules for models of their types, cavalry models have the following additional set of rules in common:

CAVALRY FORMATION

Cavalry troopers have an additional formation available to them. Troopers in a cavalry unit that are up to 5" apart are in cavalry formation. Determine whether a cavalry trooper is in formation or not using cavalry formation groups instead of skirmish formation groups.

TALL IN THE SADDLE

Cavalry models ignore intervening models with smaller bases than their own when making melee attacks.

RIDE-BY ATTACK

A cavalry model may combine its movement and action in a ride-by attack. Declare that the model is doing so at the beginning of its movement. The model advances and interrupts its movement at any point to perform its combat action. After completing its combat action, the model may then resume its movement. A cavalry trooper making a ride-by attack must complete both its movement and combat action before the next model is moved.

Some models must meet special requirements to make ride-by attacks:

- A cavalry solo may always make a ride-by attack instead of advancing.
- A cavalry trooper must receive an order to make ride-by attacks. This order may be issued by the unit leader or a model with the Commander ability, such as a warcaster.

Mount

A cavalry model's mount not only provides transportation but is also a weapon in its own right. Mounts are indicated by a distinctive icon in their stat bars. A mount has a ½" melee range. Attacks made with a mount are melee attacks and are resolved normally except that the damage roll is only 2d6 plus the POW of the mount. Do not add the cavalry model's STR to mount damage rolls. Mount attack and damage rolls cannot be boosted.



Normally a model may only use its mount to make *impact attacks* (see Cavalry Charge below). However, expert riders on well-trained mounts are able to attack with their mounts at other times as well. Such models will have special rules that describe when they are able to do so.

CAVALRY CHARGE

A charge performed by a cavalry model differs in several ways from a standard charge. When drawing line of sight for a charge, ignore intervening models with the same base size as the target or smaller.

If a charging cavalry model contacts another model during its movement and has moved at least 3", it stops and makes impact attacks with its mount (see Mount above) against all models in the mount's melee range. Completely resolve each impact attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each impact attack is resolved. Abilities that modify charge attack rolls also affect impact attacks. After resolving the impact attacks, the charging model may continue moving until it contacts another model or obstruction. It may not make further impact attacks during this charge. If the charging cavalry model did not move at least 3" before contacting the other model, it does not make any impact attacks and must stop its movement at that point. If the cavalry model is not in melee range of its charge target at the end of movement, the charge fails and its activation immediately ends.

A cavalry model gains +2 to charge attack rolls. Impact attacks do not receive this bonus.

CAVALRY CHARGE EXEMPLAR A EXEMPLAR B EXEMPLAR C STORM LANCE

The Storm Lance declares a charge targeting Exemplar A. He ignores Exemplars B and C for the purposes of LOS when declaring the charge because they have the same base size as the target of the charge.

The Storm Lance then moves in a straight line toward its target. After moving 4", he stops short when he moves into baseto-base contact with Exemplar B. He then makes impact attacks targeting Exemplars B and C since both models are in his melee range.

After hitting and destroying Exemplars B and C, the Storm Lance continues his charge movement to Exemplar A.

DRAGOONS

Dragoons are cavalry models that begin the game mounted but may become dismounted during play. For some Dragoons the ability to be dismounted is optional. Adding this ability to the Dragoon increases its point cost and total damage capacity.

While mounted, a Dragoon is subject to all cavalry rules above. Once the Dragoon has become dismounted, it is no longer a cavalry model and loses all cavalry abilities. Additionally, the Dragoon loses all mounted Dragoon abilities and may no longer use his mount and its abilities. Some Dragoons have stats with two different base values. Use the first value while the Dragoon is mounted and the second once the Dragoon has become dismounted.

When a mounted Dragoon suffers damage, apply the damage to its mounted Dragoon damage boxes. When all of these damage boxes have been marked, the Dragoon is destroyed if it does not have the ability to become dismounted. If the Dragoon does have this ability, it becomes dismounted instead of being destroyed. Damage points in excess of the mounted Dragoon's wounds are lost. If this occurs during the Dragoon's activation, the activation ends immediately. Remove the mounted Dragoon model from the table and replace it with the dismounted Dragoon model. Effects, spells, and animi on the mounted Dragoon are applied to the dismounted Dragoon. Apply any further damage suffered by the Dragoon to its dismounted Dragoon damage boxes. The model is destroyed when all of its dismounted Dragoon damage boxes have been marked.

ATTACHMENTS

Attachments are made up of one or more models that may be added to a unit specified in the attachment's description. They may only be fielded as part of a unit. Attachments may not be added to weapon crews. There are different types of attachments, such as unit attachments and special weapon attachments. A unit may have several attachments, but only one of each type of attachment may be added to a unit. An attachment increases the victory point value of the unit to which it is added by an amount detailed in its description.

A model with the Officer special ability in a unit attachment becomes the unit's leader. The original unit leader remains part of the unit but loses the Leader ability while the officer is on the table. The original unit leader cannot issue orders without the Leader ability but may use all of its other abilities.

EPIC WARCASTERS

Constant exposure to the carnage of the battlefield and the tumultuous nature of combat takes its toll. The warriors of western Immoren, locked in world-shaping conflict, must continually push themselves to the limits of their capabilities. The rigors of war affect the most stalwart men, and not even the mightiest of warcasters can weather it unchanged.

Epic warcasters are variations of other warcaster models but with fresh abilities, strengths, and weaknesses. Epic warcasters are not more powerful versions of the original warcasters, but instead they reflect character growth and changes set about in major story arcs. If these models were simply improvements on older warcasters, the older models would quickly become obsolete. Epic warcasters do not replace the original 'casters upon which they were based, but instead they offer players the opportunity to play whichever version they prefer.

In story terms, these characters have not lost their older abilities but have instead adapted to the demands of war by adopting new tactics, equipment, and spells as necessary. Though an epic warcaster's spells may differ from his earlier incarnation, the character has not truly lost the ability to cast the old spells. He has simply chosen to utilize a new repertoire of spells to suit his current needs.

The original and epic versions of a warcaster are the same character, so a player cannot field both in the same army just like a player cannot field two Eiryss, Mage Hunter of Ios models in the same army.

To reflect the nature of epic warcasters and to preserve game balance, an epic warcaster may not be included in games with an army point limit smaller than 750 points. Only one more epic warcaster may be added to the army for each additional increment of 750 points.

For example, Jason and Rob play a Battle Royale, which has an army point limit of 1000 points. Each player may field two warcasters, but only one of these warcasters can be an epic warcaster. If they were instead playing a War with a limit of 1500 points, each could field three warcasters, but only two of them could be epic.

Epic Warcaster Warjack Bonds

Some epic warcasters have the Warjack Bond ability representing a connection between the warcaster and one or more of his warjacks that has been established before game play. This ability allows the epic warcaster to start a battle bonded to a number of warjacks in his battlegroup specified in the warcaster's special rules. The warcaster's controller must designate the warjacks to which the warcaster is bonded before the game begins. These bonds and their effects are described in the epic warcaster's special rules.

ELITE CADRES

Many epic warcasters have a great deal of influence over the military forces of their factions and may handpick their own troops. If an epic warcaster possesses an Elite Cadre, all units of the particular type dictated by the warcaster's special rules included in an army with the warcaster gain the benefits of Elite Cadre. These models gain +I MAT, RAT, and CMD and an additional ability based on the particular warcaster.

MERCENARY WARCASTERS AND WARJACKS

A mercenary warcaster counts toward the maximum number of warcasters allowed in an army. Only mercenaries may be included in an army if the only warcasters are mercenaries. Field allowance is not faction-specific. If an army includes both faction and mercenary warcasters, count all of the warcasters in the army when determining field allowance limits for both faction and mercenary models and units.

A mercenary warcaster (or other mercenary with the Commander ability) may only give orders to friendly mercenary units and may rally only friendly mercenary models. Only friendly mercenaries may use his CMD when making command checks.

Mercenary warjacks may only be controlled and reactivated by mercenary warcasters and 'jack marshals. By the same token, a mercenary warcaster or 'jack marshal may only control and reactivate mercenary warjacks.

Epic Warcasters and Bonding

Mercenary Contracts

Whether for a private war or to supplement the forces of a kingdom, mercenary contracts provide powerful and wealthy patrons with a means to quickly build an army. Though most patrons prefer to hire larger contingents, in a pinch smaller bands may be combined to form a force large enough for the task. Though they are a diverse lot, the mercenaries of the Iron Kingdoms can be relied upon to set aside their petty differences for the right price. After all, few loyalties are as solid as gold, and with enough coin one can buy an army—or at least rent one for a time. On the other hand, even though each man has his price, not every mercenary is willing to serve any master.

Mercenary contracts allow players to field armies made up entirely of mercenary models. These contracts detail the background of the mercenaries' employers, the history of the contract, and rules for constructing an army. Some players may choose to represent a new contract each time they play. Others might dedicate themselves to playing a particular mercenary contract, painting and modeling their forces to reflect the flavor or color scheme of a specific army.

Building a Mercenary Army

To build a mercenary army, you must choose a mercenary contract. Each contract includes the rules to be followed when building an army according to that contract. Otherwise, follow all of the normal army compositions rules.

Mercenary warjacks may only be included in a battlegroup controlled by a mercenary warcaster or assigned to a mercenary with the 'jack marshal ability. Some mercenary warjacks, such as custom or Rhulic warjacks, are further restricted by their special rules to the battlegroups of particular warcasters. For example, the Renegade and Mangler are both custom warjacks and may only be included in a battlegroup controlled by Magnus the Traitor or Epic Warcaster Magnus the Warlord. In addition to the guidelines presented in a contract, mercenary armies follow all the normal army composition rules.

Some mercenary contracts include special rules unrelated to army composition.

CONTRACTS

The Four Star Syndicate

A shadowy organization notorious even among the pirates and cutthroats in the back streets of Five Fingers, the Four Star Syndicate (or simply the Syndicate) fills its own pockets through daring raids overland and at sea. As the Mercarian League has learned at great expense, no target seems to lie beyond the reach of this exceptionally well-funded confederacy of mercenaries, thieves, and desperate men. Backed by warjacks controlled by freelance warcasters, the Syndicate acts brazenly, openly targeting rail yards, small fleets, and even Cygnaran military supply trains. Land-based raids along the shores of the Dragon's Tongue have captured several shipments of armaments, explosives, and even warjacks that the Syndicate then quietly sold on the black market for outrageous profits. However, for reasons hitherto unknown, the Syndicate seldom operates within Ordic waters.

Few know anything of the Syndicate's inner workings. Only the organization's internal documents, signed only with four black stars in a diamond pattern, provide a clue to the identities of the hidden benefactors who fund the Syndicate. A favorite target of these operations, the Mercarian League has spent no small fortune to uncover the secrets of the organization but with disappointing results. Syndicate loyalties are bought with gold coin and bound with iron promises of retribution.

The success enjoyed by the Syndicate has drawn much attention to the organization. Profit is the purest motive a mercenary has, and those who know a way into the mercenary market in Five Fingers can easily find a way onto the writ of the Four Star Syndicate. Even those who might not regularly serve beside treacherous villains often find a way to compromise their values. The Syndicate pays well, and in Five Fingers a full purse can even buy a clear conscience.

Four Star Syndicate Contract Army Composition

- An army constructed under the Four Star Syndicate contract may include any mercenary models that will work for Cryx or Khador.
- The army may also include the Ordic mercenaries Captain Sam & the Devil Dogs and Rupert Carvolo, Piper of Ord.

The Highborn Covenant

Many of Llael's exiled nobles have turned to mercenaries to fight the Khadorans occupying their nation. The Highborn Covenant Mercenary Contract represents the most coherent of these efforts. With considerable backing from émigré nobles and certain merchant concerns, the Highborn Covenant has assembled a formidable army that may not care much about Llaelese land but has a great interest in Llaelese coin.

Rumors hold that the free chapters of the Order of the Golden Crucible also sponsor the Highborn Covenant, but they have kept their involvement secret to maintain the lives of any brethren held in service to the Khadoran crown.

While the Highborn Covenant has lofty and somewhat long-term goals of liberating Llael from its Khadoran invaders, it also serves to help the exiled nobility maintain some legitimacy. Without this mercenary army, the exiles' claims on land, title, and station would be tenuous at best. The Highborn Covenant ensures that they maintain some grip on authority in Llael, even if only in appearance.

The Highborn Covenant was drafted only days after news of the fall of Merywyn reached Corvis, shortly after Cygnar pulled most of its forces out of Llael. By the end of Rowen 605 AR, the Highborn Covenant had begun actively seeking mercenary interests that had previously demonstrated hostility towards Khador.

Mercenary forces under the Highborn Covenant serve six to eight months with extensions offered to individuals and mercenary companies that prove trustworthy and reliable. Due to conflicts of interest with kriels that have maintained mercenary operations against Rynnish interests in the past, the Covenant turns away any company with trollkin members even if they have previously fought for Llael or against Khador.

Highborn Covenant Contract Army Composition

- An army constructed under the Highborn Covenant contract may include any mercenary models/units that will work for Cygnar.
- Due to a long-standing animosity between the Rynnish nobility and the trollkin, a Highborn Covenant contract army cannot include Greygore Boomhowler & Co. or other trollkin models/units.

The Searforge Commission

Fighting in the south has given valuable combat experience to the dwarves of the Hammerfall Fortress and others who have joined in them, and it has allowed them to keep apprised of the ongoing struggles across the countryside. No matter who wins the southern wars, the clans of Rhul are determined to keep trade lanes open. The Searforge Commission has no fear of shedding human blood to ensure its interests and takes a sometimes more brutal and direct approach to getting business done.

After the invasion of Llael, Clan Searforge, one of Rhul's most wealthy mercantile clans, came to the realization that it could be caught in a bad situation if it did not act. Clan Searforge had taken a controlling interest in the trade of several clans who shipped weapons, alloys, and steamjack parts south to dwarven conclaves in the lands of man, including Khador and Cygnar now embroiled in bitter war.

In 605 AR they initiated the Searforge Commission to band together mercenaries working outside the kingdom and deployed them wherever necessary to keep trade flowing. The commission primarily serves the interests of Clan Searforge, but it has accepted contracts that benefit other mercantile Rhulic clans such as Clan Ghordson, Clan Grundback, Clan Serric, and even Stone House Dhurg which controls the Hammerfall Fortress.

This group is a means to protect vital weapon, steamjack, and alloy trades. To that end they coordinate the actions of mercenary groups and send forces to escort trade shipments through hostile territory. They even made proactive strikes against battles in action to clear the way for their shipments. If Cygnar and Khador are engaged in a fight along their trade lanes, the commission will send their forces in to 'neutralize' the problem, one way or the other, and open the roads or railways again.

The hard-edged commission is determined to ensure that outsiders do not underestimate the risks of interfering with dwarven business. Though the nation of Rhul may prefer its neutral stance and avoids stepping on toes, the Searforge Commission is ready to load double-barreled shotguns and lay down fire. People have learned not to mess with agents bearing the sigil of the commission unless they want to deal with a nine-foot tall ogrun and his war cleaver. These highly effective mixed forces consider

Mercenary Contracts

themselves the equal of any regular army, and they have no fear engaging in all-out war if pushed.

Searforge Commission Army Composition

- An army constructed under the Searforge Commission contract may include Rhulic and Ogrun mercenary models/units.
- The army may also include Herne & Jonne.
- Increase the FA of all non-character Rhulic and Ogrun mercenary models/units included in the army by one.
- Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps models included in a Rhulic Charter army gain Advance Deployment. Place models with Advance Deployment after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

Magnus' Agenda

Asheth Magnus is not part of any company, and while he expects reimbursement for his services, the coin is only a resource to him. It is a commodity useful for buying weapons and equipment and for repairing his warjacks. Magnus is a man who hires and employs other mercenaries to do his bidding. He does not pretend neutrality or detached professionalism. Those who fight alongside him know that he has his own agenda, and his every action furthers his cause.

For years only a few suspected his true purpose. Most thought Magnus to be a simple creature of revenge. He has fought against both the nation that labeled him a traitor and Lord Commander Coleman Stryker who humiliated him and left him maimed, but they are only a small part of the larger agenda motivating Magnus to wage continual war against his enemies with no nation to back him and no friends he can trust. Magnus is in fact a loyal and devoted vassal of the former king of Cygnar, Vinter Raelthorne IV. He fought beside Vinter during the coup, and his dedication to the ex-king has never wavered. He has been in communication with his liege across the great distance of the Bloodstone Marches, and he awaits Vinter's return. He will do his part to prepare by hiring his services to undermine Cygnar at every opportunity.

Magnus does not work alone, for he has found a number of willing allies including many mercenaries who, like himself, are marked as criminals and exiles of Cygnar. This includes the notorious cutthroat Jarok Croe as well as the premiere sniper Kell Bailoch. Magnus has further recruited Boomhowler and his trollkin into his schemes as well as others. He has even managed to persuade 'loyalist' soldiers who have agreed to desert Cygnar's army and join his fight, men who believe they will be better rewarded by King Vinter than King Leto.

Magnus' Agenda Contract Army Composition

- An army constructed under the Magnus' Agenda contract must include either Magnus the Traitor or Epic Warcaster Magnus the Warlord and his battlegroup.
- The army may also include Boomhowler & Co., Croe's Cutthroats, Gorman di Wulfe, and Kell Bailoch.
- A single unit of Cygnar Trenchers or a single unit of Cygnar Long Gunners may be included in the army. This unit cannot be a weapon crew, nor can it include attachments. The troopers in the unit are deserters. They are considered to be friendly mercenary models instead of Cygnar models.



IN DARKNESS BETWEEN THE TRENCHES

Near Northguard, late 606 AR

Men of the 95th Trencher Company, 58th Infantry, 22nd Regiment, 6th Division of the First Army:

Sergeant Gervan Corley, leading the Ist Squad of the 3rd Platoon under Lieutenant Elias Rolfe

Ist Team: Corporal Alger Fullet, Private Deckan Beene, and Private Cam Atchley

2nd Team: Corporal Delp Rolfe, Private Godwin Hartcliff, and Private Sorley Gilfin

3rd Team: Corporal Una Kinnet, Private Jonas Donovan, and Private Ian Rhoen

Sergeant Corley spoke, "Look alive. Something's happening." They all double-checked their rifles and kept their heads down. Plenty had died from Widowmaker fire at times like this. They saw a scout ride up on horseback behind the trenches and enter into heated conversation with Captain Maxwell Finn and Major Piran Hugh. They were at the central trench pit next to the company's Grenadier, a warjack they'd taken to calling 'Gopher.' The scout rode off again, and a lot of barking orders followed before lieutenants scattered back to their respective platoons.

Corley and the other sergeants waited tensely. Lt. Rolfe hurried to his men and gave them the word. He spoke loudly since his platoon was stretched out along this section of



trench. "Ok people. Get ready for the day's main event. We have word the Khadorans are gearing up for a big assault. The major needs the 95th to hit them hard on the left to stall their momentum before they try to overtake our trench. The 3rd Platoon is sitting this first charge out, but stay ready and look to your sergeants. We're up next!"

Corporal Alger Fullet could feel his hands sweating in his gloves; it was the familiar tension of imminent combat. Sergeant Corley chomped on a cigar as he addressed his squad. "We're letting some other boys get the morning hate. Stay loose; we'll go in the second wave." A few grumbled about the delay, but Fullet knew most were relieved. "You boys better have those pea-shooters loaded. Anyone embarrasses me today they get a boot up their rump far enough to taste leather."

They watched as the Ist, 2nd, 5th, and 6th platoons mustered forward. No man's land looked calm, but light fog made for bad visibility. It was impossible to tell what was happening on the other side. The barricade gate dropped with a bang and the men charged forward, crouched over making double time.

Except for Private Gilfin, who had just come up from reinforcements, every man in the squad had been part of similar advances and felt like they were right there in the thick of it alongside their brothers of the 95th. Corley's unit watched as the advancing men threw grenades well ahead. Smoke billowed out to confuse their position, and they made good speed. Gunfire broke out and several fell, but the smoke thickened to cover their positions. They would need to nail a weak point in the Khadoran trench and hold so the rest of the company and the long gunners could strike the other side before the Khadorans could regroup.

"Fix bayonets! Line up!" Sergeant Corley shouted, and they moved toward the barricade for their turn. Someone yelled and pointed, and their backs stiffened. The smoke did not look right. Greasy yellow vapors were mixing with the familiar white smoke, and sounds of rapid gunfire and shouting followed.

A single Trencher came running back toward them out of the smoke before taking a shot to the back and falling. The next thing they saw was a long line of red shapes piercing the smoky veil. It was soldiers in Khadoran uniform running full tilt! Fullet cursed under his breath as he took in unfamiliar looking Khadorans wearing masks and holding shields in one hand and heavy carbines in the other.

A chaingun nearby began to spin up as did the one further down the line. "Back to your trench! Move! Lay down some

fire!" The lieutenant screamed and they all rushed to get back to their forward trench. Then the Khadorans were throwing grenades at *them* that sent yellow choking smoke rolling thickly through the trench line. It stung their eyes and filled their lungs with choking pain with every breath. The long gunners opened fire behind Corley's squad, and they could see a thick cluster of Winter Guard advancing behind the unfamiliar shield-bearing.

Fullet coughed and wheezed, glad he had already pulled his goggles down over his eyes, and tried to get a bead with his military rifle over the top of the trench. The Khadorans had crossed *fast*, and they were almost right on the line. Gopher the Grenadier thumped steadily behind him, fed by several trenchers who kept a smooth supply of explosives fed into its launcher. Gopher sent explosions booming ahead that were followed by flying Khadorans—limbs one way, bodies the other.

It did not look to be enough. Fullet found a target, squeezed off a round, and cursed to see it deflected off his target's shield, splintering only metal and wood as the Khadoran charged on. Hartcliff was their squad sniper and he fared better by pegging that same Khadoran straight in the forehead with a perfectly centered shot. They were under counter-fire that included shells lobbed from a hulking and battered Destroyer across the field—a 'jack they thought had been dismantled. Apparently its bombard was up and firing, and it launched heavy shells along the trenches.

Everything went to chaos after that. A Destroyer shot exploded nearby, and his ears went numb for several long seconds. Fullet could not remember the sequence of events, just sights and smells. He saw Hartcliff torn in half, his expression frozen in shock, and it looked like some of the men wanted to bolt. The sound of Sergeant Corley blowing his whistle was the first he heard as the ringing faded, and he instinctly leapt over the top of the trenches with the rest of his unit. He buried his bayonet straight into the chest of a Khadoran before he realized what he was doing. Then he pulled his trigger to blast the man off in a fountain of red. Some of the men were losing their will, and he saw a squad to his right turn and fling themselves back into the trenches as Widowmaker fire nailed a sergeant and several others.

Captain Finn was up front screaming at them to turn around. In his hands was an oversized weapon—a precursor to modern chain guns they call a mini-slugger. Despite its name it was a huge and heavy piece of machinery that no one except Maxwell had the gall to try to hump around. He held the gun in both hands, and he fired off round after round through the yellow smoke swirling about his

In Darkness Between the Trenches

ankles. His eyes were red and mean. The men who saw him regained their nerve and yelled a cry, for no one could be scared fighting alongside Maxwell Finn. Finn pointed forward and yelled, "Charge!"

They reloaded and hurried to follow straight into the throat of the enemy as grenades from the Grenadier flew overhead and exploded in their path to clear the way. The warjack must have moved forward to follow their advance, and it was heartening to see its blasts tear through the Destroyer ahead of them and finish off the heavily damaged piece of Khadoran machinery. Fullet saw Captain Finn drop his gun, yank a trench knife from his belt, and dive to tackle two Winter Guard. He cut one's throat and disemboweled the other before standing to bark more orders.

"Where's our twice-be-damned cavalry? Goddamn Colonel Dunford!" It was the only complaint Fullet heard from Captain Finn the entire engagement, and then he led another charge into the haze.



Fullet could barely believe his survival when they returned to the trenches. They had somehow driven the Khadorans back. The enemy must have overestimated how many Trenchers were left, for if they had seen the sad state of the recovering Cygnarans, they would surely have come to finish them. Fullet's squad had lost three men, including privates Hartcliff and Beene, and he was stunned to hear Corporal Una Kinnet was down too. Kinnet was not dead, but he had been passed over to the company's surgeon. There were not a lot of women in the Trenchers, but those who made it through training could hold their own, and Una was as ornery and tough as any, with shoulders as wide as most men and a hearty laugh. Now she was pale, listless, and barely able to open her eyes as the surgeon tried to get to a bullet in her left side with blood soaked metal instruments.

With the first press over, the soldiers talked about another point of concern. Bodies were disappearing. Corporal Fullet was not the first to notice, or remark on it, but now he was convinced. A beefy soldier from another platoon they had nicknamed 'Dogface' had taken the final bullet just a dozen yards from his position in the trench. He was gone now, as were a couple others he was sure had fallen nearby. No one had been sent on burial detail yet.

"Dogface is gone." He spoke quietly to Private Atchley next to him who had been talking about missing bodies for days. Fullet never paid it much attention; he chalked it up to the fact that the private was excitable and young, but now he was not so sure.

Atchley nodded, "I saw. This whole thing has me spooked."

"Who'd take them? It doesn't make any sense."

"Khadorans, probably. Animals, all of them. I heard at the old Battle of Bloodroot they stole bodies, hacked them up, and sent the heads, arms, and legs back by catapult to break the will of the mercenaries hired to fight them." Atchley loved his gruesome historical anecdotes, but Fullet was not sure any of them were even true.

"I've never heard anything about that—" He caught Sergeant Corley glaring at him and quieted down, tucking in to his meager portion of supper comprised of crusty biscuits softened to edible by cold broth. His hands and face were so grimy his food tasted like dirt, but he was used to it. It had rained the last few days, and they were knee deep in mud despite their efforts to scoop out the trenches. They were still working on building up their line, and it had not all been lined with wood planks yet. Periodic attacks like the one they just endured made it difficult to focus on chopping wood and laying boards.

The 58th Infantry Battalion had been sent down to the western end of the main trench line from Northguard to expand permanent fortifications and watch for Khadorans trying to flank them. Every day the permanent trenches got longer, and meanwhile the Winter Guard opposite them did the same. They had been told to dig in and hold their position until supply lines could catch up to them, but someone up the chain of command had gotten overenthusiastic about their positioning. There was a lot of grumbling about Colonel Dunford who ran the whole 22nd Regiment. He was a man who seemed to prefer his men starving, lean, and low on ammunition. There was supposed to be cavalry support coming, but there was no sign of them.

Private Atchley mumbled, "What we need is a sod-all warcaster to arrive and break the stalemate. Where have they been? It get too cold for them up here?"

"They know the 95th can hold. They're off somewhere more important. I heard Major Haley was somewhere near Northguard." Fullet lowered his voice, "Scuttlebutt says some others got torn up bad at some crazy fight in the southern forest. I'd not expect to see one here anytime soon."

"What in blazes is in the southern forest?" Atchley snorted in derision. "There's nothing worth fighting over

down there. All it'd take is one Khadoran warcaster and we'd be finished. And now we've got bodies disappearing. Who knows what that's all about?"

The unsettling thought was one upon which Fullet did not want to dwell. He glanced behind to see the men of the 89th Long Gunners lined up at the elevated and covered area a few yards back from the trenches. They did not lose any men in the last engagement which was typical. Fullet could not resist shouting, "You boys comfortable back there? Need anything? Eggs? Bacon?"

They quieted at the approach of Lt. Rolfe who glared sternly. "Enough chitter-chatter. Keep your eyes up front. Sergeant, watch your squad."

"Yessir." Sergeant Corley was a veteran campaigner. He was a squat muscular Morridane with goggles so dirty it was hard to believe he could see at all. He cuffed Atchley, "Eyes front and stand to, Private." The lieutenant walked past as he checked the squads. At his approach men kicked brothers in arms who were trying to squeeze in a few minutes of sleep.

Fullet shared an amused look with Corporal Rolfe a few men over to his right. "Your brother seems uptight, Delp."

Delp was a large man whose lined and grimy face made him appear older than the lieutenant who was actually his elder brother. Delp never rose to his brother's defense; he obeyed the divide between officers and enlisted soldiers. The gulf was not as large among the Trenchers as other units since every officer was required to see active service before gaining a commission. There were no young idealistic lieutenants in the Trenchers coming out of the Academy and trying to throw their weight around. It was a mark of pride among the Trenchers, but an officer was still an officer.

Fullet's squad was in a forward trench ahead of the main line; a few dug-in even beyond the forward trench as spotters, and they were nearly invisible against the torn up landscape. Off to the left past the barricade gate were the 94th Trenchers, their sister company. Together with the 89th Long Gunners they made up the 58th Infantry with as rich a history as any soldiers in the First Army. Fullet had been proud to receive his assignment, but he was starting to wonder if the honor was worth his life. The gravestone on the badge of the 95th was there for a reason. They had a reputation for enduring heavy losses at key positions, and the last few weeks had been no exception.

Although Fullet had seen several battles, he disliked being sent so far from the reassuring bulk of Northguard Castle, the massive fortified complex upon which Cygnar relied to maintain its northernmost territory. Among the First Army, Northguard was home. The imposing stone bulwarks symbolized the kingdom for which they fought and gave their lives. Out among the boggy mess of the Bloodmeath Marsh or the dense forest of the northern Thornwood, it was sometimes easy to forget they were still on Cygnaran soil. Northguard had come to represent everything of value like a northern outgrowth of the walls of Caspia and a shield protecting their hometowns and families further south. Fullet thought briefly of his fiancé back in Fharin, and almost of its own accord his left hand touched the pocket on his coat that held the crumpled letters she sent him. He thought of the men who died today and their families.

* * *

Sergeant Corley did not dwell on lost friends; he just barked orders and got the men settled down for the evening. "Private Rhoen, you're under Fullet now; Donovan, you're with Rolfe." Quick as that they became two teams instead of three. There was no time for burials or remembrances. Other squads had taken worse losses, so Fullet tried to keep his perspective.

It was a tense but quiet evening since the expected Khadoran surprise attack never came. By morning a heavier fog lay across the middle ground. It was not until after standto, morning inspection, and breakfast that the fog thinned and dark whispers started down the line.

Private Gilfin had joined the cabal of speculators alongside Fullet and Atchley. He came and whispered to Fullet, "They say a lot of the bodies are gone again, more than before."

Fullet squinted out into no man's land. He viewed plenty of blood, mud, and some corpses, but it did not look like nearly enough. The sergeants had put together a plan for an afternoon burial gathering detail. It was a common ritual after a big assault, and both sides had been scrupulous about following Solovin's Codes in recent weeks. It was never a certain thing in a climate like this, but waving a black flag with a white diagonal stripe signified body recovery, and a patrol with such a banner could expect not to get shot by the other side as long as they were careful.

Sergeant Corley came over, but rather than reprimanding their chatter he seemed as concerned as they were. "I got a clean look at Beene where he fell right down that center line. Now there's nothing. I promised his sister I'd look after that boy."

The men started to get angry after a few minutes when rumors circulated that the Khadorans must have come

In Darkness Between the Trenches

through to grab them. In the end the lieutenants had to call them to discipline. It was only when they quieted that they heard shouts across the wasteland. It took a few men who spoke their guttural language to determine the Khadorans were just as upset as they were. The enemy was making their own accusations of body theft!

The major sent Captain Lubbock of the 89th Long Gunners and a couple of his lieutenants under the flag of truce to parley with the enemy. Tension in the trench was high until they saw the three officers returning.

Captain Lubbock met with the other captains and lieutenants as Fullet and the men waited, and finally Lieutenant Rolfe came over to Sergeant Corley. "Don't get comfortable. Our squads are on patrol tonight. You're going into no man's land to see if you can spot anything. The Khadorans agreed to a tentative cease-fire tonight. They'll be sending out their own men. Keep sharp, but for Morrow's sake don't start shooting at shadows. You got any doubts about any of your men, leave them behind."

* * *

That evening Corley, Fullet, and their men climbed up out of the trenches to walk toward the centerline feeling exposed and vulnerable. The other squads of the 3rd Platoon had been sent along the line to the west at regular intervals to cover the space between, but as the 1st Squad, Corley's group had the section furthest east nearer the tree line. Every man had his rifle pointed down, but it took everything they had not to raise them and start firing when they encountered a knot of eight Khadorans at the center. The tall and stout men in the colors of the Winter Guard had rugged faces that inspired in Fullet an immediate and almost visceral hatred.

The feeling was clearly mutual, and the Winter Guard soldiers eyed them suspiciously. Fullet heard half-mumbled phrases in their brutish tongue he was sure were insults. Each side gripped their weapons tightly, knowing it would take a single itchy trigger for blood to flow. As he stared across at a burly Khard, Fullet's mind went to Private Hartcliff who had been looking forward to marrying a woman in Corvis. Now not only was he dead, his body was missing; there was nothing to send on as a comfort to his parents. None of this would have happened without these Khadorans. There would have been no months of lurking in a trench with mud up to his waist or fighting off rats the size of small cats between moments of sleep before being woken by gunfire and screaming.

No one in their squad spoke Khadoran, and the Khadorans were pretending not to know Cygnaran, so what followed was angry gesturing and pointing until each side decided to cover a different area and patrol. The fog had returned at medium thickness, and Fullet had a strong feeling of foreboding that it would be far too easy for a twitchy soldier on either side to start a firefight that would get them all killed. At least in the trenches they had cover.

They crept through the fog to cover their area, kept a low profile, and tried to spot anything amiss. It seemed a fool's errand to Fullet given the lack of visibility, but at least it gave them respite from the Khadorans for one night.

* * *

Private Atchley clutched Fullet's arm, giving him a start, "What's that?" He pointed into the fog as the other men hunkered down and tried to spot what had spooked him. "I saw something, I swear. Just over there."

"Quiet," Fullet hissed, sharing a look with the sergeant who nodded them forward. The group crept through the dark. Their eyes had adjusted to the dark, but the fog had its own glow from the bright moon and made it difficult to see.

As Fullet stepped through a hazy region, he saw a strange furtive creature dragging something heavy along the ground. The thing looked back at him, and he saw what looked like a child with its eyes sewn shut although it acted like it could see him and moved away with great haste. Fullet felt his hands began to shake and he started to question whether he saw what he thought he saw. He hurried to catch up if only to prove to himself he was not imagining things. Suddenly he realized there were more peculiar shapes behind this small stunted thing, revealed as the fog in the area thinned and drifted apart.

The hobbling child with sewn eyes was dragging a soldier's body to a slender figure busy even at that moment piercing the dead flesh of a severed leg with a long slender needle behind which silver thread gleamed in the moonlight. At first he took the thing to be a woman, but he saw its upper torso was disfigured by a heavy bulk of machinery from which an articulated clamp extended. Below that a strangely jointed hand caressed the dead flesh of the leg it held like a shopkeeper brushing a leather coat. The womanthing's head was bald, and she looked up at him with blackened holes for eyes and opened her mouth in an angry hiss. Just then something even worse stepped forward—a bloated body atop a spider-like contraption holding in its hands a long peculiar looking polearm topped with a

wicked claw from which some indiscernible piece of salvaged machinery dangled. The sight was so bizarre Fullet paused for a moment in horror before raising his rifle to take aim.

Sergeant Corley came up to him, grabbed the stock, and hissed in his ear, "No!" The creatures ahead scurried away to be swallowed by the fog and took the body with them.

"Blast! Did you see that cursed thing? Why'd you stop me, Sarge?"

"You fire and we'll have fifty barmy Winter Guard and Widowmakers shooting at us. We're closer to their line than ours." The sergeant picked up his whistle and made a few short bursts, perhaps a signal they worked out with the Khadorans. They advanced cautiously along the path of the vanished creatures.

Private Gilfin whispered, "Cryx! I knew it."

Atchley's rifle was visibly trembling in his hands. "This is a bad idea. How many were there? We need to go back and talk to the captain."

Delp Rolfe muttered, "Can't be many or they'd not run. Let's finish them before they do something with that body."

Atchley shook his head, "Real bad idea."

Gilfin hissed, "How would you like it if that was your sorry hide being dragged off?"

Fullet swallowed against a surge of fear, reminding himself he had been in a half dozen battles, but the thought of the walking dead filled him with a special dread. Fullet heard Sergeant Corley muttering under his breath, working up his own anger. "Taking the bodies of *my* men, we'll see about that. By Morrow..."



In Darkness Between the Trenches

The fog ahead was choked by darkness that seemed so wholly unnatural it caught all of them off guard. They stopped for a second with uncertainty, and Corley raised his whistle again pondering what signal to send. Before he could put the metal to his lips, bulky armored shapes emerged out of the mist and charged them with a clanking of chains and a looming darkness following behind.

Fullet heard a muffled scream as a heavy axe came down and carved clean through Private Donovan's shoulder and half way through his breastplate. Suddenly all around them were creatures of darkness, bone, and iron swinging their axes like scythes at harvest. The darkness pulled at the Trenchers, slowed their limbs, and made it hard to react. A strange sepulchral noise like evil given voice echoed in the fog to command the dead to battle. Fullet forgot all admonitions against firing and blasted his rifle into one charging forward, missed, then slammed his bayonet home and watched the darkness bleed out and flow like blood as the thing collapsed in a pile of armor and bone. The Trenchers were surrounded. More gunfire followed as the Winter Guard suddenly rushed through the fog near them. Shots from their blunderbusses landed dangerously close, and one piece of stone or shrapnel whizzed by Fullet's head close enough to ping loudly off the rounded side of his helmet.

Fullet twisted his ankle and fell as he stumbled. He tried to reload his rifle and watched Cryxian axes sink into Khadorans as easily as they had torn through Fullet's team a moment earlier. Sergeant Corley fired off a round just as darkness surrounded and swallowed him. Among those bearing axes were even more dreadful and graceful forms holding long and slender bladed weapons in their gauntlets. One of these terrors blurred and shimmered. One moment it was nearly translucent before solidifying into terrifying wholeness. Then it swept its weapon around to slice straight through Delp's chest from belly to neck. Delp fell back to die on the ground as his blood-drenched organs tumbled from his gaping wound. That same dark entity turned toward Fullet, and all he could think about was how he would never have the chance to tell the lieutenant what happened to his brother.

Then one of the largest Khadorans Fullet had ever seen came through the fog. He held an oversized officer's saber in one hand and a gigantic pistol in the other. The red uniformed officer did not even see Fullet, but his shot staggered the bane knight, and he followed up with a crushing blow of his saber. The undead creature dropped to smoking ruin before the Khadoran officer turned to shout orders and step back into the fog.



Fullet did not remember running, but he came out of the fog with his mind blank and heard shouts of confusion and a shot that zipped by into the dirt near him before commanding shouts of "Cease fire!" He dropped into the trench he loathed for so many weeks as if it were a welcome home and buried his face in his hands. His mind was blank, numb with horror, and it was only after a long while he registered a presence. Looking up at the face of Captain Finn, he found himself babbling, "Sir! It was the Cryx—" Fullet tried to stand, but his legs were trembling so badly it took two tries. "I ran. I don't know why, I just ran. I'm sorry, sir. My squad..."

Captain Finn had a toughened face. His leathery skin showed a number of scars left by inexpertly closed injuries attended by battlefield surgeons. He spoke without recrimination, "You ran, and you lived. Your death does me no good. Let's get you to the back trench to rest, Corporal. We'll handle this. Tomorrow you come back up here and help me fight those Khadorans same as yesterday, understand?" The captain clapped him on the shoulder.

Fullet allowed himself to be led away from the first trench. He looked back over his shoulder to see the men on the line firing into dark forms emerging from the fog. The sight hit him like a splash of cold water, and he felt his legs steady. The long gunners would be useless in this fog and against that darkness. He gripped his bayonet rifle and shook off the hand of the surgeon's attendant who had been guiding him toward a rough bench to wait for the surgeon. "No, I'm ok. I'm not wounded. Just had to walk it off." The grizzled volunteer gave him a stern look and shrugged before turning to deal with others bleeding and moaning nearby. Corporal Alger Fullet unlocked the breach on his rifle, jammed in a powder charge, and locked it closed. He turned and went back to the front line to hold a place for his fallen comrades, his brothers and sisters of the 95th.



CAPTAIN ALLISTER CAINE

That man was born to kill, and I will employ him to save this kingdom whatever the toll on his soul... and mine.

—Scout General Bolden Rebald

Caine's extravagances as a youth were genuine expressions of his irrepressible spirit and a wild abandon essential to his nature. Time has seasoned him, exposed him to the gritty reality of life during constant war, and given him the opportunity to learn from past mistakes. What was once reckless instinctive talent has cooled and refined into sublime precision in the art of gunplay. No one walking Immoren can challenge Allister Caine as long as his Spellstorm Pistols are in his hands. He has eschewed all other weapons, and he is able to rain death from afar or up close and personal using his singular powers of mobility to dominate the battlefield.

The last few years have added lines to the rugged face of the warcaster and gun mage. He has been forced to make difficult decisions, and his combat abilities and convictions have been put to the test. He has been involved in a complicated and increasingly convoluted web of intrigues, subterfuge, and assassination. If the full scope of his deeds were uncovered, he could be executed for treason while at the same time elevated to immortality as a folk hero.

At the outbreak of war between Cygnar and Khador, Caine barely maintained the appearance of a warcaster or officer. He was a man of sordid reputation at odds with his superior officers. He had the dubious distinction of being the only full warcaster at the junior rank of lieutenant and

was seen fraternizing with dangerous elements and meeting with wanted traitors such as former commander Asheth Magnus. Those higher in the chain of command considered him a man with few apparent loyalties. What no one suspected was that the brash Allister Caine had already been serving as one of the top agents of Scout General Bolden Rebald, head of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service.

The exact moment Caine began serving the CRS is a secret only known to those two men, but it was likely sometime after the gun mage was briefly incarcerated for crimes in his hometown of Bainsmarket, the details of which have been buried by those with the means to do so. He has worked ever since as a deeply planted agent conducting a variety of difficult and often dubious tasks, and he has learned to cover his tracks and appear always the carefree roustabout.

Under Rebald's command, Caine has undertaken a plot to eliminate a threat to the kingdom so insidious it has been kept from King Leto himself. Sworn to secret oaths that would be considered treason, he has worked to uncover the location of a hitherto unknown offspring of King Vinter Raelthorne IV. Through careful maneuvers and proper manipulation of Lord Commander Stryker's dissatisfaction with the war, Caine and Rebald achieved the release

CYGNAR EPIC WARCASTER CHARACTER

of Vinter's former inquisitors under the guise of rooting out traitors among Cygnar's Menites. The act left the inquisitors exposed and allowed Caine to stalk them, interrogate those with information, and then execute them.

The vagaries of war have thrown Caine's plots into disarray and added additional strands to his web of deceptions. The beleaguered Lord Commander Stryker has used his clout to place Caine firmly under his command, forcing him to accept promotion to captain and thrusting him into battles along the eastern and northeastern borders. Saddled with the responsibilities of leading fresh troops, Allister Caine fears his narrow window of opportunity may be closing, and the risk of discovery by either the lord commander or King Leto himself

has increased ten-fold. Every move he makes now has become far more difficult.

The Exile pounds on Cygnar's eastern fortresses, and it seems more important than ever to find and eliminate the progeny of Raelthorne the Elder. At times Caine is forced by shadow orders and his legitimate superiors to be in two or three places at once. Only time will tell if he is up to such challenges and if the consequences of his deceit will be revealed. His actions in

the weeks and months ahead may well change the course of history.

Focus 6			Cı	nd 8
SPD STR 7 5	MATI 4	_	_	ARM 13
	Spei RNG 12	ROF	m Pis AOE —	tol POW 12
	Spel RNG 12	ROF	m Pis AOE	POW 12
Damage Point Cost				15 80
Field Allowance Victory Points Base Size			Sn	C 5 nall

SPECIAL RULES

FEAT: OVERKILL

Honed by countless battles, Caine has achieved perfect and deadly synergy with his Spellstorm Pistols. Unleashing a focused onslaught of destruction, he infuses every bullet fired from his pistols with a sorcerous pulse of explosive potential that tears apart entire formations of those foolish enough to come against him in an escalating crescendo of destruction.

Caine gains a cumulative +1 Overkill bonus to his Spellstorm Pistol damage rolls after resolving each successful attack targeting an enemy model this activation. Models destroyed by Caine's Spellstorm Pistol attacks this activation explode with a 3" AOE and are removed from play. Models in the AOE suffer an unboostable POW 6 blast damage roll + Caine's Overkill bonus.

CAINE

TACTICAL TIPS

range while engaged.

that cannot be targeted by magic attacks.

a ranged attack remains a ranged attack.

CHAIN ATTACK - THUNDER CLAP-If Caine hits the same target with both initial Spellstorm Pistol attacks during the same activation, after resolving the attacks he may immediately make an additional Spellstorm Pistol attack against the target without spending a focus point. If the attack succeeds, the target suffers no damage but is pushed d3" directly away from Caine. On a critical hit, target model is slammed d6" directly away from Caine and suffers a POW 12 damage roll. If the slammed model collides with another model with an equal or smaller-sized base, that model suffers a POW 12 collateral damage roll.

CRACK SHOT - Caine's targets do not benefit from being screened.

ELITE CADRE - Gun Mages included in an army with Caine gain +I MAT, RAT, and CMD and the Gunfighter ability. A model with the Gunfighter ability may make ranged attacks targeting models in its melee range. These attacks do not suffer the normal attack roll penalty for targeting a model in melee and cannot hit another combatant if they miss their intended targets. A model with Gunfighter does not get an aiming bonus when targeting a model in its melee range. A model with Gunfighter may perform free strikes with its magelock pistol.

GUNFIGHTER - Caine has a melee range of 1/2". He may make Spellstorm Pistol attacks targeting models in his melee range. These attacks do not suffer the normal attack roll penalty for targeting a model in melee and cannot hit another combatant if they miss their intended targets. Caine does not get an aiming bonus when targeting a model in his melee range. Caine

GUNFIGHTER - Keep in mind that while Caine can target models within

1/2", he cannot make ranged attacks targeting models outside his melee

TRUE SHOT (SPELL) – True Shot allows Caine to make Spellstorm Pistol attacks against models that cannot be targeted by spells or models

may perform free strikes with his Spellstorm Pistols.

SPELLSTORM PISTOLS

RANGE AMPLIFIER - Caine's Spellstorm Pistols add 5" to the range of all spells cast directly from him. Channeled spells do not benefit from Range Amplifier.

NOTE: Captain Allister Caine is Lieutenant Allister Caine.

SPELL COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

BLUR 2 6 - - X

Target model/unit gains +3 DEF against ranged attacks.

GATE CRASHER 3 SELF -

Place Caine anywhere completely within 8" of his current location. During this movement Caine cannot be targeted by free strikes. There must be room for Caine's base in the new location. Caine cannot move this activation after casting Gate Crasher. For the rest of this activation, when Caine makes a Spellstorm Pistol attack, it must target a model in his melee range. Gate Crasher may be cast once per activation.

Magic Bullet 2 6 -

Immediately after resolving the first successful ranged attack made by target friendly Cygnar model this turn, the model may make an additional ranged attack without spending a focus point targeting another model in LOS and within 4" of the original target. This attack is made with the same weapon and does not count against the weapon's ROF.

Reflection 2 6 - - X

When target friendly Cygnar warjack is directly hit by an enemy ranged or magic attack, roll a d6. On a roll of 4-6, the attack misses, after which this spell expires. The warjack's controller may immediately select a new legal target for the attack within the warjack's LOS and within a number of inches equal to the distance from the attacker to the warjack. The warjack's controller then makes an attack roll of 2d6 plus Caine's FOC against the target. If the new target is hit, it suffers the effects of the original attack.

TASIS 2 6 - X

Target friendly model/unit cannot be knocked down or made stationary. Affected models suffer –2 DEF.

TRUE SHOT 2 SELF - - X

When making Spellstorm Pistol attacks, Caine ignores Camouflage, concealment, and

REFLECTION (SPELL) – Reflection does not change the nature of the attack. Even though the reflected attack is resolved using Caine's FOC,

Stealth. Caine's Spellstorm Pistol attacks may be considered magic attacks instead of ranged attacks, but use Caine's RAT instead of his FOC to resolve the attack rolls.

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GRENADIER CYGNAR LIGHT WARJACK



Field Allowance

Victory Points 2
Base Size Medium

Неі**снт/Wеіснт:** 8'5" / 2.8 tons

Armament: Grenade Launcher (left arm), Mattock (right arm)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 75 kg / 10hrs general, 1.5 hrs combat

GRENADIER

DIG IN (*ACTION) - The Grenadier may dig a hasty battle position into the ground, gaining cover (+4 DEF) and +4 ARM. The Grenadier remains dug in until it moves or is engaged. The Grenadier cannot dig into solid rock or man-made constructions. The Grenadier may begin the game dug in.

GRENADE LAUNCHER

ARCING FIRE - When attacking with the Grenade Launcher, the Grenadier may ignore intervening models except those that would normally screen the target.

MANUAL RELOAD - The Grenadier may make one additional Grenade Launcher ranged attack without spending a focus point for each Trencher model in base-to-base contact with it, up to a maximum of two. These additional attacks do not count against the Grenade Launcher's ROF.

Маттоск

POWERFUL CHARGE - When making a charge attack with the Mattock, the Grenadier gains +2 to its attack roll.

Tempered amid the relentless firefights, muddy trenches, and waterlogged foxholes riddling the hostile ground between Northguard and Ravensgard, the Grenadier has proven a worthy addition

It'll be a hard rain in Sul once Siege gets his bands on a dozen of these.

—Master Sergeant Heller Worthblade of the 31st Trenchers "Raven Eaters" after witnessing the Grenadier in action in the trenches of Northguard.

to the battlefield since its hasty deployment in 605 AR. This warjack is a welcome companion among Trenchers, and the combined power of warjack and Trencher working in unison has become a devastating partnership. The warjack adds to the Trencher's battery of arms, and the steaming vents of the 'jack's furnace provides much needed warmth to cold hands in the dank earthen ditches serving as a gravedigger's shelter.

The Grenadier shares the same undercarriage as the Hunter, but it sacrifices the high-powered boiler and long range gun for heavier armored plate and a weapon more apt for dealing with enemy troopers under hard cover. Highly mobile, the 'jack lacks long-range performance but retains the ability to advance in combat swiftly. Only slightly heavier than the Hunter, the Grenadier is easily able to stay step-instep with the hardest pressed Trencher advances.

Wielding a massive mattock capable of ripping through
thick armored plate, the muck-covered 'jack
easily tears up great clods of earth to
dig makeshift emplacements rapidly.
Nestled into a rough and muddy pit,
the Grenadier's low profile makes for

the Grenadier's low profile makes for a hard target amid the farrow spikes and foxholes.

Its most potent weapon in the field is the grenade launcher that lobs deadly shell grenades onto the battlefield. Trained to coordinate with the warjack, Trenchers have learned to work the firing mechanism on the Grenadier's launcher in tandem. While the 'jack zeroes in on multiple targets, the launcher is fed grenades by fire teams until their fingers singe with heat and effort. For those sad few who survive such a brutal barrage, there is often a moment of brief silence, a reprieve ending with the roaring battle cry of those same valiant Trenchers bringing bayonets to bear, trudging through mud and blood, and closing in for the kill.



HAMMERSMITH CYGNAR HEAVY WARJACK

Give me a few of those when I'm knocking on Voyle's door. —Major Markus "Siege" Brisbane

HAMMERSMITH

CHAIN ATTACK - CLOBBER - If the Hammersmith has both arm systems functional and hits with both of its initial Hammer attacks against the same target during the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target. If the attack succeeds, the target suffers no damage but is immediately pushed d3" directly away from the Hammersmith. A pushed model moves at half rate in rough terrain and stops if it comes in contact with an obstacle, obstruction, or a model with an equal or larger-sized base. The pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. Immediately after the pushed model is moved, the Hammersmith may move up to

There is an old saying among mechaniks—with fewer moving parts, less will go wrong. As war continues to rage, warjacks on every side of the conflict become increasingly dependant on repairs. Supply lines are less reliable everyday, and front line military commanders are concerned about finding their tactical options limited by faulty systems. Enter the extremely reliable troop-crushing, metal-buckling Hammersmith.

Although built on the same chassis as the Centurion, the Hammersmith takes the phrase "an unstoppable force" to a completely different level. Gone are the intricately mechanized armaments; massive twin Forge Hammers have replaced them. The Forge Hammers are direct, almost brutish weapons clearly designed for pounding metal—and anything else in their path—as flat as the farmlands of the Eastern Midlunds. They are capable of rocking even the heaviest warjack back on its heels and then pressing that advantage for everything its worth. Every titanic blow from the heavy 'jack pushes its foe back as the Hammersmith keeps striding forward to strike again and again in a cacophonous rhythm that sounds like an ironworker shaping metal. At the end of the deafening sequence, the Hammersmith rears back and delivers one final resounding attack that violently knocks its enemy out of close quarters.

Many a Cygnaran trooper has been heard giving thanks to Sambert—Ascendant of Morrow and patron of Smiths—after having his bacon pulled out of the fire by the mighty advance of a Hammersmith. As the forces of western Immoren continue to clash, the simple but devastating power of this monstrous warjack will help turn the tide of war in Cygnar's favor.

the distance the pushed model was moved directly toward the center of the pushed model. The Hammersmith may make melee attacks after following up.

HAMMERS

BEAT BACK - When the Hammersmith makes a successful Hammer attack against a model, its target may be pushed I" directly away from the Hammersmith immediately after the attack is resolved. A pushed model moves at half rate in rough terrain and stops if it collides with an obstacle, obstruction, or a model with an equal or larger-sized base. The pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. Immediately after the target model is moved, the Hammersmith may move up to I" directly toward the center of the pushed model. The Hammersmith may make melee attacks after following up.





RANGERS CYGNAR UNIT

Swift Sergeant Cmd 8

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 7
 5
 7
 7
 14
 11

Scout

 $\frac{C}{A}$ DV

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 7
 5
 6
 6
 14
 11





Leader and 5 Troops 62
Field Allowance 1

Victory Points

Base Size Sma

SWIFT SERGEANT

LEADER

Unit

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT - Place Rangers after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

CAMOUFLAGE - A Ranger gains an additional +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.

CLOAK - While within 3" of a Ranger, friendly models gain Camouflage.

MARK TARGET (*ACTION) - Each activation, one Ranger in the unit can mark a target model within 12" and LOS. The Ranger's controller may immediately measure the distance from the target model to any one friendly Cygnar model in play. When attacking the marked model with AOE ranged attacks this round, friendly Cygnar models gain +2 to their attack rolls.

PATHFINDER - A Ranger ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. A Ranger may charge across rough terrain.

Our unit slipped through their lines and signaled to the defenders on the ridge. Those Khadoran bastards didn't even hear the shells coming.

—Swift Sergeant Codley Werthbell

SIGNAL - At the start of the game, the Rangers' controller may designate one friendly Cygnar unit to be left off the table instead of being deployed normally. Only one unit may be designated regardless of the number of Ranger units in the army. This player may put the designated unit into play during any of his Control Phases. The models must be placed within 3" of a table edge and a friendly Ranger or within 3" of the rear edge of his deployment zone. Models in the unit must be placed in formation. The placed models may only advance and must forfeit their actions the turn they are put into play.

TRAIL BLAZER - While within 3" of a Ranger, friendly models ignore movement penalties from rough terrain but cannot charge, slam, or trample across rough terrain.

TACTICAL TIPS

Signal. – Even if the Rangers are destroyed or removed from play, the Cygnar player always has the option to place the designated models at the rear of his deployment zone.

Silent sentinels at the edge of Cygnar's borders, Rangers stalk the fringes of Cygnaran territory carrying little more than their rifles, cloaks, and kits. Deep in the Thornwood, in the wastes of the Bloodstone Marches, and on the remote sandy shores of the Broken Coast, Rangers have died nameless deaths keeping Cygnar safe. Now as war presses upon the nation's borders with the weight of a warjack's fist, these scouts have become a deadly instrument of the Cygnaran military.

Cunning, resourcefulness, and decisive action are the traits that make a Cygnaran Ranger. Expert scouts and marksmen, these elite troops blaze through the most remote terrain. Picked from the toughest and smartest the military has to offer, the Rangers are trained by the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service in methods of survival, stealth, and secret communications.

Rangers can deploy for weeks at a time, even months if need be, without visiting a fortress or supply depot. These lightly armed and armored soldiers tear through thickets and underbrush quicker than most can run across level ground. Ideal guides through harsh terrain, they have escorted entire offensives through hostile territory and are capable of taking an army of the heaviest warjacks through the most treacherous of passes without worry. Rangers are trained to blend into the terrain, and they use underbrush and uneven ground to their advantage, relying on camouflage as a shield against even the most skilled marksman's eye.

Each ranger carries an array of equipment designed to signal and convey information as well as complex cartographic maps of incredible accuracy. With mirrors, sophisticated optics, and the reckoning of skilled eyes, Rangers can identify

distances with unerring precision and signal enemy positions to waiting forces.

Whether functioning as covert strike forces, guides, or forward observers, the Rangers prove useful in a variety of roles. Versatility adds to their value, and the scout general of Cygnaran Reconnaissance is eager to see more in service. Ranger recruits are being hand picked at a steady pace, and scores of ranger task forces have been added to detachments throughout Cygnar.



STORM LANCES

CYGNAR CAVALRY UNIT



-Storm Lance Credo

The earth-shuddering charge of Storm Lances is an aweinspiring vision of precision in motion. The knights pound into the enemy without remorse and are bound within a corona of crackling energy. The rippling surge of thundering hooves and weaponry shifts like a single living thing while bolts of volatile electrical power arc into the enemy.

As the tip of the Cygnaran spear, the Storm Lances aim themselves fearlessly at the enemy while their electro lances flicker in promise of the tumult to come. The Storm Lance credo has become synonymous with Lord Commander Stryker's Storm Division, and alongside Stormblade and Stormguard they serve as a symbol of Cygnar's desire to crush those who threaten its sovereign peace.

Uniting the galvanic power of the storm chamber with the tactical practicality of the cavalry lance, the armor-clad knights use their warhorses to bear them into battle amid a haze of voltaic might. Bearing electro-lances bestowed with the power of lightning, the Storm Lances are another confirmation of the superior technology and innovative spirit of the Cygnaran people brought to bear upon the nation's enemies.

Up close their elite training exemplifies discipline in the most heated of battles. Even when faced with massive opposition, the Storm Lance knight fearlessly drives his mount into combat where he crushes soldiers beneath deadly hooves, impales metal-clad 'jacks, and slashes men, machines, and the undying with the blade-guards of the lance. However, the reach of a Storm Lance is not limited to the weapon

LIEUTENANT

ELECTRICAL FIELD (ORDER) - Every Storm Lance who receives this order must advance. After the Storm Lances end their movement, enemy models crossed by any line that can be drawn between the bases of two Storm Lances who received the order and are within 3" of each other suffer a POW 10 damage roll. An enemy model may only suffer the effects of Electrical Field once per

FRONTAL ASSAULT (ORDER) - Every Storm Lance who receives this order may charge an eligible target or run. When a Storm Lance damages a target with a charge attack, he may immediately make a POW 12 damage roll against the target. This additional damage roll is caused by the Electro Bolt.

LEADER

Unit

FEARLESS - A Storm Lance never flees.

ELECTRO BOLT

POWER UP - When a Storm Lance advances or charges, he gains +2 to Electro Bolt damage rolls. Power Up lasts for one round.

ELECTRO LANCE

BRUTAL CHARGE - A Storm Lance gains +2 to Electro Lance charge attack damage rolls.

FIXED CHARGE - If a Storm Lance has charged at least 3", his Electro Lance has 2" melee range until the end of the activation.

Lieutenant

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 8 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 13 | 17

STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 7 5 13 17



Electro Bolt



Electro Lance Multi 7 13



Mount

Lieutenant's Damage **Knight's Damage** Leader & 2 Troops Up to 2 Additional Troops 28ea Field Allowance **Victory Points** Base Size

TACTICAL TIPS

ELECTRICAL FIELD ORDER - Don't forget to make your normal attacks after cutting through the ranks of the enemy with electrical field

FRONTAL ASSAULT ORDER - Remember Power Up adds to Frontal Assault Electro Bolt damage rolls.

he wields. A discharging lance can strike at a distance to rip through troops at range with deadly effectiveness.

Using the resonance of storm chambers to synchronize electrical fields, the knights form an electrical charge between the heavily insulated riders. This crackling barrier is deadly to anyone caught between the knights as they ride.



With incredible mobility Storm Lances furiously ride down the enemy. There is little living, undead, or mechanikal stalking the battlefields of the Iron Kingdoms that can withstand a Storm Lance assault. With pride the Storm Lances stand true to their credo, show no mercy to the enemies of Cygnar, and bring the wrath of the storm where they ride.



STORMGUARD CYGNAR UNIT

Sergeant Cmd

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 5
 6
 8
 5
 13
 15

Guard Cmd 6

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 5
 6
 7
 4
 13
 15





Leader and 5 Troops 68 Up to 4 Additional Troops 10ea

Field Allowance 2
Victory Points 2

Base Size Small

SERGEANT

LEADER

Unit

COMBINED MELEE ATTACK – Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more Stormguards in melee range of the same target may combine their attacks. In order to participate in a combined melee attack, a Stormguard must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. The Stormguard with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack roll for the group and gains +1 to the attack and damage rolls for each Stormguard, including himself, participating in the attack.

FEARLESS - A Stormguard never flees.

RANKED ATTACK – A Stormguard may make melee attacks through intervening Stormguard models in the same unit.

NEXUS GENERATOR (SERGEANT ONLY)

ELECTRIC DISCHARGE – After all models in the Stormguard unit have completed their actions, the Sergeant may make one Electric Discharge ranged

attack if he is not engaged. The Electric Discharge attack has RNG 6, AOE 3, and POW 6. Add +I RNG and POW for each model in the unit in open formation with the

When we rushed for the kill, a wall of halberds marched from the smoke to intercept. We were holding our own until our formation exploded in a flash of lightning and deafening thunder.

—Iron Fang survivor of a border skirmish near Fellig

Sergeant who made a successful melee attack during this activation, including the Sergeant. Friendly Stormguards in the AOE never suffer damage from an Electric Discharge attack.

ELECTRO LEAP – After a successful Nexus Generator melee attack, lightning may are to the closest non-Stormguard model within 4". The model suffers a POW 10 damage roll.

REACH – 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE – The Sergeant gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from his front arc.

VOLTAIC HALBERD (GUARD ONLY)

ELECTRO LEAP – After a successful Voltaic Halberd melee attack, lightning may are to the closest non-Stormguard model within 4". The model suffers a POW 10 damage roll.

REACH - 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE – The Stormguard gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from his front arc.

The Stormguard march to war darkening the air around them with the promise of an electrical reckoning. Each is a master of the Voltaic Halberd, a mechanikal polearm constructed to hack through flesh and steel while torrents of energy leap deep into the ranks of the enemy. Every halberd strike by the Stormguard charges their sergeant's Nexus Generator, a weapon of electric wrath that hums with the accumulated

power. As it charges it fills the air with the smell of ozone and sends tongues of electricity across the armor of the gathered soldiers in the sergeant's unit. He can then unleash the coiled potential in a lightning strike that blasts apart enemy formations.

Stormguard train at Fort Falk where they endure endless grueling formation drills under the oversight of lightning-scarred sergeants. Each Stormguard knows his life depends on the men next to him, and as a result they fight as one. Stormguard are so proficient with their halberds that they are capable of landing telling blows from back ranks over the heads of their brothers. The Stormguard are deployed to hold strategic positions or shore up exposed flanks where they carve apart anything foolish enough to stand in their way.

hardened men are living symbols of
Cygnaran advances in the science
of war. King Leto trusts his own
safety to their protection and has
recently ordered more of their number to take to the
front lines. The sight of the Stormguard inspires common
soldiers and reminds them of their king's admiration
and support.

Like their brothers in arms, the Stormblades, these

Long Gunner Officer & Standard Bearer

CYGNAR LONG GUNNER UNIT ATTACHMENT

Lay it down thick boys. Any sod coming through will weigh a few pounds extra!

—Lieutenant Decker Hammond at the battle of Fisher's Vale

LIEUTENANT

OFFICER - The Long Gunner Lieutenant is the unit leader.

SUPPRESSING FIRE (ORDER) - Every Long Gunner in the skirmish formation group containing the Lieutenant must forfeit his action. Place an AOE completely within 14" and LOS of the Long Gunner Lieutenant. The size of the AOE is based on the number of Long Gunners following the Suppressing Fire order within 14" of the AOE, not counting the Standard Bearer. If 2-4 Long Gunners participate, place a 3" AOE. If 5-7 Long Gunners participate, place a 4" AOE. If 8 or more Long Gunners participate, place a 5" AOE. The Lieutenant cannot participate in a Suppressing Fire order by himself. When an enemy model moves into or ends its activation within the AOE, it suffers a POW 10 damage roll. Suppressing Fire lasts for one round or until all participating Long Gunners have been removed from the table.

TACTICS: RANKING FIRE - Long Gunners may ignore intervening models in their unit when drawing LOS.

The massed firepower of the long gunner is a hallmark of Cygnaran battle tactics, and none are so well acquainted with the strengths of the long gunner as the veteran officers assigned to lead these riflemen into battle. The long gunner lieutenant lends confidence and tactical experience to any group of riflemen lucky to serve with him. With a determined glare and a hawk's eye for his target, the stalwart officer has earned his commission in bullets and blood. Respect for these men is instantaneous among the ranks.

Most lieutenants are seasoned soldiers promoted to command platoons in the field. With advanced tactical training, expert eyes, and veteran's wiles, the officers usually have enough combat experience to exceed the collective proficiency of the new recruits that serve as their charge in battle. Long gunner replacements constantly funnel into the ranks, so these skilled officers must make up for a lot of green experience and eager trigger fingers.

Accompanying the lieutenant is the standard bearer, a courageous enlisted man chosen to walk into battle with a blade and a banner, trading in his rifle for the platoon's war standard. Shouting battle cries, the bearer keeps morale high and serves as a stalwart example to his fellow gunners. When the enemy closes dangerously close, the ranks will retreat under his signal to wage war at a comfortable distance since their weaponry is ill suited to the rough exchange of melee. Should he fall, another will take his place eager to keep the ranks rallied.

Peppering tactical points on the battlefield with a barrage of gunfire, long gunners mark their commander's aim well. Yelling orders at the top of his lungs to be heard over the reports of the repeaters, the lieutenant directs the aim and focus of their volleys. Following his mark and aiming upon distant

UNIT ABILITIES - The Lieutenant has Long Gunner unit abilities.

STANDARD BEARER

FALL BACK - Once per game, the Standard Bearer may use Fall Backduring his activation. During this activation each model in the Standard Bearer's unit may make a ranged attack before moving. After attacking, Long Gunners may advance normally but cannot perform actions afterwards.

UNIT STANDARD - Models in the Long Gunner unit do not flee while the Standard Bearer remains in play. When the Standard Bearer suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, a non-leader trooper of his unit within I" of the Standard Bearer may take up the standard. Remove the trooper model from the table and replace it with the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced trooper are applied to the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Standard Bearer expire. If the Standard Bearer is not replaced, the unit must immediately pass a command check or flee.

REPEATING LONG GUN (LIEUTENANT ONLY)

Lieutenant's Damage 5
Point Cost 29
Field Allowance 1
Victory Points +1
Base Size Small

targets, the long gunners can deny the enemy whole portions of the battlefield with a storm of bullets. Anyone trying to charge through the bullet-riddled lane claimed by long gunners often earns a blackpenny in the forehead for his troubles.





TRENCHER OFFICER & SHARPSHOOTER

CYGNAR TRENCHER UNIT ATTACHMENT

<u>Lieutenant</u> Cmd 9 SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 6 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 13 | 13 **Sharpshooter** SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 6 6 7 13 13 **Military Rifle Scoped Rifle** Bayonet 3 9 Point Cost **Field Allowance** Victory Points

LIEUTENANT

ASSAULT & BATTERY (ORDER) - Every Trencher who receives this order may make one ranged attack, after which he must charge or run. The ranged attack is made before declaring a charge target.

BAYONET CHARGE (ORDER) - Every Trencher who receives this order may charge an eligible target or run, firing his rifle as he closes. As part of the charge, after moving, the Trencher makes a ranged attack followed by a charge attack with his bayonet. A Trencher is not considered to be in melee when making the Bayonet Charge's ranged attack.

CAUTIOUS ADVANCE - Once per game, the Lieutenant may use Cautious Advance during his activation. During this activation every model in the Lieutenant's unit may advance, Dig In, and perform a combat action.

'JACK MARSHAL (I) - The Trencher Lieutenant may start the game controlling one Cygnar warjack. The Trencher Lieutenant has a marshalling range equal to his CMD in inches. If a controlled warjack is in the Trencher Lieutenant's marshalling range, it can run, charge, or boost an attack or damage roll once per activation. If the Trencher Lieutenant is destroyed or removed from play, the warjack under his control does not become inert. The Trencher Lieutenant may reactivate one inert friendly Cygnar warjack per turn in the same manner as a warcaster.

The reactivated warjack comes under his control unless he already controls one other warjack.

Straight out of training, pound for pound there's no soldier in the Cygnaran Army as tough and battle-ready as a Trencher. However, no matter how grueling the conditioning, nothing prepares a soldier for the reality of front-line battle. Only time and experience uncover the man who can dig in under heavy fire and keep his edge for weeks of unrelenting tension when food and ammunition run low. The lives of many of these soldiers end in wet ditches cloaked in smoke as they clutch their military rifles.

Those who survive are bumped from private to corporal. After a couple years of service, a corporal with Nothing teaches leadership faster than losing good men. Our first priority is the destruction of the enemy, but the safety of the men is critical. Every man we keep alive is another who can fight tomorrow. When men die, it's the officer's responsibility.

—Captain Maxwell Finn

OFFICER - The Trencher Lieutenant is the unit leader.

SMOKE ASSAULT (ORDER) - Every Trencher who receives this order may perform a Smoke Bomb special action and then either make a Bayonet Charge or run. Ignore Smoke Bomb cloud effects placed this activation when declaring

SHARPSHOOTER

SNIPER - When damaging a warjack, the Trencher Sharpshooter's controller chooses which column takes the damage. When damaging a warbeast, the Trencher Sharpshooter's controller chooses which branch takes the damage. After a successful ranged attack, the Trencher Sharpshooter may automatically inflict one damage point instead of making a damage roll. The Sharpshooter cannot use the Sniper ability during a combined ranged attack.

UNIT ABILITIES - The Trencher Lieutenant and Sharpshooter have Trencher

MILITARY RIFLE (LIEUTENANT ONLY)

SCOPED RIFLE (SHARPSHOOTER ONLY)

the warrior spirit may become a sergeant and lead a squad. Many a capable soldier has proudly ended his career with a sergeant's stripe. Lifers demonstrating considerable ability to lead men and coordinate larger teams might earn an officer commission. In times of peace, this requires going to the Strategic Academy for a crash course in logistics, strategy, doctrines of war, and vitally important training to command warjacks. In the heat of war such men are often field promoted to replace a lieutenant killed in action. With education hard won in the trenches, they let their bayonet do the talking straight into the chest of an enemy, and they take only short reprieves for officer training after the heat dies down. Trencher lieutenants lead platoons of up to fifty soldiers, together comprising the Trencher companies that hold the line across Cygnar's borders.

Snipers are a respected specialty chosen from those who demonstrate exceptional skill and marksmanship. Sharpshooters are selected by their commanding officers to be sent to the nearest sizable field base or garrison for additional training which develops their natural talent and teaches the use of expensive scopes to improve accuracy. These rifles use special ammunition which is more accurate at longer

ranges but strike with less impact. Squads with sharpshooters are powerful assets in the field that whittle away an enemy before the squad closes to lay down concentrated fire or make a bayonet charge.

TRENCHER GRENADE PORTER

CYGNAR TRENCHER SPECIAL WEAPON ATTACHMENT

It's a bomb I can fire from my rifle? Can I have two?

—Trencher corporal assigned to escort a grenade porter

Explosive grenades have been in use by Cygnar for decades, but these complicated, heavy, and unwieldy weapons have not been greeted with enormous enthusiasm. Old grenades relied upon a gear-based timing mechanism which was easily damaged in transit or when the weapon was thrown. Half the time the mix of blasting powders would explode early and tear the hapless soldier apart, or they would land by the enemy and keep on ticking, never mixing powders at all. The Trenchers were content with their simple but effective smoke grenades and relied on their military rifles and bayonets to do the killing.

Recent improvements by demolitions engineers at Point Bourne have provided a simple and elegant solution. The genius engineering design creates a grenade attachment extension that allows the grenades to be affixed to the barrel of a rifle. The gun makes use of rapidly expanding gasses from combustion to launch the grenade as a projectile at a surprising range. Smaller and sleeker, these grenades utilize a smaller quantity of fine grade blasting powder which is expensive but enables a powerful blast. They rely on an impact trigger to mix the powders and provide a highly reliable explosion of flesh and armor-tearing shrapnel.

Since the grenade only has to arrive at its point of impact—there is no worry about striking a vital organ or

PORTER

AMMO CARRIER - When the Porter suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, a Soldier in his unit within I" of him may take up his arms. Remove the Soldier model from the table and replace it with the Porter model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced Soldier are applied to the new Porter model. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Porter expire.

RIFLE GRENADES - Instead of attacking with a Military Rifle, the Porter and models in his unit in base-to-base contact with him may make High Explosive attacks. A High Explosive attack is a RNG 10, AOE 3, POW 11 ranged attack. A model making a High Explosive attack cannot participate in a combined ranged attack.

UNIT ABILITIES - The Trencher Grenade Porter has Trencher unit abilities.

Port	er			C	md	1
SPD 6		MAT 6	_			
8	3	Milit RNG 10	ary I ROF 1	Rifle AOE	P0W	
	7	Bayo		POW.	D.C	
8	9	SPE	JAL -	POW 3	P+S 9	
Fie	int C	lowan			16	
	ctory ise Si		S	Si	+0 nall	

TACTICAL TIPS

Don't get wise. You cannot add a Trencher Unit Attachment to a Trencher Chain Gun Crew.

missing thickened armor—the grenades suffer no effective range reduction compared to normal rifle fire. The grenades are highly efficient explosive devices that pack a tremendous punch, but they require a higher than normal grade which is in limited supply. These devices have proven particularly useful along the northern front where they have decimating packed formations of Winter Guard and more heavily armored targets. Men chosen to be porters are selected among Trenchers with an interest in demolitions, and they are trained in the assembly and safe prepping of these explosive devices. Once the grenades are primed and ready, regular Trenchers can handle them easily to unleash considerable firepower against their enemies on the front line.





CAPTAIN MAXWELL FINN

I half believe if I sent Maxwell alone against Ravensgard he'd find a way inside. Knowing they'd kill him eventually is the only reason I've never tried!

—General Hagan Cathmore, Earl of Bloodsbane and Lord of Northguard

Captain Maxwell Finn is a fearless veteran of countless engagements. His scar-riddled skin serves as a reminder that the best officers lead from the front. Maxwell charges forward and dodges bullets to seize key strategic positions ahead of his troops, and his inspired men push themselves to emulate his example.

None of his men would ever credit it, but Maxwell Finn was once young growing up in the military town of Point Bourne. He mustered into the service as soon as he was eligible, went straight into the Trenchers, and demonstrated the stamina and strength for which he would become famous in years to come. Private Finn was a natural born soldier who chewed through every challenge his training sergeants could throw at him. He continually rose from the mud to

His brash attitude did not always endear him to his superiors, however, and during his first posting to Deepwood Tower at the age of seventeen his lieutenant hoped to humble him by making sure to reserve all of the worst duties to Maxwell. Only after enduring the tragic loss of close friends in battle did he temper his confidence and learn to lead others and preserve life wherever possible. Maxwell remembers each of his fallen friends and is able to recite battle-stories about every one of them.

There was never any doubt Maxwell Finn would be a lifer, and he made it to the rank of sergeant in record time. He was a man who could lead others in battle and see



CYGNAR TRENCHER CHARACTER SOLO

them through to safety. Sergeant Finn was reallocated to Northguard and attached to the prestigious 95th Trencher Company known as the 'Northguard Gravediggers' where he served for nearly a decade and rose to the rank of Master Sergeant. He further distinguished himself after Khador's surprise invasion of Llael, fighting with the 95th in key engagements.

One particularly notable incident occurred during the withdrawal back to Northguard. Several young soldiers got separated from the main column after a miscommunication. Master Sergeant Finn went to find them personally and found the squad taking sniper fire from a pair of Widowmakers. With half of the unit shot down and the others taking cover, Finn took matters into his own hands. Not wanting to reveal his position, he detached his trencher knife from his rifle and stalked the Widowmakers one after the other. He took a bullet in his shoulder before taking them down, and then he led the survivors five miles back to their column. He bled from his injury the entire way and did not let his wounds be treated until the dead had been recovered for burial. This event sealed the legend of Maxwell Finn and is often told to young Trenchers in training.

In the Battle of Aliston Yard, the entire 58th Infantry Battalion, to which the 95th belonged, engaged in a desperate attack to relieve Northguard. The gambit paid off, but it came at great cost—the battalion suffered staggering losses including key officers. General Hagan Cathmore visited the battalion personally to award the survivors with honors, promoted Maxwell Finn straight to Captain, and put him in charge of the 95th.

Some of the brashness and cocksure attitude never left Captain Finn as he fought on the front lines against Khador. In one battle Finn tore loose an old fixed-emplacement mini-slugger—a precursor of the chain gun too cumbersome to be wielded by most—and charged forward spraying the enemy with bullets. No one has had the courage to tell him to put it back, and now the slugger and his trusty trench knife are his weapons of choice. Under his command the 95th has become the 'goto' company to hold any flank, to shore up beleaguered forces, or to stall the enemy until reinforcements arrive. Wherever he fights, the Trenchers go eager to follow

him to hell or to glory, whichever comes first.

SPECIAL RULES

CAPTAIN FINN

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT – Place Finn after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

DIG IN (*ACTION) – Finn may dig a hasty battle position into the ground, gaining cover (+4 DEF) and +4 ARM. Finn remains dug in until he moves or is engaged. Finn cannot dig into solid rock or manmade constructions. Finn may begin the game dug in.

DODGE – Finn immediately gains +2 DEF if he moves during his activation. Dodge lasts for one round or until Finn digs in.

FEARLESS - Finn never flees.

FIELD PROMOTION – Once per activation, Finn may promote a Soldier in a friendly Trencher unit that has had its Sergeant destroyed or removed from play. That Soldier must be within a number of inches of Finn equal to Finn's current CMD. Replace the promoted model with a Trencher Sergeant model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced Soldier are applied to the new Sergeant.

SMOKE BOMBS (*ACTION) – Finn may place a Smoke Bomb anywhere within 3" of himself. A Smoke Bomb creates a 3" AOE cloud effect that remains in play for one round.

TOUGH – When Finn suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, Finn is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If Finn is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound.

VETERAN LEADER – Friendly Trencher troopers gain +2 MAT and RAT while Finn is within their LOS. WET WORK – When Finn makes a melee attack, he may make one melee attack roll against every opponent within melee range. When making a melee attack, Finn's front arc extends 360°. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the target's special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. After a successful melee attack targeting a warrior model, Finn may automatically inflict one damage point instead of making a damage roll.

MINI-SLUGGER

STRAFE (D3) – A single attack with the Mini-Slugger has the potential to hit the target and several nearby models. First, make a normal ranged attack roll against an eligible target. If the initial attack hits, roll a d3 to determine the number of additional attacks the initial attack generates, then allocate those attacks among the original target and any models within 2" of it, ignoring intervening models when determining line of sight. Each model may be targeted by more than one attack but cannot be targeted by more attacks than the initial target. Make separate ranged attack and damage rolls for each Strafe attack generated. A model is ineligible to become a new target if it has a special rule preventing it from being targeted or if the attacker's line of sight is completely blocked by terrain.



CTG RAR







Captain Allister Caine
~ Epic Warcaster ~





Captain Maxwell Finn ~ Character Solo ~











Long Gunner Officer & Standard Bearer \sim Unit Attachement \sim

CYGNARAN ARMY STRUCTURE

The Cygnaran Army is arguably the most disciplined, best trained, and best armed military in western Immoren with a long tradition of excellence. It has earned a reputation for defeating its enemies even while outnumbered, and it emphasizes quality over quantity. The army has undergone constant evolution over the decades to incorporate gains from industrialization and mechanika.

The fast shipping and travel made possible by the railroad network has changed the nature of the army and its ability to respond to threats. Cygnar is a large kingdom with cities separated by both distance and formidable geographical barriers like the Wyrmwall Mountains, and the railway enables better contact between these regions and allows the military to keep abreast of threats.

The railway does not reach every city though, and reinforcements require time to muster, equip, and be sent to the war front. Caspian soldiers en route to the Thornwood war front can only take the train part of the way, and they must disembark for a long march through forest and swamp to reach their destination. Similarly, soldiers in Ceryl reassigned to Highgate must undertake a dangerous ship voyage along the Broken Coast where they anticipate attack by Cryxian pirates at any time. Nonetheless, the delay of reports from any war theater to Caspia has been reduced, enabling the king and warmaster general to stay up to date and manage the juggling act of force allocation.

Cygnar's forces are divided into four armies to defend its extensive borders from hostile enemies. The First Army, sometimes referred to as the 'Northern Army', the 'Thornwood Army', or the 'Northwatch', defends the border with Khador and has historically seen the most combat. Until 605 AR, this army included soldiers rotated out of Llael's western border fortresses as well as those posted to Northguard, Deepwood Tower, and the fortified city of Fellig. The majority of the army is comprised of hardened Trenchers and seasoned long gunners supported by heavy infantry including both Sword and Storm Knights and a smaller complement of reconnaissance scouts. The First Army suffered substantial losses during the invasion of Llael but has received steady reinforcements and soldiers fresh from recruitment and training. The First Army boasts the largest number of Cygnar's front line warjacks, but many are older 'battle-tested' warjacks, some with decades of service.

The Second Army, often called the 'Caspian Army', the 'Eastern Army', or the 'Black River Army', defends the eastern border and maintains a large garrison at the capital and smaller forces at Fort Falk, Eastwall, and Corvis. This army has inadequate defenders to patrol the entire border, so it relies on natural barriers like the Black River and the Bloodstone Marches to discourage incursions. The army instead focuses on the most likely points of invasion. While relying on a backbone of long gunners and Trenchers, the Second Army includes heavy infantry and cavalry including Storm Knights and veteran Sword Knights, many originating as the vassals and personal guard of nobles sitting on the Cygnaran Royal Assembly. With the Cygnaran Armory in Caspia, the Second Army boasts substantial warjack support and often serves as the testing ground for new chassis and weapon designs. The recent promotion of Lord Commander Stryker caused the upper ranks of the Second Army considerable confusion and adjustment as the army was restructured to focus on the siege of Sul under Lord Stryker's direct command. The generals and lord generals are still acclimating to these changes and have had to bite their tongue about the unusual situation.

Cygnar's Third Army, called 'Southern Army,' the 'Army of Highgate', or the 'Wyrmwall Defenders', is posted at Highgate and is responsible for guarding the southern shores from Cryxian attacks. Given the nature of Cryxian raids and their ability to strike and vanish with little warning, their duty has always been a challenge. The Third Army has been forced to send seasoned veterans to other theaters of war, particularly north to fight against Khador. Despite its smaller size, the Third Army has a proud and esteemed tradition of excellence, and all of Cygnar's citizens admire these brave men and women who fight the terrors of Cryx almost daily. No other army works as closely with the Cygnaran Navy. The admirals of the southern fleet stationed at Highgate answer directly to Lord General Gollan in addition to obeying their lord admiral—an unusual but effective arrangement.

The Third Army represents one of the most mixed forces in Cygnar. Although it lacks cavalry, its companies include Trenchers, long gunners, knights, and scouts with considerable support from Morrowan paladins and battle-chaplains as well as arcanists from a variety of backgrounds, including skilled gun mages and mechaniks. The Knights



Cygnaran Military Structure



Soldiers: 455,000 Warmaster General Olson Turpin **Cygnaran Navy**

3 Fleets

Cygnaran Reconaissance Service

Lord **Commander** Coleman Stryker

General Deckley often heeds Duke Dergeral before Warmaster Turpin

Duke Mayhew Dergeral, Ceryl

First Army

Khadoran Border Soldiers: 195,000

Lord General Olan Duggan, Duke

The 6th Division falls directly under Lord Commander Stryker's command but draws soldiers from the Second Army.



Second Army

Eastern Border

Soldiers: 150,000

3 Divisions

Lord General Wiggin Heltser Viscount



Third Army Cryxian Border

Soldiers: 80,000

2 Divisions

Lord General Vincent Gollan, Earl



Fourth Army

Ordic Border (Cervi)

Soldiers: 30.000 1 Divisions

General Gralen Deckley, Viscount

1et Division

6 Brigade:

Division

Division

Division

10th **Division**

General Galt Langworth, Earl

Storm Division (6th)

Besieging Su

10 Brigade

Division

Soldiers: 25,000 3 Brigades eneral Alai

12th **Division**

Soldiers: 30,000

Eb

9th **Division**

Soldiers: 55.000

4 Brigades

3 Brigades

14th

Division

11th Division

Soldiers: 30,000

3 Brigades (Above)

18th

21st Brigade Soldiers: 9,000 4 Regiments

22nd **Brigade** 23rd Brigade

25th oldiers: 10,000 4 Regiments

26th Brigade ioldiers: 10,000 4 Regiments 29th Brigade

30th oldiers: 10,00 4 Regiments 32nd

33rd Brigade Brigade

Each brigade is led by a commander

Regiment Heavy Infantry Soldiers: 2,700 3 Battalions

Regiment

Heavy Infantry Soldiers: 2,700 3 Battalions

80th Regiment

Heavy Infantry Includes the King's Hailstorm Soldiers: 3,000 3 Battalions

82nd Regiment

Heavy Calvary Soldiers: 600 2 Battalions

Each regiment is led by a colonel

16th Heavy Infantry

Battalion Soldiers: 900 3 Companies

18th **Heavy Infantry Battalion**

Soldiers: 900 3 Companies

19th Heavy Infantry Battalion

Soldiers: 900 3 Companies

Each battalion is led by a major

31st Storm (night Company "The Storm

Chasers"
Stormblades,
Storm Lances,
Stormclad
Soldiers: 250
6 Platoons

32nd Storm

Stormblades, Soldiers: 350

21st Sword Knight

Centurio Soldiers: 300 6 Platoons

Each company is led by a captain

1st Platoon

Stormblades. Stormclad

2nd Platoon

Stormblades Soldiers: 47

3rd Platoon

Stormblades Soldiers: 57

5th Platoon

Stormblades Soldiers: 56

6th Platoon

Storm Lances Soldiers: 30

Each platoon is led by a lieutenant

Cygnaran Army Structure

of the Highgate Vigil embody this eclectic and prestigious brotherhood that counts Scout General Bolden Rebald among their number. The Third Army relies more on light rather than heavy warjacks since they are more easily deployed from ships.

The smallest and least esteemed army is Cygnar's Fourth, also called the 'Western Army' or the 'Dragon's Tongue Army'. Many of them are stationed at Fort Balton near Ceryl. This reserve army is assigned to defend the Ordic border and protect against bandit attacks as well as raids by unscrupulous and sometimes bloodthirsty mercenary companies exploiting the Dragon's Tongue River trade. The Fourth has come under scrutiny for not responding promptly to requests to send soldiers to the front. The majority of these soldiers are proud and skilled patriots, but they are beholden to the dictates of their officers and General Deckley who favors the Duke of Thuria over the warmaster general. The soldiers of the Fourth Army are mostly long gunners with a smaller complement of Trenchers, several notable companies of Sword Knights, and a respected branch of scouts. Proportionately fewer warjacks are allocated to this army, and it has made due with older chassis predating the Scharde Invasions.

Enlistment in Cygnar's military has traditionally been voluntary except for the occasional use of penal troops even under the otherwise despotic reign of King Vinter IV. This remains effective even while multiple enemies beleaguer Cygnar, for Cygnar has received strong support from patriotic young volunteers. There are actually more volunteers than Cygnar's training system can handle, and there have been considerable efforts to expand all facilities, including calling on former officers to rejoin and provide instruction. Anyone who has ever worn the Cygnus has been asked to pick up his old uniform and lend a hand. Many of these men and women are not formally recognized within a standing army but are essential to train reinforcements for the front.

Most soldiers enter service as privates and are sent to any of the many training facilities where their capabilities are put to the test and they undergo basic drills and weapons training. The largest proportion of these recruits find themselves assigned as long gunners although it takes time before they can be properly equipped and stationed to an active service unit. Those who show the stamina, strength, and will to endure are slated to the Trenchers to endure even more extensive and grueling training. Some few may find their way into other specialized groups such as the Reconnaissance Service, or with proven skill they may be slated for support companies such as supply and field

mechaniks. The largest training facilities for infantry are Caspia, Point Bourne, Highgate, Fort Falk, Fort Balton, and Stonebridge Castle.

Not every man or woman who signs up for the uniform will see actual combat. The army relies on a large number of individuals to ensure ammunition is produced and cased, weapons are boxed up and shipped, and uniforms, boots, food, and water are supplied to the trenches. These support teams are absolutely vital, and the men and women serving in this fashion are given full respect. They are also still trained and able to fight since supply lines can be attacked or cut off, and even a training garrison away from the front lines might come under surprise attacks by the enemy. This is particularly true in northern Cygnar where Cryxian, Protectorate, and Khadoran forces have occasionally penetrated well past the borders on specific missions.

Some who volunteer for military service do not make the cut. These individuals are encouraged to enter militia service in a township or city and provide additional reinforcements if war comes to that region. Historically these militia forces have served as recruitment grounds for the military, and it is not uncommon for military officers to inspect a town militia or guard looking for promising recruits.

Privates who serve well may be promoted to corporal, the second lowest rank in the army, They are given oversight of a team of two or three privates and assigned as part of a six to ten man squad commanded by a sergeant. Sergeant is the highest normal enlisted rank, and many soldiers serve an entire lifetime of military service at this scale. There are several ranks of sergeants, and some are specific to certain branches such as the prestigious Swift Sergeants of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service. In 598 AR King Leto initiated reforms enabling several grades of sergeant with appropriate increases in pay to represent long and notable service.

Gaining an officer's commission requires admission into officer training, which can be facilitated by noble birth or influential family connections. Officers must undergo considerably more education and training than regular enlisted soldiers, and it often comes at a price. Those entering service as officers are generally of middle to upper class and able to pay tuition at either branches of the Strategic Academy—one in Point Bourne and the other in Caspia. The Strategic Academy also handles the training of certain specialists for the army such as battle-ready wizards, alchemists who will assist in the production of ammunition, arcane and field mechaniks, Stormsmiths, and Gun Mages. The latter join the Tempest Academy as members of the Order of the Arcane Tempest, an exclusive fellowship under the general umbrella of the S.A.

Though securing a commission is the only way to start service as an officer, field promotions are increasingly common and allow enlisted soldiers of proven worth to be granted a commission to replace officers killed in action or to fulfill a specific need. In most cases it is expected these officers will spend time at the Strategic Academy to learn courses in history, tactics, and military theory, but this is overlooked (or postponed) in times of war. Those individuals who manifest the rare ability to control warjacks as warcasters are also field promoted and sent immediately to Caspia or Point Bourne for specialized training.

Junior officers enter the military as platoon-leading lieutenants and may eventually be promoted to captains of companies of regular infantry. Those of particular talent or who arise from notable family lines may have knighthood bestowed upon them and are allowed to join the Stormblades, Stormguard, Sword Knights, or similar lesser orders classified as heavy infantry or cavalry. In recent years there has been an effort to expand recruitment among Stormblades in particular, drawing skilled soldiers of lower birth who are knighted and afforded proper honors and token lands. These knights do not enter service as officers, but they are eligible for promotion to lieutenant after initial service.

The role of nobility in the Cygnaran military is changing, but it is still based on ancient tradition. Those of noble rank are expected to serve in the military as officers and can be recalled to service at the behest of their king at any time. As youths, many nobly born train as pages and eventually become Sword or Storm Knights. Those of established rank who enter active service are integrated on a case-by-case basis. Prestigious nobles are almost always given the rank of major, colonel, or commander while lesser nobles may be ranked as captains. King Leto has been careful to reserve the higher ranks (particularly commander and general) for nobles with proven ability and military background. Not all sovereigns have been equally discerning.

It is customary for commoners who rise to higher ranks to gain the king's recognition by being knighted. Knighthood can also be bestowed for other notable acts of tremendous heroism and bravery in the service of the kingdom, and it brings with it some land and considerable responsibility. Though military service is voluntary and has periodic opportunities to opt out, knighthood is for life and every knight swears an oath to be ready to be recalled to service at any time his liege requires. There are a variety of recognized knightly orders, some small and regional, but the largest affiliation is the Knights of Cygnar, the order most closely affiliated with military service.

Cygnaran Army Honors and Awards

Distinguished Service to the Crown – One of the longest standing honors in Cygnar, this award is granted for exceptional service in an armed conflict. King Benewic the Bold initiated it shortly after the Corvis Treaties.

Star of Valor – The Star of Valor is awarded for conspicuous valor against an enemy in a time of war during a protracted engagement. The medal is often combined with knighthood, and it bears the visage of Colonel Drake Cathmore who gave his life at the Battle of the Tongue in 511 AR.

Medal of Heroic Sacrifice – Often awarded posthumously, this honor recognizes those who have suffered grievous injury while performing valiantly in battle. The award includes a lifelong stipend to survivors or families of the slain donated jointly by the Army and the Church of Morrow.

Royal Order of the Cygnus – The highest honor awarded by Cygnar, this medal always includes elevation as a Knight of Cygnar and lands. It is awarded for heroism far beyond the call of duty.

It is possible for high ranking officers—particularly generals—to be given valuable lands and noble titles such as a barony or viscounty. The Royal Assembly affords these individuals—and all recognized knights—the courtesy of 'sir' or 'lord', depending on their station. Whether an individual should be addressed by noble or military title depends on context and rank. The noble ranks earl, duke, and archduke usually trump military rank except while serving in the field. All officers (male or female) are to be addressed as 'sir' by subordinates in the army regardless of peerage or lack thereof. There is, however, a difference between a titular 'Sir Parswaith' prefixed to a knight's name and 'Yes sir, Colonel', the respect given to an officer. In the heat of battle no one worries about strictly proper form of address as long as junior ranks speak to senior ranks with due respect.

STRYKER'S VANGUARD

"Storm" Division, 6th Division, Second Army

"Bringing the Thunder"



LEADERSHIP

- Lord Commander Coleman Stryker, warcaster
- Major Markus 'Siege' Brisbane, warcaster
- Commanders Forsythe, Bradher, Applegate, Callivert, Gilroy, Montfort, Brockwick, Gant, Hadcroft, and Scarcliffe

ASSETS

- 32,500 Trenchers
- 39,000 Long Gunners
- 15,000 Storm Knights (all types)
- 4,500 Sword Knights
- 4,000 Other Units
- Warjack Chassis Support: Heavy: All Light: All



Lord Commander Coleman Stryker has been tasked to lead one of the most unusual divisions in the Cygnaran Army. His appointment by King Leto has placed him outside the normal command structure, even by the standards of warcasters. Lord Stryker does not answer to the warmaster general except as required to coordinate efforts, and ultimately he receives his orders straight from King Leto. While all full warcasters are given considerable latitude in the tactical execution of their duties and liberty to conduct operations and attacks in the field, they are usually expected to answer to a lord general or general to receive strategic objectives and troop allocations. Lord Stryker's

elevation—and his control over an entire division—has caused friction in the upper ranks. Given the difficulty of the siege of Sul, those who have battled the Menites understand a need for consolidated command.

Stryker's Storm Division is technically part of the Second Army since all of its troops and equipment are borrowed from it and its officers are part of that army's chain of command. It has come to be termed the Storm Division, for it has a considerably larger segment of Stormsmiths and Storm Knights—including Stormblades, Stormguard, and Storm Lances—than anywhere else in Cygnar. These elite troops are still outnumbered by many Trenchers and long gunners, but the vanguard of Stryker's attack force is heavy infantry and cavalry, leading the way for every significant victory during the siege of Sul.

This division has grown to become the largest single division in the second army, and it draws considerable reinforcements to aid in the grueling ongoing street-to-street fighting in the Protectorate's second largest city. By necessity the division has drawn on forces normally allocated elsewhere on the eastern border, including Eastwall and Fort Falk, but the division still maintains substantial forces at each of these crucial border fortresses. Fort Falk still serves not only as border defense but also as the premiere training ground for Storm Knights. General Halstead, who technically commands the Ist Division, and Lord General Helster of the 2nd Army have been relegated

to largely logistical and administrative roles while Lord Stryker controls all battlefield strategy and tactics.

Several subordinate warcasters and warcasters-intraining serve under Lord Stryker in the Storm Division. The most notable is Major Markus Brisbane who is entrusted to coordinate the hardened veterans among the division's Trenchers, long gunners, and Sword Knights. The Storm Division's accomplishments in the siege have been praiseworthy, and the division is considered one of the best, if most dangerous, for warcasters to gain battlefield seasoning. Major Brisbane is credited with the breach of Sul's walls—notable as the first time in history the shared walls of Caspia and Sul have been compromised by siege weaponry. Another notable subordinate is Captain Allister Caine who has served with a rapidly deployed and highly mobile strike force shoring up the defenses along the eastern border and assisting Sul indirectly by eliminating threats elsewhere.

Since the initial breach the fighting in Sul has been difficult and protracted, and it quickly became clear no immediate victory would be possible. Despite this, even Lord Stryker's detractors admit he has achieved remarkable results by seizing and controlling large portions of the western city and dealing substantial losses to the Protectorate defenders. Street-to-street fighting favors the defenders who arrange ambushes to box in attackers with barricades and other obstacles.

Protectorate forces remain entrenched around the ancient Great Temple of the Creator, and Cygnaran soldiers serving on the front line are proud to belong to the Storm Division. They bring vengeance against the Menites who attacked Caspia's gates in 605 AR with the ballista named Lawbringer. That attack sparked fires throughout the eastern city and killed many innocents in the process. They wear the black swan as homage to those who have been killed in numerous incursions by Protectorate attackers, such as those at the town of Fisherbrook in the north.





THE "NORTHGUARD GRAVEDIGGERS" 95th Trencher Company, 58th Infantry Battalion

"Dug-in to Stay"



LEADERSHIP

- Captain Maxwell Finn
- Lieutenants Waverton, Kilverman, Rolfe, Langston, Woods, Boyd, Warfield, Hedgson
- 45 Sergeants

ASSETS

- 334 Trenchers
- 30 Sharpshooters
- 20 Grenade Porters
- 8 Chain Gun Crews
- 3 Grenadier Light Warjacks



The 95th Trencher Company serves on the front line of Cygnar's northern theater and is part of the 58th Infantry Battalion of the 22nd Regiment in the mixed 6th Brigade of the Ist Division of the First Army. There is considerable prestige among the Trenchers who are part of the 1st Division, for the 95th is considered the premiere division to serve as a Trencher. It boasts the longest and most storied history of battle against Khador. The 1st Division usually defends Cygnaran soil directly rather than serving abroad in Llael, but they were sent to fight against the Khadoran invasion of Llael and saw considerable service in that war. They were later recalled shortly before the fall of Merywyn in order to prevent the fall of Northguard, which would have been a devastating blow to the northern defense.

The 95th has remained entrenched near Northguard and remains one of many companies enduring grueling ongoing battle against their Khadoran counterparts at Ravensgard. Cygnaran forces have created an entire network of trenches and fortified emplacements along the border designed to prevent Khadoran advances and make it difficult for the enemy to determine where Cygnar is mustered in strength. The 95th has lived in many of these trenches, moving back and forth between Deepwood Tower and Northguard together with other members of the 58th Infantry. They have a friendly rivalry with the 94th; the two companies compete to outperform one another and have weathered extended periods on limited supplies without retreating or regrouping. They are supported by their brothers in arms in the 89th Long Gunner Company, and the 95th claims they take the ground and keep the enemy tied up so the 89th can arrive at their leisure to finish the enemy off.

The 95th performed with conspicuous gallantry after the withdrawal from Merywyn. They suffered the loss of seven men for every three who survived as they battled to drive off the Khadorans trying to circumvent Northguard.



Notable Battalion

7th Storm Knights Battalion

This heavy infantry battalion was the first to be honored with the Stormclad Warjack of Renown and comprises many of the veterans who stood at Leto's side during the coup. They have since been deployed to the northern front line against Khador.

One of the men who survived the bloody engagement was Master Sergeant Maxwell Finn, already something of a legend among the Trenchers of the 58th Infantry. When the company regrouped after the battle and received an influx of reinforcements, Maxwell was singled out for a field promotion straight to captain. He accepted reluctantly.

Captain Finn has gone on to lead the 95th and prove his mettle by earning the company many commendations and the praise of General Hagan Cathmore himself who leads the 1st Division. The 95th is always chosen among those first to be sent forward to seize ground from the enemy or to root out difficult emplacements. This company was one of the first to endure an assault from Khador's new

infantry, which some have taken to calling "Trencher-killers," and got word of their tactics back to division. They are counted one of the finest examples of soldiery in the Cygnaran army, and Captain Finn has been able to pick and choose the new men assigned to replace the fallen. Despite their losses they have had no shortage of enthusiastic fresh soldiers eager to earn their own legend among the brave men of the 95th.



THE "DEAD LINE" 570th Long Gunners, 2nd Platoon

"By Morrow, Thunder, and Iron"



LEADERSHIP

- · Lieutenant Joffe Settleforth
- Sergeants Vinebridge, Krimbane, Lafferty, Lightwell,

Gaverson, and Mortenton

ASSETS

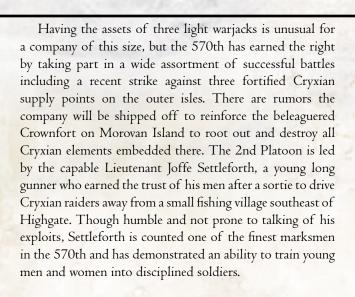
• 60 Long Gunners

COMPANY ASSETS (570TH LONG GUNNERS)

- 240 Long Gunners
- 50 Trenchers
- 40 Sword Knights
- 30 Stormblades
- 24 Rangers
- 12 Gun Mages
- Hunter Light Warjack
- 2 Charger Light Warjacks

The men and women of the Army of Highgate shake their heads when they hear of the Khadoran border called the "front line" since there have been soldiers standing on alert at Highgate and fighting Cryxian raiders since before the ink was dry on the Corvis Treaties. Tensions have been particularly high recently after so many brothers in arms were shipped off to the northern and eastern theaters. Despite the sentiment that they are lacking support from Caspia, long gunners of the so-called 'Dead Line' are stoic and stand ready to kill from afar. They calmly face enemies that would send lesser men screaming, bringing repeating rifles to bear on mechanithralls, revenant pirates, or fiendish helljacks while squeezing off rounds with deadly precision.

The 570th is technically a long gunner company. Long gunners make up the majority of its numbers, but as with most of the Third Army, the company is heavily mixed. The company's 5th Platoon is comprised of veteran Trenchers sent forward to lay down smoke and tie up the enemy as the long gunners move into position. The 6th Platoon is a mix of scouts and gun mages led by Lieutenant Fallon Martisan, a knight of the Highgate Vigil who leads a single squad of Sword Knights and commands a Hunter light warjack. The heavy infantry of the 7th Platoon is a mix of Sword Knights and Stormblades, including two Charger light warjacks. However, the backbone of the 570th is made up of the four platoons of long gunners. They boast more men with the title of "marksman" than any company in the Third—a badge earned by exceptional accuracy in battle.



NOTABLE UNITS



9th Field Mechaniks – The 9th are one of many crucial support units attached to the First Army on the northern war front against Khador. Their capable hands are entrusted with keeping older warjacks in fighting trim. Some of the Ironclads they service have been on the front line for thirty years or more.

25th Sword Knight Company – also known as the "Caspian Blades", are one of the finest all sword-knight companies of the Second Army. They serve in the Caspian garrison and have recently been put to battle in the attack on Sul alongside their Storm Knight peers.

The "Black 13th" Gun Mage Strike Team Fighting near Northguard, the Black 13th saw considerable action during the invasion of Llael. They helped stall the Khadoran advance before withdrawing to defend the Thornwood.

CYGNARAN BATTLEGROUPS



The military thrives on having a clearly defined chain of command, but warcasters do not easily fit into such a regimented system. They are given tremendous leeway regardless of rank, and they move with liberty from one battlefield to another requisitioning expensive warmachines and supplies for their objectives. Warcasters are never permanently attached to any army division or company. Although they will often spend many months with the same soldiers, they are reallocated as often as required to face critical threats.

Managing them is a headache for the king and generals alike, but warcasters are irreplaceable military assets capable of ensuring victory against impossible odds. The generals handle warcasters with care and deliberation. Warcasters are accountable to the same code of honor and behavior as the rest of the military, but their superior officers afford them liberal flexibility. Some soldiers resent the standard, but most do not begrudge these battle-masters their standing, particularly after marching into battle with them and witnessing their power.

While the warcaster talent manifests unexpectedly, tapping its true potential requires training and discipline. Such individuals are sent to the Strategic Academy either in Caspia or Point Bourne. Once essential techniques are learned, the crown bestows an officer commission of lieutenant, and the warcasters join active service where they learn to marshal their powers under the supervision of a more experienced warcaster.

Like other military arcanists, warcasters have two types of ranks; one represents military standing, and the other denotes arcane development. The arcane arm of the Strategic Academy bestows these ranks as a holdover from older, purely arcane fellowships like the Fraternal Order of Wizardry. Military rank always takes precedence over the somewhat ceremonial arcane rank, but the arcane rank can be used in cases of murky precedence.

Arcanists in training are termed apprentices and are not deployed in battle except as reserves. The next stage is journeyman where warcasters, gun mages, or other arcanists are sent into the field with limited supervision. Journeymen warcasters learn how to focus on their warjacks despite the distraction of deadly peril. Together with a single warjack, a journeyman represents an enormous investment, but casualties are sometimes unavoidable. Chancellors of the S.A. understand that only the forge of war produces exceptional warcasters who can be trusted to command a battlegroup and lead large forces of mixed infantry or cavalry to victory.

A warcaster's military rank is similar, but not identical, to that rank among non-warcasters. They are expected to behave as officers and honor the uniform and can be taken to task or demoted if they fail to live up to the standard. In practice the army is loathe to abandon a warcaster as long as a glimmer of redemption can be demonstrated.

When a journeyman is promoted to magus and accepted as a full warcaster, he is also bestowed the military rank of captain. Occasionally full warcasters have been bumped back down to lieutenant as a disciplinary measure, but they are still afforded the same autonomy as other full warcasters, and their arcane rank does not revert. The title magus is not utilized in forms of address, and most warcasters will spend their entire careers at this arcane rank since "magus" denotes mastery of arcane potential. In practice it is rare for anyone of lower rank than a general to handle warcaster allocation, and it is not uncommon for the king to order warcasters personally.

The arcane ranks of adept and prime are merit-based and not hierarchical. Being given the rank of adept is rare. It requires special innovations or techniques either in the development of new warjacks or the demonstration of unprecedented abilities and/or tactics. The chancellor of the Strategic Academy bestows these ranks after consultation with arcane instructors and testimonials by generals who have worked with the warcaster. They convey no additional authority but are deemed a great honor. Being recognized as prime is rare and represents a singular honor only ever bestowed on one warcaster. In fact it is common for the rank of prime to remain unutilized for extended periods, particularly in times of peace.

A warcaster's military rank denotes the flexibility allowed when requisitioning warjacks, soldiers, or supplies. In theory a commander warcaster can call on up to ten thousand soldiers and control an entire brigade. A captain might be generally limited to a company of several hundred men. However, the actual numbers deployed varies, and it is not uncommon for warcasters to create smaller customized strike forces for specific objectives where they rely heavily on their warjacks and their own personal abilities to bring victory. Because of their need to stay in the battle, active warcasters are almost never promoted above the rank of commander. They are eligible to become generals only after old age or permanent injuries force them from the field.

Once a warcaster has requisitioned his warjacks, he receives a supply train and maintenance workers but is otherwise responsible for the machines' upkeep. They generally remain in service until no longer required or they are destroyed. A warcaster may retain specific warjacks long enough to establish permanent telepathic bonds affecting their cortexes and modifying their combat behavior, and warjacks are decorated with service markers to denote longevity. The warjacks do not notice such distinction, but the honors inspire confidence in the men fighting alongside them.

Due to their unique ability to survey the battlefield and control the warjacks comprising the army's primary

Cygnaran Warjack Service Medals



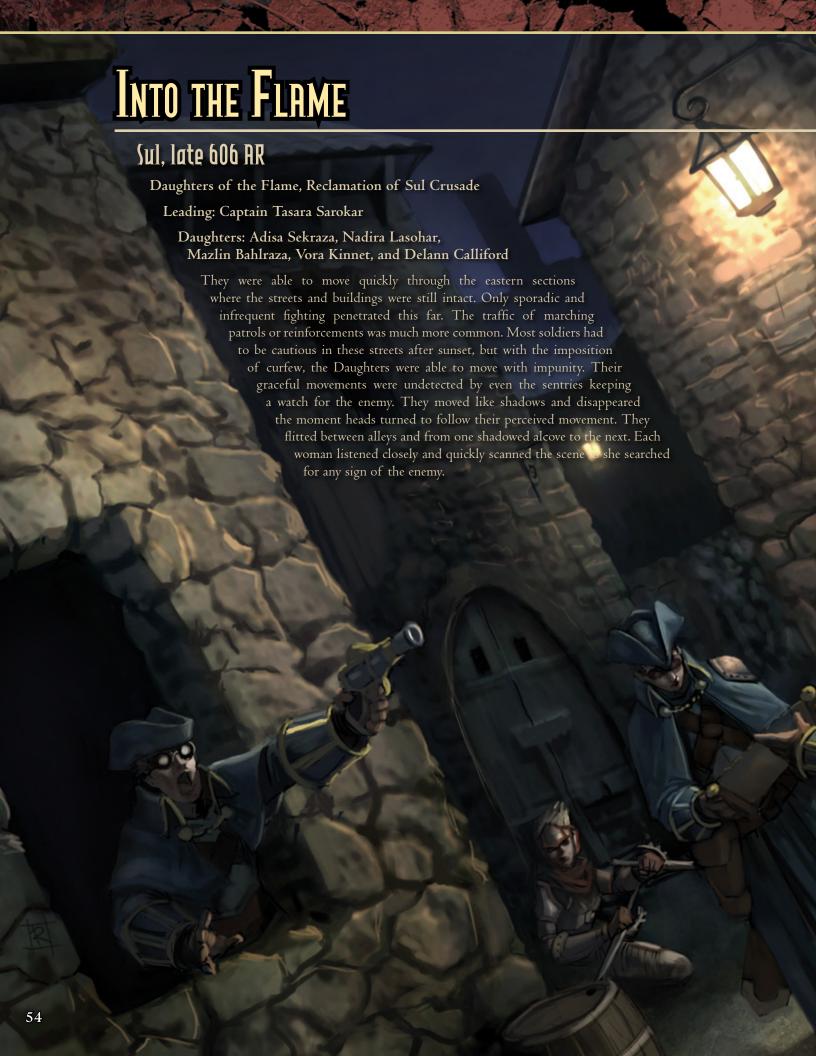
Scharde Invasions – This rare warjack service medal was affixed to the few 'jacks that served in the Scharde Invasions from 584-588 AR and survived. Primarily made up of light chassis and several Defenders, these warjacks are considered particularly good luck to those who can maintain them, and some claim they are particularly effective against Cryx.



Defense of Llael – Warjacks that participated in the defense of Llael's capital were awarded this service medal. Though the battle was ultimately a defeat, many see these icons as a symbol of what was lost in the name of Khadoran aggression. The sight of the Llaelese symbol reminds these soldiers of past defeats, stirring them to renewed anger against the northern enemy.

strike capability, warcasters are granted total field command regardless of rank. They are required to work toward the strategic objectives ordered by the generals, but they are given leeway in the execution of those orders. When multiple warcasters fight in the same battle, the junior military rank defers to the senior. If senior non-warcaster officers are present, the warcaster must treat them with respect and weigh their advice, but he retains tactical command.







Captain Tasara Sarokar watched her sisters with a critical and appraising eye. She knew their lives were in her hands on this mission. She also knew it was likely that some of them, if not all of them, might die. It was a thought she faced squarely and without deceiving herself, knowing she must keep a clear mind. They were Daughters of the Flame, and it was their place to serve. She only hoped their sacrifice would come after dealing a significant blow to the enemy. They climbed rapidly up to the rooftops where a tightly packed row of housing allowed their nimble forms to cross a wide section that would have taken much longer to traverse on the ground.

They ran effortlessly across the outer edges of one section of rooftops as Tasara watched for any sign of the path ahead being weakened by blasts. She winced as she watched a tile give out under Mazlin, causing her to stumble a moment just before an important leap across to another rooftop. The tile shattered noisily down below, but at least she recovered quickly, did not exclaim, and made the leap perfectly. Mazlin was the youngest, and this was her first mission. Tasara had almost left her behind, but for every Daughter there must be a first. If not now then when? It was never a good time, and there was never enough training or preparation.

They heard the sounds of battle ahead. Gunfire, an explosive blast, and the clash of metal on metal prompted Tasara's heart to beat faster. They were still a distance from their objective, and this fight had nothing to do with them, yet this was the only expedient crossing. Tasara knew they must move through the combat region and try to avoid detection. This was what they were trained for, but it still made her nervous. In battle accidents could happen, and she could not afford to lose any of the members of the hand before accomplishing her mission.

Her sisters heard the same thing and looked to her, but she nodded them onward after touching her lips with a finger and making a small shake of her head. Then she moved ahead, deciding to lead the way. She passed their forward scout Adisa who glanced at her with a frown, but she gave up the forward position. Adisa was too proud but very skilled, and she had fought in many battles where others had died. She bore scars along her arms and neck as signs of service. Tasara knew if she fell, Adisa would take her place leading the hand, and it was a comfort to her.

Night had still not fallen, but the sun dipped down to kiss the rooftops in the west, and Tasara knew darkness



Into the Flame

would come soon. The light was already fading. Shadows grew long and thick, and ahead of them the darkness was interrupted by bursts of light and fire. She leapt atop a nearby overhang and crouched to maintain a low profile as she surveyed the fighting. She could tell a full engagement was underway. Many of the buildings nearby had been shattered into crumbled ruin, and the streets were littered with rubble. They would be unable to keep to the rooftops across this next stretch because the buildings were too badly damaged. This was not a site she had been told was barricaded, yet she saw one had been hastily erected crossing Supplicant Way. It blocked Dawn Knell Road, which she had been following.

Several ranks of armored Flameguard lined up behind the barricade and took cover with their shields raised and their spears ready in case the enemy advanced. Behind the barricade militia zealots threw bombs. A smaller group of disciplined Deliverers had taken a higher vantage atop a half-shattered building a dozen yards back from the obstructed street to launch rockets forward along the street that exploded in blazing fire. These friendly rockets constituted a significant threat to Tasara's sisters; she knew they were wildly inaccurate. They would need to time their advance very carefully. Opposite them were Cygnarans hunkered under their own cover of broken buildings, popping up periodically to fire with their rifles. Many were dead or bleeding in the midst of the street. It had clearly been an extended fight, for the colors of both sides mingled together in pools of drying blood.

Tasara spotted a serviceable route to pass and waved her sisters forward. There was a low wall hugging the left side of the street that would provide cover from the rockets except where it was broken. She could see a long line of intermittent cover that should take them past the area and leave them exposed in only a few places. As they went behind the first of these low crumbling walls, Tasara caught sight of two paladins of the Order of the Wall behind the barricade directing the others. One bore the distinct helmet, armor, and cape that signified a paladin of high rank. She wondered if it might be the famed High Paladin Dartan Vilmon whom she knew had returned to Sul, but it was impossible to discern his face. They paused a moment behind this wall to time their next move carefully, but the Deliverers were unleashing a slow but steady stream of fire. One crashed into and exploded very close to them, and Tasara could feel the wash of heat.

"Look, Captain!" Nadira whispered, and Tasara followed her hand to see the advance of more Cygnarans

as a large number of Trenchers marched doubletime up the street. Behind them lumbered the distinct profile of a large warjack with an oversized hammer in each metal hand and another with a massive cannon she recognized as a Defender. Between them was a thick-bodied, dark-skinned Cygnaran officer in heavy armor holding an unusual firearm. Tasara realized it was one of the warcasters who had led the siege and was now marked for death by the faithful. Despite her discipline she felt a strong hatred and a desire to slip behind their guard and permanently end this threat. Most of the Daughters of the Flame were comprised of young widows of those slain in battle, and this particular man had added many to their ranks. The women drew strength from their grief and remained committed to avenging those who had killed their husbands.

Adisa crept up near her and asked in a low but intense whisper, "What should we do, Captain? They are in trouble."

Tasara shook her head, "This is not our fight; we have our orders. Move forward to the next wall on my signal." She could see the indignation on all their faces and understood, for the desire to aid her brethren was strong. The next time a Deliverer rocket soared overhead, she raised her fist as a signal and they tumbled and rolled past the gap as the Trenchers took cover from the explosion. More rifle fire and the massive boom of the Defender cannon erupted from the Cygnarans followed by an explosion and a clattering of raining debris behind the barricade.

At the next wall she risked another look to see the advancing enemy taking cover while the first group continued to lay down sporadic fire. The warcaster aimed his weapon toward the barricade, and she saw its bulbous tip fold back as a cluster of small rockets burst forward, each leaving a thin trail of smoke. The cluster blasted into the barricade, tore apart a huge hole, and sent several Flameguard flying back. The warcaster waved forward the next group of Trenchers as those ahead laid down cover fire. Their advance was methodical and inexorable. The warcaster pointed at the Defender, and its massive cannon glowed with arcane power before the warjack fired a shell straight into the Deliverers. The shot fragmented in a massive explosion, collapsed the building, and left nothing but a cloud of dust.

With the barricade now useless, the ranking paladin gave a great shout and called to the men. He raised his sword in both hands to charge forward with the second paladin at his side. A group of Flameguard followed on their heels toward the nearest Trenchers crouched behind

one of the better areas of cover. Tasara saw the paladin's gleaming blade carve through several of the Cygnarans as a Flameguard Preceptor gave a shout. His men behind him whirled their spears above their heads and filled the air with an eerie and distinctive keening. They tore into the remaining Trenchers at the first barricade, and their spears sent gouts of fire to ignite the blue and gold. The Flameguard standard bearer raised their colors to urge the rest to advance to him immediately, and they set up a new defensive line with their shields locked together. The zealots ran behind them with their firebombs at the ready.

It was a courageous effort, but the group came under heavy fire from the reinforcing Trencher lines that took up a covered firing position. The hammer-wielding warjack charged into the center of the shield wall and scattered men with every pulverizing blow. The two paladins turned side by side to face the metal brute, and they raised their blades to batter at the hulking 'jack. Delann, another younger sister, spoke in a tormented voice, "They're going to be slaughtered! Captain—"

"This is *not* our battle. Our mission is more important. We can do nothing here except die with the rest. Be silent!"

Their faces were grim as they advanced unseen while hearing grunts and moans of pain mixed in with explosions, rifle fire, and the sounds of a warjack tearing through the armor and bodies of her city's defenders. Tasara was not without her doubts; surely it would be a more significant victory if they were to slay the warcaster rather than their assigned target behind enemy lines. However, she knew it was not her decision to make, and there was no way to communicate with the priestess.

She risked one more look back before the curve of the street took them away. She saw with relief the arrival of reinforcements. Advancing through the exploded barricade were the swift and slender forms of two Dervish warjacks. Between them stood the familiar form of a singularly massive Reclaimer bearing a unique weapon she recognized immediately; it was the Testament! A tide of zealots came forward with him, and the sight gave Tasara hope. Perhaps they would escape complete slaughter; she prayed for this.

The sun finished its descent and lit the smoke-filled sky with a blaze of colors that seemed a sign of the righteousness of their cause. They took again to the rooftops, leaping silently from building to building as darkness descended. It pained her to see so many of her people's once gleaming and pristine buildings torn apart. She had grown up close to here among a mostly Idrian community, and here was

where she had married and given birth to her son. There had been no sign of either her husband or her children since the first assault. She banished that thought. Her only family now was her sisters and the priestess of flame who commanded them.

* * *

Earlier that day the priestess called upon her personally a singular honor. Tasara anxiously made her way through the upper halls of the Great Temple of the Creator. It was one of the most important houses of worship in all their faith and was once the center of the capital before the hierarch rebuilt Imer to the east. For centuries this great temple had been the heart of the Menite religion. It was significant not only for its sacred importance but also as an architectural marvel. Its exterior seemed a great pyramid of stone set in the ancient ways, yet inside its halls were arched and buttressed with high ceilings like the cathedrals of their rivals across the Black River in Caspia. It was considerably more pristine, sublime, and unadorned as their deity preferred. It was a uniquely beautiful and evocative combination of ancient form and engineering, shaped as a stone homage to the creator of man.

Every day that Tasara drilled and trained at the temple, she was humbled to consider that her footsteps walked the same stones once trod by legends such as Visgoth Ozeall, Hierarch Luctine, and even Hierarch Sulon himself. Many of these great worthies had been interred in vaults in the catacombs below alongside ancient priest-kings recovered from across western Immoren. This was the cause for which they fought as the disbelieving and wicked flooded into their city defiling every sacred stone with their footsteps.

She did not enter the main worship hall or climb the stairs toward the private chambers of the Visgoth. She instead followed a wide hall toward one of several outward barracks. The halls were busy with the marching of feet and the sounds of weapons set against one another in sparring matches as fresh recruits made ready for battle. Everyone here knew at any time the temple might come under attack.

Tasara had been among those fighting on the steps when the Cygnarans had made their great push, and it seemed everything would tumble to ruin. She had seen Feora rise up in a column of fire behind the enemy to beset them from the rear and tear through them like an inferno of righteousness. Many of her sisters had died that day, and every one of them was buried with the highest honors. She had seen the charge of the Knights Exemplar led by

Into the Flame

Grand Exemplar Kreoss. The impossible attack carved a glorious path to meet with Feora's smaller force, and from there they consolidated a defensive line around the temple to push the enemy back at last. She had seen the fighting spirit fail in the frightened eyes of the enemy. She watched them break and run, some dropping weapons in mindless panic. She and those with her had followed the fleeing enemy, sending as many of them to Urcaen as their blades could reach.

This memory would never fade, and it came to her as she walked into the presence of the priestess of flame. Feora was at the top of a flight of stairs looking down upon ranks of the Flameguard, coordinating preparations for the next major engagement. Feora was more often fighting in the streets, but she returned periodically to ensure her subordinates had everything well in hand. This was also the time she would pass down special commendations and orders.

Many fresh recruits had come to Sul from the east some even from quiet fishing villages along the shore. Many were young and unskilled and might require seasoning before the Flameguard would accept them. Right now there was less time or luxury for the extended training they usually required. Such training continued elsewhere in the Protectorate, but here in Sul with the enemy in the streets, those who showed potential would be immediately diverted to join the Deliverers or other groups such as the zealots, and they would be encouraged to join the battle as quickly as possible. It was a tough decision in each case whether it would serve them better to spend precious time training a new recruit or push for another faithful in the streets to fling against the enemy. Their armories and smithies in the defended eastern districts had been hammering night and day to produce armor and weapons, and they were supported by occasional shipments and reinforcements from Imer. From the south came continual supplies of Menoth's Fury vital to so many of their weapons, particularly the firebombs slated for assembly and immediate distribution to the zealots.

Tasara Sarokar had approached Feora and bowed deeply. She crossed her arms before her as she supplicated herself, forming the sign of the Menofix. "Priestess, I obey your summons. I am your daughter and yours to command."

Feora bid her rise, and the two of them walked into a nearby alcove, partially shielding them from the noise made by ranks of Flameguard drilling in formation attacks with spears and shields. "I need you now for a difficult task, daughter. It is one for which I can spare only a single hand

of my daughters. I ask you if you can assemble a team without delay and in whose abilities you feel complete faith."

"Absolutely, Priestess. I know many eager to serve."

Feora nodded, pleased. "Tonight I conduct a major offensive; we are preparing now. Plans are underway, and many will die before the dawn. I have agents in the western city who have brought me vital information. Lives have been lost to bring the locations of noteworthy enemies. Before my attack I will send my hands to strike. Each will distract enemy attention, create panic, and hopefully eliminate a key leader who would otherwise stand against us. Your target will be particularly difficult."

"You can trust in me, Priestess. Tell me my target."

Feora held up a piece of cloth whose colored threads portrayed the intricate streets of the city. She pointed to a section close to the breach, east of the enemy headquarters. Tasara recognized it as having once been a building that housed visitors to Sul until they were cleared by scrutators and assigned escorts. Feora continued, "An officer will be sent tonight from this place to be reassigned to one of the enemy's forward positions. This officer is a tainted sorcerer, a gun mage, and a very dangerous man. His existence is a profanity, and I wish to prevent his being summoned to where I make my attack. You must intercept him along this route. You cannot go too far, or you will be among the densest concentration of the enemy. Nor will you be able to get to him once he reaches the forward emplacement."

"I will not fail you." Tasara felt her heart pound with eager joy at the importance of this task, and she bowed deeply, crossing her arms before her. "Glory to Menoth!"

"You must leave before sunset. Go now and gather your team. Menoth guide your blades, my daughter." Feora said a prayer of blessing and protection, touching each of Tasara's shoulders before placing her palm briefly atop the crown of her head. For a moment, Tasara felt at one with the flame of the Creator, and then she stood to go.

* * *

Twilight faded into the dark of actual night. Tasara heard Feora's words repeatedly in her head and remembered the line of their approach. She had swept wide around the position expected to be a Cygnaran forward encampment, but she hoped she had not accidentally missed her target in doing so. She was back upon the noted route, but here they had to be particularly cautious. They were now well behind

enemy lines, and this captured part of Sul was well patrolled. The buildings on this row were not badly damaged, but there were pockets of destruction to mark past battles, fires, and explosions.

Some of the buildings were strangely still inhabited. She saw curtains with flickering light beyond and furtive faces peeking from doorways. Cygnar did not have the manpower to force evacuation of the western city, but they warned residents they might get caught in crossfire if they did not leave. Some packed up belongings for eastern Sul and were searched by the Cygnarans for weapons at various posts before they were allowed to depart. Others made for the countryside outside the city or headed to Imer or other guarded communities nearby. Many were stubborn and would not leave their homes until flames or gunfire drove them out. Tasara felt sympathy for those who stubbornly stayed. Some of them helped their efforts by bringing information east at great risk or improvising weapons to hurl against the invaders when they were otherwise occupied in battle. There were no rules for fights such as these, only perseverance, survival, and waiting for the right moment to hurt the enemy.

The streets were dark even with the relatively clear night. No lights were maintained along any of the streets except by Cygnaran patrols. They evaded one such patrol on their way by hugging the shadows as a group of long gunners with lanterns marched past peering into dark alleyways. The urge to kill them came upon Tasara, but she pushed it down and they continued.

As they were getting uncomfortably close to the main Cygnaran encampment, they saw movement ahead. Tasara pointed to either side of the street, her sisters regrouped, and several lurked to the opposite side. This was an area that had seen fighting and explosions, and each building was a mere burned out shell. The spot suited Tasara as a perfect ambush point for her sisters. She silently crept ahead and took cover behind a wall fragment. She had been expecting a single officer, but in retrospect she knew that was foolish. Soldiers never traveled alone, particularly officers. Ahead was a cluster of men and a single woman. Their silhouettes showed heavy coats and broad hats.

She had seen such men in battle and knew they were gun mages. In the darkness it was difficult to discern at first which one was the leader. There were seven in all with one to the fore and one to the rear carrying slit-lanterns. Each lantern barely opened enough to light the ground before them. Rune-covered pistols hung at their waists.

As they passed she was able to see marks on their sleeves. She noted one with the double stripes of a lieutenant, and next to him stood an older man with a moustache and the distinct shield of a captain.

Adisa, Delann, and Nadira were near to her, and Mazlin and Vora stood on the other side. This would be extremely dangerous, perhaps even suicidal, but with her training she steeled herself against the thought. The enemy captain must be destroyed whatever the cost. This was her vow.

They were perfectly hidden, and her sisters waited silently for the signal to strike. Tasara waited for the exact moment when they would be perfectly positioned. Then suddenly, based on some surely preternatural instinct, the gun mage with the captain insignia whirled with his pistol instantly in hand. That the two across the street were behind solid cover was a small relief, but Tasara made ready to spring into action.

The moment the captain raised his pistol, the other gun mages drew theirs as well. They took a defensive formation and scanned the sides of the street at high alert. The captain himself was still in motion, and Tasara realized he was not simply waiting for an enemy to show himself. Tasara's eyes widened as a blue glowing ring sprung forth around the fingers of his left hand, and then he fired his gun directly at the wall across the street with a blast that echoed loudly in the quiet evening air. In fact, his shot was fired through one of his own men, yet the bullet vanished with a ripple of blue energy in the air before hitting his fellow gun mage. The shot left another glowing ripple on the surface of the low wall and was followed by a sound of impact and a woman's gasp. It was clearly Vora's voice as the shot pierced her despite the intervening cover. Tasara had expected it to be Mazlin, the youngest, thinking perhaps she had made some mistake. She had no time to consider her failed prediction.

She signaled to attack and sprang from her cover as her sisters leapt forward with their blades ready. Across the way Mazlin scrambled over the wall and vaulted nimbly through the air as a bullet from the nearest gun mage streaked past her ear.

Tasara performed a vaulting somersault clear over the nearest gun mage, whose bullet pierced the air she had occupied a moment earlier, and landed just behind the captain. Adisa and Nadira landed smoothly next to her. The officer was nimble and fast and almost managed to turn in time. His gun fired a shot that clipped Delann and

Into the Flame

knocked her back through the air in mid leap to shatter into the ruined wall. Before he could get off another shot, Tasara sunk her daggers deep into his side and shoulder. She felt an almost sensual satisfaction as her blades bit flesh. Nadira's blade penetrated the man's hip almost at the same time, and Adisa finished him by slicing open his throat to let him gasp and fall choking to the ground.

None of them had time to savor the victory as the gun mages scrambled backward with their guns blazing. Rings of light glowed around their free hands, and their bullets blazed with unnatural energy. Tasara rolled and tumbled to the side, narrowly escaping a bullet as she closed with a thin-framed woman in a tri-corned hat. Behind her Mazlin had engaged her own target, striking with multiple fast and deadly strikes to the man's torso. The pistol dropped numbly from his hand as he fell back, and his blood-soaked hand groped at his stomach. Tasara made quick work of the female gun mage by striking once precisely below the woman's ribcage and angling upward to split her heart. The woman died almost instantly, gasping just once, as Tasara yanked the blade free and spun to face the others.

She saw another pistol blaze. The arcane glow lit Nadira's body as the bullet struck her side despite her attempt to tumble out of the way. There was a dull thump, and the daughter's chest exploded. Her limp body, now devoid of grace, toppled to the side of the road and lay still in a pool of blood. Adisa screamed in rage and leapt upon the back of the man who had fired, stabbing repeatedly until he went down. Mazlin spun on another gun mage who stumbled backward toward the far side of the street raising his sword to fend her off. She vaulted in a graceful tumble toward him, easily evaded his clumsy slash, and finished him with a strike into his exposed side.

Tasara leapt toward the lieutenant who was turning toward her. His gun gleamed in the moonlight, and his hands gesticulated in an invocation of power. She felt as if time had slowed and become thick like syrup as she somersaulted through the air. Despite her speed, the gun mage was able to aim his pistol before she could cross the distance, and the gun bucked in his hands just as she landed. Its inescapable glowing bullet launched out at her.

She felt the bullet streak by her neck like a blazing caress. It left a pain like a burn, but it did not kill her. He had just barely missed, and then she was upon him. Feinting to the right and then weaving to the left, she stabbed once into his lower back with her left sword as her right hand swept up in a clean swipe that slammed her other blade up through

his chin and into his skull. He died instantly, and she turned to find Adisa had taken care of the last gun mage. Ten bodies lay strewn across the bloodied street, yet she and two of her sisters were alive. Mazlin had somehow survived her first mission. Tasara had been so ready for death that her survival amazed her completely. She could only stare down at the bodies in shock until Adisa grabbed her arm. "Come! The alarm is raised! We must flee!"

She realized there was indeed shouting not so far away coming from more than one direction. The noise of their battle had clearly reached the ears of the Cygnarans. Her survival instincts kicked back in and she sprinted away down a side-alley, soon finding familiar ground. She had raced these streets as a little girl, and she could almost believe she was back in those times when she had stayed up too late past the hour of curfew, terrified as she tried to find her way back through the streets to arrive home before the monks could find her. She indulged this fantasy as she wiped blood from her blades and tried not to think of the faces of her fallen sisters. She led the other two survivors on a circuitous route home and looked forward to sleeping another night before rising to confront death again in the service of Menoth. She gave thanks that she had one more day, one more chance to kill her enemies.



FEORA, PROTECTOR OF THE FLAME

By your authority I have forged our people into an army so powerful none will be able to withstand us.

Now my only concern in this war is victory. Sul will be reclaimed.

—Feora to Hierarch Garrick Voyle

Feora has been both humbled and exalted by her travails in the besieged city of Sul. She has rallied her followers in the defense of sacred sites and led them to feats of bravery and sacrifice. She has marked a line in the streets of Sul with a wall of all-consuming fire no enemy of Menoth may cross and live. At first the visgoths wondered why the hierarch trusted this arrogant and even insubordinate woman with so much power and allowed her free to shape an army. Just as Hierarch Ravonal allowed Garrick Voyle to create the Order of the Fist, Voyle has permitted Feora to institute the Daughters of the Flame, which some have taken as an ominous echo. Now the visgoths have begun to see the clarity of Voyle's vision, for Feora has become an embodiment of Menite military discipline.

The attack on Sul was a blow to Feora's pride, but it gave her the opportunity to overcome impossible challenges. Rushing to stem the tide of attackers pouring through the breach, she faced not one but two Cygnaran warcasters in a fearsome clash. The Devout protecting her was obliterated by gun sorcery and fell down upon her, nearly crushing the air from her lungs. If not for her warcaster armor and the providence of Menoth, she would have perished.

This was the moment when Feora faced her death. Trapped, helpless, and with her enemies around her, she experienced full self-awareness and did not like everything she saw. She knew her drive, efficiency, and ambition had to forge an unready into a true army in the name of Menoth, but

distracted from her purpose, the purpose of the Flameguard passed down as a sacred responsibility. She saw in her mind's eye the capture of the Great Temple of the Creator. She saw its hallowed halls soiled by the boots of unbelievers,

somewhere she had been

its ancient tapestries and reliquaries thrown aside, and its crypts looted and sacked.

Feora somehow found the strength to move out from beneath the Devout's impossible bulk. Spots danced in her eyes and every tendon screamed in agony, but she shifted it aside. Above her suddenly was a familiar face, one of the Daughters who had seen her fall. Two others were nearby, and together they managed to take Feora away, lost amid the chaos of battle.

Feora had suffered grave injuries, but the Daughters brought her to one of the beleaguered outer garrisons and gathered the Flameguard. Heedless of her wounds, she marched to the courtyard of the great temple where the Cygnarans pressed forward in a seemingly unstoppable advance. Feora endured her pain, led her ragged force into the Cygnaran flank, and let loose the full power of flame backed by renewed faith.



Protectorate Epic Warcaster Character

Surrounded by the blazing inferno, Feora experienced a shift in her power over fire. She pulled the fire back to herself and let it erupt again as she willed it, filling her warjacks with power and annihilating whole ranked masses of the enemy. The Cygnarans balked and routed and the Great Temple of the Creator was preserved.

In the calm after the battle, Feora went below the temple to the catacombs of entombed holy ancestors. In a vigil at the tomb of Hierarch Luctine, she gave her vows as Protector of the Sacred Flame. Peering into the fire, she saw the weapon she must build to renew her fight. With the blessing of Visgoth Rhoven, she took the holy weapon of Luctine and had its metal melted and reforged in the blessed armories of eastern Sul. Feora feels reforged as well, for she is filled with unshakable purpose. She will not rest until every Cygnaran is driven from the city and Caspia itself is reclaimed for Menoth. Her example has inspired a generation of followers who look to her as an embodiment of cleansing fire. The Synod of Visgoths have witnessed her rise from the ashes and seen her transformed from an ambitious upstart into an inspiring leader and true general.

SPECIAL RULES

FEAT: WILD FIRE

Feora is the ultimate master of fire's allconsuming power. She has learned to bend the potency of conflagration to her will and transmute the flame into raw energy to strengthen her warjacks. By siphoning blazes around her and sending the flame where she chooses, she extinguishes burning allies and forces those same flames to leap across the battlefield and obliterate her enemies.

Feora gains a focus point for each model with a Fire continuous effect on it currently in her control area. These focus points may immediately be allocated to warjacks in her battlegroup in her control area. A warjack cannot exceed its normal allocation limit as a result of Wild Fire. Feora may then remove Fire continuous effects from any models in her control area. For each Fire continuous effect removed, Feora may cause a model in her control area to suffer Fire.

FEORA

DEATH PYRE - Feora explodes into flames if she is destroyed. Models within 3" suffer a POW 14 damage roll and Fire. Damage from Death Pyre cannot be boosted.

ELITE CADRE - Flameguard included in an army with Feora gain +I MAT, RAT, and CMD. These Flameguard models gain +2" of movement during their first activation of the game.

FANNING THE FLAMES - While in Feora's control area, enemy models suffer +2 to Fire continuous effect damage rolls.

INSPIRATION - Friendly Flameguard models/units in Feora's command range never flee and immediately

RIGHTEOUS FLAMES - Enemy models within 2" of Feora immediately suffer Fire. A model that suffers Fire because of its proximity to Feora does not suffer Fire again because of proximity to Feora as long as it remains within 2" of her.

WARJACK BOND - One non-unique warjack in Feora's battlegroup begins the game bonded to her. Feora may allocate one additional focus point to the warjack. Models hit by attacks made by the warjack suffer Fire.

FLAME THROWER

CRITICAL FIRE - On a critical hit, target model suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of I or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

APOCALYPSE

REACH - 2" melee range.

RIGHTEOUS FLAMES - If the fire goes out, the model doesn't catch fire again unless it is separated from Feora first.

SLAUGHTER (*ATTACK) - If Apocalypse damages a target, the target immediately suffers an additional POW 12 damage roll. This additional damage roll is caused by the Flame Thrower. The damage roll may be boosted.

NOTE: Feora, Protector of the Flame is Feora, Priestess of the Flame.

COST

2

POW 12 damage roll.

SPELL



BLAZING AURA When a model in targ suffers an equal damag damage, or damage fro ARM and cannot mak next activation.	ge roll. Blazii om continuo	ng Aura is not t us effects. Mod	riggered b	y blast damage, arget unit suff	, collateral er –2 DEF and			
Convection	2	10	-	12	X			
When Feora destroys a living enemy model with Convection, place one focus point on a warjack in her battlegroup in her control area. A warjack cannot exceed its normal allocation limit as a result of Convection.								
ESCORT	2	Self	-	-	X			
Warjacks in Feora's battlegroup beginning their activation in her control area gain +2"								
of movement. Feora ga 3" of her.	ains +2 AR	M while any wa	nrjacks in h	er battlegroup	are within			
FIRE STEP	2	Self	*	13				
Enemy models within place Feora up to 3" finew location. During the cast once per activa	rom her curi this moveme	ent position. T	here must	be room for F	eora's base in the			
FLAME BURST	3	8	3	13	X			
Models in the AOE su	ıffer Fire.							

Target enemy model/unit must end its movement closer to Feora than it started. Affected models that do not end their movement closer to Feora immediately suffer an unboostable



JERVISH PROTECTORATE LIGHT WARJACK







Point Cost Field Allowance

Victory Points Base Size Medium

Неіднт/Wеіднт: 8'7" / 3.5 tons ARMAMENT: Swords (right and

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 60Kgs / 7hrs general, 2 hrs combat

Initial Service Date: 595 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: Vassals of Menoth

Orig. Chassis Design: Sul-Menite Artificers

DERVISH

CHAIN ATTACK - SIDE STEP - If the Dervish has both arm systems functional and hits with either a Combo Strike or both of its initial Sword attacks against the same target in the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target without a spending focus point. If the attack succeeds, the target suffers no damage, but the Dervish may immediately move up to 2". The target model cannot target the Dervish with free strikes during this movement.

RIPOSTE - When the Dervish is the target of an enemy melee attack that misses, it may immediately make a melee attack targeting the attacking model if it is within the Dervish's melee range.

SWORDS

COMBO STRIKE (*ATTACK) - The Dervish has a pair of Swords that may be used simultaneously for a devastating attack. It may make a normal attack with each Sword individually, or it may make a special attack with both Swords at the same time. Both Swords must be operational to make the Combo Strike. Make one attack roll for the Combo Strike. Add the Dervish's STR once and the POW of both Swords to the damage roll.

Its blades are an effortless extension of my will; its movements are my movements. In its simple mind I find a brother in battle.

—High Allegiant Amon Ad-Raza

A work of divine inspiration, the Dervish utilizes the Devout chassis' unparalleled reflexes for a wholly offensive application. Rather than moving to protect, the Dervish's every motion is meant to end life. The warjack falls upon the enemies of the faithful like a forged-iron maelstrom of butchery as its twin blades work in tandem to sow death across the battlefield. From its first days outside the hidden foundries, the Dervish marked its successes with a wake of shorn limbs and fallen soldiers. Among the Cygnaran forces who fight daily through the streets of Sul, the Dervish has already become notorious for its death dealing capabilities.

Devoid of sophisticated weapon systems requiring either maintenance or ammunition, the Dervish is the perfect addition to a crusading army on the move. It is a light and agile combatant with greater reflexes than any other Protectorate warjack yet developed. Constructed with supreme flexibility in mind, the Dervish can bend and twist unhindered in ways that would sprain most bodies of flesh. Bringing its blades to bear at blinding speeds as it weaves through battle, the Dervish can sidestep attacks in the same motion used to dispatch enemies in its path.

A killing machine of the first order, the Dervish was visibly designed solely for war and not as a part of the façade of any Protectorate defensive force. Unable to justify the existence of the machine, the Synod decreed the Dervish would be constructed in secret and only in small numbers. Now in the days of the Crusade, these warjacks have been called forward to the front lines to carve a bloody swathe through the Protectorate's enemies.



The True Law tells us there is no pain unbearable in the cause of Menoth. The Castigator will engulf any who bave refused that law with a cleansing shroud of fire.

-Visgoth Ark Razek, overseeing the Sul-Menite artificers

The fires in the foundries of Imer never dim, for the hierarch demands tireless devotion from his armories, and he knows they must match the pace of larger nations. The Castigator is a product of the Protectorate's expanding wartime industry. The impressive warjack is based on the same chassis as the Reckoner—renowned as the first warjack entirely of Menite design. Few outside the Vassals of Menoth know that the Castigator was actually conceived before the Reckoner, but problems with its weapon system delayed its unveiling. Visgoth Ark Razek deemed the setback an unacceptable failing. His displeasure was so great that he had every mechanik on the project wracked within a breath of death before being restored and put back to work with renewed and terrified determination. Miraculously the problems were resolved almost immediately.

The Castigator's fists blaze continually in combat, and the intense heat sends rippling waves of distortion through the air as the warjack charges to engage the enemy. Each fist is equipped with a sophisticated delivery system for Menoth's Fury, which is compressed and piped into direct contact with the ignition temperature of the warjack's powerful furnace. When it secures a hold on another warjack, it can emit this blazing heat and cause steam boilers to overheat. Under the intense heat other internal systems warp and buckle, lose integrity, and remain vulnerable to critical failure when driven to exertion. If beset by multiple foes, the Castigator ignites the air around itself in a powerful explosion of incinerating heat that instantly melts iron and turns living flesh to fine ash.

One major advantage of the Castigator is the ease with which it is refueled on distant fields of battle. Unlike the specially machined shells of the Reckoner's Condemner cannon, the Castigator needs only a fresh supply of Menoth's Fury to be ready to fight again. It has been sent forth to the front lines to bring the wrath of an inferno to all those who have forsaken the Creator of Man.

CASTIGATOR

CHAIN ATTACK – OVERHEAT – If the Castigator has both arm systems functional and hits with both of its initial Flame Fist attacks against the same warjack in the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target without spending focus. If the attack succeeds, the target suffers no damage but suffers Overheat. A warjack suffering from Overheat takes d6 damage points each time it spends a focus point. Overheat lasts for one round.

COMBUSTION (*ATTACK) – Models within I" of the Castigator suffer a POW 12 damage roll. A model moving within I" of the Castigator or ending its movement within I" of the Castigator suffers an unboostable POW 12 damage roll. The Castigator may spend focus points to make additional melee attacks after a Combustion attack. Combustion lasts for one round.

FLAME FISTS

FIRE – Target model hit by a Flame Fist attack suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the Fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

FIST – The Castigator's Flame Fists have the abilities of an Open Fist.

 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 11
 5
 4
 10
 19
 Flame Fist SPECIAL POW Multi 4 15 Flame Fist SPECIAL POW P+S Multi 4 15 1 2 3 4 5 6 C R R С С **Point Cost** Field Allowance Victory Points Base Size

Неіднт/Wеіднт: 12' / 8.4 tons

ARMAMENT: Flame Fists (both)

FUEL LOAD/BURN USAGE: 110 kg / 5.5 hrs general, 1 hr combat

Initial Service Date: 606 AR

CORTEX MANUFACTURER: Vassals of Menoth

ORIG. CHASSIS DESIGN: Sul-Menite Artificers

DAUGHTERS OF THE FLAME

PROTECTORATE FLAMEGUARD UNIT

Captain Cmd 8

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 7
 5
 7
 4
 14
 12

Daughter Cmd 6

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 7
 5
 6
 4
 14
 12

SPECIAL POW P+S

- 4 9

Leader and 5 Troops 62
Field Allowance 2
Victory Points 2

CAPTAIN LEADER

UNIT

ACROBATICS - A Daughter of the Flame may move through other models if she has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. A Daughter of the Flame cannot be targeted by free strikes. A Daughter of the Flame ignores intervening models when declaring a charge.

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT - Place the Daughters of the Flame after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

ASSASSINATE - Instead of making melee attacks separately with each of their Swords, two or more Daughters of the Flame in melee range of the same living or undead model may combine all of their initial Sword attacks. In order to participate in an Assassinate attack, a Daughter must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. The Daughter of the Flame with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one

melee attack roll for the group and gains +1 to the attack roll for each Daughter of the Flame, including herself, participating in the attack. If the attack is successful, the target suffers a normal damage roll, after which the target suffers one additional damage point for each Daughter of the Flame beyond the first participating in the attack.

SHANK - A Daughter of the Flame gains +2 to melee attack rolls while completely within the back arc of a target model. A Daughter of the Flame does not receive back strike bonuses.

STEALTH - Attacks against a Daughter of the Flame from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a Daughter of the Flame is greater than 5" away from an attacker, she does not count as an intervening model.

You shall be the shadow of death that moves unseen among them, and with their blood, Sul shall be washed clean.

—Feora, High Priestess of the Flame to the assembled Daughters of Sul

Silent and deadly, the Daughters of the Flame are feared even within the Protectorate of Menoth. The origin of the Daughters is largely unknown even among Menites. Founded by the Priestess of the Flame with the consent of the hierarch, the Daughters were originally charged with the absolute security of Menite sanctuaries and sacred places. In the course of carrying out their duties, this secret order of the Flameguard Temple has evolved into a surgical tool adept at removing threats to the Protectorate both internally and externally. Organized into small strike forces known as hands, the Daughters stalk the enemies of the faithful with a single-minded devotion, emerging from the shadows only to spill the blood of heretics.

The Daughters of the Flame are chosen from among fresh Flameguard recruits based on their raw potential and total dedication. Virtually all the Daughters are the widows of fallen Menite soldiers who died in the defense of their faith. Though considered a part of the whole, those who are accepted into the ranks of the order are trained apart from the other branches of the Temple. Daughters undergo an exhaustive regimen of physical and mental conditioning.

Possessing peerless grace and proficiency in the art of obfuscation, the Daughters of the Flame are virtually imperceptible on the battlefield. Moving at blinding speeds, they dart from obstacle to obstacle, bending and

> contorting their bodies to maximize available protection and avoid the eyes of the enemy. They are rumored

to have been schooled in martial techniques by the Order of the Fist, and in battle they are a blur of fluid motion. The Daughters strike in synchronization, leaping and weaving through the ranks of the enemy while their blades cut through flesh and narrow spaces between plates of armor.

Though some may claim Feora overreached her authority by expanding the role of the Daughters of the Flame, none would claim the order has been anything but a boon to the Protectorate's war effort. Since the start of the crusade and subsequent Cygnaran invasion of Sul, the Daughters have served on the battlefield alongside the Temple Flameguard and Flameguard Cleansers. In addition to conducting precision strikes against the enemy, the Daughters also provide valuable Protectorate field commanders with vital reconnaissance.



EXEMPLAR VENGERS

PROTECTORATE CAVALRY UNIT

The blood on our lances will water the fields of battle. The crops of our victory will grow tall and strong, ever laden with grain for the stallions that carry us to war.

—Exemplar Seneschal Odan of the Exemplar Vengers

Nearly two thousand years ago, the Old Faith and the horselords joined and held dominion across the lands of the north. One by one the barbarian tribes were subjugated and forced to accept the True Law. Since the earliest days of the Exemplar Order, there have been mounted knights in service of the Creator—the Vengers. Consumed with boundless faith, the Vengers have long been paragons of ancient tradition and true instruments of Menoth's will.

Both powerful and relentless, Exemplar Vengers are among the deadliest warriors in the Protectorate's congregation. They wield thrice-blessed lances and stout blades and ride into battle on war-bred Idrian stallions of amazing strength and beauty. Fueled by their faith, they have no need for advanced mechanika of any kind. Through their Oath of Brotherhood they feel the pains of their brothers deeply and fight harder and more bravely with each drop of Venger blood spilled.

A Venger charge is a vision out of time, perfect in its terrible beauty. Whole lines of men simply disintegrate under the weight of hooves while blessed lances unerringly strike their mark. Should any be left standing, the Vengers draw blades to dispatch what could not be trampled.

After a battle the Exemplar Vengers take time to cleanse their weapons, steeds, and armor ritually. Once wiped away, the tainted blood of the enemy is sacrificed to the Creator in flaming braziers as thanks for victory. These rituals of purification are so important to the Venger tradition that they are performed even in times of war. The Vengers are summoned to battle with ever-greater frequency to crush the enemy under their thunderous hooves, and it is a duty they tirelessly pursue in the name of the Creator.

SENESCHAL

LEADER

UNIT

FEARLESS - An Exemplar Venger never flees.

VENGEANCE - When an Exemplar Venger in this unit is damaged by an enemy attack, all models in the unit gain +2 STR and ARM and may charge across rough terrain and obstacles without penalty. Vengance lasts for

WEAPON SPECIALIST - An Exemplar Venger rolls an additional die on his Sword damage rolls.

BLESSED LANCE

BLESSED - The Blessed Lance may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When making a Blessed Lance attack, ignore spell effects that add to the target's ARM

LANCE - The Blessed Lance may only be used to make charge attacks. If an Exemplar Venger has charged at least 3", his Blessed Lance has 2" melee range until the end of the activation.

SWORD

CLOSE COMBAT - An Exemplar Venger may not make an initial attack with the Sword during an activation in which he charged at least 3".

Seneschal

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 8 6 8 4 12 17

Knight

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 8 6 7 4 12 17



Blessed Lance SPECIAL POW P Multi 8 14



Sword

Close 3 9



Mount

10 —

Seneschal's Damage

Knight's Damage Leader and 2 Troops

Up to 2 Additional Troops 26ea Field Allowance

Victory Points Base Size

Large



EXEMPLARS ERRANT PROTECTORATE KNIGHTS EXEMPLAR UNIT

 Warder
 Cmd 9

 SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM

 5 6 8 6 12 16

night Cmd 7

5 6 7 5 12 16

Heavy Crossbow
RNG ROF AGE POW
10 1 - 10

SWORD SPECIAL POW P+S

- 3 9

Leader and 5 Troops 79
Up to 4 Additional Troops 13ea
Field Allowance 1
Victory Points 2

Base Size Small

WARDER

LEADER

UNIT

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT – Place Exemplars Errant after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

BOND OF LIFE – When an Exemplar Errant suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, another model in the unit within 3" may be destroyed instead.

FEARLESS - An Exemplar Errant never flees.

WEAPON MASTER – An Exemplar Errant rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

HEAVY CROSSBOW

BLESSED – The Heavy Crossbow may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When making a Heavy Crossbow ranged attack, ignore spell effects that add to the target's ARM or DEF.

If the Knights Exemplar of the Protectorate stand as the sword of Menoth defending

His lands from the unfaithful, the Exemplars Errant are the lance of Menoth striking deep into the heart of His enemy abroad. Ranging outside the borders of the Protectorate, these zealous knights carry out missions of great importance for the priesthood and their creator.

As an advanced strike force, the Exemplars Errant forego the use of sacred Relic Blades, lest they fall into the hands of covetous heathens. Instead they bring lighter and Though our duty may take us from His lands, our bearts will not waver from His flame.

—Excerpt from the Oath of the Exemplar Errant

more versatile weapons on their holy missions. The Exemplars Errant are still trained every bit as rigorously in the martial arts as every Exemplar. Each carries a heavy crossbow fortified by blessing and prayer to pierce arcane wards and magical sigils. Each likewise bears a shield inscribed with sacred passages taken from the Canon of the True Law to protect them in their sacred duty while they travel far from holy soil. However, should they fall in the service of Menoth, their deeds with go unrecognized as they lie unhallowed in foreign lands

Though all Knights Exemplar are required to meet the highest standards of faith and dedication, Errants are chosen among those who embody the spirit of ultimate sacrifice. Driven by the Creator's mandate, nothing will deter them from ensuring the successful completion of their holy tasks. Their devotion is strong enough to defy even death. An Errant will sacrifice his own life to allow a threatened brother to shrug off wounds and fight on in Menoth's name, particularly if the other's role is more crucial to their cause. With a final prayer, he wills his life to another and passes on to join the Creator's armies in Urcaen while his brethren continue to press forward in the unending battles on heathen soil.



THE COVENANT OF MENOTH

PROTECTORATE CHARACTER SOLO

The Creator's promises to His children will be fulfilled, as long as they are worthy.

—The Harbinger of Menoth

COVENANT

ANCIENT SHROUD - When a damage roll exceeds the Covenant's ARM, it only takes one damage point regardless of the total rolled.

FEARLESS - The Covenant never flees.

 \overline{M} AN-SIZED - Even though the Covenant is on a large-sized base, it is treated as a small-based model.

PASSAGES

As a special action, a passage may be read. Each passage must be read and fulfilled in the order listed below. If a passage is not fulfilled on the turn it was read, it must be read again before it can be fulfilled.

• IST PASSAGE: SACRIFICE (*ACTION) - After the passage has been read, friendly Protectorate models must destroy or remove from play 5 enemy models by the end of the turn. If this has not been done by the end of the

Ancient Icthier had long been the site of battles between Menite pilgrims and barbaric Idrian tribes. One of the largest of the ancient conflicts occurred in 2209 BR when the Idrians broke through the city's defenses and fell upon the Menites like savage desert predators. The slaughter was fast and brutal. The few paladins present were quickly overrun. As they fell, their blood washed away the sand of ages to reveal an ancient scripture. Like the *Canon of the True Law*, so too was His holy Covenant inscribed on the walls of Icthier and revealed only by the blood of martyrs.

As the last living Menites in Icthier were encircled by the Idrians, a lowly acolyte named Pontithius began to read the Covenant loudly and without fear or hesitation. His words were like fire in the ears of his fellows. The Creator promised them victory, and they acted upon His word. Picking up stones and the weapons of the fallen, ten Menite pilgrims fought off a hundred Idrian warriors. After the battle Pontithius personally transcribed the Covenant into in a single massive tome that he chained on his own back and carried many weeks to the feet of Priest King Golivant himself before collapsing. It is said that with the Covenant in hand, Golivant was unstoppable. Soon the last of the *Gor-Murdrom* were driven from the Wyrmwall.

After Golivant's death, the Covenant was returned to Icthier in secret. Hidden for over two millennia, the Covenant was only studied by select senior priests. However, now that the flames of crusade are spreading, its passages are being spoken across Immoren.

turn, the Covenant's controller must remove 5 friendly Protectorate models from play. After the passage has been fulfilled, no friendly Protectorate warcaster can be knocked down or become stationary while the Covenant is in his control area. Additionally, friendly Protectorate warcasters may forfeit their activations during any turn. If all friendly Protectorate warcasters forfeit their activations during the same turn, no friendly Protectorate model within 8" of the Covenant can be knocked down or become stationary for one round.

Covenant			Cmd 8		
			RAT 1		
Damage				5	
Point Cost				20	
Field Allowance				С	
Vic	tory	Point	s		1
Ba	se Si	ze		Laı	rge

- 2ND PASSAGE: TRUE FAITH (*ACTION) This passage can only be read while the Covenant is within 8" of an enemy model that is engaged by a friendly Protectorate model. The passage is automatically fulfilled when read. Once the passage has been fulfilled, enemy models within 8" of the Covenant cannot cast spells.
- 3RD PASSAGE: WRATH (*ACTION) After all friendly models have activated this turn, the Covenant's controller must distribute 15 damage points to friendly Protectorate warcasters. Reduce this damage by I point for each enemy model destroyed this turn since the passage was read. A warcaster cannot be assigned more damage points than he has wounds remaining. Once the passage has been fulfilled, during each of the Covenant's controller's turns, including the turn the passage is fulfilled, friendly Protectorate models within 8" of the Covenant may make an additional melee attack after all friendly models have completed their activations.

Where the *Canon of the True Law* is the guide by which all Menites live, the Covenant of Menoth is a call to war. Its holy scriptures summon powerful miracles when read aloud in the heat of battle. The Covenant was discovered by blood, and only by blood will its holy words be fulfilled.





Reclaimer

Cmd 8

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 5 6 6 4 13 14



Damage	5
Point Cost	16
Field Allowance	1
Victory Points	1
Base Size	Small

RECLAIMER

FEARLESS - The Reclaimer never flees.

GATEKEEPER - The Reclaimer gains a soul token for each friendly Protectorate model destroyed within 7".

INVOCATION

As a special action or special attack, the Reclaimer may spend a number of soul tokens to use one of the following abilites. To resolve a magic attack, determine the success by rolling 2d6 and adding the Reclaimer's Invocation score of 7. If the roll equals or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack hits.

• COMMUNION (★ACTION) - The Reclaimer must spend one or more soul tokens to use Communion. For

each soul token spent, he may allocate one focus point to a friendly Protectorate warjack within 7". A warjack cannot exceed its normal allocation limit as a result of Communion. A warjack may only receive one focus point from the Reclaimer each turn.

• FINAL JUDGMENT (*ATTACK) - The Reclaimer must spend one soul token to use Final Judgment. Final Judgment is a RNG 10, POW 12 magic attack that can only target a living or undead model.

The Testament has loosed the first of the bindings from the Reclaimant's Altar, and so his order is freed to move unfettered. So it was written, and so it comes to pass.

> —Hierarch Garrick Voyle upon witnessing the silent progression of Reclaimers out of Imer

• SPIRIT SHIELD (*ACTION) - The Reclaimer must spend one soul token to use Soul Shield. He gains +4 ARM for one round.

CINERATOR

FIRE - Target model hit by the Cinerator suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

REACH - 2" melee range.

TACTICAL TIPS

Invocation – Invocations are not spells. Invocations do not require a magic skill roll to use.

COMMUNION - That's one focus point per Reclaimer per turn.

From the moment a Reclaimer dons the iron mask that will forever be the tomb of his thoughts, he knows the sound of Menoth's Voice. The last words he speaks are a promise to send chosen souls to the Lawgiver in Urcaen on wings of flame and ash. He knows not pain or emotion, and he is driven only by the will to serve. Neither man nor machine can stand in his way once the Voice has whispered a name in his heart. No explanation, no refusal, no hesitation. He leaves only a simple rod iron at the place of reclamation to mark his work.

With the High Reclaimer's transformation into the Testament of Menoth, the reclaimants have begun to follow the hierarch's armies to ease the transition of death for the chosen. Whether with the blade or bullet of the enemy or with the cinerator's fiery touch, the Reclaimers send the souls of the fallen to the afterlife. The soul energy transferred into them during the exchange has powerful and mysterious uses. It can be wrapped around them like a cloak to protect them from mortal harm. A Reclaimer may pass silent judgment by unleashing blasts of spiritual energy capable of tearing apart any body capable of holding a soul, even the soul-abandoned undead. Bearing some mystical connection to their mute iron brethren, they can also fuel the divine cortexes of warjacks with the souls of the faithful.

It is said that the increased wartime appearance of these silent ferrymen is the heralding of darker changes to come and that the souls of the dead are becoming a precious and worthy commodity on this plane to sate some forgotten prophecy. If any among the Order know what that is, their eternal silence will take it to their graves. Perhaps beyond.



TEMPLE FLAMEGUARD OFFICER & STANDARD BEARER

PROTECTORATE TEMPLE FLAMEGUARD UNIT ATTACHMENT

Feora has done well. I cannot tell the difference between the howl of their weapons and the cries of the vanquished. They merge to become a symphony of His will. It is music to my ears.

—Grand Scrutator Severius on the newly restructured Temple Flameguard deployed at Fisherbrook

PRECEPTOR

OFFICER - The Preceptor is the unit leader.

SHIELD WALL – Every Temple Flameguard who receives the order who is in tight formation with the Preceptor at the end of the unit's movement gains +4 ARM. If the Preceptor is no longer on the table, the largest tight formation group forms the shield wall. If there is more than one group with the largest number of troopers, the unit's controller decides which group forms the shield wall. A trooper who does not receive the order cannot join the shield wall. The bonus does not apply to damage originating in the model's back arc. Models that do not end their movement in tight formation do not benefit from the shield wall. This bonus lasts for one round.

TACTICS: MENOTH'S HOWL - Models in the Preceptor's unit gain Terror, and their melee attacks cause Fire. Models hit by an affected model suffer Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water. Enemy models/units in melee range of a model with Terror and enemy models/units with a model with Terror in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

Since the dawn of war, the Protectorate has taken great steps to militarize its formerly defensive forces. No longer relegated to watching over ancient reliquaries and other holy sites, the Temple Flameguard have managed a spectacular transformation from defensive bulwark to the core of a disciplined army.

With the transformation of the Flameguard nearing completion, Feora, Protector of the Flame granted military commissions with the rank of preceptor to veteran instructors from the Sovereign Temple and sent them to lead the Flameguard to battle. Having honed their martial prowess to a razor's edge, the Flameguard preceptors have proven consummate soldiers.

Flameguard preceptors have spent their lives mastering the flame spear, and under their expert supervision and constant drilling, the Flameguard they command are capable of nearly inhuman acts of martial prowess. Under the preceptors' tutelage, *Menoth's Howl* has become a signature maneuver of the new Temple Flameguard where once it was a tactic of desperation. When ordered to strike, a whole line of Flameguard simultaneously spin their weapons to drive fuel to the spear tips creating a whistle both ominous and terrifying.

The preceptors are accompanied by a zealous standard bearer chosen from the ranks for his uncompromising faith. More than just inspiring to look upon, the battle standards of the Temple Flameguard are engraved with a powerful passage from the Canon of the True Law: "Stand strong as the walls of My cities, and I will protect you always. Push against the tides of chaos, and I will move you. You are My will made flesh." When recited by the standard bearer, it drives the Flameguard forward with faith in their hearts and fire in their veins.

TACTICS: RANKED ATTACK - Models in the Preceptor's unit gain Ranked Attack. Models with Ranked Attack may make melee attacks through intervening models in the same unit.

UNIT ABILITIES - The Preceptor has Temple Flameguard unit abilities.

STANDARD BEARER

IRON ZEAL - Once per game, the Standard Bearer may use Iron Zeal during his activation. Every model in the open formation group containing the Standard Bearer gains +4 ARM and cannot be knocked down or become stationary. Iron Zeal lasts for one round.

UNIT STANDARD - Models in the Standard Bearer's unit do not flee while the Standard Bearer remains in play. When the Standard Bearer suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, a non-leader trooper model of his unit within 1" of the Standard Bearer may take up the standard. Remove the trooper model from the table and replace it

with the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced trooper are applied to the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Standard Bearer expire. If the Standard Bearer is not replaced, the unit must immediately pass a command check or flee.

the Standard Bearer is not replaced, the unit must in FLAME SPEAR (PRECEPTOR ONLY)

REACH - 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE – The Preceptor gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from his front arc.







HIGH PALADIN DARTAN VILMON

With a few more men like Dartan Vilmon, the walls of Sul would never have been breached. It was foolish of us to allow their order to languish. —Grand Exemplar Mikael Kreoss



Protectorate Paladin of the Wall Character Solo

he connects to the divine. He has sat at the feet of every sword master in the Protectorate, offered himself as a humble pupil and student, and endured whatever tasks or tests they required. None who have faced Vilmon blade to blade can leave the encounter less than awed. Even the former Grand Exemplar Baine Hurst spoke his praises and called him the finest swordsman ever to wear the Menofix.

It is more than swordplay that makes a paladin, and Dartan's singular ability would have been insufficient if not backed by spiritual strength and clarity. As with others of his order, Vilmon has had to walk a tightrope of duty and responsibility, obeying the clergy while retaining an awareness of mercy, compassion, honor, and valor. He has attempted to ameliorate the harsh dictates of the scrutators and has seen to the Protectorate's poor. He gives relief to those forced into hard labor, and sometimes he delivers a merciful death to those enduring unavoidable agony.

The Harbinger chose him to accompany her as protector during her pilgrimages in preparation for the crusade. Vilmon was present alongside Grand Exemplar Baine Hurst when the eldritch Goreshade ambushed the Harbinger. He was ordered by the grand exemplar to take her to safety while Hurst sacrificed his life to buy them time. He was chosen again when she made her journey north to intercept a great evil in the Thornwood, and he witnessed the Harbinger's sacrifice to liberate Menite souls trapped in the Orgoth Temple of Garrodh. Vilmon and the Testament fought side-by-side along with the Avatar of Menoth to preserve the Harbinger's body and soul and journeyed back to Imer to deliver her to Hierarch Voyle.

It was in recognition of these tireless deeds that he was promoted to high paladin. He has been given the freedom to return to Sul and join the fight alongside other paladins who have flocked to that ancient city to reclaim the wall. He put aside his shield in favor of his holy blade Censure and counts on his brothers in arms to serve as shields while he pits all of his strength against the Cygnarans who put the city and its people in peril. He brings hope to the displaced, those whose homes were reduced to rubble, and those whose loved ones lie among the ruins buried without proper rites. At the sight of the high paladin, the suffering men and women forget their difficulties and feel renewed strength. They remember the flesh is transitory and the faithful will have shelter in Urcaen.

SPECIAL RULES

VILMON

COMMANDER - Vilmon has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Protectorate models/units in his command range may use Vilmon's CMD when making command checks. Vilmon may rally and give orders to friendly Protectorate models in his command range.

CORNERSTONE - While in baseto-base contact with one or more friendly Paladins of the Order of the Wall, Vilmon and the Paladins cannot be knocked down and can only be moved during their activation. Incorporeal and trampling models cannot move through these models.

FEARLESS - Vilmon never flees.

FIELD OFFICER - An additional Paladin of the Order of the Wall may be fielded over normal Field Allowance limitations.

IMPEL - After Vilmon makes a charge attack, friendly Protectorate warrior models/units currently within 6" of him gain +2 to melee attack rolls this turn.

IMPERVIOUS WALL - Vilmon may forfeit his movement or action to enter the Impervious Wall. The

Impervious Wall lasts for one round. While in the Impervious Wall, Vilmon only suffers damage and effects from magic attacks and feats and does not suffer continuous effects.

SHIELDBREAKER STANCE -Vilmon and friendly Paladins of the Order of the Wall may forfeit their movement to enter the Shieldbreaker Stance. The Shieldbreaker Stance lasts for one round. While in the Shieldbreaker Stance, a model gains Swordmaster and increases the range of its melee weapons to 2". A model with

Vilmon Cmd 10						
SPD 6		MATI 9				
6 7 9 4 13 15 Censure						
()	9	SPEC Mu		POW 8	P+S 15	

Damage	8
Point Cost	38
Field Allowance	С
Victory Points	1
Base Size	Small

Swordmaster may make one additional melee attack.

WEAPON MASTER - Vilmon rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

CENSURE

FLYING STEEL - Vilmon may make d3 attacks with Censure each activation.

REACH - 2" melee range.

Protectorate Of Menoth







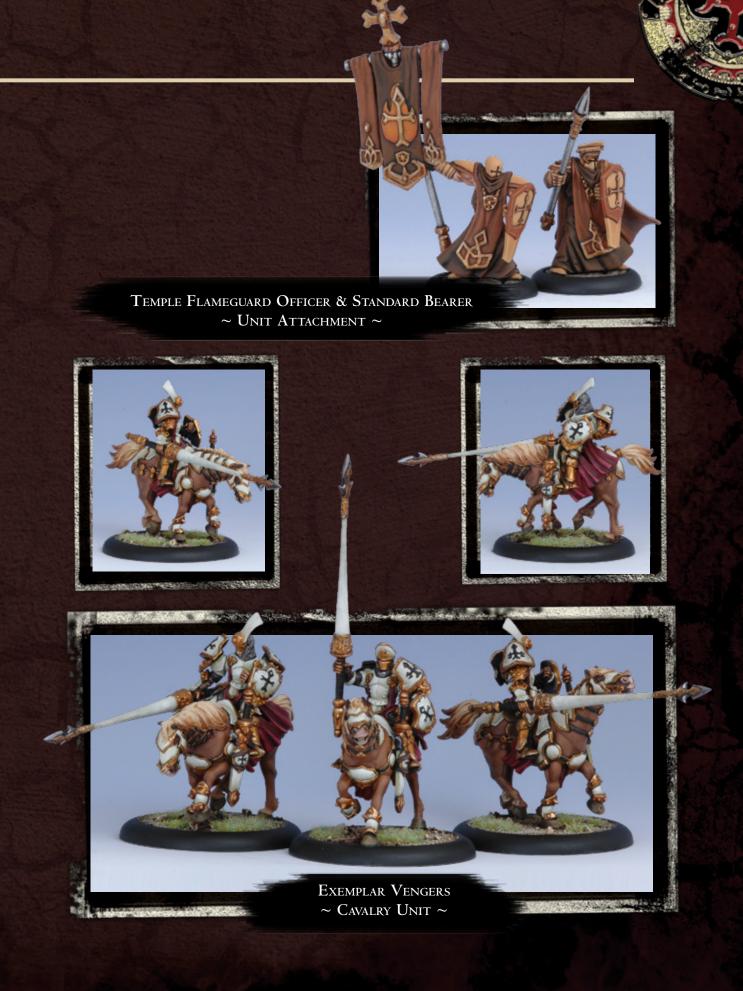






High Paladin Dartan Vilmon ~ Character Solo ~









Daughters of the Flame





Exemplars Errant ~ Unit ~









 \sim Light Warjack \sim

MILITARY OF THE PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH

The military of the Protectorate of Menoth has undergone radical reorganization and expansion, and it remains in a transition period with difficulties and challenges to overcome. Nonetheless, even enemies of the Protectorate comment on the remarkable effectiveness of its military. The ability of this small nation to field a force capable of contending with larger and more technologically sophisticated rivals is a testament to their resolve and faith. It is also the fruit of uncompromising leaders who will stop at nothing to ensure that Menoth is restored to proper veneration.

The structure of the Protectorate's military is unique since many of its forces are derived from martial religious orders with their own internal hierarchies and roles in the greater Temple. Just as it is impossible to extricate priestly ranks from the Protectorate's government, priests are common among the military leadership and the martial orders as well.

Founded in the aftermath of civil war, the Protectorate has always had a tumultuous relationship with Cygnar, the nation to which it once feigned fealty. By the terms agreed upon at the end of the Cygnaran Civil War in 484 AR, the Protectorate was forbidden to construct a standing army. The laws were never strictly enforced, but for decades the Protectorate paid these edicts lip service while slowly expanding its martial orders and warjack production to protect the Temple and its citizens. The need for these groups was justified by ongoing fighting with tribal Idrians southeast of Cygnar, which continued even after the majority were pacified and converted to the worship of Menoth in 504 AR.

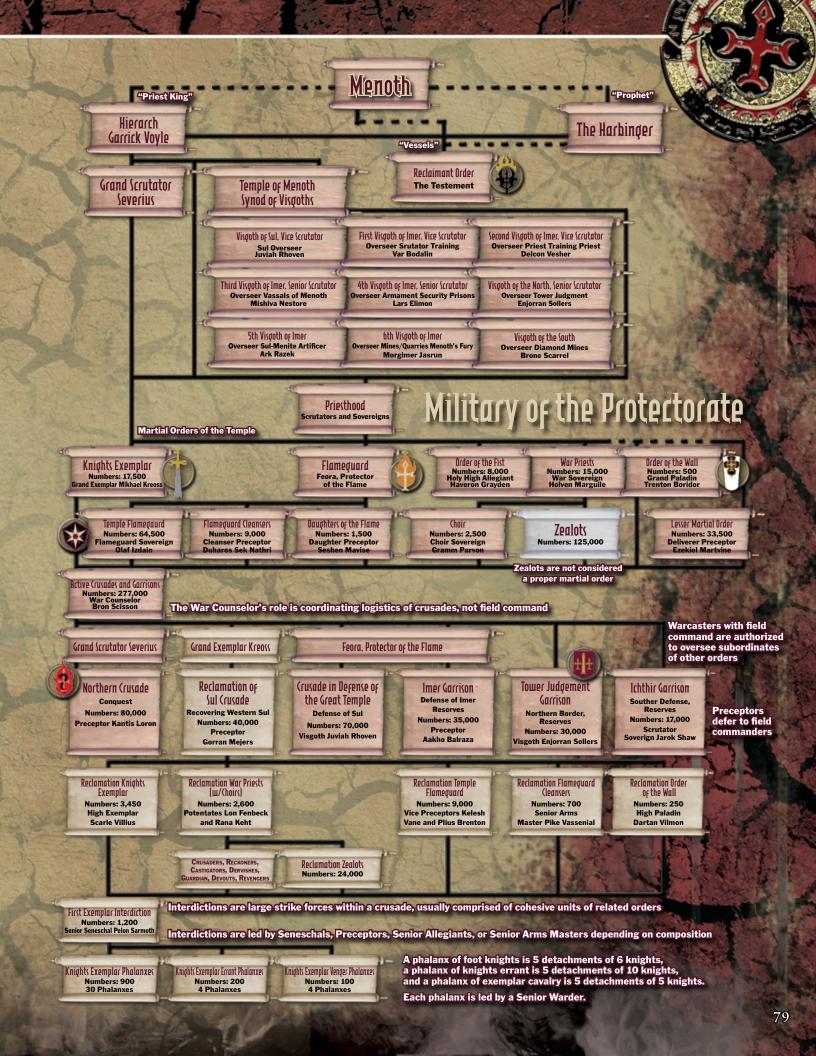
The Protectorate continued to focus on expansion of its territories and the construction of infrastructure in the harsh south and east until the rise of Hierarch Kilgor Ravonal in 568 AR. Ravonal, the fourth Protectorate hierarch, was the first to preach the doctrine of true independence and knew he must create a strong military. Under his direction both the Knights Exemplar and the Temple Flameguard swelled in numbers, and these groups would become the cornerstones of the Protectorate's military. He also endorsed the creation of the Order of the Fist, an internal police force founded by and led by the man who would succeed him, Garrick

Voyle. After almost two decades of rule, Hierarch Voyle has broadened the work of his predecessor to shape the Protectorate into a modern power. He has made bold and uncompromising decisions, striking against Cygnar and other heretics who oppose the Creator's will.

At its core the Protectorate military remains reliant on the strength of its martial orders. Since open war, the Protectorate no longer pretends to limit its military. In fact it has a staggeringly high percentage of its population participating in its military, considerably higher than any of its rivals. The Temple has been stockpiling and developing weapons for decades and is able to arm and equip a full third of its population. Training takes time, and they have discovered that not every citizen is equally zealous, qualified, or capable of assisting the war effort. Leaders of the Temple are constantly evaluating the best mix of training investment against the immediate need to field armed bodies. All of the Protectorate's enemies have larger populations, resources, and manufacturing capacity—a fact of which the hierarch is well aware.

The backbone of the Protectorate military is comprised of the increasingly numerous Temple Flameguard and the elite Knights Exemplar. Members of these two groups are cognizant of the fact that they exist solely to fight the battles of their faith. Their leaders, the priest or priestess of the flame and the grand exemplar, respectively, have served as foremost military leaders and advisors to the Synod of Visgoths and the hierarchs since the founding of the Protectorate.

The Temple Flameguard have taken the forefront of the organized Protectorate military, expanded their training facilities, and attempted to discipline as many citizens as possible into proper soldiers. The process was initiated by Hierarch Ravonal but greatly expanded under Hierarch Voyle, and it relies on the tremendous efforts put forward by Feora, Priestess of Flame. Though originally created to defend religious sites, the Flameguard are without question the core of the Protectorate's infantry and make up the largest number of trained soldiers. The only larger single force is the untrained zealots who are given weapons and sent directly into battle.



Military of the Protectorate of Menoth

The evolution of the Knights Exemplar has been more circuitous. They originated as a holy order of knights instituted by the scrutators to enforce the will of the priest caste and help ensure the loyalty and faith of the worshipers. The Knights Exemplar were predated by the ancient Order of the Wall, but those aloof paladins remained unwilling to obey orders unquestioningly. Knights Exemplar were created with a code of absolute obedience to the clergy and quickly rose to prominence. For decades they have served as the iron glove worn by visgoths and scrutators. They are masters of sacred relic blades protected by thick plated armor.

Though the Knights Exemplar acted as the chosen arm of the scrutators, over time their role shifted to battling external enemies more than keeping vigil on the faithful. As war escalated, the Protectorate required all of its elite knights on the battlefield to fight its crusades. It became particularly important after the founding of the Order of the Fist whose agents can blend into crowds and more efficiently root out treachery. Working parallel with the monks of the fist, secondary branches of the Temple Flameguard, Flameguard Cleansers and the recently instituted Daughters of the Flame, watch the citizenry and battle both internal and external threats. The Knights Exemplar adapted to a pure combat role and now send Vengers, Knights Errant, and traditional foot knights to fight on foreign soil.

The preeminent martial role of the Knights Exemplar has put them in a key position to lead a new army of Protectorate citizens eager to join the war effort and fight for their faith. The largest portion of the Protectorate's armed forces has evolved from a pseudo-militia force called by the priests to arm themselves from long-prepared stockpiles and begin training for war. Though termed 'volunteers', in truth not all people are equally willing, and some must be encouraged by scrutators to find their inner fighting spirit. Nonetheless, the religious doctrines taught to these individuals since birth has made it relatively easy to pull a large number of willing zealots and soldiers—from a wide range of ages including both genders—into service. Militia and lay soldier forces are organized into lesser military orders like the Deliverers whose rockets provide crucial ranged support. The Protectorate lacks ample supplies of blasting powder, so the simpler explosive rockets have served a similar purpose. Wherever possible the oil called Menoth's Fury, abundant in the Protectorate, is used as an alternative to blasting powder.

There has been an ongoing struggle between respect for the traditions of each martial order and the establishment of a clear and centralized chain of command. Traditionally as long as the leaders of each order were loyal to the Temple priest-caste, and in particular to the Synod or hierarch, they were allowed complete liberty over subordinates that could not be commanded by another branch. Hierarch Voyle realized this would not suffice when conducting large-scale crusades against the enemies of his faith. The hierarch turned to Grand Scrutator Severius to provide a unified authority over the Protectorate's military and created a priestly position severed from but cooperating with the Synod of Visgoths. Removed from the priestly hierarchy, Grand Scrutator Severius is no threat to the hierarch's unquestioned rule, and he has executed military objectives loyally. To free the grand scrutator to lead crusades personally, the office of war counselor was instituted. It is the highest rank in the Protectorate outside the priesthood or major martial orders.

War Counselor Bron Scisson is the organizational and logistical hub of the Protectorate military. His staff works with the Synod organizing all of the supply details for the three current ongoing crusades. This includes the Northern Crusade, led by the grand scrutator himself, sent into the north to achieve certain difficult long-term objectives. The other two current crusades are in Sul attempting to drive out the invaders and defend the city. This includes the Crusade for the Reclamation of Sul led by Grand Exemplar Kreoss and the Crusade in Defense of the Great Temple led by Feora, Protector of the Flame. The war counselor is responsible for managing allocation of reinforcements to these crusades, ensuring that the right assets are deployed, and confirming that the infrastructure supports ongoing training and war industry. He works closely with the six visgoths of Imer. They have oversight over crucial aspects of the Protectorate war machine such as iron mines, warjack factories, armor and weapon foundries, cortex fabrication, and refineries processing Menoth's Fury. War Counselor Scisson has no field authority or command—those functions fall to the grand scrutator and leaders of the orders—but without his efforts the crusades would quickly grind to a halt.

The active military is organized into garrisons and crusades. Standing garrisons include reinforcements for active forces and those reserved to defend Protectorate territories and resources. The largest garrisons, relying on a large number of Flameguard mixed with smaller numbers of other orders, are those stationed in Imer, Tower Judgment, and to the south at Icthier. Crusades are large groups of mixed forces brought together under an active leader for specific short or long-term objectives.

First deployed to fulfill the Harbinger's prophetic visions and confront a threat in the Thornwood, the Northern Crusade was extended to assist in funneling converts south, to recover powerful relics buried among northern Menites, and to establish distant strongholds. These distant fortifications provide the Protectorate with the means to extend its reach beyond its immediate borders. It is a risky but necessary campaign. These bases have had to become selfsufficient because maintaining supply lines through hostile territories is difficult in the best of times. Incursions by the skorne from the east and tribes of hostile trollkin near the northern stretch of the Black River have occasionally forced the Northern Crusade to operate completely independently and without any support from the south. By comparison, maintaining the two crusades in Sul has been an easier task due to the proximity of Sul to Imer. Fighting on their home territory has given every advantage to the defenders, but they have had to fight tough battles and have suffered heavy losses

Crusades are broken down into smaller functional groups called Interdictions. They are often comprised of a single type of unit, but they can be mixed as needed to achieve objectives. The hierarch appoints the leaders of crusades who in turn select interdiction leaders. By necessity crusades are trusted only to senior warcasters—those who have the ability to control warjacks as well as lead troops on the battlefield. These types of senior field commanders are authorized to command subordinates of different martial orders, which is otherwise unusual.

in street-to-street fighting. Holding the city center and the

eastern gate as well as protecting the Imer Highway are top

priorities.

At all levels of organization, priests in the Temple hierarchy fulfill similar roles as officers in other armies. They command soldiers directly and organize logistics and supplies. Notable lay soldiers can also be promoted to positions of authority such as arms-master or preceptor. Nonetheless, non-priests must treat priests with respect, and in any situation where the chain of command is uncertain, priests are obeyed before secular commanders.

Not every priest is equal, for their caste has its own rigid hierarchy. The most numerous and least influential clergy are local parish priests scattered throughout the Protectorate who conduct rituals at small local shrines and temples. These priests enter battle alongside the untrained zealots. Their prayers help ensure success, and they offer last rites for the fallen. Above them are the priests ranked potentate or higher. Some are chosen to march in battle in choirs



Protectorate Ceremonial Ornamentation

Rather than awarding medals to its brave soldiers, the Protectorate of Menoth has instead adopted specific traditions of ornamentation to both armor and robes worn in battle. Each of the major military orders has its own specific traditions, and some of them are localized to specific temples or garrisons. Abstract patterns of red, black, silver, or gold woven into robes is a common tradition, and their complexity is limited by rank and accomplishment. In some cases as a soldier is elevated in rank he will have pristine ornamented robes bestowed upon him during ceremonies. For armored martial orders such as the Order of the Wall and the Knights Exemplar, having gemstones affixed prominently to armor, weapons, and shields also denotes accomplishment in battle.

and are trained to create a holy synergy with sanctified warjacks whose engines are kept burning by fire linked to that which was passed down by the Creator at the dawn of civilization.

It is rare for priests of the top ranks of sovereign or visgoth to enter battle because they are reserved for governing the Protectorate and overseeing its greatest temples. They are too precious to risk in war. There have been occasions, however, when one of these great priests has taken to the field or coordinated defense of Protectorate lands. Visgoth Juviah Rhoven of Sul, for example, has loaned his divine prayer powers directly to the defense of his city and its sacred places, working alongside the Knights Exemplar and Flameguard. Indeed, the defense of this great and ancient city has brought together military forces of the Protectorate for a unity never equaled and reconciled even the Sul Order of the Wall which had previously fallen into disfavor. Even the aloof Reclaimers, a mysterious and silent priest subcaste, have come forth to battle the enemies of Menoth and reclaim western Sul. Considered an independent branch of the Temple loosely related to the clergy, the Reclaimers are sent to shepherd the souls of the slain and ensure the will of Menoth is followed on the battlefield. They act as instruments of His voice.



FIRST EXEMPLAR INTERDICTION, SUL

RECLAMATION OF SUL CRUSADE, SERVING GRAND EXEMPLAR MIKAEL KREOSS

FIDELITAS ET IRA "LOYALTY AND WRATH"



LEADERSHIP

- Grand Exemplar Kreoss, warcaster (not permanently attached)
- · Senior Seneschal, Knight Exemplar Pelon Sarmoth
- Seneschal, Knight Exemplar Venger Armides Marvant
- Senior Warder, Knight Exemplar Errant Fedron Lapidon

ASSETS

- 900 Knights Exemplar
- 200 Knights Exemplar Errant
- 100 Knights Exemplar Vengers
- 2 Vanquisher Heavy Warjacks (Kreoss)4 Crusader Heavy Warjacks (Kreoss)
- 10 Revenger Light Warjacks (Kreoss)

Baine Hurst, the former grand exemplar, was well loved by his knights but was also seen as removed from the ranks. He was an older man well past his prime who spent most of his time at the Exemplar Fortress in Imer. It was not until the arrival of the Harbinger that he strapped on armor and relic blades again when she requested his service alongside then Senior Paladin Dartan Vilmon to ensure her safety. His valiant death to buy time for the Harbinger to escape a Cryxian ambush shook the order, but the elevation of Grand Exemplar Mikael Kreoss has brought new life and vigor to the brotherhood. Here is a leader who fights alongside his peers every day as a warcaster and master of battlefield tactics. The Knights Exemplar have been brought together as never before, particularly in Sul. Aside from the ceremony of his elevation, the grand exemplar has never spent a day in the Exemplar Fortress, for he lends all his strength to the recovery of Sul. There are many who believe it was the efforts of the grand exemplar and his First Interdiction that prevented the fall of the Great Temple of the Creator in the aftermath of the breach of Sul's walls.

The First Exemplar Interdiction is a large force of handpicked veterans knights serving directly alongside the grand exemplar. They include a strong core of foot knights supported by Knights Errant and a small wing of Vengers cavalry. Though comprised solely of Exemplar knights, they receive considerable support and fight alongside the other martial orders in Sul. They have a particularly strong relationship with the city's surviving Order of the Wall paladins. All who fought in the defense of Sul share a bond forged by the sight of their sacred city being brought to ruin.

The grand exemplar's duties leading the entire crusade often take him elsewhere, and in his absence the direct supervision and leadership of the First Interdiction falls upon Senior Seneschal Pelon Sarmoth who reports to High Exemplar Scarle Villius, a man of legendary stature who has been guardian of the wall of Sul for a decade. These men take the loss of the western wall personally and hold



only themselves to blame for early defeats. There is a sense of wounded pride and fanatical determination among all the knights of the First Interdiction who have watched their brothers fall in numbers never before witnessed. The First Interdiction has vowed to push the enemy back into Caspia and renew their attack and invasion of that city, eventually taking the fight all the way to crush both Castle Raelthorne and the Sancteum.

The current members of the First Interdiction are survivors of many different assemblies of the old Sul

garrison transformed into a full crusade by Mikael Kreoss after the breach. Their courage and loyalty never wavered in the face of the Cygnaran onslaught, but most had lost hope and aspired to destroy as many of the enemy as they were able before falling in battle. Even before Kreoss organized them into a single recognized force, Seneschal Pelon Sarmoth had gathered the garrison defenders.

Mustering a force of only a few hundred knights cut off from the rest of the city's brotherhood, the seneschal cut into the flank of Cygnaran attackers and battled through to rejoin the main defenders of the Grand Temple. This was one of the hardest fought battles during the initial attack on Sul and was a major turning point. These knights fought on despite being entirely surrounded by Stormblades and other Cygnaran forces. They were able to hold long enough for Feora and a similarly rag-tag assortment of Temple Flameguard to

arrive and reinforce them. The Cygnarans routed and were forced to withdraw to the western city. Immediately on the heels of this crucial battle, the grand exemplar declared the Crusade for the Reclamation of Sul and placed Pelon Sarmoth in charge of its First Interdiction.





THE UMBER GUARD, FIRST OF THE TENTH FIRST PHRLRNX, FLRMEGURRD OF THE TENTH INTERDICTION, (RUSADE IN DEFENSE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE

FIAT FLAMMA "LET THERE BE FLAME"



LEADERSHIP

- Preceptor Marvase Denjerin
- Temple Flameguard Arms Masters Emanokar, Penthorne, and Malsythe
- Flameguard Cleanser Arms Master Ard Corcoran
- · Daughter of the Flame Captain Laili Emonfoha

- 300 Temple Flameguard
- 82 Flameguard Cleansers
- 18 Daughters of the Flame
- Guardian Heavy Warjack



The Flameguard have been deployed to Sul in unprecedented numbers to rally around the Great Temple, the most ancient and sacred Menite house of worship in the Protectorate. The attack on the Great Temple and Sulon's Remembrance reminded the Flameguard of their purpose. Many of the young had come to think of themselves solely as soldiers disconnected from their roots as Temple guardians. Seeing battles across the streets of this ancient city where the great Hierarch Sulon himself fought the Cygnaran unbelievers has galvanized the Flameguard to become a living wall of defense standing in the breach.

There are two full crusades in Sul working together for the same cause, but they have different objectives. Both crusades fight the Cygnarans to push them out of Sul, but the Crusade in Defense of the Great Temple has the primary objective of protecting the holy sites in the central city including Sulon's Remembrance and the Palace of the Visgoth. It has required constant vigilance and tremendous sacrifice of life as well as preemptive strikes into the western city to keep the Cygnarans unbalanced. Fighting has gone street-to-street and requires continual adaptation as the defenders transform the city into a defensive fortification by barricading streets, moving defenders to key points of resistance, and bolstering the long line as the enemy tries to exploit places of weakness.

There can be no rest for the Flameguard in Sul—a fact known well to the First Phalanx of the Tenth Interdiction known as the Umber Guard. Their distinct garb and colors are part of an older tradition from the original garrisons that watched a section of the lower levels of the Great Temple, but the somber and subtle earth tones have served as useful camouflage amid the dust and rubble of the contested zones in Sul. They serve alongside other phalanxes of the Tenth as the front-line defense and are veterans of many engagements. Other interdictions comprised of young and fresh recruits are held closer to the Temple as reserves and continue drilling and training. The Umber Guard are always on the fringes fighting in districts contested by Cygnar where they are hurled into gaps to stand strong against anticipated enemy incursions. This has required them to be ready to move at a moment's notice. They rush through the city to other points of attack and are counted on to remain strong no matter how weary. Many of these men and women have gone without food or sleep for days before being relieved; they are sustained by their faith in the cause.

Many Flameguard phalanxes are comprised of a single unit type, but the First Phalanx is mixed. This allows them to adapt to evolving needs better and to operate semiautonomously. The core of the unit remains the Temple

10th Interdiction
Flameguard

Soldiers: 2,000

Vice Preceptor Lortimul Vogize Flameguard, but they include a strong attachment of Cleansers who have provided them with substantial support and the ability to tackle larger enemy forces. They also boast a small contingent of the Daughters

of the Flame who serve a variety of roles particularly when operating at the extreme end of a flank. The Daughters advance ahead and act as forward scouts to provide warning about imminent attack and allow Protectorate forces to take better positions and prepare ambushes against Cygnaran units. When combat breaks out, the Daughters emerge from unexpected positions to make short work of the oblivious enemy.

The Umber Guard has become very effective at maximizing the strengths of these varied fighting forces. They use the Temple Flameguard to endure the brunt of an attack and fix an enemy in position while bringing Cleanser

flame to bear against the flank or rear. Meanwhile the Daughters of the Flame spring into the midst of the enemy formations to assassinate officers and often cause an immediate break in morale and subsequent rout. These tactics have proven so effective that Feora has recognized the Umber Guard personally and given them honors. They have inspired her to expand similar mixed phalanxes elsewhere on the edges of the defensive perimeter.







ORDER OF THE WALL ARMOR OF MOURNING

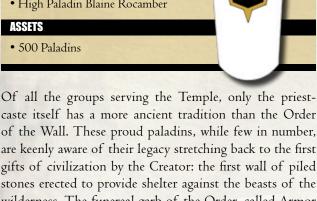


LEADERSHIP • ORDER OF THE WALL

- Grand Paladin Trenton Bouridor
- High Paladin Dartan Vilmon
- High Paladin Nivare Gartinius
- High Paladin Blaine Rocamber

ASSETS

500 Paladins



caste itself has a more ancient tradition than the Order of the Wall. These proud paladins, while few in number, are keenly aware of their legacy stretching back to the first gifts of civilization by the Creator: the first wall of piled stones erected to provide shelter against the beasts of the wilderness. The funereal garb of the Order, called Armor of Mourning, is similarly ancient, but it has been revised and interpreted differently across the centuries. The stark black and white tones have always been worn in times of tragedy and death, and seeing the paladins in this raiment is a universal symbol as easily recognized among the Old Faith of northern Khador as the Sul-Menites of the south. It serves as recognition of loss and the need to stand strong in the face of adversity.

When the Harbinger was struck down in the Thornwood, it was the Reclaimers and the paladins who knew it first. The Reclaimers could not speak of what they had seen, but they gathered around prayer fires. Menite paladins across western Immoren gave voice to the grief by donning the Armor of Mourning. From Skirov to Ancient Itchier, paladins were seen in full raiment in the streets bearing the black and white. It prompted an almost visceral sorrow in those who saw them, even Morrowans connected by some lingering ancient memory.

Seeing these processions in southern towns, many were reminded of the role of these ancient protectors who had been languishing in recent decades. They were reminded by the breach in Sul of the importance of the wall as both a symbol and a literal protective barrier. The Harbinger has been restored by a miracle invoked by Hierarch Voyle that transformed grief into triumph. Nonetheless, many paladins still continued to wear the armor in honor of the Harbinger's sacrifice, for they know of the souls she delivered to Menoth formerly trapped in the Temple of Garrodh. Others wear the black and white in recognition of the invasion of their former capital and their failure to hold the wall.

Even more than the Exemplars they join in battle, these paladins take Sul's breach personally and have vowed to commit every resource to reclaim the western wall. Hundreds have gathered in Sul to fight, and even the scrutators have recognized their valiant sacrifices in the name of Menoth. From their example there has been an unexpected upsurge in interest in their order as a large number of youthful aspirants have pledged themselves to become paladins, particularly among the Idrians in Imer. Some of those who once dreamed of being monks or exemplars have instead taken the more narrow and difficult path. Only time will tell if this is a temporary fascination or a chance for the Order of the Wall to experience a rebirth.

Some say only the Order of the Wall connects northern Menites with their southern brothers and that they are emissaries who could bring much needed converts into the fold. Such actions have not entirely expunged lingering doubts about their order's loyalty among the visgoths and the hierarch, but the leaders of the Temple know the power of inspiration and are willing to

make use of these living icons to fuel their ongoing crusades.

Notable Interdictions

Interdiction of Judgment

This interdiction represents the striking arm of the garrison posted to Tower Judgment, which holds an important position at the northern extreme of Protectorate territory. This interdiction of Temple Flamegaurd has been fending off a number of attacks by skorne seeking a passage through the Marches, and they support attacks against Eastwall as well.

Interdiction of the Covenant

The Northern Crusade has a special detachment of knights, zealots, choir, and Crusader warjacks specifically tasked to watch over and guard the Covenant of Menoth. The ancient tome is vital to the plans of Severius in the north and must be safeguarded at all costs.





PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH BATTLEGROUPS



Perhaps one of the keys to the strength of the Protectorate military despite being outnumbered by their enemies is a singularly effective method for recognizing and fostering the ability to contact warjack cortexes. It is a frustration to their western enemies, the Cygnarans, that this religion that loathes the arcane has been able to produce a strong retinue of diverse and singularly powerful warcasters. Their secret is not entirely well understood, and many in the priest-caste are content to credit it as a sign of Menoth's favor.

It seems more likely that it comes from the focused meditations and training of the war priests chosen as choirs. The state of trance or meditation required to focus their holy powers may be on some level similar to the concentration required to reach out and meld with the cortex brain of mighty constructs. These priests, even those who have not manifested the warcaster ability personally, have shown a talent to recognize that power in others often before it manifests capriciously.

Even among the choir, those who can actually control warjacks are rare, but the Protectorate has managed to unearth such jewels in the rough and polish them to readiness. Born in another kingdom the same individuals would likely never have been recognized. It helps that so many Protectorate citizens are encouraged to join the war effort. Nearly a third of the population spends time

assisting garrisons or crusades, which brings many people into close contact with warjacks.

The choir's primary purpose is the daily care and prayers of blessing for warjacks, and they work alongside secular mechanics and laborers who see to the mundane needs of these weapons. Part of this tradition extends from a lingering belief that these constructs must receive ongoing purification to appease Menoth for the use of necessary mechanika, which traditionalists believe arises from tainted origins. This is also one reason warjacks are so often decorated with intricate and complex prayers and spiritual diagrams intended to bring traditional holy solemnity to the engineering marvels. Choir priests serve the visgoths and sovereigns by overseeing the construction of fuel depots, armories, and wagons pulled by beasts of burden required to take the warjacks across long distances. Lacking a rail line to match either Khador or Cygnar, the Protectorate relies on older and more primitive means to maintain supply lines. This is more easily done within Protectorate borders where the distances are relatively small.

The greater difficulty comes in bringing supplies and particularly fresh warjacks to the Northern Crusade, which has been operating as far north as the Thornwood Forest and Llael. This crusade was sent originally as a single great force under the supervision of the Harbinger and Grand Scrutator Severius. It had a number of victories, but the most notable came when they ruined the town of

Fisherbrook in northern Cygnar and then marched north through the forest to incinerate the ancient monastery of Ascendant Angellia outside Fellig.

The original hope was to capture this fortified city and use it as a northern base of operations. The goal was to gather Khadoran Menite converts inspired by word and sight of the Harbinger and indoctrinate them to be sent south. Fellig proved too much of a hot zone, contested as much by Khador as Cygnar, and the Menites were turned back. The Northern Crusade regrouped and was able to retreat to a fortress under construction east of the Black River and just south of the Llaelese border. There they have managed to obscure their position and conduct a number of successful attacks into the north and west led by the grand scrutator.

They have endeavored to hold their own without relying on a constant supply line, and they have received unanticipated aid from forces allied with the rebels in southeastern Llael. Some of these rebels are actual Menites inspired by the Harbinger. Others are more pragmatic and see the Menites as a means to an end—help against the Khadorans who have occupied their cities. Llaelese Menites have brought reports of many old and significant temples in captured cities such as Laedry and Leryn, including those housing significant relics, texts, and ancient tomes which would be of interest to the grand scrutator and others of the priesthood.



PROTECTORATE Warjack Adornment



Prayer Sigils – Many warjacks that have survived multiple engagements are decorated with intricately ornamented blessed sigils to which lengths of prayer cloth are attached. The cloth is covered with script containing passages from the True Law. These blessings are believed to call Menoth's regard upon those fighting in the vicinity, and they ensure that His wrath falls on their enemies.

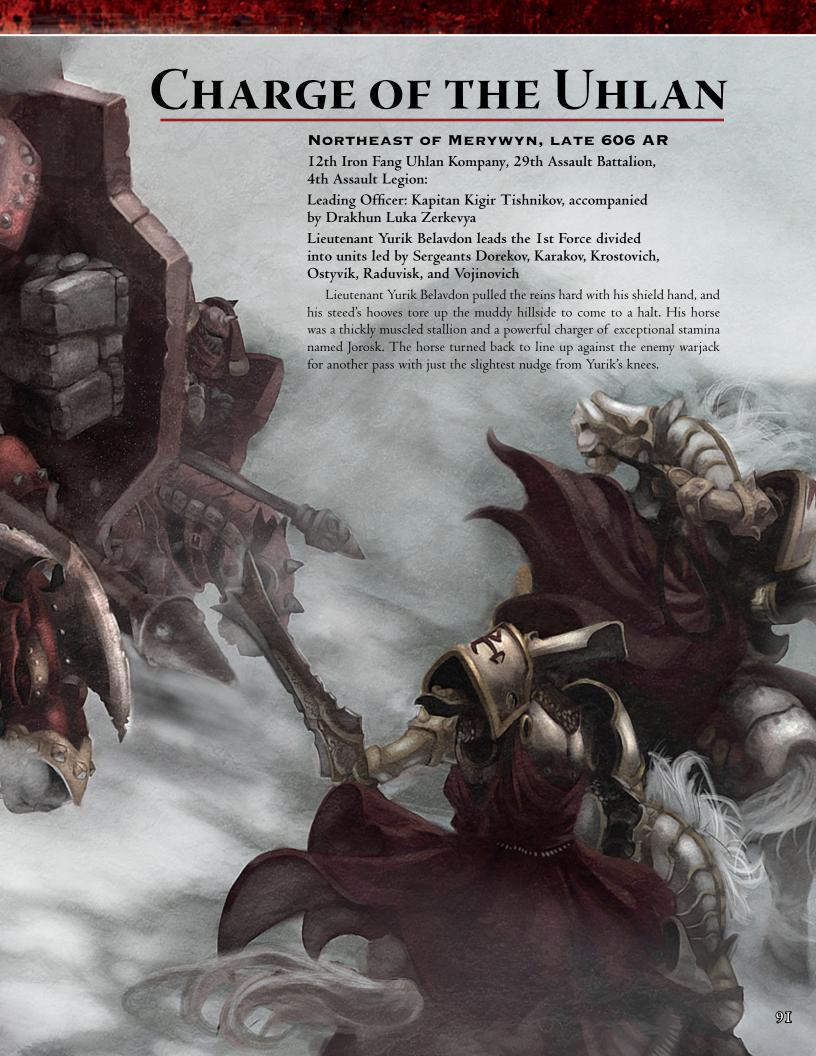


Ornamented Menofix – Intricate menofixes are other common blessed adornments utilized by soldiers in the field to recognize warjacks that endure and perform particularly well in battle. Sometimes they are set with large gemstones or glass beads to catch the sun and embody the sacred flame of the Creator.

The Northern Crusade still receives infrequent but periodic support from the south, and the war counselor is working to improve support for this northern force. At present they have had the most luck by sending reinforcements in large battle-ready groups traveling the intervening territory while attempting to avoid

> engagements. They are armed and ready to fend off any who spot their movement. The key to this effort has been the work of the powerful monk and warcaster Amon Ad-Raza who has brought several convoys of warjacks and Menoth's Fury north accompanied by zealots and Knights Exemplar, particularly fast-striking Vengers. Amon Ad-Raza has been traveling constantly between Tower Judgment and the northern territory, evading both skorne patrols and occasional scouts from Cygnar. In the process he claims a greater familiarity of the fringes of the Bloodstone Marches than any western warcaster. While many do not know it, the mercenary and outlaw Magnus Asheth has also aided in these efforts, likely for his own inscrutable agenda.





The kompany had engaged the Llaelese rebels with a charge and attempted to crush them with overwhelming force. They had found them precisely where the Kossite scouts had said they would be. It was a force of riflemen wielding smuggled firearms, several halberdiers and pikemen, and the two Vanguard warjacks. It was not a large force, but every warjack was dangerous, and Yurik was determined not to lose men by underestimating the enemy. He had just helped destroy the first warjack, but the second had already killed one of his men with its shield gun, and he was determined not to let it get off another shot.

Yurik raised his thick-hafted lance, opened its breach to slam a new blasting charge into the cylinder, and then yanked the mechanism closed with a practiced hand. A wired track pulled the charge up through the shaft's length to lock into place at the end of the blunt tip.

His horse was already at a gallop heading toward the second Vanguard. As Yurik charged, the Llaelese machine toppled Barakevich, one of Yurik's brothers in arms, with a blow from its lengthy guisarme. Barakevich had misaligned on the charge, and his lance deflected off the Vanguard's shield. Yurik saw his friend's horse recover; the question was if Barakevich was still alive.

Yurik braced for impact and guided his lance over the notch in the Vanguard's shield to deliver a perfect strike to its shoulder. The charge exploded with a force that sent vibrations up his spine, and it nearly blew off the warjack's shield arm. He wheeled his horse in time to see the massive mounted figure of Drakhun Luka Zerkevya following his charge. The Man-O-War's armored horse towered over the light warjack and reared so Luka could smash his annihilator blade with a crunch of folding metal to knock the warjack prone. Its cortex housing shattered with a residual explosion and spray of sparks.

Yurik's men ran down the remaining rebels with the armored hooves of their mounts, and those who did not immediately surrender were torn apart. Kapitan Tishnikov rode up to Yurik followed closely by the steam-armored Drakhun. The kapitan lifted his helmet visor to ask, "Where is she?"

"A false lead, kapitan," Yurik answered. He pointed to a slumped soldier in mismatched armor bleeding out on the churned ground. The purple and white ribbons on his tabard fluttered in the breeze, and a broken halberd lay across his torso. "That one controlled the 'jacks. There is no warcaster."

"Son of a boar's whore!" the kapitan cursed. He slammed his visor down and yanked his horse's head with the reins. He kicked into a gallop toward the last of the fighting. Like a looming shadow, Drakhun Zerkevya followed.

Yurik never tired of watching Zerkevya's steed. Jorosk, Yurik's own mount, was a large and powerful warhorse, but the Karpathan destriers employed by Drakhuns were in their own class. They came from the same stock still ridden by the few remaining 'old' Uhlan, now a fading brotherhood of a largely forgotten tradition. Some would say the Drakhuns were the true legacy of that group, not the mounted Iron Fangs who had inherited the Uhlan name. Before the Orgoth, Uhlan wore massive bastion plate armor so heavy they had to be winched up by rope to be set atop their horses. Such warriors could barely move without a mount and were completely helpless when unhorsed. Khadoran Man-O-War riders still have to rely on external support to mount their steeds, but their steam-powered armor give them a way to walk and fight when unhorsed despite similarly bulky armor. Only the peerless Karpathans can bear them and the weight of their heavy barding. It was impossible not to look at that hulking steed without thinking of his ancestors and the legacy of the horsemen who united the Motherland with lance and blade.

Sergeant Alexei Dorekov rode up. His short spear was stained red with fresh blood. Yurik asked, "How is brother Barakevich?"

Dorekov was a heavy-framed Skirov of the north mountains with a thick moustache, heavy beard, and constant smirk on his lips. "Knocked senseless, but he will live. When he wakes he'll face punishment for missing that simple strike. Stupid young *khopek*."

The two sat silent a moment watching the men regroup with the prisoners. These rebels would be sent to Merywyn for trial and execution. Lieutenant Yurik Belavdon considered the exceptional men under his command, the Ist Force of the famed 12th Iron Fang Uhlan. Other than Barakevich, most were seasoned veterans—men who had been astride horses half their lives mastering blasting lance, spear, and steed.

Sergeant Dorekov spoke quietly. "Sir, this duty is beneath us—chasing down rebel dogs."

The lieutenant felt similarly but knew he must not set an example of questioning orders. "We were ordered here because of reports of these Vanguard. Naturally they deduced *she* might be here." He did not need to name the rebel warcaster who had been an ongoing problem for the eastern occupation army destroying depots, disrupting supply lines, and demolishing expensive warjacks. "We cannot allow rebels

Charge of the Uhlan

to cripple our supply lines. I shouldn't have to remind you that these men we fought today may have been among those who burned our stables three weeks ago. That cowardly act of arson killed several irreplaceable warhorses."

Yurik knew that all of the men were impatient with Llaelese patrols and wanted to go to the front lines to fight against Cygnar. Their entire kommand had been assigned as support and kept in reserve as a potential flanking force against Cygnar. So far they had seen only empty patrols and engaged in occasional skirmishes with rebels who sniped at them from abandoned barns and farmhouses. At least this fight today had stirred their blood thanks to the deceptively tough Vanguards. At the end of the day five men were sent west to recover from wounds, and two were sent back for burial.

* * *

Yurik was called to the kapitan's tent alongside the other lieutenants. Behind Kapitan Tishnikov stood Luka Zerkevya; even outside his Man-O-War armor he was an imposing soldier tall enough to be a Kossite. As a lieutenant, Yurik technically outranked Luka, for Drakhun were not officers. Still, they ignored orders given by anyone except the officer to whom they were assigned like bulldogs kept at heel by their masters.

The temperamental Kapitan Tishnikov was not one to mince words. He held up a scrap of charred paper. "This was among the traitor rebels—an intercepted message for our kommander. During their capture they tried to destroy it, and they nearly succeeded. It bears a seal of urgency, but the message was badly damaged." He cast it on the table with a look of disgust as if the paper itself offended him.

As lieutenant of the 1st Force, Yurik was allowed some liberties. He stepped up to examine the paper and squinted at its damaged text where the fire had failed to consume it. There was a red fragment of a stamp of urgency on the upper left. There was also an officer's seal that made him grunt in surprise. There were few he would recognize on sight, but this was one. "Is this the mark of Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff?"

Kapitan Tishnikov made an assenting noise. They had all heard of the exploits of the prodigal warcaster who had arisen from the Winter Guard. Yurik looked back to the message but could only make out a few words, a code used by higher officers. "This means nothing to me."

The kapitan seemed smug; Yurik knew his superior resented Yurik's breeding. Yurik was descended from a

minor noble line while the Tishnikovs were kayazy of Khardov. They were a family of ominous reputation and considerable clout, but they were still commoners. The kapitan took the paper and tapped it with a finger. "This is a request for reinforcements to meet at a depot to the southeast. This may have been intercepted today. It may describe a southern Menite uprising." The kapitan looked up to them with an almost hungry expression. "We will investigate. Our duty is clear."

An older lieutenant cleared his throat. "Should not we take this to Kommander Lukavich?"

The kapitan glowered at the older man and firmly shook his head once. "This message is meaningless as it stands. Incomplete. We must investigate."

The others shifted uncomfortably, but only Yurik dared ask the question the others were thinking. "What of the rest of the 29th Battalion? I can send a courier to Kovnik Rhaskor." Rhaskor was the kapitan's immediate superior.

The kapitan glared at Yurik with a look of smoldering fire. "No. The 12th will respond. We have no need to divert other kompanies. Let there be no more questions. Are you senile old courtiers or Iron Fangs? We leave before dawn. Prepare the men. Dismissed."

* * *

The entire I2th Uhlan Kompany—a hundred and seventy-five Iron Fang cavalry accompanied by the Drakhun escort—rode before daybreak. Yurik felt a familiar euphoria riding with his brothers with their blasting lances held high. His enthusiasm was dampened only by the feeling they were going the wrong direction, away from their true enemy. He overheard similar grumbling among the men nearest him. At another time he would have silenced their grumbling, but now he thought it best to let them vent.

Yurik felt an apprehension growing in him. The day's sunrise had been deeply red before dark clouds gobbled the sun, which he took as an ill omen. He did not agree with the decision to ride so far from their battalion without explicit orders, but it was his duty to obey the kapitan regardless of his feelings.

He heard his men speaking of the latest rumors, and he listened discreetly. Brother Norstoy had been drinking among the men of the supply train and related what he had heard to Sergeant Karakov. "The Butcher of Khardov has struck again. Even his own men fear following him into battle now."

Sergeant Karakov was skeptical. "That is nothing new. His men follow him or face execution for disobeying orders just like anywhere."

"They say some of his men would sooner face trial than fight with him since he is like a beast. I hear he attacked an outpost near Fellig alone against an entire force of southerners. He hacked them all to pieces and painted the walls with blood. Then he turned on the villagers who lived nearby and erased an entire town. He did not return for three days, and when he did, his skin was caked with the blood of children, and he had taken skulls as trophies. They say he talks to them, and his axe, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping—"

Yurik barked, "Enough!" Brother Norstoy looked back to him, cheeks red. Yurik shook his head, "You speak of a highly decorated officer of the Khadoran Army—a Kommander and warcaster of the Fifth Border Legion."

"But sir—"

"I said enough. If I hear you spreading these rumors again, I will drag you the rest of the way behind my horse. Understood?"

* * *

They eventually arrived at the firebase. It was a small supply station along the forward reaches built to refuel warjacks with coal. It also maintained supplies of dried and smoked meats for soldiers on outer patrols. The base did not look to be in regular use; it was battered and in ill repair. They spotted the distinctive profile of a Destroyer at the top of the hill as they neared. The machine watched the most advantageous approach with its bombard ready.

As they climbed the hill, they observed a group of rugged Winter Guard camped around the base. They were decorated veterans, not fresh conscripts, and they looked ready for battle. Yurik saw two other warjacks nearby, a Kodiak and a Spriggan. Both idled on the opposite side from the Destroyer. Thin plumes of smoke rose from their stacks indicating they were fueled and running. Yurik had never seen a Spriggan before and found it an impressive sight. The heft of its lance was imposing—a massive steel implement designed to punch through warjack armor.

Yurik knew many rank and file Uhlan resented warjacks and their prominent role in battle because the Uhlan considered themselves the inheritors of an ancient and sacred Khadoran tradition. Yurik, on the other hand, had been well educated at the Druzhina military academy, so he knew the crucial value of warjacks. Being slow, highly armored, and difficult to destroy, a warjack's role was closer to heavy infantry than cavalry. They are best set at the center of a charge to attract enemy attacks. Warjacks can strike a line at its strongest point and shatter the enemy's defenses. Cavalry complemented the 'jacks with their maneuverability and ability to strike weak points along the line and flank the enemy. Although he knew these principles in theory, he rarely had occasion to fight alongside the machines.

The 12th Uhlan was generally deployed where allied warjacks were unavailable, and they were trusted to bring similar power to areas where the Khadoran advance had been stretched thin. All Iron Fangs—both Uhlan and Pikemen—trained to tackle warjacks and tear them down. It was natural after such training for the men to consider themselves superior. It was essential to have that courage when charging at a 9-ton hulk of iron astride a horse. To fight effectively every Iron Fang had to believe warjacks were as vulnerable as any other foe. Nonetheless, it was against warjacks that the Uhlan in general suffered the greatest number of casualties.

Yurik and his men saw Forward Kommander Kratikoff greet their kapitan. It was inspiring to see her in person, for she was one of the greatest warcasters of their day. The woman bore great responsibility on her young shoulders, and she was backed by the authority of the High Kommand. Even Kapitan Tishnikov kept his arrogance in check as he dismounted to offer a formal and respectful salute. Yurik Belavdon dismounted to join them, and offered his own salute. Of the kapitan's direct subordinates, only the Drakhun stayed mounted. He and his steed looked faceless and inhuman encased in their thickened armor.

Kommander Kratikoff spoke tersely, "Where is your Kovnik? Were you sent ahead?"

"I'm sorry, Kommander. Your communication never reached its target. It was intercepted by rebels and nearly destroyed. We came to investigate and render assistance."

"I requested a battalion, not one kompany." Her cold blue eyes were displeased. "This will not do."

Tishnikov cleared his throat and offered, "I can send a man on our best horse to take your orders, Kommander. Just give me the word."

"There is no time! We must strike now. Your kompany must suffice, inadequate though they may be."

The kapitan drew himself up proudly, "We are the 12th Iron Fang Uhlan, Kommander! We are prepared for battle."

Charge of the Uhlan

In this Yurik decided he was in a rare state of complete agreement with his superior officer. "What do we face?"

"Ride with me and I will show you."

* * *

Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff insisted on an oblique approach to keep their movements hidden. It was her own warjacks limiting their speed, so she and the machines took a more direct angle across the ground she knew well. She commanded the Uhlan to follow a more occluded path toward a stretch of nearby hills. Everything in Yurik's training told him what they were about to do was madness. If the Forward Kommander had requested a battalion, they must be facing superior numbers. Attacking at such a disadvantage was folly. On the other hand, his training cautioned him that the value of a warcaster in this type of engagement could not be quantified. Her presence changed everything.

They reunited with her on the far side of a steep embankment. It had begun to snow earlier in the day, but it was not unpleasant by Khadoran standards. The ground of this hilly region wore a light blanket of soft pack that did not impede their steeds.

At the kommander's instructions, the warjacks and the majority of Uhlan stayed back while the officers

topped the rise to behold their enemy. Below was an enormous column of men, horses, and wagons winding its way along the valley. Armor and banners gleamed against the snow in the fading light of sunset. Even with the foreknowledge that they should expect southern Menites, Yurik had not anticipated such a sight; he had expected a ragtag assortment of robed fanatics.

Instead they saw a disciplined army including knights both mounted and on foot adorned in white, red, and gleaming gold. There looked to be over a hundred horsemen, perhaps half again that number of

knights on foot, and nearly as many other foot soldiers. They were too far away to see details, but it appeared to be a force over five hundred strong. Several light warjacks marched among them near the back ahead of the wagon train following in their wake.

The Menites were marching through a gentle valley along a pass between sloping hills. Beyond the opposite hills was the start of an expanse of forest—the ominous border of Ios. It was the closest Yurik had ever been to it.

Surveying the column below, Kapitan Tishnikov asked, "How is this possible? How could so many be here?"

Sorscha Kratikoff replied calmly, "I believe there must be a recently erected Menite stronghold hidden south of here. We will worry about that later. For now we cannot allow this column to advance. They may be remnants of an earlier crusade in the Thornwood. Whatever their goal, we must stop them. I suspect they could be making for Leryn, and we cannot allow that city to be seized by our enemies." She looked to the kapitan. "Will any of your men have difficulties fighting Menites?"

The kapitan struggled not to look offended, "Some of my men are Menites, but they are Iron Fangs and patriots. The southerners are no friends of ours."



She accepted this answer with a nod. "Gather your men. We will come upon them from the high ground and shatter their column." Her eyes gleamed with such imperishable confidence that Yurik felt his blood stirred. Three-to-one odds, madness. Looking at her, seeing her turn with her blue-glowing weapon to call her warjacks, he felt ready to hurl himself against that massive column even if he were the last Khadoran soldier at her side. There were worse ways to die, and if he lived, it would be a day to remember.

* * *

They topped the rise in a long line along the ridge. The horses snorted plumes of hot breath and pawed the snow, and Yurik felt a familiar quickening of his pulse. The air was thick with the anticipation of battle and death, and steam rose from lathered horses as men shifted in their thick armor and readied blasting lances. Yurik and his 1st Force were near the kapitan and the massive Drakhun at the center of the line. The kapitan held up a hand against their eagerness. "Wait. Not yet. Hold for my signal!"

Below the forward kommander was on the move. Her warjacks strode down the slope ahead of her, and the hillside dwarfed their bulk. Sorscha Kratikoff was a small red blur surrounded by the gray and red uniforms of her chosen Winter Guard. It seemed they might cross the distance with the enemy unaware until at last there were shouts of alarm. Like a blind serpent, the column ground to a halt while those nearest the slope turned to confront the threat. Again the kapitan barked out, "Hold, not yet!"

A great ballista turned toward the oncoming warjacks. Its tightly coiled arms winched backward as a heavy payload was loaded and pulled into place. At last the kapitan gave the order, "Now! Charge! For Khador! For the Twelfth Uhlan!" Yurik kicked his heels into the sides of his horse, but it was unnecessary since the whole line of them leapt forward like a single beast down from the ridge. The air filled with the deafening thunder of hooves pounding the earth into submission.

The ballista fired ahead of them, and the projectile soared toward the warjacks but overshot. It flew over the heads of the Winter Guard and the kommander to slam harmlessly into the ground and explode well short of the cavalry. The air around Sorscha became alive with a glittering reflection like a snowstorm made manifest. The armored knights raising crossbows to fire at her men were blinded, and their shots veered wide or sunk into the dirt ahead of their targets. She pointed forward, the Destroyer began to fire its explosive

rounds deep into the ranks of the enemy, and Deliverers were sent flying. At another wave of her gloved hand, the Kodiak and Spriggan accelerated forward with remarkable speed as their metal limbs vaulted them down the hillside.

Yurik gave his battle cry into the wind, but it was lost among so many others as they shouted and pushed their horses forward. They flew across the snowy ground to catch up with the warjacks below.

The Protectorate cavalry near the front of the column were trying to get into position to come forward and intercept, but Sorscha had planned her attack well. She came against the back end of the column at the narrowest point of the winding pass. Ranks of men bearing long rocketlaunching tubes turned to face them and scrambled to fire their wildly inaccurate projectiles. The light warjacks near the back end of the train came forward, but their movements seemed uncertain and indecisive, and Yurik guessed there was no warcaster opposing them to clarify their actions—a blessing. He lowered his blasting lance and chose his target: an armored warjack with a thin frame bearing a sword in each metal hand. "Ist Force!" He shouted and raised his hand so his men would see. "The warjacks! To me! Strike on my call!" He gestured to emphasize and pointed his gauntleted hand to their target.

Another ballista shot flew overhead and exploded into the men and horses behind him in blazes of fire. Yurik felt a wash of heat from the close blast, heard the painful sounds of screaming horses, and smelled roasting flesh. Below, the knights with their weighty crossbows had chosen new targets, and he raised his shield in time to deflect a whizzing bolt that penetrated halfway through the armored surface just below his arm. He heard more whiz past to impact harmlessly into the armor of several of his shielded brothers, and they rode through several rocket explosions unscathed. Again he heard sounds of falling men churned underfoot by others behind. Ahead he saw the Spriggan impact and tear through the line. Its lance cleared a path of carnage as its heavy feet trampled through the enemy ranks. It shattered men and even horses shattered as it penetrated deep into the ranks of the Protectorate cavalry.

Yurik's field of vision narrowed to the double-bladed warjack ahead of him, and he felt his men around him gathered like a single fist. Nothing existed in the world but the tip of his lance and the target ahead as his horse devoured the rest of the hillside, and he slammed into the warjack with concussive force. After the spine-jarring impact, he let his lance relax in his grip as he squeezed

Charge of the Uhlan

tight to the sides of his horse and urged it to dance to the left. Over his shoulder he saw brother Norstoy's lance slide without purchase along the warjack's frame, and then the bright blades sliced through Norstoy's armor and knocked him bloodily from his steed. Just behind their fallen comrade, Sergeants Krostovich and Dorekov impacted with perfect precision and knocked the armored 'jack to the ground, shattered and broken.

Yurik found himself surrounded by armored men with relic blades. He turned aside a hasty swipe at his side as Jorosk reared up to shatter a knight's helmet with sharpened hooves. The knight fell and bled on the muddy snow. Yurik kicked his spurs, and the horse leapt forward to barrel through and knock down a robed form in red and white who had charged toward him with a barbed staff. As he moved past the immediate fray, he opened his lance breach to slam another blasting charge into its cylinder.

His horse spun around of its own accord as he cranked the charge home, feeling the familiar and satisfying click in his hands as its point reached the apex of his lance. A chill went down his back when he saw a number of Protectorate cavalry had gotten past the footmen blocking their way and were now charging his direction. Their slender lances lowered against him. He called to his men and spurred Jorosk forward, but he knew the momentum was against him. He lowered his lance, tightened the grip on his shield, and clenched his legs tightly around Jorosk's torso as he prepared for impact.

Suddenly a hulking form barreled into one of the slender Protectorate horses and knocked it entirely over. It was the unmistakable shape of Drakhun Luka Zerkevya who came into the midst of the Protectorate cavalry like a giant among children. The length of his annihilator blade swept outward and cleaved clean through the knight who had been bearing down on Yurik. His lifeless body fell from the saddle, and his steed panicked and screamed. Luka swept his blade out again and topped another knight on the other side. He then swung around to behead a third as his great horse reared up and plunged its hooves down to shatter a zealous knight on foot who had charged to attack. The exemplar cavalry parted around the Drakhun like a scattered flock of birds racing away as their momentum was diverted.

"To me! To me! Ready for charge!" Yurik yelled to his men who had been reloading their lances. "Against the horsemen! Now!" He pointed at the right wing of Protectorate knights who were even then trying to maneuver for a different approach. He raised his shield in salute to the Drakhun as he rode past and saw the Man-O-War dip

his blade in response. Yurik and his men rode forward, and this time the momentum was on their side. The Protectorate knights barely had time to align their horses for the attack before the Uhlan charged home. Blasting lances struck many of them from their mounts with explosive velocity, and they tumbled across the ground until they lay and scattered across the hillside.

"Uhlan!" The voice of the kapitan was followed by a blast of his distinctive horn. "Uhlan! Rally!" Kapitan Tishnikov pointed toward the greater mass of the column past the area of their bloodied impact where the enemy surrounded Sorscha and her warjacks. A knight flew through the air as the Kodiak smashed through its armor with a steam-powered fist, but the Spriggan had been surrounded and was enduring a fearsome pounding, and the Destroyer had been toppled by cavalry and hammered to pieces. "To the kommander! Now!"

In later years Yurik would remember this moment of the fight as he brought his lance to bear for the third time and urged his sweating and winded horse to charge yet again. His heart thudded in his chest with fear for the lone woman who stood surrounded by the enemy. He saw her laughing in battle, and the great hammer-scythe in her hands gleamed blue. The air around her scintillated with freezing ice, and a sudden frost spread outward from her like an explosive shockwave. The woman was a whirling storm. Frostfang spun through the air and shattered knights around her through their useless shields. It was like watching a savage animal trapped in a glass blower's shop breaking anything in reach. The impression was captured in the moment before Yurik's lance impacted a knight on horseback that had been turning to charge the warcaster. His lance hit the frosted armor and broke straight through with a strange sound like crunching ice, and the knight literally exploded into a plume of red spray that washed Yurik as he galloped by.

He saw the column sliced in half. Carnage was all around. The southern half of the Sul-Menites were routing while the knights at the fore continued to fight. Far fewer of his Iron Fangs were around him than he expected, and he could see the dark red and black of fallen brothers and their horses everywhere he looked. His mind refused to consider the casualties; there were more enemies to slay. He rode his horse past Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff and dipped his lance to her. For a moment her eyes locked on his, above his visor, and her smile was one he would cherish to his grave.



KOMMANDER ORSUS ZOKTAVIR

The man is now utterly insane. What will we do with him when there is no one left to fight?

Pray that day never comes.

—Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk in a letter to Supreme Kommandant Boris Makarov

Any who once thought time might mellow the rage of Orsus Zoktavir has now been thoroughly disabused of that notion. Constant battles against the enemies of the Motherland have deepened his madness and brought forth dark echoes from the depths of his being. The only soldiers who feel an affinity with him are the Doom Reavers, for they recognize the same force that whispers to them and urges them to slaughter. Even those who once endorsed unleashing Orsus as a weapon against their enemies have begun to doubt the wisdom of that course.

The invasion of Llael seemed Kommandant Zoktavir's finest hour. He hurled himself against Redguard Fortress

like a force of nature—an earthquake and tornado rolled into one. This had been the strongest point of resistance and the greatest garrison of the atrophied Llaelese army and was supported by a massive contingent of Cygnaran soldiers. They never stood a chance against the Butcher of Khardov and the forces following in his wake. The stones of Redguard fell to the Demolition Corps, and it was Orsus who was first through the breech. He swept through enemies as his warjacks emulated his berserk frenzy and tore through soldiers and warjacks with equal ease. Howling Doom Reavers followed behind as Llael's strongest border fortress echoed with the screams of the dying.

Some speculate that Kommandant Irusk hoped the Butcher would perish in the attack and take the most uncontrollable of his followers with him. If that were the goal, it failed utterly. As the conquest continued, Kommandant Irusk faced a difficult realization and was forced to choose his targets carefully. They were in Llael to absorb the

land and make it a permanent part of Khador, not to wipe out its inhabitants. Orsus was mindful of these

orders in the calm light of day, yet when the battle madness came upon him, there was no stopping him. A lust for blood poured from him like heat from a fire and infected those serving with him.

After the surrender of Merywyn, as Khador turned its attention south against the greater challenge of Cygnar's border, Orsus

KHADOR EPIC WARCASTER CHARACTER

Zoktavir was put aside. His kommanders hoped he would cool like a sword pulled from the forge. It was a mistake though. The days of inactivity picked at his brain and brought back memories he had long avoided. It was a slow torture that ate through his always-tenuous self-control. This came to a head when Orsus went of his own accord to 'discipline' wayward officers and soldiers heard to be abusing citizens in an occupied town. Those who have served with him know it is harm to women that most easily stirs the berserk rage in his heart—remnants of an inner wound that will never heal. Lola in hand, Orsus and his Doom Reavers fell upon the soldiers until none were left. The ordeal left the witnessing townsfolk more terrified than ever, and the kommandants struggled to cover up rumors of the bloodbath to avoid demoralizing their own men.

Orsus was sent southwest, thrown into battle, and allowed to engage his appetites where they could bring little harm to the Motherland. He has roamed the western edge of the war front stalking prey like a blood-mad wolf. Pitted against soldiers at Deepwood Tower, Fellig, and lesser fortresses between, Orsus has lost count of the men who have fallen to his axe. He has even roamed into the hills and past the border of Ord to fall on rugged hill defenders. They have begun to speak of him as a spirit of bloodshed. Even his arcane powers are affected by his inner demons. They surge up and then simmer low like the memories haunting him. Incapable of restraint and never at peace with himself, Orsus Zoktavir is at home only amid the chaos of war.

SPECIAL RULES

FEAT: FEEL THE HATE

When Kommander Zoktavir enters battle, madness becomes infectious. As he flies into a berserk rage, those entering battle on his side become swept up in his maelstrom of bate, and they frenzy to tear the enemy apart like a pack of ravaging beasts.

This turn, Zoktavir gains a rage token for each enemy model destroyed in his control area after using Feel the Hate. After all friendly models have completed their activations, Zoktavir may allocate up to 3 rage tokens to each friendly non-warcaster Khadoran model in his control area. Zoktavir gains no additional rage tokens after this. A model may spend one rage token to move up to its current SPD in inches immediately and make one melee attack. Additional rage tokens may be spent to make additional melee attacks or to boost melee attack or damage rolls. Remove unspent rage tokens at the end of the turn.

ZOKTAVIR

ARCANE DEMENTIA - Zoktavir's base FOC varies from round to round. At the beginning of the game and during each of his controller's Control Phases, roll a d6+1. This is Zoktavir's base FOC for the round. If Zoktavir destroyed three or more enemy models with melee attacks in the previous round, his base FOC is automatically 7 this round. Zoktavir's control area is always 12".

ELITE CADRE - Doom Reavers included in an army with Zoktavir gain +I MAT, RAT, and CMD.

These Doom Reavers gain Relentless Charge. Models with Relentless Charge may charge across rough terrain and obstacles without penalty.

HOMICIDAL MANIAC - When Zoktavir makes a melee attack, he must make one melee attack against every model within melee range. When making a melee attack, Zoktavir's front arc extends 360°. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally. After resolving these attacks, if Zoktavir destroyed at least one enemy model with his attack and there are no models within Zoktavir's melee range, he may move up to I". After this movement, Zoktavir may spend focus to make additional melee attacks.

INFAMY - While within Zoktavir's command range enemy models suffer –2 CMD.

TERROR - Enemy models/units in melee range of Zoktavir and enemy models/units with Zoktavir in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

RAGE DRIVES

Rage Drive bonuses are not cumulative with themselves.

EXCITABLE - If Zoktavir destroys one or more enemy models, warjacks in his battlegroup currently in his control area gain +2" of movement for one round.

KILLERS - When Zoktavir declares a charge, warjacks in his battlegroup currently in his control area gain +2 MAT for one round.

MURDER SPREE - While enemy models are in Zoktavir's control area, warjacks in his battlegroup in his control area may charge without spending a focus point.

LOLA

BRUTAL DAMAGE - Roll an additional die for Lola's damage rolls.

REACH - 2" melee range.

NOTE: Kommander Orsus Zoktavir is the Butcher of Kardov.

FOCUS * Gint 7

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM

5 8 9 5 14 18

Blunderbuss
RNG ROF AGE POW

8 1 — 12

Lola
SPECIAL POW P+S
Multi 8 16

Damage 20
Point Cost 78
Field Allowance C
Victory Points 5
Base Size Medium

						COST THREE
SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BOUNDLESS CHARGE	3	6	-	-		*

Target model's next activation is a charge at SPD +5" that crosses rough terrain and obstacles without penalty. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.

Target model/unit suffers –I DEF but gains +3 to melee damage rolls. When this spell

Target model/unit suffers —I DEF but gains +3 to melee damage rolls. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.

HOWL 3 SELF CTRL - Enemy models/units in Zoktavir's control area must pass a command check or flee.

RETALIATION 3 6 - X

Target model may make one melee attack out of turn against any model that hits it with a melee attack before taking damage. The retaliating model still suffers any damage rolled by the attacking model after resolving Retaliation. This spell expires after target model makes one retaliatory attack. Retaliation attack and damage rolls cannot be boosted.

Unnatural Disaster 4 8 5 13 $\rm X$ Models destroyed by Unnatural Disaster explode with a 3" AOE and are removed from play. Each explosion AOE causes models in it to suffer an unboostable POW 10 blast damage roll. Models destroyed by an explosion also explode and are removed from play.



Initial Service Date: 602 AR

CORTEX MANUFACTURER: Grey

 $\pi 000$

Orig. Chassis Design: Khadorar Mechaniks Assembly SPRIGGAN
KHADOR HEAVY WARJACK

SPRIGGAN

STEAM ROLL — When charging, the Spriggan may move through any small-based models in its path instead of ending its activation when it contacts the model if it has enough movement to move completely past the model's base. These models do not perform free strikes at this time. After the Spriggan has finished its movement, it makes a trample melee attack against each small-based model through which it moved in the order it moved through them. Models hit by a trample attack cannot perform free strikes against the Spriggan and suffer a damage roll with a POW equal to the Spriggan's current STR. A model missed by a trample attack may make one free strike against the Spriggan immediately after the failed attack roll.

GRENADE LAUNCHER

AMMUNITION TYPE — When declaring a Grenade Launcher ranged attack, choose one of the following ammunition types:

• EXPLOSIVE – Models in the AOE suffer a POW 5 blast damage roll.

When Queen Ayn Vanar ordered the Mechaniks Assembly to give her a warjack that would turn the tide of the Motherland's ongoing wars, they provided her with the Spriggan. The name was taken from an extinct group of warriors from the icy forest north

Like every good Khadoran, it is selfless, obedient, and devastating to our enemies. There is nothing more pleasing than seeing it roll through ranked lines of pathetic southerners.

—Kommander Orsus Zoktavir

- FLARE Do not make an attack roll. Instead, place a 3" Flare AOE template
 anywhere completely within 10" of the Spriggan. Flare inflicts no damage.
 Attackers may ignore cloud effects when targeting a model in the AOE.
 Attackers with Arcing Fire gain +2 on attack rolls targeting models in the
 AOE. Flare lasts for one turn.
- FLASH BANG Flash Bang attacks do no damage. Models in the AOE suffer –2 MAT, RAT, and CMD and cannot give or receive orders for one round. Flash Bang is not cumulative with itself.

ARCING FIRE – When attacking with a Grenade Launcher, the Spriggan may ignore intervening models except those that would normally screen the target.

WAR LANCE

POWERFUL CHARGE – When making a charge attack with the Lance, the Spriggan gains +2 to its attack roll.

REACH - 2" melee range.

of Skirov who were wild and savage spear wielding berserkers famed for charging naked into battle and tearing foes asunder. Based on the innovative chassis originally developed for the Devastator, the Spriggan elated the High Kommand with its stellar performance during initial field tests in 602 AR. The prototype ignored withering enemy fire while splitting infantry formations up the middle like so much firewood as it concentrated on the heaviest rival warjack in the field.

Beneath the machine's armored exterior, the Spriggan's dual grenade launchers are all but impervious to damage that would normally impair external armaments. By unleashing volleys of anti-personnel explosives, smoke-piercing flares, or disorienting flash bombs, the Spriggan is capable of disrupting opposing battle lines in preparation for its inescapable charge.

The 'jack's tremendous weight allows it to stampede through infantry units and crush underfoot those too slow to avoid its lumbering assault. With its massive lance, it pierces enemy warjacks to the core before they even get close enough to strike. It can fend off blows with its formidable assault shield, which is sturdy enough to turn aside any weapon and heavy enough to deliver crushing counter-attacks. The Spriggan personifies the Khadoran Empire on the battlefield; it is brutal, versatile, and unstoppable.

IRON FANG UHLANS

KHADOR CAVALRY UNIT

In ages past our Uhlan brothers have rallied against Orgoth, Morghul, and all the enemies of Khador. We swear that the Iron Fangs will bring great pride to the Uhlan legacy.

—Kapitan Brezlev Yvinov of the Iron Fang Uhlan. 431 AR

Uhlan traditions are the definition of cavalry-based warfare. They employ tactics and feats of riding skill few outside of Khador can hope to mimic. Serving as the forward fighting arm of an Iron Fang contingent, the Iron Fang Uhlans are often the first to ride into the enemy. In tightly bound formations these mounted Iron Fangs fluidly ride together, melding classical horselord cavalry tactics with the shoulderto-shoulder fighting formations customary of Iron Fang assaults. This Iron Fang cavalry formation is effective as much for defense as for riding down enemy infantry.

Uhlans literally clear the way with blasting lances and the stomping hooves of their Pozdyov warhorses, allowing Iron Fang Pikemen to advance into hotly contested enemy territory. The swift-moving and hard-to-hit Uhlans rapidly respond to crisis along the lines and race swiftly across the battlefield to bolster already stalwart Iron Fang formations with their powerful mounts and ready weaponry.

Iron Fang blasting lances provide additional power to the already considerable might of the Uhlan charge. In close combat the riders rely on the more traditional spear blades attached to the haft of the lance. The damage the massive mount deals is comparable to that of the armored knight born atop his back, for Uhlan tradition demands that a horse fights as fiercely as its rider. The armor spike-shod horse can crush a man's skull with ease under its stomping hooves, and the horses are so powerful they have even knocked warjacks to the ground.

The Pozdyov warhorse is the Iron Fang Uhlan's mount of choice in battle and second only to the Karpathan destrier in size. These loyal and intelligent gigantic horses easily bear their proud riders, and they carry the massive weight of the Iron Fangs with ease. Unstoppable, they charge over obstacles that would stall the most skilled of light riders, moving with sinuous grace and bearing down upon the enemy with precise intent.

KAPITAN

LEADER

UNIT

COMBAT RIDER - AN Iron Fang Uhlan may make one melee attack with his Mount during a combat action in which he did not make a charge attack.

DEFENSIVE LINE - Any Iron Fang Uhlan in tight formation with one or more Iron Fang Uhlans in the unit gains +2 ARM.

RELENTLESS CHARGE - Iron Fang Uhlans may charge across rough terrain and obstacles without penalty.

BLASTING LANCE

CRITICAL KNOCKDOWN - On a critical hit, target model is knocked down

LANCE - The Blasting Lance may only be used to make charge attacks. If an Iron Fang Uhlan has charged at least 3", his Blasting Lance has 2" melee range until the end of the activation.

SHORT SPEAR

CLOSE COMBAT - An Iron Fang Uhlan may not make an initial attack with his Short Spear during an activation in which he charged at least 3".

MOUNT

CRITICAL KNOCKDOWN - On a critical hit, target model is knocked down.

SPD STR MAT RAT 8 6 7 4 13 17

Uhlan

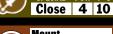
SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 8 6 6 4 13 17



Blasting Lance Multi | 10 16



Short Spear SPECIAL POW





SPECIAL Critical | 12 | —

Kapitan's Damage **Uhlan's Damage**

Leader and 2 Troops Up to 2 Additional Troops 27ea

Field Allowance

Victory Points Base Size

Large



Man-O-War Demolition Corps

KHADOR MAN-O-WAR UNIT

Kapitan Cmd

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 4 9 8 4 11 16

Demolisher Cmd

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 4 9 7 4 11 16



Kapitan's Damage 10
Demolisher's Damage 8
Leader and Two Troops 54
Up to 2 Additional Troops 16ea
Field Allowance 2

Medium

Victory Points

KAPITAN

LEADER

UNIT

FEARLESS – A Man-O-War Demolisher never flees.

ICE MAUL

BACK SWING (*ATTACK) — The Man-O-War Demolisher may immediately make two Ice Maul attacks.

ICE BREAKER (*ATTACK) — The Man-O-War Demolisher makes one Ice Maul attack. If the attack succeeds, roll an additional die on the damage roll. Double the number of damage points a structure takes from an Ice Breaker attack.

REACH - 2" melee range.

The steam-powered wrecking crew known as the Man-O-War Demolition Corps is the premier front line fighting unit in the Khadoran Army. Each member of the

Corps wields an enormous mechanikally-enhanced ice maul invented by the Rigevnya Complex in Korsk. The mauls shimmer with super-cooled air and are able to flash-freeze metal or flesh in the instant before impact. Armor becomes brittle and shatters into lacerating shrapnel when the Man-O-War brings the hammer down. Leveraging the Man-O-War's ogrun-like strength along their long hafts, the mauls can cripple a warjack or explode even the thickest stone to dust in a few precise strikes. Few men can survive a direct impact; even a glancing blow causes frost burn and splintered bone.

When Man-O-War armor was first developed, the High Kommand intended to prove that the Jarvin raised his shield in time to block the hammer's blow, but both shield and helm exploded in a thousand frozen pieces. It was a small mercy

—Captain Fend Hawkwood of the Cygnaran Sword Knights on an encounter with the Corps

challenges of siege warfare could be solved with the brute force embodied by these living steamjacks. Every soldier volunteering to join the Corps is required to pass a grueling obstacle course nicknamed "the crusher"—a three-day test of endurance, discipline, and strength. It is said those who emerge successfully from this ordeal are transformed. Some deem the members of the Corps half-mad not only for braving the dangerous Man-O-War armor, but also because they form the first line against the toughest areas of enemy opposition.

When the Corps is unleashed, they charge across the battlefield and rely upon their armor to shrug off enemy fire as they close with the enemy. Mauls at the ready, they pound warjacks to scrap, annihilate lesser soldiers, and shatter

perimeter walls. The only
men who can fully
understand the Corps
are others who wear the
steam-powered armor.
Theirs is a brotherhood of
discipline and courage—soldiers
who transform into an unstoppable
force on the battlefield.



ASSAULT KOMMANDOS

KHADOR UNIT

Fear is our sword, Mercy our victim.

Assault Kommandos first appeared in battle on Donard 5th, Katesh 605 A.R. Covering the ground between Ravensgard and Northguard at nightfall with rapid strides, the crack troops easily avoided the flares and pitfalls set for them by the enemy. With charging shields forward and rifles cracking with rapid snaps of the trigger, the Kommandos lobbed noxious canisters of strangle gas into the Trencher foxholes. Their aim fouled by gas and their eyes burning and blurry, hundreds of gravediggers were swept up in the systematic slaughter visited upon them. By dawn the Cygnaran troops of Northguard had lost dozens of yards of precious territory to the brutal tactics of the Khadoran soldiers.

Since the arrival of the Kommandos, the warm comfort of mercy has fled the trenches riddling the front lines of Ravensgard and Northguard. Now Kommando and Trencher constantly engage each other in vicious close combat, each bent on crushing the other under heel. Determined to break Cygnar's resolve on this long contested front, the Kommandos continue to return vengeance upon Cygnar seven-fold.

These men are the most advanced light infantry the Motherland has to offer. By closing their shields together in formation, they can become either a deadly barricade or a brutal opponent in the close combat of trench warfare. They are armed with the latest Vislovski carbines complete with gunblades ready to rip through armor and flesh and underslung canister launchers that deliver a debilitating payload of sickening strangle gas. Golden Crucible alchemy has refined their equipment so that Kommando armor is resistant to fire, acid, and arcane assault. Their masks allow them to navigate through lethal clouds of acid and fire, and their lenses allow their vision to pierce obscuring clouds of smoke.

Still, it is the man bearing these armaments who is the true weapon.

Using methods proven by the most successful Khadoran forces, Kommando blend canny marksmanship and determination with methodical ruthlessness. The Motherland's struggle with the sovereign might of its enemies has born a new type of soldier bolstered with defiant patriotism and grim resolve. Brutal and effective, the Assault Kommandos are the edge of the Khadoran sword of conquest. Serving on the front lines of western Immoren's most hostile battlefields, these shock troops drive the enemy from the trenches and break their will using cold, calculated efficiency.

KAPITAN

FUMIGATE (ORDER) - As part of a charge, after moving but before performing his combat action, each Kommando who receives this order may make a single Strangle Gas Bomb ranged attack targeting the model charged. A Kommando is not considered to be in melee when making the Strangle Gas Bomb ranged attack, nor is the target considered to be in melee with him. If the target is not in melee range after moving, the Strangle Gas Bomb ranged attack may still be made before the Kommando's activation ends. A Kommando cannot target a model with which he was in melee at the start of his activation with the Strangle Gas Bomb ranged attack.

SHIELD WALL (ORDER) - Every Kommando who receives the order who is in tight formation with the Kapitan at the end of the unit's movement gains +4 ARM. If the Kapitan is no longer on the table, the largest tight formation group forms the shield wall. If there is more than one group with the largest number of troopers, the unit's controller decides which group forms the shield wall. A trooper who does not receive the order cannot join the shield wall. The bonus does not apply to damage originating in the model's back arc. Models that do not

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 6 6 7 6 12 14 Soldier SPD STR MAT RAT DEF 6 6 6 5 12 Carbine 10 2 - 10 **Combat Shield** 2 8 **Gun Blade** Leader and 5 Troops Up to 4 Additional Troops 10ea Field Allowance Victory Points Base Size end their movement in tight formation do not benefit from the shield wall. This bonus lasts

Kanitan

UNIT

ALCHEMICAL MASK - Kommandos ignore gas effects. They also ignore cloud effects when determining LOS or making attacks.

DOUBLE TAP - If a Kommando hits with his initial Carbine ranged attack, he may make one additional Carbine ranged attack.

STRANGLE GAS BOMB (*ATTACK) - The Kommando makes a ranged attack targeting a model within 10". If the attack hits, center a 3" Strangle Gas Bomb AOE template gas effect on the target model. The template remains on the table for one round. If the attack misses, nothing happens. While in the Strangle Gas Bomb gas effect, living models suffer -2 DEF and -2 to attack rolls. The effects of multiple Strangle Gas Bombs

> are not cumulitive. TREATED ARMOR - Continuous effects on a

> > Kommando expire on a roll of I-4.



WINTER GUARD FIELD GUN CREW

KHADOR UNIT

Gunner Cmd 7 SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 1 5 5 4 12 13

Crewman Cmd 7

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM







Gunner and 2 Crewmen	24
Field Allowance	2
Victory Points	1
Gunner Base Size	Large
Crewmen Base Size	Small

CREWMAN

TARGETING (*ACTION) - The Gunner gains a cumulative +I RAT for one round. The Crewman must be in base-to-base contact with the Gunner and not be engaged to use Targeting.

UNIT

WEAPON CREW - The Winter Guard Field Gun Crew is made up of a Gunner and 2 Crewmen. The Gunner is mounted on a large base with the Field Gun. The Winter Guard Field Gun Crew cannot run or charge. The Gunner gains +2" of movement per Crewman with whom he begins activation in base-to-base contact. If the Gunner suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed and a Crewman is within 1", the Crewman is removed from the table instead. Effects, spells, and animi on the damaged Gunner expire. Effects, spells, and animi on the removed Crewman are applied to the new Gunner.

FIELD GUN (GUNNER ONLY)

BATTER - Double the number of damage points a structure takes from the Field Gun.

CRITICAL KNOCKDOWN - On a critical hit, target model is knocked down.

LIGHT ARTILLERY - The Field Gun cannot be used to make ranged attacks if the Gunner moves. The Gunner does not receive an aiming bonus for forfeiting movement when attacking with the Field Gun. The Gunner cannot make ranged attacks with the Field Gun and another ranged weapon during the same activation.

TEMPERED AMMUNITION - If the Field Gun damages a warjack, fill in the remaining damage boxes in the last column damaged. If the Field Gun damages a warbeast, fill in the remaining damage circles in the last branch damaged.

I have heard men speak of the hand of fate dictating the outcome of a battle, and I find such talk to be complete nonsense. In my experience fate is on the side of the army with the biggest guns.

—Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk

Continuing the path to modernize the Khadoran military, Kommandant Irusk commissioned the development of yet another Winter Guard artillery unit. The new addition to the Khadoran arsenal is a brilliant combination of classic military might and applied industrial ingenuity. The Winter Guard field gun is a marvel of modern munitions. Tempered in the Motherland's hottest forges, the field gun's shells can penetrate the thickest armor. Once the unyielding projectile shreds the outer layer of protection, it lances its way through the vulnerable guts to turn everything it touches into a twisted unrecognizable mass.

Sometimes mistaken as an antiquated warship's deck gun, the weapon has proven to be a devastating surprise for more than one enemy commander. Once the field gun is in a firing position, there can be no doubt as to its true destructive power.

The gun is crewed by a three-man team of Winter Guard that operates like a finely oiled machine on the battlefield. They aim, fire, and reload the weapon with the ease that only comes from countless hours of relentless battle experience. Equipped like their fellow soldiers, the crewmen carry the standard axes and blunderbusses, but their first priority lies with their field gun. For the sake of efficiency and practicality, each member of the crew is thoroughly trained in all aspects of the weapon. Working in unison, the guardsmen blow holes through the enemy line with a constant barrage of precision cannon fire.

When operated with the ruthless efficiency of the Winter Guard, the field gun can clear a path through the hardest of targets with murderous regularity. As the thunderous onslaught falls upon the battlefield, it serves as a fatal reminder to those who oppose Khador. To silence her guns you must silence the Motherland herself.



WINTER GUARD OFFICER & STANDARD BEARER

KHADOR WINTER GUARD UNIT ATTACHMENT

Since my childhood I have dreamt of nothing more than to serve the Motherland like my forefathers. True patriots all, I stand proud with my brothers and sisters in arms.

> —Boris Andreievich, <u>Winter Guard Standard Bearer</u> 3rd Force, 5th Border Legion

LIEUTENANT

BOB AND WEAVE (ORDER) - Winter Guard who receive this order must advance this activation and gain +2 DEF for one round. A model that cannot advance does not gain this bonus.

OFFICER - The Winter Guard Lieutenant is the unit leader.

TACTICS: COMBINED MELEE ATTACK - Models in the Winter Guard unit gain Combined Melee Attack. Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more Winter Guard in melee range of the same target may combine their attacks. In order to participate in a combined melee attack, a Winter Guard must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. The Winter Guard with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack for the group and gains +I to the attack and damage rolls for each Winter Guard, including himself, participating in the attack.

The Winter Guard is the foundation of the Khadoran military, and its stalwart officers form the bedrock of the Winter Guard. Even the lowest ranking commissioned officers are heroes of the people, for it is they who lead the Motherland's armies on the front lines. As the war rages on, more and more young Winter Guard officers are sent directly to the front after graduating from the Druzhina, the elite military academy and officer training school in the Khadoran capitol of Korsk. While there, cadets are drilled mercilessly day and night to ensure their battle readiness upon completion of their training. The intense exercises prepare the newest officers to push their units to the limits and well beyond. The officers' harshness, tempered with a fair and even hand instituted by centuries of tradition, garners them respect and even love from the men who realize a good leader means the difference between life and death.

The honor of becoming a Winter Guard standard bearer can only be earned through the trial and fire of the battlefield. Each and every Winter Guard knows he is capable of attaining this honor if he proves himself worthy. It is a great inspiration for the common soldiers of Khador to see one of their own selected for this honor and given the opportunity to become a living symbol of their beloved Empire.

A Winter Guard lieutenant is able to requisition lethal—and expensive—grapeshot for use as alternate ammunition for her unit's blunderbusses, and the standard bearer is charged with distributing the deadly shot to other guardsmen throughout the course of battle. Any soldier brave enough to place the colors of the Motherland before his own life is a true patriot. He can march into battle secure in the knowledge that if he should fall, one of his komrades will catch the standard even before it hits the ground and carry on the almost sacred duty in his place.

STANDARD BEARER

GRAPE SHOT - Models in the unit may make Grape Shot attacks instead of normal Blunderbuss attacks. A Grape Shot attack is a POW 10 spray ranged attack Models making Grape Shot attacks cannot participate ir combined ranged attacks.

HASTEN - Once per game, the Standard Bearer may use Hasten during his activation. During this activation each model in the Standard Bearer's unit may advance, perform a combat action, and then advance again. After attacking, the unit cannot perform additional actions.

UNIT STANDARD - Models in the Winter Guard unit do not flee while the Standard Bearer remains in play. When the Standard Bearer suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, a non-leader trooper model of his unit within I" of the Standard Bearer may take up the standard. Remove the trooper model from the table and replace it with the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced trooper are applied to the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Standard Bearer expire. If the Standard Bearer is not replaced, the unit must immediately pass a command check or flee.

11	Lieu	iten	ant		C	md	9
e	SPD 6	STR 5	МАТ 7			ARN 2 13	
i. 1	Stan	dar	l Be	arei	C	md	6
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UNIT

UNIT ABILITIES - The Lieutenant and Standard Bearer have Winter Guard unit abilities.



WINTER GUARD ROCKETEER KHADOR WINTER GUARD SPECIAL WEAPON ATTACHMENT







Δxe

	SPECIAL	POW 3	P+S
Rockets	5		3
Point C	ost		15
Field Al	lowanee		2

Point Cost 15
Field Allowance 3
Victory Points +0
Base Size Small

ROCKETEER

AMMO CARRIER - When the Rocketeer suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, a Guardsman in his unit within I" of him may take up his arms. Remove the Guardsman model from the table and replace it with the Rocketeer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced Guardsman are applied to the new Rocketeer. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Rocketeer expire.

UNIT ABILITIES - The Winter Guard Rocketeer has Winter Guard unit abilities.

ROCKET

BRUTAL SHOT - Roll an additional die on damage rolls against a model directly hit by a Rocket ranged attack.

SUPPORT WEAPON - Instead of attacking with a Blunderbuss, the Rocketeer and models in his unit in base-to-base contact with him may make rocket ranged attacks. A Model making a Rocket ranged attacks cannot participate in combined ranged attack. When a model in the Rocketeer's unit makes a Rocket ranged attack, including the Rocketeer, mark one of the three Rocket

boxes on the Rocketeer's card. After all three boxes have been marked, no more Rocket ranged attacks may be made by the Rocketeer or models in the Rocketeer's unit.

They watched us take position, and it was not until the rockets consumed their front ranks that the smug expression left their faces, illuminated by glorious fire.

> —Winter Guard Sgt. Pachek Kasnovo, 89th Infantry Battalion, Ist Border Legion

Occupied Llael has become a most potent source of Khadoran military advancement. Under the watchful eye of the Greylords Covenant, the alchemists of the Order of the Golden Crucible have been forced to stoke the fire of the great Khadoran war machine and add to its growing arsenal. Upon instruction from Kommandant Irusk who envisioned his legions marching upon the Cygnaran front whilst delivering destruction from man to machine, the Order of the Golden Crucible set to work. Among the rewards of their oppressed labors is a portable one-shot rocket of devastating potential. Distributing these rockets to specialists among the Winter Guard known as Rocketeers has added tremendous punch to existing units.

Rocketeers are typically bold and almost maniacally loyal sons of the Motherland, and they learn to search out advantageous positions as their unit is moving forward. Once in position they fire their weapons from the waist while crouched or kneeling. After clearing an area with their lethal payload they can then advance and repeat the process.

Though special training is required for extended care and handling of the volatile weapons, a soldier actually needs little instruction to fire the weapon. Rocketeers in the field regularly hand off rockets to other members of their unit for firing simultaneously in brutal barrages.

The alchemical compound used to create the explosives is formed into a shaped charge in the head of the rockets. Upon impact the concentrated alchemical eruption causes a massive expansion of energy that can pierce the outer plating of a warjack while simultaneously exploding outward and creating havoc all around its primary target. Utilizing this new weapon, deadly Winter Guard units now have the ability to damage armored targets from great distances. Although many of the best and brightest masters from the Order of the Golden Crucible are dead or missing, those who are left are doing a brilliant job of fueling the Khadoran army. The enemies of the Motherland would do well to hope that the Khadoran occupation of Llael can be pushed back.



Man-O-War Drakhun

KHADOR MAN-O-WAR DRAGOON SOLO

The fools claim the day of the horse has passed. How could one look upon such unstoppable fury and see anything less than the destiny of our people?

—Jachemir Venianminov, the father of the Man-O-War,

DRAKHUN

DRAGOON - A player may choose to add a Drakhun to his army with or without the dismounted option. The Drakhun begins the game mounted. The Mounted Drakhun has base SPD 7 and base ARM 19. When all the Mounted Drakhun damage boxes have been filled, the Drakhun is destroyed unless the dismounted option was taken. If it was, remove the Mounted Drakhun model from the table and replace it with the Dismounted Drakhun model. Damage points in excess of the Mounted Drakhun's wounds are lost. If this occurs during the Drakhun's activation, his activation ends immediately. Effects, spells, and animi on the Mounted Drakhun are applied to the Dismounted Drakhun. The Dismounted Drakhun is not a cavalry model, may not use his mount, and loses all Mounted abilities. The Dismounted Drakhun has base SPD 4 and base ARM 17.

FEARLESS - The Drakhun never flees.

FLYING STEEL - The Drakhun may make d3 attacks with his Annihilator Blade during his activation.

The Drakhun was once a mighty mounted warrior clad in thick iron plate, but now he is a champion in steam-powered armor riding upon his Karpathan destrier's back. Uniting the ancient traditions of Uhlan heroes with the armor and weaponry of the Man-O-War, the Drakhun has transformed into a mechanikal force of destruction able to fight even if his mount should fall.

The immense power of the Karpathan destrier is legendary among the Uhlans of Khador, and the broad shouldered warhorse dwarfs any other mounts across Immoren. Charging into battle faster than any warjack, the Drakhun is a maelstrom in the Khadoran vanguard, and the broad sweeps of his annihilator blade cut through man and machine with ease. He constantly holds his shield cannon ready to blast anyone who would dare cross his path.

Without peer, the Drakhuns are by nature the finest riders alive. These powerful warriors are not trained or chosen, but destined to be Drakhuns from birth. Only the most powerful warriors—gifted with Uhlan blood and born and raised in the saddle—are able to petition to become Drakhuns. Even then the Drakhun must train exhaustively by first becoming a Man-O-War and abandoning the traditional Uhlan Drakhun heavy armor for the modern power of mechanika. Once they have learned the ways of their steam armor, they must train their Karpathan destriers themselves before taking them into battle.

In the Drakhun's hands, the reins of the vast and powerful Karpathan destriers are as much a weapon as the mechanikally bolstered axe and cannon WEAPON SPECIALIST - The Drakhun rolls an additional die on his Annihilator Blade damage rolls.

MOUNTED

COMBAT RIDER - The Drakhun may make one melee attack with his Mount during a combat action in which he did not make a charge attack.

COUNTER CHARGE - The Drakhun may charge an enemy model that ends its normal movement within 6" and LOS of the Drakhun. Resolve this charge immediately after the enemy model completes its movement. If the Drakhun makes a counter charge, he cannot make another until after his controller's next turn. The Drakhun cannot make a counter charge while engaged.

EXPERT RIDER - The Drakhun cannot be knocked down.

ANNIHILATOR BLADE

REACH - 2" melee range.

MOUNT

CRITICAL KNOCKDOWN - On a critical hit, target model is knocked down.

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF 7/4 9 8 6 11 ¹⁹/₁₇ **Shield Cannon** 6 | 1 | - | 14 **Annihilator Blade** Reach 4 13 Mount SPECIAL Critical 14 Mounted Drakhun's Damage Dismounted Drakhun's Damage **Point Cost** 50 With Dismounted Op **Field Allowance Victory Points Mounted Base Size**

Dismounted Base Size

Mediun

Drakhun

he bears into battle. The rush of a Drakhun's mount can pound men flat, crush bone, and mash flesh into gory paste beneath heavy iron shod hooves. The Drakhun's martial skill adds considerably to the lethality of his mounts charge. No one is so bold as to claim the same ground as a Drakhun, for he will die as the mighty knight rides forward eager to destroy anyone who would deem themselves better than this

master of the fields of war.





KOVNIK JOZEF GRIGOROVICH

The Winter Guard kovniks are the pillars of our army—men like Grigorovich, who could inspire his men to charge a mountain or besiege the sky if asked.

—Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff

Being a Winter Guard is not glamorous. It does not bring the prestige associated with the heavily armored infantry, the cavalry, or even the Widowmakers, but without the Winter Guard there would be no Khadoran Army. They are more than a backbone; they are the entire body, its flesh, blood, muscle, and sinew. No one understands this better than Jozef Grigorovich. He is a living embodiment Khador and an inheritor of an ancient legacy of fearless soldiers. He is the fighting spirit of the implacable north. He does not question orders; he executes them. He does not dwell on losses but only moves forward with his remaining men—however few—to seize victory.



KHADOR WINTER GUARD CHARACTER SOLO

Exceptionally tall and thick-framed even by Khadoran standards, Grigorovich is older than he looks, having enlisted at his home city of Skirov when Ivad Vanar was king. Many men his junior sit in comfortable retirement advising the High Kommand or serving as kommanders or kommandants from the comfort of command posts. This is of no concern to Grigorovich, for he thinks such men are jealous of him. He is allowed the daily joy of battle, the chance to fight directly in the wars of his nation, and the opportunity of pushing back their enemies by axe, sword, and gun. A day he cannot kill an enemy of the Motherland is a wasted day.

When Grigorovich served his first tours of duty among other fresh conscripts in the Anvil, he saw many posts, and he re-enlisted at every opportunity to explore Khador's extensive borders. He has watched the walls of Midfast in the south, been stationed to garrison Port Vladovar, and spent time in the frozen icy peaks bordering Rhul. It took twenty years of service to find his true home as a field-promoted kapitan sent to Ravensgard in 593. There he joined the 'Unbreakable IIIth' Infantry Battalion, the core of the First Border Legion. Here was an assignment that would allow him to see regular combat action and come into his own. He has refused offers to move or promote him away from the IIIth since he enjoys nothing more than pitting wits and abilities against the

southern enemy. In 598 AR he finally accepted a promotion to full kovnik only because he was given command over the entire battalion, allowing him to shape their destiny as the premiere Winter Guard fighting force.

The IIIth did not participate in the invasion of Llael because its position at Ravensgard was too vital. There the fighting between the rival fortresses escalated, and each side saw more and more soldiers reinforcing the lines. The battles became heaviest in the summer of 605 AR where for several weeks there was constant battle night and day and the unremitting sounds of cannon and rifle fire. Kovnik Grigorovich has become one of the most recognizable and trusted officers on the war front. He is always sent to where the fighting will be thickest, and his battalion is entrusted with securing ground for the construction of extended fortifications west along the forest's edge. Grigorovich is famed for his oratory power. The commanding ring of his distinct voice rises in eloquent and passionate speech that pushes his men to heroic acts of sacrifice in the name of the Motherland. They love their kovnik like a god of battle, and they are willing even to throw themselves in harm's way to protect him.

SPECIAL RULES

GRIGOROVICH

COMMANDER — Grigorovich has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Khador model/units in his command range may use Grigorovich's CMD when making a command check. Grigorovich may rally and give orders to friendly Khador models in his command range.

COORDINATED ATTACK – When attacking enemy models that are within melee range of Grigorovich, other friendly Winter Guard models gain +2 to melee attack rolls and roll an additional die on their melee damage rolls.

FEARLESS – Grigorovich never flees.
FIELD PROMOTION – Once per activation, Grigorovich may promote a Guardsman in his command range that belongs to a friendly Winter

Guard unit that has had its Sergeant destroyed or removed from play. Replace the promoted Guardsman with the Sergeant model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced Guardsman are applied to the new Sergeant.

TRUE PATRIOTISM – Whenever Grigorovich is directly hit by an enemy ranged attack, his controller may choose to have a friendly Winter Guard model within 3" of Grigorovich and in his front arc be hit instead. That model is hit automatically and suffers full damage and effects.

PATRIOTIC SPEECHES

Grigorovich may make one of the following speeches anytime during his activation affecting himself and one Winter Guard unit within 3". All speeches last for one round.

- BEAR'S STRENGTH Affected models gain Tough. When a model with Tough suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, its controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the model is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If the model is not destroyed, it is reduced to one wound.
- FOR THE MOTHERLAND When an affected model is destroyed, before being removed from the table, the destroyed model may immediately make one ranged or melee attack. Stationary models are not affected by For the Motherland.



STR MAT RAT DEF ARM

Grigorovich

STRENGTH OF THE FOREFATHERS

 Affected models gain +2 STR
 and MAT.

TACTICAL TIPS

FOR THE MOTHERLAND – For the Motherland does not allow an engaged model to make ranged attacks.

THE COMBINATION OF TRUE PATRIOTISM WITH FOR THE MOTHERLAND – As you sacrifice Winter Guard to protect Rastovich, you can utilize For the Motherland to attack back.



KHADOR





Kommander Orsus Zoktavir ~ Epic Warcaster ~





Kovnik Jozef Grigorovich ~ Character Solo ~



~ Unit Attachment ~







 \sim Unit \sim









Winter Guard Rocketeer ~ Special Weapon Attachment ~





Spriggan ~ Heavy Warjack ~



A MANAGEMENT

Iron Fang Uhlans ~ Cavalry Unit ~





Man-O-War Demolition Corps \sim Unit \sim

KHADORAN ARMY STRUCTURE

The new empire of Khador is the inheritor of an ancient legacy of proud warriors. They are rugged and hardy men and women from several cultures united and inspired by the ambition of their freshly crowned empress. Their enthusiasm for battle and the esteem in which they regard their soldiers combined with mandatory service has enabled Khador to mobilize a substantial portion of its population. With ongoing efforts to modernize the military and optimize its industrial capacity, Khador stands as one of the great powers of western Immoren. Their army is feared and respected across the region.

The Khadoran military's recent great strides in the development of advanced artillery have allowed them to decimate the enemy before closing with infantry. Additionally the invasion of Llael proved to be a boon for the army by bringing many vital supplies to Khador. Seizing the Order of the Golden Crucible has brought extensive alchemical stock such as vital blasting powder for firearms and other useful weapons. The entirety of Llaelese industry is at their disposal. By seizing such assets, Khador has also deprived her enemies of one of their strongest allies and inspired in many Khadorans the belief that nothing can stop their conquest of the south. Since that time advances have unfortunately been more difficult and slow, but the fighting spirit of the soldiers remains undiminished.

One of the strengths of the Khadoran Army is its centralized leadership embodied in the Khadoran High Kommand, an influential council working with the empress to oversee the entire Khadoran military. The High Kommand invites participation from all retired officers ranked kommander or higher. Khador considers these men and women an invaluable resource, for they draw on decades of experience to analyze and evaluate future strategies. Most of these retired officers serve solely as advisors with no actual authority. The orders come down from the premier, currently Mhikol Horscze, whose decisions are absolute barring intervention by the empress.

Khadoran forces are divided into three armies. Each is overseen by a supreme kommandant who is part of the High Kommand under the premier. Supreme kommandants are focused on strategy and logistics and remain at the capital except in unusual circumstances. The system keeps the Khadoran Army functioning smoothly and prevents top-level miscommunications. A supreme kommandant passes

orders down to a senior kommandant who commands the army in the field. Since his rise to prominence with the successful invasion and occupation of Llael, Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk has been given the responsibility of overseeing the combat actions of both the Ist and 2nd Khadoran Armies. He provides reports and answers to their respective supreme kommandants.

The current Khadoran military doctrine has been in existence for a century, but it was most concisely explained in the military tome 'Irusk on Conquest', which outlined the concepts of the anvil, hammer, and forge. Khador's Ist Army is the anvil, the 2nd Army is the hammer, the 3rd Army is the forge, and the Winter Guard is the backbone of all three armies. A number of highly specialized services make up for the shortcomings of these conscripted soldiers, and they include powerful heavy infantry like Man-O-Wars, the Iron Fangs, skilled cavalry, and specialized sniper and reconnaissance forces.

The anvil, or 1st Army, is called upon for protracted engagements and has been trained and conditioned for stamina. The anvil is sent forward to engage and tie up enemy forces across large territories, positioning them for the hammer to strike at full strength from the flank. The anvil's tactics are designed to maximize resiliency by constantly cycling between active and reserve forces and taking the time to recover from casualties. They conduct extended sieges and are the army called upon to occupy and secure conquered territory; the bulk of the 1st Army is currently occupying Llael. It also serves as an active reserve where veteran soldiers can be rotated off the front line to recuperate while remaining close to the battlefield. Even when on reserve duty the soldiers of the Ist are involved in combat action, particularly against rebel attacks in occupied territory. None of these soldiers take the occupation of Llael for granted, and they know the surrendered citizens might lash out with organized and violent retaliation.

The hammer, or 2nd Army, focuses on crushing offensive maneuvers and includes the largest number of assault legions, warjacks, and heavy armor although each legion still relies heavily on basic infantry battalions comprised of Winter Guard to fill their ranks. The hammer is sent against fortified positions and pushed into enemy lines, and currently the 2nd Army is engaged in the majority of ongoing attacks against Cygnar's border. During the invasion of Llael it was the hammer that led

EMPRESS AYN VANAR



KHADORAN HIGH KOMMAND

SOLDIERS: 583,000

3 ARMIES, 1 FLEET

MHIKOL HORSCZE, PREMIERE OF THE KHADORAN HIGH KOMMAND

1ST ARMY SUPREME KOMMANDANT IVON KRASNOVICH, COUNT

2ND ARMY SUPREME KOMMANDANT ALEX GORCHAKOFF, COUNT

3RD ARMY SUPREME KOMMANDANT MENSHIK SERGEVICH, COUNT

KHADORAN SECURITY

GREAT VIZIER SIMONYEV BLAUSTAVYA

GREAT PRINCES (18)

RULERS OF THE VOLOZKYA

CERTAIN GREAT

VASSALS AND LIEGEMEN

KOMMANDANT GURVALDT IRUSK



1ST ARMY (THE ANVIL)

LLAEL OCCUPATION, ACTIVE RESERVES SOLDIERS: 200,000 KOMMANDANT MIKHAIL IVDANOVICH, COUNT



2ND ARMY THE HAMMER)

OFFENSIVES V. CYGNAR SOLDIERS: 250,000 KOMMANDANT BORIS MAKAROV, COUNT



3RD ARMY (THE FORGE)

DEFENSE/TRAINING RESERVES SOLDIERS: 158,000 KOMMANDANT KARL SZVETTE, GREAT PRINCE OF DOROGNIA

KHADORAN FLEET

PORT VLADOVAR FLEET ADMIRAL PAHVEL NAHIMOV, VISCOUNT

GREYLORDS **PRIKAZ**

KOLDUN FEDOR RACHLAVSKY, POSADNIK

GREYLORDS COVENANT

HIGH OBAVNIK ARBITER VASILY DMITIRILOSK, COUNT

THE PRIKAS IS A SECRET CHANCELLERY WHICH INVESTIGATES DOMESTIC THREATS

THE'STH'BORDER'LEGION'OFTEN'FIGHTS ALONGSIDE THE 2ND ARMY, DESPITE BEING TECHNICALLY UNDER THE OVERSIGHT OF THE 3RD

1ST DIVISION

SOUTHERN LLAEL PATROLS SOLDIERS: 105,000 KOMMANDANT YEGORUV ILYEVICH VISCOUNT 3 KOMMANDS

2ND DIVISION

NORTHERN LLAEL PATROLS **SOLDIERS: 95,000** KOMMANDANT VOROSHILOV KLIMOVICH, VISCOUNT 3 KOMMANDS

3RD DIVISION

WESTERN PATROLS SOLDIERS: 110,000 KOMMANDANT JHROM HOLCHESKI, GREAT PRINCE OF RUSTOKNIA

4TH DIVISION

RAVENSGARD SOLDIERS: 115,000 KOMMANDANT SERVEL MARVOR, GREAT PRINCE OF BORSTOI 3 KOMMANDS

5TH DIVISION

1ST-5TH LEGIONS **SOLDIERS: 70,000** KOMMANDANT KONSTAN ZHUKOVY, COUNT 1 KOMMAND

6TH DIVISION

TRAINING AND RESERVES SOLDIERS: 88,000 KOMMANDANT GREZKO ANTONOVICH, VISCOUNT 2 KOMMANDS

6TH KOMMAND

DEEP THORNWOOD ASSAULT LEGIONS **SOLDIERS: 38,000** 3 LEGIONS

8TH KOMMAND

FELLIG/DEEPWOOD TOWER SUPPLY LINE **SOLDIERS: 37,000** 3 LEGIONS

9TH KOMMAND

FLANKING STRIKE LEGIONS, SUPPORT 4TH **SOLDIERS: 35,000**

KOMMANDERS LEAD KOMMANDS FORWARD KOMMANDER SORCHA KRATIKOFF IS CURRENTLY ATTACHED TO AND LEADS THE 8TH KOMMAND

21ST STANDING **LEGION**

INFANTRY **SOLDIERS: 12,500** 5 BATTALIONS

23RD STANDING LEGION

INFANTRY **SOLDIERS: 12,000** 5 BATTALIONS

4TH ASSAULT LEGION

HEAVY ARMOR SOLDIERS: 10,500

LT. KOMMANDERS OR KOVNIKS LEAD LEGIONS

22ND ASSAULT

IRON FANGS SOLDIERS: 2,500

24TH ASSAULT

IRON FANGS 6 KOMPANIES

25TH ASSAULT BATTALION

IRON FANGS SOLDIERS: 2,200 6 KOMPANIES

27TH ASSAULT

IRON FANGS, MAN-O-WAR 6 KOMPANIES

29ST ASSAULT BATTALION

IRON FANGS, MAN-O-WAR, UHLAN SOLDIERS: 1,680

KOVNIKS LEAD BATTALIONS

BATTALION

6 KOMPANIES

BATTALION

SOLDIERS: 2,250

BATTALION

SOLDIERS: 1,870

83RD IRON FANG PIKEMAN KOMPAN SOLDIERS: 480 6 FORCES

90TH IRON FANG IKEMAN KOMPAN SOLDIERS: 480 6 FORCES

31ST MAN-O-WAR KOMPANY MAN-O-WAR: 180 6 FORCES 33RD MAN-O-WAR KOMPANY MAN-O-WAR: 180 6 FORCES



12TH IRON FANG UHLAN KOMPAN CALVARY: 180* (*INITIAL STRENGTH)

15TH IRON FANG JHLAN KOMPAN CALVARY: 180 6 FORCES

KAPITANS LEAD KOMPANIES

1ST FORCE

IRON FANG UHLAN MAN-O-WAR DRAKHUN CALVARY: 32 6 UNITS

2ND FORCE

IRON FANG UHLAN CALVARY: 28 6 UNITS

3RD FORCE

IRON FANG UHLAN CALVARY: 27 6 UNITS

4TH FORCE

IRON FANG UHLAN CALVARY: 30 6 UNITS

6TH FORCE

IRON FANG UHLAN CALVARY: 26 6 UNITS

7TH FORCE IRON FANG UHLAN

CALVARY: 29 6 UNITS

Khadoran Army Structure

the initial lightning attacks against Redwall Fortress, Elsinberg, and Laedry.

The 3rd Army is responsible for training and arming new conscripts as well as maintaining garrisons in Khadoran cities. Along with training, the five border legions spread along the length of Khador's perimeter fall under the 3rd Army's purview. There are numerous training facilities under the banner of the 3rd Army, but the city of Volningrad is the only center where the entire city is dedicated to military training. Their most active soldiers are among the First and Fifth Border Legions. The First Border Legion was once assigned to the Llaelese border but has shifted south along the occupied territory to reinforce Ravensgard and its perimeter fortifications. The esteemed Fifth Border Legion occupies the long stretch north of Thornwood Forest, and it sometimes ventures along the border of Ord even though it is technically out of their area. Additionally, the Fifth Border Legion is often found fighting alongside the hammer even in times of relative peace. The Second, Third, and Fourth Border Legions are considerably smaller and less distinguished. They are assigned to watch the less active borders with Rhul, western Ord, and eastern Ord, respectively.

Unlike in Cygnar, military enlistment is compulsory in Khador, and a single tour of duty is required of all men with the exception of those with extreme physical disfigurement. Women are not required to enlist but are allowed on a voluntary basis, and those who are unmarried or without children are encouraged to serve either in the active military or among myriad support units. The exact length of compulsory service varies, and even patriotic Khadorans will admit there is some corruption in the process. Wealthy kayazy or those deemed slated for "essential duties" to Khador can exert pressure to obtain the shortest enlistment of only two years. Four or six years are more common, after which point citizens are allowed to return to their lives and resume whatever trade or craft they practiced or were apprenticing before enlistment. For the first two to three months of enlistment, men and women undergo drills and training until they can demonstrate a rudimentary ability to fight. Much of the training is focused on discipline and stamina.

While the citizens of other nations consider compulsory service an unpleasant burden, Khadorans accept their imminent service as another part of life. Enlistment can begin as early as fifteen years of age, and every citizen must have enlisted by his or her eighteenth year or risk imprisonment and forced conscription. Those

who attempt to evade conscription serve their tours of duty without pay and are often relegated to the most dangerous areas and given the most grueling duties. This can include being sent to isolated bases along the western seaboard such as Icewatch or the freezing mountains along the border with Rhul.

After the initial training the bulk of recruits continue on as regular Winter Guard, but those demonstrating exceptional qualities or special aptitudes can try out for the higher paying and more prestigious specialized branches of the Khadoran military. Each force has its own requirements, and some are extremely stringent. What's more, being accepted as a trainee in these forces means the soldier must endure protracted training far more difficult than what was required of the Winter Guard. Branches like the Man-O-War and Iron Fangs require men of particular height and strength since their armor cannot be borne by lesser men. It is also possible for veterans of the Winter Guard to join these other services later in their careers if they distinguish themselves. Rugged veterans of the guard have also been selected at times for special duties like utilizing new special equipment and training as Assault Kommandos in the battle along the trench lines with Cygnar.

Entry into officer ranks is handled differently than in Cygnar. In Khador even the nobly born are required to endure the same fundamental training as any commoner. However, those of esteemed blood are guaranteed acceptance to the Druzhina in Korsk while lesser stock must prove exceptional to earn a commission. Money can grease the wheels, and it is not unknown for families with wealth to be given an officer commission before poor but deserving candidates. The kommandants are opposed to this practice, but they have limited oversight. Commissioned officers can expect an eventual promotion to kapitan, but only those who have chosen the military as their lifelong career have a chance of reaching the esteemed rank of kovnik or higher. Khadoran kovniks hold a special place in the military that spans across two different ranks in Cygnar (from major to colonel). By the nature of its structure, there are fewer upper officers in the Khadoran Army since only the most exceptional are elevated to the top echelons.

Despite modern reforms, there are holdover traditions from ancient times in the Khadoran military. This is most notable with the vassals and heirs of the great princes, the most powerful ruling families of Khador who control the large Volozkya regions of the nation. These families have their own martial traditions and are exempt from regular

KHADOR ARMY Honors and Awards

military enlistment. Each great prince is expected to equip and train his closest vassals and members of his household. This training is far more extensive and rigorous than that employed by the Winter Guard, but some would accuse the princes of archaic techniques that ignore modern combat doctrines to focus on battle by horseback and dueling with blade or axe.

Even modern detractors admit the great princes and their heirs acquit themselves admirably in battle. Some formally join the military while others volunteer service but remain outside the army hierarchy where they maintain their own supply lines and pay for their soldiers from family coffers. This is particularly true among the Umbreans of eastern Khador. Though many of the old laws preventing their enlistment in military service have been disputed and overturned, traditionalist military officers are uncomfortable with Umbreans in the chain of command and prefer to keep them segregated. Even when Umbreans are allowed in the regular army, they find promotion to be slow, and they are frequently overlooked for service medals.

As the Khadoran Army has transitioned from border skirmishes to the invasion and occupation of conquered territories, it has called upon every citizen of the nation to play his part. Increasingly the army is eager to take advantage of the specialized skills of its far-flung and rustic kinsmen such as the reclusive Kossites of the northwest. These men and women have sometimes been aloof from the affairs of the capital, but they remain patriotic and willing to travel hundreds of miles from Scarsfell Forest to loan their skills to the front. Their familiarity with difficult terrain has proven invaluable as Khador advances against Cygnar through the densely forested Thornwood. The Kossites might not be subject to the same prejudices as the Umbreans, but they generally occupy the lower ranks of the military, and only a few have advanced to positions of real authority. Nonetheless their usefulness in gathering reconnaissance information along the borders has been invaluable.

One group afforded special status is the Greylords Covenant, a fellowship of arcane masters that serves the Motherland and is responsible for the production of vital warjack cortexes. The covenant is noted for its secretive cabals and mysterious practices, and it is involved in obscure and dangerous occult research as well as spying and intelligence gathering. Being removed from the regular military hierarchy, the Greylords have a unique relationship with the High Kommand. Individual Greylords are integrated into the army and serve among the rank and

Shield of Khardovic – Awarded for unflinching service and obedience in a time of war, the Shield of Khardovic is required for any officer who seeks to gain promotion above the rank of kapitan.

Anvil of Conquest – This medal is awarded to a soldier who has played a key role in a major victory, and it requires the infliction of brutal casualties upon the enemy. The award is only granted to a soldier who has accounted for more confirmed kills than any soldier in his unit. It is particularly prized among Widowmakers.

Star of the Motherland – A highly valued and prestigious medal, this rarely-awarded honor is given to a soldier who has continued to battle an enemy even in the face of almost certain defeat. This award is always bestowed directly by the High Kommand at a ceremony presided over by one of the supreme kommandants.

Sabers of Service – Each of the sabers on this medal represents a decade of service, and therefore the medal is only bestowed to those who have maintained an exceptional service record for at least twenty years in the Khadoran Army.

Order of Vanar – The highest medal currently awarded in the Khadoran Army, the Order of Vanar is bestowed directly by the empress. It is usually accompanied by elevation to the title of viscount or posadnik along with bestowal of lands or similar holdings.

file, but their high obavnik arbiter does not answer to the premier. He answers instead to Great Vizier Simonyev Blaustavya, the current head of Khadoran Security. It is not well known outside Stasikov Palace, but the Greylords also run the Prikaz, a secret chancellery charged with rooting out domestic threats like spies and other traitors operating within Khador's borders. Working on intelligence gathering is the province of specially selected agents and senior wizards, and such individuals are not part of normal military service although they have usually served in that regard before being selected.



IRUSK'S ADVANCE ASSAULT FORCE

4th Assault Legion, 9th Kommand, 3rd Division, 2nd Army

WALLS AHEAD, RUBBLE BEHIND



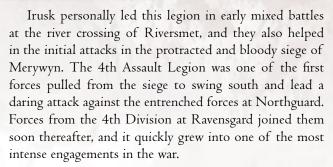
LEADERSHIP

- Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk, warcaster (not permanently attached)
- Kommander Dahlrif Strasvite
- Lt. Kommanders Jortekt Markosivich and Ladimir Rostazar
- Kovniks Krasposin, Yarovovna, Malkovich, Borjavich, Kutzov, Aleshko, Falkovich, and Servevich

ASSETS

- 9,000 Iron Fang Pikemen
- 900 Man-O-War (Shock Troopers & Demolition Corps)
- 600 Iron Fang Uhlan
- Few Man-O-War Drakhun
- Heavy Warjack Support:
- Many Destroyers and Juggernauts
- Several Spriggans and Devastators

The 4th Assault Legion has a reputation as the favored heavy armor assault force of Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk, and it is relied upon when he needs to shatter fortified enemy emplacements or hit and overrun Cygnaran defensive lines. They perfectly embody the offensive battlefield principles of the hammer, Khador's 2nd Army. The 4th Legion moves rapidly into position where it delivers a devastating impact and rolls straight over unprepared enemies.



Though the Khadoran attack did not succeed in toppling Northguard, doing so was not their true agenda. Rather they were employed to threaten Cygnar and divide their attention. This worked exactly as planned and forced Cygnar to withdraw from the defense of Merywyn and fight to preserve its northern stronghold. The fall of the capital soon followed along with the eventual surrender of Llael's ruling nobles. It is estimated that Cygnar suffered its highest casualties of the war to date in these later battles defending their border. The 4th Assault Legion accounted for a large portion of those kills and is credited by the High Kommand with the second-highest count of warjack kills in the Khadoran Army—exceeded only by the 5th Border Legion.

After those battles, the 4th Assault Legion suffered setbacks fighting against Deepwood Tower and Fellig.



The legion fought well, but the battles went against the Khadorans. The assault battalions had difficulty in heavy forested terrain and were bogged down by ambushes and flanking attacks. After heavy losses, the 4th was sent back to assist patrols of eastern Llael and to watch the furthest section of the contested border. The light duty

gave them time and opportunity to receive an infusion of fresh recruits and regain their strength. Kommandant Irusk has no permanent obligation to this legion, but he often draws from its soldiers for his personal vanguard. Since the 4th Assault Legion was assigned to the eastern border, Kommander Olekse Dementskov has led a number of strikes against the rebels of eastern Llael. Should the order be given to crush them, it will be the 4th Assault Legion leading the way. The High Kommand has thus far been unwilling to devote the resources for such an act, preferring to focus on Cygnar. Having an accomplished veteran legion in the east has proven its worth since they have intercepted

rebel strikes that could have crippled Khadoran supply lines.

The 4th Assault Legion is mostly comprised of Iron Fang Pikemen. It includes four veteran Iron Fang battalions, a strong complement of Man-O-War, both Shocktroopers and Demolition Corps, and several highly trained Drakhuns. Together with the Iron Fangs and Man-O-War, the 4th is proud to include the famous 12th and 13th Iron Fang Uhlan Kompanies. Each boasts a long list of accomplishments and famed leaders. These

heavily armored cavalry units are often sent far afield of the rest of the legion to cover flanks or make diversionary strikes to be exploited by the rest of the force.





111th Infantry Battalion, "The Unbreakable 111"

1st Border Legion, 13th Kommand, 5th Division, 3rd Army

FIGHTING TO THE LAST MAN



LEADERSHIP

- Kovnik Jozef Grigorovich
- Kapitans Gizaevna, Fodorevich, Petrovivich, Loshkavich, Afonos, and Antonidka

ASSETS

- 2,350 Winter Guard
- 500 Assault Kommandos
- 60 Rocketeers
- 10 Field Gun Crews
- 30 Mortar Crews
- 4 Destroyers
- I Devastator

There are certain combat groups in the Khadoran Army held to a higher standard and considered emblematic of the entire service. They are held up as examples to fresh recruits. The 'Unbreakable III' Infantry Battalion is one of those groups. It is considered a paragon of the Winter Guard service and is the first choice for every Winter Guard who finishes training at the Khadoran Military Academy in Volningrad. The fact that the battalion has a high casualty rate is not seen as a problem to fresh recruits but proof that the IIIth is guaranteed to see battle.

The IIIth Infantry is an essential part of the Ist Border Legion and it provides a backbone of veteran infantry support to one mobile and three mixed battalions that make up the rest of the legion. Though the Ist Border Legion is nowhere near as infamous or legendary as the 5th, it is the only other border force regularly involved in ongoing fighting. Its assignment is to watch over the essential fortress of Ravensgard, the massive counterpart to Cygnar's Northguard. The short stretch of land between these two edifices is said to be the most deadly ground in western Immoren. The area was prone to ongoing trench warfare, sniper fire, and pitched battles even before the outbreak of open war.

The roots of the IIIth stretch back to the founding of Ravensgard itself, completed in 268 AR after the Colossal War and greatly expanded after Northguard was erected in 326. The soldiers of the IIIth bore a different name in those times, but they retained the same insignia which has since come to be utilized and adapted by many other Winter Guard battalions and kompanies. The motto was adapted after the battalion was twice nearly annihilated in warfare with Cygnar, yet it refused to rout. The second of these famous battles came during the Thornwood War of 511 AR when the 111th fought to intercept reinforcements that would have been sent against their kinsmen trapped against the Dragon's Tongue River. In one of the war's less heralded battles, the IIIth Infantry held down a Cygnaran force sent from Northguard to cut off the retreating Khadorans. Khadoran scholars speculate that without the sacrifice of the IIIth, this force would have intercepted the 5th Border Legion and prevented them from earning their fame in the following decades. Despite a great loss of men, the only surviving kapitan of the IIIth refused to allow his battalion to be retired. He claimed they would only give up the name when they had fought to the last man.

Adding to the prestige of the IIIth Infantry is the reputation of its commanding kovnik, Jozef Grigorovich. Like most veteran Winter Guards, Grigorovich has served in many units and forces, but he came to the IIIth Infantry in 593 AR as a kapitan and has since refused to budge even when offered greater pay and faster promotion elsewhere. He took over the battalion as kovnik in 598 AR and quickly earned the love and admiration of his men. After Grigorovich proved his worth in grim fighting around Ravensgard in 605 AR, Supreme Kommandant Alex Gorchakoff of the 2nd Army offered him a promotion

1ST BORDER LEGION MIXED SOLDIERS: 13,000 KOMMANDER KIGIR VILLISLOVSKI

WINTERGAURD, ASSAULT KOMMANDOS SOLDIERS: 3,500

KOVNIK JOZEF GRIGOROVICH

687TH INTER GUARD

KOMPANY

to full kommander, hoping to make use of his services elsewhere. Grigorovich flatly refused. He knew doing so might permanently stall his military career, but

NOTABLE KOMPANY



The Howling Wolves The 79th Iron Fang Pikemen Kompany, more commonly known as the Howling Wolves, includes some of the finest heavy infantry veterans in Khador's Army. 2nd They well represent their

army's moniker as 'the hammer' by shattering into enemies with an aggressive fighting style and then holding positions shield to shield. They unleash a howling war cry before battle that chills the blood of all enemies hearing it.



43RD ASSAULT BATTALION IRON FANGS, MAN-O-WAR, HLAN, DRAKHUN SOLDIERS: 3,000 6 KOMPANIES KOVNIK MALANA OSTYVIK

44RD ASSAULT BATTALION IRON FANGS, MAN-O-WAR, WARJACKS SOLDIERS: 3,000 6 KOMPANIES KOVNIK YAKOV KOPOSIN

22ND MIXED BATTALION WARJACK, BATTLE MECHANIKS, ARTILLERY SOLDIERS: 2,500 6 KOMPANIES KOVNIK YURI ANDREOVICH

10TH LIGHT INFANTRY BATTALION WIDOWMAKERS, SOLDIERS: 1,000 5 KOMPANIES KOVNIK IVASH RAJKOVICH

1st Kommando Kompany Assault Kommandos

707TH INTER GUARD

SOLDIERS: 500 6 FORCES KAPITAN PYTOR ANTONIDKA

he claimed to aspire to nothing more than continued fighting in the trenches alongside his men. Such an act may have seemed like

> grandstanding by any other officer, but with Grigorovich it was the simple truth.

As fighting heated up along the southern border, Ravensgard and Northguard continued their battles and entrenched stalemates expanded both of their trench

lines. When Kommandant Irusk decided to deploy the Assault Kommandos against the Cygnaran Trenchers, he sent them first to Grigorovich to fight alongside the Winter Guard of the IIIth Infantry. He knew there would be no better place to test their mettle.



690TH NTER GUARD KOMPANY WINTER GUARD SOLDIERS: 600 6 FORCES KAPITAN DOREK FODOREVICH

699TH INTER GUARD KOMPANY WINTER GUARD, FIELD GUNS SOLDIERS: 600 KAPITAN MICHAL PETROVIVICH

701ST WINTER GUARD KOMPANY WINTER GUARD, MORTAR CREWS SOLDIERS: 600 6 FORCES KAPITAN CHASEK LOSHKAVICH

KOMPANY WINTER GUARD MORTAR CREWS SOLDIERS: 600 KAPITAN BARJA AFONOS





70th Reconnaissance Strike Force

NOWHERE TO HIDE



LEADERSHIP

- Senior Kapitan Natalya Naryski
- Kapitans Kosaravich, Oleksevich, Iakshenivich, and Grishkara
- Sergeant Miurgof Onvorivich, Kossite
 Korsirov Marostov, manhunter
- Korsirov Marostoy, manhunter

ASSETS

- 20 Widowmakers
- 36 Kossite Woodsmen



Reconnaissance strike forces like the 70th, also known as the 'Blood Ravens', are vital to Khadoran strategy along the borders. These small and highly mobile scout-sniper teams do not usually receive the same glory and accolades as the men and women fighting on the front line, but their incursions across enemy lines have provided vital intelligence for following troops. They are trusted to carry vital messages between armies in hostile territory, disrupt enemy supply lines, and, when required, lay down sniper fire to stall larger enemy advances. On several occasions they have been trusted to secure important enemy prisoners to be brought back for interrogation. The Widowmakers and Kossite irregulars in this force know that few Khadorans will hear of their exploits, but they know that by their actions the Motherland is kept safe from its enemies.

Unlike most Khadoran soldiers, Recon Strike Forces are not permanently attached to battalions or companies. They are instead allocated among the upper kommands as their services are needed. The Blood Ravens are notable for being one of the first strike forces to integrate Kossite woodsmen into their ranks. A tightly knit group of five 4man Widowmaker teams makes up the core of the Blood Ravens, but they have made excellent use of three dozen skilled forest fighters. The woodsmen prepare ambushes and intercept the enemy after the Widowmakers make their initial strikes. Their leader is none other than the famed Kapitan Natalya Naryski, but the Woodsmen also defer to Korsirov Marostoy, a seasoned manhunter whose exploits in northern Khador have earned him many enemies but caught the eye of agents serving the High Kommand. It was the shrewd decision of the Widowmaker kommandant in Volningrad to pair these two together in the same strike force because their skills complement one another so well.

The Blood Ravens performed tirelessly in the invasion of Llael, beginning with a key engagement against Elsinberg during the first assaults. They moved ahead of the main invasion force and eliminated sentries and messengers who might have spread word of the imminent attack. As the main Khadoran force made its advance, the Blood Ravens took up positions around the main city garrison to pin down the defenders and throw them into confusion. Once

battle was engaged, they continued to provide the fire support that allowed the city to be taken relatively intact without any word being sent to the capital to forewarn the Llaelese of the invasion.

Recently the Blood Ravens have been utilized by the 7th Kommand in deep Thornwood assaults in support of the 5th Border Legion. They have been particularly active along the western Thornwood in search and destroy missions against Fellig and Deepwood Tower. The Blood Ravens have taken part in engagements with northern Cygnaran scouts reminiscent of fighting during the First Thornwood War of a century ago. The 70th has been sent as far south as Point Bourne and even across the river to report troop movements along the Market Line to Bainsmarket. No other Khadoran group can claim as much time deep behind the enemy lines evading Cygnaran patrols to gather vital information on troop movements.

OTHER NOTABLE KOMPANIES

The 12th Iron Fang Uhlan Kompany

Serving as part of the 4th Assault Legion, the 12th Uhlans have a proud tradition of serving as a fast striking attack force often sent far afield from their legion to conduct assaults intended to divert the enemy or intercept supply lines. They have recently been deployed to assist in the suppression of rebels in eastern Llael.

The 3rd Man-O-War Demolition Corps

Members of the Demolition Corps hold themselves apart from other heavy infantry, and this is particularly true for the 'Rams of the 3rd'. Attached to the 1st Army, this group was key in the victory over Redwall Fortress and has been clamoring for an opportunity to test their ice mauls against Northguard.



The 630th Winter Guard Kompany The 630th is a proud kompany attached to the 1st Army. They were involved in several

the 1st Army. They were involved in several significant engagements during the invasion of Llael, particularly the initial battle to seize Laedry where they now remain garrisoned to quell rebellious Umbreans.

KHADORAN BATTLEGROUPS



Though every army in western Immoren could be accused of treating warcasters with special consideration, it is particularly the case in Khador. The army has become more structured and regimented by modern reforms, but enormous liberty is provided to those rare few who manifest the ability to control warjacks. Such individuals, provided they are loyal to the Motherland, are singled out, advanced rapidly through the ranks, and afforded the ability to command large numbers of soldiers and warjacks. Both Kommandant Irusk and Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff are examples of warcasters who have earned special prominence within the military hierarchy, and each is a living legend among the rank-and-file soldiers. A darker example of the empress' liberty is the Butcher of Khardov. Even his own soldiers consider him a madman guilty of brutal crimes, yet he holds the honored rank of kommander.

Empress Vanar and her predecessors have demonstrated a willingness to adapt to the needs of these men and women and even indulge them. This includes virtual immunity to criminal prosecution as well as tremendous leeway orchestrating missions against the enemy. Though warcasters are technically obligated to obey the dictates of the High Kommand, they are rarely ordered by lesser kommandants. To a warcaster, the military hierarchy and infrastructure exists for one reason: to provide reinforcements and maintain supply lines that bring the tools to wage war. As long as the warjacks they request arrive where and when they are needed,

warcasters are not bothered with the trivial tasks of normal command that occupy officers of similar rank.

Warjacks are massive machines not easily transported from place to place, and the expansion of railways has assisted a great deal in warjack transportation. Khador has proven particularly quick to lay new track across the Motherland as well as newly conquered Llaelese territories. Stout wagons hauled by oxen or hearty draft horses take warjacks where the rail cannot, and if necessary the metal giants can travel under their own power although doing so consumes prodigious amounts of coal and water. All of these details are left to officers subordinate to the warcaster, freeing him to focus on tactics, terrain, and troop allocation.

As is the case with Cygnar and the Protectorate, ongoing war has forced the construction of forward firebases—guarded stations where ample supplies of coal, water, food, ammunition, and weapons are placed at key points for resupply. As the war has continued and the front lines have become entrenched, more of these bases have been built on both sides to allow warcasters and warjacks to strike wherever they are needed. Certain firebases have become fortified and expanded into true military outposts and command posts with significant examples stretching both east and west of Ravensgard to counter similar bases by Cygnar. Impromptu roads and resupply points stretch all the way along the borders now with focused concentrations north of both Fellig and Deepwood Tower.

The High Kommand is eager to foster more warcasters, but it has found no particularly reliable means. For centuries Khador has been in the position of catching up to Cygnar's arcane prowess while at times excelling in raw engineering excellence. The last hundred years have brought the two nations closer than ever before in wartime capability, but the High Kommand will admit they see fewer men and women with the warcaster spark than their southern rival. This makes it doubly important to locate, preserve, and hone such individuals into weapons.

It was expected that the broadening of the Greylords Covenant—the premiere fellowship of wizardry and arcane research in Khador—would uncover more warcasters, but it has not done so. While warcasters have risen from the Covenant, more emerge from the rank and file military when their sorcerous powers become revealed by the stress of combat. Scholars in Khador insist certain family lines possess higher potential, and each manifestation of power is documented and examined. The family of Great Prince Tzepesci has been noted for many powerful sorcerers over the centuries, and while his Umbrean heritage is considered a black mark to some, others lament that he has not produced heirs to follow in his footsteps.

Because of the rarity of the warcaster gift, there has also been no specific regimented warcaster training program, but this may change in time. For those unschooled in arcane theory, a member of the Greylords Covenant will oversee initial fundamental training, and then the budding warcaster will be passed to a senior warcaster for mentoring.

Some have had to adapt and learn in the field, picking up bits of arcane lore and advice from fellow warcasters while learning to master their unique powers. Recognized warcasters who have completed training at the Druzhina are usually promoted to the rank of kommander and are provided the authority to operate independently, command a large number of soldiers, and requisition expensive machinery.

Some warcasters remain outside the rank structure; both Great Prince Tzepesci and the enigmatic ancient crone Zevanna Agha fall into this category. These warcasters are obeyed like ranked kommanders and are given similar liberties with the empire's supply lines, which does not sit well with many career military officers. Such officers are forced to swallow their opinions as long as the empress endorses these individuals.

Khadoran Warjack Service Medals

Service at the Siege of Merywyn

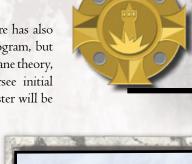
Some would say the new Khadoran Empire was born the day Merywyn fell and surrendered to Khador, and this medal commemorates the warjacks that fought during the lengthy and difficult battle that crushed the spirit of the Llaelese rulers. Soldiers playing important roles in this fight wear a similar service medal.

Service in the Assault at Redwall

The attack on Redwall Fortress was the most crucial of the initial assaults during the Llaelese invasion, for it was the strongest western bastion of Llaelese and Cygnaran armed forces. Warjacks with this medal were hurled against the fortress alongside Kommander Orsus Zoktavir.

Service in the Attack on Deepwood Tower Warjacks that engaged in the Battle of Deepwood Tower are affixed with this icon. It

represents a significant victory, one of few in recent months, along the northern border of the Thornwood. Many Khadorans are eager to see this medal joined by one to signify the fall of Northguard.









Midshipman Ivdan Koposin was attending the enormous forward turreted deck gun and working to clean and reattach part of the shell reloading mechanism. He had begun his career aboard a traditional sailing vessel but was adjusting to the ironhull. It was hard to believe that utilizing fewer but larger cannons on rotating turrets could equal the broadside barrages of multi-tiered cannon decks, but he had seen this particular cannon in action. It was an impressive beast capable of shattering a vessel's hull in a single hit.

The deafening horn from the watch alarm startled him and he dropped his wrench, which clattered down into the turret works. He could see it just out of reach between the teeth of several of the massive gears required to turn the turret. A following series of whistles confirmed a hostile vessel was nearby. The deck crew hustled to get into combat positions. "Ready the deck gun!" The forward lieutenant commanded prematurely, clearly not paying attention to Ivdan's distress or checking to ensure his maintenance was done. Responding to those orders, the man at the gun control panel, similarly distracted, threw the levers to engage the turret mechanism. A rumble and whistle from the steam pipes followed.

"Wait! Wait!" Ivdan yelled. He tried to get Lieutenant Marzekiel's attention, but he was in a shouted exchange with the upper watch. "There's a problem!"

It was too late. There was a sickening crunch and the sound of metal scraping horribly as the steel wrench tried to resist far stronger forces. It quickly gave way with an explosive ping that popped loose gears and sent shards of metal deeper into the mechanism. There was a horrible sound of grinding gears, shattering rods, and exploded pistons. Ivdan jumped back to avoid any shrapnel. The racket had finally gotten the officer's attention, and he turned white-faced to stare at Midshipman Koposin. "What have you done?"

* * *

They were not entirely defenseless with the forward turret down, but it did put them at a major disadvantage. The enemy ship closed with what seemed like unnatural swiftness. There was little wind, but the large frigate bristling with cannons came flying across the waves. Ivdan felt a chill of dread at the sight of green fires along its deck and riggings. It was a Cryxian ghost ship; no other type of vessel looked or moved like this. They could see the decks and rigging were thick with moving forms adjusting sails, preparing cannons, and getting ready to board.

Their rear turret gun was accurate, but it had shorter reach, and their single row of small side-cannons had difficulty getting range on the swift ship as it approached to their fore. They got off one solid broadside that tore through the upper decks of the frigate and swept a number of the Cryxian crew into the waves. Their rear gun belched and shattered a solid hole just below the waterline that raised a cheer from the deck crew, but it was not enough. The ghost ship responded with its own booming cannons that sent chains and shrapnel tearing across the decks, turned a dozen men into bloody meat, and painted the deck with gore.

The Cryxian vessel was on them, and ropes and hooks were hurled over their rails. Deck sailors were ready with axes, and enlisted officers like Ivdan had squat carbines. They were powerful weapons that suffered inaccuracy at range, but they were perfect for repelling boarders. They were chopping off ropes as fast as they could, but across the heaving water there was an unending supply of leering dead, each throwing roped hooks. Ivdan saw a crewman named Kovusan he had known for three years snagged in one of these hooks and pulled against the rail as the hook point impaled through his side. He was still screaming as the rope pulled taut. Another sailor severed that rope, but two more came to replace it. Ivdan raised his carbine to fire across into the green flames and saw a face disappear from the rails. The sides of their boats crashed together with a sound of splintering wood on unvielding iron.

More Khadoran sailors from below decks came to join the fight as Ivdan backed away to reload his carbine. The heaving deck did not make it easy, but he got another cartridge in the breach. The dead poured off the ghost ship in an unending tide, firing pistols and screaming. His men were pushed back to the quarterdeck swinging axes as they went, and it looked grim. Ivdan's will to fight wavered as he saw the same dead pirate he had shot in the face earlier rise up to charge alongside the rest. He shot him again just to see the corpse's face explode and the body fall down. It seemed futile. A bullet flew past leaving a sickly green trace, and he heard the gurgled scream of the first mate as his throat was holed. Ivdan made one more shot and then dropped the carbine to ready his axe.

He leveraged all of the strength of his frame into each hack of dead flesh. The air filled with the sounds of shots, metal clashing metal, and screams of the dying. Over this came sinister chanting from pirates behind the first line. It was an old song in a language he had never heard: low, sonorous, and rhythmic.

Impressment on the Dirge

A voice shouted over the melee Ivdan saw a revenant wearing a hat he recognized as being from the Cygnaran Navy, but the corpse spoke Khadoran well enough to be understood. "Surrender! We'll take you alive."

None believed it, and they kept fighting. The revenants stopped firing their pistols and came forward grinning and smelling of death and burned flesh. Their rotting eyes dangled from their sockets, and bones with bits of muscle showed through the gaping holes in their flesh. There was no end to them. Desperation drove strength into Ivdan's arms as he kept swinging. One laughed and hacked off the head of his axe, forcing him to use the handle as a club. Ivdan shattered the jawbone of the next one up the steps, but they tackled him and dragged him down. The chant continued as they tied him up and hauled him alongside the rest across the planks. One captor squeezed Ivdan's arm, and the rotting fingernails pierced his skin. "Welcome to the *Dirge*."

* * *

Ivdan had too much time to think. Two days passed and the dead did not feed him and the other captives or give them anything to drink. The deck above was full of holes, cracks, and missing planks, and at any time they would look up to see rotting faces peering down with vacuous eye-sockets containing pinpricks of baleful light. Ivdan heard a variety of languages and accents. He recognized some, but many were entirely unfamiliar.

The prisoners descended into utter despair as their thirst and hunger pains became increasingly intense. Rocked by the boat, Ivdan fell into a trance and told himself that none of this was happening. He was destined for a better fate. The desire to avoid death became strong like a fever. In truth he realized he was feverish. Looking to his arm where the revenant had grabbed him, he saw his skin turning strange colors. The wound scabbed badly and filled with pus.

* * *

Ivdan became delirious; it was a blessing. He woke when the *Dirge* met up with the enormous *Atramentous* and the ships tied up together to settle plunder, exchange crew, and share information. If the *Dirge* was a ghost ship, the *Atramentous* was like a nightmare of Urcaen. Green fires leapt around them, above in the rigging, and across the decks of the revenant flagship. There was a keening howl, and a rank hot wind mixed with ash and smoke swept the decks and choked the lungs with the stench of burned timber and flesh.

"Kneel, dog," The revenant holding his arm cast him at the boots of the captain.

There was a dreadful tingling across his skin that turned his bowels to ice, but he found the strength to look up. He wished he had not. In front of him was a creature of legend, old beyond comprehension. Pricks of light glowed in empty eye-sockets that caught his eyes and would not let them go. His skin was desiccated and stretched like ancient leather. The captain's attire conveyed antiquity with opulent cloth and spoils carried forward from a forgotten time. The fringes of his sleeves bore funereal embroidering from old Tordor—inverted Menofixes that struck Ivdan's eyes as raw blasphemy. Three pistols with ornamented pearl handles and brass barrels hung holstered across the creature's sunken chest. The sword in his hand was both terrible and beautiful, inscribed in runes of some extinct alphabet. Something of thin bones and moldy feathers sat on his shoulder with unnaturally aware eyes peering from a skeletal bird's head. Ivdan was overwhelmed by a sense of contempt for life, timeless malignancy, and power. An acute horror robbed his breath and he choked. He barely stifled a scream.

They called him Captain Rengrave.

The voice of the captain was rasping with hints of an ancient accent. "I offer ye immortality to serve at me side, fer kill and plunder. Yer soul would belong to me, an' through me, to the Dragon my master. Forsake yer allegiances."

Some part of Ivdan told him to spit defiantly on the dread creature's boots. He was a proud sailor of the Khadoran Navy, but some trickle of forbidden hope had come upon him. Part of him wondered what it would be like to be immune to pain and eternal. He opened his mouth to deny this impulse, but his voice betrayed him. "Yes, I will serve you. I renounce the empress and Khador." Shame came over him, but it came with relief.

The captain was satisfied, and Ivdan was yanked to his feet to face him. Rengrave's dreadful eyes bore into the center of Ivdan's being. The captain opened his mouth and breathed out. Hissing green fire poured forth. The unholy flames of Lord Toruk that had consumed Rengrave's flesh sixteen centuries before melted Ivdan's eyes from their sockets and cooked his flesh which sloughed from the bones. He was kept alive long enough to feel excruciating pain. They told him the phrase he must say, and he did so eagerly. "Glorious Dragonfather, master of us all, torment

eternal, death denied!" The words seared and erased all thought.

* * *

The flames gave way to the chill of death's embrace, and he felt no more pain. He looked unflinching at his dead flesh and saw the bones of his arm through rotten skin. The world had taken a darker hue except the blinding green flames. Only the cinder ship and crew looked solid to his eyes.

He was shuffled unceremoniously to join a small group where a revenant spoke to him, "You be bound to Captain Rengrave now. His word be law. You be comin' across to the *Dirge*. Rengrave be yer master, but ye answer to the *Dirge's* Captain Magrott, and below him First Mate Largile. Below that Bosun Costevich. You be attached to Sailmaker Fedor. He be the one you'll follow into battle." His rotting hand pointed to a corpse with wispy white hair still attached to his fleshless skull. Ivdan's escort addressed this revenant, "This one be from Khador."

Fedor nodded and spoke in Khadoran. "Name?"

"Ivdan Koposin, sir."

Fedor picked up a sword from a small pile resting on the deck at his feet. It was a heavy curved blade with a jagged set of triangular teeth near the hilt, "Ever use one of these?"

"I was trained in blade and axe."

"You'll get used to this one quick enough." Fedor thrust the hilt at Ivdan who took it and felt a surge of dizzy vertigo followed by a searing heat in his palm. "It'll always come back to you." Fedor handed him a large pistol. "Same goes with this. Get some practice in."

* * *

He came to know the crew under the Sailmaker. They included Delp Grady, a former Cygnaran fisherman, Sorley Murrough who had gotten shanghaied off a merchant ship near Ceryl, Gismondo Duranti, a harbor-master from Carre Dova, Gralman Bray, who came off a Cygnaran Navy vessel, and Beck Ashburn, a privateer out of Five Fingers. It was one of their jobs to ensure the ship's sails remained in good shape although the standards were not as strict as they were on Ivdan's old vessel. Sometimes a green flame would flicker across a tear in a sail and it would mend on its own. Once he saw a splintered piece of deck plank realign itself into place. Putting his dead hand on the ashy wood of the rail he could feel some presence in the ship. There

was a deep and slow throb like a heartbeat that brought with it nausea and dizziness. Sometimes he felt like the ship watched him with a weight of disapproval, and he would hurry his work, hoping it would ignore him.

They did not sleep, but they had bunks down in the hold and had shifts. It was an echoed remnant of their old lives since they no longer tired. It was an excuse for revenants to stare off into space with their unmoving gleaming eyes. Ivdan found himself in trances without realizing it, and then he would come to somewhere else on the ship following orders. In these black times he dreamed of green fire and the baleful eye of Captain Rengrave. He imagined darkness inside the captain's eye like a shadow that shifted and stirred with a whisper of scales.

* * *

After one such trance, Ivdan came to himself to see the crew stirred up like a horner's nest working to adjust the sails and get on course. Across the silver wave tops he could see other ships in a line, and he felt the fire animating him respond. Several of the ships had green flames, and ahead to the starboard was the great *Atramentous*. The sight filled his vision and his awareness. It did not resemble the rest of the ghost fleet. Most were fast three-masted frigates designed for war and speed like the *Dirge*.

The *Atramentous* was something else—ancient and sleek but huge. Its masts and square sails were configured strangely, its hull was long and curved yet low to the water, and its prow resembled a snarling beast. All of the ghost ships were covered in spikes and spars intended to rip ships apart as they pulled alongside, but the *Atramentous* looked to have bones and spurs. It had an almost living quality to the hull and lines as it swept forward across the waves. The sporadic green fires on other ghost ships seen atop masts and dancing in sails were far more pervasive on the flagship. Atop the prow raged an inferno. It swirled and disgorged a cloud of ash and smoke that swirled up and caressed the ship's sails.

Other ships joined them, and Ivdan lost track of time watching their movement. It was a whole ghost fleet at the center of some tempest. Smaller vessels to starboard, single and double masted, skipped lightly over the waters. A dark fleet of massive blackships came up behind so large he could not appreciate them until he realized how far away they had been. They loomed closer, gained on the ghost fleet, and overtook them on the port side of the *Dirge*. There was a line of them, dark against moonlight, and a deep bone-numbing undertone rose from them like

Impressment on the Dirge

the sounding of a great horn. Fog rolled behind and ahead of these blackships as they cut through waves and leapt across the water at impossible speed.

He turned to Beck Ashburn. "What's happening?"

The revenant grinned at him, and his eyes shone bright with anticipation. "This be the big one. Yer lucky to have come aboard when ye did. A bloody time ahead, mark me words." He pointed a bony finger off to the left at the largest of the blackships powering past them. "Thar be the *Widower*, vessel of Skarre Ravenmane, Queen of the Broken Coast. The fleet is hers, and even Rengrave bows to her. Aye!"

Ivdan found it hard to believe. He could not imagine that entity bowing to anyone, but he had heard things in his time aboard muttered between the first mate and Captain Magrott. They spoke in awed tones of names like 'Terminus' and 'Asphyxious', and he knew he was a small part of something larger. Looking out across the waves at the dozens of fell ships moving as a single great armada, he had a sense of the enormity. A powerful convergence of forces lay ahead.

Land approached. It was such a familiar stretch of coastline it almost gave rise to an emotion he had not felt

since his embrace of death. Ahead was a major harbor with many other vessels coming their way. He saw seawalls with squat fortress towers and knew they bristled with cannons. "Port Vladovar," he whispered. He was not aware he had spoken.

Beck nodded, "Aye, we be striking the heart o' the Khadoran Navy!" He excitedly clapped Ivdan on the shoulder. "They won't know what hit 'em!"

Ivdan felt a similar excitement, a hunger to kill. "Why? Port Vladovar is well defended."

"Oh they don't stand a chance, ye watch and see. It be part of a bigger plot beyond the likes o' deck hands like us. Skarre has a plan. We strike here, Khador reacts, sends men west. Meanwhile, ol' Asphyxious and Terminus use the distraction for their doings." A sudden booming of cannons drowned out his voice. Salt spray flew up to starboard as cannon shot fell short, and the crew yelled derisions at the sea fortress. Their ship lurched forward at greater speed like a horse kicked into gallop.

* * *

Soon Ivdan was busy slamming powder packs into one of their cannons as they fired salvos across the waves.



Their cannonballs struck a two-masted clipper angling toward them and shattered the upper decks. A shout went up among the revenants on the gun deck followed by an even better salvo that shattered a wide section of lower hull. The damaged ship began to tilt, list, and take on water as its crew scrambled to recover. The *Dirge* swept past.

More Khadoran vessels sailed forward trying to intercept, but the wind was against them. Ivdan wondered about the other ironhulls and finally spotted the massive IKNV Pride of Vladovar in an exchange with the Widower among the muffled crackle of cannon-fire and plumes of black smoke. The blackship responded with a volley that did nothing but raise sparks off the armored hull. The Widower kept moving and ignored the lumbering vessel as if it were unworthy of attention. Another blackship Beck identified as the Maledictor closed on the ironhull and cut across on an intercept course.

They were not here to crush the Khadoran fleet. The largest ships including their own were skipping across the water at high speed, making for the harbor. Squadrons of smaller ships peeled off to starboard to intercept and divert the Khadoran vessels as the *Dirge* and the ghost fleet went for landing. Ivdan saw the *Atramentous* looming across the waves with its green fires blazing in the darkness of predawn. A smaller sloop made the mistake of cutting across its path to release a pitiful broadside, and the *Atramentous* rammed straight through it. The giant vessel did not even slow as the smaller ship exploded into kindling. The bodies of the smaller boat's crew tumbled into the waves to become food for sharks.

The Death Knell, a sister ship to the Dirge, peeled out of formation with the ghost ships and headed for the large fortress complex at the far end of the piers. Beck mumbled, "Glad we didn't draw that straw..." Plumes of smoke and flashes of fire erupted along the top of the fortress, and the waves around the Death Knell were laced with white plumes from cannon fire. The ship leapt ahead as if charging to attack the fortress with its own bulk and got very close before another more accurate volley impacted its rigging and hull. They saw its masts and fire-licked sails collapse as large pieces of its frame fell into the water. It began to sink, but it had traveled close enough to the pier. A few minutes later revenants rushed from the water and clambered atop, heading toward the fortress. The first line melted in a barrage of blunderbuss fire delivered by Winter Guard defenders, but the revenants kept coming, and Ivdan saw the spider-like form of a helljack come up from the water on the opposite side to scythe into the rear of the defenders. It made for the sealed portcullis and reached out with a claw to tear it loose. Before long the cannons of the fortress went silent for a time until the revenants claimed them and turned them on the city defenders.



Sailmaker Fedor took them from cannon duty, and they hustled to the main deck while loading pistols with necrotite rounds. Their ship closed on the piers and moved alongside a lesser Khadoran naval vessel that had not untied in time. Its crew was in a panic, and the revenants watched them with hungry eyes. Ivdan's ship took on black ogrun boarders from the *Maledictor* the night before in preparation for this attack. Ivdan had not seen the massive thick-bodied brutes this close, and he was impressed by how they towered over the revenants clustered around them, dominating the rail line as they prepared to leap across. Each bore a massive cannon capable of firing a chained harpoon strapped across their backs as they gripped their cutlasses.

The ship lurched as they scraped along the side of the docked vessel, and planks were hurled across the gap. Ivdan felt only an echo of sympathy watching the sailors opposite trying to knock the planks away and prepare for the charge. The nearest revenants took delight in firing off a preliminary round from their necrotite pistols that tore through at least half of the men on deck. The black ogrun did not waste powder on those left, but they gave an ear-rattling battle yell and vaulted across. A flood of revenants followed after. Soon it would be Ivdan's turn; he shuffled forward as space opened up and others rushed across the decks, carving into sailors with cutlasses. Ahead the master-at-arms led one of the largest groups while off to the left stood Bosun Costevich. Quartermaster Prindus had charged in the first wave. Captain Magrott and the lieutenant hung back and would go last with their own clustered guard of revenants.

Ivdan was filled with that same lust for blood and was eager to sink the edge of his blade into living flesh. He asked Fedor, "Our orders?"

The revenant's eyes gleamed, "Death and plunder. Make fer the fortress landward. Kill everything that moves. Don't grab anything until they sound call to retreat. Powder first, guns and steel after. There! Our turn! Go! Go!"

There was no time for thought as they rushed across the blood-washed decks. There were soldiers on the pier below, and the sound of gunfire and cannons boomed

Impressment on the Dirge

all around them. The deck shuddered underfoot as a cannonball crashed through nearby. Along the pier Ivdan saw other ships of their fleet slamming into the docks to unleash their own screaming crews. Revenants, ogrun, and Satyxis spilled forth from each vessel to beset the Khadoran garrison forces. Ivdan had been trained here, yet he felt no attachment. He saw these men as obstacles and targets for slaughter. He knew there was a massive fortress at the base of the piers blocking entry into the town. Their force advanced in that direction as their numbers swelled from the fresh arrivals of other ships.

A Harrower rose up from the water like a dreadful insect from the depths with water pouring from its sides. One of the revenants grabbed a living sailor and tossed him in front of the thing, and the man was snipped in half by a sweeping claw before he could scream. Dark green energy blazed from its long-muzzled weapon, and it fired a screeching shot across the pier that exploded into a field gun emplacement above and obliterated its crew.

Straight ahead was a large group of Winter Guard who set up impromptu cover and ducked down behind crates and boxes. The revenants closed as the Khadoran soldiers fired desperately and reloaded. Their eyes widened with panic. Ivdan saw their barrels pointing in his direction and felt a sharp sense of impact—but no pain—as a shot tore through his face and skull. He blacked out and experienced a sensation like the burning fire that first consumed his flesh, yet this time it brought with it a rush of power and strength. He peered for a moment into the darkness of Captain Rengrave's eyes, and then he came back to himself. He stood on his feet with weapons in hand next to Fedor the Sailmaker. His body and skull were intact. He charged forward feeling a renewed sense of the importance of keeping Fedor from being hit. He knew in his bones that his invulnerability was tied to his superior officer.

Ivdan felt the flame inside surge higher, thirsting for death. All traces of his old self were obliterated in that instant of rebirth. He kicked aside a crate and clove with his cutlass at the nearest Winter Guard. It was a man Ivdan coldly realized that he recognized, a man he had seen on this very ramp before his ship had sailed. Ivdan's blade sunk into the man's shoulder and sent him to the planks, and he stabbed again. Ivdan was filled with a lust for more, and he screamed a joyous and terrible noise alongside the rest.

The rest of the Winter Guard lost their will and turned to scramble away. Ivdan raised his pistol, shot one in the back, and watched a neat hole burrow through the coat as the man toppled. "Forward!" Fedor commanded. "To

the fortress!" Delp was soon enough running alongside him again, intact. There was no better feeling than this; nothing he had experienced in life came close. They were invincible, unstoppable, immortal. Nothing could stand against them. Nothing.

A massive engagement was shaping up ahead. They saw the profile of the Widower which had rammed straight into the pier brashly close to the fortress, and thralls and Satyxis charged down its planks. The fortress cannons boomed and the deck shuddered as another shot nearly tore apart the pier just to Ivdan's left. The blast took several revenants to the water below and temporarily removed them from the action. The Widower's raiding parties charged toward a mass of Khadorans ahead where a more imposing permanent barricade was erected. Destroyers stood on either side firing massive bombards alongside field guns that were laying down continuous fire. Ivdan saw a black ogrun ahead torn in half by a direct hit, and the creature's harpoon cannon clattered off the pier. Still, Ivdan did not slow. He sensed behind him the boot steps of Captain Rengrave himself as the core of the Atramentous joined the assault.

Bonejacks, Harrowers and Leviathans converged on the barricade as cannon fire rained down. At the core of the raiders was a group of Satyxis. Among them fought one who glowed with power and unleashed dark magic on the enemy. She raised a hand, prompted a corona of green energy to wash outward, and the air above the defenders at the barricade erupted with a downpour of caustic poisonous blood. The liquid sizzled across flesh and sent men stumbling back screaming.

Fedor pointed to her, "Make for Ravenmane!" They charged the barricade eager to carve their blades into anything alive. Somewhere in Ivdan's soul there was screaming. Some small seed of his old self knew these were his countrymen and that he was damned. He choked that old part of himself, strangled it ,and squashed it forever. Today Port Vladovar would burn. His voice raised alongside the rest, "Glorious Dragonfather, master of us all, torment eternal, death denied!"

Skarre, Queen of the Broken Coast

The time has come to taint Meredius with the blood of our enemies. The Black Fleet is yours to command.

Let the waters run red.

—Lich Lord Terminus to Skarre, Queen of the Broken Coast

Skarre Ravenmane has become a scourge upon the western seaboard, and the sight of her ship is a certain omen of bloodshed and terror. She has borne witness to occult rites unimagined by depraved Thamarites, offered infernalists as sacrifices, and escaped from a detonation of one of the greatest fulcrums of Orgoth soul magic. Her abilities have placed her at a turning point in Cryx's war on the mainland, and she is empowered to pillage with abandon across the western shores of Immoren. The Black Fleet attacks by her command and brings a dark tempest of unnatural horrors.

The Queen of the Broken Coast is a force with which to be reckoned in the struggles of ancient and immortal powers, but not so long ago she seemed a mere pawn. She served along with Asphyxious under Lich Lord Daeamortus, but she could not stand idly when her visions revealed the Iron Lich was putting his own greed for power ahead of the needs of the island empire. Skarre has been at the center of tumultuous battles between the lich lords that ended in the destruction of Daeamortus, the elevation of Asphyxious, and ultimately the banishment of Terminus from Caen. At great cost she has helped to unravel the plans of Asphyxious and in the process has earned the enmity of one of Lord Toruk's most ancient and powerful generals.

Skarre experienced a revelation while below the Orgoth Temple of Garrodh in the Thornwood. She became enraptured by the inner mysteries of the artifact's central soul-repository. At this place where the walls between Caen and Urcaen were stretched thin by potent soul-magic, Skarre's vision awakened and brought a rush of insight and power that revealed to her the very strands of destiny and fate connecting the souls of the living and the dead into an ever-changing tapestry. Skarre is convinced she could have taken hold of the power of the temple from Asphyxious and unlocked the secrets of the Orgoth. The vision of such potential haunts her dreams, but the destruction of the temple kept her from exploiting her newfound awareness.

From this same vision, she knew only she had the power to restore Terminus and to repair the plans of the Dragonfather nearly derailed by the clash of lich lords. Journeying west she undertook great risks to learn the rites



Cryx Satyxis Epic Warcaster Character

authority of a favored lich lord. Whether there will come some future consequence of meddling with Asphyxious is unknown, but for now all the generals of Cryx operate in tandem to coordinate devastating strikes and offer no rest for the living.

Terminus has entrusted to Skarre the entire Cryxian armada, and over five hundred ships unleashed against the western shores of Immoren answer her summons. She has been given orders to open a war front over two thousand miles long and stretching across four nations. She commands an army of Satyxis, revenants, black ogrun, thralls, and helljacks with all of the resources of Terminus' army at her disposal. The coastal cities and villages of Khador, Ord, Cygnar, and even the Protectorate of Menoth are open game.

Skarre's raiding strikes may seem random when viewed separately, but together they are part of an intricate plan guided by visions that influence the very seas of fate. She is the master of entire wings of dark vessels that leap across the waves to close on her enemies and spill their blood into the thirsty Sea of a Thousand Souls. Wind and fog answer her call as she executes daring maneuvers and ambushes that mortal navies cannot begin to anticipate. Their torpid and slow vessels are fat and juicy targets helpless to prevent their doom.

The Queen of the Broken Coast stands on equal footing with the immortals as she manipulates the tides of war.

Focus 7	C	Cmd 8	
SPD STR 7 6		T DEF	ARM 15
	Hand Carrows RNG RO		P0W 12
\varnothing	Great R SPECIAL Multi	POW 4	P+S 10
\varnothing	Gun Bia Special —	POW	P+S 9
\varnothing	Takkary SPECIAL Life Trade	POW	P+S 13
Damag	е		16

SPECIAL RULES

FEAT: FATE WEAVER

The Queen of the Broken Coast knows the deepest secrets of blood magic, sacrifice, dark rites, and blasphemous rituals that can bend and pull the very strands of fate. She has learned to pluck those strands which bind any soul to its destiny to shield her allies from harm or render those who oppose her completely impotent and ineffectual.

Give Skarre I - 5 damage points. For each damage point she takes, one model in Skarre's control area may be affected by Fate Weaver. An affected friendly model cannot be targeted by enemy attacks for one round. An affected enemy model cannot make melee or ranged attacks for one round.

SKARRE

BLOOD TRADE - Skarre may take a damage point instead of spending a focus point to keep an upkeep spell in play.

ELITE CADRE - Satyxis included in an army with Skarre, other than Skarre, gain +I MAT, RAT, and CMD. These Satyxis gain Advance Deployment. Place models with Advance Deployment after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

PRECOGNITION - Anytime during her controller's turn, Skarre may remove an unspent focus point she allocated to a warjack and place it on herself.

WARJACK BOND - One nonunique warjack in Skarre's battlegroup may begin the game bonded to her. Skarre may allocate one additional focus point to this warjack. When the warjack damages a warjack, the bonded warjack's controller chooses which column suffers the damage. When the warjack damages a warbeast, the warjack's controller chooses which branch suffers the damage.

GREAT RACK

KNOCKDOWN - A model hit by the Great Rack is knocked down.

RAM - After making a successful melee attack with her Great Rack, instead of making a damage roll Skarre may ram the target model. The rammed model is pushed d3" directly away from Skarre and knocked down but suffers no damage. The pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. After the model is moved, Skarre may immediately make a follow-up move toward the pushed model up to the distance the pushed model was moved.

TAKKARYX

LIFE TRADER - After a successful attack with Takkaryx, give Skarre

one damage point to roll one additional damage die.

NOTE: Skarre, Queen of the Broken Coast is Skarre, the Pirate Queen.

16
74
С
5
Small

SPELL COST RNG AGE POW UP OFF
ADMONITION 2 6 - - X

When an enemy model ends its normal movement within 6" of target model in Skarre's battle-group, target model may immediately move up to 3". The model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. If a model moves due to Admonition, it may not move again due to Admonition until after Skarre's controller's next turn.

BACKLASH 3 8 - - X X Whenever target warjack is damaged, its controlling warcaster takes one damage point.

Target enemy warrior model/unit suffers –2 DEF. When a friendly Cryx model destroys one or more affected models with a melee or ranged attack during its activation, it may immediately make one additional melee or ranged attack without spending focus and regardless of ROF.

BLOOD RAIN 3 8 3 I2 X
Models in the AOE suffer Corrosion. Corrosion is a continuous effect that slowly erodes its target.

A corroded model takes one damage point each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the corrosion expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Corrosion is not affected by water.

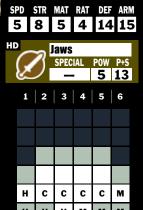
BLOOD RITUAL 2 IO - IO X
Immediately after destroying a living model with Blood Ritual, Skarre may make one additional magic attack targeting a model in her LOS and within 4" of the original target. If the attack hits, the target suffers a damage roll equal to the ARM of the model destroyed.

DEATH WARD 2 6 - X
Target friendly Cryx model/unit gains +2 ARM. If an affected warjack is damaged, Skarre's controller chooses which column takes the damage.

SEAS OF FATE 2 SELF CTRL - X

Models in Skarre's battlegroup in her control area may boost attack and damage rolls after making the rolls. Affected models may change their facing at the beginning of activation, before movement.





Field Allowance

Victory Points

Base Size

Medium

HELLDIVER

BURROW (*ACTION) - Place a marker in base contact with the Helldiver in the center of its front arc, then remove the Helldiver from the table. The Helldiver cannot be targeted by free strikes when it is removed from the table. Effects, spells, and animi on the Helldiver expire. The Helldiver cannot burrow into solid rock or man-made constructions. The Helldiver cannot burrow if its movement is disabled. The Helldiver may surface during any of its controller's Control Phases before focus points are allocated. When the Helldiver surfaces, place it anywhere completely within 8" of the center of the marker. There must be room for the Helldiver's base in the new location. The Helldiver cannot move or burrow during a turn it surfaces. The first melee attack made by the Helldiver the turn it surfaces receives automatically boosted attack and damage rolls. On a critical hit, target model is knocked down. The Helldiver immediately surfaces in base contact with the marker if its controlling warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

SINKHOLE - When the Helldiver burrows, it may create late on the Helldiver before removing the Helldiver from the

a sinkhole. Center a 5" AOE template on the Helldiver before removing the Helldiver from the table. The template is rough terrain that remains on the table for one round. Models suffer –2 DEF while in the AOE.

Their trenches are naught but open graves. We shall rise from beneath and consume them whole.

—Lich Lord Asphyxious

The legions of the Nightmare Empire have proven to be insidious, adaptable, and unpredictable foes. Even as the armies of men labor to expand their sprawling fortifications, Cryx strikes at them with impunity. When Toruk's enemies cannot be surmounted over land, the Helldiver moves beneath and erupts from trench floors to sow death and discord in the midst of soldiers supposedly safe behind earthen defenses. Many a squad has returned from a patrol in no man's land only to find an ominous pit strewn with the blood-soaked remains of those left behind.

The Helldiver drags itself through the ground with its powerful front claws. Though incredibly strong, the appendages serve only as a source of movement. The machine's primary weapon is its powerful jaws used to bite and shake apart its victims. There are few sights more terrible than witnessing a Helldiver pulling the mass of its metallic body from the earth underfoot and shredding every living body within reach.

The bonejack is capable of burrowing through the earth at a startling pace and surfacing to ambush unwary prey. It is a patient and methodical killer, and once positioned it can wait in ambush for an indefinite period of time, untouchable and impossible to detect. The machine's unique furnace burns little fuel and releases virtually no exhaust, so it is capable of prolonged periods of near hibernation.

Once the Helldiver sets its furnace to simmer, it silently awaits a signal or a surface vibration to call it forth once more. Cryx has seeded many potential battlefields across the region with the blackiron monstrosities to prepare for untold slaughters ahead.

The Helldiver has proven to be a

The Helldiver has proven to be a threat when it descends as well as when it surfaces on the battlefield. Cryxian raiders have become adept at exploiting the sinkholes left in the Helldiver's wake as it frenetically bores through the ground. Those dispatched by these coordinated onslaughts are left to molder half buried with their arms and legs jutting from the rent earth.

With the addition of the Helldiver, the Cryxian threat lurks not only in the shadows but just beneath the soil as well.



The tremendous agony suffered during death throes exponentially amplifies the power we can harness from an extracted soul.

—Attributed to Lich Lord Daeamortus

Announcing its presence with the ear-splitting shriek of its Mortifier cannon, the Harrower advances forth from Cryx like a fever-twisted delusion. There is no clean death in the Harrower's wake. Those cut down by its scything Perisher claw suffer unspeakable anguish as they die, but then they endure a fate worse than death when their immortal soul is spun loose, harvested, and added as fuel to the Cryxian arsenal.

The amphibious Harrowers are sent on coastal raids to strike unseen from the depths to fill their compact soul cages and bring the tainted bounty back to Cryx. Once flesh is rent, the victim's soul is torn loose and distilled into the soul cages while thrashing futilely against containment. The Harrower exploits a simple necromantic principle; the power derived from a captive soul is proportional to the torment its host suffered in death. The Harrower's many gold-runed and necrotite-lined soul cages serve additionally as ammunition for the Mortifier, its ghastly necrotech cannon.

for the Mortifier, its ghastly necrotech cannon.

Reminiscent of a soul in torment, the grating shriek of the Mortifier haunts the nightmares of any who hear it. Infused with soul energy, the Mortifier's shell exists partially within the spirit realm allowing it to pass through earthbound

HARROWER

ALL TERRAIN – The Harrower ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. The Harrower may charge, slam, or trample across rough terrain.

AMPHIBIOUS — The Harrower's furnace is not extinguished if it moves into deep water. The Harrower may move through deep and shallow water without penalty. While completely within deep water, the Harrower cannot make ranged attacks or be targeted by ranged or magic attacks. An amphibious model may enter deep water voluntarily.

SPIDER LEGS - The Harrower cannot be knocked down.

Mortifier

WRAITH SHOT (*ATTACK) – The Harrower may spend a soul token to make a Wraith Shot ranged attack. The Wraith Shot attack ignores intervening models when determining LOS and gains boosted attack and damage rolls. When the Harrower makes a Wraith Shot, models/units in the AOE must pass a command check or flee.

Perisher

EXTRACTOR – The Harrower gains a soul token each time it destroys a living model with the Perisher. The Harrower may have a maximum of three soul tokens at any time.

FIST – The Harrower's Perisher has the abilities of an Open Fist.

REACH - 2" melee range.

SCYTHE (*ATTACK) – The Harrower may make one melee attack with its Perisher against every model within melee range in its front arc. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special trules immediately as each attack is

STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 12 5 4 12 18

Неі GHT/WEIGHT: 10'5" / 7.6 tons

Large

ARMAMENT: Mortifier (left arm),
Perisher (right arm)

Point Cost

Base Size

Field Allowance

Victory Points

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 45 kgs (necrotite) or 120 kgs (coal) / 12 hrs general, 2 hrs combat

Initial Service Date: Unknown, first documented sighting 599AR





BADE KDIGHTS

CRYX UDIT

Lieutenant

Cmd 8

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 4 12 16

Knight

6 | 4 | 12



Bane Lance Reach 4 11

Leader and 5 Troops Up to 4 Additional Troops 12ea

Field Allowance

Victory Points

Small **Base Size**

LIEUTENANT

LEADER

UNIT

GHOSTLY - A Bane Knight may move through any terrain and obstacles without penalty. The Bane Knight may move through obstructions if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction. A Bane Knight cannot be targeted by free strikes.

SHADOW SHIFT - When a Bane Knight is directly hit by an enemy attack, after the attack has been resolved a model in the Bane Knight's unit may move up to 3" and make one melee attack. A model cannot end this movement out of formation.

UNDEAD - A Bane Knight is not a living model and never flees.

WEAPON MASTER - A Bane Knight rolls an additional die on its melee damage rolls.

BANE LANCE

REACH - 2" melee range.

We had taken up firing positions in a burned out farmhouse when those things came right through the wall. Half my men were dead before we even knew those monsters were there.

—Captain Gideon Sinclair, Cygnaran Gun Mage

For a soldier, jumping at shadows is at best laughable and at worst cowardice, but there are shadows in the world truly dark enough to be feared. Fell creations of blasphemous runes and animated bones, Bane Knights are unhallowed vessels of tenebrous malignancy. The accursed process that births these fearsome creatures also binds a cold fury within their forms. Fueled by chthonian magic, this hatred is focused on mortals and makes Bane Knights anathema to the living. The flicker of malevolent personality in their eyes is the last thing to be seen by many of their foes before the world fades to black.

> Bound together by the rituals of their creation, Bane Knights draw strength from those who would strike at them. They relentlessly advance across the battlefield brutally punishing those foolish enough to attack. Many a warrior has destroyed one Bane Knight only to be struck down as the shadows coalesced into another.

These fiends bring with them an icy wind and the smell of the charnel house as they glide across the battlefield sowing blood and death. Bane Knights wield their shadowforged lances with inhuman precision, cutting down any obstacle in their path. During their implacable pursuit, Bane Knights can become fully spectral for short periods of time, allowing them to pass through any barrier to reach their victims. Many exhausted soldiers have returned from the battlefield to the relative safety of the trenches only to be slain without warning by Bane Knights emerging from the walls around them.

BLACK OGRUD BOARDING PARTY Cryx Black Ogrud Unit

They be naturals to the life, 'tis certain true. Their cruel appetites be satisfied only in blood and gold by equal measure.

—Captain Rengrave

Of all the pirates preying on the Broken Coast, there are none more savage than the black ogrun of Cryx. Once a prize is within reach, these soot-black mountains of corded muscle leap from their vessels with reckless abandon. Possessed of an unquenchable blood-thirst, they fall upon their victims with a sanity-staggering howl and leave seas of gore and unidentifiable corpses in their wake. Any who dare look into the eyes of such a horror are held transfixed until exsanguinated by a thrust from a blood-forged blade. Those who survive a black ogrun assault are rounded up like human cattle and forced into the holds of the ogrun's charnel ships bound for the Nightmare Empire where they will serve as slaves in the black steel foundries of Cryx.

The ogrun pirates are experts in conducting brutally efficient boarding actions. Each is armed with a stout cannon capable of launching a wicked tempered-steel harpoon and nearly fifty-feet of chain. This cruel device is invaluable in securing vessels for boarding. Once joined in the slaughter, the black ogrun use their harpoons to fell

victims at range, then they eagerly leave the corpses of their victims behind them as they run riot. Larger opponents are set upon by teams of ogrun and then torn asunder when the ogrun wrench their harpoons in several directions simultaneously.

The black ogrun stand out as barbaric even among the degenerate standards of the Scharde Isle crews forced to ferry them into battle. They are not only chosen for their seamanship but also for their murderous tendencies, and they are organized into small boarding parties left to their own devices until a prize is in sight. Each party is commanded by a bosun not only charged with leading the pirates into battle, but also keeping order lest their notoriously foul tempers throw the whole ship into chaos.

Bosun

LEADER

UNIT

COMBINED RANGED ATTACK - Instead of making ranged attacks separately, two or more Black Ogrun may combine their attacks against the same target. In order to participate in a combined ranged attack, a Black Ogrun must be able to declare a ranged attack against the intended target and be in a single open formation group with the other participants. The Black Ogrun with the highest RAT in the attacking group makes one ranged attack roll for the group and gains +1 to the attack and damage rolls for each Black Ogrun, including himself, participating in the attack.

FIERCE GAZE - A living enemy non-warcaster/warlock warrior model within 2" of a Black Ogrun must immediately pass a command check or become stationary for one round if the model and the Black Ogrun are in each other's LOS. Make only one command check even if several Black Ogrun in the same unit are within 2". Make this command check after the active model/unit completes its movement but before it performs any actions. After making this command check, a model does

not make further Fierce Gaze command checks because of the same Black Ogrun unit as long as the unit remains within 2" of it.

DRAG - If the Harpoon damages a target model with a small or medium-

Bosun

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM
6 9 8 5 13 15

Pirate Cmd

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

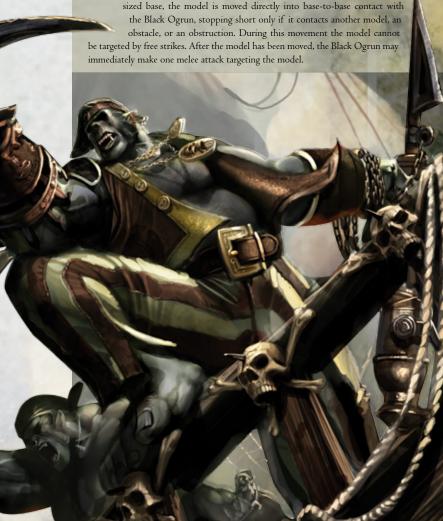
 6
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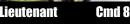




HARPOON







 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 8
 7
 7
 4
 13
 15

Thrall Cmd

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 8
 7
 6
 4
 13
 15







Lieutenant's Damage 10
Thrall's Damage 8
Leader and 2 Troops 78
Up to 2 Additional Troops 25ea
Field Allowance 1
Victory Points 3
Base Size Large

LIEUTENANT

LEADER

UNIT

BODY COUNT - A Soulhunter gains a soul token for each living model it destroys. A Soulhunter may have a maximum of three soul tokens at any time. A Soulhunter may spend a soul token to boost an attack or damage roll.

UNDEAD - A Soulhunter is not a living model and never flees.

SCYTHE

Brutal Charge - A Soulhunter gains +2 to Scythe charge attack damage rolls.

REACH - 2" melee range.

SICKLE

LIFE EATER - When a Soulhunter destroys a living model with the Sickle, remove d3 damage points from the Soulhunter.

With a hunger insatiable my riders shall pick the battlefield clean.

—Lich Lord Terminus

Silent, terrible, and unrelenting can only begin to describe the whispering charge of the Soulhunters. The bilious glow of necrotite burning deep within them lights their oily undead flesh and mottled iron plates. Fearless in undeath, the creatures tread through darkness seeking souls.

Among the most powerful thralls ever built, the Soulhunters are an unholy vision of terror incarnate. The menacing mass of plating, piping, gears, furnace, and flesh is an amalgamation designed for swiftness and ferocity. They have slick skin cured by dark alchemical processes and riveted carapaces handcrafted by necrotechs. The hungry necrotite furnace within its equine ribcage burns with a baleful corpsefire as it vents choking black smoke from the ominous flues running along its reinforced spine.

A thrall torso, head, and exposed steam-enhanced musculature are fused with the lithe and powerful body of a Scharde-bred charger, and these creations are a necrosurgeon's proudest creations—undead horse flesh and thrall unified by repulsive arts of dark intent. Composed of necro-tech, cured tissue, and the runic inscriptions of thrall magic, the necrotic carcass of a Soulhunter is a fearsome sight in battle.

scythe is painted in a spray of blood and entrails as it shreds through flesh and bone like summer chaff. Following the plunge of its scythe is the hungry swipe of its black sickle. The ominous whispering of the creature's sickle harvests the vitality of those the Soulhunter slays with a horrible sigh. Filthy emulsions channel the newly spilled essence of the dead

The lethal wake of a Soulhunter's mechanikal

through the creature's flesh. Like rasping plague victims, the fetid riders breathe in the souls of those they kill. This energy further riles their undead

flesh and allows them to expend it in bursts of power. Eager to claim the vitality of the living, the abominations scavenge the souls of those who would stand against them.

CRYX MECHADITHRALL SPECIAL WEAPON ATTACHMENT

That thing barreled out of the fog and straight into an Ironclad. I'll never forget the sound of its fists biting into the hull before the rest of the thralls tore it to scrap. After the battle, I tried for the better part of the next morning to salvage parts. The best I could do was something that looked like a piece of armored cowling.

—Dunley Boggs, Field Mechanik

As a further development of the necro-mechanikal research that led to the creation of the Mechanithrall, the Brute Thrall is a natural evolution for the meatsmiths of Cryx who have long prided themselves on the integration of local fauna into their malignant creations. These hulking monstrosities are cobbled together from the carcasses of Sharde trollkin and black ogrun, masses of conduit, steel plate, and nameless mechanika powered by a necrotite-fueled boiler. Though the end result is lacking both subtlety and cognitive capacity, it is unquestionably well suited to its role on the battlefield: crushing any obstacle crossing its path.

Like all thralls, the Brute Thrall knows no fear, and it is often sent to lead scores of Mechanithralls into combat. Soft targets are quickly pummeled into unidentifiable bloodsoaked heaps under the sheer power of the Brute Thrall's steam-driven fury. Those foes capable of temporarily

withstanding the savage assault are grappled in the thrall's immense fists while the accompanying horde of Mechanithralls rip it to pieces. The result is a wide field of scattered metal and

assorted unidentifiable debris.

Towering head and shoulders above ordinary Mechanithralls, the first Brute Thralls were created as personal bodyguards by a particularly gifted necrosurgeon. When it first appeared, the twisted beauty of the abomination sparked a fierce competition between his peers to see who could craft the largest and most powerful thrall. As more of the Brute Thralls were manufactured they were utilized to provide the vicious broods of Mechanithralls additional muscle in battle. Some necrosurgeons continue to be wary of producing too many of these brutal horrors, for they do not want to lose control over such enormous killing machines capable of fighting unhindered despite tremendous punishment.

BRUTE THRALL

IRON GRIP - If the Brute Thrall hits with a melee attack, in addition to dealing damage, the target model is caught in the Brute Thrall's Iron Grip. A caught model cannot move until Iron Grip is released or the Brute Thrall has been destroyed or removed from play. A caught model is released if either model is moved or if the Brute Thrall moves, makes an attack targeting another model, or becomes stationary. Mechanithralls in the Brute Thrall's unit can make combined melee attacks targeting the caught model. Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more Mechanithralls in melee range of the caught model may combine their attacks. In order to participate in a combined melee attack, a Mechanithrall must be able to declare a melee attack against the caught model. A Mechanitrall making a Combo Strike cannot participate in a combined melee attack. The Mechanithrall with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack roll for the group and gains +I to the attack and

damage rolls for each Mechanithrall, including itself, participating in the attack.

UNDEAD - The Brute Thrall is not a living model and never flees.

HEAVY STEAMFISTS

COMBO STRIKE (★ATTACK) - The Brute Thrall has a pair of Heavy Steamfists that can be used simultaneously for a devastating attack. It can make a normal attack with each Heavy Steamfist individually, or it may make a special attack with both Heavy Steamfists at the same time. Make one attack roll for the Combo Strike. Add the Brute Thrall's STR once and the POW of both

Heavy Steamfists to the damage roll.

Brute Thrall SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARN 6 9 6 4 12 14 **Heavy Steamfist** SPECIAL POW P+S Combo 5 14 **Heavy Steamfist** SPECIAL POW P+5 **Combo** 5 14 Point Cost Field Allowance Victory Points Base Size Medium





SATYXIS RAIDER SEA WITCH Cryx Satyxis Raider Unit Attachment

SPECIAL POW P+S
Critical 3 8

Piercer

SPECIAL POW P+S
Multi 6 11

Damage 5
Point Cost 21
Field Allowance 1

Victory Points

Base Size

SEA WITCH

COILED STANCE (ORDER) - Every Satyxis Raider who receives this order must forfeit her action. Affected models gain +2 DEF against melee attacks. When a Satyxis Raider is the target of an enemy melee attack that misses, she may immediately make a melee attack targeting the attacking model if it is within her melee range. Coiled Stance lasts for one round.

OFFICER - The Sea Witch is the unit leader.

Power Swell - Once per game, the Sea Witch may use Power Swell during her activation. During this activation models in the Sea Witch's unit gain an additional die on melee damage rolls.

WITCHCRAFT

The Sea Witch may use one of the following abilities during each of her activations:

 BLOODLETTING - This activation, models in the the Sea Witch's unit gain Berserk. Every time a Berserk model destroys another model with a melee attack, it must immediately make one melee attack against another

model in its melee range, friendly or enemy. Models in the unit cannot make combined melee attacks this activation.

The Satyxis are the source of many a mariner's tale, and as any salty dog will tell you, the enchanting beauty and menacing cruelty of the warrior maidens of Satyx are no legend. The sea witches in particular are bold, relentless, wicked, and seductive. They use their call to seize men with a mixture of lust and fear and then slake their dark thirst with the lives of their male captives. Feared along the Broken Coast, these hellish witches ply the open sea with ancient craft and magic.

The Satyxis sea witches are exalted in their status among the warrior clans of these bleak amazons. Each pirate sorceress serves under the fierce gaze of her captain as the navigator and taskmaster of a raiding ship. She is the captain's right hand and the conjurer of mists and numinous winds that carry their black ships in silence.

Wielding such power bestows great status upon these witches, and each is attended by a coven of Satyxis raiders. These Satyxis cruelly serve as her enforcers and regulators among the sordid crew, and they are eager to keep in check even the slightest infraction or hint of mutiny with a deadly reprisal. Bound in a union forged in blood under the Calder moon, the sea witch and her raider coven share an uncanny arcane bond.

During battle the sea witch uses her arcane talents to whip her warrior sisters into a frenzy of bloodlust. Driven by this fell sorcery the Satyxis raiders lash madly about with their lacerators, blindly seeking to kill anything in their way. The witch's intent can be visited upon them with a surge of power drawn from the depths of dark waters, and it bolsters their lithe muscular forms with uncanny strength. The sorcerous sea witch can call upon the elements to conceal, bewitch, enervate, and punish. The raiders who serve her are an extension of her will, and they deliver her wrath upon those who deserve little more than death.

Even after she wrenched out Gifford's heart and bit into it, I would've licked the blood from her lips like wine.

—Sgt. Jezzen Cree, 568th Long Gunners, 1st Platoon

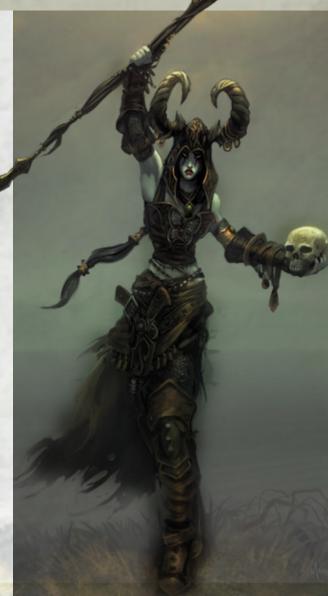
- BRUME This activation, models in the the Sea Witch's unit gain Pathfinder and Camouflage. Models with Pathfinder ignore movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. Models with Camouflage gain an additional +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.
- LAMPREY This activation, each time a model in the Sea Witch's unit damages a warjack with her Lacerator or Piercer, instead of suffering Feedback the warjack's controlling warcaster receives one less focus point during his controller's next Control Phase.

Horns

CRITICAL KNOCKDOWN – On a critical hit, target model is knocked down. (Small-based models only)

PIERCER

FEEDBACK – Anytime the Piercer damages a warjack, its controlling warcaster takes a damage point. \mathbf{R} EACH – 2" melee range.



CAPTAIN REDGRAVE CRYX REVEDANT CREW CHARACTER SOLO

Captain Rengrave be Toruk's first vassal, and he'll likely be the last.

-Revenant Prize Captain Garvor Magrott of the cinder ship Dirge

RENGRAVE

CABIN BOY - When Rengrave suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, a friendly Revenant Crew model in his command range may be destroyed instead. Rengrave is reduced to one wound.

COMMANDER - Rengrave has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Cryx models/units in his command range may use Rengrave's CMD when making command checks. Rengrave may rally and give orders to friendly Cryx models in his command range.

FIELD PROMOTION - Once per activation, Rengrave may promote a Pirate in a friendly Revenant Crew unit that has had its Quartermaster destroyed or removed from play. That Pirate must be in Rengrave's command range. Replace the promoted model with the Quartermaster model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced Pirate are applied to the new Quartermaster.

PRESSED - When Rengrave destroys a living enemy model, before it is removed from the table, it must make a command check. If the check fails, Rengrave's controller may add a Pirate to a friendly Revenant Crew unit in his command range. The model must be placed in formation and may activate normally this turn.

REIGN OF TERROR - When an enemy model/unit flees in Rengrave's command range, Rengrave and friendly Revenant Crew models/units in his

The ghost ship Atramentous has been conducting an ongoing reign of terror for sixteen centuries. Its unliving and seemingly indestructible Revenant crew is led by Captain Rengrave, the first of their ilk who was both cursed and blessed by Lord Toruk's fire. All of the Revenants spawned thereafter have sworn him oaths of fealty, and through him they serve the

Dragonfather.

Rengrave leads them to war, and he is impossible to defeat.



command range cannot be damaged. Reign of Terror lasts for one round.

SQUALL - Once per activation, an enemy model/unit within Rengrave's LOS and in his command range may be cursed by Squall. Cursed models suffer -2 CMD and cannot give or receive orders. The curse lasts for one round.

SWORDMASTER - Rengrave may make one additional melee attack.

TERROR - Enemy models/units in melee range of Rengrave and enemy models/units with Rengrave in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

UNDEAD - Rengrave is not a living model and never flees.

HAND CANNON

GHOST SHOT - Rengrave ignores intervening models when making Hand Cannon ranged attacks.

INSULT TO INJURY - After resolving his melee attacks, Rengrave may make a Hand Cannon ranged attack if he is not engaged.

Hand Cannon RNG ROF AOE POW 12 1 — 12 Fathom SPECIAL POW P+S — 6 13 Damage 5 Point Cost 28 Field Allowance C Victory Points 1

STR MAT RAT

DEF ARM

7 6 14 14

Rengrave

TACTICAL TIPS

REIGN OF TERROR – Reign of Terror only takes affect when an enemy model/unit initially flees and does not take affect if a model that is already fleeing moves into Rengrave's command range.

Captain Rengrave was already a pirate of horrible reputation when he was alive. He stole the *Atramentous* as an act of singular blasphemy. The ship was the largest of the dirgenmast funeral ships sent across the waves to carry the body of an honored noble of Tordor. This desecration may have invoked his doom, for Lord Toruk came to him and offered the choice of eternal service or utter destruction. When he accepted, the dragon's flame washed over him, his crew, and even his crow Squall, consuming and changing them into indestructible Revenants. Captain Rengrave was sent against the pirate kings of the Scharde Isles where he slaughtered their gathered warriors to demonstrate the consequences of defying the dragon. Captain Rengrave witnessed the indoctrination of the first lich lords and feels smug satisfaction knowing that he came into his power first.

Nothing delights Rengrave more than killing, plunder, and the sight of the terrified faces of the living as his men swing to and board a ship to take its valuables and sink it to the deep. In past centuries he was told to restrain his appetites and strike at times and places dictated by the lich lords. By the command of Skarre Ravenmane, his fleet has been unleashed to attack at will. Rengrave has the power to add names to his register and capture new prize ships to add to his ghost fleet to swell the ranks of Revenants as required. He captures the living and gives them a choice: they can join his crew and be transformed or die. The great attacks put forward by Skarre are an opportunity he has waited a millennium to savor. No western coastal town will escape unscathed.



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Bane Lord Tartarus

Through Tartarus darkness itself marches to war.

-Lich Lord Asphyxious



Cryx Character Solo

cunning and malicious weapons forever linked to the void and its consuming darkness. Some souls are particularly resonant with bane energy and retain their own identity and power. Tartarus is one singularly potent soul, recovered and reborn by artifice into something truly unholy.

Nearly three thousand years ago, a chieftain arose among the Molgur named Horfar Grimmr who led a doomed attack against a wall called the Shield of Thrace. It was one of the last great battles of the Molgur against priest-king Golivant, and in the battle the Molgur were shattered. Grimmr was captured and tormented for a month by the Menites before being thrown on the flames in rituals conducted to purify his soul of the Devourer-taint they saw in him. As his flesh burned, Horfar's soul raged and lashed out. It was too powerful to be contained yet permanently scarred and disfigured by Menite rites. His weighty soul fell through the rift, and due to Menite curses it did not reach Urcaen, languishing instead in the void. There it became something other. Past memories erased, it seeped in bane energy and

turned unspeakably malevolent. Over two thousand years it writhed in this hellish state until discovered and plucked by Tenebrous and inserted into unliving flesh as a unique necromantic masterpiece. Encased in rune-inscribed armor and given the unholy axe Rivener, Bane Lord Tartarus was put into the world to rule over and dominate all bane thralls in service of the Dragonfather.

He has wandered in the shadows of western Immoren for centuries lurking in cursed forests, in the caverns below mountains, and across swamps where the forgotten dead lie deep below the murk. He has brought forth his vassals and pulled other potent souls from the void to give them bodies, armor, weapons, and purpose. The bane lord does not require the taxing and time-consuming rites and rituals normally utilized to create these bane warriors, for his own essence provides a continuous conduit to the void. By Goreshade's summons he has travelled north to build a terrible army from the remains of the slain.

SPECIAL RULES

TARTARUS

BECKON (*ACTION) — Remove one friendly Bane Thrall or Bane Knight unit in Tartarus' command range and place the models in the unit completely within 4" of Tartarus. There must be room for the models' bases in the new location. Affected models cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. After being beckoned, affected models cannot move this turn.

COMMANDER – Tartarus has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Cryx models/units in his command range may use Tartarus' CMD when making a command check. Tartarus may rally and give orders to friendly Cryx models in his command range.

CURSE – Once per activation, Tartarus may curse an enemy model/unit within LOS and in his command range. Tartarus and friendly Bane Thrall and Bane Knight units charging cursed models do so at SPD +5. When attacking a cursed model, Tartarus, Bane Thralls, and Bane Knights gain +2 to attack rolls. Curse lasts for one round.

DARK SHROUD – Enemy models within melee range of Tartarus suffer –2 ARM. Dark Shrouds are not cumulative.

FIELD OFFICER – An additional Bane Thrall or Bane Knight unit may be fielded over normal Field Allowance limitations.

FIELD PROMOTION – Once per activation, Tartarus may promote a Bane Thrall or Bane Knight in his command range that belongs to a friendly unit that has had its Lieutenant destroyed or removed

from play. Replace the promoted model with an appropriate Lieutenant model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced model are applied to the new Lieutenant.

STEALTH – Attacks against Tartarus from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If Tartarus is greater than 5" away from an attacker, he does not count as an intervening model.

UNDEAD – Tartarus is not a living model and never flees.

WEAPON MASTER – Tartarus rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

RIVENER

DEATH TOLL – When Tartarus destroys a living enemy model, his

controller may add a non-leader model to a friendly Bane Thrall or Bane Knight unit in Tartarus' command range. The model must be placed in formation and may activate normally this turn.

REACH – 2" melee range.

THRESHER (*ATTACK) — Tartarus may make one melee attack with Rivener against every model within melee range in his front arc. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally.

TACTICAL TIPS

DEATH TOLL - No, you can't add a Lieutenant even if the unit has an officer

CRYX







Skarre, Queen of the Broken Coast ~ Epic Warcaster ~



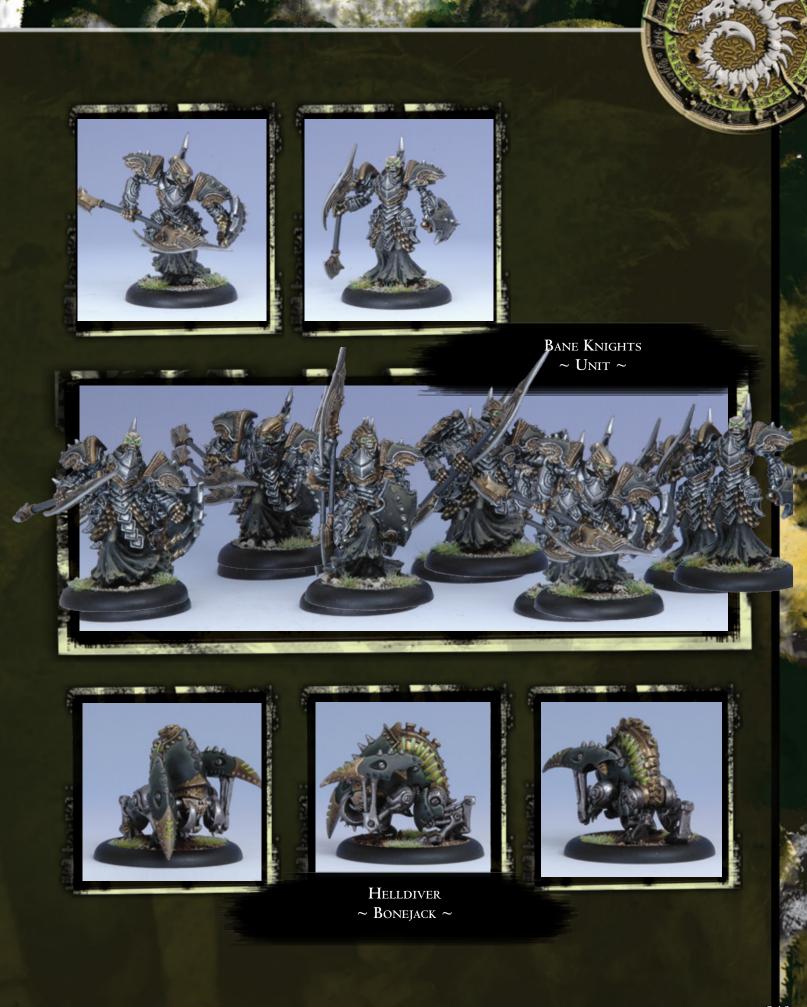






~ Character Solo ~







MILITARY OF THE CRYXIAN EMPIRE

The terror inspired by Cryx in mainlanders is amplified because the actions of the Nightmare Empire seem so incomprehensible. Their surprise attacks and raids seem to come with no discernable pattern. They strike when and where they choose, and the only constant is the slaughter of the innocent. Despite this impression Cryx has a highly organized military, and there is a method to their actions, albeit their movements are deliberately obfuscated to strike where they are not expected. Fear is one of the foremost weapons of the Cryxian military, and they exploit the dread of their enemies whenever possible.

The armies of Cryx are comprised of many powerful and virtually immortal undead capable of intricate planning and long-term thinking beyond a mortal lifespan. Ultimately their aims are the aims of Lord Toruk, the dragon-god, who has inexhaustible patience. The details of running His armies and the empire in general are left to His twelve lich lords. Though not as patient as their master, every one has been overseeing substantial dominions for centuries, some few for over a millennia.

One reason the movements and actions of these armies is difficult for the human militaries to understand is that their objectives have little to do with traditional conquest. Until very recently Cryxian forces have shown little interest in seeking permanent gains on the mainland. Lord Toruk's primary interest is the destruction of His progeny. Having gathered information concerning His treacherous brood for hundreds upon hundreds of years, the Dragon is now ready to strike. Once the nations of men have fallen, He will drag His children from their hiding places and devour them. Meanwhile the lich lords strengthen Cryx's position by undermining the island empire's enemies. Even the petty agendas of lich lords such as Asphyxious, who until recently was diverted by personal ambitions, are meaningless in the scope of Toruk's plans.

Lord Toruk and the majority of the lich lords remaining on the island have let their will be known by sending agents to pass orders to those fighting on the mainland. The Dragon's mind is inscrutable, and He still grants favor to both of his lich lord generals. Terminus and Asphyxious have been instructed through these commands to put aside their enmity and rebuild their armies to continue their more

important work. To the Dragon, both Asphyxious' dreams of godhood and the interlude of Terminus' banishment are but blinks of an eye and inconsequential.

The military might of Cryx has long been divided into several segments, each overseen by a lich lord: the reserves, the fleets, and the armies of invasion. Lich Lord Scopulous oversees the legions of thralls left in reserve as well as Cryx's vast stockpiles of weapons and necrotite. Scopulous is also responsible for the garrisons and fortresses of the island empire. The lich lord coordinates efforts with the fleet to ensure a steady stream of reinforcements reaches mainland incursion forces.

The exact size and composition of the reserve army fluctuates tremendously as do all of the Cryxian forces; armies of the dead are more rapidly assembled yet less individually adaptable than living armies. They also present unique challenges to organization and leadership in battle. In some cases a large portion of a Cryxian army is made up of unthinking weapons—helljacks, bonejacks, thralls—requiring singular leaders of great will to coordinate their efforts.

Not all of Cryx's soldiers are undead; there are a great many living humans, ogrun, black ogrun, trollkin, Satyxis, bogrin, and others who have been pressed into service to defend the fortresses of the main island, man the smaller strongholds on the periphery islands, and serve as crews aboard vessels. Living vassals are also used for support. They maintain the empire, build ships or arms, smuggle materials from the mainland scarce on the islands, and plunder merchant ships. These individuals live brief life spans and then are recycled into thralls or other undead to continue their service. Those who prove exceptionally skilled or cunning might be rewarded with the gift of undead immortality. In most cases, however, souls are harvested to become fuel for soul-burning engines, and corpses are animated as mindless thralls. This is the only 'afterlife' expected in Cryx and a fate to which they are generally resigned.

All forces of incursion were once the province of Lich Lord Daeamortus. Daeamortus relied heavily upon powerful vassals such as Asphyxious who served as his chief



LORD TORUK

Dragonfather, God of Caen, Master of the Nightmare Empire

Each of the 12 Lich Lords are equal in rank, overseeing different ele ents of the Empire

CRYXIAD MILITARY

Lich Lord Thalassina

OCCULT RESTARCH

ARCHIUF OF SKELL Lich Lord Corripio

EMPIRE IDFRASTRUCTURE DIELIBEDCE Lich Lord Malathrax

DECROMANTIC RESEARCH

Lich Lord Fulmenus

ESOTERIC RESEARCH

Lich Lord Tenebrus

DRACODIC Lich Lord

IDDUSTRY Lich Lord Morbus

CHURCH OF TORUK Lich Lord Divinitus

TREASURY **Lich Lord Angorus**

Terminus Incursion Soldiers: Unkno **Lich Lord Terminus**

ASPHYXIOUS **IDCURSIOD** Conquest Idiers: Unkno Lich Lord Asphyxious

CRYXIAD RESERVES Reserves/Defense Soldiers: Unknown **Lich Lord Scopulous**

Cryxian troop strength fluctuates widly due to the variance of unliving assets.

CRYXIAD PLEETS Ships: Unknown arre Ravenmane, Queen of the Broken Coast

MAIDLAND ARMY Soldiers: Unknown Lich Lord Terminus



SLAUGHTER FLEET Ships: 25+

General Gerlak Slaughterborn PIRATE PLEET

Ships: 495+

Admiral Axiara Wraithblade

GHOST PLEET

Ships: Unknown **Captain Rengrave**

PLAGSHIP PLEET Ships: 16

Skarre Ravenmane

Skarre Ravenmane

Remaining Black Fleet Ships: Unknown

AXIARA'S RAIDERS Ships: 15+

Ships: 380+

Axiara Wraithblade

PIRATES AND SINUSGLERS Includes hundreds of small vessels

PLAGSHIPS

Ships: 6 Soldiers: Varies (3,200+) ESCORT WING Ships: 5

Soldiers: Varies

Fleet Captain Kelvexis Darkreef

RAIDER TRADSPORT

Ships: 5 Soldiers: Varies

Fleet Captain Selvixen

THE ATRAMENTOUS **Ancient Dirgenmast**

Revenants: ~650

Listed below are the cinder ships most commonly with the Atramento Their number vacilates as new ships stolen and others are sunk in battle

THE WIDOWER Flag Blackship Satyxis, Thralls, Wraiths Crew: ~600 Skarre Ravenmane

ILL TIDINGS Blackship Satyxis Crew: ~500 Captain Velmexria Dawnblood

BLOOD TEMPES Blackship Satvxis Crew: ~500 Captain Sarlixa Redtide

MALEDICTOR Blackship Black Ogrun/ 'Loaned' Revenant Crew Crew:~500 Captain Jorvak Earcutter

BRANDING IRON Blackship Warjacks, Necrotechs, Necrotite Crew:~200 Captain Vemolluc

EXHUMATION Blackship Necrosurgeo Thralls: 900+ Captain Anathius (skarlock)

DIRGE Fast Frigate Revenants, Black Ogrun Thralls: ~350 Prize Captain Magrott

DEATH KNELL **Fast Frigate** Revenants, Black Ogrun Thralls: ~330 Prize Captain Farwain

Revenants venants: ~300 Prize Captain Galloway

BLOATED BLIGE Treasure Galleon Revenants evenants: ~420 Prize Captain Wineblood

STRIKE RAIDERS Satyxis, Skarlock, Harrower, Seether Raiders: 225

SWEEP RAIDERS Satyxis Soul Harvesters, Leviathan Raiders: 175

WARJACK SUPPORT Necrotechs, Machine Wraiths, lonejacks, Helljacks

Унь'я Шатсн Satyxis, Thralls Watch: 75

SHIP'S CREW Satvxis Crew: 125

Cryxian Military Structure

agent on the continent and field commander of his army. Even before destroying his master, Asphyxious was considered by many in Cryx to be the unnamed thirteenth lich lord.

Asphyxious' army benefited from the open war between the mortal Iron Kingdoms. The distractions of these battles enabled Cryx to penetrate the mainland and establish secret bases in a number of remote wilderness locations, the most significant being in the northern Wyrmwall Mountains and the Thornwood Forest. Underground tunnels are the favored sites for these bases. New tunnels are continuously excavated and where no tunnels exist, they are dug. It is from these networks that Cryx intends to establish the infrastructure for unlimited necrotech fabrication. Expanding and creating these bases is an essential part of Cryx's insidious campaign of conquest. While the mortal nations are preoccupied with borders and open war, Cryx spreads like a tumor discovered too late to remove easily.

The battlefields of Llael proved exceptionally useful for providing raw material and allowed Asphyxious' army to expand its size rapidly by salvaging bodies and machinery from the aftermath. Similarly, Cryxian forces can harvest ample necrotite from the fields of carnage to refuel without relying on any supplies from the Scharde Islands. This army has the easiest time operating autonomously. They need neither food, nor fuel or ammunition. The primary need for resupply comes from the loss of helljacks and complex thralls. Bonejacks are relatively easy to rebuild on the mainland, but even they require salvage of functional cortexes. Presently helljacks can only be produced in small numbers on the mainland, and losses usually require replacement from the islands.

The other great general sent to terrorize the mainland is Lich Lord Terminus who has supervised the raiding fleets of Cryx for centuries. Before Cryx began its invasion of the mainland, the fleet consumed the majority of Cryxian military assets and remains one of the most diverse armies serving Lord Toruk. Terminus believes in applying constant pressure to the navies of Cygnar, Ord, and Khador while continuing to raid targets of opportunity along the coastline.

The landing of Terminus' incursion force represents a substantial threat to all mortals of the mainland, for his is an army of a different caliber and scope than they have ever faced before. As Terminus retains control over the fleets, he has greater access to supplies and reserves than Asphyxious. For these reasons, Terminus' army is expected

to regain its stride quickly and recover from losses sustained at the Battle of the Temple of Garrodh.

Landing this army came not without its own price. It required elaborate diversions to both the northern and southern Cygnaran fleets. In the process Terminus sent one of his subordinate generals, Gerlak Slaughterborn, and his Slaughter Fleet on a diversionary attack on Highgate that forced Cygnar to endure substantial losses. These attacks served not only to allow Terminus to land his army on the shores south of the Gnarls, but it allowed scouting forces to penetrate the southern Wyrmwall Mountains and gain substantial intelligence regarding the dragon Blighterghast. Against all odds, Slaughterborn survived the attack, but his forces have had to fall back to Blackrock to recuperate and gather reinforcements.

While Asphyxious focuses on rebuilding his army and exploiting the battlefields left by Khador, Cygnar, and the Protectorate, Terminus has coordinated attacks to provide cover for his actions. He is preparing mustering points to unleash attacks on key mainland territories with which he hopes to consolidate a permanent Cryxian presence. Once Terminus' supply points and bases are finished along secluded coastal areas easily accessed by the fleets, Cryx will have better capability of launching attacks deeper inland.

Since reaching the mainland, Terminus has received reports of a potent dragon blight penetrating northern Khador. Even as he moves to consolidate his power, agents have been dispatched to investigate these rumors further. Should they prove true, Cryx is certain to expand its operations in the north.

After turning his attention to the mainland, Terminus granted Skarre Ravenmane control of the fleets and gave her explicit orders to escalate coastal raids. The full strength of the Cryxian fleets has been unleashed as never before along the western seaboard, and they have raided more heavily than any time since the Scharde Invasions of Vinter Raelthorne's rule. These attacks target the full scope of the coast and are particularly heavy in the north where they probe Khadoran defenses in preparation for future landings.

Cryx's naval strength is loosely divided into several fleets, and each serves an important role. The most notable and powerful are the Black Fleet and the Ghost Fleet comprised of unique Cryxian assets. Though mainlanders have encountered these vessels individually before, few have any awareness of their number until Skarre opened up a

war front across the shores of four nations. Conducting such massive engagements has required calling on the resources of every boat Cryx can launch, including those normally held in reserve.

Blackships are particularly dreadful vessels considered by many mortals as a sign of imminent doom. They literally bring their own weather by calling on occult power to lend wind to their sails and surround themselves with concealing fog. These ships are more than the equal of the most powerful vessels of the mortal navies. Only the modern ironhulls stand a chance against them. The secrets of the fabrication and maintenance of the blackships are closely guarded secrets, but these vessels are slowly crafted in Dreggsmouth under the supervision of Master Shipwright Kress Soratt who answers to Lord Captain Derevnia Vrace, leader of Dreggsmouth and vassal of Lich Lord Morbus. In addition to being among the most formidable warships ever created, blackships have the capacity to carry large numbers of soldiers, helljacks, and other supplies to land invasion forces.

The Ghost Fleet is mostly comprised of fast frigates with a few larger treasure galleons, and their number vacillates depending on the vagaries of war. Though not quite as fast or deadly as blackships, the cinder ships have their own advantages. They are pushed by unseen winds, able to repair themselves, and possessed of sentient spirits of their own. They shimmer like mirages on the horizon and are easily mistaken as friendly vessels until they approach. Their crews are beholden to Captain Rengrave who has the distinction of being Toruk's first vassal. The flagship Atramentous is the most ancient ship sailing the Meredius, and the enormous blackened dirgenmast funereal ship's decks and rigging are laced with green fire. The Ghost Fleet appears where needed and sometimes comes without even being called.

The Pirate Fleet is the largest but most loosely ordered of Cryx's fleets, and includes a diverse variety of small and large vessels made up mostly of sailing vessels liberated from other nations. This fleet includes the largest number of living crewmen, primarily human Scharde islanders, but it includes Satyxis, trollkin, and ogrun. In addition to being utilized in unorganized attacks on mainland shipping for plunder, these ships have long been involved in the smuggling trade, the only true 'commerce' between Cryx and the mainland. While considered primarily a support and diversionary fleet, these ships remain battle-ready and willing to answer the call to action. Containing a large number of vessels and counting many skilled crews among

its number, the Pirate Fleet remains difficult to control and coordinate. Their reliance on winds and the vagaries of piratical temperament means they are an asset in the aggregate but are often left to their own devices. Their ability to find even marginal welcome at smuggler's ports and seedy pirate dens has made this fleet a valued asset to Cryxian intelligence gathering, for they are able to learn important rumors. Cryx will otherwise deploy these ships to distract naval forces while sending the Black or Ghost Fleet on higher priority targets.

The crews of these vessels are segregated, but they join together for attack raids against key targets. These terrifying soldiers accompany helljacks such as the Leviathan and Harrower, which drop into the water before the ships land and rise onto shores and piers from the depths to unleash death on coastal defenders. Tactics in raiding attacks are usually focused on overwhelming by sheer press of numbers and forcing the enemy to panic and rout in fear. Though not subtle, such techniques work very well, particularly when employed by seemingly indestructible revenants.

The active armies and fleets are aided by continuous industry and research overseen by the lich lords remaining on the island. Some have spies seeded throughout the mainland to help coordinate surprise attacks. Even those involved in esoteric occult research occasionally discover innovations giving rise to new weapons. If the mortals of the mainland had any idea of the complex unholy machinations being unleashed against them, they would immediately put aside their differences and combine to annihilate Cryx. Thanks to the hatching of many long buried seeds, this seems unlikely to come to pass, and Lord Toruk and His minions are allowed the time required to pursue ancient vendettas.

THE BLACK FLEET

RAIDERS OF THE BLACK FLEET LED BY THE QUEEN OF THE BROKEN COAST

f BY THE DEAD SEA, A BLOODY DAWN, AND A WATERY GRAVE



LEADERSHIP · FLAGSHIPS

- Skarre Ravenmane, Warcaster
- Blackship Captains Dawnblood, Redtide, Earcutter, Vemolluc, and Anathius

ASSETS

- 1,600 Satyxis
- 900+ Thralls
- 370 Black Ogrun Pirates
- 300+ Revenants
- 30 Others (necrotechs, wraiths, skarlocks)

WARJACK CHASSIS SUPPORT:

- Heavy: Leviathans (2),Harrower (2), Seether, Slayer, Reaper
- Light: All chassis (dozens)

Skarre Ravenmane has opened up a war front 2,000 miles wide along the western coast as she conducts continual raids and surprise strikes. Her notorious blackship, the Widower, is the flagship and is escorted by a formidable array of Cryx's most powerful vessels. The decks of each of these terrifying ships are crammed with raiding parties eager to plunder mainland villages and shipping. These attacks have brought all of the western navies to full alert in attempts to outmaneuver and engage them, but the Cryxian vessels have advantages other navies do not. The sight of even a single blackship is enough to send lesser vessels fleeing at full sails toward the nearest fortress. Seeing a line of them coming as ominous silhouettes lit by the setting sun across the waves can drive even hardened naval officers to madness.

The Widower is directly accompanied by the blackships Ill Tidings, Blood Tempest, Maledictor, Branding Iron, and Exhumation. The first three of these vessels are comprised of Skarre's favored Satyxis. Satyxis will always form the core of Skarre's raiding force, and each is handpicked and loyal to Skarre. They view her as akin to a goddess. Among the Satyxis raiders are sea witches of considerable power whose blood magic draws from a similar source and origins as Skarre's own blood magic.

The Maledictor boasts a large force of savage black ogrun boarders distributed among other vessels before major engagements to lead in the capture of ships and the slaughter of crew and sailors defending them. Their captain is Jorvak Earcutter, a slave-runner whose name brings dread even in ports where the flesh trade is illicitly condoned such as the Wake Isles of Five Fingers. He and his ogrun are not always on amiable terms with the Satyxis who treat them with some disdain, but they have come to an equitable arrangement. The Branding Iron is a special ship outfitted to serve as a mobile helljack and bonejack armory complete with necrotechs loyal to Skarre and ample supplies of necrotite. The Exhumation is a charnel



conduct brutal raids on a number of villages across the shore of the Gulf of Middlebank.

The slaughter and pillaging was so fierce that none will dare settle in the area today. More recently she led the brutal attack on Port Vladovar, home of Khador's Navy. Her fleet crippled or captured many of that northern nation's finest warships, dealt a grievous blow to its naval strength, and inflicted considerable casualties and damage to the city. The damage to Port Vladovar coincided with other Cryxian movement further inland and spread terror and uncertainty across Khador as word of the damage to the fleet spread.

slaughterhouse ship filled with corpses, thralls, and the tools of reanimation.

Skarre's exploits along the coast have been ongoing for

decades, for she has had a place of special favor among her people since first manifesting her powers over sacrificial blood magic. She has been involved in countless notorious raids including the one that led to the utter destruction of the Cygnaran coastal town of Ingrane. Some take these attacks as capricious malice no more than the lashing of the Dragon's claw, but attacks such as these are not made without a purpose. They have included gathering captives of interest, kidnapping them as needed by Cryx's necromancers or inculcating them into occult training and conditioning. Their plunder is not for personal gains but to gather assets for the war effort, including supplies of blasting powder otherwise unavailable to Cryx.

The ships under her perform the most vital strikes for Cryx. Skarre was personally involved in one of the largest sea-battles against the Cygnaran Navy in the Windwatcher's Passage in 588 AR where she dealt a grievous defeat to forces sent from Westwatch. This opening allowed the *Widower* and other pirates to



HOST OF TARTARUS
ATTACHED TO THE ARMY OF TERMINUS, SERVING GORESHADE THE BASTARD



- Bane Lord Tartarus
- Bane Lieutenants Kortesh and
- Pistol Wraith Jerventis
- Necrotech Frolvan

ASSETS

- 20+ Bane Thralls
- 20+ Bane Knights
- Leviathan
- 3 Deathrippers
- 2 Stalkers

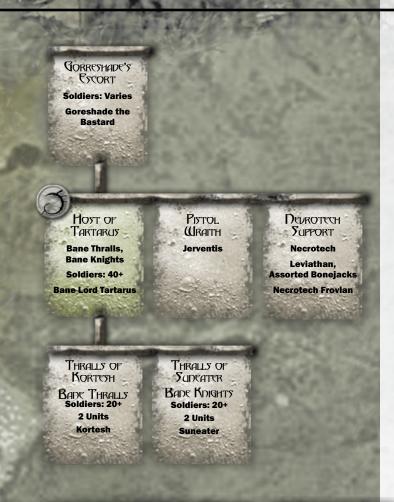


Bane thralls seem similar to other undead, but they are not entirely mindless. The thrall runes inscribed on their bones give rise to a sentient darkness inimical to life that seeps into the world from ancient souls trapped in the cold oblivion between Caen and Urcaen. First among bane warriors is Bane Lord Tartarus. He has been prowling forgotten and forbidden places on the mainland for centuries, but recently he answered the summons of his masters. He now moves between shadows with his armored retinue to join Goreshade the Bastard in a trek through Khador. They spent some time sowing chaos and destruction behind the lines of battle between Cygnar and Khador but have moved on to other targets deeper inside the northern nation.

Bane Lord Tartarus is a connoisseur of slaughter fields and old battlegrounds, and he is able to sniff out and

recover the bones of powerful warriors who have fallen in tragic conflict without last rites. He can utilize such remains with one of his greatest powers. He has the ability to serve as a conduit for the outer darkness to accelerate the process for creating Bane Thralls and Bane Knights, which in turn join his host. Without his intervention, the rise of these creatures is slow, unpredictable, and reliant on capricious accumulations of death energy alongside time-consuming rituals. He has spent the last centuries searching for singular examples of such corpses, and in the process he has a number of exceptionally intelligent and potent bane warriors in his service.

While not specifically recognized by mortals, the passing of his host has engendered many legends and whispers of cursed regions. They have added to the infamy of places such as the Vescheneg Headlands, the Malgur Forest, Henge Hold, Nine Stone, the Gallowswood, Wythmoor, Bloodroot, Thornfall, the Sea of Graves, and the Field of Souls. The Umbreans have a number of folk legends relating to the Host of Tartarus, as their horsemen have battled them on several occasions during their passage through this region to pick through old battlefields left in the wake of the Orgoth. More recently during the Battle of the Willow Barrens, it is suspected this host managed to annihilate an entire battalion each of Cygnaran and Khadoran soldiers by pitting them against one another and then descending on the survivors.



Among his host are several notable vassals, including two ancient and puissant bane knights who lead smaller arms of his forces. One of these is called Kortesh, a massive-framed undead thought to be an echo of the soul of a Khadoran barbarian noted for slaughter and depravity before the landing of the Orgoth. He was an unrelenting savage who refused to pass to Urcaen after being strangled in his sleep. The other is an entity called only Suneater, a bane cloaked in darkness so pervasive even the full light of the sun cannot diminish it. It is said the body that gave rise to Suneater was recovered from the ancient field of slaughter where Scion Roth had his dark ascension at the legendary Battle of Ten Townships. The soldiers garrisoned along Khadoran coastal towns have become more familiar with the effectiveness of these undead warriors than they would like. These soldiers and town militia have frayed nerves and find themselves unable to sleep, knowing the banes might spring upon them at any time from unexpected directions and with no warning.

Tartarus is patient and cunning, and he watches and savors ongoing battles as much as a living man enjoys a fine meal. He waits until all reserves are committed and both sides are tired and low on ammunition, then he sends banes to annihilate both sides. There have been stories of entire companies and engagements which have simply vanished without a trace with no hint of communication to their superior officers nor any bodies to return to their families.



THRALLS OF BLACKSHIP EXHUMATION ATTACHED TO THE BLACK PLEET



LEADERSHIP

- Captain Anathius (skarlock)
- Ist Mate Jabin Fargash (revenant)
- Master Necrosurgeon Gravlig
- Necrotech Malgristle

ASSETS

- 750+ Mechanithralls
- 35 Stitch Thralls
- 150 Revenants (ship crew)
- 15 Necrosurgeons and Necrotechs
- Materials for dozens of bile and bloat thralls

Thralls are a staple of the Cryxian war effort and serve as excellent cannon fodder. No other army has the ability to construct reinforcements from nothing by turning defeated enemies into soldiers and sending them against those who will recognize the faces of the slain. The Widower is accompanied by a blackship named the Exhumation that brings a large number of readied thralls to join her war effort with all of the vile laboratories and gruesome supplies to create more.

Captained by a shrewd skarlock named Anathius, the Exhumation is the largest and most infamous of several floating graveyards. Its captain and crew pay living pirates and smugglers to bring them fresh corpses or even living slaves. (Living slaves are preferred since their flesh can be corrupted and defiled even before death to magnify latent necromantic energies.) The body trade is disgusting and horrible work, but the Scharde are pragmatic about such things. They view flesh as simply another commodity like coal or gold.

Even the Scharde cannot stomach being on the Exhumation since every deck, beam, and inch of rigging is pervaded with the reeking stench of death and decay. Every surface is covered in a waxy film of oil from burnt flesh and fat from its labs. Undead monstrosities of partially animated flesh and experiments gone awry scurry about its decks and below its hold. Necrotechs and necrosurgeons can be seen arguing and even wrestling over the choicest bits of gore, severed organs, chunks of bone, and flayed strips of skin. There is a constant low moaning arising from those still dying and lying amid rotting corpses, and it is audible to other vessels that drift too near.

The actual crew is a small detachment of revenants provided as a tribute by Captain Rengrave. Finely crafted mechanithralls make up the bulk of the ship's actual fighting force. The ship has dozens of necrosurgeons and their stitch thralls sewn together from the aftermath of assorted battlefields. Lesser thralls are useful for carrying corpses or handling other minor tasks. Heavy stained barrels leaking caustic smoke contain an ample supply of the volatile alchemical liquids required to produce bile and bloat thralls. Given the risk of keeping such creatures onboard an ocean-faring vessel, they are only created as needed for specific engagements.

Though the skarlock Anathius is captain, the true masters of this macabre vessel are the necrotechs and necrosurgeons that maintain the thralls and work together to keep a powerful force ready at Skarre's disposal. The necrotechs are a deranged and almost incomprehensible assortment of unliving necromancers entirely absorbed in perverse experiments. It is sometimes difficult to discern a hierarchy among their number, but foremost on the Exhumation is a creature named Gravlig. Gravlig prefers to work straight from living stock and takes pieces off of his victims while they scream in agony, and he keeps them alive as he continues to harvest body parts. During the attack on Port Vladovar, the Exhumation distinguished itself by ramming its vessel straight into one of Khador's largest warships and sending its thralls forth to slay its sailors and then steal their bodies. The ship then landed at the pier and loaned its minions to Skarre's main attack on the central fortress.





Scavengers of the Line – This group has no formal name, but it serves in the Army of Asphyxious helping the lich lord rebuild his army from the gatherings of the slain killed in the innumerable battles between Northguard and Ravensgard. They prefer to haunt slaughter fields after sunset and stalk through the fog to gather both corpses and warjack wrecks for necrotechs and stitch thralls. These scavengers are protected by both bane and mechanithralls.



The Branding Iron - Another of Skarre's blackships, the *Branding Iron* serves as a floating armory and repair station for helljacks and bonejacks. The soldiers and warjacks from this ship are frequently deployed in major coastal attacks.

CRYXIAN BATTLEGROUPS



Warcasters are possibly even more valued in Cryx than elsewhere because the reliance on so many unliving and unthinking soldiers requires powerful singular leaders to guide them. The Cryxians have learned more about the fundamental nature of this talent than other factions as well as certain techniques to bypass or emulate these abilities by necromantic technology. They are assisted in this endeavor both by tireless perseverance and also complete freedom from morality that allows them to conduct methodical and cruel experiments. Perhaps more importantly, the fall of Garlghast and Drer Drakkerung left to the Cryxians the legacies of the Orgoth that include tantalizing fragments of information regarding higher soul magic.

The witch coven serving Terminus as divinatory haruspex is a perfect example of the link between Orgoth arcane manipulations and the modern warcaster. Their prophetic abilities, their synergy with one another, and the poorly understood artifact called the Egregore combined with their youth and inexperience are considered a prime case study in Cryxian arcane potential. It is also from the Orgoth that the widespread use of soul-cages was adopted, allowing many Cryxian warcasters to amplify their arcane power tremendously.

Lore on this topic is the purview of Lich Lord Fulmenus, and few can challenge this enigmatic creature in his deep

if twisted understanding of the arcane, necromancy, and origination of warcasters. Cryx has attempted partially to address the need for warcasters by altering the process of cortex creation to create helljacks and bonejacks that can respond to the commands of the lich lords and other puissant unliving masters. This has been a great boon but has not reduced the need to develop warcasters to command unliving armies in the field.

Cryx has bent its resources toward finding more living individuals with this talent, whether among their own populations or kidnapped from coastal towns. Several divinatory techniques allow these births to be predicted. The capture of Deneghra was conducted under one such expedition, which could well have brought both of the powerful twins to the Cryxian fold had things not gone awry.

It is not simply control over 'jacks that makes this talent valuable, but also the rise of singular sorcerous talents. Though the unliving have many advantages over mortals, the living are faster to learn and adapt to unexpected tactical situations. Over the centuries Cryx has learned the value of keeping those with arcane power alive as long as possible before granting them the blessing of undeath. It seems the living have a stronger innate ability for augury, and such prophetic visions are an important strategic

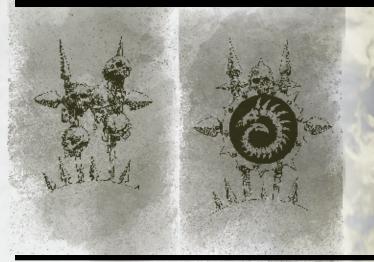
asset. However, even the lich lords will not hesitate to burn through such individuals as required and eventually reanimate their corpses to serve again.

Lich Lord Morbus, responsible for the pragmatic implementation of necromantic research and necrotech engineering, has greeted the escalation of war efforts on the mainland with enthusiasm. Morbus oversees the armories of Cryx and produces the most powerful helljacks and bonejacks. Cryx's legions of tireless necrotechs manufacture more cortexes than their rivals on the continent. While living mechaniks must eat and sleep and invariably grow old, the undead are capable of work day and night for decades at a time. Many of the most industrious minds now serving the Nightmare Empire were taken from the burial vaults of the mainland and slaved to the will of Cryx. The secret of the arc-node is among the most valuable fruits plucked from the minds of the dead through forensic necromancy. Originally stolen from Cygnar, arc-node technology has become a hallmark of Cryxian tactics, allowing warcasters to extend the reach of their formidable powers greatly.

The necromantic energies that lend a spark of reasoning to Cryxian cortexes impart the machines with an appetite for slaughter. This is only amplified by the use of necrotite as a fuel source. The substance is derived from areas where the energies of death have steeped the very soil and stone of an area, and it manifests at battlefields and graveyards left unattended or despoiled. Necrotite is an excellent fuel able to burn hotter and last longer than the mundane coal used with mainland warjacks. However, it is also caustic to living flesh and contains concentrated necromantic energy



CRYXIAN WARJACK ADORNMENT



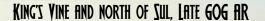
As helljacks and bonejacks accumulate kills, it is common for the necrotechs attending them to decorate their exteriors as a reflection of their prowess. They will first affix spiked poles and rods which can also serve to tear into living flesh when in battle, and then later they claim the heads of the slain and impale the skulls onto the spikes, possibly knotting them down with rope or intestines. In some cases these adornments go beyond decorative embellishment. They can be imbued with necromantic power, inscribed in dark runes, or granted protective wards to enhance the 'jack.

that affects the 'jacks burning the fuel. Necrotite must be handled with caution by Cryx's living servitors who prefer to leave such tasks to thralls.

Maintaining a steady supply of necrotite for fighting 'jacks is vitally important to Cryx's war efforts, so this material is shipped and smuggled to the secret bases established in ongoing incursions. Fortunately for warcasters behind enemy lines, the substance can be gathered and refined in any area where death has occurred on a massive scale. Cryx has developed easily constructed refineries for just this purpose.

Whatever unholy machineries are produced in the armories of Cryx, the warcasters are entrusted to deploy those weapons and maximize their destructive potential. The warcasters of Cryx have risen to special prominence. They transcend the limits of their previous stations and command forces as large as their strength and cunning can control. Only the lich lords can expect obedience from a warcaster, and even that is not guaranteed. The strength of will and ambition possessed by every warcaster is too valuable to quash, for it is necessary for victory on the battlefield.

FLUSHING OUT THE BLACK SWAN



Croe's Cutthroats, Unchartered Mercenary Company, currently on contract to Asheth Magnus:





They made their rendezvous with the men from the Daggot Blades to learn the proper code phrase and receive badges feigning membership. The Blades had been on retainer to the local Archduke and were known, but not well liked, by the locals. The Blades were suspicious and jumpy, and they were clearly uncomfortable cooperating with Croe's men. Still, they knew better than to interfere with this notorious band of assassins. "Good hunting," was all the men said before heading to drink at a roadside inn.

Croe's men had avoided the Cygnaran authorities for so long it felt decidedly peculiar walking straight up to the outer guard post south of King's Vine. A squat tower looked over the road, and there was a low barricade. There was no true gateway, but it was enough to stop wagons. They arrived in the deepening twilight and observed no traffic whatsoever along this usually busy road. The entire Haimmonvale seemed unnaturally quiet.

Portly guards with spears in hand and holstered pistols came out of the tower to talk to them. Roln Brasher, one of Croe's trusted seconds, had to fight the urge to pull a weapon; it had been a long time since they were able to talk to city guardsmen in these parts without expectation of bloodshed.

"Turn back, lads. King's Vine is closed to strangers. Got an outbreak of Marchfells Fever; we suggest you take another route to be safe."

Jarok Croe stepped forward and showed the badge. "We're with the Blades. The Lady Mayor expects us."

The guard seemed suspicious but let them pass. Roln noticed the man was sweating profusely and seemed uncommonly nervous. He understood why a few minutes later when slender armored figures stepped from behind a building to intercept them. Again it took discipline not to reach for his blade, and he saw Aleman next to him touching the hilt of his dagger. It was not the strange armor of these figures that gave them pause, but the faces and heads which clearly marked them as inhuman. As their leader stepped into the fading light, the pronounced ridge along the centerline of the creature's skull became visible, as did the sharp points of its teeth. This individual loomed over seven feet tall and showing the naked steel of an elegant sword in each hand.

Croe faced their leader calmly and said the words as instructed. "A crown falls. We are friends of the east. Take us to the Conqueror's vassal."

Roln chewed his lip as they waited and wondered if the Daggot Blades had duped them, but the skorne leader sheathed his swords. The leader gestured impatiently and bade them follow inward to the town. Half of the others followed while the rest stayed back to watch the road.

They were escorted through the town proper. There were other clusters of armored skorne, but no citizens walked the streets; they were all locked inside and hiding. There was no sign of disruption except in the center square where lantern light caught the dark stains of drying blood near a large dark building with its doors shattered off its hinges. It had once been a barracks for soldiers stationed to watch the town. Up a nearby hill they arrived at a large estate with a commanding view across the length of the main square. Four warjacks idled in the front arbor, having torn up the landscape. The largest was a broad-shouldered Mangler. Alongside its bulk stood the smaller frames of two Renegades recognizable by their saw-edged shredders, and nearby stood a single slender Talon. They looked weathered, bore many battle scars, and appeared to have been built and rebuilt many times. More skorne were here as were the tents of other rough looking soldiers likely from the Daggot Blades or the Black River Rovers. The mercenaries kept well away from the skorne, and the sentiment seemed mutual.

Croe was stopped and forced to repeat his line, then he was allowed to climb the stairs into the main hall. Several familiar looking trollkin mercenaries stood in the outer area glaring at Croe's men as they walked past. Roln knew his boss and Boomhowler got their confrontation out of the way in Ternon Crag and reached a somewhat civil accord, but the two companies were not friendly. They heard raised voices arguing in a room off to the side and entered a large dining hall where a man and woman were in the middle of a heated exchange.

Roln had to admire the thin and aging woman for her nerve, for she faced off against one of the most dangerous men in western Immoren and pointed her finger in his face. "These foreigners were never part of the arrangement! If word gets back that I did nothing, I'll be charged with treason!"

Magnus was clad in his warcaster armor. Its smoke stacks emitted enough smoke to discolor the finely painted ceiling. His great sword Foecleaver and his scattergun were secured to his back, but the huge mechanikal left arm made him look dangerous even at the best of times. He faced the older woman with an annoyed but indulgent expression. "You can take your protests to your liege, Lady Mayor. We are here by his request, and he knew very well to what he was agreeing."

Lady Rainecourt, Viscountess of Haimmonvale and Mayor of King's Vine, sputtered and stammered. Her face glowed beet red. She turned at the entry of

Flushing out the Black Swan

Croe's band and scowled in disapproval. "Who are these ruffians? How many bandits, criminals, and foreigners must I endure marching through my house?"

Magnus ignored her and turned to Croe, "What news from Sul?"

Croe's smug grin bent like a predatory animal. "The ponce has taken the bait. He was making arrangements to march when we left and hastened here. He's at least one day out of the city already, maybe two."

The cruel smile on Magnus' face was not pleasant. "Excellent. What kind of force did he bring?"

"Small. Clearly he did not want to weaken his forces in Sul as you predicted. A light attachment of long gunners, several complements of knights, storm and sword, some mounted, a few light warjacks chosen for mobility, nothing more. Likely he expects to reinforce from Eastwall."

"Keep your speculation to yourself, Croe. I don't pay you to think."

Roln clenched his jaw. The insult got his blood up, and he could see his mates felt similarly, but Croe took it in stride. At least he was used to the warcaster's abrasiveness. "That's provided free of charge. Now, where can I lodge my men? We've had a wearisome haul getting here so quickly."

"We leave immediately. There is a choice piece of land I'd like to use for this, and we'll need to move quickly to beat him there." Inside Roln groaned at the thought of leaving so soon. His bones felt weary and his feet were sore, but he knew better than to speak his mind.

Magnus gave an insincere smile and the barest bow to Lady Rainecourt. "My lady, we will speak soon. Your loyalty to the true king of Cygnar will not be forgotten." He waved Croe's men on ahead of him.

The lady mayor followed, and her voice was shrill. "You are taking *them* with you, I trust?"

"No. Our eastern friends remain here to assist the archduke's mercenaries in discouraging outsiders." He walked on and ignored her protests. Roln smirked to himself as they walked. He heard Magnus giving orders to the trollkin to gather up their weapons.

* * *

The woman did not cease protesting vigorously until Magnus exited the estate entirely. Roln's grin vanished as his crew caught sight of a line of soldiers coming up the road. Kirkston to his left gave a shout, all of them crouched down, and they pulled their crossbows. A line of Cygnaran long

gunners approached. Seeing Magnus and his men take cover, they quickly spread out and brought up their own rifles.

"Stand down!" Magnus shouted. His voice was crisp with an air of command. "The first man who fires answers to me. These are not enemies."

Lowering his crossbow and squinting down the hill, Roln noticed for the first time that the uniforms on the men below looked less clean than was usual for an army on the march into a town. They were dusty from travel, and each had a green band of cloth tied to his shoulder above the Cygnus. It was a strange affectation but clearly seen at a distance. Croe spoke in an admiring tone, "Deserters?"

Magnus stepped forward and corrected the mercenary. "Loyalists. They will come with us. Come, we have no time for delays." The warjacks rumbled to life nearby and moved to rejoin their master. At Magnus' direction several of the younger mercenaries were dispatched to gather up the rest of his people and his supply wagons.

Croe tightened the glove on his right hand and doublechecked the small flasks of poison tied to his belt. "How are we dealing with Eastwall? There's no way to hide this many men and machines."

"Several of their officers are under orders from the Archduke and will adjust their patrols accordingly. More importantly, Eastwall will find itself occupied defending against a protracted skorne attack before dawn. They won't be in any position to notice us."

Croe grinned again, "As always, your timing is impeccable."

* * *

A long evening march brought them down along the shore of the Black River and uncomfortably close to the looming edifice of Eastwall. The massive southern fortress looked over the Black River at one of its narrowest points and protected the eastern border from threats across the river. It had become a tense and ever-ready bastion of the Cygnaran Army since the outbreak of open war, and recently both skorne and the Protectorate had tested its defenders. The extent of Magnus' preparations became clear at the sight of several low barges tied up and waiting. Thick-featured crewmen took them on and assisted with loading their horses, wagons, weapons, and equipment with hardly a word.

They were close enough to hear the sounds of gun and cannon fire rumbling along the riverbanks, and they could see the flashes of explosions and smoke from the ramparts. It was the anticipated skorne attack. Dawn was breaking by the time they made the crossing, but they did so without incident. Those operating the barges were sent away with a few bags of coin. Croe's exhausted band was allowed to rest once they made it to the dusty hills to the east. There was already a drastic change in the landscape from lush fields to scrub plain. The rest was short, and they quickly made their way south, painfully aware of how close they were to well-defended Protectorate settlements. Croe's men had worked for the Menites before and knew intruding without permission carried the penalty of death. It was possible Magnus had worked out an arrangement with the Sul-Menites; there seemed to be no limit to his capacity when scheming for revenge.

* * *

After another day of hard travel, Magnus used his knowledge of the terrain to speed his warjacks south to reach the interception point. Roln observed that the man was driven and tireless, almost obsessed. When they arrived Croe and his men took leave of the warcaster to move south to a dense thicket of hardy trees grown up around an inlet from the Black River. The area was considerably greener than the land they had just crossed. It used to be farmland with which the Protectorate fed its outer villages, but the region had been abandoned after incursive strikes from Eastwall. They passed several half-destroyed villages. Most of the locals had moved east, but some kept to their lands to rebuild and fortify.

Roln found a good position in the thicket perched on a knobby branch. Kirkston, Aleman, Malory, and Villius moved in close to him while Croe and the others spread out to the right. They had barely gotten themselves comfortable when Roln heard the distinct birdcall that indicated an enemy approaching. Roln squinted south across the hilly expanse. He saw rising dust and eventually an advancing group of men and machines. The approaching group's smoke mixed with the dust and marked their progress. Soon enough they caught sight of a glowing nimbus surrounding the advancing Stormblades and the bright blue and gold of heavily armored Cygnaran knights, including those mounted on powerful steeds.

Roln nudged Aleman who had a spyglass, "What 'jacks did they bring?"

Aleman focused his glass and then mumbled, "Looks like a Sentinel, a Lancer, and... Charger, maybe."

"Let's try to time things so we're not facing any of those." Roln joked.

"How did Croe get them to leave Sul?" Aleman whispered. "Do you know?"

Roln shrugged. "He planted a rumor that Khadoran converts would be bringing cortexes and artillery to reinforce Sul, and they would disembark up the river and come on the route we took."

They were silent again as the enemy came very close to their position. Roln's crossbow held a poisoned bolt in its groove, and he was ready to pick a target. Firing on armored knights could be difficult, and aim would be important. It looked like the Sword Knights had been given the left flank and were nearest. He gestured with three fingers to the men on either side to indicate his target. They nodded and gestured their own numbers, passing down the line.

Across the narrow valley on a hill, the first of Magnus' forces came into view as the long gunner deserters moved into position and sighted down their rifles. Two Renegades came up the hill on either side. The Cygnarans began a flurry of activity, shouting orders and moving forward. Roln took careful aim and sighted down on his target. "Let them get to the limit of your range," he hissed. They could see what he took to be Lord Commander Coleman Stryker in warcaster armor amid the warjacks. He shouted orders and urged his men forward. Roln knew Croe had specific instructions regarding the warcaster.

One of the Renegades launched its Obliterator rocket through the air. At the same time, gunfire erupted between the long gunners on either side. Arcing downward, the rocket landed squarely on a Charger. It blew off the warjack's arm while the ground-shaking concussive blast tore apart a half dozen nearby Stormblades.

The other knights gave a battle cry, and the cavalry galloped ahead on the right flank. Roln felt his moment come. He squeezed the crossbow trigger and heard the muffled clicks of the remaining crossbows of his crew at the same time. Poisoned bolts sunk into the Sword Knight line with expert precision, and the whole left side dropped. Some died instantly; others thrashed on the ground as poison flooded their veins. Croe yelled, "Finish them!" and they dropped down from the trees and went out to stalk the remaining knights. Several of the survivors on the left edge had turned to see what was wrong with their peers, but most continued forward oblivious to danger thanks to the narrowed perspective of their helmets. The rest of the Cygnarans continued forward with no idea that the left flank was under attack. Croe ran further to the right. He hunkered down with Hiss in hand, and he moved quickly.

Flushing out the Black Swan

Magnus, his Mangler, and his Talon came over the hill and charged forward as did Boomhowler and his company from the other side of the hill. Spurred on by Magnus, the Renegades moved forward on their own targets. Their metal-toothed shredders whirled up to speed while the 'loyalist' long gunners laid down covering fire. The Renegade that already fired its rocket flew straight into the midst of the oncoming Storm Lances and sawed one in half before lances slammed into its frame. The powerful cavalry charge smashed the Renegade to a battered wreck, but the 'jack had done its job—diverting the cavalry from the main attack.

Magnus and his remaining 'jacks made for the center where the Cygnaran warcaster sent his 'jacks forward. On the west Boomhowler's company hurled stink bombs as they closed and hit the weak spot in the Cygnaran line created by Croe's men. Clouds of vile stench surrounded the surviving Stormblades as trollkin came in swinging their axes. They heard the distinctive bellow of Boomhowler's call echoing across the valley.

Roln drew his sword and dagger. Several inches of each point were discolored by poison resin. He stepped over the bodies of those already down and looked to his right to observe Croe in action. Their boss lined up a shot on Lord Stryker. As glowing runes of power started to manifest around the warcaster's hands, the pistol in Croe's hand bucked silently and gave a hiss like an angry snake. A moment later Stryker stumbled and a small dot of red appeared in his armpit. It was the slightest of injuries, but Hiss' bullet rendered him mute. Stryker was left incapable of summoning arcane power at the moment that Magnus and the Mangler barreled into his line. The Mangler's wrecking ball whirled and swept through the soldiers arrayed against him as it powered forward toward the Lancer.

Roln reached his target who was oblivious to the cutthroat's approach. Bringing his sword up for a killing strike at an angle, Roln thrust his point through the weaker chain mail below the man's shoulder armor and into his flesh. The knight screamed and tried to turn. His movement wrenched the hilt from Roln's fingers, and he fell to the ground. Malory to his right had less success. The knight saw him coming and dodged Malory's thrust before responding with one powerful slash after another. His blows nearly cut the assassin in half. Aleman reached the same knight with an angry yell and stabbed the blade of his thin dagger straight through the knight's visor eye-slit. He yanked it free with a gout of blood, and the knight dropped to the soil.

Others in the line had become aware of the cutthroats, including Stryker, but his entire force was beset on all sides.

Croe yelled to his remaining men, "Back! Get back to the trees!" He pointed the way they'd come, and the assassins hastened to obey. They sheathed their blades if they still had them and unlimbered their crossbows. Once they had a covered position they would see what other targets they could pick off with crossbow fire. Looking over his shoulder, Roln saw Magnus closing in on Lord Stryker with Foecleaver held in both hands. His silenced enemy readied his sword, and something in that tableau struck Roln as strange, but he did not have time to consider what was wrong.

Roln heard the distinct sound of a gunshot *ahead* of him followed by a grunt of pain and a falling body. He turned to see a man in a dark gray coat step out from the woods that had been their shelter. It was a gaunt black-haired man with white streaks at his temples holding a slender pistol in each hand. One was raised with smoke coming from its rune-covered barrel. The man looked weather-beaten, chewed up, and tired. His clothes were muddy and torn, but there were hints of Cygnaran blue on his pants and sleeves. "Just where do you lot think you're going?"

"Thamar's teeth!" Croe cursed and dove forward as his men likewise tried to scatter, but the gunman watched them calmly. His pistols tracked them effortlessly. A double report of gunfire and blue energy streaked clear through Aleman and Villius. Roln ran at a wide angle toward a different stretch of the trees, so near yet so far, as he saw the gunman's arm move to follow the darting Croe.

What happened next came too quickly for Roln to react, but he felt like he could see every detail. Croe rolled nimbly to his *left* which happened to bring him precisely in line with Roln who was running to the *right*. Just as they formed a perfect line, the gunman squeezed the trigger, and there was a burst of light from the pistol. Croe was still twisting, and somehow the shot passed harmlessly through the fringe of his studded parka and kept on coming. Roln felt a sudden sharp kick in his ribs that halted him in his tracks. He coughed blood and felt his legs give way as his ears filled up with cotton and an angry buzzing sound.

Looking up from the grass, he saw no sign of Croe, just a few branches moving at the edge of the tree line. The gunman turned and fired more blasts into two nearby cutthroats that dropped them like sacks of grain. Then he looked up toward the fight where Magnus and Stryker were locked blade to blade. With a sardonic smile he vanished and reappeared fifty yards closer to the duel. It was Roln's last sight before consciousness left him, and he bled to death on the dry grass north of Sul. His last thoughts dwelled on the bullet within his chest that had Croe's name on it.



I've wept for my countrymen. Now let the Khadorans weep for theirs.

— Ashlynn d'Elyse

As the only daughter of master duelist Benoir d'Elyse—a former member of the Royal High Guard-Ashlynn grew up in training academies and target ranges. She fought and defeated some of the finest swordsmen in Llael by the age of fifteen, and her magical aptitude earned her a place at the Royal Arcane Academe where she blossomed. She graduated head of her class and went to serve as one of her nation's few warcasters.

Never bound by what she considers the arbitrary concept of fair play, Ashlynn has made a fine art of fighting dirty. Despite the exhilaration of winning a straight fight, she learned the consequences of losing early on and, whether with her saber or a stacked hand in Rynnish spades, she always plays to win. She once leaned in and kissed her opponent full on the lips during a duel-surprising the old cheat long enough to press the barrel of her hand cannon to his chest and end him. She specializes in finding or making a hole in her enemy's defense. Few can match her prowess, and she knows it.

Despite assignments to such tedious activities as bodyguard duty to the Council of Nobles, Ashlynn soon became one of the most renowned duelists in Llael. When Khador invaded, Ashlynn rushed to the front. Finally able to cut loose fully on the battlefield, she surprised even herself with her martial prowess and proved herself a true warcaster. Her battlegroup



MERCENARY WARCASTER CHARACTER

Ashlynn hedges every bet on the battlefield, and she turns to her formidable arcane abilities when her skill with a blade falls short. She can command the air around her to become a blur of motion, and like a storm of steel Ashlynn unleashes torrential attacks with her saber that tear through any man unlucky enough to cross her path. Enemy formations are split apart by furious gales that kick up clouds of obscuring dust and debris and plunge the battlefield into chaos. Her allies move as if propelled by the wind, apparently dodging bullets while charging into battle at blinding speeds.

Though forced from her homeland, Ashlynn has not lost her fight. Since the occupation she has turned to freelancing to fund her ongoing operations against Khador. Though she has no love for the Protectorate and blames Cygnar's withdrawal for Llael's defeat, she gladly accepts their gold. The coin from such enterprises goes to rebellious groups in the homeland and to support her own operations. Vengeful and independent enough to accomplish anything, she wages a guerilla war that costs Khador thousands in supplies and stolen funds. Though only biting at the Motherland for now, Ashlynn hopes not only to repel the invaders, but one day to drive her saber through the heart of the man who robbed her father of an honorable death with indiscriminate mortar fire—Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk himself.



SPECIAL RULES

FEAT: ROULETTE

They say a true gambler never takes risks. Through arcane heightened skills and senses, Ashlynn stacks the odds of battle around her to cheat fate itself.

While in Ashlynn's control area this turn, friendly models roll two extra dice on all attack rolls. Two of the attack dice rolled, determined by Ashlynn's controller, are discarded. In addition, enemy models targeting a friendly model in Ashlynn's control area with an attack this round roll two additional dice. Two of the attack dice rolled, determined by Ashlynn's controller, are discarded.

MERCENARY

Ashlynn d'Elyse will not work for Cryx or Khador.

ASHLYNN

POINT BLANK - Ashlynn may make a melee attack with her Hand Cannon targeting a model in melee range. Use Ashlynn's MAT when resolving this attack. If the attack succeeds, the target suffers a damage roll equal to the POW of the Hand Cannon. Ashlynn rolls an additional damage die for Weapon Master on this attack but does not roll an additional damage die on charge attacks. Ashlynn cannot spend focus points for additional Hand Cannon attacks and cannot perform free strikes or Riposte attacks with her Hand Cannon.

RIPOSTE - When Ashlynn is the target of an enemy melee attack that misses, she may immediately make a melee attack targeting the attacking model if it is within her melee range.

WEAPON MASTER - Ashlynn rolls an additional die on her melee damage rolls.

NEMESIS

LUNGE - Once per activation, Ashlynn may make a Nemesis attack with a 2" melee range. PARRY - Ashlynn cannot be targeted by free strikes.

		No. Call		Billion.	40 100			
SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP OFF			
DISTRACTION Target enemy warrior mo	2 odel/unit can	8 not make rang	ed attacks and	- d suffers -2 1	X MAT and DEF.			
FEINT 2 6 X Target friendly model may move up to 3"immediately after an enemy model ends its normal movement engaging the model. During this movement the model cannot be targeted by free strikes. The spell expires after the model moves.								
FLASHING BLADE 2 CASTER Ashlynn may immediately make one melee attack with Nemesis against every model within melee range in her front arc. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally.								
KISS OF DEATH 3 10 - 13 X When the damage roll fails to exceed its target's ARM, the target automatically suffers one damage point. When damaging a warjack, choose which column takes the damage. When damaging a warbeast, choose which branch takes the damage.								
QUICKEN Target friendly model/ur	3 nit gains +2"	6 of movement	and +2 DEI	- F against rang	X ed attacks.			
TWISTER After dealing damage, the	2 e Twister AO	8 E remains in _I	3 play for one r	10 ound as a clo	X ud effect.			



DURGEN MADHAMMER

They want blood? Blood is for butchers. I'll give them fire! —Durgen Madhammer

With an ominous reputation as a genuine master of disaster, the Madhammer—as friends and foes alike know him—has a compulsion for obliteration that borders upon sadistic. Unleashed upon the enemy, he is a lethal instrument of hostile intent ignorant of the collateral damage dealt to anyone or anything hapless enough to stumble into his path.

Pounding warjacks to scrap and tearing through ranks of men with arcane explosions, Durgen feeds on the ferocity of explosive violence like a ravenous boar. All too eager to pulverize even the most insignificant foe to fine bits with his massive steam hammer, the dwarven demolisher excitedly plunges into an insane frenzy of fire and mayhem. Fed by the

flames of conflict, he hungrily tears into his enemies feasting on the bedlam about him.

The history of Durgen Madhammer is rife with catastrophe, for he has always relied upon unstable magic and devastating mechanika. Durgen got his start working in his family's mines ordering 'jacks and blasting tunnels. After several mishaps and significant loss of life, Durgen's trademark appetite for havoc left the mines in a wake of ruin. Retiring from the mines and hell-bent on becoming a warcaster, he spent two decades as a mercenary mechanik and mage before finally crafting his own weaponry and armor. Due to his already unstable reputation, he could not find a single Rhulic charter willing to take him on. His own kinfolk who had heartily encouraged him to take up the mercenary life happily found him charter contracts that took him far away from Rhul and well into danger's path.

Durgen has turned his impressive arcane skill and mastery of steam craft into a deadly combination of talents. Demolitions, elemental magic, and mechanikal know-how have transformed the dwarf into a legendary mercenary. Having spent decades refining his potent devices and spells, he is all too aware of the inherent risks of modern warfare. He is used to working closely with enormous detonations, so his mechanikal blast armor is engineered to endure even the harshest of explosions, and he has walked away unscathed from assaults that rendered all those around him into a fine red mist.

Armed with an arsenal fit for a small army, including the lethal armmounted cannon Buster, Durgen is capable of unparalleled levels of destruction. With disorienting concussive blasts, lethal cluster bombs, or shells designed to break warjacks like an egg under an ogrun's boot, Durgen happily will lob any one of these munitions upon his targets regardless of the proximity of friendly troops. Thankfully Buster's

RHULIC MERCENARY WARCASTER CHARACTER

payload is limited by the boundaries of mechanikal artifice and sheer expense.

Madly swinging Leveler, Durgen attacks in roaring swaths of steam-powered wrath. The impact of the hammer can be charged with violent energy to releasing a ferocious burst that sends warjacks sprawling, tosses men aside like rag dolls, and topples entire buildings like a pile of matchsticks.

His Rhulic warjacks are constantly in need of repair, for they are pushed far beyond their limits. Most mercenaries see a charter with Madhammer as a death sentence. The dwarf's arcane ministrations have gained a reputation as being deadly to both friend and foe alike, and few sane soldiers of fortune will actually work within leagues of Durgen. Those down enough on their luck to need the work avoid him like the riplung and stay well clear of his aim until he has literally blown his payload.

Like a half-mad gorax, Durgen rips through his enemies without fear. Cackling madly amid detonations and discharges—the earth literally steaming with the half-cooked remains of the slain around him—Madhammer is mindless when caught in the rapture of the fray. Drawing upon the turmoil of combat to drive him higher and higher, the dwarf rides the rush of battle on a wave of devastation to an eventual collision with his own spectacular end.

SPECIAL RULES

<u>Feat:</u> Consolation Prize

The study of explosive force and the precise application of kinetic energy is Madhammer's specialty. All potential energies are apparent to his enhanced vision, and he can maximize the destructive potential of those around him. Bullets shift to strike weak points of armor, blade points sink into narrow gaps, and the shrapnel from explosive blasts always finds its target.

Friendly models currently in Madhammer's control area gain the following abilities for one round: When damaging a warjack, an affected model's controller chooses which column takes the damage. When damaging a warbeast, an affected model's controller chooses which branch takes the damage. If an affected model makes a successful melee or ranged attack but fails to exceed the target's ARM with the damage roll, the target automatically takes one damage point.

MERCENARY

Durgen Madhammer will not work for Cryx.

MADHAMMER

BLAST ARMOR - Madhammer does not suffer blast damage. Madhammer gains a focus point any time he would have suffered a blast damage roll. Focus gained from Blast Armor cannot exceed Madhammer's current FOC.

RHULIC MERCENARY WARCASTER - Madhammer may only have Rhulic mercenary warjacks in his battlegroup and may only reactivate Rhulic mercenary warjacks.

Buster

ARCING FIRE - When attacking with Buster, Madhammer may ignore intervening models except those that would normally screen the target.

SPECIALIZED AMMO - When declaring a Buster attack, choose one of the following ammo types. Each ammo type may be fired once per game.

- CARPET BOMB This is an AOE 3, POW 14 attack. After determining the initial shot's point of impact, d3 additional 3 AOE shots deviate d6" from that point. Each additional shot causes models in its AOE to suffer a POW 7 blast damage roll.
- CASE CRACKER Target model hit by Case Cracker suffers a POW 8 damage roll. A target with a medium-sized or larger base has its ARM stat halved when calculating damage from this attack. Effects that further modify ARM are not reduced. The damage roll gains +2 POW against models with small bases. If the target is destroyed, it explodes with a 5" AOE and is removed from play. Do not replace the model destroyed by Case Cracker with a wreck marker. Models in the AOE suffer a POW 8 blast damage roll.
- CONCUSSION BOMB This is an AOE 5, POW 10 attack. The model directly hit suffers Concussion. A model suffering Concussion forfeits its next activation and cannot allocate focus for one round.

LEVELER

BACK BLAST - Immediately after resolving a successful Leveler melee attack, Madhammer may spend one focus point to use Back Blast. Center a 3" AOE on the model that was hit by Leveler. Models in the AOE suffer a POW 10 blast damage roll.

POWERFUL CHARGE - When

POWERFUL CHARGE - When making a charge attack with Leveler, Madhammer gains +2 to his attack roll.

REACH - 2" melee range.

REDLINE

damage points.

				80	80 G	54		
SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF		
BUMP & GRIND 2 6 - X If target friendly Rhulic warjack moves into base-to-base contact with an enemy model, the enemy model is moved in the direction the warjack is moving as it continues its movement. The model moved by Bump & Grind cannot move through another model. Models moved by Bump & Grind cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.								
GROUND ZERO 3 SELF 5 13 Center the AOE on Madhammer. Models in the AOE, other than Madhammer, suffer a POW 13 damage roll. Models damaged by Ground Zero are pushed d6" directly away from Madhammer. Madhammer's controller chooses the order in which the models are moved. A pushed model moves at half rate in rough terrain and stops if it comes in contact with an obstacle, obstruction, or a model with an equal or larger-sized base. A pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.								
PRIMED Target friendly warrior -2 ARM. If an affected removed from play. Mod	l model is dest	croyed by an e	nemy attack,	it explodes w	vith a 3" AC			

Target warjack in Madhammer's battlegroup gains +2 STR and can run, charge, slam, or trample

without spending a focus point. After the warjack's normal movement each activation, it suffers d3

SCREE 2 8 - - X Target model/unit suffers -2 DEF and cannot run, charge, power attack slam or trample.



MAGNUS THE WARLORD

None of us recognized the severity of the risk he represents. Not the king, who tried to pardon him, nor myself.

If he is not killed or captured it may herald our end.

—Lord Commander Coleman Stryker

The return of Vinter Raelthorne IV marks a new age. It is a time for which Magnus has readied himself by earning confidences, collecting favors and debts, and putting forth carefully laid conspiracies and plots. Those who hire him would shun him if they knew the scope of his collaboration, for it is sure to bring destruction and ruin. He carves his legend across western Immoren by blood and blade, determined to restore the exiled king of Cygnar to power regardless of the lives it costs and however many cities are reduced to rubble.

Magnus has been at the heart of a network of hidden loyalists working to prepare for Vinter's return by coordinating spies, informants, and former inquisitors. He has chosen mercenary contracts with far-sighted cunning and picked tasks that advance his objectives. None of his attacks have been simple acts of revenge, but rather a campaign intended to weaken King Leto and see Cygnar beset on all sides. During Vinter's invasion of Corvis in 603 AR, Magnus provided assistance by organizing a guerilla strike on

the forces from Fort Falk sent to

relieve the city, and it delayed their advance. His part of the plan went as expected, so he does not hold himself to blame that the city repulsed the invasion. He believes the skorne did not live up to their agreements, and he holds them in secret contempt even as he works with them at Vinter's request.

The Warlord has his private doubts about the future he has chosen, but he has reconciled himself with the idea that western Immoren must fall and become enslaved in order to rise again. Only by falling can it regain its inner strength. Although few would understand, part of him is still loyal to Cygnar, to what he sees as ancient Cygnaran strength. Magnus believes the destiny of his nation was derailed when Leto overthrew the rightful king, and they must endure bloodshed and hardship to rectify the course of history. He is determined to be on the winning side of the coming conflagration and rise to claim a place of power in the aftermath. He is eager to see the walls of Imer torn down, the Menofix crushed under skorne boots, the Khadoran capital in flames, and the Cryxian Black Fleet sunk to the bottom of Meredius. He smiles at those who pay him while fighting their battles and manipulating them at the same time. The skorne will also

fall and be cast aside but only after their usefulness has ended. Magnus hopes that Vinter remains the man he thought him to be, that contact with the skorne has not tainted the mind of



MERCENARY EPIC WARCASTER CHARACTER

The eruption of war and the arrival of the skorne have pushed Magnus to renew his efforts, and he moves to ensure the pieces fall into place. He is taking greater risks, gathering those who will serve, and putting forward his own agenda. Nations that hire him seek to use him as a tool, but each battle is a piece in an intricate puzzle of his own design. He has accumulated ample coin, weapons, and mechanikal stockpiles and secured them in hidden caches from Five Fingers to Ternon Crag and remote points along the western fringe of the Bloodstone Marches. He buys weapons, supplies, and the loyalty of unlikely allies like trollkin renegades willing to sell out their own people, ruthless assassins, and Cygnaran Army deserters willing to swear fealty to Vinter Raelthorne.

He keeps a mental list of those secretly loyal to the Exile, including influential nobles, and they all owe favors. In the days ahead they will be required to pay in full. All of Magnus' old enemies will be destroyed—first the arrogant upstart who crippled his body, next the usurper king. Cygnar will see the return of Vinter, and Magnus will stand beside him with Foecleaver in hand, and the severed heads of their enemies will peer down from spikes on the gates of Caspia.

Foci	Focus 6			C	Cmd 8		
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
5	6	6	5	14	17		
Scattergun							
(2		RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
U		SP	1	_	12		

SPECIAL RULES

FEAT: KILL BOX

The Warlord is cunning in the art of ambush and betrayal. By the time enemies engage him in battle, they are already caught in his trap. The battlefield is always of his choosing, and he plans his maneuvers to force his enemies into moving exactly where he wishes them. Just as the terrain turns against and pins down his enemies, Magnus and his army move in for the kill, show no mercy, and never accept surrender.

When Magnus uses this feat, his controller selects two table edges. Enemy models currently in Magnus' control area cannot end their movement closer to a selected edge than they started. Kill Box lasts for one round.

MERCENARY

Magnus the Warlord will not work for Cygnar.

Magnus

BACKSTAB - Magnus rolls an additional die on his back strike damage rolls.

HUMAN SHIELD-Whilescreened, Magnus gains an additional +2 DEF against ranged attacks. Attacks that ignore screening also ignore this bonus.

SKORNE MINION WARCASTER - Magnus and warjacks in his battlegroup may be included in 1000-point or larger Skorne armies. Magnus counts toward the maximum

number of warlocks allowed in an army and counts as a warlock for field allowances.

Warjack Bonds - Up to two custom warjacks in Magnus's battlegroup may begin the game bonded to him. Magnus may allocate up to one additional focus point to each bonded warjack. A bonded warjack rolls an additional die on its back strike damage rolls.

FOECLEAVER X

After declaring a Foecleaver X melee attack, Magnus may spend one focus point to activate one of the following abilities which lasts for the duration of the attack. Foecleaver X attack and damage rolls may only be boosted by Powerful Attack.

- ARMOR-PIERCING Targets with medium-sized or larger bases have their ARM halved when calculating damage from Foecleaver X. Effects that further modify ARM are not reduced. Foecleaver X gains +2 POW against models with small bases.
- POWERFUL ATTACK Boost both attack roll and damage roll.
- STALL Target warjack hit by Foecleaver X suffers Stall. Stall is a continuous effect that reduces the warjack's base SPD to I and base DEF to 7. Stall expires in the model's controller's Maintenance Phase on a d6 roll of 1 or 2.

MECHANIKAL ARM

TACTICAL TIPS

Skorne Minion Warcaster – Keep in mind that even when included in a Skorne army, Magnus can only give orders to Mercenary models, and only Mercenary models can use his CMD when making CMD checks.

DISRUPTION - Target warjack hit by the Mechanikal Arm suffers Disruption. Warjacks suffering Disruption lose any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

STAGGER - Target model hit by the Mechanikal Arm loses its initial attacks this round.

NOTE: Magnus the Warlord is Magnus the Traitor. Yes, this means a battlegroup controlled by Magnus the Warlord may include custom warjacks that can only be included in a battlegroup



controlled by Magnus the Traitor.

ı	OI LLL	0001					U
ı							
ı	BULLET DODGER	2	6	_	_	X	
ı		DEE	1 1	3371 .1	CC . 1	1.1.1.	. 11
ı						X model is targeted er the attack is res	
ı	enemy ranged attack tl	hat misses, it n	nay immediat	ely move up	to 2" after	the attack	is resolved.
ı	The affected model ca	nnot be targete	d by free stril	kes during th	is movement		

LETHARGY 2 6 - X *
Target model/unit suffers –2 MAT, RAT, and STR. If Lethargy expires, the affected model/unit gains +2 MAT, RAT, and STR for one round. Lethargy may be cast once per turn. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.

MISDIRECTION 2 SELF - X
Immediately after suffering damage, Magnus may transfer the damage to a friendly Mercenary model in his control area. The model suffers all damage from that attack instead of Magnus. Transferred damage exceeding the model's wounds is applied to Magnus. Magnus is still considered to have suffered damage even if the damage is transferred. If Magnus transfers damage, he may not transfer damage again until his controller's next turn.

MOBILIZE 3 Self - - - - - Models in Magnus' battlegroup currently within his control area gain ± 2 " of movement and ignore movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. Affected models may charge, slam, or trample across rough terrain. Mobilize lasts for one round.

RAINING STEEL 4 IO 5 I3 X Wreckage violently rains down upon the battlefield.

The Bigger They Are... 2 8 - 10 X Add +2 to the damage roll when targeting a model with a medium-sized base and +4 when targeting a model with a large-sized base.



FUEL LOAD/BURN USAGE: 75 Kgs 24 hrs general, 5 hrs combat

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GRUNDBACK BLASTER

RHULIC MERCENARY WARJACK - The Grundback Blaster may only be included in a battlegroup controlled by a Rhulic mercenary warcaster or assigned to a Rhulic mercenary 'jack marshal. The Grundback Blaster may only be reactivated by a friendly Rhulic mercenary warcaster or friendly Rhulic mercenary 'jack Marshal.

GRUNDBACK BLASTER
RHULIC MERCENARY LIGHT WARJACK

HAIL-SHOT CANNON

POWERFUL SHOT - When attacking with the Hail-Shot Cannon, spending one focus point boosts all attack rolls.

The Rhulfolk never rest on their laurels. They are constantly working to provide themselves new weapons in the war for survival. It would appear they have once again succeeded admirably.

—Lord Commander Coleman Stryker upon watching the Grundback Blaster obliterate a unit of Bile Thralls

The dwarves of Rhul specialize in the adaptation of utilitarian steamjack designs into brutal and economical machines of war. The Grundback Blaster is an excellent addition to the Rhulic arsenal and is a prime example of industrious Rhulic design philosophy. Like its cousin, the Grundback Gunner, the Blaster is based on the chassis of the compact and durable Grundback Runner. The Runner was used to traverse the tunnels and mines of Rhul and deliver messages in order to avoid the conflicts raging on the surface.

The Blaster is armed with the canister-fed Hail-Shot Cannon. A single blast from the gun unleashes a resounding volley of tiny projectiles designed to cut swathes through masses of enemy troops. Lightly armored and more durable targets alike are shredded where they stand due to the ingenious mechanikal weapon. By shaping the inside of

the barrel with a metal choke, the Rhulic engineers were able to concentrate the cannon blast intensely. Additionally, their calculated weapon design allows controlling warcasters to increase the killing potential of the cannon significantly with a minor flex of will.

The intricate internal mechanisms of the Grundback Blaster are delicate, so Rhulic engineers constructed a heavily reinforced armored shell to protect the fine gearwork inside. The mechaniks who designed the 'jack believed the increased offensive capabilities and efficiency in power output provided by the sensitive interior were more than worth the cost of the extra defensive plating required to keep them safe. Rhulic ingenuity has ensured that their enemies will be feeling the death-dealing blasts of this tough, efficient little 'jack for years to come.



YANGUARD Mercenary Light Warjack

I think of him as my four-ton steel big brother, and he does well looking after this little sister.

—Ashlynn d'Elyse, on the Vanguard

One of the few Llaelese warjack designs ever to grace the battlefield, the Vanguard demonstrates the genius of the Order of the Golden Crucible. The order used the best materials, most skilled hands, and the finest workshops within Thunderhead Fortress to produce perhaps the most sophisticated warjack of its kind and possibly the most effective light 'jack in western Immoren. With so few warcasters in Llael, the order produced only a small number of these marvels which quickly became battle commendations—walking, fighting badges of honor awarded to the cream of quite a small crop.

Nearly all of Llael's warcasters died or fell into Khadoran custody during the invasion, and the surviving Vanguards slipped through the borders with refugees willing to sell them to the highest bidder to escape their war-torn homes. Now any mercenary with the coin can use these masterworks in the craft of war.

Vanguards more than earn their staggering cost. Designed as mechanikal bodyguards, as well as offensive weapons, these lithe, four-ton killers use a long-hafted guisarme and an ingenious large-caliber cannon built into their tower shield to slaughter anyone approaching their warcaster. Able to keep up with the fleetest of warcasters and shield them from danger, the Vanguard is a highly prized attaché to any mercenary looking to live out a conflict.

Only a small number of Vanguards escaped the invasion unscathed, and mercenaries who did manage to get their hands on one spend small fortunes keeping them running. There are precious few mechaniks capable of major repairs on the Vanguard outside of Llael, and those who can charge exorbitant fees to do so. Once a badge of honor for noble warriors, the Vanguard now shows the success of sell-swords, as only truly affluent mercenaries can afford to have them.

Vanguard

ASSAULT - As part of a charge, after moving, the Vanguard may make a single ranged attack targeting the model charged. The Vanguard is not considered to be in melee when making the Assault ranged attack, nor is the target considered to be in melee with it. If the target is not in melee range after moving, the Assault ranged attack may still be made before the Vanguard's activation ends. The Vanguard cannot target a model with which it was in melee at the start of its activation with an Assault ranged attack.

Guisarme

REACH - 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE - The Vanguard gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from its front arc.

TOWER SHIELD

GUARD - A model screened by the Vanguard gains an additional +2 DEF. Attacks that ignore screening also ignore this bonus. This bonus is not cumulative



Initial Service Date: 566 AR

Order of Wizardy (modified by the Order of the Golden Crucible)

> Orig. Chassis Design: Crucible Arms



I watched this lovely smash its way into a fortified Cryxian position. The Pulverizer went through the reinforced wall like it was made of tinder. Then its Sledge Cannon ripped the entire side of one of them Slayer 'jacks right off like

—Gorten Grundback

It is quite possible that there is no better word to sum up the Rhulfolk than practicality. The Wroughthammer Rockram is an excellent demonstration of that watchword. The heavy 'jack is based on the tried and true chassis of the Ghordson Driller, a mining steamjack that has not only been in service for over a hundred years but has also seen great success on the battlefield. The Rockram was designed by the mechaniks of the Wroughthammer clan who are long time allies of the Ghordsons. The Wroughthammer engineers purchase unarmed Ghordson chassis at a discount and arm them personally.

As with all Rhulic 'jacks, the Rockram has mulitiple purposes. Its extremely powerful Sledge Cannon was originally

> battlefield it splits armor and sends its tempered ammunition rocketing through the internal systems of enemy warjacks, shredding gears and puncturing pressure tanks. It is a short-range weapon, but with one well-placed shot it can cripple even the most brutish warjacks. In the Rhulic mines its mechanikally enhanced hammer, known as the Pulverizer, is used to crush solid stone into powder, and enemy fortifications fall to its mighty blows just as easily. A strike from the powerful weapon is more than enough to send any foe reeling, and it leaves any target too foolish to fall down woefully unprepared to mount a counterattack. The Rockram can hammer the earth so resoundingly with the Pulverizer that the ground beneath it shakes and shifts treacherously for those

> > The Wroughthammer Rockram is a ponderous 'jack, but its steady and devastating attacks can turn the tide of battle as easily as it can rip through a stone wall to get to a vein of ore.

MULE Mercenary Heavy Warjack

Get me a dozen shoeing nails, a pair of rivets, and a quart of pitch tar. The Mule's down, and we'll prolly be needin' her t'morrow.

—Grover Hollenbach, Devil Dog company mechanik

The Mule is among the most prized warjacks currently available to mercenary forces. The Cygnaran military decommissioned it in 582 AR after 123 years of service, but mercenaries all over western Immoren have found the Mule to be at least as useful as its namesake. When it was first developed, engineers at Engine East stuck to a single design philosophy: keep it simple. Based on the same chassis as the Nomad, the Mule is so inexpensive to repair and upkeep that it can be fielded by the most impoverished mercenary companies. Granted, like most older warjacks, a Mule requires continual maintenance, particularly to its steam engine and piping. However, it is free of more complex mechanikal weaponry, runs well in most environments, can be serviced by mundane steam workers, and comes standard with towing points for gear and supplies.

The true mechanikal genius of the Mule is its unique steam-driven cannon. The Steam Lobber relies on pressure built up in the warjack's boiler rather than a blasting powder to hurl its explosive projectiles. By sidestepping blasting powder as a propellant, engineers were able to pack more powder into the shell itself. The result is an extraordinary weapon of unprecedented power capable of demolishing entire enemy formations and sending men and machines careening through the air from the impact of its cannon. Using a simple cut-off valve system between the warjacks's movement system and the lobber, the Mule can route the full yield of its boiler's pressure into the cannon to enhance its range greatly.

In addition to the Steam Lobber, the Mule is armed with a heavy reinforced mace. Though brutal and inelegant, the weapon's complete lack of expensive or mechanikal parts has likewise been a boon to the mercenary companies that field the machines.

Though it is a pack animal to some, no one argues with the Mule's effectiveness once they have been kicked by it.

STEAM LOBBER

ARCING FIRE - When attacking with the Steam Lobber, the Mule may ignore intervening models except those that would normally screen the target.

CRITICAL DEVASTATION - On a critical hit, rather than suffering a normal damage roll, each model in the AOE is thrown d6" in a direction determined by a deviation roll with the same effect as a throw attack. Do not make another deviation roll when determining a thrown model's point of impact. Determine the points of impact for all affected models before applying damage. The model directly hit by the attack suffers a POW 15 damage roll. Other models hit by the attack suffer a POW 8 blast damage roll. Models hit by a thrown model that have equal or smaller-sized bases than the thrown model suffer a collateral damage roll of 2d6 plus the POW of the damage roll suffered by the thrown model.

STEAM PRESSURE - The Mule may forfeit its movement to add 4" to the range of the Steam Lobber. The Mule also gains an aiming bonus for forfeiting its movement.

MAT RAT DEF ARM 5 4 10 18 Steam Lobber RNG ROF AOE POW 8 1 4 15 **Battle Mace – 5 16** 1 2 3 4 5 6 C R R **Point Cost** Field Allowance U **Victory Points** Base Size Large

HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 12.1' / 9 tons

ARMAMENT: Battle Mace (right arm), Steam Lobber (left arm)

FUEL LOAD/BURN USAGE 120 Kgs / 5 hrs general, 1 hr combat

INITIAL SERVICE DATE: 459 AR, decommissioned 582 AR

CORTEX MANUFACTURER: Fraternal Order of Wizardry

ORIG. CHASSIS DESIGN: Engines East

CROE'S CUTTHROATS MERCENARY CHARACTER UNIT

Croe Cmd 8 SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM 6 5 7 6 13 11

Cutthroat Cmd 6

 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 6
 5
 6
 5
 13
 11



Two-Handed Sword

SPECIAL POW P+S

Poison 5 10





Leader and 5 Troops 72
Up to 4 Additional Troops 10ea
Field Allowance C
Victory Points 2

Base Size Small

Most assassins prefer to work alone and practice their solitary profession from dark alleyways, but Jarok Croe has always been a more personable and affable murderer. He enjoys the company of his peers and teaches by example while instructing his subordinates

in the fine art of stalking humans and slitting throats.

MERCENARY

and replace him with Croe.

Croe

LEADER

Unit

deployment zone.

back strike damage rolls.

take no additional actions.

Croe's Cutthroats will not work for Cygnar.

NINE LIVES - If Croe suffers sufficient damage to

be destroyed, a Cutthroat in Croe's unit in formation is

destroyed instead. Remove the Cutthroat from the table

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT - Place the Cutthroats after

normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established

BACKSTAB - A Cutthroat rolls an additional die for his

BUSHWHACK - The Cutthroats may make ranged attacks before moving. After all Cutthroats have completed their

attacks, models in the unit may advance normally but can

Jarok Croe was born in the slums of Fharin where he learned the way of the blade as a child. He later apprenticed as a pistoleer under a discredited former officer of the Cygnaran Army. Once he had mastered the gun, he provoked his teacher to a duel, gunned him down, and claimed the enchanted pistol Hiss as a prize. He later spent time in rough neighborhoods across Cygnar serving a variety of crime lords as an enforcer.



No coin too dirty, no task too bloody, no one untouchable.

—Motto of Jarok Croe

PATHFINDER - A Cutthroat ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. A Cutthroat may charge across rough terrain.

STEALTH - Attacks against a Cutthroat from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a Cutthroat is greater than 5" away from an attacker, he does not count as an intervening model.

HISS (CROE ONLY)

SILENCER - Target model hit by Hiss cannot cast spells for one round.

TWO-HANDED SWORD (CROE ONLY)

POISON - After a successful attack against a living model, roll an additional damage die.

CROSSBOWS & MURDER WEAPONS (CUTTHROATS ONLY)

 $\mbox{\sc Poison}$ - After a successful attack against a living model, roll an additional damage die.

Croe soon went into business for himself. He has assembled a honed team of hunters, killers, and skilled highwaymen who are all experts in the art of stealth and ambush, and he expects nothing less than perfection. Well versed in the use of poisons, Croe's men are disciplined and capable of great coordination in battle. They strike from cover with a barrage of poisoned crossbow bolts before closing to cut survivors down with their murderous weapons, and then they slip unseen into the woods. Their unconventional tactics have baffled and decimated considerably larger forces pitted against them.

Croe is blithely disdainful of legal authorities and enjoys tormenting agents of the Cygnaran government and army. His death or capture is a top priority of the crown, and Scout General Rebald has several agents assigned to nothing other than bringing him to justice. Croe remains undeterred, but being hunted has forced his group to leave Cygnar and seek refuge abroad.

Fortunately for Croe, the outbreak of war has opened lucrative opportunities. Though Croe and his men call themselves a mercenary company, they value no code nor do they follow a written charter. Their only rule is obedience to Jarok Croe who pays and equips them well. Their company is scorned by more "reputable" mercenaries yet also feared for their brutal efficiency. Croe has his own peculiar work ethic and scrupulously stalks those he has been hired to destroy.

Croe has earned a reputation as a survivor without equal who repeatedly evades certain death. In battle he is difficult to spot. He hides among his men, and his unassuming face blends with theirs. Bullets intended for him invariably find his subordinates instead, and he always seems to find a means of escape. Some of his men whisper that Croe sold his soul to bolster his luck, and all tread carefully around him.

CYLENA RAEFYLL & NYSS HUNTERS MERCENARY CHARACTER UNIT

My soul is ice and I am bereft of tears. I have stared into the eyes of oblivion. I will endure your loathsome company if it brings me even a single step closer to Ethrunbal's destruction. Use us as you will.

—Cylena Raefyll to Goreshade the Bastard

The Nyss believed themselves secluded from the horrors of war in the far frozen north, but the rise of an all-consuming blighted horror proved them wrong. Attacked by unholy terrors and betrayed and subverted from within, many shards realized immediately that the fight was lost and the only way to avoid assimilation was to flee. The Nyss culture has been shattered; they are a refugee people. There is one shard though that refuses to let fear consume them, and it retains a sense of purpose.

Cylena Raefyll leads a strong band of loyal warrior hunters from this shard. When she witnessed the doom of her people made real, it was a watershed in her mind, and she became filled with a hunger for vengeance. She will do anything to avenge those who brought an end to her people, but she knows such a task will require time and patience.

The horrors of fighting for survival have honed her followers into peerless killers. They pull back the taut strings of their bows to unleash withering arcing volleys that impale and pin foes regardless of attempts to hide or evade. They are equally adept with elegantly curved Nyss claymores bearing edges so sharp they can cleave through flesh, bone, and metal with ease.

Cylena's hatred is so strong she is even willing to fight even alongside the Nightmare Empire, knowing their king and master seeks Everblight to consume his athanc. She is convinced that such an alliance is their only hope for the true destruction of her sworn enemy, and she cares not that such assistance will aid a creature every bit as perfidious as the one that destroyed her people. Hers is a personal lust for vengeance directed at Everblight and all the minions that brought ruin to her race. She is willing to lend her loyal hunters to fight in any war as long as she earns favors to be turned against the Blighted Legion.

MERCENARY

Cylena Raefyll & the Nyss Hunters will not work for the Protectorate.

CYLENA RAEFYLL

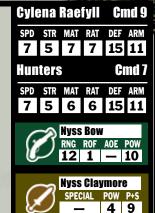
LEADER

Unit

CONCENTRATED VOLLEY-Instead of making ranged attacks separately, two or more Nyss Hunters in open formation may concentrate their volley. When concentrating a volley, place an AOE template anywhere completely within 12" and within LOS of all participants. Ignore intervening models when placing the AOE. The size of the template depends on the number of Nyss Hunters participating in the attack. If 2-4 Nyss Hunters participate, place a 3" AOE. If 5-7 Nyss Hunters participate, place a 4" AOE. If 8-10 Nyss Hunters participate, place a 5" AOE. The Nyss Hunter with the highest RAT in the attacking group makes one ranged attack roll against each model in the AOE adding +I to the attack roll for each Nyss Hunter participating in the

attack, including himself. When making Concentrated Volley attacks, the Nyss Hunters never get an aiming bonus, but they ignore Camouflage, concealment, elevation, intervening models, Invisibility, and Stealth. A model hit by a Concentrated Volley attack suffers a POW 10 damage roll. The Nyss Hunters unit may make one Concentrated Volley attack per activation.

PATHFINDER - A Nyss Hunter ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. A Nyss Hunter may charge across rough



Leader & 5 Troops

Field Allowance

Victory Points

Base Size

Up to 4 Additional Troops 12ea

Small



HAMMERFALL HIGH SHIELD GUN CORPS RHULIC MERCENARY UNIT

Sergeant Cmd 9

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM

4 6 6 5 11 15 Gunmen Cmd7

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM
4 6 5 4 11 15





Base Size Smal

MERCENARY

The Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps will not work for Cryx or the Protectorate.

SERGEANT

'JACK MARSHAL (1) - The Sergeant may start the game controlling one Rhulic Mercenary warjack. The Sergeant has a marshalling range equal to his CMD in inches. If a controlled warjack is within the Sergeant's marshalling range, it can run, charge, or boost an attack or damage roll once per activation. If the Sergeant is destroyed or removed from play, warjacks under his control do not become inert. The Sergeant may reactivate one friendly inert Rhulic Mercenary warjack per turn in the same manner as a warcaster. The reactivated warjack comes under his control unless he already controls another warjack.

LEADER

SHIELD WALL (ORDER) - Every High Shield who receives the order who is in tight formation with the Sergeant at the end of the unit's movement gains +4 ARM. If the Sergeant is no longer on the table, the largest tight formation group forms the shield wall. If there is more than one group

with the largest number of troopers, the unit's controller decides which group forms the shield wall. A trooper that did not receive the order cannot join the shield wall. This bonus does not apply to damage originating in the model's back arc. Models that do not end their movement in tight formation do not benefit from the shield wall. This bonus lasts for one round.

UNIT

COVERED FUSILLADE - During any round in which the High Shields have received the Shield Wall order, all models in the unit benefiting from Shield Wall may make Covered Fusillade attacks. Make one ranged attack roll for each affected High Shield. If the attack roll succeeds, the target model suffers a POW 13 damage roll. If the unit makes Covered Fusillade attacks, models in the unit cannot make ranged attacks during their next activation.

RANKING FIRE - High Shields may ignore intervening models in their unit when drawing LOS.

STEADY SHOT - While benefiting from Shield Wall, a High Shield gains +I to ranged attack rolls.

The officers managing the Rhulic fortress of Hammerfall select and train master gunners from among numerous rifledwarves to form the long-standing High Shield Gun Corps.

Members of the Gun Corps exemplify the skill, discipline, and powerful resolve of their people, and the Corps' commanders have recently made a small fortune under the tax collectors' noses by hiring their units out for the Immorese coin flowing so freely in these times of war.

Well equipped and armored, the Gun Corps forms crack units of riflemen trained to maneuver and fight in formation. Their shields were first designed for use in close quarters with axes but are ideally suited to hold up the heavy dual-barrels of their Rhulic war-rifles. Used like arrow slits in a battlement, the Gun Corps' shields bristle with rifles blasting away at every target in sight.

I never tire of watching their formations assemble, especially when those stout cousins line up on my side of the paymaster's ticket!.

—Gorten Grundback, Rhulic mercenary

Although impressively equipped with Rhulic arms and armor, the Gun Corps' real strength lies in its ability to act as a cohesive unit at the sergeant's firm orders. Years of training allow them to position so that all Corps members in a unit can fire over or between their comrades to unleash lethal clouds of lead.

Trained as 'jack marshals to defend Hammerfall, the sergeants of the Gun Corps occasionally supplement the firepower of their units with Rhulic warjacks. Though only available to the highest paying customers, the sight of a Ghordson Driller towering over a solid line of dwarven guns has changed the outcome of more than one battle. Until peace settles on western Immoren or the coffers of younger races run dry, the Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps will continue to sweep the battlefields clean for the right price.



STEELHEAD HALBERDIERS MERCENARY UNIT

Numerous, effective, and tenacious; they are qualities I admire in my allies, not enemies. We must remember to bire them next time.

-Vladimir Tzepesci, Dark Prince of Umbrey

The Steelhead Mercenary Company boasts a charter spanning western Immoren with chapter houses from Ternon Crag to the Khardic Sea. Serious soldiers and dispassionate killers distinguished by their prominent badges and distinct helmets, the Steelheads can find a use for anyone willing to train and work no matter from where they may hail.

Formed nearly two centuries ago, the early Steelheads realized that training and professionalism lead to success. They created a structured and detailed training and recruiting manual for all of their units. Skilled halberdiers emerge from Steelhead camps monthly and march to battlefields in every corner of the Iron Kingdoms. Using simple halberds and well-drilled fighting formations, these common Steelhead units can bring down more sophisticated enemies in short order.

The halberdiers can lay low most targets as they approach with their long-practiced maneuvers and a series of verbal commands to coordinate their strikes. The doctrine of destroying an enemy's advance truly exemplifies their chapter's founding philosophy of "ye never need defend against the offender ye have already killed." When larger opponents stand against them—like the warjacks that make up the backbone of most modern armies—the Steelheads bury their halberds into them like Ordic harpooners would a hullgrinder. Though brave, if timed poorly such tactics cost many halberdiers more than just their wage at the close of the day.

Often hired and deployed in large numbers, the Steelhead Halberdiers demonstrate just how many good men will put their lives on the line for enough money. The Steelheads do not care if that money comes as Cygnaran crowns, Khadoran talons, or Cryxian dragoncoin. They never ask why, only "how much?"

MERCENARY

The Steelhead Halberdiers will work for any faction.

SERGEANT

LEADER

Unit

COMBINED MELEE ATTACK - Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more Steelhead Halberdiers in melee range of the same target may combine their attacks. In order to participate in a combined melee attack, a Steelhead Halberdier must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. The Steelhead Halberdier with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack roll for the group and gains +I to the attack and damage rolls for each Steelhead Halberdier, including himself, participating in the attack.

Halberdier Cmd 6

SPD STR MAT RAT DEF ARM
6 6 5 4 13 13

Halberd
SPECIAL POW P+S
Multi 5 11

Leader and 5 Troops 58
Up to 4 Additional Troops 9ea
Victory Points 2

Field Allowance

Sergeant

SPD STR MAT RAT

6 6 6 4 13 13

FOREFEND - A Steelhead Halberdier may make a melee attack against an enemy model that moves into and ends its movement within the Steelhead Halberdier's melee range. Resolve the attack immediately after movement ends. If a Steelhead Halberdier makes a Forfend attack, he may not make another until after his controller's next turn.

HALBERD

 $\begin{array}{l} Powerful. \ CHarge \ - \ When \ making \ charge \ attacks, Steelhead \ Halberdiers \ gain \ + 2 \\ to \ their \ attack \ rolls. \end{array}$

REACH - 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE - A Steelhead Halberdier gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from his front arc.







MERCENARY

Alexia Ciannor will not work for Cryx or the Protectorate.

ALEXIA

COMMAND UNDEAD - During her activation, Alexia may attempt to take control of one enemy undead unit in her command range. Target unit must make a command check. If it fails, Alexia's controller may activate and control the unit once this round.

COMMANDER - Alexia has a command range equal to her current CMD in inches. Friendly mercenary models/units in her command range may use her CMD when making command checks. Alexia may rally and give orders to friendly mercenary models/units in her command range.

 $DEATH\ MAGIC\$ - Alexia may remove a friendly Risen in her command range from play to prevent one damage point, to make an additional attack, or to boost an attack

or damage roll. Alexia may remove any number of Risen from play each round.

RISEN - When deploying Alexia, place a friendly unit of six Risen in play. Immediately remove friendly Risen from play if Alexia is destroyed or removed from play.

MAGIC ABILITY

As a special attack or action, Alexia may cast one of the following spells during her activation. Instead of making a skill check to resolve a magic attack, determine the success by rolling 2d6 and adding Alexia's Magic Ability score of 8. If the roll is equal to or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack succeeds.

• CRAFT THRALL RUNE (*Action) – Remove target friendly Risen within 5" and replace it with a Thrall Warrior under your control. The Thrall may activate this turn if the Risen model did not activate yet this turn.

She's no mercenary—she's a menace! Ask any citizen of Corvis about the Longest Night when the risen came from the sewers at her call. You can't trust her, and you can't control her.

-Commander Julian Helstrom, leader of the Corvis Watch

- PARALYTIC FEAR (*Attack) Target model within 10" and LOS suffers a POW 12 magic attack. A living model/unit hit by Paralytic Fear must pass a command check or forfeit its movement during its next activation.
- STRENGTH OF DEATH (*Action) Friendly Risen in Alexia's command range gain boosted attack and damage rolls this turn.

WITCHFIRE

MAGE KILLER - Witchfire attacks may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When resolving Witchfire attacks, ignore unspent focus on target models with the Focus Manipulation ability.

RAISE DEAD - When a living model is destroyed within 15" of Alexia, place a Risen model in play within her command range. This model is part of her Risen unit. If all models in the Risen unit have been destroyed or removed from play, this model forms a new unit. Alexia cannot have more than 20 Risen models in play at a time.

SPELL WARD - Alexia cannot be targeted by spells, friendly or enemy.

TACTICAL TIPS

MAGIC ABILITY - Magic Abilities do not require a skill roll to use

Few individuals have been at the crux of so many infamous events in so brief a time as Alexia Ciannor. Her life has been filled with tragedy and terror. Alexia's mother Lexaria was decapitated as a witch in the Corvis Witch Trials when Alexia was only seven years old. She was raised by her uncle, a Morrowan priest, who hoped to spare Alexia these horrors. He could not predict either the power that would blossom in her or her need to reconnect with her mother.

This unhealthy obsession led her to unearth the Witchfire, the instrument of execution for her mother's coven and a prison for their souls. Formerly wielded by the head of Vinter Raelthorne's Inquisition, this sword has brought both misery and salvation to the City of Ghosts. The sword has raised armies of the Risen first to ravage the city and later to save it from a skorne invasion.

... Continued on next page



THE RISEN Mercenary Unit

Do not underestimate risen. Yes, they are shambling dead and easily put down, but in a pack they can swarm both man or machine and leave them defenseless and easy prey.

—Lorimer Kex, Magus of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry in Corvis

Alexia is not entirely sane. In one misguided attempt to resurrect her mother, she used a giant Cyrissist mechanism to free the souls from the Witchfire, but she became their unwilling receptacle. She is now haunted by voices only she can hear. Her sanity is in question, but perhaps the counsel of her mother's spirit has prevented her from succumbing entirely to evil. It is sometimes difficult to tell whether her will is her own, or if she is a pawn to the sword dominating her destiny.

She was free of the blade for a short time after the liberation of Corvis when the relic was taken by the Church of Morrow. Feeling out of his depth, High Prelate Dumas sent the blade south to the Sancteum. Alexia heard its siren call and attacked the caravan to steal the sword from its guardians. She is now hunted by the Order of Illumination.

Alexia has since turned to the mercenary life. She is drawn to the chaos of the war between Khador and Cygnar and has offered her services to both sides. She is careful to avoid battle-chaplains of the church but intends them no violence, for they remind her of her beloved uncle.

Despite laws against necromancy, many beleaguered captains and kovniks are eager for any assistance and are willing to turn a blind eye so they can wield death against itself. Alexia sifts through the remains of thralls, skarlocks, and bonejacks in an attempt to understand their fabrication and broaden her mastery of death magic.

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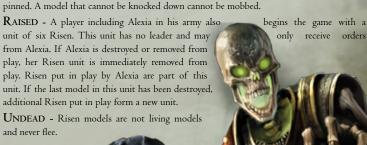
RISEN

COMBINED MELEE ATTACK - Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more Risen in melee range of the same target may combine their attacks. In order to participate in a combined melee attack, a Risen must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. The Risen with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack roll for the group and gains +I to the attack and damage rolls for each Risen, including itself, participating in the attack.

 ${f MOB}$ - Instead of making normal melee attacks, two or more Risen may attempt to mob a model in base-to-base

contact with them to knock it down and pin it. In order to participate in a mob attack, a Risen must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. No attack roll is required for a mob attack. The Risen with the highest STR in the attacking group rolls a d6 and adds its STR. The Risen gains +1 for each Risen, including itself, participating in the attack. The target then rolls a d6 and adds its STR. If the total for the Risen exceeds the defender's total, the defender takes no damage but is knocked down and pinned. At the start of the pinned model's activation, both the pinned model and one Risen in base-to-base contact with the pinned model roll a d6 and add their STR. The Risen gains +1 for each Risen, including itself, in base-to-base contact with the pinned model. If the defender's total exceeds the Risen total, it may stand up normally. If the Risen win, the pinned model's activation ends and it remains pinned. A model that cannot be knocked down cannot be mobbed.

RAISED - A player including Alexia in his army also



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Field Allowance 0
Victory Points 0
Base Size Small

THRALL WARRIOR

CREATED - The Thrall Warrior does not begin the game in play. When Alexia Ciannor casts Craft Thrall Rune on a Risen, the model is removed from play and replaced by a Thrall Warrior mercenary solo under your control. Any number of Thrall Warriors can be in play at any time. A Thrall Warrior may activate the turn it was created if the Risen that was removed did not activate yet this turn.

UNDEAD - The Thrall Warrior is not a living model and never flees.

WEAPON MASTER - The Thrall Warrior rolls an additional die on its melee damage rolls.

Thrall warriors are more formidable. The rune on their brow gives them unholy strength, and their dead flesh somehow retains their skill with a blade.

— Lorimer Kex, Magus of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry in Corvis

Her ultimate desire is the power of life over death, so she can exorcise her mother's spirit and restore her to life. The rites of the Menites also fascinate Alexia. She has heard the legends of the Testament and thinks he may know secrets she requires. She will not ask politely, but she hopes to witness him crushed and forced to break his vow of silence at the tip of the Witchfire. It is a deranged goal, but Alexia has never been prudent or cautious.

The Cryxians are eager to destroy her and reclaim the Witchfire, which was once buried and forgotten under the ruins of Castle Moorcraig. She is also shunned and loathed by the Menites, for her sorcery is an abomination of their god's will. With no home, no kingdom, and no place of refuge, Alexia is doomed to a life of constant battle. She is a fugitive safe only at the heart of tumult in the front lines of war.

Alexia can call upon two types of the unliving in battle. The Risen are a spontaneous manifestation of the enormous dark power of the Witchfire, which animates the slain and forces them into temporary service. Risen make up for their lack of hardiness with sheer numbers. Furthermore, Alexia can draw power from the Risen and use the death energy animating them to strengthen herself in battle.

Alexia's unique and disturbing aptitude for necromancy is embodied by her thrall warriors. By taking a normal Risen and affixing it with runes of unholy power, she can transform it into a powerful guardian. These glyphed undead are stronger and more capable at warfare than their mindless kin, and they are capable of following complex orders and acting on their own initiative.

OGRUN BOKUR MERCENARY SOLO

They may be hard as warjacks, but what we save on coal we spend on mutton to keep 'em fed.

—Wagner Holt, Steelhead Halberdier Sergeant, Corvis Chapter

Young ogrun who have yet to forge a bond with a Korune often go to great lengths to impress one; they can spend months or years outside their homelands trying to make a name for themselves. Called bokur, the reckless youths attach themselves to important people across the continent in order to prove their worth by demonstrating their martial skill. Through a binding pledge of service that is both oath and contract, they ward over their clients for reputation, profit, and adventure.

In a time-honored tradition of swearing their lives to another, bokur choose clients, no matter the region or employer, and protect them for as long as the oath, coin, or life lasts. From the black ogrun who look after necromancers

in the Schardes to the clannish tower above their dwarven allies, any that might bring harm to

Whether crushing enemies with their shield or cleaving them with an enormous ogrun pole arm, the bokur follow their clients into any situation. They glory in the thrill of battle, and few can survive their rapid, vicious blows or powerful charge. Even warjacks stutter and fall to the unyielding barrage.

Many bokur have begun collecting trophies or getting tattoos to track their successes in great detail. Some Korune will not care who they protected or how many they killed doing so. Only the bokur's journey matters, and lately that seems inevitably entangled with the wars of men.

MERCENARY

The Ogrun Bokur will not work for the Protectorate.

Bokur

CLIENT - Before the start of the game, the Ogrun Bokur's controller may declare one warcaster, solo, or unit leader to be the Bokur's client. A Bokur cannot be the client of another Bokur. A Bokur cannot have the same client as another Bokur. While within 6" of his client, the Bokur never flees and rolls an additional die on all attack and damage rolls. If the Bokur's client has Advance Deployment, the Bokur gains Advance Deployment.

SLAM (★ATTACK) - The Bokur can perform slams.

OGRUN POLE ARM

FLYING STEEL - The Bokur may make d3 attacks with the Ogrun Pole Arm each activation.

POWERFUL CHARGE - When making a charge attack with the Ogrun Pole Arm, the Bokur gains +2 to his attack rolls.

REACH - 2" melee range.

ogrun of Rhul who

bokur stand against

their clients.

CRITICAL SLAM - On a critical hit, instead of making a normal damage roll, the Bokur may slam the target model d6" directly away from him. The model suffers a damage roll equal to the Bokur's current STR plus the current POW of his shield. If the slammed model collides with another model with an equal or smaller-sized base, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to the Bokur's current STR.

Bokur
 SPD
 STR
 MAT
 RAT
 DEF
 ARM

 5
 9
 6
 3
 13
 17
 Ogrun Pole Arm SPECIAL POW P+5 **Multi** 6 15 Shield Critical 0 9 Damage **Point Cost** Field Allowance Victory Points Medium





KELL BAILOCH

All mercenaries are in the business of selling death for coin. They call me an assassin because I kill better and faster than they do. —Kell Bailoch

Kell Bailoch is a name that is now synonymous with assassin. Bailoch is a premiere rifleman and a former soldier who translated his skill for killing at a distance into a profitable business. Few men who have been in the sights of his rifle have lived, and most of his kills have been left as puzzling mysteries for the authorities. The pragmatic killer practices his trade with a calm professionalism that

belies decades of experience and uncounted dead left behind. His price is steep, but for those with a need to plant a man in a fast grave, his value is clear.

Certain men have an ability to slip through the cracks and be forgotten. For an assassin, this is better than widespread notoriety, and Kell Bailoch does not regret the fact that his face is easily forgotten. Those who have need eating well.



MERCENARY SOLO CHARACTER

Bailoch has the distinction of having survived being a wanted criminal under the reign of Vinter Raelthorne IV. His crimes have kept him on Cygnar's wanted list after the coup and the rise of King Leto. He is also—as far as he is aware—the last remaining survivor of the expedition aboard the Ocean's Mistress led by Head Inquisitor Dexer Sirac in 59 I AR. This was an ill-fated trip to recover the Witchfire from below Castle Moorcraig in Cryx. It was during this messy job that Kell was given his signature rifle Silence, a mechanikally enhanced rifle magically muffled to make no sound when fired. Kell has achieved many silent kills with his rifle in the last fifteen years, and he has earned a reputation as a marksman par excellence.

Even before his peculiar business arrangement with Cygnar's head inquisitor, Kell Bailoch had a colorful past. He began his career as a rifleman in the Cygnaran Army, but he did not enjoy the military lifestyle. He had no respect for authority and found it difficult to suck-up to his superiors as was required to advance. He left the army, turned to the mercenary life, and joined up with the now infamous Black Talons, one of the few mercenary companies in recent memory to be discredited publicly and disbanded on charges of crimes against humanity. That this happened under the reign of the brutal tyrant Vinter IV is a testament to the

severity of atrocities committed by such a bloodyminded group of paid brigands.

Some former Black Talon mercenaries were able to evade imprisonment by bribing the right parties and keeping a low profile. Kell is still in touch with these men, several of whom have moved to Corvis, and they provide him with ongoing information and serve as proxies for new jobs. Kell has spent considerable time in Five Fingers and has an ongoing arrangement with the Four Star Syndicate, but rumor has it one of the city's powerful High Captains has it in for him related to an 'incident with a sniper'.

Kell has a knack for disguises and an ability to blend into the shadows. He has passed himself off as a priest, a privateer, and as military officers in the course of executing his targets. He remains a wanted criminal in Cygnar, and it has been whispered that agents of Cryx have offered a large bounty for his skull—the rest of his body is optional. He means to keep out of the hands of both of those agencies, but he has no qualms earning coin taking down targets of opportunity across the theaters of war. A victim of Bailoch's hears nothing and sees nothing. He experiences only a moment of surprise and a keen, if brief, sensation of agony before a precisely targeted bullet ends his life.

SPECIAL RULES

MERCENARY

Kell Bailoch will not work for Cryx or Cygnar.

BAILOCH

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT - Place Bailoch after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

CRACK SHOT - Bailoch's targets do not benefit from being screened.

DUAL SHOT - Bailoch may

voluntarily forfeit his movement to make one additional ranged attack this turn in addition to receiving the aiming bonus.

LURK - Bailoch may forfeit his movement to Lurk for one round in addition to receiving the aiming bonus and benefiting from Dual Shot. While lurking, Bailoch gains an additional +4 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover. Lurk expires if he makes an attack or

performs a special action. Bailoch may begin the game lurkin**G.**

SNIPER - When damaging a warjack, Bailoch's controller chooses which column takes the damage. When damaging a warbeast, Bailoch's controller chooses which branch takes the damage. After a successful ranged attack, Bailoch may automatically inflict one damage point instead of making a damage roll.





SILENCE

SOUNDLESS - Making a ranged attack with Silence does not cause Lurk to expire.





Durgen Madhammer ~ Warcaster ~



Grundback Blaster \sim Light Warjack \sim





Mule ~ Heavy Warjack ~



ASHLYNN D'ELYSE ~ WARCASTER ~





Wroughthammer Rockram ~ Heavy Warjack ~









Steelhead Halberdiers $\sim U_{NIT} \sim$





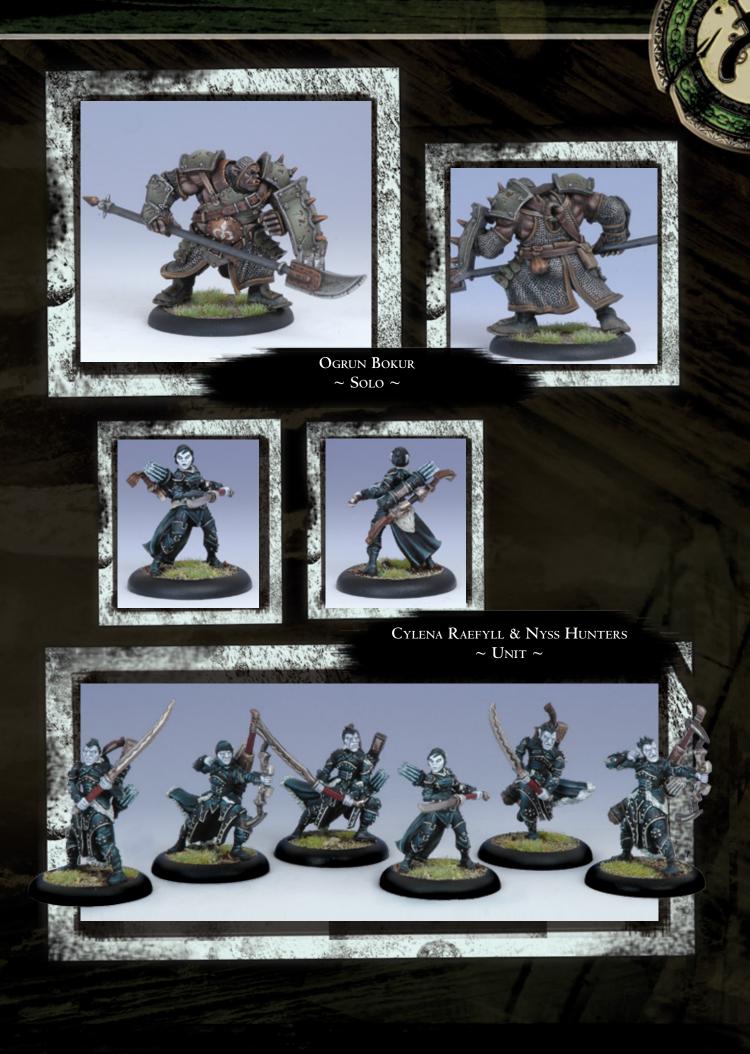
Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps
~ Unit ~



ALEXIA, RISEN & THRALL WARRIOR



Croe's Cutthroats ~ Unit ~



Mercernary Companies and Charters

Mercenaries are varied in specialty, professionalism, reputation, organization, and goals. Each mercenary company has its own bylaws, requirements, training, and rates, and there are many independent operators unattached to companies who will fight for coin. There are also disreputable hired thugs who call themselves mercenaries but ignore the old codes. Such ruffians are little more than paid assassins.

Some mercenaries claim profit to be their only guiding principle, but most have biases and hold some nations in esteem while disdaining others. Mercenaries working toward their own agendas are nothing new, but those with the rare warcaster talent can carve out a unique place for themselves by leading small armies of hired blades who will not ask questions. Large groups of armed and deadly soldiers boasting military grade warjacks make governments uneasy unless such groups are part of lawfully chartered and recognized mercenary companies.

Mercenaries expecting to work regularly must obey a code and behave professionally. The basic tenets by which most mercenaries live were laid down in an ancient set of rules called the Charter. Specific company rules, however, are part of the company's founding charter. All mercenaries are obliged to stick to a course once hired and fight at the behest of their employer until the term of service defined in their contract expires. This can be as short as a single battle or as long as a multi-year tour of duty. There are some companies that have attached their services permanently to a nation and serve similarly to regular military in all but name.

It is accepted that mercenary companies fighting on one side of a war may eventually be seen on the other. Most contracts include a cool-down period before the company can take to the field against a former employer. The largest mercenary companies arrange clever contracts that are only binding on individuals, enabling them to cycle through soldiers without a lull.

A company's ability to remain eligible for work while retaining repeat business is part of the ongoing balancing act long-term companies manage. Particularly large groups, such as the Steelhead Mercenaries, 'solve' this problem with very specific contracts. Different branches of the Steelhead Mercenaries can hire to opposite sides of a conflict without violating their charter.

The Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps is more meticulous about managing its



contracts though. They allow platoons to hire to either side of a conflict, but they arrange deployment in such a way that they are never forced to face members of their own company in the same battle. For example, one platoon of the Hammerfall Corps might be hired to bolster Fellig against Khadorans on the western end of the Thornwood war front while another platoon is hired by Khador to protect a supply depot from Cygnarans on the eastern end of the same front.

There are literally hundreds of mercenary companies in western Immoren, but most are small and regional and handle petty work like bodyguard and patrol duty. Those capable of fielding seasoned warriors who can hold alongside and against regular armies form a select and expensive breed. Mercenaries are part of a long tradition, but their role has evolved and shifted away from huge independent armies to small groups with focused skills. The change has encouraged companies to find a specialty and exploit it, including fielding special weapons designed for warjack elimination and countermeasures.

Fighting alongside and against regular armies requires the use of powerful mercenary warjacks either commanded by skilled 'jack marshals or controlled by mercenary warcasters. Mercenaries value warjacks with open fists because they can ameliorate the company's costs by performing labor functions, hauling goods, and helping erect improvised barricades. Warjacks are expensive hardware, so mercenaries often rely on older models decommissioned from military use, or they utilize armored laborjacks enhanced with improvised weapons. Older warjacks require ongoing maintenance, and coal does not come free, so it can be easy for a mercenary company to eat

through its profit margin in the upkeep of these machines. Running warjacks can strain a mercenary company if flesh and blood soldiers believe their pay or food supply is being compromised to keep the metal beasts running. Such costs keep mercenaries hungry for action and eager to score the next big contract.

Only kingdom treasuries can regularly afford the services of such well armed groups, but there have been cases where other interested parties with an agenda and wealth have organized to secure major mercenary contracts.

One such group is the Four Star Syndicate, a shadowy organization based in Five Fingers reputed to have the backing of the city's High Captain crime lords. Their goals and purposes are uncertain, but these contracts allow this shady group to exert an influence on wars abroad. Some have shunned these contracts, believing the Four Star Syndicate to be a disreputable criminal organization. Most mercenaries, however, are willing to accept work as long as the pay is good, and the pay is always good. The syndicate has nearly inexhaustible resources.



Other organizations such as the Highborn Covenant are more obvious about their agendas. They are the single largest financial backer of the Llaelese Resistance and work

directly against the Khadoran occupation. They are backed by former nobles exiled during the invasion, and a number

of their mercenaries are believers in the cause and less focused on financial compensation. It is suspected this organization receives some support from Cygnar and possibly discreet assistance from sympathetic Rhulic clans. Working for the Covenant or accepting their contracts can put mercenaries at risk of reprisals by Khador, which considers them unlawful rebels.





33RD HAMMERFALL High Shield Gunner Corps

WE FEAR NOT THE HIGH MOUNTAIN, NOR THE DEEP ABYSS



Mercernary Companies and Charters

Large scale coordinated efforts by Rhulic mercenaries are a recent development that dates back to a gathering in 605 AR after the invasion of Llael and the realization that war had come to Rhul's doorstep. The meeting resulted in the founding of the Searforge Commission, a group initiated to organize mercenary assets outside Rhul to ensure the security of vital weapons and military trades. Increasingly, Rhulic mercenaries have grouped together to consolidate their skills. Those who have faced them attest they are exceptionally well disciplined and organized compared to human companies.

Recovering materials and maintaining supply lines has always been easier for Rhulic mercenaries than for their human counterparts. The Commission has the backing of several influential houses in Rhul and conclaves abroad in the human kingdoms, which ensures their mercenaries have steady supplies of parts and freshly produced 'jacks. However, even clans with a vested interest do not give away warjacks for free. Human coin is only useful to those who spend the bulk of their time outside Rhul; those who regularly transact with the homeland prefer gold bars or barter. Rhulic mercenaries often request pay in raw materials or items they know will be of use to their suppliers.

One of the strongest groups working for the Commission has been the hardened 33rd Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps accompanied by dedicated Ogrun Bokur. They specialize in rugged mountain fighting and are familiar with underground dangers. The 33rd Hammerfall Corps was among the first mercenary groups to make extensive use of the Driller. They recognized its potential for combat and utilized its capacity for unearthing collapsed tunnels. The group has also made periodic use of the services of Herne Stoneground and Arquebus Jonne. The two demolitions experts are kept on retainer, and they supply the corps with specialized explosives and direct assistance on an as-needed basis.

The corps has worked both within and outside Rhul. They have earned a measure of esteem among the far-flung dwarven conclaves inhabiting both Khadoran and Cygnaran mountains such as the diverse mining groups working at the Ironhead Conclave in the Wyrmwall mountains. They have had to tangle with both Cygnaran and Khadoran patrols which would have otherwise delayed or intercepted the shipments of the Searforge Commission. In the spring of 606 AR the 33rd

broke through a Khadoran blockade of the Black River and got an essential shipment of alloys to the Ironhead Conclave. One month later on the return trip, the group tangled with a Cygnaran checkpoint on the same river and refused to surrender bullion promised to Clan Searforge.

Recently this group received a major contract they knew would require the support of warcasters to fulfill. They were asked to recover mines in the Thundercliff Peaks east of Skirov long held by outlying dwarven clans. Preliminary reports suggested the mines were overrun by the dragon blighted, so the commission secured the services of both Gorten Grundback and Durgen Madhammer. This marked one of the few occasions when these warcasters agreed to work together. The timing of this job worked to the battalion's favor since Gorten had lost warjacks at the battle at the Temple of Garrodh, and his Cygnaran employers told him that payment would be months away. Negotiators sweetened the deal by offering the use of new warjacks including the freshly modified Wroughthammer Rockrams and powerful Grundback Blasters recently assembled based on Gorten's recommendations.

The source of the problem turned out to be a large force of blighted Nyss and Everblight dragonspawn. The battalion quickly went to work assaulting occupied surface facilities before besieging the mines. Weeks of bloody and difficult battles followed, during which the Rhulfolk performed admirably. They suffered only a few unfortunate explosive accidents and subsequent cave-ins. The group pushed the blighted horrors out of the area and returned the mines to dwarven hands. The expedition was such a success that Gorten admitted he might accept similar contracts in the future on a limited basis, but it was clear he would prefer to keep his distance from Madhammer.

Searforge Escorts

The dwarves of the Searforge Escorts wear bright colors to warn potential trouble that they are not to be interfered with. They bear the sigil of the Searforge Commission while accompanying important trade caravans or guarding supplies of gold ingots or other valuables being sent to Rhul.

LOYALIST ARMY OF MAGNUS



With the skorne army advancing across the Bloodstone Marches, the mercenary warcaster Asheth Magnus has once again adopted Cygnaran colors—not the bold blue of King Leto but the darker colors standard when Vinter IV was sovereign. Magnus has called

on old promises of those who have sworn secret oaths of fealty to the exiled king. For the first time in a decade, Magnus has been at liberty to walk openly in certain areas of his former nation. He must be cautious not to be overt in his actions, lest he draw attention to the traitors in Leto's midst. Magnus has found it useful to secure places like King's Vine to garrison soldiers, refuel his warjacks, and hole up while making much needed repairs or modifications. This has been particularly important when working on major projects like rebuilding destroyed warjacks or making adjustments to stolen or recovered cortexes. His means are somewhat limited, but Magnus considers it a top priority to acquire mercenary warjacks and get them battle-ready.

Magnus is ready to move anywhere at short notice, and he has focused his resources and the bulk of his cached assets along the eastern border of Cygnar. His



strongest secret allies on the Cygnaran Royal Assembly are those controlling the Southern Midlunds near King's Vine, and he has established a formidable fallback base in the independent town of Ternon Crag. In Ternon Crag Magnus has a full warjack construction and repair workshop with some of the finest tools money can buy. He also keeps several stolen cortexes there ready to be inserted into chassis. Out of paranoia he refuses to put all of his resources in one place, so if enemies were to take Ternon Crag, he has other stashes. His auxiliary stashes

include two along the hills east of the Black River and a permanent outpost on Crane Island of Five Fingers where he maintains agents who keep him apprised of Four Star Syndicate jobs. He has managed arrangements with individuals in occupied Llael and Corvis to provide a steady supply of coal for his warjacks.

Magnus recently spent considerable coin to lure a branch of the Steelhead Mercenary Company to Ternon Crag. He funds their operation and ensures they are at his beck and call. Increasingly Boomhowler's trollkin as well as Croe's Cutthroats are in his employ. A number of former soldiers of Cygnar have moved to Ternon Crag, and they bring stolen weapons and supplies. Their peers call these soldiers deserters, but Magnus prefers the title of 'loyalists'. Primarily composed of former Trenchers and long gunners, these soldiers were trained and indoctrinated by military officers pardoned after Leto's coup who retained loyalty to Vinter IV. In other cases they are young and fresh converts persuaded by Magnus' agents to switch to Vinter's cause.

While serving his own agenda, Magnus still offers his services—and those of his men—to the highest bidders. His army has been seen assisting at several recent battles including Khador's earlier siege on Fellig as well as providing aid to skorne attacking Eastwall. Recently he has been conducting elaborate arrangements with the Protectorate of Menoth and Khador, being sure to cover his tracks. Though he has kept the details of these arrangements secret, it is clear he has an interest in escalating the battles taking place in Sul.

Nyss Hunters



Some mercenaries sell their services not for wealth but for survival, and sometimes they take to the life out of a desire for revenge. It remains to be seen if the Nyss refugees led by Cylena Raefyll have the stamina to go the distance or if their recent actions are part of a death wish inspired by the destruction of their people.

They have sworn their desire to bring vengeance on the Legion of Everblight, which they are aware is raiding the northern countryside. Cylena and her hunters came south to seek allies and expected to find work among the northern Khadorans. Though they made contacts with some military officers, they also ran into a more sinister and insidious 'ally'—the warcaster Goreshade. Occupied in the region with his own intrigues, the eldritch immediately saw these hunters as a means to learn more of Toruk's northern progeny. It seems unlikely this arrangement will end well for the Nyss, but working at the eldritch's behest the group has conducted attacks on outlying tendrils of the Legion's advance including skirmishes near the Scarsfell Forest.



MERCERNARY BATTLEGROUPS



Mercenary warcasters rarely belong permanently to a company, but they are often contracted at considerable expense for specific jobs, or they may in fact lure companies to join them on lucrative assignments since every mercenary knows having a warcaster on his side greatly enhances the chances of success. In these situations because of his unique battlefield awareness, a warcaster can be expected to serve as a field commander over the disparate elements of the gathered mercenaries and provide a single voice of tactical direction. Some company leaders with strong personalities may resent taking orders from anyone, but the lure of ample coin will usually overcome their aversion. Developing a tight relationship with a mercenary warcaster is one of the best means for a small company to get repeated work.

Ideally warcasters operate best when there is a support apparatus to facilitate their needs. Kingdom armies invest considerable funds, manpower, and other resources to this end. Mercenary warcasters have much independence over their military peers, but they must learn how to function without the infrastructure that military warcasters take for granted. Running warjacks is never cheap, and mercenaries know it better than anyone.

Magnus has had over a decade to adapt to the unique challenges of keeping himself stocked with fresh warjacks, and he has the advantage of being a brilliant and innovative arcane mechanik. Only Cygnar's Captain Darius exceeds Magnus' skill at keeping warjacks running; he can bring them back to working order from almost total destruction given time and materials. He is aided by a network of contacts and supporters including allies in the black markets of cities like Five Fingers who can acquire nearly anything given time and money.

Things are more difficult for Ashlynn d'Elyse. She is learning the same lessons the hard way in a shorter period of time.

She was fortunate enough to have 'liberated' a substantial stash of Golden Crucible mechanikal parts after the Occupation, including access to several Llaelese Vanguards. She receives some assistance from the Highborn Covenant, and as long as she keeps fighting on the front line, she will continue to receive parts and outdated 'jacks filtered down from Cygnar. She has occasionally been able to acquire old Mules, Nomads, or Talons. Among the rebels in southeastern Llael are mechaniks and bodgers who keep her gear operational. For Ashlynn, every scrap of coal and other military supplies are precious and hard to attain, and she liberates the bulk of it during raids against Khadoran supply depots.

For these reasons, mercenary warcasters are willing to accept barter in lieu of payment in gold. A shipment of coal, delivery of a smuggled cortex, salvage rights to the warjacks downed in the latest battle, or delivery of other parts and machinery can all be more useful than the gold preferred by most mercenaries. This is also why warcasters linger after the smoke of battle clears to check wrecks for anything worthwhile. A canny mercenary knows his or her life depends on the ability to keep 'jacks running regardless of the vagaries of war.

EPILOGUE

They had been hearing the booming of cannons for days, and none could rest. The entire regiment pushed on, for without their help, Northguard might fall. If the Khadorans captured the castle, rooting them out would be impossible, and the defeated Cygnarans would be forced to fall back south. They would lose their northernmost stronghold and possibly the entire forest.

Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo would have been asleep atop his saddle if every movement did not prompt pain. He thought he was over his injuries, but tightness lingered in his back and legs. He would be damned if he let beardless youths fresh from training at Point Bourne and Corvis outlast him. They had crossed over into the Bloodsmeath two days ago. The ground was now treacherous, and it ate at the resupply roads the army had paved through the area.

"How are you holding up, sir?" It was the deep voice of a young cavalry officer named Major Langworth.

"This blasted nag will grind my arse off entirely by the time we arrive. I've had enough of horses to last three lifetimes."

"This has been a tough ride. I hope we make it."

"There's no hope or choice, son. We *must* get there, whatever the cost. I was uneasy sending our warjacks ahead by boat, but it was a good idea. We couldn't have kept up this pace otherwise. Just wish I'd gone with them and saved my backside this torture."

"The captains of those riverboats are the best, sir. Your 'jacks will be waiting—on my family's honor." The major was a bit naïve. His rank was high for his experience, thanks to family ties, but his enthusiasm was infectious. His father was the lord of Point Bourne, and his second son Elgin Langworth seemed to be a good man eager for battle. He cut an impressive figure atop his warhorse, but they were all so damned young. Nemo put the thought aside; many would die today, and few had seen a twentieth birthday. The blood would be on Khador's hands, not his.

Nemo had been away from the front too long. He cursed the project he finally left in the hands of others. He hated leaving Darius in Caspia, but he could not trust anyone else to finish a task of such magnitude. Now he wished he stayed to get the Thunderhead up and running again, but he could not stand reading the casualty reports coming day by day. He did not want to leave this battle to a few junior warcasters and the headstrong girl, even a prodigal like Victoria. In some corner of his mind

something whispered to him, Too bad Stryker's not up here. Could use the lad. He ignored the voice. Stryker had his own war, and Nemo did not want any part of it.

They could see and hear the cannons firing in flashes on the low clouds above. It was the unmistakable rumble of battle. Nemo felt it in his bones like the call of mortality. There was no time for rest and no time for old men to find shelter from damp and cold. They were warriors today, young and old. It was time to pay the blood price.

* * *

Cygnaran Army After-Action Report To: Warmaster General Turpin, King Leto Raelthorne

RE: DEFENSE OF NORTHGUARD

You will I hope forgive my tone, for this may lack the professionalism you expect of me. The last day and night have been the most tumultuous I can remember with the highest highs and the lowest lows. First I must honor the dead and suffering. Battles were ongoing for several days before my arrival, but most were endured in the last massive attack. Estimated total casualties: 9,000: 3,170 dead, 6,090 wounded, 740 missing. These are staggering numbers given the length of conflict, and trust me when I say Khador lost numbers double or triple our own. They will never wash all the blood from this soil, and we have not wagons enough to carry the dead.

Make no mistake; whatever else you hear, we nearly lost Northguard today, but the Rook of the First Army stands. I have never seen such a Khadoran offensive, the raw insane courage of it, the sheer numbers. It was far beyond anything we saw in Llael.

I could not have arrived any later, Tired as my men were, we made the difference. We reinforced the left flank as it collapsed and the outer fortresses were overrun. Our rangers took out their spotters to catch them unaware, and we folded into their flank. I fought to the centerline to bring my warjacks against the main force. Karchev was at the heart of it, that undying terror. This was close fighting and could have gone either way.

I am sure it was Irusk behind those lines, but I never saw him. When we held the center, he tried to flank to the east, but Major Haley's long gunners made good use of a forested hill and cut him off.

SHE RETURNS TO THE THIRD ARMY SOON, BUT I AM GLAD SHE WAS HERE TODAY. I HAVE NOTHING BUT POSITIVE WORDS ABOUT THE LEADERSHIP AND TACTICS DISPLAYED BY LORD GENERAL OLAN DUGGAN AND GENERAL HAGAN CATHMORE, AS FINE OF MEN AS CYGNAR HAS PRODUCED.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD ONE TO GO OUT ON. SOMEHOW I'M STILL HERE, BUT THE SIGHT OF SO MANY YOUNG DEAD HAS LEFT ME HOLLOW, I DO NOT KNOW WHY I LIVED WHEN SO MANY DID NOT. PLEASE CONVEY MY CONDOLENCES TO EARL LANGWORTH, HIS SON ELGIN FOUGHT AND DIED AT MY SIDE, HE WAS AS FINE A KNIGHT AS EVER WORE THE CYGNUS, AND I WISH I COULD HAVE PREVENTED HIS FALL.

WE'VE LOST SO MANY MEN THAT THIS VICTORY COULD UNDO US. WE NEED TRENCHERS AND LONG GUNNERS BADLY—ANY REINFORCEMENTS, NO MATTER HOW GREEN. MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT KHADOR PUT EVERYTHING THEY HAD INTO THAT ASSAULT. THE HALLS OF RAVENSGARD ARE COLD TONIGHT, FILLED WITH THE DYING.

> - Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo, attached to the First Army, 1st Division, 5th Brigade

"This is a very bad idea" the Llaelese gun mage Fynch d'Lamsyn warned as they walked past the outer watch and newly constructed fortifications. "We can't deal with fanatics."

"I'd sooner the Khadorans fell on fanatics than our friends." Ashlynn D'Elyse gave him a stern look, "Our spies report a full assault legion moving on Rhydden. The timing could not be better."

Make no mistake; whatever else you hear, we nearly lost Northguard today, but the Rook of the First Army stands.

"They would as soon kill us as the enemy. They view you and I as abominations to be burned alive!"

"I have dealt with this priest before. He is more pragmatic than you think. Stay there and watch my back. Now hold your tongue."





the full mask of a scrutator with both hands on his Staff of Judgment. Next to him stood a slender Devout, spotlessly clean except for marks of battle on its paint and long scratches across its shield. More provocative was something Ashlynn glimpsed behind the ranked knights. It looked to be a massive tome.

white armor. Many were mounted

on steeds with ready lances. All of

them wore helmets. There was not a

single face visible among them, and

it gave them a particularly ominous

guise. The nearest figure was distinct

in ornate warcaster armor. He wore

She gave the genuflection she had practiced. "Praise to Menoth. Greetings, Grand Scrutator Severius. We humbly receive you."

His voice was powerful just as she remembered. Even with the mask covering the man's face, Ashlynn felt the weight of his regard. "We are prepared to enter this arrangement if your community strives not to provoke our wrath."

"There are many Menites among our community. They are... eager to meet such an esteemed member of the southern temple." Even as she said the words, she knew she had slipped.

His voice took on a sharper edge. "It is *the* Temple, child."

"Yes, forgive me. *The* Temple." She took a breath to gather her nerve. "You must know many of our community are Morrowans. We are concerned about your willingness to be at peace here with your soldiers."

His voice remained even, and she could not tell if it required effort. "Do they know the imposed rites of High Scrutator Hevellor Chasmius?"

"We are willing to embrace those prayers and recognize the Creator of Man. Our Morrowans promise to speak the full

praises to Menoth before other prayers and make the required oblations as it was in ancient times. We will furthermore assist in building a temple."

The Grand Scrutator's voice softened and became almost warm. "That is all we ask." He spread his hands but still held his staff. She knew the weapon had struck down countless so-called heretics and had been wielded while its wielder ordered the torture of many more. "All we ask is the Creator be given His proper respect. As long as your people follow the Rites of Chasmius, we will be at peace and can work together in this great endeavor. The Northern Crusade has no interest in disrupting your efforts."

Ashlynn felt a nervous tingling and knew Fynch was watching disapprovingly. Ashlynn kept her tone neutral as she spoke the phrase of formal greeting. "We welcome you to Rhydden. Enter and be at peace. All praise to Menoth."



KHADORAN BATTLE REPORT

To: Kommandant Mikhail Ivdanovich, Count and Posadnik of Merywyn

RE: REBELS OF THE TERRITORY ONCE TERMED THE VOXSAUNY DUCHY

I regret to relate that our mission to take the city of Rhydden has failed. I have no doubt that our force sufficed to capture the city, but our intelligence on the region was completely wrong. Rather than facing the rebel holdouts we were told to expect, we were met by an entrenched and ready army from

THE PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH WHICH NOW OCCUPIES RHYDDEN. WE SAW NO SIGN OF DISRUPTION IN THE AREA. THAT REBEL FORCES ATTACKED OUR FLANK DURING THE ASSAULT LEADS ME TO SUSPECT COLLUSION. WE SUSTAINED HEAVY LOSES BEFORE BEING FORCED TO WITHDRAW. WE MUST HAVE ACCURATE INFORMATION BEFORE RENEWING OUR ATTACK.

> -Kovnik Grigusk Tornivich, 1st Assault Legion, 1st Division, 1st Army



and the glowing energy blasted into Magnus' shoulder and knocked his arm askew just as he swung. The blow still knocked the journeyman aside like a rag doll, but perhaps it had been deflected enough to save the young officer's life.

The warcaster glared at him and clenched his teeth. He directed his consciousness into a Renegade that had earlier disengaged. The 'jack was damaged but still had a rocket intact. The powerful projectile launched with a roar and arced down toward Caine. He tumbled away with every ounce of strength in his legs, but no man was

fast enough to evade a well-aimed Obliterator rocket. It exploded behind him with a deafening thump. Fire washed over and heaved the ground like a pulled carpet

and knocked Caine to the ground. He had over



Captain Allister Caine cursed his foolishness. He had been an idiot and arrived too late. His timing was thrown off by the speed with which Magnus had advanced so far south. He should not have let his men charge without being at their center, and now it looked like Cygnar would lose another promising young warcaster. Magnus' face was red with rage, for he realized Stryker was not in fact present. Magnus drew Foecleaver for a blow no journeyman could survive.

Caine was used to operating alone or with a small strike team; he had not asked for these men. Lord Stryker had sent him to deal with the 'Khadoran converts', but Caine had recognized this as a likely trick. It did not require confirmation from the Scout General for Caine to smell what could only be Asheth Magnus. However, Caine had not expected the ambush to be laid quite this well or for them to have reached so far south this quickly. Stormblades, Stormguard, and Sword Knights bodies now lay strewn bloodily across the field. He raised his gun and fired a shot,





boosted his power field—the only reason he was still alive—but his wind was gone and he was sure he broke a rib or two.

Spots danced before his eyes, and he gasped like a fish. He knew he had to get up and get moving, but he found his wits scattered. By the time he staggered to his feet there was a blade at his throat. He looked up to see a scarred and bandaged face snarling in what was almost a smile. "Well, well."

"Magnus..." he coughed. "Fancy running into you here. Say, did you see what hit me?" Caine knew his life was forfeit, but the aftermath of the blast left him feeling almost giddy. A fit of coughing overcame him.

There was no humor in Magnus' eyes. "You've cost me time and money and wasted a trap. When did you become that coward's piss-boy?"

The two men stared at each another for several long moments with the cold blade of the massive sword still pressing against Caine's neck. The gun mage wondered how fast the older man was. One of his pistols remained in its holster, and the other lay on the ground at his foot. With

a thought he could have them both in hand. Fast enough? The rest of the Cygnaran force had been mopped up while Magnus' soldiers gathered around. He saw Boomhowler's unpleasant face to the left in the back, and the trollkin gave him an ugly smile.

Magnus suddenly withdrew his blade. "I did not orchestrate such an elaborate plan to spoil it on the likes of you. You are not my quarry. Go back to Sul, and tell your master I am disappointed he couldn't be bothered to attend."

Caine could not believe it. This must be some cruel trick. "What? Not a big enough fish? You're throwing me back?"

With a practiced motion Magnus replaced Foecleaver in its sheath. "Your talents remain useful. Go back and make ready for a real king to return to the throne. Remember I had your life and returned it to you."

Caine could not let it go and could

not resist the opportunity to try to get in a jab at Magnus' expense. "It's too bad Inquisitor Kilwayth is missing. The only reason I came was I thought he'd be at your side. Or did you kill him already? I suppose I know where to look."

Magnus' eyes widened, and Caine could almost count the ticking of the gears in his mind. "You! It was you!" Magnus' hand went to his hilt and drew the blade, but he was too slow. With a ripple of blue runes, Caine was gone. Magnus cursed and turned to his men. "Back to Ternon Crag, now!"

* * *

CYGNARAN NAVAL REPORT

To: King Leto, sealed and encoded

RE: SHIPMENT

WE HAVE ENSURED THE PRISONERS REACHED BLOODSHORE WITHOUT INCIDENT. PER YOUR ORDERS WE HAVE BROUGHT AMPLE SUPPLIES OF FOOD AND WATER, BUT THIS WILL BE AN ONGOING EXPENSE AND NO SMALL LOGISTICAL MATTER TO MAINTAIN. THE PRISON WAS NOT BUILT FOR SO MANY. WE ENLISTED VOLUNTEERS FROM



Epilogue

THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT SENTINEL POINT TO EXPAND THE FACILITIES AND BRING ADDITIONAL CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS. THE NEW QUARTERS WILL BE SEGREGATED FROM HARDENED PRISONERS OCCUPYING THE OLD PRISON. I REMAIN CONCERNED ABOUT PROXIMITY TO ANCIENT ITCHIER AND BELIEVE THE RISK OF AN ATTACK IS HIGH. WE WILL DEPLOY A GARRISON AND PATROLS. LANDING ACCESS IS LIMITED, FORTUNATELY. THIS GROUND CAN BE EASILY DEFENDED AGAINST MANY WITH ONLY A FEW.

-Admiral Blythe Wassal, captain of the flagship HMS Resolute, Caspian Fleet.

* * *

Goreshade the Eldritch, once Lord Ghyrrshyld of Iryss and other titles besides, stood atop a rise in the Vilkhan Bluffs of northern Khador a hundred miles north of Ohk. He considered the long and hard path it had taken him and his entourage to reach this point and the many distractions engineered by Cryxian fleets to draw Khadoran troops away from his stealthy advance. He had spent time at several points of significance like graves he had long desired to plunder that included the Tomb of Khazarak where he peered into the minds of ancients long buried for forgotten lore. Toruk and the lich lords did not know about his visit or the entirety of his purpose. He had been sent to find the Ruin of Issyrah, but now he felt closer than ever to the heart of several great truths.

He stood knee-deep in snow surrounded by cold so intense it could not have been tolerated by most living flesh. Among those who could endure were individuals he knew were eager for allies, so desperate they would brave

even his company. He was ready to intercept them and remained confident in the information provided by his minions in Ohk. In the shadows behind Goreshade stood the hulking form of Bane Lord Tartarus. With him brooded his lieutenants Kortesh and Suneater, each an undead lord of power.

The Nyss hunters approached along the hills and sent forward their leader as Goreshade requested. It had been difficult arranging this meeting, but Goreshade felt a stirring of anticipation. The female approached him while the remnants of her shard

stayed back with arrows knocked and ready. He knew this to be Cylena Raefyll. He smiled and offered a mock bow. Seeing their leader was in no immediate peril, the archers lowered their weapons.

Goreshade spoke to her in her own tongue, having picked such lore from the skulls of fallen Nyss he had collected like baubles on bloodied soil north of here. "You have come and so agree to my terms. Will we together fight against this enemy? I require your services to negotiate these treacherous lands of which I know little. Join with me, and I promise you the full weight of all Cryx's might will crash down upon the progeny of my master. The serpent that has brought the end of your race will be obliterated utterly. No other force on Caen can fulfill such a promise as I make to you now."

The thought clearly disturbed her, but he could see the hunger in her eyes. "I will endure your loathsome company if it brings me even a single step closer to Ethrunbal's destruction."

"There is much I would know that you have seen. We will journey to fight your enemy, and my minions will ensure their destruction. Before this, you will answer my questions. This is not negotiable."

Her expression was such that she knew the enormity of providing a being like him with any aid whatsoever. He could almost feel her soul being crushed in her breast. "I will answer. Use us as you will."





CYGNARAN NAVAL REPORT

To: Navarch and High Chancellor Govan Trent, Caspia

RE: THE DEAD FLEET

THE INTELLIGENCE BROUGHT BY YOUR ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE SCOUT GENERAL AND HIGH CHANCELLOR BOLDEN REBALD WAS CORRECT. THE MASSIVE CRYXIAN FLEET MOVEMENTS WERE NOT DIRECTED AT OUR SOIL, I OBJECTED TO OUR WITHDRAWAL TOWARD CERYL AT THE TIME, BUT NOW I SEE THE WISDOM IN THIS COURSE. THE FLEETS WERE ALLOWED TO PROGRESS WITHOUT CONTEST THROUGH WINDWATCHER'S PASSAGE AT YOUR REQUEST. THEY HAVE ASSAILED PORT VLADOVAR IN THE NORTH, AND I BELIEVE THEY DEALT A SERIOUS BLOW TO THE KHADORAN NAVY, THIS MAY PROVIDE US OPENINGS IN THE NEAR FUTURE, BUT FOR NOW WE ARE INITIATING YOUR PLAN ALONG WITH MY COUNTERPART IN THE ORDIC NAVY FOR THE STRIKE ON THE OUTER CRYXIAN BASES ACROSS THE DYING STRANDS. OUR COUNTERPARTS IN THE THIRD ARMY WILL SECURE MOROVAN AND THE ISLANDS NEAREST SOUTHSHIELD. WE WILL INTERCEPT AND SINK AS MANY RETURNING CRYXIAN VESSELS AS POSSIBLE FROM POINTS OF STRENGTH, THEIR UNREMITTING ATTACKS AND RAIDS OF RECENT WEEKS WILL BE ANSWERED IN KIND, I AM PROUD TO PUSH FORWARD THIS ATTACK, AND WITH THE ORDIC STRENGTH ADDED TO OUR OWN, I AM CONFIDENT OF OUR INEVITABLE VICTORY.

> -Admiral Tucker Luptine, aboard the flagship HMS Merciful Boon, Northern Fleet

Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk climbed the stairs of Ravensgard with heavy footsteps There was no need for him to sit at his desk and write a report—the one to whom he owed an answer occupied these halls.

The empress traveled to Ravensgard at his request, which had been the first of

several significant mistakes.

She arrived nearly a week ago and witnessed the entire battle. He had forgotten a lesson he had drilled into his students: never predict. War was chaos with no science to it even with the best tactics and strategy. It was more like art, yet he had invited the empress to come witness his victory so he could deliver Northguard to her hands. She had come hundreds of miles at great expense. She brought a massive entourage and her personal guard, and her presence put her royal person in danger—all to taste ashes.





She stood in the main hall. She was not alone, but she appeared so. Her guards and attendants faded into the shadows. The somber room was lit only by several candles. It would almost be intimate under other circumstances. Her eyes watched his unwaveringly as he crossed the room, and the cold of her regard was palpable. He bowed deeply. "My empress, I bring grave news."

Her voice was sharp. "It is not news. I have seen from the battlements. Had I known my fighting skills would be needed to carry the day, I would have mounted and joined you."

"I have failed you." His voice was husky but resigned.

"You have failed only yourself, Irusk. It is I who failed by placing you in charge of these operations. I have failed Khador as her empress. I have forsaken six hundred years of honor and glory. You, Kommandant... you are *my* failure." Her voice trembled with barely suppressed rage. Her voice spoke low in a way that indicated an even greater danger.

Irusk knew the battle had not in truth been a fatal blow. It was nothing from which they could not recover, yet Ayn Vanar's words hit him stronger than a physical blow. They knotted his stomach and caused a weight to fall upon his very soul. He felt as if something had been ripped from him and could never be replaced. "Empress..."

"Do you need me to tell you why you were defeated?" she said in the same cold tone.

He opened his mouth but paused. Many possible answers came to mind. He missed the efficiency of Kommandant Ivdanovich who was stuck governing Merywyn. They had reserved too many soldiers in Llael who were idly marching captured streets when he needed them. Spies had assured him there were no significant warcasters at Northguard, only the Cygnaran mercenary Sparling and a few youths unseasoned in war. Then had come the arrival of Commander Nemo at the worst hour while Irusk was lured into an ambush by the younger female warcaster and her enigmatic powers. There were so many reasons for his failure, but they were all just excuses. He could think of nothing to say that would not be an excuse.

She spoke again, and her words hammered into him like nails. "It was your pride. You were blinded by our rhetoric and underestimated the enemy's resolve. You did not think they had the stomach to endure. You relied upon them to collapse and did not plan for what might happen if they did not." He saw the truth in all she said. It was affirmation again that the empress was no figurehead but a true leader—one he had failed. "More importantly, Irusk, you have been wasteful of the lives of my people. Victory

cannot come heedless of cost. Each man who serves under you puts his trust in your hands that his death will be for glory, not folly. Each drop of the blood of our kinsmen should be precious, but you spend that blood as if the essence of our nation were inexhaustible! Such an egregious loss of life with no derived benefit is inexcusable. They praise your tactics in the High Kommand, but I see nothing praiseworthy here, only gross excesses. This negligence would shame Orsus Zoktavir!"

It was like being flogged within an inch of his life, so brutal were the words. It did not matter in that moment that he was an aged warcaster and veteran of hundreds of out to her in his bare palm. "What penance would you require of me?" He would accept anything as his due. Kommandants had been executed for less.

She grasped his hand and closed it with surprising strength that pushed the pins into the flesh of his palm until blood fell in great drops to the floor below. She spoke quietly with intensity. "I require victory."

SUPERIORITY

Victory cannot come heedless of cost.

battles with as many victories under his belt, and she was a delicate woman half his age. She was the empress, and he was her servant.

She did not relent. "The great hammer of Khador broken upon Northguard. Shattered by the efforts of a fisherman's daughter and an old mechanik pulled to the battlefield from his workshop." It was a cruel assessment, but Irusk knew it was true.

