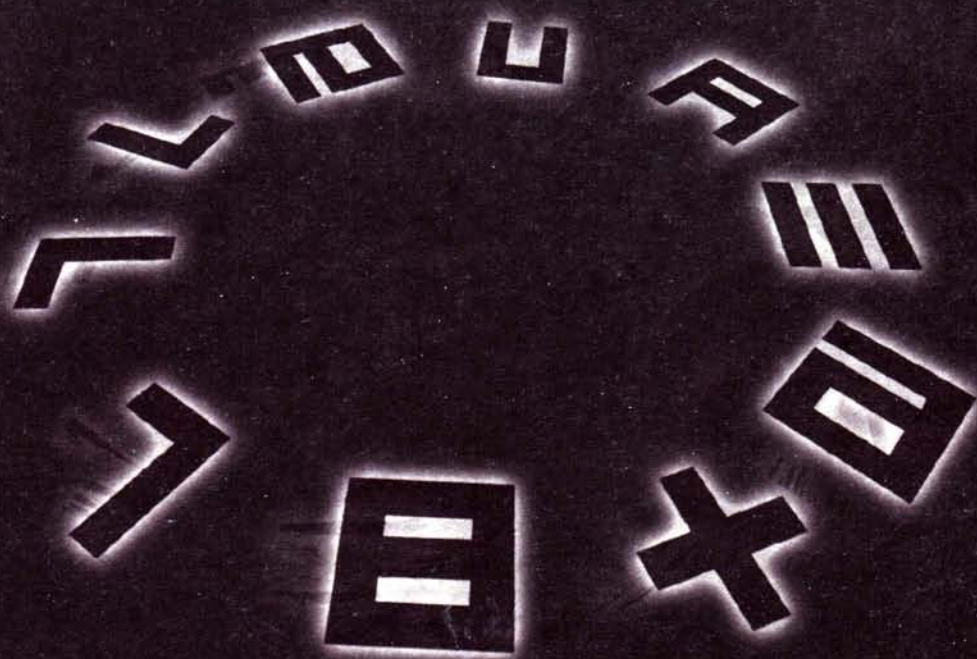


WAR MACHINE™



APOTHEOSIS™



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FOREWORD

WARMACHINE: *Apotheosis* is nothing less than a grand experiment. For us at Privateer, its completion marks a waypoint whereby we may measure our progress. It is a volume filled with the labors born of majestic visions inspired by the world of the Iron Kingdoms. Years ago when dreams of Harbingers and Thunderheads first emerged in our conversations, we knew that a solid groundwork had to be laid in order to support such titanic concepts. The world wasn't ready for them. The experiment of course, is to find out whether or not the world is ready now.

Creative drive is a force nearly impossible to contain. The fact that you're reading this now is an indication that, if you haven't experienced the desire to make artwork, tell stories, and build worlds, you at least have an appreciation for such efforts. That appreciation is something we as artists, writers, world builders, and game designers count on in order that we may have a purpose in life and an avenue to channel our creative urges. We are compelled beyond sleep, wealth, and often even happiness to bring to life the figments that exist only in our minds. It is not enough simply to add to a world already filled with like achievements. Ours is an impulse that cannot be repressed, and through any hardship that might divert our course, we strive to go beyond that which already exists to contrive visions more magnificent than any that have come before.

Beyond the pale lies the realm of the unknown. To the creator, or rather, to a publishing company, it is a murky domain concealing within its mists a point of diminishing returns. At what point have we put too much effort into an endeavor and risked profitability for the sake of an ideal? Can a product be truly successful if one ignores the simplicity of the lowest common denominator? Such questions were

never meant to be the province of visionaries, but lest these issues be considered, we would be inclined to carry on recklessly, heedless of any practical goal or purpose.

The appearance of originality requires a creator to take risks, for only by daring to face failure can one differentiate his efforts enough to astound an audience. *Apotheosis* dares to assemble a collection of artwork seldom garnered in a product of this type, and the models created to depict our concepts in the third dimension demand expertise in their construction. The new characters presented in *Apotheosis* exponentially expand the tactical possibilities of WARMACHINE but only for players ready to engage such complex nuance. Meanwhile the storyline put forth will challenge notions of morality and force readers to look at their favorite personalities in unexpected and sometimes unpleasant ways.

With over two years of history behind WARMACHINE, this is the moment for which the creators at Privateer Press have been waiting. It's the product we've wanted to make since the beginning, the way we've wanted to tell our story, and the models we've always dreamed of putting on a table. Perhaps in the end, it is less of an experiment than a grand statement. The more refined a concept, the smaller potential audience it can appeal to, but the proof of its validity is that this book lies open in your hands.

You must understand, there really could be no other way. Ready or not, we had to make it. This is our *Apotheosis*.



REMEMBER THAT SCHOOLGIRL FROM THE BACK ALLEY CAGE MATCH? Well she's all grown up now, and that feeling between your legs is her yanking your tidy-whities up over your head for the holy mother of all **ATOMIC WEDGIES**. Scream if you want to. It only makes her want to **HURT YOU MORE**—just like your opponent across the table.

Welcome to the top. **THIS IS THE PINNACLE OF POWER**. It doesn't get any bigger than this folks, or we run the risk of throwing the planet out of alignment. We've **PUSHED THE ENVELOPE** of game and model design and taken it **TO THE LIMIT** of human endurance. Don't look down; we're a long way from where we started.

WARMACHINE: Apotheosis will **CHALLENGE YOUR STRATEGIC AND TACTICAL MUSCLES** like never before. Contained within are multitudinous combinations of warcaster abilities waiting to be unlocked. Each one is capable of unleashing nothing less than a **SEVERE BEATING** about the head and shoulders of your hapless adversary. Don't hold back; he wouldn't want you to. We all know we're here because we believe the next best thing to delivering a complete and thorough **ASS PUNISHING** is going down in a white-hot blaze of agonizing glory. This is pure power in your hands and a **FREE LICENSE TO ABUSE IT**.

THE APOTHEOSIS MODELS ARE OFF THE SCALE. We crammed so much detail and complexity into these mountains of metal that you're going to want to quit your day job in order to tackle them. This is no slag fest in pretty packaging meant to con you out of hard earned coin. These are expert **WORKS OF ART** made with the highest standards for the most discriminating modeler. In every way, they have captured the essence of the characters they depict and radiate all of the raw, **RELENTLESS AGGRESSION** each one embodies. Even before your opponent knows what you're packing, the mere sight of these brutal sculpts will send him running madly for his mommy's skirt

This is the blue box, people. **TIME TO PUT UP OR SHUT UP**. Apotheosis will rock the foundation of the world you thought you knew and understood. It's a vicious reminder that around every corner is something more merciless than what you could ever imagine. In every dark alley is a **RUTHLESS BASTARD** waiting to carve another notch in his bat with your face. And across every table, in his unassuming faded black t-shirt, is a cold-hearted killer mentally tearing you limb from limb. Good thing you came heavy—now kick him right between the femurs...

...AND PLAY LIKE YOU'VE GOT A PAIR.



8 CONQUEST, CRUSADE, CONVICTION

PART ONE

The first thaw was still weeks away, and Irusk mused that once again the designs of the Motherland would succeed because of the gift of winter. For the southern kingdoms, the middle months of Immoren's icy winter were a time to nail closed the shutters and huddle around the hearth to await spring's warm release. The heart of Khador was forged in ice though, and to her people the biting cold was no more discomfort than a balmy summer's day. It was right the strong should rule this land lest the Iron Kingdoms once again grow weak with complacency.

As his mighty army forged through snow and sludge, the kommandant closed his right hand to feel the sharp edges of the medal tucked within the palm of his leather glove. Sixteen spearheads radiated from the medallion bearing the Khadoran anvil—a singular honor given to the field commander of the entire Khadoran army during a time of conquest. Ayn Vanar had bestowed the accolade upon him personally just prior to accepting her new crown during her coronation as Empress of the Khadoran Empire—an Empire Kommandant Irusk was building victory by victory.

In the distance from his vantage on the foothills of lower Khador, Irusk could just make out the smoky plumes of hearthfires in Fellig. Food and supply shortages resulting

from the previous year's conflict had forced Cygnar to spread its resources thin. The decorated kommandant respected Cygnar's beloved King Leto for his determination to resist Khadoran domination at all costs, but he marveled that the king could underestimate his northern adversaries so greatly. The garrison at this northernmost Cygnaran trade center was not small, but Irusk's reconnaissance reported most were green troops, and practically all armor had recently been committed to Protectorate threats in the east. Not fearing Khadoran action this soon, Cygnar's military only left behind a battery of rusty cannons and whatever ragtag mercenaries willing to work during the winter that could be scraped together. Even now, kayazy merchants trapped within the walls of Fellig when Cygnar closed its borders were communicating vital defense information to Irusk through spies while at the same time attempting to bribe the sell-swords out of their contracts. Most importantly, albeit somewhat to Irusk's disappointment, Fellig did not have so much as a single warcaster on station.

In the valley below, a full league beyond the kommandant's position, a shroud of mist glided toward Fellig like a sea ray along the ocean floor. At its veiled center, Forward Kommander Kratikoff propelled an advance force of Winter Guard and warjacks, the first stage in the suppression of Fellig's defense. Since the fall campaign in the Thornwood, Sorscha had abandoned her encumbering romantic notions that a soldier could court any relationship beyond that of devoted service to the Motherland. Feelings of loss had been refocused as uninhibited rage, and the once formidable woman had evolved into an even more powerful weapon—a weapon Irusk himself controlled.

The kommandant raised the back of his fist over his shoulder, and the order

to halt the legion's march echoed from officer to officer trailing to the back of the column. Irusk's own warjacks ground to a halt and released steam with a series of punctuated hisses as they settled into an idle position. He would let Sorscha advance a bit further ahead before closing the gap on Fellig's guns. Within hours, their siege on the city would be underway and Irusk would prepare to deliver yet another victory for the unstoppable Khadoran Empire.

Irusk would prepare
to deliver yet another
victory for the
unstoppable Khadoran
Empire.

†††

On the eastern wall of Caspia, an imposing figure gazed toward the rising sun. His chest slowly expanded and contracted as he took in the chilled morning air. Six and a half feet of solid muscle was enclosed in heavy mechanical warcaster armor, and the twin exhaust stacks on his back emitted listless wisps of grey smoke as the suit rested stationary.

"Major." A voice came from behind the man, and he turned with the quick, practiced motion of a soldier expecting to greet his superior.

"Commander Stryker, sir," he replied. His right hand snapped to his brow, and he fixed his eyes forward on a point far beyond the commander's shoulder.

Stryker gestured with a backhand wave and dismissed the formality. He was not a man interested in tradition or protocol these days. His mind was on accomplishing his task at hand by whatever means.

"Markus," the commander addressed the warcaster-major by his first name as the two friends often did when ceremony was unimportant. "Tomorrow I sail to Corvis. In two weeks we will begin our march by land back to Caspia and remove the Menite menace from within our borders. Cygnar can no longer suffer treachery from her own people, and those who would assist our enemy must be purged."

The towering major stared down at his feet, sliding a gauntleted hand across his shaved, umber-hued scalp. "I understand, Commander. What would you have of me?"

"I will return in three months. At that time, I want you to have those walls down." Stryker pointed across the wide Black River to the high walls of Sul that mirrored Caspia's own. They were massive structures—pinnacles of ancient engineering built 150 feet high with stone blocks. Each was the size of a farmhouse. "In ninety-three days, we will invade Sul and make the hierarchy regret the moment he ever dreamed of disregarding his allegiance to Cygnar."

Major Brisbane examined the ancient walls of the city to the east. Caspia's walls had never been breached from the outside, and the walls of Sul were no different, for only two hundred years before they had been a single city divided by the glassy Black River. What Stryker asked was something that had failed a dozen times through history. Turning his head slightly, Brisbane could see the commander's lips curled under and his skin pulled tight in a vengeful mask that did little to contain the warcaster's

boiling fury. He wondered who would face the greater challenge, he against the walls of Sul or the Menites facing Stryker on the battlefield.

"It's not a lot of time to prepare, Cole," Markus finally said. "I'll need a lot of men and a constant supply of ordnance. Once we start, we can't give them a moment of breathing room."

"You'll have thirty thousand men at your service including most of the Arcane Tempest. Two hundred new warjacks have been completed as well—at least fifty are Defenders. They're yours to deploy as you see fit." Stryker paused, and his face went blank and emotionless, "The church has also volunteered their support. They won't commit soldiers, but they have placed all of the Precursors at your disposal."

Brisbane nodded. The Precursors was the division of the Morrowan Church responsible for last rights, preservation, and ushering souls to the afterlife. "This is going to cost us dearly, Commander."

Stryker stared down at the river again; its glassy surface reflected the crimson morning sky. "Cygnar will weep for years for her fallen sons, but if we don't succeed in this, Markus, there will be no Cygnar to weep for us at all."

†††

Two men walked silently through a lightless passage within the walls of Caspia. The ancient battlements were riddled with such tunnels. Some were used in the regular patrol and defense of the city, yet many remained a secret highway known only to those adept at navigating such dark and clandestine territory.

"Here," said one of the men feeling along the wall for something invisible in the darkness. With a creaking that split the blackness around them, he shouldered open a heavy iron door

encrusted with a thousand years of coarse oxidation.

A moment later the sound of a flint striker pierced the air and the amber glow of a thick tallow candle flickered to life, barely illuminating the small chamber. The granite walls were slick with moisture that had seeped deep within the masonry for generations. Three wooden chairs, a small table, and a single burlap cot were the only furnishings in the room save for an open trunk that appeared to contain a few amenities useful when sequestered in such a place.

"Once we start, we
can't give them a
moment of breathing
room."

"Nice digs," the second man said as he closed the iron door behind him. "Got anything to—" He stopped short as the other removed a dusty green bottle from the trunk and tossed it toward him along with a pair of clay cups. "Yeh know me too well, Rebald. I shouldn't have thought you'd take me to a place devoid of the necessities." Raising the bottle to his mouth, he uncorked the exposed stopper with his teeth and poured a dark, red rum into each of the cups placed on the table. Caine shot his back before Rebald finished filling his own.

Bolden Rebald, scout general of Cygnar and the king's spymaster sanctioned by writ of the Crown, removed his black wool greatcoat and hung it on a peg jutting from the wall. His slender, angular form and fluid

movements befit a man who seldom wished to be observed by others. "Seems the only way to keep you in one place, Caine," Rebald said. "Now tell me how our plan is coming together."

Lieutenant Allister Caine refilled his cup and tipped it slightly toward the spymaster as he spoke. "Couldn't be better if the old boys were lining up outside this room right now. I can't believe that red headed bleeding heart pulled off their reinstatement, but he's playing Leto's guilt like a lute. Already five of those Inquisition bastards have come out of hiding right here in Caspia. I haven't been able to get close to them for years! Twelve more are due to meet us in Corvis in two weeks. They trust him—Stryker—he's still the kingdom's shining knight. Out from under the skirts of their Illumination benefactors though, they're sitting ducks. Hell, Rebald, a fortnight after reaching Corvis, I may be out of work."

"Let's hope. Out of this side of the business, at least. Aren't you worried Stryker will suspect you though?"

"He's desperate, man. He's blinded by revenge and can't believe anyone would see things any other way." Caine paused to sip his drink. "There's no love lost between the two of us. I know he was the rat who got me busted down over that little incident with Lady Arissa, but he didn't raise a single one of those wooly red eyebrows when I volunteered for his commission." Caine tipped the bottle on end to empty the last drop into his cup. A wrinkle creased the side of his mouth as he tossed the empty container back in the open trunk. "I'll be careful."

Rebald's eyes lowered half way and his expression mocked the notorious gun mage's own sincerity. "Our own patrons are getting restless, Caine. Things are coming to a head. They're worried the Inquisition may get

twitchy and expose the little bastard in the middle of all of this chaos. Leto is a good king—probably too good—and if he learns the truth, they fear he would abdicate the crown by way of blood rights.”

“I’ve been on this trail ten years, Rebal. I’m ready for it to come to an end.” Caine sighed and stared into the bottom of his empty cup. “I haven’t met an inquisitor yet who wouldn’t turn over his own mother to save his skin. Once I get to the top of this food chain, there’s just one more stop. Then with the exception of our good king here, there won’t be a head in this kingdom fit for that crown.”

†††

Waves crashed against low, rocky cliffs to send fans of sea spray into the air, and they punctuated the surge with the thunderous bass of crashing surf. For a moment, the perpetual anguished moan caused by the wind

forcing itself through a sparse grove of crumbling chimneys was drowned out, only to resume again like the distant wail of a dozen grieving widows. It was a sound no human had heard in this place for almost twenty years. The once humble seaside town of Ingrane was little more than a few mounds of overgrown rubble now. If one looked closely, the outlines of former structures could be found under the mossy ground cover and thick vines. Here and there a foundation stone or decrepit hearth still stood as the only vestige of a house that burned to the ground. High up from the water’s edge, beyond the barely detectable perimeter of the ruined village, a cobbled path was the most telling sign that man had ever been here. Like a flat snake of slate, it wound its way down the hillside through the ghostly ruins and terminated at the edge of the sea where a single black pylon of decaying timber testified to a pier that once jutted into Meridius. At its edge a lone figure

stood. Her hooded cloak billowed with each gust of ocean air.

Victoria Haley bowed her head toward the sea, and tears welled in her eyes as she labored to resurrect her memories of the parents taken from her so many years ago. She reached up to wipe the drops away and clear her vision and abruptly recoiled at the cold touch of steel upon her cheek. The steel was hers—a mechanical prosthetic attached to her shoulder replacing the arm lost to combat with her sister. She shunned the inhuman appendage. Its clockwork mechanisms and miniature steam pistons were a constant reminder of a gross disfigurement to her once perfect physique. She was a warcaster—a warrior without equal perfectly balanced in mind, body and spirit, but now she was maimed, imperfect, and spoiled. She recalled the traitor Magnus with his own crude prosthetic and shuddered at the thought they could have anything in common.



It had been less than a month since the arcane mechanics of Cygnar's military development workshops had fit her with the contraption. It was only slightly more recent that she erupted before the war council to berate them for pulling out of the Thornwood before confirming that the Cryxian threat had been eliminated from their lands. Not yet in control of the mechanical prosthetic, she had reduced the council's table to splinters with an enthusiastic pounding on its surface. Her behavior earned her a leave of absence until she could manage to regain her control and "her better judgment" as Warmaster Turpin added.

Haley's mind was reeling. The events of the past few months were too much to bear—the most violent war in centuries, the slaying of a sister she hardly knew, the loss of her right arm, and explosive conflict with her superiors. The no-confidence vote from the war council was the final straw that sent her retreating to the last place she remembered true peace. Though Ingrane now was not the Ingrane of her youth, and the warcaster found nothing to fill the void inside her.

Blankly she wandered about the site of the village ruins. Her feet found an old path, and before she knew it the forlorn warrior stood among the debris of a structure she once called home. Stones and timbers were held fast in the embrace of twisted, fast growing vines, and not a piece of the old house stood more than a foot high. Haley absently kicked at the loose rubble at her feet and sifted through charred timbers with the butt of her spear. A tingle ran up her spine—not the tingle of memory or emotion, but the sensation of an energy present in her midst. It was low and dull and barely registered as a hum to her arcane sensitivity, but it was an energy all the same right at her feet.

She crouched to the ground and began turning over scraps of wood and stone. Something metallic gleamed from within the blackened remains. It was a round and sharp serrated blade the size of a man's palm. She reached with her mechanical hand to pull it from a chunk of wood in which it was stuck—the leg of a table or chair perhaps—then staggered backward as a shock ran up the appendage and through her body momentarily stunning her mind. She touched a finger to the blade with her gloved left hand, tested the blade once again, and received no shock. Pulling it from the chunk of wood, Haley rubbed the flat surface with her thumb to reveal

*"How could you do that,
Coleman?"*

a symbol—a goat-horned human skull upon crossed bones. It was the infamous mark of the Cryxian Pirate Queen Skarre Ravenmane who had plagued the coasts of Cygnar for as long as anyone alive could remember. The circular blade was a link from a lacerator whip employed by her Satyxis raiders to channel psychic feedback to warcasters through their warjack host.

Realization hit the warcaster like a ship run ashore. The Satyxis sea witch was the force behind the destruction of Haley's life. It was she who had raided the village of Ingrane, she who had taken her sister, and she who was responsible for the death of her parents and a lifetime of loss.

The void in Haley's soul quickly filled with rage, and hatred seared every thought in her mind. She would go to Cryx, and the Satyxis witch would pay.

†††

Nemo stared blankly out the window of his quarters, a modest lodging on the third story of the Royal Cygnaran Army compound pressed against the northern edge of the wide Corvis harbor. Across the still water a thick column of ashen smoke rose from deep within the textile district and blotted out the afternoon sun like a velvet curtain drawn across the sky. Not hours before, Nemo might have looked from this window as he had a thousand times in the past to see the minaret of the only Menite temple in Corvis. Topped only with a simple bronze Menofix not polished in decades, it was not a proud structure. The spire had never attracted any particular interest from the Adept—it was easily lost among the ornate baroque skyline of the City of Ghosts—but its absence now left a sinking feeling in the pit of the old warrior's stomach as he realized the dread of a situation gone totally wrong.

"How..." The veteran warcaster never known to be at loss for words was paralyzed in awe. His normally dexterous mind felt immobilized by the gravity of the scene before him. "How could you do that, Coleman?"

He did not turn to face the young commander. He could not bear to look into the eyes of his former pupil who, not so long ago, Nemo would have called his greatest achievement.

"The potentate was... uncooperative—"

"They are not the Protectorate, Coleman!" The old warcaster broke as anger welled up to displace his astonishment. "They are Cygnarans just like you and I!" His fingertips tingled with the energy of battle, and he swallowed hard to quell the rage he felt for his former student.

"They are Menites, Nemo!" Stryker roared. "They are sympathizers to a

state that would see the end of us all! When those fanatics of a merciless god come marching on this city, what building—nay, what man, woman, or child do you believe will be spared the fires of their wrath? Do you not believe they would raze this city to the ground to pave the way for their mad crusade? I have seen it with mine own eyes, you old fool! They are without compassion for the most innocent of human life. They will blacken great Cygnar with their misguided flame if we do not extinguish them first."

The Adept turned finally to face the younger mage. On the front of Stryker's greatcoat, he could see the familiar brown crust of dried blood. The commander was in field uniform, but he did not don the battledress of a warcaster. On his shoulder was emblazoned not the royal golden cygnus of Cygnar but an ink-black swan, the symbol of Stryker's personal military contingent. "And you think rounding these people up like cattle and shipping them off to Bloodshore Island will stop the aggression of the Protectorate? You make martyrs for them and fuel for their cause."

"Better martyrs than abetting our enemies," Stryker said flatly. His composure returned to the stoic demeanor that characterized him now.

Nemo's ire had subsided. His brow wrinkled as the corners of his mouth fell in sadness. "My boy, I do not know you."

"On that we finally agree. I am not your boy, and it has been many years since you knew me as your journeyman. Put that past behind you as I have, old man. This war will not be survived by those who cling to such untroubled times."

Lord Commander Stryker walked across the loft toward the end that served as Nemo's private workshop, the place reserved for the famed mechanik's personal work.

"I will be taking the armor."

"It is not ready," Nemo replied. He tried not to appear hurried as he walked in a wide arc to intercept the young commander before reaching a strange assembly of battle gear affixed to a metal stand in the middle of the room. "You are not ready."

"I have exceeded the limitations of my old battle armor. You have had long enough to test this, and I need something that can keep up."

"It's not ready, I'm telling you! This suit is half Cyriss-stuff, man. Only they know how this mechanika truly works." Nemo huffed in frustration and gestured at the shining armor of white and blue lacquered steel. It did not look entirely unlike his own unconventional electric warcaster armor, but the back bore twin power generators instead of Nemo's one. "The actuators are too sensitive and the voltaic generators are overproducing. I've burned out three sets of coils so far because the transducers are completely unstable. If you push this armor, Cole—Morrow help you—you'll fry."

"You worry too much, Nemo. Morrow is on our side." With that, Stryker called out behind him and the door to the Adept's quarters swung open. Four men in clanking Stormblade armor entered the room; the golden insignias on their shoulders were rubbed black like Stryker's own. Since the commander had begun his journey north, he had not been seen without a squad of the lightning-wielding warriors in step. "Lieutenant—see this armor to the mechaniks in my command section. Instruct them to prepare it for my use immediately."

"Stand down, you bloody halfhead!" Nemo shouted, "I still outrank you, Magus." He spat the younger man's arcane title as if it were an insult. Though the two officers shared the

status of warcaster-commander, the elder's wizardly honorific of Adept still trumped his one-time apprentice.

Stryker patted his breast pocket containing a folded parchment bearing the seal of King Leto himself. "This marque says you don't. Step aside." The Stormblades strode forward, seized the armor components from their stands, and turned toward the exit.

"Coleman, you impetuous horse's ass," Nemo grimaced through clenched teeth. "I'll not worry that you'll fall to an enemy's blow. You'll be your own undoing!"

Stryker did not reply. Turning his back to his white haired mentor, he strode after the Stormblades through the open door.

After a moment Nemo returned to the window. The column of smoke still billowed from the burning temple. In the harbor, he could see the first of Stryker's blue-sailed prison ships cut their moorings and make way for the current.

"Try not to scratch it," the old warcaster whispered as the sky turned red behind a pillar of billowing ash.

†††

Caine surveyed the area one last time. Stryker's company was seventeen days out of Corvis and had set camp outside the small village of Woodridge where a particularly high concentration of Menites were known to make residence. Some even provided supplies and shelter to Protectorate forces a year before. The commander had led a dozen squads of Stormblades into the town backed by an overwhelming force of warjacks. Protectorate sympathizers had little to say to the face of an Ironclad; Caine supposed that was what the inquisitors were for.

Camp was a half league to the north of the town. Despite the

absence of the main fighting body of the company, it was still a beehive of activity. Mechanics serviced warjacks, armorers repaired weapons and mail, and all manner of cooks, washerwomen, cobblers, and other domestic support tended to various tasks among the supply train keeping the commander's company functioning like a well-oiled machine. Fortunately for Caine, Stryker had been quite receptive to the notion that the frequent screams emitting from the inquisitors' interrogation tent were unnerving to the troops and support personnel, and he was now in the habit of locating it remotely, away and out of sight or earshot of the camp. A mile of scrubland and a sizeable bluff separated the inquisitors from the base camp now. Caine would have preferred a more private location, but this one was out of view and he would be long gone before anyone could arrive to investigate the commotion.

Four of the inquisitors had accompanied Stryker's force into Woodridge. The other thirteen awaited their return preparing to question captives and judge their loyalty to the Crown. Caine, however, needed only one for his purposes: their ranking member Urias Sleg. He was an obese, loathsome man of known arcane aptitude. The job would be more enjoyable for Caine than most—both for the challenge and for the chance to remove such a blemish from humanity.

The gun mage had only seen two prisoners escape passage on the prison ships—a mother and her infant child. The inquisitors had marked them for Bloodshore, but something in the woman's quiet sobbing had touched Stryker at just the right time, and he released them despite Sleg's vehement protest. It was a sign to Caine that something human still dwelled within the lord commander's steeled shell.

With his boots caked with the mud of what seemed like an endless

snowmelt, the warcaster descended the bluff toward the lone tent taking care not to slip in the thawing sludge. He didn't trust the Protectorate firebombs he carried in a satchel over his shoulder. They weren't his style of weapon, but no one would suspect anyone other than Menite Zealots once these were employed to mop up the scene after his job was done.

He made no attempt to disguise his appearance—there would be no witnesses to recall the next few moments in this place. Flexing an actuator in the plates covering his left arm, Caine stoked his warcaster armor's

*The familiar sound
of gunfire dispelled
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remaining ten men knew
they were under attack.*

furnace producing a loud pressure release and a gout of sooty smoke that billowed into the cool, afternoon air. The noise had the desired result, and one of the inquisitors emerged from the house-sized tent to investigate. He was a man named Jeggins, a specialist in interrogation with no real skills beyond the loathsome ability to convince a person to trade answers for pain. He posed little danger to the warcaster, but several of the inquisitors inside possessed martial as well as arcane ability. Sleg himself was a wizard of no small distinction who held a high position within the Order of Illumination before removing himself from public scrutiny after the Inquisition's disbanding.

"Lieutenant," Jeggins called. His voice carried more of a challenge than greeting.

Caine raised his right hand as if to wave but did not finish the gesture in a friendly salutation. Without breaking stride, the warcaster produced a visible wave of energy that cracked like thunder and blasted Jeggins off his feet and back through the flaps of the canvas tent. A crash followed inside the shelter as the inquisitor's lifeless body toppled equipment and support poles, bringing the heavy tarpaulin down upon the remaining occupants.

Expletives of both surprise and rage snapped from the jumbled mess. A sword blade pierced the side of the fallen tent and slashed a hole large enough for two of the occupants to exit. Throwing back his heavy duster, Caine unleashed his twin Spellstorms from their holsters to bring one barrel to bear on each of the two visible men. Two shots rang out synchronized so perfectly they sounded as one and an instant later the two torturers lay on top of each other like dead pines felled in a windstorm.

The familiar sound of gunfire dispelled any questions, and the remaining ten men knew they were under attack. After a moment of scrambling, a half dozen random gunshots punched holes through the canvas sheeting—none even close to Caine's proximity. The warcaster knew he couldn't fire blindly back into the heap. One man within held the knowledge he needed, and he could not afford to risk his life before securing that information.

One by one, the inquisitors crawled from beneath the piled tent. Most wielded blades and more than a few held loaded forgelocks. "Have you gone insane, Lieutenant?!" one yelled incredulously. Caine knew the man to be an ex-member of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry.

"We're long past that, I'm afraid," he replied. He punctuated his words with a fusillade from both pistols by emptying their cylinders and filling the twelve yards between them with a cloud of sulfurous smoke. Two more fell and a third dropped to one knee as his left shoulder exploded in a spray of red chunks and mist. Too early in the morning to worry about accuracy, Caine thought, as three men rushed with swords and two others leveled guns at him. Before the report of the gunshots could be heard, though, Caine had vanished in a flash of light. Gasping in disbelief, the full realization that they faced the power of a warcaster finally set into the minds of the inquisitors. Before the men could turn to see Caine not twenty paces behind them, the gun mage had already finished reloading his Spellstorms and had taken aim at yet another pair of targets.

No strangers to combat, Sleg and two other wizards released a series of

defensive magic. The air ignited in a blinding flare that disoriented Caine's vision long enough for the three bladesmen to set upon him. Dodging a rapid succession of sword strikes, he whirled to disengage with the assailants as his vision came back into focus. A lucky strike across his back clanged against the armored steam turbine and sent him headlong into the icy muck. However, the three men failed to press the attack fast enough, and Caine rolled to his feet, head low in a crouch, and stretched his pistols forward. A millisecond later, the twin Spellstorms snapped with a staccato rhythm to blast twelve fist-sized holes through the trio of inquisitors.

Taking advantage of the warcaster's empty handguns, two of the inquisitors brought their reloaded weapons to bear while a third—one of the wizards—called a spell to ignite the ground around Caine in a fiery ring. Rising to his feet the gun mage aimed the empty pistols at

them, focused his energy through the mystical magelocks, and discharged an arcane blast that scattered the men like straw. Two were felled permanently, but the wizard quickly recovered, clearly protected by some magical ward.

Again Caine focused his power, calling a spell to flash him out of sight so he could reload his weapons and finish the fight. Nothing happened. He extended an arm, pointed one Spellstorm at the nearby wizard, and released a thunderstrike through the magelock. No blast. No sound. No effect.

With his arcane power suddenly gone, Caine turned to bolt, but his feet were rooted in place as if welded to the ground. A pressure descended over his body, and he could feel the full weight of his powered warcaster armor no longer offering any assistance to his strength. The warcaster could feel his pulse intensify; he had underestimated his quarry.



"We own you now, Allister Caine," Sleg said. A wicked grin creased his fat, liver-spotted face as he strolled toward the magically bound lieutenant. "We've a few more tricks to show you, warcaster, and a few questions you'll be answering for us about all this treachery. Tell us what we want to know quickly, and you can avoid a little bit of unpleasantness." Sleg reached out and plucked the twin pistols from Caine's helpless hands and added, "or don't, and let's see just how much pain your grog-soaked body can withstand."

Caine's vision blurred as he fought to hold on to consciousness. Reaching out with his mind, he searched for his ace in the hole and suddenly found himself disembodied, staring at the scene of himself and his captors through iron-framed eyes. Twenty yards behind the fallen tent, the underbrush rustled and snapped as three tons of nimble steel steamed to life. The warcaster transferred his power and focused it within the buzzing cortex of the Charger. Following instructions, it took aim at the men who held Caine captive.

Two quick cannon shots blazed from the thicket. The inquisitors flinched and ducked, but none were so much as grazed.

Caine clenched his eyes shut, half praying to Morrow and half focusing any remaining power he had into the warjack. Fully pressurized, steam spewed from the Charger's vents and it loped forward. A single shot from its dual cannon eviscerated one of the wizards in a gory fulmination that covered the other two with blood. Still advancing, the Charger rotated its cannon barrels with a mechanical 'thunk', and another shell dropped into the firing chamber. The round instantly discharged and sent the second inquisitor wizard flying like a bloody comet past the astounded Sleg. As the lone inquisitor stood

paralyzed in terror, the Charger gained speed, lowered its cannon arm, and charged directly toward the unarmed man. A moment before impact, the bright blue warjack rotated its right shoulder forward to slam Sleg square in the chest and send him sprawling into the putrid stew of mud, snow, blood, and entrails.

Broken from the arcane hold, Caine reached out and thumped the Charger squarely on its shoulder

A millisecond later, the twin Spellstorms snapped with a staccato rhythm to blast twelve fist-sized holes through the trio of inquisitors.

mounting. "You missed?" His voice cracked from stress.

Retrieving his pistols, Caine walked to the inquisitor leader and put his boot heel in the small of his back. The aging man had not yet regained his breath, and he gasped for air while squeezing his arms around a dozen broken ribs. "I'm a warcaster, halfhead," Caine chided. "You forget we don't work alone."

Suddenly the Charger jerked, its pistons hissed, and the massive iron frame heaved in the direction of the bluff. Something had gotten its attention. Caine traced its line of sight in time to see the inquisitor he'd only wounded earlier nearing the top of the hill. Clutching his mangled shoulder as he ran, the inquisitor was

far out of range of the Spellstorms that Caine had not even bothered to reload. "Bollocks!" he cried. The entire encounter had taken scarcely two minutes, and the encampment was over a mile away and shielded by a bluff. His gunfire would have been heard, not to mention the shots from the Charger—but the surrounding hills would make the direction of the sound impossible to pinpoint. If the man crested the bluff, however, he'd draw a great deal of attention in this direction, and Caine would never have enough time to cover this up. Every minute counted.

Quickly, the warcaster connected to the mind of the warjack again. Simultaneously, he focused a spell upon the warjack's cannon to grant it extended range far beyond the weapon's normal capability. Miss again, he thought directly into the mind of the warjack, and I'll trade you in. In one motion the Charger raised the gun, and guided by Caine's remaining magic it sniped a single shot into the fleeing inquisitor's back. The man hit the earth and snow with flailing limbs and tumbled back down the steep embankment. His last steps were too slow to save his life.

"You'll swing for this, Caine," Sleg grunted through pain-clenched teeth. "We're sanctioned by the Crown. We're not outlaws anymore."

"I'm not here to judge, you bloated bag of farrow filth. Your fate was sealed years ago. Enjoy the time you've had out from under your rock because you haven't got much left." Caine pressed his boot against him forcing the inquisitor's broken rib fragments into the bruised muscle tissue of his chest. "Now, give up his name and location and I'll spare you a little bit of unpleasantness."

"Thamar's locks—what the hell are you talking about, man?" Sleg groaned. He had only ever administered pain.

Never before had he been the recipient of such torment.

"The bastard, Sleg!" Caine bellowed. "Tell me where you're hiding that bastard son of Vinter Raelthorne!"

†††

Haley lurked in the corner of a tavern called the Severed Tongue. Though a condemnable building by any civilized standards, it was quite at ease in the perpetually darkened Cryxian port city of Blackwater. She kept her face shadowed beneath her hood and rented her table with drink after drink, pouring them through the rickety floorboards whenever she was sure no eyes were upon her. It was an uncomfortable environment being surrounded by scoundrels and cutthroats of every imaginable flavor—human pirates, trollkin assassins, ogrun mercenaries, and more than a few bogrin pick pockets. Her true nature was direct and confrontational, and Haley was unaccustomed to such shadow play.

For three weeks she had stalked the alleys of this pirate refuge. Sometimes obtaining information through coin and other times through force, she was always careful not to expose her true identity or allegiance. More than once she had been forced to kill to preserve her own skin. The first time came with the very smugglers she had hired out of Five Fingers who thought to double their score by selling her to the local flesh trade. Their ship would prove useful upon her return trip since she had promoted the cook to captain.

She had paid three weeks of officer's wages to obtain the name of the Severed Tongue, and even then the source was reluctant to give it up. The tavern was, she had been assured, the favorite haunt of one Satyxis Pirate Queen Skarre Ravenmane during the occasions she made port, but the seventh night of her stake out

was going very much like those before it. She found only a house full of drunken filth interrupted by frequent brawls, an occasional stabbing, and a good deal of coin pilfering both from the patrons as well as the proprietors. Haley expected the man who had professed to know Skarre's habits would have already lost or spent the silver he'd been paid, but she considered tracking him down for remuneration nonetheless.

The clientele was in usual form, and Haley was considering an early exit, when an imposing figure stepped into the doorless entry. She was a woman of daunting stature clad in little but a swath of mail and fabric

*Ravenmane's reputation
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to cover her sun-bronzed skin. Black hair cascaded from her head in long oily shocks, and in each hand she held a blade of wicked and diabolic design. As she stepped through the threshold, her head bowed forward granting clearance to a magnificent wrack of grotesque horns protruding from the forefront of her skull. There could be no mistake; it was the Pirate Queen Skarre, scourge of the high seas and curse of the Broken Coast.

As the pirate queen approached the tavern's bar, she wound her arms behind her back. With two powerful overhand strokes, she planted her

weapons deep into the battered countertop—a crude furnishing constructed of split pier pilings still covered in the crust of barnacles. "Make with the rum, Snodgrass. Let's get it over with!" she snorted at the barkeep, "I've not touched land since the last new moon, and I've a thirst for more than yer' blimey swill, if yeh know what I mean." The little rat was right, Haley thought. Not only was this a watering hole for the Satyxis warcaster, but he had claimed she came here to satisfy her carnal appetite as well.

Haley let the hours pass far into the night. Deftly, she orbited the tavern careful to keep her distance from the Satyxis lest her presence be detected. She kept her movements to a minimum and conserved the steam reserves in her armor so that it would not have to be powered up within the tavern. Only drink and unwariness had kept her undiscovered so far, and she contrived to meet the witch on as unequal terms as possible. Ravenmane's reputation in combat was well known, and Haley knew her only chance was to take the witch unaware.

Skarre had taken fancy to a muscular sea rogue shirtless and covered in totemic ink with numerable piercings in places Haley had never before seen. Even so, the shipman seemed uneasy as Skarre straddled his lap, for few had returned to boast of congress with the infamous pirate queen.

Seeing an opportunity at last, Haley unwound the coarse strips of sailcloth she had used to conceal her weapon. Her Vortex Spear had been lost in the engagement with Deneghra, but like her arm, it had been replaced with an upgraded version fabricated by Cygnar's esteemed royal mechaniks. Swiftly, before she could attract attention, she leveled the dagger-like point of the spear at the pirate queen's back and rushed across the tavern to plunge it into her quarry. The instant

before the blade made contact, Skarre twisted and her arm lashed out to seize the shaft of Haley's spear. Dismounting the pirate, she lunged forward and rammed her horns into Haley's face with force enough to shatter timbers. The blow sent the Cygnaran warcaster careening to the floor. Were it not for the powerfield generated by Haley's armor, her skull might have been shattered. She raised her head instead to meet her enemy's gaze with no more than a bloody nose and split lip.

"I wondered when you'd gather your stones!" Skarre bellowed at Haley still lying on the floor. "Did you not think I could sense your presence? What manner of mangy mainlander dares accost Skarre Ravenmane in her own waters? I'm going to feed yer entrails to the harbor eels!"

Skarre turned toward the bar, her hands poised to retrieve her weapons as the patrons scattered from the Stayxis' path to shadowy corners. Takkaryx and Bloodwurm, her favored sword and dagger, were nowhere to be seen. Haley mentally thanked the informant once again and was pleased that her planning and patience had paid off. By now her bogrin hirelings would have sold the weapons to anyone dull enough to pay or dumped them in the harbor and skipped town without looking back.

The Satyxis howled a blood-curdling scream.

Invigorated, Haley regained her feet and extended the prosthetic arm. Her spear magically leapt into her mechanikal hand from where Skarre had let it clatter to the floor. "I am Victoria Haley. Twenty years ago you slew my parents and destroyed the town of Ingrane. You took my sister. You knew her as Deneghra."

Skarre's head snapped in Haley's direction, and her eyes locked with those of the young Cygnaran warcaster. "Blow me down..." The

words crawled from her throat at barely a whisper.

Haley stoked her armor and charged her powerfield. Her spear hummed with arcane energy and she felt the pulse of her power within. Taking a measured step forward, she set her jaw as she spoke. "You ruined my life, Ravenmane. Tonight I repay the deed."

Around them the occupants of the tavern retreated in a circle. Those who knew better sought cover behind whatever furnishing was near. This wouldn't be the first fight tonight in the Severed Tongue, but it might very well be the first battle between warcasters Blackwater had ever seen.

Weaponless and unarmored, Skarre estimated her disadvantage. Haley stared into Skarre's eyes and waited for the blood lust to boil over in the inhuman witch. At last, the pirate queen could contain herself no more. With lightning speed she grasped the head of the man who only moments before she had engaged in pre-coital courtship. With both hands she twisted his neck clear around while uttering sorcerous words in a foreign tongue. Her head arched backward as the witch received a surge of sickly energy when life fled the man's empty corpse.

Haley prepared. She would have only one chance against this barbarous fiend.

Raging, Skarre threw her hands out before her and roared the battle cry of the Satyxis raiders. A blazing jet of green fire leapt from her claws. Another followed, then a third.

Haley focused on her armor to overboost her powerfield and magically hold the assault at bay. The hellfire washed over her leaving not so much as a scorch on her cloak. As she stood fast against the barrage of flames, her spear hummed. It was mechanically decoding the formula for the pirate queen's spell and storing it for the Cygnaran warcaster's use.

The tavern's crowd dropped to the floor, and those near the exit fled with all the speed their drunken legs could muster. Reaching with her mind through the intricate arcane matrix of her spear, Haley focused her energy into the device to expel twin jets of the same hellfire Skarre had spawned.

The pirate queen, spent and defenseless, succumbed to the flame. Her tan flesh blistered before the infernal heat. Haley cocked back her mechanikal arm to hold the spear ready to launch at Skarre's heart. The satisfaction of her death was a mere impulse away.

"Wait!" the Satyxis managed to cry as she choked on the boiling saliva scorching her throat. "Let me parley for my life!"

"What?" Haley stopped, stunned the pirate queen would beg for mercy.

"Yeh have beaten me down as this lot bears witness, lassie. But if yeh be true to yer king, yeh'll spare me gizzard that spear and hear the words I have to say."

Haley rushed the wounded Satyxis, seized her throat in an iron grasp, and shoved her against the tavern wall shattering stucco to the floor around her. Charred skin loosened itself from muscle in the grasp of the mechanikal fist, and as Haley leaned in, she could still feel the hellish heat radiating from Skarre's body. "You have nothing to say that will save your life, witch!" Haley hissed.

Skarre gulped. The pain of her seared flesh held her at the brink of unconsciousness, but she new one flinch from Haley's mechanikal arm would squeeze out what little life was left within her. "I cannot turn back time," she said, "but yeh are not the waif of twenty years ago. Today we have a common enemy, and if yeh care more for bloody Cygnar than yeh do

for yerself, yeh'll see I'm worth more to yeh warm than cold."

Dumbstruck, Haley stared blankly at the witch. Something within her sensed sincerity in the pirate's words that went beyond bartering for her life.

"The lich Asphyxious," Skarre continued, whispering now so only Haley might hear. "Yeh know him to be Deneghra's master. It was he that conceived of the raid on yer village and he that thought to bring yer sister and yerself into the fold of the Dragonfather. But now," she sputtered as phlegm trickled from the corner of her cracked lips, "he hatches a scheme far worse than yeh could ever imagine."

"Why?" Haley queried. "Why should I believe these words?"

Skarre's eyes rolled back in her head and her full weight strained against Haley's metal arm. For a moment, the Cygnaran warcaster actually feared the witch might expire. "He has betrayed me, too," the Satyxis finally gasped. "I've been but a pawn in his plan, and my own record is now in question."

"You blather on too long, witch. I have tarried in this cesspool long enough." Haley applied the slightest pressure to Skarre's larynx. Her patience was waning as she became aware of numerous threats around her that might take advantage of her present distraction.

"The soul cairn where you fought your sister," the Satyxis spat out. "Yeh felt it when you were there. It's only the tip of the iceberg, lassie. Beneath is a temple as ancient as the history of your land. If the lich goes unchecked, he will open a gate between our world and Urcaen."

Confounded, Haley could only hold the witch's throat. Her quest for vengeance could be complete in a heartbeat, but in her fury she could

not process what the pirate queen was saying. What did it mean to open a gate to the afterlife?

"Don't you see? No soul—the essence of the lich's power—can escape the pull of that damnable Orgoth creation. If Asphyxious open's his portal to Urcaen, he will wield the power of a god!"

†††

Fisherbrook had fallen. It had been an easy task, for the city had been dying for many years even before the arrival of its Protectorate conquerors. An elaborate ruse had drawn Cygnaran defenses eastward to intercept what they believed would

"You blather on too long, witch. I have tarried in this cesspool long enough."

be an invasion at Corvis. Meanwhile, barges scavenged from the remains of Llaesele trade fleets ferried the true army across the Black River dozens of miles to the north. The march had taken months, but concealed by thick forest and high hills the Protectorate forces moved easily through Cygnar's interior, safe from eyes turned outward toward the borders.

Collapsing under the weight of a stagnant ship repair industry, the impoverished city was practically undefended. A sparse military bolstered the reluctant militia comprised mostly of patrols and caravan guards running supplies back to the garrisons at Stonebridge Castle. A heavy Menite population in the region both reduced resistance and

provided the prize for the Protectorate invaders. Quickly the residents of Fisherbrook surrendered to the banner of the Protectorate as their homes were set ablaze by skyhammer rockets and Menoth's fury. Resisters were quickly interred or executed while the faithful, now liberated from their Cygnaran yoke and shown the true path, were separated from the heathens and allowed to serve in the name of the Lawgiver.

A trio of acolytes gripped heavy chains tethered to the waist of the Harbinger of Menoth. Her delicate form hovered two meters off the ground much the way her age seemed to hover between adolescence and womanhood. In truth her age, as well as the reason for her inability to set foot on the soil of Caen, was unknown. Both were believed secrets only the Creator gleaned.

Around her assembled three warcasters of supreme station within the Protectorate of Menoth. All were commanders of great forces capable of toppling cities though none were the superior of this young, fragile looking girl who floated on air clad in little more than sheets of gauze. They paid her the respect of both a prophet and a general, hanging on her every word to determine their next move in the Protectorate's relentless crusade against the nations of the Iron Kingdoms.

"The army of the Cygnus is near. Haste must be made to move our forces northward to the Thornwood, but their speed is greater and we will be overtaken if they are not delayed." As always the Harbinger spoke in an even voice with the measure and precision of someone who might have spent decades as a strategist of war. Her head panned their surroundings as if to survey the landscape of devastation so recently caused by the appearance of the crusader army despite the strips of cloth covering her

eyes. "Fisherbrook is unimportant to our mission. We have reaped all that is of value in this place, and we should sacrifice nothing to hold it."

Severius, the grand scrutator and master of the Protectorate war machine, slowly twisted his staff back and forth. Its spiked shaft quietly ground the charred earth on which they stood. "Take our slower elements with you—the heavy warjacks and armored contingents. Amon and I shall stay behind with the Redeemers and Deliverers and slow their advance as you and the Testament put ground between you and this place. We will greet them with a wall of fire that will force them to dig in outside the city, and we will follow swiftly behind when the Cygnarans have been sufficiently delayed. They will not bypass Fisherbrook without aiding their countrymen, and we will have ample time to regroup before moving on."

The high allegiant nodded once in approval of the plan. His stoic nature was overshadowed only by the ever-silent Testament of Menoth. Though the Testament neither spoke nor gestured, it was clear he did not disapprove. The Harbinger alone knew his mind and seemingly revered his soundless counsel. If the reclamer of souls was in any way uncertain of the proposed direction, the Harbinger would voice the objection as if it were her own.

"Your eminence."
An Exemplar Warder

approached the circle of warcasters. He cradled his helm beneath one arm and the heavy steel plates of his white enameled armor rattled against mail as he jogged forward. "Our scouts have returned. Khadoran forces are advancing toward Fisherbrook. They are slowed by scores of warjacks, however. It will take days for them to reach the city."

"Excellent, Warder," the scrutator replied raising a hand in dismissal. The holy knight turned on heel without hesitation and returned to his charges among the thousands of camped Protectorate soldiers who busied themselves with preparations for their next sortie.

"It is as you have foretold, Harbinger," Amon spoke. His voice was deep and gravely, and his speech still tinged with the accent of his Idrian heritage. "Our divine creator has delivered unto us an opportunity that should be honored with cunning execution. With precise timing and careful maneuvering, we will wield the armies of our enemies as if they were our own weapons. We will strike them against each other and shatter both."

Guided by the gentle pull of her attendants, the Harbinger slowly rotated until she faced the Testament. For several moments she was silent, lost in thought or perhaps in



conversation. "It will be so," she finally replied. "In three days, the Testament and I will begin our journey into the Thornwood. Hold the Cygnarans at bay until the northmen arrive, and then rejoin us quickly. What events lie ahead have not yet been revealed to me, but I would have you all at my side when I confront the lich."

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The necrosurgeon backed away from the cold steel table. Her prosthetic mechanika arm clicked and clacked as twin metal claws opened and closed upon each other like the pincer of a great metal insect. Stiffly, her head jerked in the direction of an ominous looming dark shape broken with slits of deathly green energy emanating from its shadowy mass. "She is complete, my lord."

The observer glided across stone tiles toward the table, and a mechanical hand the size of a man's chest reached out with one silvery talon to stroke the dead flesh of the corpse upon the surgeon's table. Caressing the cadaver's jaw line, the chill talon trekked down her neck, over her chest, and along the center of her abdomen where it came to rest an inch above her navel at a long incision running the circumference of the corpse's torso—a wound that apparently at one point had divided the body in two. Gingerly the talon tested a series of stitches joining the two halves of the corpse, pricking at the silken threads.

"Thy work is flawless, surgeon," a voice hissed like dry leaves blowing across sand. The necrosurgeon bowed to the towering lich lord and backed slowly away into the shadows of the massive chamber. Asphyxious, newest addition to the ranks of Cryx's most powerful warlords, turned and beckoned two pairs of thralls to lift the table with the corpse upon it and carry it above their shoulders like the

palanquin of a wealthy noble. With the iron-cased necromancer in the forefront, the thralls followed in dark procession exiting a pair of ancient iron doors that had until recently sealed the sanctuary of this depraved place for centuries.

Outside the true stature of the structure came into view though few here besides the lich himself were of mind enough to be impressed. Like the rib cage of some titanic beast, six spires pierced the sky reaching one hundred fifty feet into the air beyond the highest branches of the mighty Thornwood forest. At the base of

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the wickedly curved black marble monoliths squatted a massive temple chamber covered in terrible glyphs and the maddening faces of ancient Orgoth evil. Above the temple, a shaft of eerie green light penetrated the darkness radiating from a mass of hanging cages, each large enough to hold a man. Created with the same ghastly ornamentation as the rest of the Orgothian structure, the illuminated cages hung from a higher platform suspended by thick iron chains like the counterweights of an enormous grandfather clock.

Asphyxious lead his entourage up a great stone staircase that climbed counter-clockwise around the temple. All around him vacant-faced thralls tirelessly excavated earth from the temple, unburying the sleeping relic from its subterranean grave. Scaffolding supported cables that perpetually hauled soil out of the crater where the temple sat defiantly projecting upward from the ground like a beast clawing its way through the crust of Caen. Ascending the staircase, the procession passed a half-buried colossus over four hundred years old. Its thirty-foot cleaver was still embedded in one massive stone spire. Even such a mighty construct as the early colossal was dwarfed by the insurmountable menace of the ancient site.

Once above the sanctuary, Asphyxious motioned upward to the hanging soul cages. With the sound of grinding stone and iron, the cages began to descend out of sight through a well in the top of the sanctuary upon which he stood, and with them went a piece of the platform above. Stepping up onto the lowered dais, the new lich lord instructed the thralls to place the steel table upon the ancient lift. When the thralls departed, Asphyxious and the cadaver rose into the air to emerge in the center of the top of the temple structure—a hexagonal altar over a hundred feet across punctuated at each angle with the tip of one of the great rib-shaped spires.

Alone at the top of this ancient creation, Asphyxious reveled momentarily in his ability to resurrect the past. Only months ago the structure was buried deep beneath the Thornwood, sunk into the earth generations ago by the vanquishers of the Orgoth. Only the tips of the temple protruded then to create a circle of only slightly conspicuously standing stones—one of many dormant 'soul cairns' found throughout the Iron Kingdoms. What stroke of genius had

the iron lich possessed that allowed him to lure three armies to this site and lose their precious souls within the binding vortex of the cairn! Now, revealed from the concealing earth and elevated beyond the forest canopy, the ancient Orgoth temple was the key to the lich lord's ultimate quest for power. First however, there was one task requiring completion before the events to come.

Spreading his metal arms over the static corpse, Asphyxious stoked the furnace powering his iron frame. Gouts of noxious black smoke poured from a new system of pipes on his back, and the glowing soul cages at his waist dimmed as their essence was drained to feed his power. Above him the green shaft of glowing light reached to the stars, and in it he perceived every one of the thousands of souls trapped within the imprisoning gravity of the cairn. Each was an individual luminescent mote fighting to escape this world to find eternal existence in Urcaen.

Searching through the sea of swirling souls, Asphyxious found the one that possessed significance beyond all others. Like an innocent child coaxing a young bird from a tree, the lich lord lured the soul from its endless fight for liberation and brought it to rest between his steel hands. For a moment he raised the radiant orb to his monocle-covered eye. So pure. So frail.

As one would release sand from cupped hands, Asphyxious spilled the soul into the chest of the corpse, and the light disappeared as if absorbed by a sponge. For many minutes the lich stood staring as still as the unmoving corpse. Finally she moved. Her chest rose and fell twice before the body twitched in spasm, and her hands flailed only to find the cold steel of Asphyxious' claws. Gasping, she gripped the lich's talons with unearthly strength as her eyes

snapped open like two gates thrown open from a fortress wall.

The lich lord looked down at her pale, beautiful flesh still rigid from the shock of awakening from death. "Welcome back, sweet Deneghra. I have missed thee so."

†††

White hot metal traced glowing arcs in a fan of sparks as a blacksmith's hammer rang down upon an anvil in rhythmic succession. The damp blackness of the limestone cavern was illuminated only by the glow of the forge casting heavy shadows upon the ragged walls glistening with orange light. Tirelessly the craftsman worked pouring molten metal, folding layer upon layer of steel, and quenching it in the icy waters trickling into the cave from outside. Bare from the waist up, the man's body resembled a rope of wound muscle, but his back was covered in a latticework of scars—parallel cuts in rows of four crisscrossing his flesh in violent and *painful patterns*.

The smith grasped his work between a large set of tongs and plunged it into a wooden cask filled with chilled water. Steam hissed and billowed around him as the metal cooled quickly. Brushing long, sweat-soaked strands of coal-black hair from his face, he raised his work to eye level and inspected it for imperfections. The creation was a blade six feet long and as wide as a man's hand. Scallops along the edge of the blade formed parallel rows of razor sharp points, and a pair of flat spikes protruded perpendicularly at its base. It was the kind of wicked weapon wielded only by conquerors and kings.

A hunched figure shuffled from out of the shadows cast by the blazing coals. From beneath a patchwork coat of skins and fabric, dagger-like claws emerged to stroke the blade. The high-pitched sound of metal on metal split

the silence of the cave. "This vun. It is ready, my prince."

Silently the dark prince lowered the blade into a brace that held the flat of the sword upward at waist level. It glimmered in the light but seemed to glow from within as well, for the sword was born of enchanted metal salvaged from the broken remains of Skirmisher and Ruin, the ancestral dueling weapons of the last of the Horselords, Vladimir Tzepesci.

The stooped old woman shambled up to the blade and set one steel claw against it like a scribe's quill. "Like the armor," she said in her dry, raspy voice thick with the accent of the old country, "vee vill make this a weapon fit for the chosen son of Khador." The old crone began to whisper in a tongue heard only once before by the prince when he awakened in this cave to find the Old Witch laboring over his many wounds suffered at the hands of Cryxian thralls months before. As she spoke, her metal claw traced intricate *patterns into the blade cutting deep grooves and leaving behind a glowing channel of ancient and arcane script*. As Vlad watched the witch continued the process of covering both sides of the blade with powerful runes.

When the designs were complete, the Old Witch grasped Vlad's right hand with her bladed appendages. With the same metal talon used on the sword, she pierced him through his palm and out the back of his hand. Squeezing his hand like a sponge, she spilled the flowing blood into the grooves cut into the sword. The red liquid simmered as it contacted the glowing runes.

"Dominion," the crone whispered. "With this you vill stave off destiny. The lich or the prophet—it matters not, but vun must be vanquished by you, my prince, or Khador vill meet her doom alongside the rest of Immoren."

NEW RULES

BONDING

The potent connection shared between a warcaster and his warjacks may evolve into powerful bonds over time. Bonding awakens a warjack's cortex, opens it more fully to its controller, and infects it with limited self-awareness. As this connection grows stronger, the warjack begins to develop a rudimentary personality drawing on the characteristics of its warcaster. In essence, the personality of the warcaster is imprinted on the warjack's cortex.

Since this imprinting tends to take place in moments of extreme emotional duress such as in the heat of battle, the effects of bonding are unpredictable. While one bonded warjack may become protective of its warcaster or act like a faithful hound, another may take on darker aspects of its controller's personality like relishing in the suffering of others.

Through continuous contact a warcaster learns the subtle intricacies of the warjack's unique cortex, allowing him to enhance his control over the machine. An open conduit, the bonded warjack is able to receive greater amounts of focus from its controller.

Bonds require time to establish. Although bonding is best suited to campaign or league play, if all players agree each may begin a game with one or more bonded warjacks. Bonding does not affect the point cost of a warjack.

FORGING A BOND

After a player completes a campaign or league battle, he may make a roll to determine if a bond forms between each warcaster who participated and survived the battle and each of his warjacks that were not totaled or removed from play during the battle. Warcasters that were destroyed or

removed from play during the battle may not make bonding checks.

The longer a particular warjack has served in a warcaster's battlegroup, the greater the chance a bond will be established after each game. During league or campaign play, a player should keep track of the number of consecutive battles in which an unbonded warjack has not been totaled or removed from play and has been part of the same warcaster's battlegroup.

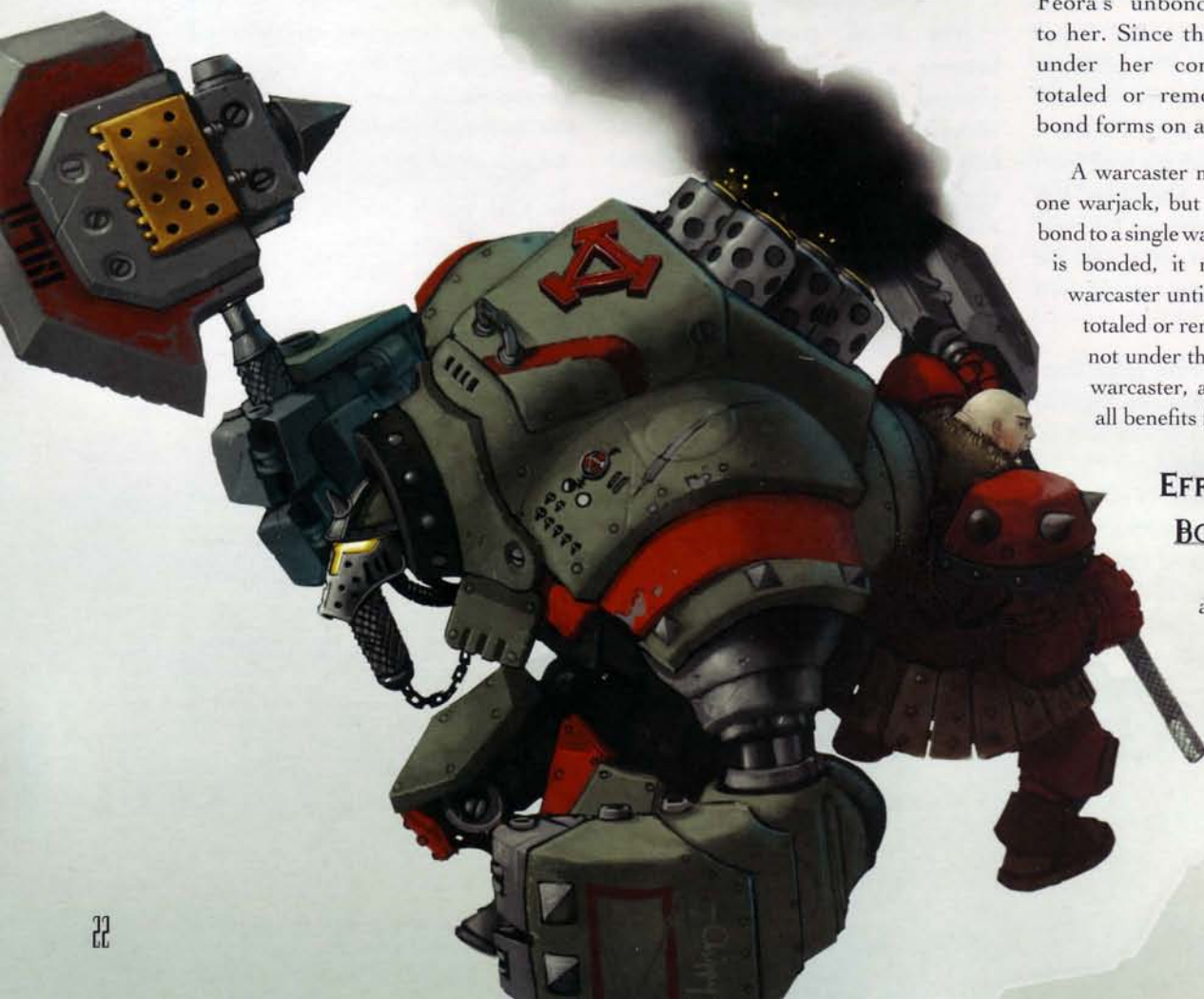
When determining if a bond is formed, roll a d6 and add one to the roll for each battle, including the first, in which the warjack served in that warcaster's battlegroup. A bond is formed on a roll of 7 or more. If a warjack is totaled or removed from play, the bonus to the bonding roll is reset to zero.

For example, after finishing a campaign battle James rolls to see if Feora's unbonded Crusader bonds to her. Since this was its third game under her control without being totaled or removed from play, the bond forms on a roll of 4 or more.

A warcaster may bond to more than one warjack, but each warjack can only bond to a single warcaster. Once a warjack is bonded, it remains bonded to its warcaster until the bonded warjack is totaled or removed from play. While not under the control of its bonding warcaster, a bonded warjack loses all benefits from its bond.

EFFECTS OF BONDING

A warcaster may allocate one additional focus point to a warjack bonded to him. For example, a warcaster who could allocate up to three points of



focus to a warjack in his battlegroup can now allocate up to four points of focus to this warjack when bonded.

Bonding also affects each warjack in a unique way as its personality develops. When a bond is established, roll 2d6 plus the warcaster's CMD and consult the corresponding faction table below to determine the effects of the bonding. The player may add or subtract one from his die roll when determining the effects of a bond.

Remember, while not under the control of its bonding warcaster, a bonded warjack loses all benefits from its bond.

NEW MODEL RULES

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 new models based on old favorites, but arrive 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 old spells. He has simply chosen to utilize a new repertoire of spells to suit his current needs. For example, the epic warcaster Lord Commander

BREAKING A BOND

IF A WARJACK ENDS A BATTLE TOTALED OR REMOVED FROM PLAY, THE BOND IS DESTROYED.

A CONTROLLER MAY ALSO CHOOSE TO REMOVE A WARJACK BOND FROM A WARJACK BEFORE ANY BATTLE. THE WARJACK'S CONTROLLING WARCASTER SIMPLY HAS THE WARJACK'S CORTEX RE-INITIALIZED. SHOULD A WARJACK BE RE-INITIALIZED, THE BOND IS LOST AND THE BONUS TO THE BONDING ROLL IS RESET TO ZERO.

FOR THE UNINITIATED, RE-INITIALIZING A WARJACK REMOVES THE EFFECTS OF THE BOND AND DESTROYS ANY RESIDUAL ARCANIC PATTERNS OR IMPRINTS THAT MIGHT EXIST WITHIN THE NUMINARY MATRIX OF THE CORTEX. GLAD YOU ASKED?

Cryx Bonds

2d6 + CMD	RESULT
10 OR LESS	BANEFUL — WHILE THE WARJACK'S CONTROLLING WARCASTER IS ENGAGED, THE WARJACK MAY CHARGE WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS +2 TO MELEE ATTACK AND MELEE DAMAGE ROLLS. AT THE START OF ITS ACTIVATION, IF THE WARJACK HAS LOS TO ONE OR MORE ENEMY MODELS ENGAGING ITS WARCASTER, IT MUST CHARGE ONE OF THE ENEMY MODELS.
11	BLOODTHIRSTY — ANYTIME THE WARJACK DESTROYS ANOTHER MODEL IN MELEE, IT MUST IMMEDIATELY MAKE ONE MELEE ATTACK AGAINST ANOTHER MODEL IN MELEE RANGE, FRIEND OR ENEMY.
12	BELLCOSE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS TARGETING WARJACKS AND WARBEASTS. A FRIENDLY MODEL ATTACKING AN ENEMY MODEL ENGAGED BY THIS WARJACK SUFFERS -2 TO ATTACK ROLLS.
13	STALWART — THE WARJACK IS NOT DISABLED UNTIL IT HAS LOST AT LEAST FOUR SYSTEMS.
14	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION — THE WARJACK MAY MAKE POWER ATTACKS WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND ROLLS AN ADDITIONAL DAMAGE DIE ON SUCCESSFUL POWER ATTACKS. THE WARJACK'S FIRST MELEE ATTACK EACH TURN MUST BE A POWER ATTACK. IF THE WARJACK CANNOT MAKE A POWER ATTACK, IT MAY MAKE NORMAL MELEE ATTACKS.
15	RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION — WHEN A MODEL IN THE WARJACK'S BATTLEGROUP IS TARGETED BY AN ENEMY ATTACK, THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS FOR ONE ROUND.
16	PREDATOR — THE BONDING AWAKENS MURDEROUS TENDENCIES WITHIN THE CORTEX OF THE WARJACK. DURING ITS ACTIVATION, THE WARJACK MUST MOVE DIRECTLY TOWARD THE NEAREST LIVING ENEMY MODEL IN LOS AND WITHIN ITS CURRENT SPD IN INCHES, STOPPING SHORT ONLY WHEN IT ENGAGES THE ENEMY MODEL. IT MAY ADVANCE, CHARGE, OR SLAM DURING THIS MOVEMENT. THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ALL ATTACK ROLLS AGAINST LIVING MODELS. ADDITIONALLY, THE WARJACK ROLLS AN ADDITIONAL DAMAGE DIE ON BACK STRIKES.
17	GLORY HOG — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND MAY RUN, CHARGE, OR SLAM WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE WARJACK MUST BE THE FIRST MODEL ITS CONTROLLING PLAYER ACTIVATES EACH TURN.
18	MAGNATE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO MELEE ATTACK ROLLS. IF IT FAILS A MELEE ATTACK ROLL, ITS ACTIVATION ENDS.
19	IMITATION — DURING ANY TURN IN WHICH THE WARJACK ATTACKS A MODEL THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY TARGETED BY ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER THAT TURN, IT GAINS +2 TO ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS.
20 OR MORE	HEIGHTENED AWARENESS — THE WARJACK MAY CHANGE ITS FACING AT THE START OF ITS ACTIVATION BEFORE MOVING OR DECLARING A CHARGE OR SLAM AGAINST A TARGET.

Cygnar Bonds

2d6 + CMD	RESULT
10 OR LESS	CRAVEN — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND +2 DEF AND MAY RUN WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE MODEL CANNOT SLAM OR MOVE INTO AN ENEMY MODEL'S MELEE RANGE.
11	GLORY HOG — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND MAY RUN, CHARGE, OR SLAM WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE WARJACK MUST BE THE FIRST MODEL ITS CONTROLLING PLAYER ACTIVATES EACH TURN.
12	STALWART — THE WARJACK IS NOT DISABLED UNTIL IT HAS LOST AT LEAST FOUR SYSTEMS.
13	OVERLY PROTECTIVE — DURING ANY ROUND IN WHICH ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER WAS DAMAGED BY AN ENEMY MODEL, THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND BOOSTED ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS AGAINST ANY MODEL WITHIN 6" OF ITS WARCASTER.
14	BELlicosE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS TARGETING WARJACKS AND WARBEASTS. A FRIENDLY MODEL ATTACKING AN ENEMY MODEL ENGAGED BY THIS WARJACK SUFFERS -2 TO ALL ATTACK ROLLS.
15	HIP SHOOTER — THE WARJACK GAINS AN AIMING BONUS EVEN WHEN IT MOVES.
16	MAGNATE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO MELEE ATTACK ROLLS. IF IT FAILS A MELEE ATTACK ROLL, ITS ACTIVATION ENDS.
17	NEEDY — THE WARJACK MAY SPEND A FOCUS POINT TO BOOST BOTH ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLL. THE WARJACK MUST FORFEIT ITS MOVEMENT DURING ANY TURN IT WAS NOT ALLOCATED FOCUS.
18	RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION — WHEN A MODEL IN THE WARJACK'S BATTLEGROUP IS TARGETED BY AN ENEMY ATTACK, THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS FOR ONE ROUND.
19	HEIGHTENED AWARENESS — THE WARJACK MAY CHANGE ITS FACING AT THE START OF ITS ACTIVATION BEFORE MOVING OR DECLARING A CHARGE OR SLAM AGAINST A TARGET.
20 OR MORE	IMITATION — DURING ANY TURN IN WHICH THE WARJACK ATTACKS A MODEL THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY TARGETED BY ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER THAT TURN, IT GAINS +2 TO ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS.

Protectorate Bonds

2d6 + CMD	RESULT
10 OR LESS	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION — THE WARJACK MAY MAKE POWER ATTACKS WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS AN ADDITIONAL DAMAGE DIE ON SUCCESSFUL POWER ATTACKS. THE WARJACK'S FIRST MELEE ATTACK EACH TURN MUST BE A POWER ATTACK. IF THE WARJACK CANNOT MAKE A POWER ATTACK, IT MAY MAKE NORMAL MELEE ATTACKS.
11	STALWART — THE WARJACK IS NOT DISABLED UNTIL IT HAS LOST AT LEAST FOUR SYSTEMS.
12	BANEFUL — WHILE THE WARJACK'S CONTROLLING WARCASTER IS ENGAGED, THE WARJACK MAY CHARGE WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS +2 TO ALL MELEE ATTACK AND MELEE DAMAGE ROLLS. AT THE START OF ITS ACTIVATION, IF THE WARJACK HAS LOS TO ONE OR MORE ENEMY MODELS ENGAGING ITS WARCASTER, IT MUST CHARGE ONE OF THE ENEMY MODELS.
13	GLORY HOG — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND MAY RUN, CHARGE, OR SLAM WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE WARJACK MUST BE THE FIRST MODEL ITS CONTROLLING PLAYER ACTIVATES EACH TURN.
14	OVERLY PROTECTIVE — DURING ANY ROUND IN WHICH ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER WAS DAMAGED BY AN ENEMY MODEL, THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND BOOSTED ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS AGAINST ANY MODEL WITHIN 6" OF ITS WARCASTER.
15	BODYGUARD — THE FIRST TIME THE WARJACK'S CONTROLLING WARCASTER IS DIRECTLY HIT BY A RANGED ATTACK DURING AN OPPONENT'S TURN, IT MUST MOVE TO INTERCEPT THE ATTACK. THE WARJACK MUST BE WITHIN 2" OF ITS WARCASTER AND BE ABLE TO POSITION ITSELF AS AN INTERVENING MODEL BETWEEN THE WARCASTER AND THE ATTACKER USING ITS NORMAL MOVEMENT. THE WARJACK THEN MOVES, IS HIT AUTOMATICALLY BY THE ATTACK, AND SUFFERS FULL DAMAGE AND EFFECTS. IF THE WARJACK USES BODYGUARD, IT MAY NOT USE IT AGAIN UNTIL AFTER ITS CONTROLLING PLAYER'S NEXT TURN. IF THE WARJACK IS DENIED ITS FULL MOVEMENT IT CANNOT USE BODYGUARD.
16	IMITATION — DURING ANY TURN IN WHICH THE WARJACK ATTACKS A MODEL THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY TARGETED BY ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER THAT TURN, IT GAINS +2 TO ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS.
17	NEEDY — THE WARJACK MAY SPEND A POINT OF FOCUS TO BOOST BOTH ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLL. THE WARJACK MUST FORFEIT ITS MOVEMENT DURING ANY TURN IT WAS NOT ALLOCATED FOCUS.
18	BELlicosE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS TARGETING WARJACKS AND WARBEASTS. A FRIENDLY MODEL ATTACKING AN ENEMY MODEL ENGAGED BY THIS WARJACK SUFFERS -2 TO ALL ATTACK ROLLS.
19	MAGNATE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ALL MELEE ATTACK ROLLS. IF IT FAILS A MELEE ATTACK ROLL, ITS ACTIVATION ENDS.
20 OR MORE	RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION — WHEN ANY MODEL IN THE WARJACK'S BATTLEGROUP IS TARGETED BY AN ENEMY ATTACK, THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ALL ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS FOR ONE ROUND.

Khador Bonds

2D6 + CMD	RESULT
10 OR LESS	BLOODTHIRSTY — ANYTIME THE WARJACK DESTROYS ANOTHER MODEL IN MELEE, IT MUST IMMEDIATELY MAKE ONE MELEE ATTACK AGAINST ANOTHER MODEL IN MELEE RANGE, FRIEND OR ENEMY.
11	BELlicose — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS TARGETING WARJACKS AND WARBEASTS. A FRIENDLY MODEL ATTACKING AN ENEMY MODEL ENGAGED BY THIS WARJACK SUFFERS -2 ON ALL ATTACK ROLLS.
12	NEEDY — THE WARJACK MAY SPEND A FOCUS POINT TO BOOST BOTH ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLL. THE WARJACK MUST FORFEIT ITS MOVEMENT DURING ANY TURN IT WAS NOT ALLOCATED FOCUS.
13	STALWART — THE WARJACK IS NOT DISABLED UNTIL IT HAS LOST AT LEAST FOUR SYSTEMS.
14	AGGRESSIVE — WHILE WITHIN ITS WARCASTER'S CONTROL AREA THIS WARJACK MAY CHARGE WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS +2 TO MELEE ATTACK ROLLS.
15	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION — THE WARJACK MAY MAKE POWER ATTACKS WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS AN ADDITIONAL DAMAGE DIE ON SUCCESSFUL POWER ATTACKS. THE WARJACK'S FIRST MELEE ATTACK EACH TURN MUST BE A POWER ATTACK. IF THE WARJACK CANNOT MAKE A POWER ATTACK, IT MAY MAKE NORMAL MELEE ATTACKS.
16	MAGNATE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 ON MELEE ATTACK ROLLS. IF IT FAILS A MELEE ATTACK ROLL, ITS ACTIVATION ENDS.
17	IRRESISTIBLE FORCE — THE WARJACK MAY SLAM WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS A +2 TO THE SLAM ATTACK ROLL. AT THE START OF ITS ACTIVATION, IF THE WARJACK HAS LOS AND AN UNOBSTRUCTED PATH TO AN ENEMY MODEL, IT MUST SLAM THE ENEMY MODEL.
18	IMITATION — DURING ANY TURN IN WHICH THE WARJACK ATTACKS A MODEL THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY TARGETED BY ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER THAT TURN, IT GAINS +2 TO ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS.
19	GLORY HOG — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND MAY RUN, CHARGE, OR SLAM WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE WARJACK MUST BE THE FIRST MODEL ITS CONTROLLING PLAYER ACTIVATES EACH TURN.
20 OR MORE	OVERLY PROTECTIVE — DURING ANY ROUND IN WHICH ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER WAS DAMAGED BY AN ENEMY MODEL, THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND BOOSTED ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS AGAINST ANY MODEL WITHIN 6" OF ITS WARCASTER.

Mercenary Bonds

2D6 + CMD	RESULT
10 OR LESS	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION — THE WARJACK MAY MAKE POWER ATTACKS WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS AN ADDITIONAL DAMAGE DIE ON SUCCESSFUL POWER ATTACKS. THE WARJACK'S FIRST MELEE ATTACK EACH TURN MUST BE A POWER ATTACK. IF THE WARJACK CANNOT MAKE A POWER ATTACK, IT MAY MAKE NORMAL MELEE ATTACKS.
11	BLOODTHIRSTY — ANYTIME THE WARJACK DESTROYS ANOTHER MODEL IN MELEE, IT MUST IMMEDIATELY MAKE ONE MELEE ATTACK AGAINST ANOTHER MODEL IN MELEE RANGE, FRIEND OR ENEMY.
12	BELlicose — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 TO ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS TARGETING WARJACKS AND WARBEASTS. A FRIENDLY MODEL ATTACKING AN ENEMY MODEL ENGAGED BY THIS WARJACK SUFFERS -2 TO ATTACK ROLLS.
13	GLORY HOG — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND MAY RUN, CHARGE, OR SLAM WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE WARJACK MUST BE THE FIRST MODEL ITS CONTROLLING PLAYER ACTIVATES EACH TURN.
14	MAGNATE — THE WARJACK GAINS +2 ON MELEE ATTACK ROLLS. IF IT FAILS A MELEE ATTACK ROLL, ITS ACTIVATION ENDS.
15	PLAYIN' POSSUM — THE WARJACK HAS DEVELOPED A BASE LEVEL OF GUILF AND IS ADEPT AT DRAMATICALLY VENTING SMOKE AND PLAYING DEAD WHEN THE NEED ARISES. WHILE KNOCKED DOWN OR STATIONARY, THE WARJACK CANNOT BE TARGETED BY RANGED OR MAGIC ATTACKS.
16	BANEFUL — WHILE THE WARJACK'S CONTROLLING WARCASTER IS ENGAGED, THE WARJACK MAY CHARGE WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT AND GAINS +2 ON MELEE ATTACK AND MELEE DAMAGE ROLLS. AT THE START OF ITS ACTIVATION, IF THE WARJACK HAS LOS TO ONE OR MORE ENEMY MODELS ENGAGING ITS WARCASTER, IT MUST CHARGE ONE OF THE ENEMY MODELS.
17	STALWART — THE WARJACK IS NOT DISABLED UNTIL IT HAS LOST AT LEAST FOUR SYSTEMS.
18	NEEDY — THE WARJACK MAY SPEND A FOCUS POINT TO BOOST BOTH ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLL. THE WARJACK MUST FORFEIT ITS MOVEMENT DURING ANY TURN IT WAS NOT ALLOCATED FOCUS.
19	IMITATION — DURING ANY TURN IN WHICH THE WARJACK ATTACKS A MODEL THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY TARGETED BY ITS CONTROLLING WARCASTER THAT TURN, IT GAINS +2 TO ITS ATTACK AND DAMAGE ROLLS.
20 OR MORE	CRAVEN — THE WARJACK GAINS +2" MOVEMENT AND +2 DEF AND MAY RUN WITHOUT SPENDING A FOCUS POINT. THE MODEL CANNOT SLAM OR MOVE INTO AN ENEMY MODEL'S MELEE RANGE.

Stryker has chosen not to include Blur or Snipe in his repertoire of spells because they do not suit his current "bring the fight to the enemy" mentality. Positive Charge and Velocity serve his current tactics much better.

A player cannot field the original version of a warcaster and its epic version 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 a point allotment smaller than 750 points. Additionally, only one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points of an army.

For example, Jason and Rob play a 1000-point game. Each may field two warcasters, but only one of these warcasters can be an epic warcaster. If they were playing a 1500-point game, each could field three warcasters, but only two could be epic.

EPIC WARCASTER WARJACK BONDS

Some epic warcasters have the Warjack Bond ability representing a connection between the warcaster and one of his warjacks that has been established before the battle. This ability allows the epic warcaster to start a battle bonded to any warjack in his battlegroup (see Bonding above). These bonds and their effects are listed on the epic warcaster's card. Do not make an additional roll for the effects of this bond since they are described on the epic warcaster's card.

The controlling player must designate the warjack to which the warcaster is bonded before a battle in which the epic warcaster is used. A warcaster may be bonded to more than one warjack, and this bond is in addition to any other bonds the epic warcaster has formed during play. A warjack can only be bonded once however. If an epic warcaster's Warjack Bond ability is applied to a warjack already bonded to the epic warcaster, the effects of the previous

bond are permanently lost. Do not make a bond check for a warjack affected by the Warjack Bond ability after the battle. The warjack is considered to be bonded to the warcaster during the battle, so no roll is made.

ELITE CADRES

Some epic warcasters have a great deal of influence over the military forces of their factions and may hand-pick their own troops. If an epic warcaster possesses an Elite Cadre, all units of the particular type dictated by the warcaster's card included in an army with the warcaster gain the benefits of the Elite Cadre. These models gain +1 MAT, RAT, and CMD and an additional ability based on the particular warcaster.

For example, in addition to gaining +1 MAT, RAT, and CMD, Stormblades in an army with epic warcaster Lord Commander Stryker may move up to their SPD in inches before the start of a game after both players have deployed.

UNIQUE WARJACKS

Unique warjacks are character warjacks representing the pinnacle of each faction's mechanikal development. Unique warjacks are the result of dangerous or laborious efforts that would be difficult if not impossible to recreate. Due to their unprecedented raw power, these warjacks exist in a class all their own.

Harnessing the power of these machines is no simple matter. Each is driven by a mechanikal consciousness far more complex than those required by simpler warjacks. The Deathjack, for example, is possessed by the malignant spirit of the *Skulls of Hate*. The Avatar is a vessel for Menoth's will and is not even equipped with a cortex.

- Due to their experimental or unpredictable natures, unique warjacks cannot bond.
- Likewise, unique warjacks cannot begin a game under the control of a jack marshal.

NEW ENCOUNTER LEVEL

As the tides of war grip western Immoren, the time has come to introduce a new encounter level to WARMACHINE. The 750-point Grand Melee allows players to unleash the full potential of the models presented in *WARMACHINE: Apotheosis*. Though the scale of this conflict may seem daunting at first, it is ideally suited for play with epic warcasters and unique warjacks.

GRAND MELEE

Max Warcasters: 1

Army Points: 750

Est. Play Time: 90 Minutes

As warfare ravages across the Iron Kingdoms, escalating hostilities rage unchecked and out of control. Whether through devastating arcane research or advanced technological development, each faction races to bring its most potent weapons of war to the battlefield to ensure total victory. Everywhere men march to battle in armies of unprecedented power commanded by individual warcasters.

NEW POWER ATTACKS

DOUBLE-HAND THROW

As its combat action, a warjack with two functional open fists may spend a focus point to pick up and throw a model with an equal- or smaller-sized base. Make a melee attack roll against the target. If the attack hits, the defender rolls a d6 and adds its STR. The attacker rolls 2d6 and adds its STR. If the defender's total is greater, it breaks free without taking any damage and avoids being thrown. If the attacker's total equals or exceeds the defender's, the defender gets thrown.

After a successful double-hand throw attack, the attacker throws its opponent any direction within its front arc. Measure a distance from the thrown model equal to half the attacker's STR in inches. A heavy warjack throwing a model with a small base adds 1" to this distance.

The attacker may throw its opponent at a target model within LOS. If the target model is within the range thrown, the attacker makes a ranged attack roll against the target model. If the attack succeeds the thrown model moves directly from its current location in a straight line to the target model, ends its movement in base-to-base contact with the target, and collides with the target if the movement is not stopped by an obstruction or another model.

If the attack roll fails, determine the thrown model's point of impact by rolling deviation from the target model. If the target model is beyond the range thrown, determine deviation from a point on the line to the target equal to the maximum distance thrown. Referencing the deviation diagram, roll a d6 for the direction and a d3 for distance in inches. The thrown model moves directly from its current location in a straight line to the determined point of impact and ends its movement centered on that point.

Rough terrain and obstacles do not affect this movement, but the thrown model stops if it collides with an obstruction or a model with an equal- or larger-sized base. A thrown model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. A thrown model moves over a model with a smaller base. If its impact point ends up on top of a smaller model, push the smaller model back to make room for the thrown model.

After resolving where the thrown model lands, it suffers a damage roll equal to the attacker's current STR. Add an additional die to the damage roll if the model collides with an obstruction or a model with an equal- or larger-sized base. Throw damage may be boosted. The thrown model is knocked down.

When a thrown model collides with another model with an equal- or larger-sized base, that model is knocked down and suffers an unboostable collateral damage roll equal to the attacker's current STR. A model with a larger-sized base than the thrown model does not take collateral damage.

After making a double-hand throw attack, a warjack may spend focus to make additional melee attacks against models in melee range.

TRAMPLE

As its combat action, a heavy warjack may spend a focus point to trample over small-based models in its path. Trample combines the model's movement and combat action. A heavy warjack denied its full movement for any reason cannot make a trample power attack.

Declare a trample attack at the beginning of the warjack's normal

movement, but do not declare a target. After declaring a trample attack, the model may turn to face any direction. The model then moves up to its SPD +3" in a straight line and may move through any small-based model in its path if it has enough movement to move completely past the model's base. The warjack may immediately perform a melee attack against each small-based model through which it moves during this movement. Models hit by a trample attack cannot perform free strikes against the trampling warjack and suffer a damage roll of 2d6 plus the trampling warjack's current STR.

During a trample attack, a warjack cannot move over terrain across which it could not also charge. After making a trample attack, a warjack may spend focus to make additional melee attacks against models in melee range.





CYGNAR

ARMY ADDITIONS

Flanked on both sides by Stormguard, King Leto Raelthorne stood pale and somber with a scroll-covered circlet of gold over his short, dark, and grey-streaked hair. He awaited the commander who had responded at once to his summons. It had been three days since the warcaster's heated outburst to his king, and the time had come for his lord's judgment.

Arrayed in battle armor, Commander Stryker crossed the threshold of the map chamber and passed through its vaulted archway. He met the stares of the high chancellors of the Cygnaran Royal Assembly, a congregation of Leto's inner circle, as he strode among them.

Every man, stately and strong in his own fashion, looked back at him with a grim countenance. The members of the Assembly knew the repercussions of this gathering but gave away nothing from their expressions.

When King Leto spoke, his voice held an undeniable gravity. "Your words to me three days ago were like the slap of water from a great wave, and I will not deny it was startling. Yet it did wake me, where I found myself adrift at sea, and near to drowning while I slept."

The king looked down for a moment. "When Khador invaded Llael, our sister and ally, they provoked my righteous anger. We have

engaged in war with Khador to the north as honor demands. This blood between our nations is long overdue. It is born of ancient strife and the contested will of two rightful sovereigns."

He looked up now directly at Commander Stryker, and his expression was grim. "Yet only now is my full wrath aroused, for I face treachery. Nothing stings worse than an enemy who comes from within, once shielded and protected, toward whom every measure of compassion has been offered and refused." Stryker blinked and his face became red. It was clear he thought the king spoke of him, and the words stung him to the quick.

He did not twist long before King Leto clarified. "It was Commander Stryker who awakened my wrath and gave it direction. We have been on the defensive too long, too hesitant to do what must be done. The Protectorate of Menoth has been counted as part of Cygnar since the civil war. We follow Morrow's path and always seek to turn darkness into light. We have tried to avoid bloodshed. For a hundred years we tolerated blatant violations of law, attempted to encourage trade, and found a way to prosper in harmony. No more."

His voice had been soft, but it rose in volume. "They have broken every agreement which ended the civil war a century and twenty one years ago. They declare holy war upon us. They have struck our bridges and brought engines against the walls of Caspia itself. Today I revoke our protection. There is no Protectorate of Menoth! From this day forward none who swear fealty to Hierarch Garrick Voyle will be counted citizens of Cygnar. They are traitors one and all. We do not deal with them as we

would a nation that wars with us, for they are less than this. Nor shall we allow Voyle to strike when and where he chooses."

"Step forward, Commander," spoke the King. Stryker did so and dropped to one knee before his sovereign.

Leto unrolled the scroll he held. "I bestow the King's Marque whereupon this day I grant you, Coleman Stryker, the full authority to command and charge His Majesty's forces upon your own governance when and where you

"For a hundred years we tolerated blatant violations of law, attempted to encourage trade, and found a way to prosper in harmony. No more."

will, the responsibility of defending the lands and peoples of Cygnar within the boundaries of sound reason, and the accountability to which you will be held under the eyes of our divine lord Morrow and to me, your sovereign king and lord. Lord Commander Coleman Stryker, do you accept this charge?"

Stryker replied without wavering. "I do, my king." There was a new and terrible light in his eyes.

Leto beckoned for Stryker to come to his feet. "From this day forward, you will answer only to me. None shall order you save I alone. What say you?"

"I answer only to you, King Leto Raelthorne."

No one present so much as whispered. Nevertheless, Warmaster Turpin, Leto's general of the Crown, had a countenance darker than usual. The muscles of his jaws clenched and clamped shut lest an ill-advised utterance escape his lips.

Leto lowered the scroll and his gaze met Stryker's. "I give unto your command the greater part of that renowned legion in which you formerly served with noble honor, the Stormblades. Further, you will be placed in command of a great portion of the garrisons of Caspia itself as well as much of the southern army including forces at Eastwall as required for the battles I will set upon your shoulders. All of the genius and ingenuity of the Cygnaran Armory and Strategic Academy will be directed to provide you with our finest weapons and machines of war."

"You have my gratitude, my king. I will lead our soldiers in defense of our people." Stryker's voice was heavy with emotion at this unexpected vindication.

Leto placed the parchment in a black leather tube sealed with a gold clasp and handed it to the warcaster. "Though this parchment is important, what's contained herein is a formality at best. These men are witness to what has come to pass, and couriers will be dispatched within the hour to carry the news of your charge to every general and commander in the kingdom. I would not insult your resolve by wasting you in defense. You will be my vengeful arm. I will send you against each of our enemies in turn. First against the hierarch, for Voyle expects us to cower behind our walls. There will be no rest for you, Lord Stryker."

"I am well pleased and ready to serve, Your Majesty," Stryker instantly replied. His voice was infused with a mix of anticipation and determination. So much blood had been spilled already: the blood of innocents, children, women, the infirm, and the elderly. Unarmed men who offered no opposition and thousands of soldiers were all of them dead, harvested like stalks under the scythe. "Yet it troubles me to be sent to battle abroad when agents of our enemy walk our soil protected by our laws."

When the king locked eyes with him, it was as though he could read the pain and hate which fueled this warcaster. "As I have decreed, none who swear loyalty to foreign powers are to be counted citizens of Cygnar. This is not done in the name of religious persecution, which I loath. It is a question of loyalty to the crown. You have permission to question and judge any suspected of allegiance to our enemies, whether they be born on this side of the Black River or the other."

"Thank you, Your Majesty." Stryker paused and posed his suggestion carefully. "We would be best served if I were given command of men already skilled in the arts of rooting out treachery. We have such hard-hearted and experienced individuals; some are imprisoned and others act as wards of the Church. I would ask they be pardoned on my parole."

Warmaster Turpin was incredulous. "Are you speaking of the former inquisitors? No, that is not an option!" The room went silent. All were shocked by this suggestion.

In his efforts to stave off the destruction wrought by the enemies of Cygnar, Stryker had witnessed so much wanton devastation and life-taking that his very soul had

become leaden and sanguinary. The transgressors could make no atonement short of their unwilling deaths. Now that he bore the King's Marque, his retaliation would be swift and unyielding. Even King Leto did not guess the full extent of this bitter resolve. Stryker addressed the heads of the Assembly, five in all. "I will wield these men who once sowed terror among the innocent as a weapon against the enemy."

King Leto had grown even paler at this comment but did not dismiss it outright. It was clear he intended to hold true to his promise to honor the weight of his Marque. The king locked eyes with Scout General Rebald who was also brooding and calculating. Rebald gave his king a single slight nod.

The aged but stately Primarch Arius who had stood quietly to the rear of the assembly spoke in a low tone, yet his voice carried to all ears. "Forgiveness is divine."

King Leto turned back to the warcaster. There was something of regret in the king's eyes, and clearly the topic pained him. "If this is what you require to conduct this grim business, Lord Stryker, it is granted. Responsibility for their actions will be subject to your parole."

General Turpin took a deep breath, and his expression was dark. "I would know why you insist on releasing the Elder's bloodhounds—pardon me, my liege, for referring to that villain—but these... men... are guilty of heinous crimes against the Crown and its people."

"I, for one," Scout General Bolden Rebald noted, "believe it is time to see if these men can demonstrate some form of rehabilitation."

The primarch added, "Some of these men have already proven

contrition in years of service to the Order of Illumination."

"We are talking about service and clemency, Warmaster." King Leto asked him, "Do you doubt Lord Stryker's ability to control them?"

Stryker volunteered, "I assure you these men will be on a short leash, Warmaster."

Turpin faced those who disagreed with him with an expression of disbelief. "That isn't the point!"

King Leto's expression was dour. "Enough. This matter is not up for debate. I have spoken." Leto paused and placed his right hand on Stryker's arm. In somber tones he said to the warcaster, "If it were any other man, I would not do this. I trust in you, Lord Commander."

"You are doing only what is right, Your Majesty, and I thank you for it."

The warmaster general was clearly still in disagreement but had pushed Leto's tolerance far enough and fell silent.

King Leto walked to where the men stood around the great conference table with its inlaid map of western Immoren. "It is done. Lord Commander Stryker has my Marque. Caspia's strength and army is his. Not one of us here is deluded into thinking the times ahead will be easy. These are dark days for Cygnar, but this is also our only chance to attain lasting victory. All our enemies come against us. Perhaps we will fail and fall to ruin, yet if this is to be our time, so be it. We will fight to the last man. I have placed my trust in Lord Commander Stryker. All of you must learn to do so as well. Trust in his courage, and trust in his wrath."



CAPTAIN E. DOMINIC DARIUS

I don't care how torn up she is! I built that warjack with my own hands and by Morrow's arse I'll not have her slagged! She'll be ready to gun by the end of the day!

— Captain Darius

Edward Dominic Darius is a daredevil mechanical terror on the battlefield who strides into combat in his bulky suit of steam-powered armor. He stands among his warjacks like a man made into steel and steam, and his footsteps pound a deadly rhythm between the

thundering reports of his steam cannon. Known as the "Mechanik" in military circles, the Cygnaran warcaster earned his moniker not only for his skill at repair, but also for the precision and efficiency with which he decimates the adversaries in his path. The fact he was practically born with a wrench in his hand is a simple advantage, for he is just as comfortable taking apart enemy warjacks as he is repairing his own.

The history of Darius' rise in the Cygnaran military is a rapid-fire track of a typical warcaster's evolution. After only two months of trial service as a field mechanik, it was deemed he was destined for greater responsibilities. There was no exultation in the midst of combat or any birth of talent during some frenzy of



battle; it was obvious as early as his recruitment that Darius had an inborn talent for getting 'jacks to do what he wanted. Almost immediately after the recognition of his abilities, he began training as a warcaster. Since then Captain Darius has been a lynchpin in the defense of Cygnar's northern frontier.

The grease-stained, hard-hitting mechanic is a no nonsense commander and an adept tactician. His vast military experience stems from his frequent clashes with various Khadoran legions and the warcasters assigned to its patrols. He developed most of his dirty tactics against heavy warjacks out of the need to crack Khadoran armor.

Darius is *the* warjack expert of Cygnar. No other warcaster in the service of the crown has logged more time elbow deep in chassis and conduits cleaning, repairing, and readying warjacks for battle. Even Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo defers to the practical expertise of the Mechanik. The wonders the man can work with steam, steel, and cortex are supernatural. Darius is exceptional in that he alone has demonstrated the ability single handedly to keep his machines running as well as get them into battle with speed and agility.

Though most warcasters rely on a stable of well trained mechaniks to keep their 'jacks ready for war, Darius diligently insists on maintaining and repairing his own warjacks. Instead of allowing scrapped warjacks to rust away, Darius has transformed several ruined wrecks into fully functioning engines of devastation, displaying his talent for breathing life into even the most dilapidated and burned out hulks. That the man has lovingly restored almost every single warjack in his service not only states his commitment to seeing them safely through battle, but it also demonstrates the deep connection he feels with his machines.

CAPTAIN E. DOMINIC DARIUS

FOCUS 6

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
22	93	C	5	Medium

FEAT: PIT STOP

Darius and each of the Halfjacks in his battlegroup currently in his control area and in base-to-base contact with a friendly Cygnaran warjack or wreck marker, disabled or totaled, may completely repair the warjack. Remove all damage from the warjack. The warjack may activate normally this turn.

DARIUS

ACTIVATE HALFJACK - Darius may place one Halfjack in play during his controller's Control Phase if there are less than three Halfjacks in play in his battlegroup. Place the Halfjack within 3" of Darius. There must be room for its base.

CRANE - Darius may help up any knocked down friendly model within 2" during his activation after movement. The model stands up and may activate normally this turn. Additionally, during his activation after moving, Darius may pick up and move one friendly model within 2" of Darius. Place the model anywhere within 2" of Darius. There must be room for the model's base.

DETONATE - During his controller's Maintenance Phase, Darius may detonate one or more Halfjack mine markers anywhere on the table. Center a 4" AOE template over the mine. Models in the AOE suffer an unboostable POW 14 damage roll. Remove the mine marker from the table.

DISMANTLE - After a successful melee attack targeting a warjack, Darius rolls an additional damage die.

SLOW MOVING - Darius cannot run but may charge normally.

STEAM CANNON

PRESSURE COOKER - When Darius misses a target with the Steam Cannon, determine point of impact normally and mark it. Do not place an AOE template at this time. During

DARIUS						CMD 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
5	8	6	5	13	18		
STEAM CANNON							
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW				
12	1	4	13				
QUAKE HAMMER							
SPECIAL	POW	P+S					
Multi	7	15					
WRENCH							
SPECIAL	POW	P+S					
—	3	11					

his controller's next Maintenance Phase, center the 4" AOE template over the point of impact. Models in the AOE suffer an unboostable POW 13 damage roll.

QUAKE HAMMER

CRITICAL KNOCKDOWN - On a critical hit, target model is knocked down.

DEAD LIFT - When Darius hits a knocked down model with his Quake Hammer, the target is slammed d6" directly away from Darius and suffers a damage roll equal to Darius' current STR plus the POW of the Quake Hammer. If the slammed model collides with another model, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to Darius' current STR.

TREMOR (★Attack) - Roll 2d6 and add the weapon's POW. Compare the result to the DEF of every model within 2". These models are knocked down if the total equals or exceeds their DEF. This effect causes no damage and cannot be boosted. A Tremor special attack cannot be made after a charge.

Spells

	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
FORTIFY	2	6	-	-	X	
Target warjack in Darius' battlegroup gains +2 ARM. The target model and any friendly model in base-to-base contact with it cannot be knocked down or moved for any reason other than by its controller.						
FULL THROTTLE	3	CASTER	CTRL	-		
Models in Darius' battlegroup currently in his control area gain +2" movement, may run, charge, or slam without spending focus, and roll an additional die on all melee attack rolls for one round.						
JACK HAMMER	2	6	-	-	X	
If target friendly Cygnaran warjack damages a model with a melee attack, it may immediately make an additional melee attack with the same weapon. Attacks gained from this spell cannot generate further additional attacks from this spell. Separate attack and damage rolls are required for each additional Jack Hammer attack. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the target's special rules immediately as each attack is resolved.						
MANUAL CONTROL	2	6	-	-		
Target warjack in Darius' battlegroup may immediately make one attack with any melee weapon. The warjack may spend focus points to boost the attack and damage roll. This attack does not affect the warjack's next activation.						
MELTDOWN	3	8	-	14		X
Target warjack suffers damage to its internal systems. Damage is applied from the bottom of the column up. If Meltdown disables or wrecks the warjack or destroys a Halfjack, it explodes. Models within 2" of the exploding warjack suffer an unboostable POW 14 damage roll. An exploding warjack is removed from play and is not replaced by a wreck marker.						
STUN BOLT	2	10	-	11		X
Warjacks damaged by Stun Bolt suffer Stall. Stall is a continuous effect that reduces the warjack's current SPD to 1 and DEF to 7. Stall expires in the model's controller's Maintenance Phase on a d6 roll of 1 or 2.						

HALFJACK			MINI WARJACK	
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
1	0	0	0	Small

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	2	3	1	14	14

HALFJACK
CONTROLLED - Place three Halfjacks in play at the start of the game. Halfjacks are part of Darius' battlegroup. Darius may have up to three Halfjacks in play at a time. A Halfjack may activate the turn Darius puts it in play. If Darius is destroyed or removed from play, remove his Halfjacks from play.

MINI WARJACK - A Halfjack is a small-based warjack. Darius may allocate up to two focus points to a Halfjack in his control area. A Halfjack never suffers cortex damage but may be affected by effects that require the target to have a functional cortex. It may run without spending a focus point, but it must spend a focus point to charge. A Halfjack cannot make power attacks and does not leave a wreck marker when destroyed.

PATCH (★ACTION) - A Halfjack may perform a special action to make minor repairs to a friendly warjack in base-to-base contact that has been damaged or disabled. Remove one damage point from anywhere on the warjack's damage grid. The Halfjack may spend focus points to remove additional damage points. Remove one damage point for each focus point spent.

PRIME HALFJACK MINE (★ACTION) - A Halfjack may perform a special action to prime itself for explosion. Replace the Halfjack with a mine marker. Darius may detonate the mine during his controller's Maintenance Phase. Darius may have up to three mines in play at a time.

SYSTEM LOCK (★ACTION) - Target warjack within the Halfjack's melee range suffers system lock. When the special action is made, the Halfjack's controller chooses one of the warjack's systems to be locked. That system suffers the effects of being disabled for one round. The warjack may not be disabled as a result of system lock. The Halfjack is immediately destroyed after making a System Lock special action.

The superior strength and power of the steam armor grants Darius the ability to perform feats of strength in the battlefield no sane individual would try without the aid of a steamjack. Assisted by the powered pneumatic servos of the armor's powerful frame, Darius enthusiastically wields a massive quake hammer (the same weapon used by Ironclads) in one hand and a massive mechanic's wrench in the other. With his expertise using either the wrench or the hammer—oftentimes both—he can tear an enemy warjack to pieces.

Darius uses servitors as effective assistants in the foundry, and he also employs these diminutive mechanikal servants on the battlefield. The mechanic warcaster deploys the machines, known as Halfjacks, from his armored suit when needed. The simple technology running the Halfjacks allows them to act as remote repair units as well as effective weapons against the enemy. They have tools and manipulators for affecting field repairs on friendly warjacks or for tampering with the mechanisms of enemy warjacks. By sacrificing itself in battle, a Halfjack can temporarily disable an enemy warjack's systems. Additionally, each of the small miniature warjacks carries a powerful alchemical charge. Darius uses this particular feature of his Halfjacks to turn the diminutive mechanika into deadly bombs capable of self-destructing in a potent explosive blast at his command.

The Cygnaran warcaster's trademark is the steam-powered ironhead armor he wears into combat. Captain Darius hand built the armor, and the feats of engineering involved have earned Darius recognition in all sorts of circles both military and mechanikal. Larger by far than a Khadoran Man-O-War, his steam armor is built to resist even the most powerful blows. Thickly plated with heavy metal, the armor makes Darius a walking bulwark of tempered steel.

The powerful steam cannon mounted to his armor is a devastating weapon in his arsenal. Rigged to a special shoulder mount on his right side, the large bore multi-purpose weapon fires a steam charged heavy cannon round that explodes on contact or becomes a delayed explosive charge if it should miss. Also part of his armor is the claw and winch salvage rig on the left shoulder capable of hauling a heavy warjack back to its feet. With the crane assembly, Darius can even pick up and move an ally into position.

In addition to his considerable portable arsenal, Darius has manifested arcane abilities over the years. By harnessing his instinctive control of warjacks, he can urge an entire battlegroup into an explosion of motion and mayhem. He can bring a thundering rush of Ironclads and Defenders alongside Chargers and Lancers to turn enemy warjacks into a shredded mess of grease and gears dripping from the quake hammers and pikes of his own 'jacks.

Channeling his own reckless thrill for demolition, the rough and headstrong warcaster can drive his warjacks to hammer into the enemy and tear them to pieces with each successive attack that pierces their armor. The masterful warcaster can even use arcane means to damage the internal mechanika of a functioning warjack directly and force it to explode in a shower of red-hot shrapnel. From his own arcane armory, Darius can summon bolts of dynamic



HALFJACKS



energy that can stun a cortex and render a warjack slow and vulnerable to attack. Though his defensive mystical measures are sparse, Darius can change a group of closely packed warjacks into an immovable wall ready to destroy anything coming too close.

One of the most incredible abilities of the warcaster is resurrecting the ruined machines at his feet. By extending his will, Darius can urge his drones and himself into a blur of repair and reconstruction that amazes any who witness it, completely restoring even the most dilapidated and bullet-ridden heap of a wreck into a fully functioning warjack in mere seconds.

With Cryx tearing through the Thornwood, Protectorate incursions cutting into Cygnaran lands, and Khador's bloodthirsty ambitions of conquest, the talents and skills of Captain Darius are about to be put to the ultimate test.





MAJOR MARKUS 'SIEGE' BRISBANE

He is bloody and bold—a giant among us. Were he tall enough he'd tear down the walls of Sul with his own hands.

—Lord Commander Coleman Stryker speaking of Major "Siege" Brisbane

Some soldiers thrive on a life under fire, and Major Markus Brisbane is a man who eats, sleeps, and breathes under the threat of constant danger. A professional soldier with more field experience than virtually any other warcaster in the Cygnaran army, the major is famous among Cygnaran troops for his ability to command and infamous among his enemies for his ability to conquer. It has been said there is no strategic obstacle the man cannot overcome, nor is there any wall in western Immoren that can stand against his expertise in the art of siege warfare.

Hailing from the bloody era of Vinter the Elder, Brisbane has served the military of Cygnar faithfully for over two decades living a life almost constantly in the field. To him, warfare is the music of ages and a grand composition he plays without remorse. His enemies are simply an audience to his awesome skill and power. His instruments are his troops, his warjacks, and his own considerable arcane and tactical skills.

When the Cygnaran military is faced with the prospect of overcoming enemy obstructions in a prolonged and potentially deadly conflict, Brisbane is the man they call to solve the issues of strategy and attack. Where the other warcasters of Cygnar are embroiled in one intrigue or another, Brisbane's life is the simplicity of a soldier.

Show him what he needs to do, point him in the direction of his objective, and he will overcome it. He is not blinded by politics, personal strife, or



the dramas coloring the lives of others. He is a soldier, pure and simple, and his aim is to succeed in the task set before him by his superiors.

With a cautious discipline and a tactical mind, the major is an expert in the finer rules of war. Able to issue orders of stunning complexity, Brisbane is a maestro of battle conducting a symphony of destruction. He is capable of seeing through the safeguards of his enemies and targeting the weaknesses beyond, and there is nothing that can blockade him in the battlefield. Even the toughest walls and strongest bulwarks have fallen before him, and he has been charged with tearing apart the Menite city of Sul brick by bloody brick.

While Lord Commander Coleman Stryker moves his prison fleet along the Black River, Major Siege bombards the walls of Sul with every type of ordinance imaginable. He seeks to demolish its fortifications before a final assault on the city itself. His skill with destroying structures, obliterating barricades, and shaping the terrain to his needs has proven vital in his efforts. His particular arcane talents seem well suited for this task, for the powerful dark skinned Thurian uses arcane manipulation to shift and shape the lay of the land to fit the tactics he employs.

Not only is he a formidable soldier, but he is also a deadly warcaster capable of imbuing his own warjacks with immense destructive potential to rip apart enemy defenses with the guidance of his skillful eye. Armed with a personal arsenal of mechanical weapons, Brisbane has torn apart ramparts and palisades with his war maul Havoc and pounded his herded enemy to bloody dust with the explosive volleys of his rocket cannon.

His skill in battle, his persona, and the aura of legend surrounding him inspires his troops further. Under the protection of his powerful arcane abilities, his troops expect to be treated with the respect and skill they deserve. To Major Siege, every soldier is an instrument of his will, a dagger with which he can strike at the enemy to a tune he has long ago mastered.

MAJOR MARKUS 'SIEGE' BRISBANE

FOCUS 6

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
18	80	C	5	Small

FEAT: BREACH

With a veteran's eye for the ebb and flow of battle, Major Brisbane observes the tides of war as another would a map on a table. With precision timing and perfectly executed maneuvers, Markus "Siege" Brisbane marshals his forces in a singular, back-breaking assault on the enemy.

The ARM of each enemy model currently in Siege's control area is halved when calculating damage from the next damage roll it suffers this turn. Effects that further modify ARM are not reduced.

SIEGE

COMMAND AUTHORITY - Siege may issue any order to a unit that its original leader or officer could issue.

DEMOLITION - Double the number of damage points a structure suffers from attacks made by models in Siege's battlegroup.

ROCKET CANNON

GROUND POUNDER (★ATTACK) - Place a 5" AOE anywhere completely within 14" of Siege. Siege then targets each model in the AOE with a ranged attack, regardless of LOS. When making Ground Pounder attacks, Siege suffers -2 to attack rolls but ignores Camouflage, concealment, cover, elevation, Invisibility, screening, and Stealth. Models hit suffer a POW 12 damage roll. Siege never receives an aiming bonus to Ground Pounder attacks.

SIEGE

CMD 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	6	6	14	17

ROCKET CANNON

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
14	1	—	14

HAVOC

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Critical	7	14

HAVOC

CRITICAL SLAM - On a critical hit, instead of making a normal damage roll, Siege may slam the target model d6" directly away from him. The model suffers a damage roll equal to Siege's current STR plus the POW of Havoc. If the slammed model collides with another model, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to Siege's current STR.

Spells

Cost RNG AOE POW UP OFF

EXPLOSIVO

1 6 - -

The first ranged attack made by target friendly model this turn has a 3" AOE. If this model is part of a combined ranged attack, the attack does not have an AOE. Models not hit directly by this attack suffer blast damage normally but do not suffer any other effects of the attack.

FOX HOLE

2 CTRL 5 - X

Place a Fox Hole 5" AOE anywhere completely within Siege's control area. Models completely within the AOE have cover (+4 DEF) and do not suffer blast damage. When drawing line of sight to a model not completely within the AOE, ignore intervening models completely within the AOE.

HIGHER GROUND

2 CTRL 5 - X

Place a Higher Ground 5" AOE anywhere completely within Siege's control area. When drawing line of sight or when targeted by a ranged or magic attack, models in the AOE are considered to be on higher elevation (+2 DEF) than all other models in play. Ignore the effects of Higher Ground when a model completely in the spell's AOE targets another model completely in the spell's AOE with a ranged or magic attack.

ILLUMINATION

2 8 * -

Models within 6" of target friendly model lose all benefits from Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, cover, Invisibility, and Stealth. Cloud effects within 6" of target model do not block LOS.

RIFT

4 10 4 13 X X

AOE is rough terrain. Rift AOE remains in play as long as upkeep is paid.

SHOCKWAVE

3 8 - 10 X

Target model immediately moves d6" directly away from the spell's point of origin before suffering the damage roll. The model stops if it collides with another model or terrain feature. During this movement target model cannot be targeted by free strikes. If a model moved by Shockwave collides with another model, that model is also moved directly away from the spell's point of origin a number of inches equal to the initial die roll and suffers a POW 10 damage roll.



MAJOR VICTORIA HALEY

The tides of time will be her breath, and none shall disobey her gaze.

—Pirate Queen Skarre Ravenmane

Victoria Haley is magic made flesh and a powerful tempest within whom a deep and sorrowful calm resides. Her unmatched talents shadow even those of the eldest of Cygnaran warcasters and are tempered with the experience of years of combat as a warcaster. As she gains wisdom in the fields of war, she grows in power

and flexes her arcane might to dominate the battlefield with magic unrivalled by any other warcaster in western Immoren. Even still there are depths of magical power lying undiscovered within, waiting for her to summon them forth. She is feared and respected by her enemies, for she has faced the most terrible of trials and survived.

Within the barbed groves of the Thornwood, the warwitch of Cryx Deneghra assailed Haley with the fury of years of hatred and loathing. The vile sorceress pursued her through the Thornwood like a venomous serpent and fell upon her with all the maleficent magic she could summon.

Haley's malevolent twin sought nothing less than to end her life and consume her soul. The brutal assault tore a ragged scar through dank briars and sodden mossy forest as the two warcasters traded arcane blows and scorn. Faltering under Deneghra's onslaught, Haley fell, pushed to the edge of defeat by her dark sibling.

Caught in the throes of battle, one arm ruined and near death, Haley forced her mind to rupture the glyphs, interlocks, and arcane sigils securing the cortex of Deneghra's helljack. During the final moments of the titanic struggle, she turned the might of the Cryxian Slayer upon her wicked twin, ordering the foul machine to hold Deneghra fast. In that moment, Haley



tore the warwitch in half with her spear and instantly ended her life.

Never before has a warcaster completely been able to overpower another's control over his warjacks. The Fraternal Order of Wizardry is baffled and warcasters stand in awe, for Haley has impossibly torn through the formidable defenses surrounding enemy cortexes to manipulate her rival's warjacks like mere toys. Not only can she seize control of them, but she has also learned to turn an enemies' own arc nodes into weapons she can use. Still, this is only a hint of the power dwelling within her.

Her manipulation of the ebb and flow of time has intensified. In battle her warjacks rush forth with tremendous speed like blurs of fury in comparison to the glacial motions of her enemies. Those who seek to rush through her defenses find themselves suddenly constrained by the shackles of time as it slows to a crawl around them.

The formidable warcaster still bears scars from her battle in the Thornwood. Her arm was ripped from her body during her fight with Deneghra, and even the finest of Cygnaran surgeons could not save it. Now a mechanical prosthetic serves as a reminder of her moment of weakness and what it may have cost her. She even bears a new spear—Echo—as another reminder of the changes that fateful confrontation wrought upon her.

Her enmity with the forces of Cryx has grown ever more intense. After returning from an extended leave to recuperate from her injuries, she has become ever more insistent that something stirs within the Thornwood and not all is quiet near the fringes of Cygnar's borders. She has focused her relentless attention on the borders of Cygnar and has used her newly attained rank of Major in the Cygnaran military to requisition warjacks, troops, mercenaries, and funds so she may purge the northwestern borders and eliminate the evil lingering in the woods and hidden vales. The phantom of some threat within that wood gnaws at her, and worry rests deep within her soul.

MAJOR VICTORIA HALEY				FOCUS 8
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
15	84	C	5	Small

FEAT: TEMPORAL SHIFT

Calling upon her formidable arcane power, Major Victoria Haley manipulates the flow of time itself to slow her enemies to a crawling pace.

Each enemy model currently in Haley's control area must forfeit its movement or action during its next activation. Affected models activate at the start of their controller's next Activation Phase in an order determined by Haley's controller.

HALEY				CMD 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	6	5	16	14

HAND CANNON			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
12	1	—	12

ECHO		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	13

HALEY

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Major Victoria Haley cannot be included in an army with Captain Victoria Haley.

WARJACK BOND - One non-unique warjack in Haley's battlegroup may begin the game bonded to her. If this warjack is in Haley's control area during its controller's Control Phase, it automatically receives one focus point in addition to any focus points allocated. The warjack does not receive this focus point while suffering Disruption.

ECHO

REACH - 2" melee range.

REPLICATION - Haley may cast any enemy offensive spell requiring the expenditure of focus that was cast within her control area during the last round as if it were one of her spells. Haley may upkeep replicated spells.

SET DEFENSE - Haley gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from her front arc.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ARCANE BOLT Magical bolts of energy streak toward the target model.	2	12	-	11		X
BACKFIRE Haley takes control of target warjack's arc node and may channel one spell through it as if it were part of her battlegroup. Backfire expires once Haley channels a spell through the warjack's arc node. The warjack's controlling warcaster cannot use the warjack to channel spells while Backfire remains in play.	2	8	-	-	X	X
DEADEYE Target model/unit rolls an additional die on each model's first ranged attack roll this turn.	2	6	-	-		
DECELERATION Haley slows down incoming enemy attacks around her. Enemy models suffer -2 on ranged attack rolls and ranged damage rolls against models in Haley's control area for one round.	3	CASTER CTRL	-			
DOMINATION Immediately after Haley's activation, her controller may move target enemy warjack with a functional cortex up to its SPD in inches and make one attack with it. Friendly models cannot target this model with free strikes during this movement. Domination may be cast once per turn. A warjack cannot be targeted with this spell if it was affected by it in the previous round.	3	8	-	-		X
TELEKINESIS Move target model up to 2" ignoring all movement modifiers and choose its facing. During this movement the model cannot be targeted by free strikes. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll. A model may be targeted by this spell once per turn.	2	8	-	-		*
TEMPORAL ACCELERATION During its activation this turn, target friendly Cygnaran model/unit gains +3" of movement and may make one additional attack regardless of a weapon's ROF with no additional focus required. Affected models cannot activate during their controller's following turn. These effects are not cumulative with additional castings of this spell.	3	6	-	-		
TIME BOMB A model damaged by Time Bomb suffers -2 SPD and DEF for one round. These stat penalties are not cumulative with additional castings of Time Bomb.	4	10	3	14		X



LORD COMMANDER STRYKER

My work will be done once Imer has been reduced to ashes.

—Lord Commander Coleman Stryker

If King Leto has ever placed his faith in one man to save Cygnar, it would be the warcaster Commander Coleman Stryker. Stryker has often proven his unfailing loyalty to the Cygnaran crown in over a decade worth of battles, yet even war can change a weary veteran. The carnage Stryker has witnessed over the past year scraped

away any remnant of compassion or temperance in his mind. Visions of unjustly persecuted refugee mothers clutching their children even in death, innocents strapped callously to menofixes and left to suffer, and disinterred corpses turned into puppets for some twisted malignancy have numbed Stryker to the horrors of war.

Guided by a new doctrine of total war and empowered by the authority of the King, the man who once called for moderation and reason now seeks to annihilate threats to the nation by any means at his disposal.

The once merciful soldier has become a man of pitiless inclinations, and many within Cygnar do not approve of his actions. Stryker has become brooding and grim over the past months. Judging by his recent actions, no one is sure of what acts of war the man might carry out in defense of Cygnar's people.

With the King's consent, Stryker has called former inquisitors back into service with the promise of a pardon to lead raids on the Menite population of Cygnar. The former secret police of Raelthorne the Elder have done terrible work at Stryker's behest, burning Menite temples, seizing assets from the Church of Menoth and its sympathizers, and torturing the priests of Menoth to glean information on Protectorate plans. Even in the name of security, most would not have made the compromises Stryker has. Still, his war does not end there.

Stryker has ordered every man, woman, and child to be interred within sturdy war barges. He quickly destroys any sign of their habitation in Cygnar by razing businesses, districts,



and churches to the ground without hesitation. He plans to exile them all to Bloodshore Island in the Gulf of Cygnar and slay any who attempt to flee that remote island's shore. Some fear he may simply sink the barges into the ocean once out of the king's sight. Until then, the prisoners fester, starve, and linger in wait within the massive prison ships.

Stryker also bears a new emblem of war. The once golden swan of Cygnar he wore with pride is now a black emblem of his wrath. It serves as a warning to any enemy of Cygnar. When they see the black Cygnus, they can expect no mercy.

To meet his demands for open warfare, Stryker has seized a powerful prototype suit of armor from Commander Adept Nemo's own workshop. Against the elder warcaster's warnings, Stryker has taken great personal risk by wearing the armor. Despite its power, the armor relies on untested technology potentially as harmful to the wearer as it is to those who might suffer its abilities. Capable of boosting Stryker's strength to superhuman levels and unleashing violent bursts of electrical energy, the armor itself is a weapon when turned to the right purpose. In addition, Stryker has augmented his mechanikal blade Quicksilver with conduits and mechanisms to increase its voltaic potency. Those unfortunate enough to be struck by the weapon suffer an incredible electrical jolt.

The greatest weapon at Stryker's disposal is the army he has amassed. Using the king's letter of marque to requisition every bolt, bullet, body, and blade he deems necessary, Stryker has collected an awe-inspiring assemblage of warriors unparalleled by anything since the rebellion against the Orgoth. With over half of Cygnar's warcasters, a myriad of warjacks, legions of troopers, and tens of thousands of willing supporters directly under his command, Stryker has begun his own crusade—one that may continue until the day he dies.

LORD COMMANDER STRYKER				FOCUS 6
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
17	91	C	5	Small

FEAT: ROLLING THUNDER

Undone with rage over injustices to the Cygnaran people, Lord Commander Stryker has become an unstoppable force of absolute vindication. Driving ever forward, Stryker's army thunders across the battlefield offering no mercy to those opposing them.

Friendly Cygnaran models/units currently in Stryker's control area may move up to 3" and make one melee attack after all friendly models have completed their activations this turn.

STRYKER

ARCANTRIK ANOMALY - When Stryker begins his activation with unspent focus points, he must make a command check. If he fails, Stryker must forfeit his movement or action this activation.

ELITE CADRE - Stormblades included in an army with Stryker gain +1 MAT, RAT, and CMD. Before the start of the game, after both players have deployed, Stormblade models may move up to their SPD in inches.

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic war-caster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Lord Commander Stryker cannot be included in an army with Commander Coleman Stryker.

EYE OF THE STORM (★ATTACK) - Center a 5" AOE on Stryker. Models in the AOE other than Stryker suffer a POW 10 damage roll. Damage rolls must be boosted separately. Eye of the Storm is not a melee attack. Stryker does not roll an additional damage die on charge attacks with Eye of the Storm, but he may spend focus for additional melee attacks after an Eye of the Storm attack.

OVERLOAD - Once during his activation, Stryker may roll between one and three dice and add the result to his

STRYKER				CMD 10	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	7	6	16	16

MAGNUM			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	2	—	12

QUICKSILVER MK II			
SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
Multi	8	15	

STR for the round. He then immediately rolls an equal number of dice and suffers damage equal to the total.

WARJACK BOND - One non-unique warjack in Stryker's battlegroup may begin the game bonded to him. Stryker may allocate up to one additional focus point to this warjack. The warjack is not required to spend a focus point to charge or perform a power attack.

MAGNUM

DISRUPTION - Warjacks suffer Disruption when hit by Magnum. A warjack suffering Disruption loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

QUICKSILVER MK II

DISRUPTION - Warjacks suffer Disruption when hit by Quicksilver MK II. A warjack suffering Disruption loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

JOLT - Stryker may push a model hit by Quicksilver Mk II 1" directly away from him.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ARCANE BOLT Magical bolts of energy streak toward the target model.	2	12	-	11		X
ARCANE STORM Models in the AOE suffer a POW 10 damage roll. Stryker may only upkeep Arcane Storm if the AOE is completely within his control area. During his controller's Control Phase, after upkeeping Arcane Storm, Stryker may move the AOE up to 5" in a straight line ignoring movement penalties. The AOE must end this movement completely within Stryker's control area. Models moving into the AOE, ending their activation in the AOE, or touched by the moving AOE suffer an unboostable POW 10 damage roll.	3	8	3	10	X	X
DEFLECTION While in Stryker's control area this round, friendly Cygnaran warrior models gain +2 ARM against ranged and magic attacks.	2					
POSITIVE CHARGE Target friendly Cygnaran warjack gains +2 STR and MAT. While within 3" of the affected warjack, friendly Cygnaran models also gain +2 STR and MAT. Positive Charge lasts for one turn.	2	6	-	-		
STORM WRACKED Target model/unit suffers -2 CMD and may not give or receive orders.	2	8	-	-	X	X
VELOCITY Stryker may spend up to three focus points to move immediately up to 2" for each focus point spent. This move must be made in a straight line. Velocity may be cast once per turn.	*					



THUNDERHEAD

Thunder may walk the earth, and in its shadow is swift judgment...

— The Enkheiridion

Arguably the most sophisticated warjack ever built, the Thunderhead is a marvel of technological innovation and proud artistry. Built upon ideas decades, perhaps even centuries, ahead of their time, the powerhouse heavy warjack relies on technologies developed by the genius of Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo. This source of awe and devastation on the battlefield draws its power entirely from arcane electricity generated by a massive storm chamber. Nemo envisioned a warjack powered by arcane electricity

that could eschew the telltale signs of steam and function without coal or water, yet he failed to take into account the brilliant corona of energy surrounding the massive construct. The air surrounding the mechanical behemoth constantly glows with a pale violet haze as its energized aura scorches the ground with each step.

Since its initial field tests, stories of the Thunderhead scrapping enemy 'jacks under a barrage of blows from its electrically enhanced shock fists have met skepticism among the more traditional members of Cygnar's military council. Troopers have seen the warjack annihilate enemy forces with massive discharges from the lightning coil first hand, and word of this marvel has spread. Tales have even fallen on the ears of enemies who scoff at such fancy.

After several spectacular failures culminating in the detonation of a modified Ironclad in late 604 AR, Nemo finalized plans on construction of a prototype warjack. He built a new type of storm chamber using Cyriss-based technology and modern mechanical science to invent a wondrous and stable source of energy. Though it badly burned two assistants and destroyed thousands of crowns of equipment, Nemo's project proceeded until he knew



he had a stable massive scale energy source that generated sufficient power and remained cool enough to be viable in a heavy warjack.

Unwilling to use a modified Ironclad for the final steps of his prototype creation, Nemo corresponded with Bradig Gormleigh - a Thurian arcane mechanik in Mercir renown for his ability to design 'jack chassis and frames that appealed not only to functional sensibilities, but also to the aesthetics of the client. Gormleigh created a custom chassis to work with the storm chamber. The result set a new standard in warjack design. Large even for a heavy warjack, the Thunderhead mounts huge plates of curving steel that, while graceful, bulge as if barely containing the energy within. The lightning coil's twin brass-capped screws rise five feet above the 'jack, and arcs of electricity continually crawl between the prongs. A blue-tinged glow seeps from the joints and edges of the armor plates. Altogether, the Thunderhead presents an astounding and formidable appearance not found in any other warjack.

The arsenal of the Thunderhead allows it to rip other 'jacks apart. Nemo used the electrical field surrounding the machine to great advantage by installing small coils on the arms to enhance the field over the shock fists. The Thunderhead's blows liquefy metal, roast flesh, and disrupt cortexes when they land. Enemy 'jacks often stutter to a halt after only a few blows from the powerful mechanical device. The lightning coil releases focused electrical bolts powerful enough to rupture Khadoran Man-O-War armor or showers the area around the 'jack with arcs capable of igniting mechanical systems and setting flesh ablaze.

Given its staggering cost and technical complexities—successfully shielding the Thunderhead's own cortex took six months—Cygnar simply cannot afford to manufacture more of these powerful monstrosities any time in the near future. The current demands of war require that King Leto fund proven, less expensive weapons. Though disappointed by this unfortunate turn of logistics, Commander Adept Nemo has released the prototype for combat duty, so the warjack may prove its use in battle.

THUNDERHEAD

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
Grid	154	C	4	Large

THUNDERHEAD

DISRUPTOR FIELD - A warjack hitting the Thunderhead with a melee attack loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus or channel spells for one round.

DYNAMIC RECHARGE - Any friendly Cygnaran model in base-to-base contact with the Thunderhead removes one additional damage point each time it spends a focus point to regenerate its power field.

LIGHTNING COIL

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	3	—	14

SHOCK FIST

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	4	15

SHOCK FIST

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	4	15

1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	

THUNDERHEAD

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	11	6	5	12	19

LFT

RT

Height /Weight:

14' / 12.5 tons

Armament:

Twin Shock Fists (right and left arms), Lightning Coil (integral)

Fuel Load /Burn Usage:

None (electrically powered)

Initial Service Date:

606 AR

Cortex Manufacturer:

Cygnaran Armory

Ori. Chassis Design:

Bradig Gormleigh under instruction from Commander Adept Nemo

Maintenance Phase, the scrambled warjack activates and runs in a random direction and knocks down warrior models in its path. The scrambled warjack is knocked down if it collides with an obstruction or another warjack. The scrambled warjack cannot activate again this turn.

CRITICAL DISRUPTION - On a critical hit, target warjack suffers Disruption. A warjack suffering Disruption loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

FIST - The Thunderhead's Shock Fists have the abilities of an Open Fist.



CYGNAR



Lord Commander Coleman Stryker
Warcaster



Captain E. Dominic Darius & his Halfjacks
Warcaster & Mini Warjacks



Major Victoria Haley
Warcaster



Major Markus 'Siege' Brisbane
Warcaster



Thunderhead
Heavy Warjack







Protectorate *of* Menoth

Army Additions

Garrick Voyle, hierarch of the Protectorate of Menoth, stood looking out of the embrasure onto the rooftops of Imer. It was Menoth's great city—His will manifest in stone by the labor of the faithful. He turned to behold the radiant figure in the center of the room. "I like it not to let you go." Even his softly spoken words resonated with authority.

The Harbinger drifted in a pool of light that somehow both emanated from her and was eclipsed by her nubile form. The veil covering her eyes and the white diaphanous garments sheathing her body entranced the eye as though she were a masterpiece of sculpture brought to life. "One life means nothing to the Shaper, even mine own."

The mask of the scrutators covered his face, but Voyle's chest was bare of his usual ceremonial raiment. His leanly muscled torso belied his age. Like his words, every graceful movement suggested power and force in motion. At a distance his tanned skin seemed covered with the scars of the lash, yet those who dared approach observed these scars were the letters of ancient text, words in a lost language writ impossibly small in looping whorls. It was the entirety of the writ of the *Canon*

APOTHEOSIS



of the True Law, arisen of its own accord upon his flesh when he had forced the Synod to recognize him as hierarch. "You are a symbol of unmatched potency to bolster the wayward faithful. To risk your manifestation in battle, I like it not."

Her whispering voice was like a prayer. "I have no fear of our enemies. Should I fall, I will rise again. The strength of the Temple goes with me, and you have honed them well."

"Your presence in the north will be a beacon of truth. You will bring more of the misguided back under our dominion. I have been too jealous of your company and have desired to hear Menoth's words spoken to my ear alone."

"It is not for this I go forth. I have seen a darkness I alone can face. Destiny leads me to the forest of death and to the battle for which I was born."

Her body tensed and her hands clenched as the vision came upon her again. This sight transfixed the hierarch; he hardly let out a breath as he gazed upon her in the throes of his god. He was Menoth's highest priest and channel for that divine power, yet this slim and young woman could hear His voice and see true visions. He revered her too much to be jealous of this power, and he knew through her that his work pleased the Creator.

Voyle saw the armored silhouette of his friend and loyal servant proudly bearing his staff of authority waiting in the foyer of the chamber, and he bade the great warcaster enter. Foremost of the priests on the battlefield and general of the arm of Menoth, Severius strode forward smoothly and with good speed with the assistance of his armor.

Voyle respected his peer too much to show pity even as he recognized the frailty of the scrutator's flesh. As his body atrophied, his mind sharpened and his connection to Menoth solidified. Severius was the dark protector of the Temple and the hierarch's stave abroad. He was a man who knew every dark secret of the mind and how to use pain to lance those weaknesses. Under his skillful hands even the most willful heathen broke and wept for the succor of death.

Severius bowed deeply before his hierarch and the Harbinger and was told to rise. He nodded respectfully to the six visgoths of Imer who stood like a humble chorus against the far wall. Each of these masked and robed priests was a governor of tens of thousands of the faithful who lead

*"Destiny leads me to
the forest of death and
to the battle for which
I was born."*

the clergy to ensure obedience to the will of the hierarch. When they walked through the city they were treated as divine apostles, but in this room they were humble servants and silent lest spoken to by the hierarch.

Voyle greeted Severius. "Welcome, Grand Scrutator Severius, and attend to me. I will reveal our crusade. It will be your honor to put these words into action." He turned to face the six visgoths. "And to you the responsibility that all is prepared and ready—supplies, food, weapons, and fuel for our

armies. Our industry and armory cannot be idle as we send our fist into the west." They bowed to him as one.

"Glory to Menoth, Hierarch," Severius spoke, "Our forces are arrayed as you requested. Along with the gathered Order of the Wall, Feora and her army of the Flameguard stand ready in Sul. We have sent Grand Exemplar Kreoss and his Knights Exemplar to join them." He paused and added, "Those two care for each other little."

The hierarch shrugged as if this were of no consequence. "Battle will unite them, or death will bring them together."

Severius was silent although the hierarch sensed his thoughts, for the aged priest loathed Feora and her ambition even as he endorsed Kreoss as champion of the faithful. The hierarch knew too well that Feora desired to rule the entire Temple—a vainglorious dream. Voyle was prepared to turn her fires inward to consume her should she overstep herself; for now she was a useful brand to be hurled against Caspia's walls.

"The Black Swan will confront them," the Harbinger whispered from above in a volume almost too low to be heard.

Severius asked, "You still intend to attack Caspia?"

Severius was one of the few whom Voyle would allow to question him without rebuke, for he valued the man's seniority and wisdom. "Yes. The last siege was just a test to prepare for this. Kreoss, Feora, and Visgoth Juviah must batter them to desperation to tempt Caspia to pull reinforcements from Eastwall."

The hierarch walked into the center of this vaulted chamber onto

the tiled floor showing the lands that would one day be his. There were no armies or markers displayed across its surface, for neither Voyle nor Severius needed them. Each could feel the souls of the faithful in his mind's eye: great masses of marching zealots, deliverers, and armored knights alongside warjacks gleaming in the sun. Voyle held a small jar of red sand, and he poured it onto the tiles as he spoke. A stain of red covered Sul and Caspia.

"So too will we send lesser forces to harass all arteries which feed the City of Walls." He let sand fall in a line across Eastwall and the Black River, crossing the King's Highway and the railroad to Steelwater. "Caspia has grown bloated and hungry; it cannot support its teeming heretical masses without these arteries. So too we will send ships south to attack the shipping lines from Mercir." More sand fell from Voyle's hand into the Gulf of Cygnar and completed a crimson circle around Caspia.

"We do not have the ships to contest Cygnar's Navy, Hierarch," the Grand Scrutator noted.

"I do not intend to win these engagements, only to lure Leto's navy south. Our ships will bait and flee, sinking what merchants they can and drawing warships from Caspia and the naval fortress at Sentinel Point. With Cygnar's navy distracted, fast ships from Sul will escort barges laden with Menoth's Fury into the docks and harbor of Caspia. Set ablaze, fires will consume the docks and any ships unable to flee. Visgoth Juviah's prayers will lend heated wind to stoke the inferno. It is not necessary to destroy the docks utterly, just cripple their shipping of food and supplies. Kreoss and Feora will close the vice."

Severius nodded, and Voyle sensed a cold smile beneath his friend's mask.

The Harbinger exclaimed from above, "The lich!" Her back arched and she elevated even higher into the room. "He is the adversary. He has a fount of power—a tool of darkness in the Thornwood. I must confront him."

Severius was chilled by the words and stared up at this prophet sent by Menoth. "Her armor and retinue have been blessed and prepared and stand ready to receive her. I will attend the Harbinger and assist her in the journey north."

The Harbinger shook her head. "The Testament must join me against the lich. I have seen it."

Hierarch Voyle nodded and allowed more of the red sand to fall into the northern wilds. "The Harbinger senses a threat to the core of our faith from abominations that thwart mortality through forbidden rites. The Testament shall act as her right hand, he who bears the sacred Omegus brought forth from Urcaen to usher the fallen faithful into our god's waiting embrace. Lesser souls will scatter before him like leaves in a storm, and this lich will be unable to feed."

Severius was too loyal to speak his disappointment aloud, but the Hierarch sensed it. "What of myself and Amon Ad-Raza? I would instruct him."

"He needs little of your instruction, but I agree he should escort you. Go with the Harbinger as far as Fisherbrook, and then you and Amon shall turn upon Cygnar. We cannot rely on Khador to crush Leto's northern armies. They resemble a serpent that has swallowed too large a meal, and

they rest torpid as they digest Llael. I need you to attack Fellig and there establish a stronghold in the north—a bridge for us to draw forth the faithful of Khador, allowing them to escape and come to us. With Caspia isolated and the northern army beset on all sides, the fertile fields of the Midlunds will lay open to us. All of the farms of central Cygnar shall fall under the dominion of our priests, and its people shall be enslaved to await conversion by fire or wrack. With its stomach in our grasp, the rest of Cygnar shall break. The people of the west are lazy and have no fortitude for hunger."

"And Khador? They may engage us in the north."

Once again the hierarch shrugged. "Fight them as you will, but lead them into Cygnar. When Caspia falls we can subdue the other cities one by one and then move against Khador. There are many there who will come to our side when they see the Harbinger with their own eyes. When the lich is slain, she will bring Khador's faithful to you. Our numbers will multiply. Go now, and bear the banner of this crusade."

"Yes, Hierarch." The Grand Scrutator bowed again and swept from the room, followed by the silent Visgoths.

The Harbinger spoke, "I go to arm myself and meet destiny."

As she floated from the room, the hierarch nodded and bowed his head as if his heart left with her. Alone and filled with icy resolve, he knitted his fingers together in the way of the Fist and turned back to the embrasure. His inner eye followed his servants as they trod the first steps to Menoth's ultimate glory.



Harbinger of Menoth

I am the Harbinger of Menoth, His vessel on Caen. Through me the Creator speaks, and He has much to say.

—The Harbinger of Menoth to the Synod, 603 AR

The appearance of the Harbinger of Menoth is the single greatest religious event in western Immoren since the discovery of the *Canon of the True Law*. Completely infused with the glory of Menoth, she speaks the words of the Creator of Man. A beacon to the devoted, the Harbinger has reinvigorated and unified the Menite faithful and set a spark that threatens to burn across the world.

In late 603 AR, three scrutators and a score of Knights Exemplar arrived in a small village just north of Ancient Ichthier to meet a young blindfolded girl who had declared herself the Harbinger of Menoth. She had seen a vision of the Lawgiver who touched her forehead, instructed her to speak His words to the faithful, and declared her a vessel too holy to touch the earth. The Synod responded by sending a score of Knights Exemplar to escort her to Imer. As they traveled, word of the miracle spread and whole communities emptied as people collected their belongings, packed food and water, and set out to follow the Harbinger. Nearly thirty thousand citizens camped outside the walls of Imer as the knights escorted the young woman inside.

At sunset the visgoths assembled in the Sovereign Temple of the One True Faith and faced the young woman floating slowly in the blood-red sunlight. Without leave she described her visions and the voice that filled her. She wore the blindfold, she said, because to see the world through her own and Menoth's eyes would overwhelm her mind. She singled out individual visgoths by name, spoke of things they hid even from each other, and castigated them for not preserving the True Faith. Finally she turned to Hierarch Garrik Voyle himself and simply smiled just as the great sand clocks struck the tenth hour since she began. The Hierarch stood



and pointed to the floor where her shadow still fell in the same blood-red light, unfaded and unchanged after all that time. Voyle stepped down and bent his knee, saying he believed and asked she serve as his personal spiritual advisor. The Harbinger agreed.

A true prophet, the Harbinger speaks without fear to the most powerful members of the Temple of Menoth who consider her the final authority in spiritual matters. Though unburdened with such worldly trifles as the politics of the Protectorate, she unreservedly endorsed Hierarch Voyle when he, like Sulon before him, called for a pilgrimage to witness her divinity, which produced an influx of willing hands and helped heal the rift between the Protectorate and the Old Faith. The Harbinger assured him forging these faithful into a divine army pleased Menoth, and she stood beside him as he called for a great crusade to reclaim western Immoren for the Creator.

For nearly a year the Harbinger has suffered visions of a rising evil in the Thornwood and has raised her own army to destroy it from the thousands of zealots and Knights Exemplar dedicated to her. On the field she has proven immeasurably powerful by commanding war-jacks with instinctive brilliance and decimating whole enemy units with her staggering divine magic and unerring sword Providence. So overwhelming is the Harbinger's divine might that her spells may not be harnessed by the devices of men. Every attempt to channel her potent magic through an arc node has resulted in the complete destruction of the warjack.

The immense power of Menoth flows from her in battle. Though not trained in war, she leads her forces with confidence and infuses them with righteous conviction and holy might. Accompanied by the Testament of Menoth, her troops march north with all speed, and the power of the entire Protectorate follows behind. The crusade will now storm across western Immoren like the wrath of the Lawgiver Himself, and the Harbinger will lead the way.

HARBINGER OF MENOTH				FOCUS 10
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
17	107	C	5	Large

FEAT: GODHEAD

Calling upon Menoth's blazing glory, the Harbinger becomes a radiant beacon on the battlefield, and she burns away the impurities of any heretic who dares to gaze upon her.

During this round, enemy models ending their movement in the Harbinger's control area with LOS to her immediately suffer an unboostable POW 14 damage roll this round. Ignore intervening models when determining LOS.

HARBINGER

AWE - Before targeting the Harbinger with an attack, living non-warcaster warrior models within 10" of the Harbinger +1" per unspent focus point on her must make a command check. If the command check fails, the model cannot target the Harbinger with attacks for the rest of this turn.

BEACON OF HOPE - Friendly Protectorate models/units in the Harbinger's command range never flee. Fleeing friendly Protectorate models/units in the Harbinger's command range immediately rally. The Harbinger may issue orders to any number of units in her command area.

CALL TO WAR - Friendly Protectorate non-warcaster warrior models gain boosted melee damage rolls against enemy models in the Harbinger's command range during any turn she makes a melee attack against an enemy model.

HARBINGER				CMD 10
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF ARM
6	4	3	1	14 14

PROVIDENCE		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Guided	8	12

DIVINITY - The Harbinger cannot be knocked down. All models are considered to be in the Harbinger's front arc and she may charge or make magic attacks in any direction.

GODLIKE POWER - The Harbinger's power is too great to be harnessed by the devices of men. The Harbinger's spells cannot be channeled.

PROVIDENCE

GUIDED - Melee attacks with Providence automatically hit.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BLESSED ARMS Target friendly Protectorate model/unit rolls an additional die on its first melee attack roll this turn.	2	8	-	-		
CATAclysm The Harbinger calls down Menoth's wrath upon a target enemy model which is automatically hit. Reduce the POW of Cataclysm by one for every full inch the target is away from the Harbinger. The POW is reduced before calculating blast damage. Blast damage only affects enemy models. This spell has no effect if the target model is more than 8" away.	5	8	5	20		X
CRUSADER'S CALL Friendly Protectorate models in the Harbinger's control area that charge this turn gain an additional +2" movement. This spell may be cast once per turn.	4	CASTER	CTRL	-		
FORESIGHT Each enemy model with the Focus Manipulation ability in the Harbinger's control area must immediately declare its focus allocations and spells it will upkeep on its controller's next turn. The model can only make the allocations and upkeeps declared. If allocations or upkeeps cannot be made for any reason, the focus points must be left on the model.	2	CASTER	CTRL	-		
MARTYRDOM Whenever a friendly Protectorate non-warcaster warrior model in the Harbinger's control area suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed this round, she may take d3 damage points to keep the model from being destroyed. If the model is not destroyed, it is knocked down and reduced to one wound.	3	CASTER	CTRL	-		
PURIFICATION Continuous effects, enemy upkeep spells, and enemy spell effects in the Harbinger's control area leave play.	4	CASTER	CTRL	-		
TREMOR OF FAITH Target model damaged by Tremor of Faith is knocked down.	3	10	-	12		X
WORD OF LAW Enemy models/units in the Harbinger's command range cannot give or receive orders. Word of Law lasts for one round.	3	CASTER	CTRL	-		



High Allegiant Amon Ad-Raza

Let your faith be your armor, your fist be your sword.

—Prayer of the Order of the Fist

Amon Ad-Raza was raised in several Idrian camps where he learned to survive on the fringes with his nomadic family in their futile attempt to stay out from under Menite rule. If not for his parents' rebellious ways, the thick-skinned young man would have never had the strength to find his true path as a servant of the Lawgiver, for it was during one of their frequent infiltrations to acquire food that he overheard the sermons of Menite monks nearby. He was moved by the power of their words and heeding the acclamation within his soul, Amon entrusted his destiny to the will of Menoth from that fateful day

forward. His life and destiny would be forever shaped by the teachings and knowledge imparted upon him by the Order of the Fist.

Embracing the Order as his calling, Amon rose to become an example of the teachings and doctrines of the sect. An eager student with unparalleled determination, Amon would not accept failure as the outcome of any task his masters set before him. Through his unshakable faith in the Creator, he became a symbol of the Fist's teachings and focused his faith and his body's actions far beyond the capabilities of others. He learned to break blades upon his flesh as if he were cast of stone while his movements remained as fluid as a sea wielding the strength of crashing tides. Amon's ascension to the rank of High Allegiant resonates with the will of a divinely guided hand, for in just a brief span of years Amon already



had begun counseling students beside the very same masters who had instructed him.

It was none other than the Order's founder, Hierarch Garrick Voyle, who noticed the spectacular talents of the youthful High Allegiant. Seeing the potential resting in the monk, Voyle pushed the youth to his limits to test every talent, ability, and aspect of the young man's spirit. Amon proved successful and triumphed over each trial, and he surpassed the Hierarch's expectations.

Voyle's final test for Amon was to task the boy with conquering the mind of a warjack cortex with his will. With his superior mental control and the discipline instilled within his mind, the powerful young monk had little difficulty mastering the cortex of a warjack. The Hierarch's suspicions were correct. Amon was a born warcaster.

"One who controls the titans of war should be an instrument of His will, not cloistered in a temple tutoring monks and breaking stones!" The Hierarch declared. Soon Amon found himself putting his skills to the test in open warfare, leading warjacks to combat under the aegis of his newly found talents as a warcaster.

Granted troops, warjacks, and the holy sanction to crush Menoth's enemies, Amon has been unleashed by the Hierarch as a scourge upon those who would oppose the will of Menoth and the Hierarch's decrees.

Amon wears little armor in battle. Instead he relies on his monastic conditioning to shrug off blows that would fell a lesser man while maintaining a calm meditative state that eludes description. With his blessed weapon Oblivion whirling deadly metal in a blur around him, his arsenal combines his body, his arcane abilities, and his weaponry.

Focusing the holy clarity of his training, his attacks are unstoppable and charged with the very energy of his faith. He moves through the battlefield from enemy to enemy claiming their lives with a centered and unshakeable resolve. Amon's holy calm and strength of will are his most powerful weapons, and they make him a mighty instrument of the One True Faith.

HIGH ALLEGIANT AMON AD-RAZA				FOCUS 5
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
17	70	C	5	Small

FEAT: UNION

His spirit always centered even in the heat of battle, High Allegiant Amon Ad-Raza is able to open his mind utterly to the warjacks of his battlegroup. When the time comes, his calm erupts into a terrible storm that washes away all who would stand against him.

Each time Amon spends a focus point this activation, he gains a focus point that must immediately be allocated to a warjack in his battlegroup currently in his control area. These focus points cannot exceed normal allocation limits. If these focus points cannot be allocated to a warjack, they are lost. Additionally, warjacks in his battlegroup currently in his control area may use his current SPD stat in place of their own this turn.

AMON AD-RAZA

MEDITATIVE STANCE - During his activation, Amon may forfeit his movement to gain two focus points immediately and add 2" to his control area for one round. During this round, Amon cannot be knocked down or moved for any reason, and all his magic attack rolls are automatically boosted. Focus points gained may be immediately allocated to any warjack in his battlegroup in his control area. These focus points cannot exceed normal allocation limits.

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

PERFECT BALANCE - Amon cannot be targeted by combined melee attacks, combined ranged attacks, or free strikes. Perfect Balance negates back strike bonuses against Amon. When knocked down, Amon may stand up

AMON AD-RAZA				CMD 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	8	7	4	16	14

OBLIVION		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	6	14

during his activation without forfeiting his movement or action.

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

OBLIVION

CIRCULAR STRIKE (★ATTACK) - Amon may make a separate melee attack roll against each opponent in melee range of his front and back arcs. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally.

CRACK THE WHIP (★ATTACK) - If the attack succeeds, instead of making a normal damage roll, the target is slammed d6" directly away from Amon with the same effect as a slam and suffers a damage roll equal to Amon's current STR plus the POW of Oblivion. If the slammed model collides with another model, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to Amon's current STR.

REACH - 2" melee range.

TRIP (★ATTACK) - If the attack succeeds, target model is knocked down. This attack inflicts no damage.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
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DIVINE JUDGMENT 2 CASTER CTRL -
An enemy warcaster suffers d5 damage points each time he allocates one or more focus points to a warjack in Amon's control area. Divine Judgment lasts for one round.

FLAGELLATION 2 CASTER - -
Amon's melee attacks may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When resolving melee attacks made by Amon, ignore unspent focus on target models with the Focus Manipulation ability. Models suffering sufficient damage to be destroyed from a melee attack made by Amon may not make a Tough roll to avoid being destroyed. Flagellation lasts for one turn.

MOBILITY 3 CASTER CTRL -
Models in Amon's battlegroup currently in his control area gain +1" movement, ignore movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles, and may charge or slam across rough terrain and obstacles. When knocked down, an affected model may stand up without forfeiting its movement or action. Mobility lasts for one turn.

SAND BLAST 3 SP - 12 X
On a critical hit, instead of suffering a normal damage roll, target model is immediately slammed d6" directly away from the spell's point of origin and suffers a POW 12 damage roll. If the slammed model collides with another model, that model suffers a POW 12 collateral damage roll.

SYNERGY 2 CASTER CTRL - X
Models in Amon's battlegroup in his control area gain a +1 cumulative bonus on melee attack and melee damage rolls for each model in Amon's battlegroup that has made a successful melee attack in his control area against an enemy model this turn.



Grand Exemplar Kreoss

My sword belongs to the Creator. My pain belongs to the Creator. My heart belongs to the Creator. Claim them He may; they will ever serve Him.

—Grand Exemplar Kreoss, taking his oath of promotion

The devoted Grand Exemplar Baine Hurst protected the Harbinger with his life, and he was taken to task when Cryxian forces ambushed them on a pilgrimage. Goresshade slaughtered the Exemplar Knight where he stood, yet Hurst's sacrifice allowed the Harbinger to escape unharmed. Hurst's destruction at the hands of the eldritch abomination tore at the Exemplar Knights like a jagged blade, but none

felt the loss as keenly as High Exemplar Mikael Kreoss, a man who once looked to the elder knight for the guidance and wisdom a son sought from his father.

The Knights Exemplar share a bond of the soul that strengthens them as their brothers fall. Deep in grief at the loss of Hurst, Kreoss quieted his mourning with solemn prayer and countless hours of practice. Exhausted by long days of training where he pushed his spirit to the edge with prayer, Kreoss felt the call of Hurst's spirit from beyond the gates of Urcaen. Kreoss felt the strength of Hurst flow through him, making himself ever more powerful. The transformation seized Kreoss in rapture and fortified him for the trials to come.

An emissary arrived soon after, and the message he bore carried word from Imer: Hierarch Voyle had chosen Kreoss to ascend to the mantle of Grand Exemplar to take Hurst's place as the mightiest of the Knights Exemplar and seek revenge upon



the enemies of the Protectorate. Menoth would see justice done.

Later in a solemn ceremony in Imer, thousands mourned Hurst by praising Kreoss. They lifted their voices in prayer as Hierarch Garrick Voyle bestowed upon the newly exalted knight command of every Exemplar within His holy crusade. Kreoss could not take such responsibility lightly. He had to leave behind the trappings of his past—both physical and spiritual—before he could take on the charge of his future.

For ten days and nights, Kreoss remained in isolation at the Sovereign Temple of the One Faith praying and purifying himself. Priests attended to him, and he was set to trials that pushed his spirit and tugged at the very fabric of his soul. Scrutators watched him, measured his actions, and weighed his prayers. The abilities bestowed upon Kreoss by Hurst's spirit allowed him to endure the Scrutator's tests, and Kreoss held fast. Finally satisfied any imperfections had been hammered from Kreoss, the Scrutators released him to take his new title. Kreoss emerged from the Temple donning a brilliant armor of gold and steel and holding aloft the shining spear Justifier.

Like Justifier's piercing edge through plate steel, Kreoss presses his legions through Cygnar's defenses. Leaving a wake of ash and cinders where infidel encampments once stood, the Protectorate's forces look to their new Grand Exemplar as a guiding light and righteous symbol. His fury is truly alight when he comes across the forces of Cryx for whom he shows neither mercy nor restraint.

Menites are often the instrument of their own contrition, and Grand Exemplar Kreoss is no exception. He takes the weight of the crusade on his own shoulders, continually pushing himself further to assure its success at the cost of many sleepless nights of prayer and planning. Many have bled out their last under his command over the years, and he has always been grateful of their sacrifices. All Menites are his brothers in battle, and he is determined to avenge the fallen and the lost. Taking on the burden of every death to stoke the warrior's furnace within him, his rage and fury have become the spear and shield of Menoth's vengeance.

GRAND EXEMPLAR KREOSS				FOCUS 7
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
18	73	C	5	Small

FEAT: STRENGTH OF ARMS

In battle Grand Exemplar Kreoss issues commands underscored by a righteousness impossible to ignore. Following his divine example, Kreoss' forces push themselves beyond their mortal limitations.

Melee attacks made by friendly Protectorate models against enemy models in Kreoss' control area this turn automatically hit. Friendly Protectorate models gain an additional melee attack against enemy models in Kreoss' control area during their combat actions this turn.

KREOSS

AEGIS OF FAITH - Kreoss is not affected by continuous effects.

ELITE CADRE - Knights Exemplar included in an army with Grand Exemplar Kreoss gain +1 MAT, RAT, and CMD. These Knights Exemplar are not affected by continuous effects and may damage models only affected by magic attacks.

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Grand Exemplar Kreoss cannot be included in an army with High Exemplar Kreoss.

KREOSS				CMD 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF
5	6	7	4	14

JUSTIFIER		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	8	14

IMPERISHABLE CONVICTION - Kreoss may remove one damage point when an enemy model destroys a friendly Protectorate model in his control area.

JUSTIFIER

POWERFUL CHARGE - When making a charge attack with Justifier, Kreoss gains +2 to his attack roll.

REACH - 2" melee range.

THRUST (★Attack) - Targets with medium-sized or larger bases have their ARM stats halved when calculating damage from the Thrust attack. Effects that further modify ARM are not reduced. Kreoss gains +2 POW on Thrust attacks against models with small bases.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
CASTIGATE While in Kreoss' control area this round, enemy warjacks cannot be used to channel spells.	3	CASTER	CTRL	-		
CHASTEN Enemy upkeep spells on target model/unit damaged by Chasten expire.	2	8	-	12		X
CLEANSING FIRE A massive blast of flames erupts and causes Fire to all models in the AOE on a critical hit. 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.	4	8	4	14		X
HALLOWED VENGEANCE Instead of making a normal damage roll against the next model Kreoss hits with a melee attack, target model is slammed d6" directly away from Kreoss with the same effect as a slam and suffers a damage roll equal to Kreoss' current STR plus the POW of Justifier. If the slammed model collides with another model, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to Kreoss' current STR. Hallowed Vengeance expires after a successful melee attack.	2	CASTER	-	-		X
INVIOLEABLE RESOLVE Target friendly Protectorate model/unit gains +2 ARM and never flees. An affected model may only move or be moved during its activation. Fleeing models immediately rally when affected by Inviolable Resolve.	2	8	-	-		X
RETRIBUTION If target warjack is damaged, its attacker suffers an equal damage roll, then the spell expires. Retribution is not triggered by collateral damage, damage from continuous effects, or damage taken without a damage roll.	2	8	-	-		X
SACROSANCT Target friendly Protectorate non-warcaster warrior model/unit is sacrosanct. Any enemy model destroying a sacrosanct model must forfeit its action during its next activation.	2	6	-	-		X



Testament of Menoth

The language of Urcaen is unknown to all men but one, for he has seen the face of the Creator and lived. How can any hope to stand against him?

—Grand Exemplar Mikael Kreoss commenting on the Testament of Menoth

When the High Reclaimer pushed open the gates of Imer and disappeared into the blasted wastes of the Stormlands, most believed him dead.

Many were fearful he had chosen to reclaim himself in this time of great need. They were not wholly mistaken.

Battling the whipping wind and flesh-scouring sands of the marches, the High Reclaimer pushed himself to the limits of life to uncover the very Gates of Urcaen through which he would be re-forged. Shouldering the gates open with all his might, he gazed upon the vast realm of the afterlife.

Stepping into the dominion of the dead, he found himself wading through relentless hordes of unclaimed, and he suffered terrible wounds as they clutched for the warmth within him. He trudged onward baptizing his weapon Cremator in the ephemeral ichors of ghosts and fallen souls as he ripped through the ghostly dead and transformed the metal of his weapon with every strike.

As if unveiled for him to see, the dead thinned to reveal an ancient city—a shadow of Ichthier itself—incribed with Menite scripture never seen by mortal eyes. Its hallowed grounds were protected from the intrusions of the faithless, and he was granted respite as the throng of ancient dead awaited him at the edges of the ghostly ruin.



Within the city he sought rest at a temple dedicated to the Creator. The heavy doors to the vast shrine opened, and within the vast chamber beyond he found a lone tablet atop an ancient altar. The *Omegas* was a stone relic etched in a tongue unknown to men and contained the Creator's laws of the dead, yet the Reclaimer understood. Lifting the ancient tablet from its eons-old resting place, his mind reeled with the litany inscribed. Saturated with energy as old as life itself and imbued with the knowledge to wield it, the High Reclaimer set out to pass through Urcaen's gates back into the world of the living.

Prepared for an arduous return through the masses, the High Reclaimer exited the temple to find an army of Menite souls holding back the restless tides. Fallen soldiers of the faith had cleared a path for him! As he walked they moved with him as a barrier against the raging fallen. If one would fall two more would replace him until the High Reclaimer was back at the gates between worlds.

Among the living he was a Reclaimant no longer; he had become something else—a Testament of Menoth's will. He was bestowed this new title by the Harbinger, and his name was buried so that he exists only as an embodiment of the Laws of Menoth.

With his otherworldly weapon and clad in new vestments of his higher role, the Testament of Menoth is a champion of his faith unlike any other. Having accomplished the impossible—crossing the gates between life and death—he has transformed. He is able to step between the worlds of life and death for a short time without paying heed to either as long as a soul lights his way.

The Testament's divine power has been tempered in the light of sacred oaths and imbued with the ancient laws of the *Omegas*. With a mere gesture he can draw back the curtain between worlds to return fallen Menites to life and banish infidel souls to the hellish wastelands of Urcaen, far from the reach of their false gods. The living fear him, the dead remember him, and Menoth's will guides him. The Testament has come to bring a new word to the realm of man.

TESTAMENT OF MENOETH				FOCUS 5
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
18	72	C	5	Small

FEAT: ESSENCE OF DUST

The gates between Caen and Urcaen open easily for the Testament of Menoth. As if drawing back a curtain, he moves his army between worlds by rendering the forms of living Caen no more substantial than dust in a guided wind.

While moving this turn, friendly Protectorate models currently in the Testament's control area may ignore movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles, may ignore other models when determining LOS, and may move through other models if they have enough movement to move completely past the model's base. Affected models cannot be targeted by free strikes.

TESTAMENT

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Testament of Menoth may not be included in an army with the High Reclaimer.

OATH OF SILENCE - The Testament cannot give orders. A model/unit cannot use the Testament's CMD stat when making command checks.

THE OMEGUS - Enemy models cannot gain soul tokens from living models destroyed in the Testament's control area. Enemy models destroyed in the Testament's control area are removed from play.

RECLAIM - The Testament gains a soul token for each living Protectorate model destroyed in his control area. During his controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point.

TESTAMENT					CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	6	4	14	16

REQUIEM		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	14

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

URCAEN'S GATE - Once per turn during his controller's Maintenance Phase, the Testament may spend a soul token to move immediately up to 3" ignoring all movement penalties. During this movement the Testament cannot be targeted by free strikes.

REQUIEM

CONCREMATION - Target warrior model destroyed by Requiem explodes in a 3" AOE. Enemy models in the AOE suffer a POW 10 damage roll. Damage rolls must be boosted separately.

FIRE - Target model hit by Requiem 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.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ASHEN VEIL Target model/unit has concealment. Living enemy models within 2" of an affected model suffer -2 to attack rolls.	2	6	-	-	X	
DUST TO DUST Replace warrior models destroyed by Dust to Dust with 3" AOE cloud effects that remain in place for one round. Models destroyed by this spell are removed from play.	3	10	-	13		X
HALLOWED AVENGER Target warjack in the Testament's battlegroup may immediately activate after an enemy attack destroys or removes from play one or more friendly Protectorate warrior models within 3" of the warjack. The warjack may move up to its current SPD in inches and make one melee or ranged attack. This spell expires after target warjack's activation.	2	6	-	-	X	
REVIVE Return one destroyed friendly Protectorate non-leader trooper model to its original target unit in the Testament's control area. The model may be placed anywhere in the control area within 3" of another model in its unit. The model returned to its unit causes the unit to lose benefits or effects it received from the original destruction of the returned model. The model may activate normally with its unit this turn.	3	CTRL	-	-		
SOULSTORM Enemy models that move to within 4" of the Testament immediately suffer one damage point. An enemy model that begins its activation within 4" of the Testament and does not end its activation more than 4" away from him suffers one damage point at the end of its activation.	3	CASTER	*	-	X	



Avatar of Menoth

And lo, the mightiest of heathens will bow in His holy light or be set ablaze by His wrathful touch.

—Excerpt from the Canon of the True Law

The Vassals of Menoth have persevered through their slavery to produce works of mechanical power that have made the Protectorate of Menoth a powerful and dangerous nation. Guided by the hands of skilled taskmasters, they are the instruments of Menoth's will as none other and give form

to the bringers of His wrath. Still, none of them expected to have a hand in the construction of such a thing as the Avatar of Menoth.

The Vassals of Menoth gathered to meet the Harbinger, to hear her words, and carry out her will. As if driven by some unseen force, they labored endlessly, enraptured with the calling of her prayers and the canon spilling from her lips. Amid a haze of incense and the wafting of heady fumes from sanctified censers, the Vassals toiled, unable to fathom the manufacture of what they constructed at her most holy behest. Mortal minds would not experience the design for long, for the schematics of the Harbinger's design were stricken from their minds to leave nothing but a sense of awe and foreboding.

In the following months, the Harbinger summoned the Vassals to carry out her instructions further only to finish just days before the start of the Crusade. Each part they created was painstakingly crafted and anointed exactly as she had envisioned, and she was proud of their work. The Harbinger held vigil over the assembly and when the final pieces were set in place, she came with great haste to the sanctified sepulcher containing its completed form. The construction of the project was placed in the Vassals' hands, but the last stage of this creation was solely within her power to complete.

She prayed over the massive hulk for days, held fast in trance while uttering liturgies to the Lawgiver. At the end of her blessing, she



placed her hands on either side of the warjack's helm and whispered to it the true name of the power within. The massive creation filled with soulfire and sprung to life, growling like a beast awakened from the depths of ancient slumber. The creation lumbered through the portals of the foundry into the night of the Sulese desert as an inferno of divine light amid the dark. The Harbinger and a legion of aspirants and acolytes proudly followed in its smoldering footsteps, and their prayers resounded with the words of the Canon of True Law. Even as they looked upon the greatness of this divine creation, tears streamed from their eyes. No one cared that they did not understand how this came to be.

A sanctified vessel of high angles and sacred armor plates, the Avatar is covered with thousands of carefully inscribed prayers and hymns on the inside of each of its components. It is moved by Menoth's will alone and shines with the light of a thousand holy sconces. The Avatar blazes a never-ending trail of incandescent light to the heavens—a sign of the divine energies powering the massive vessel of faith.

The Avatar of Menoth is an imposing creation wielding a massive Sulese blade wreathed with holy flames that pour forth from its prayer-embazoned surface. Even amid the carnage of its wrath, the embodiment of His will comes away unscathed. Consecrated to turn away blades, gunfire, and the arcane touch of heathen magic, the Avatar's shield is a powerful guardian rendering the holy warjack's form safe from harm.

The Avatar, now unleashed upon Menoth's enemies, walks unfettered through the carnage of battle heedless of mortal will or command. Those who look upon the vessel of Menoth's divinity will stop in fear or awe of the creation and give prayer to their gods to save them. No gods will dare, for the wrath of Menoth is a fearsome thing.

Height /Weight:	13' / 9.75 tons
Armament:	Divine Shield (right arm), Burning Wrath (left arm)
Fuel Load /Burn Usage:	175 kgs /5.5 hrs general, 1.5 hr combat
Initial Service Date:	606 AR
Cortex Manufacturer:	None
Ori. Chassis Design:	Vassals of Menoth under the guidance of the Harbinger of Menoth

AVATAR OF MENOTH			UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK		
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size	
Grid	147	C	4	Large	

AVATAR OF MENOTH

DIVINE PROTECTION - The Avatar of Menoth may spend a focus point at any time to cause an upkeep spell or continuous effect on it to expire.

HOLY VESSEL - The Avatar of Menoth is an autonomous model and may not be part of a battlegroup or be controlled by a jack marshal. During its controller's Control Phase, the Avatar of Menoth receives d3+1 focus points. The Avatar of Menoth has no cortex, never suffers Disruption, and is immune to effects requiring a functional cortex.

MENOTH'S GAZE - During its activation, the Avatar of Menoth may spend a focus point to activate Menoth's Gaze. Enemy models within 8" of the Avatar of Menoth beginning their activation with the Avatar of Menoth within LOS cannot end their activations farther from the Avatar of Menoth than they started. Affected models within 8" of the Avatar of Menoth cannot give or receive orders. Menoth's Gaze lasts for one round.

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

BURNING WRATH

INCINERATE - Enemy models within 3" of a warjack disabled by an attack from the Burning Wrath suffer Fire. The warjack is then removed from play and is not replaced by a wreck marker. 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.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	12	7	4	10	19
					21



DIVINE SHIELD

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Consecrated	0	12



BURNING WRATH

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Incinerate	7	19

1	2	3	4	5	6
L	L	M		R	R
	L	M	M	R	

DIVINE SHIELD

CONSECATED - The Avatar of Menoth gains +3 DEF against magic attacks. This bonus does not apply to attacks originating in the Avatar of Menoth's back arc.



The Protectorate of Menoth



The Harbinger of Menoth
Warcaster



**High Allegiant
Amon Ad-Raza**
Warcaster



The Testament of Menoth
Warcaster



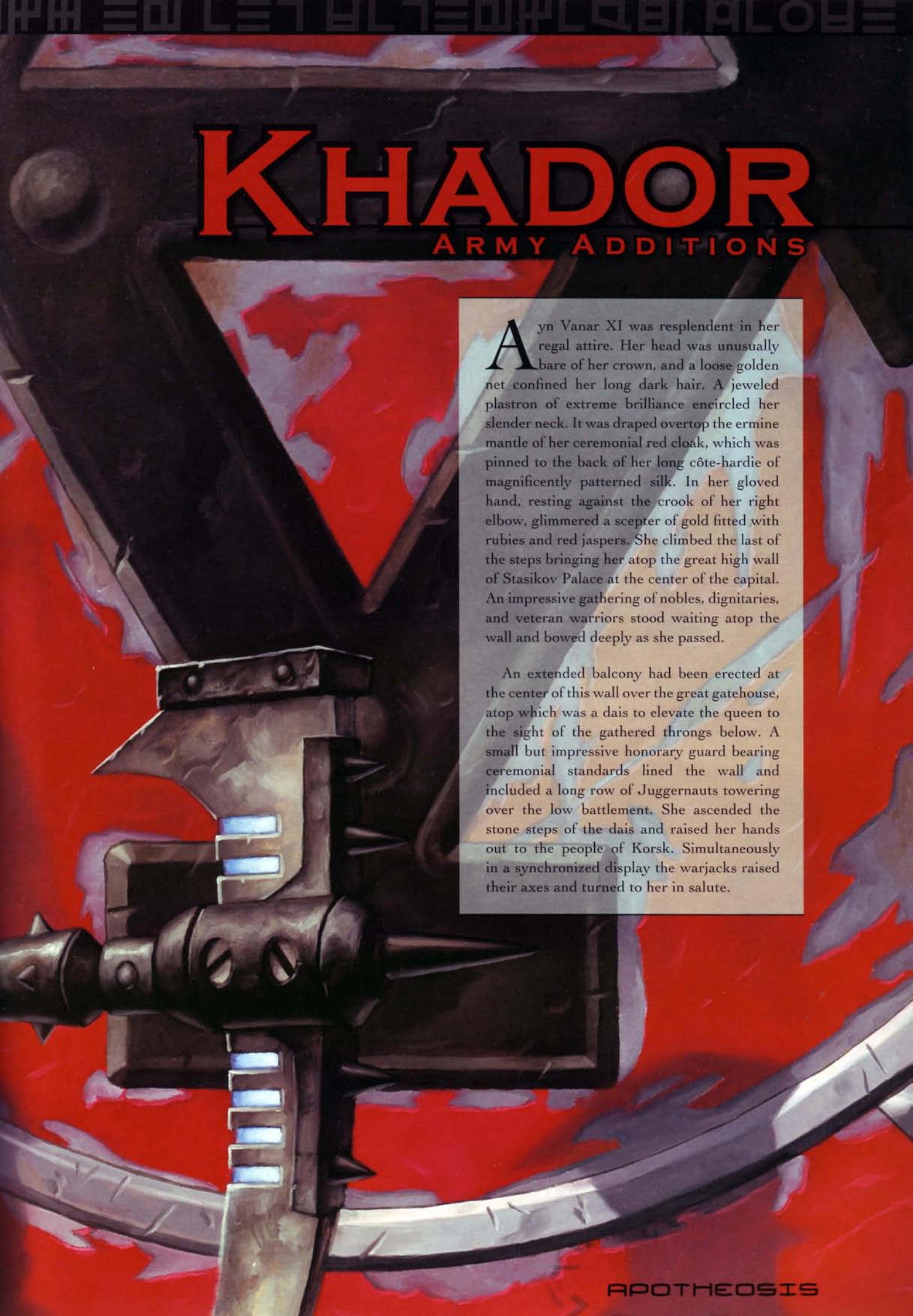
The Avatar of Menoth
Heavy Warjack



Grand Exemplar Kreoss
Warcaster







KHADOR

ARMY ADDITIONS

A yn Vanar XI was resplendent in her regal attire. Her head was unusually bare of her crown, and a loose golden net confined her long dark hair. A jeweled plastron of extreme brilliance encircled her slender neck. It was draped overtop the ermine mantle of her ceremonial red cloak, which was pinned to the back of her long côte-hardie of magnificently patterned silk. In her gloved hand, resting against the crook of her right elbow, glimmered a scepter of gold fitted with rubies and red jaspers. She climbed the last of the steps bringing her atop the great high wall of Stasikov Palace at the center of the capital. An impressive gathering of nobles, dignitaries, and veteran warriors stood waiting atop the wall and bowed deeply as she passed.

An extended balcony had been erected at the center of this wall over the great gatehouse, atop which was a dais to elevate the queen to the sight of the gathered throngs below. A small but impressive honorary guard bearing ceremonial standards lined the wall and included a long row of Juggernauts towering over the low battlement. She ascended the stone steps of the dais and raised her hands out to the people of Korsik. Simultaneously in a synchronized display the warjacks raised their axes and turned to her in salute.

More than two hundred thousand were gathered crowding the grand procession, and the teeming masses spilled onto nearby streets. They had watched the great martial parade of Khador's army and waited to listen to the words of their queen. The streets were lined with the banners of victory, and order was barely maintained by long lines of Winter Guard. Closer to the palace, detachments of disciplined Man-O-War and Iron Fang Pikemen stood before the great fortified gateway of the palace. In the streets the parade was drawing to a close as the people of the capital greeted hundreds of marching warjacks and thousands more soldiers as conquering heroes. Still, the voices of the crowd reached an ear-shattering tumult at the sight of their queen atop the high wall of Stasikov.

After waving to them, the queen turned to acknowledge those who stood atop the wall with her, red-faced with the chill of the winter air and touched occasionally by falling flakes of snow. Before her the members of the Khadoran High Kommand and the assembled Great Princes had places of special distinction according to their rank. Not all of the Great Princes could attend, but no less than fourteen of these great lords stood before her; it was the most gathered together in one place for many years. Her keen mind for politics had ensured there were honored banners standing in place of those who could not attend. The most elaborate was reserved for the black sigil of Great Prince Vladimir Tzepesci and his Korskovny Volozkya. Behind them were hundreds of decorated officers, lesser nobles, and powerful Grey-lords watching with anticipation. Behind these were the wealthiest

of the kayazy, whose coffers fueled the campaign effort, looking on with pride. They were not nobles by blood but perhaps in a sense by coin, and they were bolstered by loyal servants and militia. Year by year they grew in power and influence. So enormous was the scale of the palace that the wall's battlement did not feel the least bit crowded with these hundreds atop it.

Ayn raised her arms again to quiet the crowd below. "Long has Khador been a land of lords and conquerors," she addressed them with a voice somehow amplified well beyond

*Ayn's outrage was also
theirs, and she heard it in
their roar.*

its normal measure, perhaps by some contrivance of the Grey-lords, "spanned by a collection of cities and peoples that coalesced into the Khardic Empire. The horselords of legend forged a union to maintain cohesion and order by offering status to those they subjugated. From the peerless Kossites to the noble Skirov and other peoples equally great and proud, this unity has only strengthened over the centuries. I believe it to be the pride of our people. It has never ceased to exist in our hearts and minds, no matter our lineage."

"The destiny of the empire of old was thwarted by the cruel dominion of the Orgoth, yet even these foreign-born and unholy savages could not

forever dampen our spirits. At the end of our war with them, when they were cast from our shores at great cost of life, we were betrayed. Many in the south praise the so-called Corvis Treaties and the borders and cowardly agreements made at that time, but I am not one of them. By those agreements our sovereigns gave up too much. They agreed to borders shaped not by their strength, but by the cold divisions of the Orgoth masters. Why did we agree to divide our land by those self-named landmarks that demarked our servitude? This was not nobly done, and for too long we have lived with the shame of that compromise!"

The masses below were enthralled by her words, and their hearts joined to hers in that moment. Ayn's outrage was also theirs, and she heard it in their roar. They surged as a mass against the Winter Guard who held them back, so great was their emotion.

Ayn waited just long enough to be heard again. "We pay no heed to this piece of paper concocted by the agents of foreign powers. Thanks to the brave efforts of Khadorans everywhere, we have taken the first step in fulfilling our greater destiny! Llael has been re-claimed, and its cities fly the flag of our great nation." Another eruption of noise welled from the people, and Ayn accepted it gratefully.

"At this time let me give credit to those who deserve it more than I. History will long remember these days, for we have accomplished what no man could have dreamt, and we have done it faster than we could have hoped. Many of those I wish most to honor are not here today, for they fight even now against our enemies. We must send to them our prayers and our thanks, so loudly

they will hear us hundreds of miles from here. First and foremost I present our great strategist and genius tactician, Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk." The roar after this name carried a particular quality to Ayn's practiced ear, for she knew it was not only the citizens of Korsk who cheered, but also the army below and behind her joined by the stamping of military boots. It seemed as if even the warjacks in their long lines shifted and stood at greater attention when his name was spoken.

"Irusk's army toppled Redwall Fortress, decimated the defenses at Laedry, subjugated Thunderhead fortress, and laid siege to Merywyn itself! Each of these battles is worthy of legend and immortality, accomplished by the blood of your own kinsmen on the front lines. We also honor those under Irusk's command. They are too many to name but include Kommandant Mikhail Ovdanovich, Great Prince Vladimir Tzepesci," another eruption of noise came from a smaller yet vocal minority of those gathered, "Kommanders Kratikoff, Milianov, Tarovic, Karchev, Zoktavir, Koldun Greylord Lazar, and many more! To all these great leaders and heroes, we offer our salute to a victory which resounds across all of Immoren!"

There was a cadence now to the masses, and their roars and rumblings imitated the proud vocalizations of a single great beast responsive to her words and quieted at her will. "As tremendous as these victories were, there will be more. We are not half done. We have only begun to restore a legacy denied to us for a thousand years. Cygnar and Ord will tremble before the approach of our unstoppable armies, and they will see their treachery of four centuries repaid in kind."

She let the crowd have their voice and stepped to the side to allow room on the dais. Warriors raised their fists and praised their queen while those kayazy who did not cheer smiled in gratification at one another. Very few among the ranks of the nobles did not cheer. Instead they pursed their lips and frowned as they gazed about with grim looks. These men were content with the capture of Llael and wanted time to reap its rewards properly. Still, surrounded

*"I proclaim myself
Empress Ayn Vanar
the First! The Khardic
Empire is gone, but
the Khadoran Empire
is born!"*

by so many exuberant supporters of the regime, they held their tongues.

Former regent Simonyev Blaustavya, an aged man who still stood arrow straight and had a deceptive grace for his years, ascended the dais. He held in his hands a gold inlaid box, and as he faced Ayn his expression was filled with a father's love and pride. Those in the streets below murmured and whispered, guessing at his identity without being told. With a clear, strong voice he spoke, "No other Vanar has accomplished so much in so little time. We have only witnessed the beginning of this glorious reign. To

those gathered here, I protest that 'queen' and 'kingdom' are words too feeble to contain this greatness."

With that he opened the golden box and revealed a new crown on its silken bed adorned in jewels. A masterpiece of the goldsmith's art, the crown was heavy yet elegant and set with rubies forming the symbol of the Motherland. Blaustavya kneeled deeply before her and held the box outstretched. With regal deliberation, she took the crown and placed it upon her own brow before turning back to her people.

"I proclaim myself Empress Ayn Vanar the First! The Khardic Empire is gone, but the Khadoran Empire is born!"

Even the stones of the palace seemed to tremble and shake at the outpouring of love and triumph from below. Even those nobles who doubted her were awed to mute amazement at the thunder of the people. The roar of the masses was unending and did not relent as two other figures mounted the dais. Words were lost as the highest priests of Korsk in their sacred vestments offered prayers to the Empress. Vicar Skovol first blessed her in the name of Morrow and was followed by the popular Visgoth Borga who blessed her in the name of Menoth. Each bowed deeply to his sovereign Empress while pointedly avoiding looking at one another.

Lord Blaustavya squared his shoulders, raised his fist, and shouted, "For Khador, for the Motherland, for the Empress!"

The cheer was taken up by hundreds of thousands of voices, yet Empress Ayn's own shout rang clear above the din. "For an empire reborn!"



KARCHEV

THE TERRIBLE

I pray that from this day forth, my actions on the battle-field shall be thanks enough. Words alone can scarcely convey the weight of my gratitude.

— Kommander Alexander Karchev before the Khadoran High Kommand upon receipt of his new body, 526 AR.

For over a century Kommander Alexander Karchev has crushed the enemies of his beloved nation. After inflicting and enduring the worst horrors of war, Karchev chose a tortured existence encased within a warjack rather than allow his shattered body to end his service to the Motherland. His astounding control over warjacks and sheer brutality place him among the most feared of Khadoran warcasters.

Already a respected Greylord magziev and decorated warcaster past forty winters when the Thornwood War broke out in 511 AR, Karchev lead a large battlegroup on the Khadoran left flank during the Battle of the Tongue. Driving on the heels of the retreating Cygnarans, Karchev pushed headlong into an ambush where a dozen enemy warjacks decimated his outgunned and overwhelmed

battlegroup. Wounded and calling for reinforcements,

Karchev drove forward to assault the enemy warcaster. The ensuing duel destroyed Karchev's body as the remainder of his force disintegrated around him. Enraged at his failure, Karchev unleashed a burst of primal, arcane power that annihilated

his enemies before he lost consciousness.

Despite his horrific wounds, Karchev refused to die. Desperately he clung to life until his broken body was discovered on the field and returned to the Motherland where it was bound to a cumbersome life-sustaining device. Though he survived, he was rendered a quadriplegic—a man forever to be kept from the field of battle.

However, Karchev was not a man to descend quietly into obscurity. After a decade of rehabilitation, Karchev's life had grown intolerably quiet. Calling upon the Khadoran High Kommand, the war hero of the Thornwood demanded he be provided with a new body built for war. By 523 AR, Khador's finest



Off the battlefield, Karchev is incapable of seeing to his most basic needs, but he leaves such petty details to his specialized mechanics. Long ago he learned as long as he kept fighting, his rage could conquer even death. Only in battle can he ignore the petty discomforts of life. When his armored chassis closes around him, he is alive and aware as no other Khadoran. He fights not because it is all he knows; he fights because it is all he wants to know.

Height /Weight:	13' /12 tons
Armament:	Sunder (right arm)
Fuel Load /Burn Usage:	240 kgs /6 hrs general, 1.5 hr combat
Initial Service Date:	571 AR (current chassis design)
Cortex Manufacturer:	None
Ori. Chassis Design:	Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly



ZEVANNA AGHA

OLD WITCH OF KHADOR

*She's the shadow of winter
The claw of the night
A bloody lament
And dead kings' plight*

— Khardic folk rhyme, early 2nd century AR

Khador's primal forests stretch across lands soaked in memory and blood, and the stories of peasants hold truths from time immemorial. Such tales of ancient origin speak of a wizened hag primeval and terrible. She has advised chieftains, kings, and princes and influenced the pivotal decisions made in Khador for millennia. Though all too often folk tales and superstition are dismissed in these arrogant times, peasants from the Khardic Sea to Old Umbrey know that the Old Witch exists and that she has watched them for uncounted generations.

Though her origins are long lost to the mists of time, tales of the Old Witch still circulate by firesides across Khador. The oldest stories are retellings of Molgur legends describing a hunched creature of shadow—a thing of slaughter that drank deeply the blood of the fallen and feasted upon the flesh of men. Legends from the time of Khardovic describe an ugly old woman of untold power counseling the Priest King and his chieftains.

Sometimes this advice cost them their lives, but always it served to advance the Priest King's cause. The Old Witch appears in hundreds of later stories demonstrating her subtle guidance of the northern peoples of western Immoren, leaving a trail of lore that covers nearly three thousand years.

She appears in folktales from Hellspass to the Khardic Sea, always giving and taking capriciously. Sometimes she acts as the otherworldly wanderer bringing rain in a bad year; sometimes she appears as a twisted creature of the forest that pursues travelers and foolish lovers to their deaths. Kossite myths describe her saving entire villages from starvation in exchange for the chieftain's first male child. Khardic tales speak of foolish men crossing her and vanishing. Only their skin remains as a warning, strung up at crossroads with her mark etched into the hides. Some of the oldest Skirovite stories speak of the time



when Menoth walked the world and found the Old Witch in her cave waiting for Him.

She is known by many names, but the most common ascribed to her is Zevanna Agha, the Old Witch of Khador. Few tales describe her in detail, but most agree she appears as a decrepit hunchbacked woman of ancient years stooped and supported by a walking staff and bearing a writhing sack on her twisted shoulders. Her fingers end in sharp iron talons said to slice as easily through metal as flesh. It was not until after the formation of the Iron Kingdoms that legends first mention her companion, a primitive warjack cobbled together by her own hand.

Her abilities and powers are attributed with the mystique of legend, and many peasant tales describe her riding shadows, vanishing within banks of fog and appearing again in groves of trees. Command of the wild is also a common attribute of her legendary status. Though the details vary dramatically, supposedly she is able to beckon beasts and birds as well as influence the land itself.

Her companion is only referred to as the Scrapjack, an oddly configured warjack lacking arms carrying all the tools and implements of the Old Witch's craft upon its back. Built at the infancy of warjack development, it is a useful mechanical beast of burden that serves the witch well. It is as of modern time, the only Khadoran-deployed 'jack that bears anything resembling an arc node, for it carries an ancient arcane relay scavenged from the ruins of the second Thornwood war.

Though hindsight shows her actions often serve Khador, no scholar doubts the Old Witch walks the Motherland for her own purposes. According to legend, she counseled the Khardic warlords to seek conquest, saying they would receive aid 'from the ancient source of their blood' and their enemies would 'die with breath still on their lips.' To this day many Khadoran scholars and theorists attribute the great plague that swept the Kossite and Skirov peoples around this time to Khardovic's spirit, but a few rogue scholars point to the Old Witch herself. She appears frequently during the Khardic wars of expansion offering advice, reading omens, and apparently working enchantments not drawn from the power of prayer 1,500 years before the Gift.

OLD WITCH OF KHADOR				FOCUS 7
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
16	106	C	5	Small

FEAT: FIELD OF TALONS

More ancient than Khador itself, the Old Witch has a connection to the land that lets her bend even the trees and stones to her will. At her command the very earth rises to snare and rip at her enemies like the deadly black talons of a terrible predator.

Target either the Old Witch or Scrapjack when Field of Talons is used. Enemy models within twice the Old Witch's current FOC stat in inches of the target model cannot run, charge, or make special or power attacks. Enemy models moving within the area for any reason suffer an unboostable POW 14 damage roll. Field of Talons lasts for one round.

OLD WITCH

AUGURY - Models in the Old Witch's battlegroup ignore Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, cover, Invisibility, and Stealth when making ranged or magic attacks.

PATHFINDER - The Old Witch ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. The Old Witch may charge across rough terrain.

PROWL - While within a terrain feature that provides concealment, the AOE of a spell providing concealment, or the AOE of a cloud effect, the Old Witch gains Stealth. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

OLD WITCH				CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF ARM
5	7	6	3	15 14

IRON CLAWS		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Cull	6	13

IRON CLAWS		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Cull	6	13

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

WARJACK BOND - The Old Witch is bonded to Scrapjack. The Old Witch may allocate one additional focus point to Scrapjack.

WITHERED STAFF - The Old Witch may upkeep one spell in play without paying a focus point.

IRON CLAWS

CULL SOUL - The Old Witch gains a soul token each time she destroys a living model with Iron Claws. During her controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
IRON FLESH Target warrior model/unit gains +3 DEF and suffers -1 SPD. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.	2	8	-	-	X	*
MURDER OF CROWS Place a 5" AOE cloud effect anywhere completely within the Old Witch's control area. Models/units in the AOE when the spell is cast must pass a command check or flee. Any model except the Old Witch or Scrapjack moving into or ending its activation in the AOE suffers an unboostable POW 8 damage roll. Models/units moving into the AOE must also pass a command check or flee.	3	CTRL	5	*	X	
SLAUGHTER Slaughter may target the Old Witch or Scrapjack. Target model gains +2 MAT and may move up to 1" and make an additional melee attack immediately after destroying an enemy warrior model with a melee attack.	2	6	-	-	X	
STRANGLING CHAINS After resolving the damage roll, target model may be moved d6" directly toward the spell's point of origin, stopping only if it contacts another model or terrain feature. During this movement the affected model cannot be targeted by free strikes.	3	10	-	13		X
TREPIDATION Any time target model/unit is engaged, it must pass a command check or flee.	2	8	-	-	X	X
UNSEEN PATH Unseen Path may target the Old Witch or Scrapjack. When the spell is cast, target model in the Old Witch's control area is removed from a forest, cloud effect, or spell effect providing concealment and is placed completely within another forest, cloud effect, or spell effect providing concealment. The model's new location must have been completely within the Old Witch's control area prior to casting Unseen Path. There must be room for the model's base in the new location. A model affected by Unseen Path cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. A model may only be the target of Unseen Path once per turn.	3	6	CTRL			
WEALD SECRETS Target model/unit ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. Affected models may charge or slam across rough terrain. Affected models also gain the Camouflage ability, gaining +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.	2	8	-	-	X	

SCRAPJACK		LIGHT WARJACK CHARACTER		
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
Grid	0	C	2	Medium

SCRAPJACK

ALL TERRAIN - Scrapjack ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. Scrapjack may charge or slam across rough terrain.

ARCANTRIK RELAY - Scrapjack may channel spells, but any spell channeled has its range reduced by 2".

DEFENSIVE - Due to its bond, Scrapjack is overly protective of the Old Witch and gains +1 SPD and +2 on all attack and damage rolls during any round she suffers damage as a result of an enemy attack.

PERSONAL WARJACK - Scrapjack is always included in the Old Witch's battlegroup. If the Old Witch is destroyed or removed from play, Scrapjack goes inert and may not be reactivated.

PROWL - While within a terrain feature that provides concealment, the AOE of a spell providing concealment, or the AOE of a cloud effect, Scrapjack gains Stealth. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

MECHANIKAL TALONS

CHAIN ATTACK - PIN - If Scrapjack hits the same target with both initial Mechanikal Talon attacks during the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against the same target. If the

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	8	5	3	14	16

 LFT	MECHANIKAL TALON		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	Pin	4	12

 RT	MECHANIKAL TALON		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	Pin	4	12

1	2	3	4	5	6
M	C	A	A	C	M
M	C	C	M		

attack succeeds, the target takes no damage but is knocked down and pinned until Scrapjack moves, makes another attack, or the pinned model breaks free. At the start of the pinned model's activation, both the pinned model and Scrapjack roll a d6 and add their STR. If the defender's total exceeds Scrapjack's, it may stand up normally. If Scrapjack wins, the model's activation ends and it remains pinned. A model that cannot be knocked down cannot be pinned.

One legend states that Sveynod Skelvoro declared himself the first Emperor of Khard at her behest, and she has appeared to every Khadoran monarch since in one form or another. The legend claims she beat the gold and iron from the weapons of slain chieftains into the first crown of Khador and adorned it with red jewels, powerful enchantments, and human blood. Proof exists that she openly opposed the Orgoth in Khardic lands, killing them wherever she found them and washing her talons in their blood to deny power to their dark gods. Though rancorous, vicious, and cruel, she aided the Khardic resistance of the Orgoth, ever hammering Khador invisibly towards its current form.

The recently published journals of Exarch Voltor Drydestiev, lifelong confidant of King Ivad Vanar, both describe the Witch's continuing influence. Mere days after Ivad assumed the throne, an ugly old woman came uninvited to the new king in his garden. The king and wizened witch spoke at great length. When pressed, King Ivad would only reveal he had been in the presence of something ancient, and the safety of the Motherland would be ensured for generations to come.

The nature of Ivad's bargain has only truly come to light over the last fifty years. Men occasionally have seen the Old Witch accompanied by her Scrapjack crossing the vast expanses of Khador for centuries. Now they most often see her accompanied by soldiers and warjacks.

Height /Weight:	13' / Unknown
Armament:	Twin Mechanikal Talons (right and left legs), Arcantrik Relay
Fuel Load /Burn Usage:	Unknown
Initial Service Date:	Unknown
Cortex Manufacturer:	Unknown
Ori. Chassis Design:	Zevanna Agha

SCRAPJACK



That the Old Witch of Khador has powerful allies among the Khadoran military is undeniable. The Grey Lords covenant bows to her superior skill, heeds her advice without fail, and provides her with their arcane abilities whenever she requires them. She now regularly leads Khadoran troops in battle—a role she had never before taken—to slaughter her enemies with the same wicked zeal she displays in the oldest legends.

The Old Witch's authority over the military has grown dramatically during the last five decades. Though she holds no rank and no official title, each officer learns quickly to obey her orders. She has standing permission to requisition men and material when and where she needs it, and her orders bear Kommandant Irusk's signature and the Imperial Seal. Indeed, it would seem bloodshed on any scale is a gift she bears all to well.

Far more active now than at any time since the Orgoth occupation, the Old Witch has moved beyond dabbling in the matters of royalty to direct intervention in the affairs of the Motherland. Many wonder what it portends when a creature so long a superstition walks revealed under the sun to spill blood for her own ends. Regardless, the world now knows the truth by which generations of Khadoran peasants have lived. The Motherland has a spirit, a face, and a form: a wicked old crone with iron claws.





FORWARD KOMMANDER SORSCHA KRATIKOFF

Discussions with Kommander Kratikoff reveal a mental state exactly matching your requirements. We highly recommend you place this officer as close to the enemy as possible, for she will fight without rest or compassion.

—Confidential report to Kommandant Irusk regarding Sorscha Kratikoff.

War scars the body. Sometimes it scars the soul. Sorscha Kratikoff loved only the Motherland and its dark son, and his loss compounded with the sorrows of war might have crippled a lesser woman. Not Sorscha. A true daughter of Khador, Sorscha shows her grief in reckless battle where she kills to ease her pain.

The Motherland does not forgive weakness, and Sorscha learned to live with loss at a young age. When her father died, she swore to feel nothing and hid her pain behind service. When she witnessed Winter Guard comrades killed and maimed, she placed all her grief behind her icy exterior. Slowly she found she grew numb

to the suffering around her, feeling little when her own troops died or when innocents stumbled into the path of her forces.

As a warcaster she learned to serve alongside the man who slaughtered her father, the Butcher of Khardov Orsus Zoktavir. She found the frost inside her dulled her anger but not her disdain for him and many of her fellow officers. In her role as a warcaster, Sorscha moved among men and women descended from nobility or trained by the Greylords. Their arrogance and entitlement chafed her peasant upbringing, and the discomfort only drove her feelings deeper. Only Vladimir Tzepesci, a prince no less, gave her the honest and open words of a man without pretense. She came to him to become a warcaster, and quite to her surprise found the only man who could ever replace her father in her heart.



Their relationship sparked scandalous accusations that surrounded Vladimir like a thick fog, and the false disgraces swallowed Sorscha. The dark prince only smiled when the wounding words reached them. "Deeds weigh more than rumor, and we know the truth," he said. Sorscha smiled but knew the two were safe only due to their station and importance to the Motherland. She had seen whispers destroy the careers of so many others. "The howls of wolves may bring down even the mighty," she thought when she saw the kayazy fall in line against Vladimir.

The Llaelese occupation brought suffering and loss on an unimagined scale. Sorscha closed her eyes to the pain her nation inflicted and ignored the cries of refugees and soldiers seeking mercy, yet when word of Vladimir's disappearance reached her, the ice cracked. Duty alone kept her from riding out that moment to find him. Then the rumors came. The kayazy questioned his competence, habits, and loyalty to the Motherland as if his past accomplishments meant nothing. An intense fire starting burning within Sorscha's icy heart, and she yearned to hunt down the soft cowards at court who spread these lies and hang their entrails across the throne room. Kommandant Irusk finally took her aside. "Stay and fight," he said, "as Vladimir would have wanted. Honor his memory with victory." Irusk promoted her to the special rank of Forward Kommander, assigned her a cadre of hand picked Winter Guard, and instructed her to seek vengeance in southern blood.

Some whisper about Sorscha. They say her sustaining ice has robbed her of her humanity, and she lives now only to kill. They say the war has left her disturbed, and even knowledge of her dark prince's survival could not save her. Kommandant Irusk only smiles; her ruthless drive for vengeance serves his needs perfectly. For Sorscha, the words mean nothing. She knows the truth and will vent her pain on the Motherland's enemies until she drowns them in blood or dies trying.

FORWARD KOMMANDER SORSCHA KRATIKOFF FOCUS 6

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
17	83	C	5	Small

FEAT: WINTER'S CHILL

Summoning the icy fury within her soul, Forward Kommander Kratikoff unleashes the elements upon her enemies. She covers them with a deadly rime that freezes both steel and flesh.

Damage to enemy models currently in Sorscha's control area that exceeds ARM is doubled this turn.

SORSCHA

DESPERATE PACE - At the beginning of its activation, any friendly Winter Guard unit in Sorscha's command range may make a command check for Desperate Pace. If the check succeeds, models in the unit gain either +3" movement or may make an additional blunderbuss attack regardless of ROF this activation but suffer -2 DEF for one round. If the check fails, the unit immediately ends its activation.

ELITE CADRE - Winter Guard in an army with Sorscha gain +1 MAT, RAT, CMD, and the Tough ability. Whenever a Tough model suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, the controlling player rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the model is knocked down instead of being destroyed. Models not destroyed are reduced to one wound.

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff cannot be included in an army with Kommander Sorscha.

SHATTER - When targeting a stationary model with a melee attack, Sorscha rolls an additional damage die

WARJACK BOND - One non-unique warjack in Sorscha's battlegroup begins the game

SORSCHA					CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	7	5	16	15

QUAD-IRON				
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW	
10	1	—	10	

FROSTFANG		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	13

bonded to her. Sorscha may allocate one additional focus points to the warjack. The warjack gains +2" movement and may charge or slam across rough terrain but suffers normal movement penalties. The warjack may charge or slam without spending a focus point if it begins its activation within Sorscha's control area.

QUAD-IRON

MULTI FIRE (★ATTACK) - After resolving a successful attack with the Quad-Iron, Sorscha may immediately make an additional Quad-Iron attack targeting the last model hit or another model within 2" of the last target hit. Sorscha may make up to four Quad-Iron attacks during her activation.

FROSTFANG

CRITICAL FREEZE - On a critical hit, target model becomes stationary for one round.

REACH - 2" melee range.

Spells

	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BOUNDLESS CHARGE 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.	3	6	-	-	-	*
CYCLONE Sorscha may immediately move up to her current SPD in inches and cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. Determine which models were within her melee range at any time during this movement. After moving, she may make one automatically boosted melee attack against each of those models. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the target's special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Cyclone may be cast once per turn.	3	CASTER	-	-	-	-
DEEP FREEZE Enemy models ending their activation within 2" of target friendly Khadoran model become stationary for one round.	3	6	-	-	-	X
FREEZING GRIP Target model/unit becomes stationary for one round.	4	8	-	-	-	X
SHATTER STORM Models destroyed by a direct hit from an attack by target model/unit explode in a 3" AOE. Enemy models in the AOE suffer an unboostable POW 8 damage roll.	2	6	-	-	-	X
SNOWBLIND Target model/unit's LOS is limited to 5" for one round.	2	12	-	-	-	X



VLADIMIR TZEPESCI

THE DARK CHAMPION

*Rest my sweet prince, for once you awaken there will be no respite for your noble bones.
Only bloody war and the iron claws of fate...*

—Whispers of the Old Witch of Khador

"Doom" is a heavy word for kings and wise men. All his life the prospect of doom has haunted the Dark Prince of Umbrey. At every step it has dogged him like a specter lurking beyond the edge of his vision. Skulking behind every battle and behind every enemy, it has served as a constant reminder of his past and his future. Within Vladimir Tzepesci thrums the blood of regents. His potent heritage is as strong as the blood of Khardovic and as powerful as the soul of Khador itself.

The Old Witch of Khador sought the dark prince and found him wounded and dying in the Thornwood as a result of his courage. Seizing him in her clutches, the ancient hag bore him to her earthen lair. Beneath the rumbles of passing battles and the murmurs of kayazy hounds seeking to claim his lands and title, the dark prince lay in a feverish slumber. Days passed into weeks, and weeks became months. Throughout the Motherland Vlad was considered dead, for neither remains nor sign of him indicated his presence. To Empress Vanar XI he was simply another carcass for the kayazy to pick over like wolves. However, within the caverns of the Old Witch his body grew stronger, and he dreamed.



The Old Witch has been intertwined in the affairs of the princes of Umbrey since the birth of the horselord bloodlines. As the sole remaining member of his lineage, Vladimir is as dear to her as a child is to his grandmother. She saw to his wounds, healed him, and whispered secrets in his ears as he slept. Within his dreams she taught him the powers of kings, the stride of the *Bogatyri*, the vicious swing of Priest King Khardovic, the gift of true sight, and command of wind and sky. More importantly she gave him the most powerful gift of all—when he awoke he found himself whole, his body restored, and his spirit strong.

Ready to venture again among the people of Khador, he rose to leave the Old Witch's care but the old crone, stern *babushka* to this mighty warrior, would not allow it. Although Vlad was whole, his weapons were not. The old mother whispered again in his ear of strange promises of things to come. As he listened and nodded to her words, he saw the reasons she had come to him. He saw the destiny he must fulfill.

Guided by the crone's ancient knowledge, he took up his wrecked weapons. Now a bent and pitted blade, his sword Skirmisher was a worthless wreck of steel and corroded gold. Ruin, his broad bladed dagger, was little more than shards held together by the hilt. The crone shook one long iron talon at him and counseled Vlad. "You vill bear a veapon as powerful as zose held in ze time of true Kings," she said. Relying upon his own skilled hands, Vladimir began reforging the remains of his sword and dagger. The prince toiled endlessly in the Old Witch's dimly lit caverns and merged the two weapons into a single blade, the deadly greatsword Dominion.

Now he marches at the side of the Old Witch as a true champion. His alliance with the ancient hag is one that will place him as Khador's defender in a time when he is needed most. Few know of the true threats to come, and the dark prince shall see to it that either a zealous prophet or undead regent pays the ultimate price for threatening his precious Motherland.

VLADIMIR TZEPESCI, DARK CHAMPION

FOCUS 7

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
18	84	C	5	Small

FEAT: BLOOD LEGACY

As the descendent of ancient kings, Vladimir holds an intimate connection to his homeland and people. The blood of conquerors and heroes flows in the veins of Khador's sons and daughters, and in times of great need Vladimir may call upon this ancestral power to manifest in his people.

Vladimir awakens the blood of d3+3 friendly Khadoran non-warcaster warrior models currently in his control area. Affected models gain +3 to all stats, one additional attack with each melee weapon, and boosted attack and damage rolls this round.

VLADIMIR

BLOOD TRIALS - Whenever Vladimir suffers one or more damage points from an enemy attack, he gains one blood token. During his controller's next Control Phase, replace each blood token with a focus point.

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Vladimir Tzepesci, the Dark Champion cannot be included in an army with Vladimir, the Dark Prince of Umbrey.

MIGHT OF KINGS - When Vladimir is first damaged he gains +1 SPD, STR, DEF, ARM, and CMD for the rest of the game. If he is reduced to ten or fewer wounds, this bonus increases to +2 for the rest of the game. If he is reduced to five or fewer wounds,

VLADIMIR				CMD 9	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	7	5	15	16

DOMINION		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	8	14

this bonus increases to +3 for the rest of the game. These benefits remain even if Vladimir regenerates his power field. If a friendly model damages Vladimir for any reason, he loses all benefits of Might of Kings for the rest of the game.

DOMINION

BALEFIRE - After a successful attack with Dominion against an undead model, roll an additional damage die.

PREEMPTIVE STRIKE - Vladimir may make a Preemptive Strike with Dominion against an enemy model ending its movement within Vladimir's melee range during its activation. Resolve the Preemptive Strike immediately after movement ends. If Vladimir makes a Preemptive Strike, he cannot make another until after his controller's next turn.

REACH - 2" melee range.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ASSAIL Target friendly warjack may charge or slam without spending focus at SPD +5". Models slammed by the warjack are moved +2".	3	6	-	-	X	
HAND OF FATE Target friendly Khadoran model/unit may roll an extra die on all attack and damage rolls. Discard the low die in each roll.	2	6	-	-	X	
MARTIAL PARAGON Vladimir rolls an additional die on melee attack rolls and cannot be targeted by free strikes. When Vladimir makes a melee attack during his activation, he may make a melee attack roll against each model in his front arc within melee range. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally.	2	CASTER	-	-		
RAZOR WIND A blade of wind slices through the target model.	2	10	-	12		X
RUINATION If target model is hit, Vladimir may make magic attack rolls against the nearest d6 enemy models within 3" of the original target. Each model hit suffers a POW 12 damage roll.	4	8	-	12		X
TRANSCERENCE While in Vladimir's control area, any friendly Khadoran non-warcaster warrior model may boost a melee attack roll or melee damage roll by removing an unspent focus point from Vladimir.	2	CASTER CTRL	-		X	
WIND BLAST Place a 5" AOE template anywhere completely within Vladimir's control area. Cloud effects touched by the AOE leave play. Models in the AOE suffer -3 RAT for one round.	2	CTRL	*	-		



BEHEMOTH

I will not stake my life on this machine Kommandant, for I have already wagered much, much more. The Behemoth carries my family's name on every slab of steel and on every rune plate. The reputation of each and every Salvoro embraced by the Motherland walks to war with that jack. It will succeed beyond even our expectations. I have no hesitation or doubt of it.

— Dahlrif Salvoro to Kommandant Irusk at the Behemoth's presentation

The Behemoth was first introduced to the Khadoran people during a celebration proclaiming the restoration of the Khardic Empire.

Presiding over the ceremony was Empress Ayn Vanar XI, the sovereign who transformed feelings of nationalistic pride into a righteous mandate to reclaim territory stolen from the Motherland. She watched along with tens of thousands of loyal citizens packing the streets of Korsk as the military might of Khador marched past them. At a break in the parade, former Regent Simonyev Blaustavya rose and with a clear voice presented the warjack as a gift from the kayazy to their new Empress. As the Behemoth rounded the corner into view, a deafening roar heard for miles rose from the crowd.

First conceived over a decade ago as the ultimate Khadoran warjack, the Behemoth exists today due solely to the



patriotism and tireless efforts of Simonyev Blaustavya. Soon after the project's inception, the staggering costs involved halted research and construction. The incomplete chassis and plans were abandoned and gathered dust until Blaustavya discovered them four years ago. He instantly recognized the potential of the Behemoth and vehemently insisted the Mechaniks Assembly resume construction. Declaring the Motherland "would never be chained by coins," he secretly organized a massive fundraising effort among the kayazy, describing the super warjack as a gift to the crown and their nation. Though they had already invested heavily in industrializing Khador at Blaustavya's insistence, the kayazy saw this as the ultimate expression of their loyalty and gave generously to show their pride and belief in the restored Khardic Empire.

The Behemoth exemplifies the best qualities of Khadoran warjack design—extremely heavy armor, a devastating array of weapons, and immense strength. The Mechaniks Assembly created a complex system of internal shielding and mechanical redundancy that when combined with its thick armor plates allows the Behemoth to absorb damage that would reduce a lesser warjack to scrap. Shaped blasting charges positioned above each massive fist allow the 'jack to blow apart armored opponents and literally disintegrate softer targets. Each shoulder houses an integral bombard masterfully slaved to a sub cortex. The most innovative aspect of the design, the sub cortex is devoted to firing the guns independently of the Behemoth's other systems, giving the machine total control over its fire. Beyond these weapons, the Behemoth's raw strength allows it to toss even the heaviest 'jacks aside like playthings as it tears across the battlefield.

Standing nearly seventeen feet high and carrying the most sophisticated weapons available to the Motherland, the Behemoth is the vanguard warjack of the restored Empire and a testament to its ingenuity. The incredible effort and determination put into this unique machine make it the mechanical embodiment of Khador: immense, fantastically powerful, unyielding, awe inspiring, and nearly indestructible. As the Behemoth strides across the battlefield, one can witness the pride and glory that is the Khadoran Empire embodied within its metal frame. It is a symbol to the Khadoran people as much as a destructive force to those who would stand against its imminent arrival.

BEHEMOTH

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
Grid	172	C	5	Large

BEHEMOTH

BRAWLER - The Behemoth gains +2 STR on power attacks.

IMMOVABLE OBJECT - The Behemoth cannot be knocked down, pushed, or slammed as a result of a melee attack made by a model with a smaller base.

RELENTLESS - The Behemoth is not disabled until four or more of its systems are disabled.

SUB CORTEX - The Behemoth's sub cortex is a system that controls the operation of its bombards. The sub cortex may be allocated up to three focus points. This focus must be kept separate from normal focus allocations and may only be used to boost bombard attack and damage rolls. Normal focus point allocations cannot be used to boost bombard attack or damage rolls. If the sub cortex is disabled, the Behemoth may not make ranged attacks. Cortex damage effects do not affect the sub cortex. The Behemoth may make bombard and melee attacks in the same activation. The Behemoth can make bombard attacks even while engaged, but it cannot target a model that is engaging the Behemoth. The Behemoth may still make bombard attacks if it runs. The Behemoth suffers -2 to bombard attack rolls during any turn it runs, charges, slams, or is engaged.

BOMBARDS

ARCING FIRE - When attacking with a bombard, the Behemoth may ignore intervening models except those that would normally screen the target.

OPEN FISTS

ARMOR PIERCING - Targets with medium-sized or larger bases have their ARM stats halved when calculating damage from the Open Fists. Effects that further modify ARM are not reduced. The Open Fists gain +2 POW against models with small bases.

UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	12	5	3	10	21

BOMBARD

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
14	1	3	14

BOMBARD

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
14	1	3	14

OPEN FIST

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Armor Pierce	0	12

OPEN FIST

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Armor Pierce	0	12

1

2

3

4

5

6

		S	S		
L	L	M	C	R	R
L	M	M	C	C	R

Height /Weight:	17' / 20 tons
Armament:	Twin Armor Piercing Fists (right and left arms), Twin Bombards (integral)
Fuel Load /Burn Usage:	350 kgs /5 hrs general, 1 hr combat
Initial Service Date:	606 AR
Cortex Manufacturer:	Grey Lords Covenant
Ori. Chassis Design:	Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly

APOTHEOSIS



KHADOR



**Forward Kommander
Sorscha Kratikoff**
Warcaster



**Vladimir Tzepesci,
Dark Champion**
Warcaster



Old Witch of Khador & Scrapjack
Warcaster & Personal Warjack



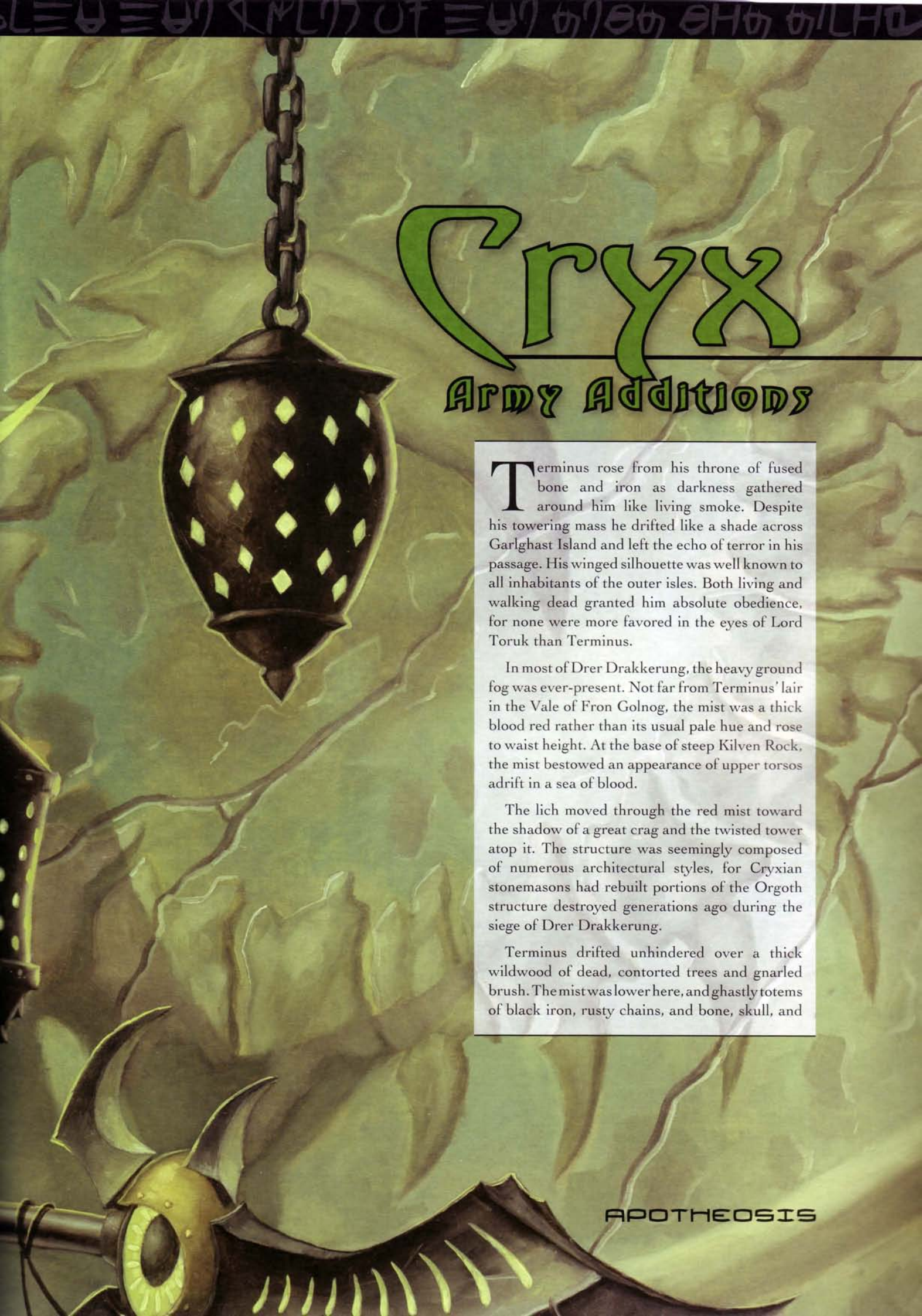
Behemoth
Heavy Warjack



Karchev the Terrible
Warcaster







Cryx

Army Additions

Terminus rose from his throne of fused bone and iron as darkness gathered around him like living smoke. Despite his towering mass he drifted like a shade across Garlghast Island and left the echo of terror in his passage. His winged silhouette was well known to all inhabitants of the outer isles. Both living and walking dead granted him absolute obedience, for none were more favored in the eyes of Lord Toruk than Terminus.

In most of Drer Drakkerung, the heavy ground fog was ever-present. Not far from Terminus' lair in the Vale of Fron Golnog, the mist was a thick blood red rather than its usual pale hue and rose to waist height. At the base of steep Kilven Rock, the mist bestowed an appearance of upper torsos adrift in a sea of blood.

The lich moved through the red mist toward the shadow of a great crag and the twisted tower atop it. The structure was seemingly composed of numerous architectural styles, for Cryxian stonemasons had rebuilt portions of the Orgoth structure destroyed generations ago during the siege of Drer Drakkerung.

Terminus drifted unhindered over a thick wildwood of dead, contorted trees and gnarled brush. The mist was lower here, and ghastly totems of black iron, rusty chains, and bone, skull, and

sinew greeted him dangling from black, claw-like branches. Shades and shadows, too, moved through the mist whispering and hissing, yet they all backed away, prostrating themselves before the great lich lord.

He emerged from the wood to find three waiting figures with masked faces. The red mist was held at bay in a perfect circle around them, and something orbicular and ominous hovered in the shadows of the great vertical rock face a few yards behind them.

"Welcome, great lord," said the one named Morgaen. Her smile was cold and they all bowed together deeply enough to show respect without groveling as others might.

They were flawless and fearsome at the same time, lissome yet strong, with corpse-like complexions that shone as if the power within them was a pale light gleaming beneath the smooth flesh of their bodies. Parts of them were covered by bits of dark armor and flowing garments, and their nails were as black as sin.

"Where are the two I bid attend me here?" Terminus demanded, wondering if his coven had grown bold enough to defy him. He spoke with a susurrant voice resembling many dread things malignantly whispering in unison from some dark and hollow place.

"Awaiting only your request so the mists would allow them, lord." This time it was Helleana who answered. No sooner had she spoken than the red mists on either side of the clearing dispersed. From each stumbled a living mortal confused and thirsty from hours of wandering through the endless fog.

First from the east came a wild and tattooed woman with greasy black hair. The lesser privateer captain was named Devlin Bragg.

She was infamous for her daring exploits, and even her peers in Blackwater considered her reckless. To Terminus she was nothing but meat surrounding a pulsating blue living soul which tempted his hunger. Although he was well glutted on earlier sacrifices, Terminus felt the strong urge to wrench it from her even now. She beheld his dark form and prostrated herself immediately, pale and trembling with terror.

From the west came a red-eyed trollkin nearly as massive as an ogrun. His frame was thick with muscle and his gray skin showed the scaled taint of blight. Even this mighty general known as Gerlak Slaughterborn looked frail and meek next to the towering lich lord. He fell to his knees as if expecting a quick death. This one's soul pulsed with its own potent aroma, for he was a famed leader of Toruk's living soldiers and commanded a horde of black ogrun and bloodthirsty trollkin for the Dragon King.

Terminus allowed them to debase themselves. Mortals such as these who were permitted to lead lesser minions occasionally forgot their insignificance. No titles or honors mattered before the dominion of the twelve undying lords who executed Toruk's will.

He faced his coven. "Soon your vision will be tested, for we sail to battle."

Selene smiled. "We shall bathe in blood and drink living wine." Morgaen reported, "The blackships stand ready, and your army waits eagerly for slaughter." Helleana whispered morosely, "Remember the warning of Ravenmane, the reaver-witch."

The lich lord turned to this last witch feeling the kindling of old anger. His voice became the grating and grinding of metal. "I have not

forgotten Asphyxious. His schemes in the Thornwood do not trouble me. If he opposes Lord Toruk as the reaver-witch claims, I will send him to join Daeamortus in the vale of choking ash."

Helleana bowed deeply again. "I am rebuked. Some living thing will be rent to assuage my pride." Her voice held sarcasm, but Terminus ignored it. The witch stood near the prostrate Captain Devlin, and she reached out to pierce the pirate's arm with a single black nail, drawing blood. The captain shuddered but did not otherwise flinch or protest.

"How stands my host?" Terminus asked. This was a formality, for the coven knew he would not have come if he had not seen their readiness.

Morgaen answered, "The blackships are laden with the instruments of death and hidden by mist. Reapers, Deathrippers, Defilers, Slayers and thousands of thralls were smuggled here as you bid. The *Atramentous* awaits you to board, my lord, and Darragh Wrathe stands ready to admiral your fleet. No greater host has ever been gathered from the blighted seed of our islands, but a great many pretty ships lie in wait to stop you, all in blue and gold."

Terminus focused his dreadful gaze upon her, disliking the playful turn of her voice. "What of your efforts to confound them?"

Selene took her turn to speak. "Your mainland agents have loosened their tongues, my lord. In Ceryl trusted sources will report a great Khadoran fleet spotted sailing south past Berck. The northern fleet will have no choice but to sail and investigate. They will find nothing but fog and shadow."

Helleana folded her arms. "We have moved the decoy fleet through

the Windwatcher's Passage. Captain Devlin will guide them along the shores near Ramarck to sow terror in the villages. She is ready to dance with the Westwatch."

At this the privateer captain stood but kept her head down. Her voice quavered despite her effort, "Y-yes, my lord. I am ready. We will confound the ships of Westwatch and draw them south."

Terminus nodded slowly but did not lower himself by addressing the woman. He despised the weakness of her flesh although he recognized the living had a special aptitude for sailing. He spoke to Morgaen instead. "Be sure this phantom fleet does not collapse too quickly. Spare some effort to screen them. Enlist Skarre Ravenmane if she can be found before she follows us north. What of Highgate?"

Unbidden the deep voice of Gerlak Slaughterborn answered, betraying no tremor of fear although his head remained bowed. "Leave Highgate to me, my lord. I will force them to winch all their ships up away from my grasp, leaving none to join the battle." The trollkin general was impertinent, but Terminus approved and did not punish him. That spirit would be tested against the armies of the southern Wyrmswall.

"None who fight Gerlak's army," Morgaen cooed, "will guess this too is a feint. He will bring them grief and leave no one to bury." She ran her own nails along the scaled arm of the blighted trollkin, leaving four deep bleeding gashes. He did not flinch.

"Gerlak," they were silent as Terminus honored the trollkin by addressing him directly. "Beware luring Blighterghast from his mountain roost. Our Lord Toruk's eye will be upon you. He will not lend

you aid if you awaken that serpent before our plans for him are ripe."

Slaughterborn's grin would have frozen the blood of any living witness. "Yes, my lord. He will not bestir himself; he delights in Highgate's misfortune. By bloody work I shall sow terror and draw Cygnaran reinforcements to the fray. My army stands ready at Longbarrow Isle west of Highgate. I will take our fastest ship to join them and lead the attack." His name had been hard earned; this one had collected a cairn of boiled skulls

*A terrible balelight glowed
in Terminus' eye-slits
as he imagined the
slaughter to come.*

fifteen feet high in countless raids on the mainland. Terminus knew the bulk of Gerlak's army would likely die against the cliffs of Highgate. It was of no consequence so long as their corpses were collected after. He had instructed Master Necrotech Mortenebra to send minions to follow in their wake and collect the slain. The chance of Blighterghast arousing was unlikely, but their first step in his defeat was prepared. While Gerlak raged, a smaller group of Stalkers, wraiths and necrotechs would sneak up the cliffs and into the mountains to create a hidden base and begin the slow and cautious search for his lair.

Selene raised her face toward the *Egregore*, a twisted spherical apparatus of protruding spikes of cartilage, iron, and bone floating above them. "I

have foreseen by these attacks a hole opened in Cygnar's defenses wide enough to allow our true fleet to sail unhindered and undetected. We will land to the north at Cloutsdawn Fen and move through the Gnarl's. Only those we reap will note our passage."

A terrible balelight glowed in Terminus' eye-slits as he imagined the slaughter to come. Too long had he been kept from those shores, and he longed for carnage. He addressed his coven again, "Above all, I require your vision to forewarn of our master's hidden progeny. We must enslave or crush all the cities of man before we can invite our Lord to His promised feasting. Halfaug, Scaefang, or even his lesser get may catch wind of our scent. We are not yet ready to face them. Do you sense movement from them?"

It was a familiar request and one his coven had yet to satisfy. Helleana and Morgaen raised their cowed faces to the *Egregore* and joined Selene in their harmonious regard. The spiked orb whirled as strands of darkness spun from it like thread, circling each of the three witches and binding them together. At last its motions slowed and the black threads faded.

The coven bowed to their master and Selene spoke, "Great forces walk Immoren, but none with footsteps heavier than yours, my lord. Ask us again when we stand with you under one banner united with our army in the Thornwood. Until that time, our vision is clouded."

"So be it." He waved to the mortals and bid them flee to their ships. He commanded the coven, "Escort me to the *Atramentous*." Obediently they followed behind him, three slender forms connected by dark strands and a malignant floating orb which whispered in their ears with a voice of prophetic madness.



Lich Lord Terminus

*Our legions shall fall upon them like darkness given form,
extinguishing the light of their day and bathing their lands
in the blood of their children.*

—Lich Lord Terminus to the captains of his black fleet preceding the Scharde Invasions, 584 AR

It has been said the dead reckon time differently than mortal men. To the legions of Cryx, victories are an absolute and, on an infinite timeline, utterly assured. Devoted to nothing less than the total domination of western Immoren, Lich Lord Terminus is the architect of a thousand plots and hidden wars. Towering over others who serve under the Dragon's shadow, this twisted abomination of blighted bone and hell-wrought iron has methodically pursued his master's ambitions for centuries. Even now the lich lord prepares to seize control of Cryxian forces on the mainland with every intention of leading them to ultimate victory in Toruk's name.

Long ago he who would come to be known as Terminus commanded the Dragonfather's legions at the fortress of Dragon's Roost. In those days preceding the construction of Skell, Toruk Himself dwelt beneath the foundation of the fortress in the bowels of a now extinct volcano. It was here Terminus first began to internalize the Dragon's transfiguring blight. Slowly his body swelled to great size, and tattered wings began to rip through his back, tearing and distending skin and bone. As his flesh failed him, necrosurgeons eagerly replaced the cankerous portion of his body, trading decayed flesh for horrid mechanical substitutions. By the time Cryx launched its assault against the remnants of the Orgoth Empire regrouping at Garlghast Island, all semblance of life had already slipped from Terminus and left him an undying servant of the Dragon.



The siege ended in the total destruction of the Orgoth capitol Drer Drakkerung. The Orgoth warwitches there summoned a conflagration of fell magic that shook the earth and blasted the city to ruin, decimating not only themselves but also tens of thousands of thralls and no less than three lich lords. In the following aftermath Terminus rose quickly through the ranks. It was he who tore the black secrets from the Orgoth survivors, living and dead, and he who applied that knowledge to rebuild Cryx's devastated armies. Terminus personally oversaw the construction of the Dragonfather's vast first fleet of blackships. When Toruk witnessed the fruits of Terminus' many labors, He bestowed upon him the title of lich lord.

With legions of thralls under his command, Lich Lord Terminus devoted himself utterly to the conquest of the mainland. Slowly he amassed agents throughout the Iron Kingdoms to gather information and search for Toruk's hated brood. Terminus conspired with rival Lich Lord Daeamortus to orchestrate the Scharde Invasions of 584-588 AR. While Daeamortus established secret strongholds on the mainland, Terminus' forces tested the defenses of the Iron Kingdoms, laying the foundation of their eventual destruction. It is an accomplishment of their ingenious malignity that their enemies have only now begun to piece together the true threat represented by the Cryxian black fleet.

Though Terminus has seldom directly led his forces in the field against the armies of men, all is about to change. Following Cryxian successes in the recent war, the assassination of Lich Lord Daeamortus, and Asphyxious' subsequent rise to power, Terminus has personally taken command of his legions on the continent. Though he cared little for Daeamortus, Terminus views the iron lich's treachery and boundless ambition as a threat to his own machinations.

Such is the strength of his dark majesty that Terminus can inspire even the dead. He leads throngs of thralls eager to kill or lay down their unives in his accursed name. Though a meticulous strategist, Terminus transforms into a ravening killer on the battlefield. Charging ahead of his legions in grip of unmitigated bloodlust, he tears through his enemies throwing aside anything in his path and consuming the souls of all who fall by his blade.

LICH LORD TERMINUS				FOCUS 6
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
20	102	C	5	Large

FEAT: DRAGON'S CALL

Terminus calls upon Toruk's accursed name to unleash a dreadful howl that bathes the battlefield in malignant energy. The cacophony of evil devours the souls of the fallen and crushes the wills of men.

Terminus gains a soul token for each living model destroyed in his control area this round. While in Terminus' control area this round, enemy models cannot give or receive orders. Enemy warjacks currently in Terminus' control area cannot be allocated focus points for one round.

TERMINUS

ABOMINATION - Models/units - friendly or enemy - within 3" of Terminus must pass a command check or flee.

SACRIFICIAL PAWN - Whenever Terminus is directly hit by an enemy ranged attack, his controller may choose to have a friendly non-incorporeal undead model within 5" of Terminus and in his front arc hit instead. That model is hit automatically and suffers full damage and effects.

SOUL CAGES - Gain a soul token for each living model destroyed within 2". During his controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point.

TATTERED WINGS - Terminus ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. Terminus may move through other models if he has enough movement to move completely past the model's base. Terminus may charge across rough terrain, over obstacles, or through other models. Terminus cannot be targeted by free strikes.

UNDEAD - Terminus is not a living model.

SCYTHING CLAW

THROW - After a successful Scything Claw attack, Terminus may spend a focus point to throw the target instead of making a normal damage roll. Resolve this throw normally, but no STR test is required.

TERMINUS						CMD 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	9	7	5	14	18	

DRAGON FIRE			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
SP	1	—	14

DOOMSAYER		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	16

SCYTHING CLAW		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Throw	5	14

DRAGON FIRE

CORROSION - Any model hit by Dragon Fire suffers Corrosion, a continuous effect that slowly erodes its target. Corrosion does one damage point each turn to the affected model during its controller's Maintenance Phase until it expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Corrosion is not affected by water.

DYING BREATH - After resolving his melee attacks, Terminus may make a Dragon Fire attack if he is not engaged.

DOOMSAYER

REACH - 2" melee range.

RENDERING - When Terminus destroys a living model with Doomsayer and gains a soul token, he may immediately spend the soul token to remove d3 damage points.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ANNIHILATION Models in the AOE suffer a POW 10 damage roll. Terminus gains a soul token for each living model destroyed by Annihilation. During his controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point. Models destroyed by Annihilation are removed from play.	4	10	3	10		X
DEMONIAC Every time target model/unit destroys another model with a melee attack, it must immediately make one melee attack against another model in its melee range, friendly or enemy. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.	2	6	-	-	X	*
HELLFIRE Target model/unit hit by Hellfire must pass a command check or flee.	3	10	-	14		X
MALEDICTION While within 2" of Terminus, enemy models suffer -2 DEF and ARM.	2	CASTER	-	-	X	
RAVAGER Target friendly warjack gains +2 STR and may make one additional attack with each of its melee weapons this turn but suffers -2 DEF for one round.	2	6	-	-		
SHADOW OF DEATH While in Terminus' control area this round, friendly undead models gain Tough. Whenever a Tough model 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. Models not destroyed are reduced to one wound.	3	CASTER	CTRL	-		



The Witch Coven of Garlghast

To the Dragonfather we promise more than victory and more than the subjugation of His enemies. We promise His legions shall sail unbowed across the seas of fate to spread death, dissolution, and torments undreamt to all those who would oppose His will. This we swear.

— A portion of the oath sworn by the Witch Coven to Lich Lord Terminus

Tug to twist fortune, snip to end life. The whole of the world is said to hang by the threads of fate and through careful manipulation, kingdoms rise and great men are laid low. Among the most subtle and seductive of Toruk's servants, the three sisters read the strands of probability like a great map laid bare before them. Long a hideous rumor, these beautiful horrors emerged from shadow to offer their dark ministries and talents to Terminus, lich lord of Cryx.

The Witches of Garlghast, as the coven has come to be known, were discovered on the southern shore of that fell island in the lamentable summer of 593 AR by the Cryxian pirate vessel *Aldibraxis*.

Responding to signal fire on a desolate stretch of beach, the crew discovered three young women and an ominous, strangely tooled floating sphere of shadow and bone. No older than thirteen, the girls gave their names as Helleana, Morgaen, and Selene, but the crew could comprehend no more of their obscure Orgoth dialect. With minds clouded by the sorcerous touch of the three strange girls, the sailors unquestioningly set course for Blackwater.



The girls were left alone to the darkness of the ship's hull throughout the voyage, for the crew feared the demonian relic, the Egregore, traveling with them. It was not merely that the sphere seemed to devour light or the way shadows played across the surface of its pitted hull that so disturbed the crewmen. Rather, it was the way the girls tenderly whispered to it. The genuine affection these children lavished upon the device sickened the hearts of the most hardened among them.

When the *Aldibraxis* dropped anchor in Blackwater, the sisters disembarked without a word. From the lightless streets of the Final Port, they made their way to Skell, the blighted capital of Cryx. Despite the dangers inherent in crossing the island overland, the sisters made their journey unmolested with all haste.

Upon arrival, the cabal made its way to Toruk's Black Temple where they brazenly demanded council with Lich Lord Terminus who bemusedly agreed to see them. Upon his arrival, the sisters fell to their knees and hailed him as 'Conqueror,' 'Ravager of Men,' and 'Lord of the Blighted Seas.' They claimed they had come at the appointed hour to enter the Dragonfather's service to see the true destiny of Cryx realized. Immediately impressed with their fanatical conviction, the lich lord accepted their oaths then and there, bound them to the service of Lord Toruk, and declared them his witch coven.

Terminus saw more value in the Witches than the apparent strength of their visions and ordered the coven onto the battlefield where their dark magic proved witheringly effective. Though the sisters may be soothsayers without equal, their prowess and versatility in battle cannot go unmarked. Their constant companion, the mysterious rune-covered Egregore, greatly extends their magical power and allows them to pool their arcane strength and command helljacks from great distances. Guided by dark portents, the sisters are instinctive military commanders adept at obfuscation and misdirection.

WITCH COVEN OF GARLGHAST				FOCUS ★
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
8 each	85	C	5	Small

FEAT: NIGHTFALL

The Witches are mistresses of misdirection and shadow capable of calling upon a darkness so complete it obscures the sun itself. They can turn day into the blackest night to shroud their company behind an aphotic veil of safety.

While in the Coven's control area this round, enemy models have their LOS reduced to 5" and suffer -2 MAT and RAT.

WITCHES

ARCANE NEXUS - The Coven's control area is measured from the Egregore instead of from individual Witches. When a Witch casts a spell, the spell's range is measured from the Egregore. The Witch must have LOS to her target, but the Egregore does not. All modifiers are based on the LOS of the Witch. Spells may be channeled normally. The Coven may have up to one Skarlock Thrall. This Skarlock Thrall is bound to the Coven rather than an individual Witch. The Coven may only have one of each of their upkeep spells in play at a time.

COVEN - The Witch Coven of Garlgast shares a single pool of focus and Witches do not receive focus individually. Each Witch adds three to the Coven's FOC stat. During their controller's Control Phase, unallocated focus points are given to the Egregore. Any Witch in the Coven's control area may spend focus points from the Egregore. The Egregore never suffers Disruption and cannot be affected by focus reducing effects. A Witch who is destroyed or removed from play no longer contributes to the Coven's FOC stat.

WITCH				CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF
6	4	5	4	15

RITUAL BLADES		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	3	7

Each unspent focus point on the Egregore adds +1 to the ARM of each Witch in the Coven's control area.

INDEPENDENT MODELS - The Witch Coven of Garlgast is not a unit and models in the Coven are independent models. Each Witch is a warcaster, but the three Witches are members of a single battlegroup and count as a single warcaster when creating an army. No victory points are awarded for the Witch Coven until the last Witch is destroyed or removed from play.

PERFECT CONJUNCTION - A Perfect Conjunction is established anytime the Egregore is completely within the triangular area between all three Witches and each Witch has LOS to each other Witch without intervening models between them, including the Egregore. During a Perfect Conjunction, magic attack rolls and magic damage rolls made by a Witch are boosted.

PROGNOSTICATION - The Coven's controller gains +1 on the Starting Roll to determine the order of deployment and play.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
GHOST WALK This turn target model/unit may move through any terrain, obstacles, or obstructions without penalty. While ghost walking, a model cannot charge or slam and cannot be targeted by free strikes.	3	6	-	-	-	-
IMPRISON Place Imprison's 5" AOE anywhere completely within the Coven's control area. When cast, the perimeter of the template may not overlap the base of any model. No model may move into or out of this area for any reason. Roll an additional damage die when a slammed or thrown model collides with the perimeter. Imprison's perimeter may only be targeted by magic attacks like a structure and has ARM 20. Imprison leaves play if it takes one or more damage points. Imprison may be cast once per turn. Imprison lasts for one round.	4	CASTER	5	-	-	-
INFERNAL MACHINE Target warjack in the Coven's battlegroup gains +2 MAT, +2" movement, and the Terror ability. 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.	2	6	-	-	-	X
NECROPHAGE Target warrior model/unit suffers -2 ARM. The first model affected by Necrophage that suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed each turn explodes with a 3" AOE and is removed from play. Models in the AOE suffer an unboostable POW 8 damage roll.	3	8	-	-	-	X X
OCCULTATION Target model/unit gains Stealth. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.	2	6	-	-	-	X
PUPPET STRINGS Once per turn the Coven's controller may make target model or a single model in target unit re-roll one or more dice rolled for a command check or attack or damage roll. The Coven's controller chooses which dice are re-rolled. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.	2	8	-	-	-	X *
STYGIAN ABYSS On a critical hit, target model suffers blindness for one round. Blind models cannot make ranged or magic attacks, suffer -4 MAT and DEF, cannot charge, run, or slam and must forfeit either movement or action during activation.	3	8	-	13	-	X

EGREGORE			CHARACTER SOLO		
Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size	
1	0	C	0	Medium	

EGREGORE

BLACK MANTLE - Friendly Cryxian models in base-to-base contact with the Egregore gain Stealth. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

MECHANICAL CONSTRUCT - The Egregore is not a living model. It cannot run or charge, and it never flees.

PATHFINDER - The Egregore ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles.

STEALTH - Attacks against the Egregore from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If the Egregore is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

EGREGORE					CMD 10
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	1	1	1	13	17

SYMPATHETIC LINK - The Egregore is always included in an army with the Witch Coven of Garlghast. When the Egregore suffers damage it is not destroyed. Instead, its controller assigns the damage points to one or more Witches, dividing it at his discretion. A Witch may not be assigned more damage points than she has wounds remaining. The Egregore is only removed from play when the last Witch is destroyed or removed from play.

The Witches of Garlghast have traveled to the mainland on numerous missions for their master to ravage settlements throughout the kingdoms of men. The sisters prefer to instill terror in the hearts of their enemies rather than face them head on. Given time, the sisters will attempt to demoralize their enemies before meeting them in combat. Patrols have returned to their camps to find garrisons missing and the walls covered in strange sigils painted in fresh blood. Small, isolated communities have simply vanished with their wells poisoned, buildings burned, and the ashes buried. Relief forces have arrived to discover their comrades impaled on stakes still screaming for the release of death. With such tactics, the Witches often win battles before they begin to fight them.

Entwined by bonds infinitely stronger than the ties of blood, the connection between the sisters and the Egregore is impossible for outsiders to comprehend. Even the jaded inhabitants of the Scharde Islands shudder to think of the relationship between the device and the young women. Sharing thoughts and life essence, the Egregore and the sisters

silently whisper to each other. Though clearly a sentient vessel for magnifying mystical energies, the Egregore itself is an utter mystery even to Cryxian scholars. A shadowy device of rune-covered metal and bone, the Egregore constantly leaks thick tendrils of darkness that cling to the sisters like the steady hands of a familiar lover. Some ascribe its creation to lost secrets of the necromancers of Morrdh; others believe it came from the fell hand of the Orgoth. Whatever the Egregore's origins, none had ever seen such a malefic masterpiece.

Seldom separated, the true power of the Coven is tied to their interwoven relationship. Wrapped in darkness and strange wind, their power reaches its true apex when the sisters ritualistically encircle the Egregore and enter a perfect conjunction. Though individually each sister lacks the raw destructive power of a Cryxian warwitch, together their conjoined magic enables them to see the patterns of fate connecting the present to the future and grants them the strength to reach out and twist those patterns into new shapes conforming to their desires.

The fragility of this connection was laid bare during a mission to the mainland when Selene fell to a sniper's ball on an unnamed battlefield. As she lay choking blood and gasping for breath, the perfect conjunction was immediately undone and the coven's power began to unravel. Sacrificing an army of thralls under their command, the witches fled the field carrying the unconscious body of their beloved sister. Though Selene survived, the Witches of Garlghast never forgot this lesson.

The successes and formidable power of the witches have ensured that despite the enigma surrounding the Egregore and their origin, none dare question them. That they are loyal

Egregore



and provide victories to the Dragonfather is enough. Over the years, the witches' wise council has served Terminus on numerous occasions, and he owes a number of successes to their prognostications. With the recent passing of Lord Daeamortus, Terminus has decided to lead his forces personally to the conquest of western Immoren and has called for his coven to join him on the mainland. Terminus believes the sisters will be of great use in overcoming threats represented by the mortal armies of western Immoren as well as any possible deceptions of Lich Lord Asphyxious.

The Witches of Garlghast are frightening puppeteers both on the battlefield and behind the scenes. They control their forces at a distance and unleash torrents of murderous arcane power to devastate those before them. Pulling the strings of possibility, these distant players move the world toward a shadowy future only they fully perceive. Their dark vision is a new plague on western Immoren that shall spread to become a darkness no light will break in the days to come.





Lich Lord Asphyxious

I am neither swayed by enticements temporal or intangible; I desire one thing and one thing only: furthering mine power.

—Lich Lord Asphyxious

For millennia Asphyxious has waited, formulating in the dark recesses of his mind, calculating, taking precise actions, and planning in depths of intricacy no mortal mind can fathom. Through unspeakable acts of treachery, he has sought stations of power, made holds upon the nightmare kingdom of Cryx where none existed, and carved a private empire of undeath out of nothing.

Using his inhuman contempt as a weapon, Asphyxious has plied schemes luring others deep into webs of intrigue unseen even in visions and prophecy. Deneghra, wrought with decades of exposure to his evils and rendered an irredeemable malicious thing, fell to her twin sister in battle only to be revived as an undying pawn to serve Asphyxious. Thinking she had seen through his machinations, Skarre sought to stop him when she sensed a nexus of fates that put her own life in substantial jeopardy. This was his intent, for she fled to her master, the lich lord Daeamortus, and provided a sliver of evidence against Asphyxious luring the vulnerable lich lord of Cryx into the open. Even Goreshade relied on Asphyxious' graces to keep him fat on the souls of maidens and the lifeblood of tormented slaves. The lich is like a black iron spider in the midst of vast and terrible threads spun through eons into the dark places beyond the soul.

So subtle are his schemes that his assassination of Lich Lord Daeamortus was an unexpected strike. Daeamortus directed Cryxian efforts to gain a foothold on the mainland along with Lich Lord



a portion could be reclaimed. Deneghra exists in a continuous state of half-life trapped between the physical and spectral worlds. Her connection to shadow increased, and she gained fresh insight into the lore of death and veneficium. The secrets of such arts reveal themselves easily to undying eyes.

Deneghra has learned to slip the bonds of flesh and move as a spirit to seduce, terrify, afflict, and hound her enemies. She can even reduce them to mere phantasms if only for a moment's respite. Her manipulation of darkness has amplified in scale, and the mordant warcaster has mastered a tenebrous web that binds and holds anything that might struggle within her shade's grasp. She has gone beyond the mastery of the warwitch's craft to become something greater.

Death becomes one so wicked and merciless. Deneghra suits her newly worn skin, yet she is still an undead servant of Cryx. Undeath amplifies her twisted manners of treachery and deceit, her cruelty, and her lust. If Cryx had a dark bride to marry it would be Deneghra, for she would be a fitting consort to such darkness and corruption. Still, even rendered immortal and undying, this vast change has shaken her. Born so cruelly again into the world as a cold thing of dead flesh, if she could know sorrow, perhaps she would sob in an endless lament at what she has become. Instead, she can feel only a tempestuous rage and act against those in her path, wantonly seeking victims to crush and kill at the behest of her master. However, it does nothing to ease her worries or fill the void left by her vacated soul.

As a gift beyond that of returning the nubile enchantress from the grave's cold clutch, Asphyxious presented her with the ancient weapon of the Lich Lord Daeamortus. Deneghra has renamed the Cryxian glaive *Eclipse*, and it will serve her as an instrument of vengeance against the very soul that sent her into death.

Deneghra's power has grown. She sits and waits amid shadows and the whispers of the dead, dreaming of vengeance and satisfaction while restlessly contemplating a life spent in servitude to the newly exalted Lich Lord Asphyxious.

WRAITH WITCH DENEGHRA

FOCUS 7

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
16	87	C	5	Small

FEAT: WEB OF SHADOW

Deneghra's tenebrous powers reached their apex upon her death. Now the Wraith Witch can call upon the power of darkness itself to bind her enemies and leave them helpless to her less than tender mercies.

Enemy models currently in Deneghra's control area suffer Shadow Bind for one round. A model suffering Shadow Bind suffers -3 DEF and cannot move except to change facing.

DENEGHRA

DARK ALLURE - Living enemy models in Deneghra's command range suffer -2 CMD.

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Wraith Witch Deneghra cannot be included in an army with Warwitch Deneghra.

SOUL CAGES - Gain a soul token for each living model destroyed within 2". During her controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point.

UNDEAD - Deneghra is not a living model.

WITCH BARBS - Deneghra cannot be targeted by free strikes. Witch Barbs negates back strike bonuses against Deneghra.

WRAITH WALKER - Deneghra may become Incorporeal for one round during her controller's Control Phase. She may not become Incorporeal if she was Incorporeal during the previous round. She immediately loses Incorporeal when she makes a melee attack. Deneghra cannot charge while Incorporeal.

ECLIPSE

CRITICAL FLAY - On a critical hit, Deneghra adds +1 to the damage roll for

DENEGHRA					CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	5	5	4	16	14

ECLIPSE		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	12

each unspent focus point on her.

DARK BANISHMENT - After damaging target enemy model with Eclipse, Deneghra's controller may immediately place the model d6 inches away plus 1" for each unspent focus point on her. During this movement the model cannot be targeted by free strikes. There must be enough space to place the model's base.

REACH - 2" melee range.

INCORPOREAL

An Incorporeal model ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. An Incorporeal model may move through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction or model's base. A model may move through an Incorporeal model without effect if it has enough movement to move completely past the Incorporeal model's base. An Incorporeal model is never an intervening model. An Incorporeal model cannot engage models or be engaged. An Incorporeal model only suffers damage and effects from spells and feats and is not affected by continuous effects. Continuous effects on an Incorporeal model expire during its controller's maintenance phase. An Incorporeal model cannot be charged, slammed, or pushed. Slammed and thrown models move through Incorporeal models without effect.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
DARK SEDUCTION Target living model/unit must make a command check. If it fails, Deneghra takes control of the target. Pay upkeep of one focus point per model, or the spell expires. Cannot be cast on characters, character units, or solos.	4	6	-	-	X	X
HARROWING Models in the target model's unit must move directly toward it during their activation. A model in the unit ending its activation more than 2" from the target model flees. The unit flees if the target model is destroyed or removed from play for any reason by a friendly model.	3	8	-	-	X	X
HELLMOUTH Nothing happens if the attack roll fails. Before Hellmouth deals damage, each model within 3" of target model moves d3" directly toward it, ignoring movement penalties and cannot be targeted by free strikes. Make a separate roll for each model. Models move in an order determined by Deneghra's controller. Models stop if they run into an obstacle or another model. After all models have been moved, center a 3" AOE on target model. Models in the AOE suffer a POW 12 damage roll. Damage rolls must be boosted separately. Models destroyed by Hellmouth are removed from play. Hellmouth cannot target structures.	4	8	*	12		X
MARKED FOR DEATH Target non-warcaster model loses Incorporeal, Invisible, and Stealth and cannot be affected by effects that keep it from being targeted. A model with LOS to the affected model and within 10" of the affected model must target it when making ranged or magic attacks. A model with LOS to the affected model and within melee range of the affected model must target it when making melee attacks if possible.	2	8	-	-	X	X
PREDATION When target enemy model/unit moves during its activation, Deneghra may move up to her current SPD in inches immediately after affected models complete their activation.	2	8	-	-	X	X
TENEBOUS EXILE Target enemy non-warcaster model/unit becomes Incorporeal and cannot charge, slam, or make melee or ranged attacks for one round. This spell may be cast once per turn. Models cannot be targeted with this spell if they were affected by it in the previous round.	3	8	-	-		X
VENOM A stream of venomous acid spews forth and causes Corrosion to every model hit. Corrosion is a continuous effect that slowly erodes its target. Corrosion does one damage point each turn to the affected model during its controller's Maintenance Phase until it expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Corrosion is not affected by water.	2	SP	-	10		X



Wraith Witch Deneghra

*That I walk among you now unchained is a sign
In death my appetites have grown.*

of the torment to come.

—Wraith Witch Deneghra

Few would lament the death of a warwitch. Indeed many would celebrate the violent passing of such a terrible and implacable enemy. Slain in a violent confrontation with her twin sister, Deneghra fell to Haley's hands in a battle that left the Cygnaran warcaster crippled and made a shredded bloody ruin of the warwitch's once perfect body.

For some it was a victorious finish to a malevolent creature's life. For one, her death was an intolerable setback signifying decades of wasted work. In the aftermath of the battle, Asphyxious discovered the ruined warwitch's body. To the iron lich this was opportune, for he could restore her body to unlife. Extracting what remained of her soul from the Orgoth cairn in a specially constructed soul cage, Asphyxious bade the necrosurgeons to set to work.

A team of the finest necrosurgeons and their stitch thralls removed her innards and replaced the now useless organs with canopic engines forged from Cryxian necro-technology. The cabal of dark surgeons flushed the fluids from her corpse and pumped blackened liquids distilled from the recently slain into her darkly forged heart. The crafters of sinew and flesh made her skin whole with the dagger-spilled essence of virginal innocents stolen away from villages and towns. The results of their meticulous attentions begat the finest flesh craft any could possibly hope to attain.

Deneghra rose from the dark restoration not quite whole. Her spirit had been torn asunder by the warping influence of the soul cairn and only



a portion could be reclaimed. Deneghra exists in a continuous state of half-life trapped between the physical and spectral worlds. Her connection to shadow increased, and she gained fresh insight into the lore of death and veneficium. The secrets of such arts reveal themselves easily to undying eyes.

Deneghra has learned to slip the bonds of flesh and move as a spirit to seduce, terrify, afflict, and hound her enemies. She can even reduce them to mere phantasms if only for a moment's respite. Her manipulation of darkness has amplified in scale, and the mordant warcaster has mastered a tenebrous web that binds and holds anything that might struggle within her shade's grasp. She has gone beyond the mastery of the warwitch's craft to become something greater.

Death becomes one so wicked and merciless. Deneghra suits her newly worn skin, yet she is still an undead servant of Cryx. Undeath amplifies her twisted manners of treachery and deceit, her cruelty, and her lust. If Cryx had a dark bride to marry it would be Deneghra, for she would be a fitting consort to such darkness and corruption. Still, even rendered immortal and undying, this vast change has shaken her. Born so cruelly again into the world as a cold thing of dead flesh, if she could know sorrow, perhaps she would sob in an endless lament at what she has become. Instead, she can feel only a tempestuous rage and act against those in her path, wantonly seeking victims to crush and kill at the behest of her master. However, it does nothing to ease her worries or fill the void left by her vacated soul.

As a gift beyond that of returning the nubile enchantress from the grave's cold clutch, Asphyxious presented her with the ancient weapon of the Lich Lord Daeamortus. Deneghra has renamed the Cryxian glaive *Eclipse*, and it will serve her as an instrument of vengeance against the very soul that sent her into death.

Deneghra's power has grown. She sits and waits amid shadows and the whispers of the dead, dreaming of vengeance and satisfaction while restlessly contemplating a life spent in servitude to the newly exalted Lich Lord Asphyxious.

WRAITH WITCH DENEGHRA

FOCUS 7

Damage	Point Cost	Field Allowance	Victory Points	Base Size
16	87	C	5	Small

FEAT: WEB OF SHADOW

Deneghra's tenebrous powers reached their apex upon her death. Now the Wraith Witch can call upon the power of darkness itself to bind her enemies and leave them helpless to her less than tender mercies.

Enemy models currently in Deneghra's control area suffer Shadow Bind for one round. A model suffering Shadow Bind suffers -3 DEF and cannot move except to change facing.

DENEGHRA

DARK ALLURE - Living enemy models in Deneghra's command range suffer -2 CMD.

EPIC WARCASTER - Up to one epic warcaster may be included for every 750 points in an army. Epic warcaster Wraith Witch Deneghra cannot be included in an army with Warwitch Deneghra.

SOUL CAGES - Gain a soul token for each living model destroyed within 2". During her controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point.

UNDEAD - Deneghra is not a living model.

WITCH BARBS - Deneghra cannot be targeted by free strikes. Witch Barbs negates back strike bonuses against Deneghra.

WRAITH WALKER - Deneghra may become Incorporeal for one round during her controller's Control Phase. She may not become Incorporeal if she was Incorporeal during the previous round. She immediately loses Incorporeal when she makes a melee attack. Deneghra cannot charge while Incorporeal.

ECLIPSE

CRITICAL FLAY - On a critical hit, Deneghra adds +1 to the damage roll for

DENEGHRA					CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	5	5	4	16	14

ECLIPSE		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	12

each unspent focus point on her.

DARK BANISHMENT - After damaging target enemy model with Eclipse, Deneghra's controller may immediately place the model d6 inches away plus 1" for each unspent focus point on her. During this movement the model cannot be targeted by free strikes. There must be enough space to place the model's base.

REACH - 2" melee range.

INCORPOREAL

An Incorporeal model ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. An Incorporeal model may move through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction or model's base. A model may move through an Incorporeal model without effect if it has enough movement to move completely past the Incorporeal model's base. An Incorporeal model is never an intervening model. An Incorporeal model cannot engage models or be engaged. An Incorporeal model only suffers damage and effects from spells and feats and is not affected by continuous effects. Continuous effects on an Incorporeal model expire during its controller's maintenance phase. An Incorporeal model cannot be charged, slammed, or pushed. Slammed and thrown models move through Incorporeal models without effect.

Spells	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
DARK SEDUCTION Target living model/unit must make a command check. If it fails, Deneghra takes control of the target. Pay upkeep of one focus point per model, or the spell expires. Cannot be cast on characters, character units, or solos.	4	6	-	-	X	X
HARROWING Models in the target model's unit must move directly toward it during their activation. A model in the unit ending its activation more than 2" from the target model flees. The unit flees if the target model is destroyed or removed from play for any reason by a friendly model.	3	8	-	-	X	X
HELLMOUTH Nothing happens if the attack roll fails. Before Hellmouth deals damage, each model within 3" of target model moves d3" directly toward it, ignoring movement penalties and cannot be targeted by free strikes. Make a separate roll for each model. Models move in an order determined by Deneghra's controller. Models stop if they run into an obstacle or another model. After all models have been moved, center a 3" AOE on target model. Models in the AOE suffer a POW 12 damage roll. Damage rolls must be boosted separately. Models destroyed by Hellmouth are removed from play. Hellmouth cannot target structures.	4	8	*	12		X
MARKED FOR DEATH Target non-warcaster model loses Incorporeal, Invisible, and Stealth and cannot be affected by effects that keep it from being targeted. A model with LOS to the affected model and within 10" of the affected model must target it when making ranged or magic attacks. A model with LOS to the affected model and within melee range of the affected model must target it when making melee attacks if possible.	2	8	-	-	X	X
PREDATION When target enemy model/unit moves during its activation, Deneghra may move up to her current SPD in inches immediately after affected models complete their activation.	2	8	-	-	X	X
TENEBOUS EXILE Target enemy non-warcaster model/unit becomes Incorporeal and cannot charge, slam, or make melee or ranged attacks for one round. This spell may be cast once per turn. Models cannot be targeted with this spell if they were affected by it in the previous round.	3	8	-	-		X
VENOM A stream of venomous acid spews forth and causes Corrosion to every model hit. Corrosion is a continuous effect that slowly erodes its target. Corrosion does one damage point each turn to the affected model during its controller's Maintenance Phase until it expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Corrosion is not affected by water.	2	SP	-	10		X



Deathjack

Fifteen feet of kettle-black greasy iron and a gut full of soul-burning mechanika, the Deathjack supposedly resembles a steamjack made from the nightmares of a madman.

— Professor Viktor Pendrake, *Monsternomicon*, 604 AR.

There are dark minds at work, and still darker minds have passed through the strange centuries of the Iron Kingdoms' history. However, the depravity of even the most deranged necrotechs of the shrouded shores of Cryx could not conceive of this vessel for hatred and ruin. That such evil found form on the mainland simply shows the Isle of the Dragon is not the sole origin of rancor and malice. The servants of the Dragonfather only seek to control it.

For over two hundred years the necro-mechanical horror known as the Deathjack has haunted the wilds of western Immoren. Striking without warning, the helljack ravenously consumes the souls of those who cross its path and leaves naught but death and destruction in its wake. The greasy smoke from its furnace bears the charnel smell of roasting flesh and bones crushed under the tremendous pressures of its hatred. Countless men, women, children, priests, warriors, and elderly—even entire villages—have been snuffed out and used as coal for its insidious engine. Whatever drives the monstrosity keeps it in some endless quest to claim more souls for the baleful fire burning in its belly.

Long ago, tales of this lumbering darkness reached the Scharde Islands and stirred the interest of the lich lords who vowed such a device would



The Deathjack's considerable array of necromantic and mechanical abilities makes it an ideal addition to the Cryxian arsenal. The infernal lanterns mounted on the Deathjack's shoulders are known as the Skulls of Hate, and their terrible will turns the beast into an unstoppable killing machine ever hungering for fresh slaughter. These black artifacts not only provide the machine with its savage intellect, but they also continuously utter dire admonitions and cast necromantic spells. Those who succumb to the Deathjack's mortiferous inclinations are shoved whole into its horrid soul-burning furnace and further fuel its infernal rage.

Height /Weight:	15' / Unknown
Armament:	Twin Necroclaws (right and left arms), Skulls of Hate (right and left arms), Horns (head)
Fuel Load /Burn Usage:	Unknown
Initial Service Date:	Unknown
Cortex Manufacturer:	Unknown
Ori. Chassis Design:	Unknown

	1	2	3	4	5	6
		L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R	
	M	M	C	C		

FIST - Deathjack's Necroclaws have the abilities of an Open Fist.



CRYX



Wraith Witch Deneghra
Warcaster



Lich Lord Asphyxious
Warcaster



The Witches of Garlghast
Warcaster



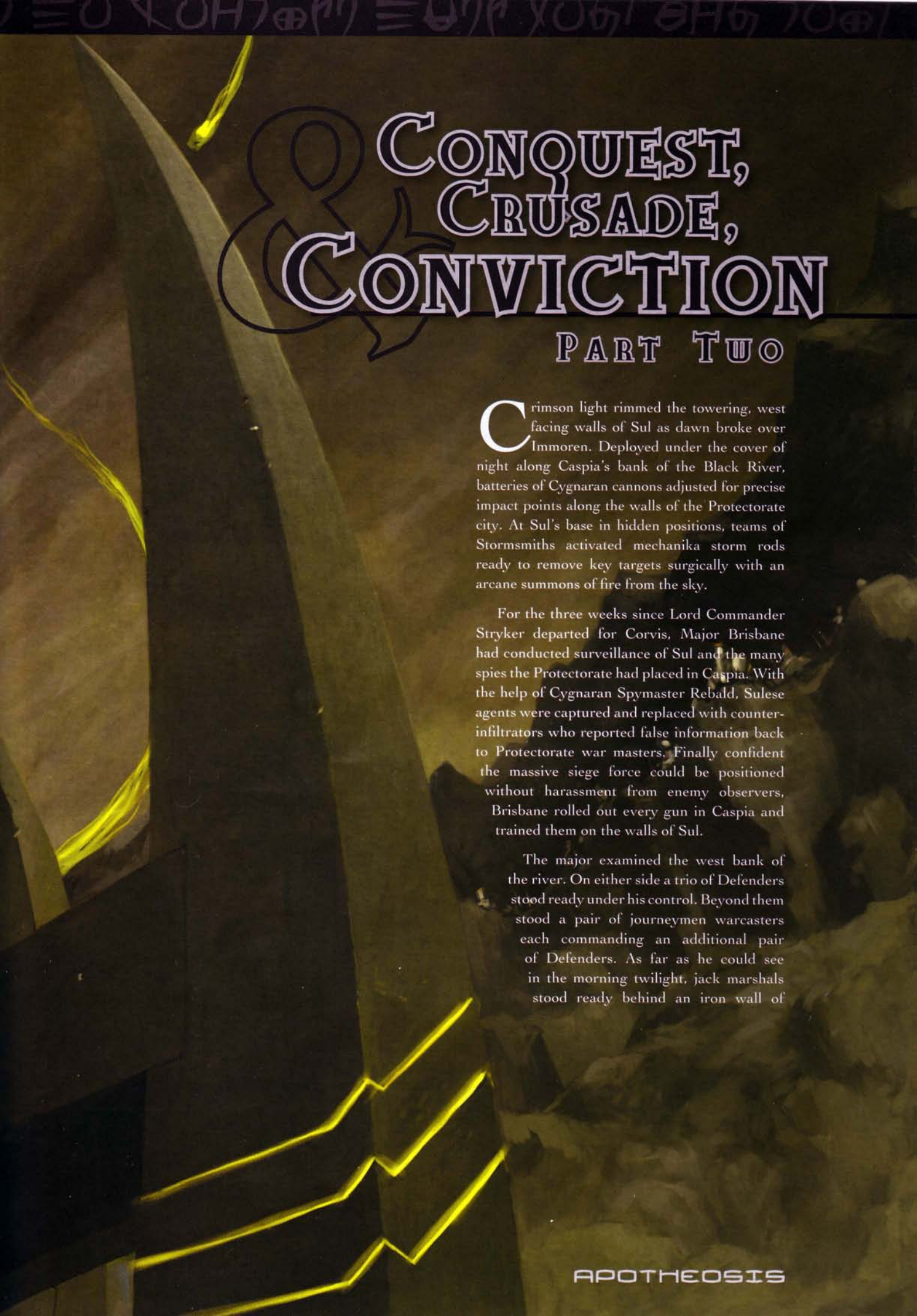
Lich Lord Terminus
Warcaster



Deathjack
Heavy Warjack







CONQUEST, CRUSADE, CONVICTION

PART TWO

Crimson light rimmed the towering, west facing walls of Sul as dawn broke over Immoren. Deployed under the cover of night along Caspia's bank of the Black River, batteries of Cygnaran cannons adjusted for precise impact points along the walls of the Protectorate city. At Sul's base in hidden positions, teams of Stormsmiths activated mechanika storm rods ready to remove key targets surgically with an arcane summons of fire from the sky.

For the three weeks since Lord Commander Stryker departed for Corvis, Major Brisbane had conducted surveillance of Sul and the many spies the Protectorate had placed in Caspia. With the help of Cygnaran Spymaster Rebald, Sulese agents were captured and replaced with counter-infiltrators who reported false information back to Protectorate war masters. Finally confident the massive siege force could be positioned without harassment from enemy observers, Brisbane rolled out every gun in Caspia and trained them on the walls of Sul.

The major examined the west bank of the river. On either side a trio of Defenders stood ready under his control. Beyond them stood a pair of journeymen warcasters each commanding an additional pair of Defenders. As far as he could see in the morning twilight, jack marshals stood ready behind an iron wall of

warjacks armed with the fearsome heavy barrel cannon—the only ‘jack-mounted weapon capable of firing across the Black River with sufficient power and accuracy to damage the heavy walls of the Menite city. Long Gunners and Sword Knights waited in the wings prepared to cover the Cygnaran flanks from any potential Protectorate threat. However, Brisbane calculated there was very little chance any enemy element could traverse the river during the forthcoming assault.

A ray of light broke across Sul’s walls, and the polished steel barrels of Defender cannons glittered like a row of stars along the river’s bank. Markus Brisbane let his mind flow into the cortexes of his warjacks to guide their aim. Simultaneously charging a pair of cannon rounds with arcane power, he gave a single word order that echoed down the line of warjacks and unleashed with it a barrage of force the likes of which had never been concentrated on a single point.

“Fire!”

†††

Thunder rocked the city of Sul and shook the very flagstones lining its streets. Within the sanctuary of the Temple of the Flame, High Priestess Feora was unceremoniously wrenched from her morning communion with the Creator. Instantly enraged, the priestess bellowed to the guardsmen outside the chamber and demanded an explanation for such a reproachful interruption. Any response they might have called back however, was lost as yet another ear-shattering concussion pitched Feora from her feet.

Throwing wide the doors of the sanctuary, Feora charged down the stairs of the ancient temple gathering two dozen Flameguard in her wake. They moved through the streets like an arrow parting a sea of frantic

Sulese citizens who rushed from their homes for fear of being trapped beneath the crumbling walls. In sight of the western walls, the priestess stopped in her tracks as fire exploded across the top of Sul’s battlements. Incredulous, she simply stared as house-sized chunks of stone fell from the tops of the walls a hundred and fifty feet above the streets of the city.

Even among the chaos of the terrified masses, Feora was easy to spot. Wading through the throngs

Thunder rocked the city
of Sul and shook the
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streets.

of people, Grand Exemplar Kreoss found his way to the priestess and locked her arm with a heavy gauntlet. “Feora! Return to the temple at once and order your guard!” The voice of the warcaster-knight boomed over the cacophony of frightened voices and violent explosions and shook her from the shock of the scene she was witnessing.

Whirling to face the exemplar, Feora clenched her armored fists and the nozzles of her arm-mounted flamethrowers sparked with eager flames. “What treachery is this, Kreoss???” she shrieked. “We had no warning of this attack! This is our time to lay siege to the Caspian dogs! Damn Severius and his incapable spies! I will wrack every last one of them and pile their corpses at the Scrutator’s feet. May Menoth scorch his eyes for leaving Sul before the eve of our greatest undertaking!”

“Bite thy tongue!” the grand exemplar hissed through his bronze facemask in vehement reproach. “The Grand Scrutator left to us the charge of Sul and the vanquishment of Caspia. The winds of war have turned against us today, but what happens now is upon mine shoulders as well as yours.”

“Attack them now then, Kreoss! Take the battle to them and let them be judged in the fires of Menoth’s fury! Caspia will be empty of defenses with forces deployed at the river’s edge.” The priestess’ almost hysterical behavior thinned the grand exemplar’s patience in the midst of such an urgent moment.

“Gather your wits, Feora!” Kreoss shouted above the rising clamor. “Our advantage is gone—we could never move forces across the river intact. It is time to steel the city against the siege upon our walls. Go order the Flameguard for defense and mobilize your warjacks to the gates—”

“Coward!” Feora spat, wresting her arm away from the grip the exemplar still had on her. “You dishonor the Lawgiver with cowardice at this opportunity—”

“GO!!!” bellowed Kreoss, quaking Feora’s being with more force than any previous explosion upon the walls. Punctuating his command, the grand exemplar wheeled without another word. His robes flailed in a wide circle beneath his heavy warcaster armor as he pushed his way through the crowd in the direction of the Exemplar Acropolis.

Smoke billowed from the steam engine of Feora’s armor as she reflexively stoked it in preparation for battle. She stared unmoving at the back of Kreoss until he had disappeared within the swarming mobs, then she turned and hurried for her Temple.

†††

"SMOKE!!!"

Haley shouted as a second wave of rocket fire detonated around their position. Moments later, dozens of grenades popped like sappy wood in a campfire and released plumes of thick, grey haze to screen the advancing Cygnaran army.

Just out of rifle shot of Fisherbrook, the forces lead by Major Haley and Commander Nemo felt as if the sky was falling upon them. Skyhammer rockets blotted out the sun with black streaks before crashing around them in a deadly display of pyrotechnics. Few of the weapons had actually found their mark, but the infantry had scattered and it was all the warcasters could do to pull them back in line. They knew they were coming to face a battle, but they were looking for an enemy they could fight. Hidden behind the cover of ruined buildings and debris, the Protectorate forces holding Fisherbrook remained invisible until releasing their barrage.

Fisherbrook was the first waypoint on their journey to reinforce Fellig. Returning from her incomplete quest in Cryx, Haley had been greeted with the news of Fisherbrook's fall to the Protectorate and the ongoing siege against Fellig—the wall holding back the avalanche of Khador. Though the Cygnaran war council was still unwilling to entertain notions of a greater threat within the Thornwood, she was immediately taken off her leave of absence and thrust into the field with the reinforcements bound for the imperiled city. It was close enough for her.

Transport trains from Caspia quickened the journey by depositing the fresh troops and warjacks in Bainsmarket. They continued overland and made the eight-day march in only three. Stopping once for supplies

and additional troops at Stonebridge Castle, the heavy force moved with rapid resolve, ready to drive the foreign threats out of Fisherbrook before following through to Fellig. Composed heavily of Trencher units and Long Gunners, the Cygnaran army possessed a cross section of all that made the jewel of the Iron Kingdoms a technological superpower. Leading them was the warcaster Commander Adept Nemo with his

*Thrusting her spear
aloft with her
mechanikal arm, she
roared like a dire troll
on the scent of blood.*

latest masterpiece, the arcane-electro powered warjack prototype dubbed the Thunderhead.

A third volley of skyhammers exploded around them, but the wildly inaccurate weapons missed wide and long under the blanket of Trencher smoke. As the screen dissipated in the breeze, Haley propelled the army ahead anxious to eliminate the deadly gap between the Protectorate and her troops. Thrusting her spear aloft with her mechanikal arm, she roared like a dire troll on the scent of blood. "FORWARD!!!"

Trenchers, Long Gunners, Sword Knights, and Stormblades surged forward like a sea of blue metal. Warjacks pounded the earth behind them with nine-ton footfalls and boilers so hot the metal screamed

under the stress. As Nemo negotiated the positioning of two journeymen and several Defenders, the major moved a pair of swift Hunters far around the reach of the chaotic rockets to search for angles on the well-concealed Redeemers harrying her troops.

Rifle fire erupted as the Long Gunners closed distance and found infantry targets among the outlying rubble in Fisherbrook. Trenchers hastily dug positions and alternated between gunfire and smoke screens to buy time for the Cygnaran warjacks to maneuver and find their marks. Haley heard the heavy 'kathunk' of shells dropping into their chambers before the battery of Defenders let loose upon the walls shielding squads of Deliverers. At the same time, one of her Hunters located a well camouflaged Redeemer and let loose with an armor piercing round infused with her arcane power that punched a hole through one shoulder coupling and out the other rendering it little more than a walking shell.

Haley felt a tingle at the back of her neck alerting her to the presence of another warcaster only a moment before she felt her arcane power vanish as if she'd had the wind knocked out of her and lost her abilities to manipulate magic. Glancing quickly across the field, she could see Nemo and the two journeymen doing their best to shake off the sensation as well. She could still see in her mind's eye all of her warjack charges, but her focus was lost; she retained no ability to augment their power or utilize spells. Even her armor felt heavier, like an unfamiliar weight dragging her down to the earth. The warcaster Severius had to be near, but he was nowhere to be seen.

In their vulnerable state both warcasters called for more smoke, and a curtain of grey immediately went up to encircle the forward positions and both flanks. The Cygnarans

braced themselves for the next storm of rocket fire, but none came. As the smoke cleared, shouts went up that the Protectorate had abandoned their positions and could be seen retreating among the buildings and ruins of the decaying dock town. A cheer erupted among the troops, but the warcasters maintained their battle masks. Nemo pushed quickly toward Haley stepping over wounded soldiers to get to her. "It's not right, Victoria!" He yelled, still out of range for normal conversational tone. "The Protectorate wouldn't discard such an advantage!"

Almost immediately the Commander's suspicions were confirmed. Rumbling sounded from north of the city and grew faster by the second. Black columns of coal smoke billowed into the air, and moments later the ruby red of Khadoran armor could be seen breaking over a concealing ridgeline. They hadn't seen or had no interest in the Protectorate occupiers; their sites were clearly set on the exposed right flank of the Cygnaran forces.

"Mercy of Morrow," gasped Nemo immediately calling for the army to reposition and take up defensive positions before this new assault.

Haley pushed her mind into one of the Hunters that had roamed near the area of the Khadoran approach. As it spun to find a target, the concussion of bombard fire echoed in Haley's ears just before the Hunter disintegrated beneath two impacting explosive shells.

The earth shaking roar of warjack strides, steam venting, and battle cries swelled around them. Both Haley and Nemo moved their heavy machines to the front hoping to absorb the impact of the unstoppable onslaught. Haley's Centurion dug its heels into the earth and set its piston spear to receive a charge. Like a younger sibling, her remaining warjack—a Lancer that

had been through numerous battles with her in the previous year—mimicked the massive warjack beside it. Nemo and the journeymen turned their Defenders and hoped for at least one round of fire before having to engage in melee with the massive hulks bearing down on them.

"There must be a dozen heavies, Nemo!" Haley exclaimed. The Cygnaran force was neither small nor weak, but it was not prepared for such a direct charge by so much mass.

"Do what you can. Once they're within my range, I'll take their cortexes," the Adept called back. "They're big, but they're dumb. Disconnected from their controllers, we can take them."

The heavy barrels discharged with a roar. Each found its mark, but not one in the advancing wall of warjacks slowed its pace. As if enraged by the insult of the attack, three of the jacks broke from the pack and accelerated their pace. A Marauder and a Devastator, seemingly hitched to the third and most forward jack by invisible chains, almost flew across the rugged battlefield to close the gap at unnatural speed. Haley recoiled in horror as she realized the lead warjack had the face of a man nestled within the armor plating of its hull. It was no warjack, she realized, but the legendary Karchev the Terrible—a relic of the past who refused to give up indulging his lust for battle. Her mechanical arm suddenly felt like dead weight, and her stomach churned at the thought of how warfare could shape not only the souls of men but their bodies as well.

Nemo closed his eyes momentarily in intense concentration as he reached back with one hand to adjust a control knob near the arcane turbine of his armor. The coils along his back suddenly blazed with brilliant electricity, and fine arcs of energy leapt from his lightning rod to cover

the area like thousands of tiny electric spiders. The troops and Cygnaran jacks all but disregarded the harmless energy, but the Khadoran warjacks ahead buzzed and screeched. Their cortexes fried with arcane electricity, but they did not slow.

As Karchev and his entourage grew near, the half-man-half-jack broke his charge as the Devastator and Marauder catapulted past him. Charging forward toward the bank of Defenders, the Devastator opened its great enclosing shield arms to reveal an array of hidden grenade launchers that reflexively showered the area around it and shredded the iron plating of the Defender warjacks. One crumpled to one knee, and another's barrel was sheered off at the firing chamber.

In the same instant, the Marauder made its way toward the Centurion, slowing its speed to push through the powerful polarity field generated by the high-tech warjack's shield. Easily batting aside the Centurion's spear, the Marauder unleashed twin smashing blocks of iron that sent the Centurion careening toward Haley like a toy thrown through the air by a child.

Haley dropped and slammed her metal shoulder into the ground as she rolled out of the trajectory of the Centurion. Finding her feet, she reached her right hand toward the Marauder, arcanelly searched for its consciousness, and unlocked the wizardly wards protecting the jack's cortex from outside influence. Bending its will, she pivoted the lumbering monstrosity toward its own warcaster and forced it to deliver a double blast from its ram pistons. Without the guidance of the warcaster's focus, however, the attack missed, and Karchev charged past the Marauder into the ranks of Cygnaran Trenchers.

Karchev's axe fell upon the ground with titanic force, split the earth,

and sent several souls of Cygnaran soldiers onto the afterlife in Urcaen before turning the massive blade upon an Ironclad and shattering it in one fell blow. Nemo continued to focus his efforts at disrupting and destroying the cortexes of Karchev's warjacks, but there was no effect. As the other Khadoran monstrosities caught up to their master, they waded through the Cygnarans with utter abandon. The warcaster-machine wielded a power over his battlegroup that did not depend on his own constant influence.

The major ordered her troops to fall back and manipulated the flow of time around them to accelerate their retreat. A gap opened between the two forces allowing Nemo an opportunity to send the Thunderhead cannonballing toward Karchev. The two giants grappled and fell to the ground as they assailed each other with ear-shattering blow after blow. It was at best a delay however, for the rest

of the Cygnus-bearing warjacks lay in crumpled heaps about the battlefield. They offered little more than simple obstacles to slow the advance of the red wave of destruction.

*The earth shaking roar
of warjack strides, steam
venting, and battle cries
swelled around them.*

As the Sword Knights and Trenchers pulled back to encircle the two warcasters, a shot whistled overhead, impacted the ground without

explosion, and bounced several yards toward the Khadorans. As they neared the fallen shell, it detonated in a massive blast that peeled armor away from the heavy warjack chassis and momentarily distracted them from their pursuit. Moments later a trio of dwarf-sized iron spheres scurried across the battlefield on stumpy legs, and each climbed over the wreck of a Cygnaran 'jack. With speed that could only be explained by magic, the little Halfjacks bolted the battered war machines back together and restored them to operation in little more than a dozen breaths.

"Somebody call for a mechanic?" a gruff voice shouted from behind them. Haley and Nemo both chanced a glance to see the familiar Captain Darius galumphing his way toward



them in his heavy steam-powered ironhead armor—more vehicle than armor, actually. He had been due to rendezvous with them somewhere between Fisherbrook and their journey north toward Fellig, but by Morrow's blessing, he had somehow caught up to them despite the speed at which they'd been traveling. Most importantly, he had with him a retinue of Ironclads and Centurions fresh and ready for battle. With their own warjacks restored and the new reinforcements, the day would surely belong to Cygnar.

†††

For the first time in three months, the incessant cannon fire against the walls of Sul ceased. From their vantage atop the towering Exemplar Acropolis safely out of range of the Cygnaran cannons, Kreoss and Feora observed a fleet of ships, blue sails partially furled and river paddles reversed against the current to slow their pace, drifting between the walls of the ancient, divided city.

Holding a spyglass to his eye, an exemplar warder peered at the ships. Crowding their decks were rows upon rows of men, women, and children bound together in shackles and forced by guards to face the walls of Sul. "The prison ships, Grand Exemplar," said the officer. "They are burdened with our Menite kin."

Grabbing the spyglass from the exemplar's hands, Feora put it to her bronze mask and surveyed the fleet. "We should sink them! Let the Cygnaran dogs know they hold nothing over us!"

"You are brash," Kreoss replied hotly. "Let them be something our people can fight for. More fuel for their zealous fire. Now come," the grand exemplar continued as he turned from the view of the ships, "the true battle is about to begin. This time upon Menoth's sacred soil."

†††

Two thousand Stormblades stood ready on massive barges with their units designated on standards held aloft as well as on the backs of the massive, electricity-crackling Stormclads following them into battle. In minutes steam tugs would push the heavy barges across the quarter mile of glassy water along with dozens more bearing Sword Knights, Long Gunners, a host of the magelock-sliding Arcane Tempest, and dozens more warjacks. The western wall of Sul was little more than rubble, and all defenses capable of threatening the barges were long since pushed back into the Menite city.

"Major 'Siege' had delivered as always," thought Stryker as he walked along the banks inspecting his soldiers before making the short voyage across the Black River. The walls had been sundered as if Morrow himself had smashed them to bits. It would be ample ingress for the lord commander to move his army into the city without fear of bottlenecking.

"Last chance, Cole," said the lieutenant who seemed less than interested as he walked behind Stryker. "Sure you want to do this today?" The lord commander had arrived with his entourage only hours before without so much as delivering a report to the Cygnaran war council. They had his agenda, and there was nothing to discuss.

Stryker's pace did not falter as he continued down the line of ready warriors and machines of war. This was not Caine's kind of fight. The emotionally detached gun mage preferred more field between himself and the opposition. Sul would be up close, street-to-street, and very personal. It was Stryker's kind of fight.

Finally he turned to regard the lieutenant. Harboring suspicions of his loyalty, Stryker momentarily

considered sidelining Caine. The Woodridge incident had never been adequately explained in the lord commander's mind. Things did not add up. Who among the Protectorate was powerful enough to take on thirteen inquisitors while evading detection? If there had been a warcaster in the vicinity, Caine would have known it. He suspected the gun mage knew more than he was revealing.

Stryker smiled. Thin and tightlipped, it was the first expression Caine had seen on the man's face since they departed Caspia ninety-three days prior. It was not a jovial smile, however, and a dark fury stirred behind the eyes of the war-hardened commander.

"Let's not keep Menoth waiting."

†††

A salvo of rockets exploded around the high priestess. The lifeless husks of Flameguard and zealots were tossed into the air around her like charred rag dolls, but the powerfield generated by her armor's arcane turbine protected her from all but the mild sensation of heat and the smell of burnt flesh. Standing firm amid the tidal wave of Cygnaran soldiers and warjacks pouring past him into the city, Major Brisbane, the warcaster responsible for bringing down the walls of Sul, rearmed his custom rocket launcher.

Where once magnificent gates had stood as a portal to Menite pilgrims and a blockade to vile heretics, ancient stonework lay heaped in mounds blasted to pieces no bigger than a man's fist. That which was kept at bay for so many years now flooded in upon the righteous servants of Menoth, threatening to wash away what they worked so hard to preserve.

From a covered position behind a fallen statue in the center of a large quadrangle, Feora moved

two Vanquishers into position. Cannon shells jettisoned from their flame belchers, and fiery explosions scattered the ranks of charging Stormblades. Her Temple Flameguard advanced shoulder-to-shoulder creating a solid wall of iron shields set to rebuff the many more lightning wielding Cygnarans. Deliverers sailed skyhammer rockets overhead into the rear of the invaders, doing whatever damage they could to benefit themselves in the long struggle of attrition to come.

Stormglaves clashed upon Flameguard shields, and lightning rippled across the skirmishers. Despite the guardsmen's defensive formation, the Stormblades pushed forward driven by a willpower even greater than their own. The line of Flameguard crumbled, and through the open lane a single figure bounded forward leaping over the corpses of the freshly slain, friend and enemy alike. His armor was unlike anything Feora had seen before. Sleek and advanced though obviously powered, it lacked the signature plume of the coal-burning furnace that powered the arcantric turbines of warcaster armor. Instead brilliant blue coils crackled and arced with arcane electricity creating a nimbus of scintillating energy about him followed by the distinct smell of ozone.

The warcaster moved through the melee like a locomotive. Only his exposed face and haphazard red hair attested that he was in fact actually human. As one of Feora's Vanquishers moved to intercept, the warcaster's armor surged with blue fire. The Vanquisher swung wide with its heavy spiked sphere of iron and bronze aiming for the warcaster's legs in a stroke that would have killed any normal man before he hit the ground. The blue and white clad warcaster jumped the attack and, planting one metal shod foot on the forearm of the massive warjack, vaulted into the

air with his gauntlets in a two-hand grip on his mighty mechanika battle blade. Spinning once during his arc to add more momentum to his swing, the Cygnaran warcaster brought the sword down upon the peak of the Vanquisher's hull. The blade plunged into the iron plating and steam-powered chassis to split the warjack in twain in a single stroke. As the two halves of the decimated jack fell in opposite directions, its destroyer postured himself in a defensive stance ready to accept more foes. On his shoulder, Feora could see a black Cygnus—the mark of the man who had been interring Cygnaran Menites for the past three months.

*Stormglaves clashed
upon Flameguard shields,
and lightning rippled
across the skirmishers.*

Feora charged a second Vanquisher toward the Cygnaran commander. As it swung at him with a frenzied attack from its ball and chain, the priestess unleashed a spell igniting the warjack in an aura of blazing fire. Before its encircling flames could affect the warcaster, a flanking Centurion skewered it upon its powered piston spear. Whirling to face its attacker, the Vanquisher found its arm fused in place by the magnetic pull of the Centurion's shield. Fire from the spell engulfed the Centurion, but the heavily armored jack shrugged off the damage and continued to rip apart its captive.

Flameguard mobbed the Cygnaran warcaster as a cage of spears hemmed

him in, thrusting at him chaotically, and hoped to unbalance him as much as draw blood. The man drew his arms tightly into his body, and the strange armor suddenly pulsed. A wave of electricity spiraled out and fried the surrounding Flameguard where they stood. His interference eliminated, the lord commander set his sights on the priestess as his sword sizzled with energy.

Feora considered fleeing. Her forces had been shattered by this first punch from the invading Cygnarans. Better to serve Menoth another day than die vaingloriously at the hands of this heretic. She commanded her Devout to stick close and raised her hand in preparation to order a retreat, but she stopped abruptly when the lord commander's bearing suddenly changed. His advance slowed, and his face grimaced with pain as if he were suffering the electrifying effects of the armor himself. Clearly fighting through the pain, he continued forward, but his steps were labored and unsteady. Feora lowered her fist, smelling his weakness the way the Marche jackals could detect frailty in a young plains deer. Menoth's hand had offered her an opportunity for victory.

The high priestess raised her arms into the air. Her flaming gauntlets spewed gout of fire into the sky while the twin blades projecting from her forearms, Truth and Consequence, glowed with a holy aura. Wrapping a spell around her, she blazed white hot like iron heated in a forge. Steeling herself with faith and armed with magic and flame, she became an engine of destruction and charged the enfeebled warcaster. Her blood boiled with rage.

Twin bursts of flame exploded in the lord commander's face. Only by overboosting his shield could he possibly survive the fiery onslaught. The heat blistered his skin and he winced in pain. His agony drove her

forward, and Feora longed to finish him on the ends of her sacred blades. Screaming a battle cry to be heard in Urcaen, the high priestess of the flame drove toward the Cygnaran like a burning comet.

†††

In mid stride and without warning, Feora's body was slammed off her feet by an unseen force and thrown thirty feet backward, impacting the Devout with a bone-shattering crunch before falling unmoving to the ground. A hail of rapid gunfire chased the priestess, riddled the Devout with holes, and reduced it to a crumpled heap before turning on the remaining Flameguard in the area, dispatching most of them and sending the rest diving for cover. The slight warjack fell backward on top of Feora's still body and obscured her in a mass of twisted metal.

Stryker turned to see Caine twenty paces behind with two smoking spellstorm pistols held in his hands. The gun mage warcaster, usually quick with a sardonic turn of phrase, said nothing and only stared briefly at the commander before quickly reloading his pistols and motioning to a distant unit of Arcane Tempest to begin the sweep of a nearby alley.

†††

Across a field of crumbling masonry fragments and urban wreckage, the grand exemplar watched as Feora fell. With an army of knights behind him and a trio of Crusaders flanked by two Revengers, Kreoss paused. His path was unobstructed in all directions, and the high priestess' position was but a hurried charge away. He knew she had not succumbed to her wounds, for her presence was still clearly perceptible at the edge of his senses. Turning away, he spurred his battlegroup toward another conflict developing in the opposite direction. Chancing one last glance over his shoulder, he saw the wounded Cygnaran warcaster

hobbling toward her as if every stride were a battle of mind over body. "Menoth protect you, Priestess," he whispered to himself, "if it is in His wisdom to do so."

†††

Stryker came upon the Devout wreckage as Stormblades fell in line to cover his flanks. The modified Quicksilver blade hummed in his hands eager to do his bidding. With the end of the sword, he flipped over the shield expecting to find the crippled priestess, but beneath the wreckage were only tattered scraps of her holy vestments stained with blood and charred by fire.

*The slight warjack
fell backward on top
of Feora's still body
and obscured her in a
mass of twisted metal.*

"Thamar's teeth!" Stryker cursed, clenching his fist.

At his side a heavy mailed hand clapped his shoulder. "Save your strength, Commander," Major Brisbane said. "We've only just begun this. The leaves will be red before we've taken Sul. You'll have another chance, I'm sure."

"Aye, Markus," Stryker replied. His voice was wet as he spat the words through clenched teeth, "but so will she."

"I doubt that, Commander! She's worse off than yourself, and if I'm not out of line, I'd say you could do with

a little rest after your scrum there with the priestess." The major hooked Stryker's arm over his own to offer the commander a support to lean on and gently urged him back from the fight ahead. Stryker jerked away, and his vengeful eyes locked on to Brisbane in a seering glare.

"There will be no rest, Major, not for me and not for anyone until the moment when Leto can see Imer from the walls of Caspia."

†††

Major Haley halted the Cygnaran army's march along the Bramblerut, a muddy highway that cut through the Thornwood from Fellig to Corvis. Along the way they had been joined by the Rhulic mercenary Gorten Grundback and his small company of warjacks and dwarves. He had been contracted by the Cygnaran crown to assist in freeing Fellig from the siege and was expected to be a great asset considering his experience fighting for and against Khador in the past.

Haley spoke in hushed tones meant for only Nemo's ears, "I know the lich is there again, Commander. We've seen the light from the treetops for the last three nights, and scouts found evidence the Protectorate forces headed in that direction." She referred to the heart of the Thornwood and the site of the previous campaign season's greatest battle. "Most of all, I can feel it."

"Fellig awaits us, Major," the commander adept replied. His voice lacked conviction, and he made no motion to continue onward down the Bramblerut.

"Indeed Fellig may fall," Haley consented, "but if I am correct, the entirety of Immoren will fall, and not to one as merciful as the queen of Khador." Though sarcastic, her relentless insistence of the peril in the Thornwood had finally seemed to take hold with the adept.

Nemo looked at the young major and flattened his mustache with a gauntleted hand. He had known Haley as a vibrant but brash warcaster, headstrong but inexperienced. The last few weeks, however, had shown him a different side—one wizened by exposure to harsh realities, more strategic in her thinking, and less given to spontaneous reactions. Little doubt remained in his mind that the words she spoke were not impetuous assumptions but hard fast truths.

"I haven't too many good years left in me, Victoria. How many more chances might I have to get under the skin of ol' Turpin?" Grinning conspiratorially, the commander adept turned to a Long Gunner sergeant standing ready to march. "Sergeant! Dispatch a message to the warmaster. Inform him that Khadoran blockades along the Bramblerut are too entrenched for us to pass. We will be forced to make our way to Fellig by traveling westward through the heart of the Thornwood."

†††

Asphyxious stood at the base of the Orgoth temple pleased with the

progress made by his legion of undead laborers. Most of the structure was unearthed though a terrace of rock and dirt still filled much of the area between the temple and the walls of the excavation. At this point, what remained to be completed was almost purely aesthetic. The dark magics of the temple were fully awakened, and the lich lord's control over them had been more than perfected. It was now simply a matter of waiting for the fly to come to his honey.

Through the closed iron doors of the temple sanctuary Deneghra

stepped. In her newly embraced alternate existence, she winked in and out of the corporeal world at will—walls and doors had little meaning to her now. Her ghostly form solidified before the iron lich, and she looked up toward the dais held aloft in the air by the great rune-covered spires. "What now, my lord?" she asked. She knew the temple was the means by which Asphyxious would attain



ultimate power, but there were pieces to the puzzle not yet explained. "I understand this artifact to be a magnificent weapon, but how will you wield it against our enemies?"

The lich's voice hissed metallically, but the sound was comforting to Deneghra's ears. "Once again, my quarry shall deliver itself unto me. Come, Deneghra, and I will explain all to thee."

The pair ascended the stairs toward the elevator platform on the mezzanine level of the temple. The soul cages lowered, and Asphyxious and his favored pupil stepped upon the circle of stone to be raised up to the altar above. As it neared the top Asphyxious, almost seeming too anxious for the lift to complete its rise, took Deneghra's hand in his own steel claw. Like a gentleman assisting a lady of nobility, he stepped up onto the altar and gently supported the wraith witch's step. Still grasping her hand, he glided around the altar in a wide circle gesturing at the expanse of forest all around them with his twisted weapon created from the very physical being of Lord Daemortus, Asphyxious's predecessor.

"It is a contrivance centuries in the making, sweet Deneghra. Such schemes demand the patience of death to see through to finality." The lich's usually monotone voice contained distinct traces of excitement if not actual whimsy. "For generations I have waited for her to arrive."

"Who, my lord?" Deneghra probed.

"The girl. A direct link to Menoth. His Harbinger," the lich lord replied. "The Harbinger speaks directly to the god of man. She is a gate to Urcaen itself. And this!" Asphyxious thrust out the wicked spear of Daemortus in front of them. "This is the key that shall unlock her!"

Deneghra stared at him with her eyes fixed upon the skull floating within his iron hood. The wraith witch clearly sensed him grinning with delight despite his lack of a lower jaw.

"Dost thou see, beloved pupil? With the power of Daemortus in my hands, I will stake the Harbinger to this very altar. Her life held eternally in suspension, her spirit will become a puppet for my pleasure. Through her I will open a gate to Urcaen and

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with the gravity of the soul cairn, bleed dry the reservoir of souls that flock to Menoth's realm!" The lich's voice built to a crescendo like a gale force wind howling through the bars of a wrought iron fence. "On Caen, I, Lich Lord Asphyxious, will command the power of a god!"

†††

The Cygnaran forces finally broke through the thick forest and into a clearing to bring the ancient Orgoth temple into full view. Heavy black storm clouds blotted out the sky, cast the entire world in shadow, and intensified the eerie green glow of the runes cut into the temple's surface. Hundreds of grimacing skulls and faces carved in stone by the hands of slaves a millennium before leered at the

onlookers. It was terrifying enough to behold the temple alone, but the scene before the blue-clad soldiers foretold of far more dire events to come.

Gazing down at the Cygnarans from their vantage high and away from any weapon on the ground, the lich lord could be seen surrounded by other Cryxian horrors—helljacks, thralls, wraiths, and all other manner of Cryxian devilishness. To the east at the rim of the excavation exposing the Orgothian abomination, the army of the Harbinger hurriedly moved a siege gantry into position preparing to circumvent the treacherous stairway approach to the mezzanine. To the west, Khadoran forces were forming up a frontal assault lead by a man who was familiar but unlike other warcasters in his archaic armor.

Images of the Thornwood battle not six months before raced through Haley's mind. Four armies vied for control of one location. Only this time it was more than the strategic advantage of the geography that brought them here. This time the battle's outcome would determine the fate of Immoren and humanity itself, and every soul present knew it.

Haley looked back to the fighting men behind her and took in the courage in their eyes and the resolve upon their faces. She wished there had been another way—one where she did not have to lead them to face such portentous odds. Without them though, there could be no chance to stop the chain of events already in action.

"Trenchers, gunners!" Haley roared, "Do not let Khador have our ground!"

Battlecries swept through the ranks, and the sound of blades unsheathing and weapons cocking rang in the major's ears. Nemo, Darius, and Grundback signaled to their commands, and as a single entity

the Cygnarans surged forward toward their first obstacle in their assault on the Orgoth Temple.

†††

Vladimir drove his forces forward toward the onrush of Cygnaran infantry and warjacks. A horde of Doom Reavers howled in fury as they charged behind a line of antique Berserkers. From the edge of the forest, Kossite Woodsmen emerged with muskets and crossbows pelting the Cygnaran force as cunning Manhunters stalked the shadows toward unwary prey. The ragtag army of undisciplined warriors had been assembled by the Old Witch as the doomed prince healed his wounds and recreated his armor and weapons from the remnants of his last battle. This would be, in the end, only a screen to help get the last of the horselords to his prophetic destination.

Concentrated Long Gunner fire and Defender cannons blew two Berserkers to shreds before they could close in melee. A third detonated when its volatile cortex exploded under the stress of the prince's focus and took with it a handful of frontline Trenchers and just as many of the cursed Doom Reavers who trailed behind it. Woodsmen harried the Cygnaran flanks and the Reavers carved into the Cygnaran vanguard, but the forces of the Cygnus were too great and quickly the prince realized he would be overwhelmed.

A cloud of black crows formed in Vladimir's path, obfuscating him from Cygnaran gunfire but preventing him from moving forward.

"Your fight is with those above," Agha's raspy voice called as she pointed a metal talon skyward toward the top of the temple. "Do not be drawn into senseless battle. If you hurry, you may reach her before the lich!"

The Old Witch's words were more demanding than suggestive.

Prince Tzepesci had lived a life of independence and was unaccustomed to taking orders, even in the military, but he reacted as any trained soldier would to an order from his commanding officer.

Redirecting a pair of Berserkers and a dozen Doom Reavers, the ancient armored warcaster veered from the battle and bounded up the terraced earthworks leaving the Old Witch and her strange Scrapjack to whatever fate she had chosen for them.

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†††

The Khadoran force had been all but repelled, but much of the Cygnaran infantry had been left in tatters, victims of the insidious fell blades wielded by the maniacal Reavers. Their commander had seemingly rerouted their directions, and a second warcaster unknown from any description with which Haley was familiar had vanished along with a strange, bird-legged construct. They left the few remaining Berserkers to fight aimlessly as their living counterparts fled into the woods or up the earthen ramp behind their leader.

With strong momentum, Haley ordered her troops forward toward a decrepit iron drawbridge that served as the main access to the temple. Behind it

the double doors to the sanctuary were closed fast, but entering the interior was not on her agenda. Destroying the lich was her only goal.

Sweeping upward, warjacks followed Trenchers with close combat troops bending around the outside flank. Meanwhile Long Gunners, useless in the confined quarters ahead, took up positions to defend the rear. With a deafening crash of metal and stone, the double doors of the temple suddenly exploded from their iron hinges. Charging out of the vacuous darkness of the sanctuary came a monstrosity of pitted black iron smoking with necrotic vapor and roaring with demonic energy. Resembling a helljack, it was thrice the size with a pair of claws each as big as a Centurion's shield. Behind it a horde of mechanithralls and ink-shrouded bane thralls lurched toward the Cygnarans. Their speed was undiminished by the effects of undeath.

"The Deathjack!" Nemo cried. It was a figment of superstition—a horror story told to young children of Immoren to keep them wary in the wilds—believed too terrible to be true. The soldiers hesitated, unknowing how to confront the mechanical construct of pure evil.

The Deathjack shrieked a sound of twisting metal mixed with the agonizing screams of tortured souls. From vents around the construct's hull, a blast of noxious ash spewed forth and melted the flesh from the bones of the forward troops. Rearing back, the vile creation cracked open its hinged rib cage and stuffed the dying soldiers into its ghastly furnace to consume their souls and feed its rage.

More thrall warriors poured from the temple and into the ranks of the Cygnarans. Ironclads and Centurions splattered the undead in every direction, but the flood of walking dead would not abate.

The last to withdraw from the fight with the Khadorans, Gorton Grundback pushed through the Cygnaran soldiers driving his Rhulic warjacks before him. The squat Grundback Gunners punched hole after hole through the hollow chests of oncoming thralls. At the same time the lumbering Driller set upon the Deathjack, seized one slashing claw in its vice-like grappling arm, and went to work on the evil construct's chest with the massive mining drill. With one arm still free, however, the Deathjack

raked deep gashes across the armored front of the Driller, peeling away the iron and exposing the inner chassis. It was clear the dwarven jack would not last long.

"This wasn't in the bloody contract, Commander!" the dwarf shouted at Nemo as he simultaneously brought his hammer Forge Father down upon the melon-like head of a charging thrall, turning it to purple paste. "You're going to owe me extra for this!"

"You get us through this and you can name your price!" Nemo returned over the clamor.

The dwarf laughed, clearly basking in the heat of battle. "You must not think very much of me, Nemo, or you wouldn't have made such a deal!" Gorton continued to fight his way toward their right flank alternating between hammer blows and shots from his double-barreled pistol until he had cleared a path ahead of him.



Gathering his arcane power, he summoned a rock wall nearly as tall as a man, momentarily choking off the advancing horde. "Now!" he shouted, "Get the lass up those stairs while we hold back the boneheads! Hurry, I can't do this forever!"

Haley ordered her remaining troops to fall in line and scaled the stairs a step behind the Thunderhead.

†††

With a crash of timber on stone, the Protectorate siege bridge fell across the chasm separating the mezzanine from the crusader army. Instantly, Menite warriors funneled onto the narrow walkway lead by a unique warjack created through divine inspiration. It was the Avatar of Menoth, as much a work of baroque artistry as it was a weapon of war. With its shield held before it like an iron ram, it marched over the bridge cleaving through the river of mechanithralls swarming toward them.

Mere paces behind the Avatar, holy acolytes pulled the Harbinger forward as she called to her followers to galvanize their faith as they threw themselves at the Cryxian enemy. Zealots hurled firebombs into the undead masses while Flameguard shielded them from attack. Deliverers filled the mezzanine with repeated rocket salvos, clearing the area for their warrior comrades to find purchase upon the temple's second level.

Cryxian forces worked tirelessly to thin the army of the Protectorate, but no attack fell near the Harbinger as if the undead were practically oblivious to her presence.

Stinking of putrescence from oozing sores and sores, bloat thralls skittered forward on metallic spider-like legs. Fetid blasts of noxious chemical filth arced over the heads of the charging Menites, exploded among their back ranks, and ended

the existence of dozens of zealots, Flameguard, and Deliverers. Agonizing screams filled the air as their lives expired, for their souls had to struggle against the gravity of the soul cairn to enter Urcaen.

The Harbinger slowed her advance only long enough to call to her ever-present companion, the Testament. "Do not let their deaths be in vain!"

*It marched over the
bridge cleaving through the
river of mechanithralls
swarming toward them.*

The Testament thrust his bladed mace Requiem into the wooden bridge. With two hands he held over his head the ancient stone ripped from its bonds in Urcaen itself. The roar of battle was suddenly drowned by the sound of chanting when a thousand voices in chorus emanated from the Testament and the runes carved upon the Omegus before the age of man glowed with divine fire. The air around the temple filled with hundreds of glowing spheres, each the size of a fist, orbiting the structure as they spiraled in toward the soul cages hanging in its center. Among them, many ceased their struggle against the vortex and streaked toward the Testament before vanishing in tiny bursts of luminescent dust as they crossed the barrier between this world and the next. The remaining souls continued their harrowing descent into oblivion.

"Woe be to the faithless," the Harbinger uttered, almost sadly.

†††

Haley and Nemo scaled the stone staircase wrapping around the outside of the temple sanctuary. Even with barely enough space to operate, the Thunderhead plowed through undead with arcs of lighting from the massive coils on its back and electrified punches from its mighty fists. The two warcasters fought off sporadic thralls *daring enough to leap from the ledge* above while Long Gunners behind them returned fire at zealots and Deliverers taking advantage of the Cygnaran's exposure on the staircase.

Close enough to the top that Haley could make out the action on the mezzanine, she called to Nemo who was deep in concentration focusing his power into the Thunderhead's attacks. "Nemo! The Menites have made it to that lift in the center of the temple!"

Indeed the Harbinger had boarded the lift with the Testament by her side. Slowly, the platform rose. The Cryxians below did not harry their ascent.

Haley could feel a new energy around her like the arcs of electricity that jump through the air as two wires are moved closer together. "Whatever is about to happen up there, we have to stop it!"

†††

Two cannon reports sounded as the gargantuan Behemoth, pride of the Khadoran war machine, stepped from the tree line to decimate a Protectorate Vanquisher about to cross the siege bridge. More bombards fired from a pair of Destroyers flanking the enormous warjack as lines of Winter Guard and Ironfang Pikemen filled in behind them. Ordering their advance was Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff. Following her came the greater part of the Khadoran invasion force diverting their efforts after spotting an opportunity to squash their opposition in an unexpected turn of events.

Kommandant Irusk and Kommander Karchev both moved their battlegroups forward, waiting for Sorscha to clear a path to the Protectorate's siege bridge. It was an asset they would happily commandeer to facilitate their own access to the temple.

Several warjacks commanded by a Protectorate warcaster—a monk by appearance, his bare chest was every bit as resilient as plated mail—turned to ward off the attackers from the rear. Charging forward with the 'jacks, the monk leapt into the air, spun his ball and chain about him in a wide deadly arc, and felled the advancing pikemen like dried kindling. Karchev surged forward into the melee and knocked back a Crusader that had joined the monk's counterattack. High allegiant and warcaster-warjack squared off with fury burning in their eyes as their own battlegroups surrounded them in a chaotic cluster of clanging metal and mechanized destruction.

Peering across the chasm, Sorscha stopped in her tracks as frozen as any foe who ever dared face her. Fighting his way into the jumbled melee of Protectorate and Cryx forces on the mezzanine was a ghost—a lost love and mentor somehow whole again fighting for his life. She knew she could not reach Vlad in time, and her voice could not carry to him over the din of battle, but she resolved he would not fall again so long as blood pumped through her icy veins.

Wheeling her battlegroup from their targets on the bridge, Sorscha focused the bombards at the interior of the mezzanine to rain devastation down upon the mass of engaged combatants. Menites and undead flew from the ledges, and their lifeless bodies showered the ground below.

With the bridge cleared the Khadoran army surged forward. Remaining Protectorate forces routed, but the monk and Karchev did not seem to notice. Their continuing duel was a

battle that seemed would never end. Sorscha charged her Winter Guard ahead and scrambled to the front of their ranks hoping for one word with the dark prince before he disappeared from sight again, but as she crossed the gantry to the mezzanine, he was nowhere to be found.

†††

Atop the temple Asphyxious waited like a host eager for his guest to arrive. In his hand Daeamortus twitched and writhed like a living thing. On its broad axe-like head, segmented metal blades parted to reveal a great inhuman eye slowly rotating in its socket to take in the surroundings.

*She resolved he would
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icy veins.*

The Harbinger of Menoth came into view through the shaft in the center of the altar. A moment later her acolytes and the Testament were revealed as the elevator platform sealed the altar from the frantic battle below.

Surrounding the center of the altar were two Slayers, a Reaper, and numerous thralls. Beside the iron lich lord, Deneghra stood as a queen unto her king. Time seemed to freeze as the lich and Harbinger regarded each other. Both knew they were on the verge of a momentous event.

"Thine punctuality is most appreciated, worthy Harbinger of the Creator," Asphyxious finally spoke. His skull nodded forward in a stiff

bow to the young crusader. Floating toward her, he gripped Daeamortus in two hands and lowered the razor sharp blade toward the Harbinger. "Let us not be mired in formality or wearisome exposition. I am athirst for what you have delivered unto me."

†††

Haley had no time for delays with the Khadorans. Dominating the cortexes of the brutish warjacks, she turned three around in succession and ran them off the top of the mezzanine taking with them a host of Winter Guard too slow to get out of the way. A hole cleared upon the second floor large enough for her accompanying troops as well as Darius and a badly battered Centurion and Ironclad duo.

The Khadoran army was immense! It seemed the entirety of their military had turned out for this battle, and wave upon wave of red-clad soldier and 'jack continued to pound against the Cygnarans. The commander adept and Captain Darius held the line as Haley searched for a mechanism that would lower the lift. Finally exasperated at her fruitless hunt, she reached toward the lift platform 50 feet above. With all of her wizardly might, she forced the platform down with telekinetic will.

Several feet before the lift settled into the dais at ground level, Haley leapt atop it and shouting for Nemo to climb aboard.

Nemo fell back from his battle with the Khadorans and pulled the Thunderhead away from the fight. He knew not what they faced above, and he was not about to go in empty handed. Climbing aboard the platform, Haley, Nemo, and the crackling electrical Thunderhead began their ascent away from the battle on the mezzanine.

†††

As the lift brought them into view of the scene atop the temple, Haley

gasped and froze. Across the altar at the side of the iron lich stood her sister. Denegrha's uncovered mid section clearly exposed a wicked scar—proof Haley had slain her by cleaving her in half with the head of her spear. "Sweet Morrow," she whispered as her hands trembled and the blood ran from her face.

Denegrha's head snapped toward Haley. A grin spread across her face, and the rest of her body pivoted gracefully. Undeath had removed none of the dark elegance of her former self. "What irony, sister?" the wraith witch chided. "You return to the place of your greatest accomplishment only to find the victory has been all mine."

Haley's cool was already returning. Necromancy was nothing new to the warcaster, nor was the threat of death. She flexed her mechanika arm and Echo hummed with arcane energy ready to taste more blood. "I killed you once, bitch," she announced, vaulting onto the dais and into a charge. "I'll kill you again!"

†††

The Dark Prince of Umbrey sank his gauntlets into the crumbling stone of the temple and hoisted himself onto the altar. Climbing the buttress of the platform had been treacherous and exhausting, but in sight of his quarry, adrenaline and energy came surging anew.

Before him lay a complex cast of players upon a deadly stage removed from the conflicts of mortal men to act out a scene foretold in the pages of prophecy. They were unaware of his presence, and Vlad approached the center of the altar unsure of his part in this grand drama.

A Cygnaran warcaster clashed against an armored warwitch as a Menite brimming with fire locked his blazing weapon with the warped blade of what looked like the iron lich. About them yet another Cygnaran

warcaster commanded his mighty warjack against a closing noose of Cryxian 'jacks and thralls, and the Harbinger herself fought against a throng of ghostly warriors summoned by the lich.

Vladimir Tzepesci, Dark Prince of Khador, wrapped himself in ancient spells and hurled himself into the fray.

†††

Dusk crept over the Thornwood, and the forest grew black with shadow. From the ravaged tree line of the excavation site, the deathly green glow of necrofurnaces could be seen moving like disembodied

*"You return to the
place of your greatest
accomplishment only to
find the victory has been
all mine."*

spirits through the inky darkness of the woods. Unhurried, a ghastly draconian giant emerged from the trees to stand before the grand entrance of the Orgothian temple. Wings the size of field tents flexed in the breeze, and dried flesh crackled like old paper.

"Have I proven myself at last, my lord?" asked the pirate queen Skarre as she approached the massive lich lord careful to demonstrate the proper respect by staying several steps behind him.

Terminus merely stared at the structure. The hissing of the lich's

mechanikal breathing served as his only response.

One by one the Witches of Garlghast exited the tree line accompanied by the ever-present Egregore floating silently over the forest floor to hover between them. "It is as we have seen," Helleana said.

"The iron lich makes his bid for ultimate power," spoke Morgaen.

Terminus still did not respond and Selene continued, "But he does not expect you in his scheme."

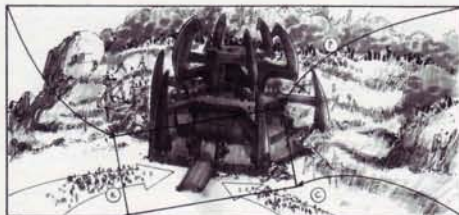
"Yesssssss..." the lich lord finally spoke, still enraptured by the sights before him. As the warcasters observed the battle, masses of thralls joined them. Helljacks and bonejacks stalked out of the Thornwood to take up battle positions in front of their masters while pistol wraiths and machine wraiths drifted through the trees to settle at their flanks. In minutes an army had assembled that numbered greater than all now battling on the Temple combined. Among their number stood yet another Cryxian—a warcaster called Goreshade the Bastard.

Goreshade moved forward to stand just behind Terminus opposite the Satyxis witch. Terminus turned toward him and held out a withered claw. "Have you brought it?"

"As you have commanded, my lord," Goreshade replied. Unwrapping a head-sized bundle of brown cloth, the Eldritch fiend produced an intricately crafted soul cage gilded in gold and covered in a pattern of eight pointed stars. Within, the cage glowed with radiant green soul energy that illuminated Goreshade's armor. Carefully he placed the soul cage in the lich lord's hand.

"Exsssellent..." Terminus approved. "You have ssssserved your massster well."

SCENE #1



DESCRIPTION: WIDE SHOT - INDOOR EYE VIEW - THREE TRACK-IN ON TEAM: FRANK

Scene 1: Deployment
 Ascyne rises view. Establishing shot of the temple. (Note that for inference, the main doors are left by due south)
 Ascyne, the temple, the Asymmes and Dengelars survey the armies who have gathered. The temple has several Crytll of various types on it, as well as a few jacks, but the opposition does not appear too worried. The armies have gathered and this is the moment before all hell breaks loose. Cygnar has deployed to the south east of the table. Trebuches are in the front to the right, in the south west. Vlad and the Old Warch have moved in with a horde of Doom Reavers and Berserker Warriors. Also present are Kossite Woodsmen and Magesmiths. Their force is somewhat smaller than Cygnar or the Protektors, and so other troops or jacks should be present. The Protektors are forming up in the north west, and the Asymmes are in the north east.
 Testament, and on the other side, the Avian (Vulture) jacks. Behind her is a massive crusher army of flamerguards, zards, exemplars, and all manner of Protektorsque warriors. To their side (the South East), they have raised a huge bridge that will give them access to the temple.



The Conquest, Crusade & Conviction storyline culminates in a climactic sequence of battle scenes taking place at the newly unearthed Orgoth Temple. At the outset of the Apotheosis project, we knew we wanted to portray this event bigger than life—or at least as big as possible given our space restrictions! In doing so, we tackled this final battle as if it were an actual film, starting first with concept art of the stage design and following with storyboards that show every critical point of action during this epic confrontation.

The final product is a panel-by-panel pictorial narrative of a dynamic conflict between four opposing forces that sweeps like a storm through the ancient and sinister structure.

WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #2



DESCRIPTION:

CYGNAR TAKES THE LEAD OF THE BURN

Scene 2: Cygnar vs. Khador
Cygnar and Khador forces clash before the front steps of the temple. Warmachines should not be shown engaged with each other...they don't get that close yet.

WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #3



DESCRIPTION: TDA W/ VLAD AS HE CHARGES (LEFT) SOCKING THRAL

Scene 3: Khador Repelled/Cygnar Enters
Cygnar successfully pushes back Vlad's forces with their overwhelming resources. Vlad must take his army the long way around, climbing the terraced earth to the west of the temple, which is currently occupied by some Cygnar forces. He leaves a wall of doomcravers and berserkers (50% of his force) to hold back and follow up on the part of Cygnar. Meanwhile, Cygnar begins to ascend the front steps of the temple.

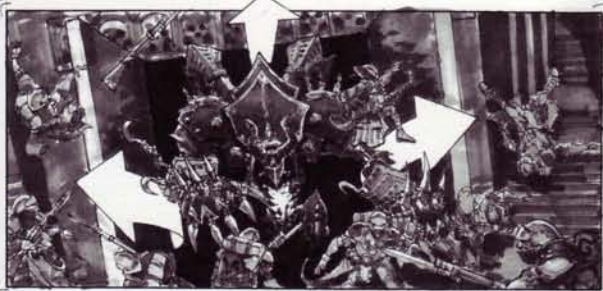
SEYE OF THE STORM





WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #4



DESCRIPTION: CAMERA SHAKE WHEN DOORS FLY OPEN / TRENCHERS GO FLY'N!

Scene 4: Deathjack's Dramatic Entrance
As Cygnar makes their way on to the first level, the front doors of the temple burst open, scattering troops about like toys. The Deathjack bursts from the doors, surrounded by a horde of mechanitrall and banethrall, and locks on to them like a guided missile.

WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #7



DESCRIPTION: THE DEATHJACK'S SHADOW CREEPS OVER THE CYGNAR FORCES.

Scene 7: Cygnar vs. the Deathjack
Darius moves in to tie up the Deathjack alongside trenchers and some ironclads, so that Haley and Nemo can move forces up the right staircase.



WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #5



DESCRIPTION: SCENE 5: THE THRALLS OF THE AVATAR MOVE TO THE BRIDGE.

Scene 5: Stage Bridge
The Protectorate moves the stage bridge into place and the Avatar leads the charge across it, followed immediately by the Thralls and the Avatar, who are surrounded by thralls (and towards the Avatar). The Protectorate and everything else the Protectorate has brought, Cryx Thralls and Bregens are able to combine them, along with all manner of third, blooded at the time an lifting gas at the Protectorate's feet.

WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #9



DESCRIPTION: SCENE 9: THE THRALLS OF THE AVATAR MOVE TO THE BRIDGE.

Scene 9: Protectorate proposed to move
The Thralls and the Avatar have moved a part to the end stage of the
Protectorate's move. Cryx Thralls are also moving the platform and proposed to
move to the top level. The Protectorate is always at her side.

WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #6



DESCRIPTION: CAMERA PANS ACROSS BRIDGE w/ PROTECTORATE ACTION

Scene 6: Bridge Battle

The Avatar cleaves its way through thrall and a massive melee takes place between Cryx and the Protectorate on the bridge.



SCENE #17



Scene 17. Make a lady!
Scripted bursts through the second level doors, allowing Vlad to escape the rising Crys. Their mission is brief, as the Hartinger has made it to the top level. Vlad looks upward and realizes he has no room. He begins pulling pinned up wanks off jacks and the pillars in the south in order to gain access to the top.

SCENE #19



Scene 18. Going up
As Cypriote forces hold back all comers, mostly Khader, Haily uses her irritating ability to force the elevator back down. His, Norma, and the Thunderhead board the elevator and she betrays the two.

SCENE #18



Source: IE. Out of the frying pan into the fire
Cypriot has climbed the west stairs, escaping the rising Cypz, only to find themselves confronted with Khazdian forces. (Russo version)





WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #20



DESCRIPTION:

Scene 20: The Last Stand

On top of the temple, the Harbinger and Asphyxious face each other about to engage in combat. The Testament and a handful of exemplar and flameguard are there. Haley, Nemo, and the Thunderhead are just breaking through the shaft in the floor. On the North end, Vlad alone, is climbing over the edge of the top tier, ready to rush into the fray. Denehra, a couple of bonejacks, a slayer, and handful of thrall outnumber all other forces present 3 to 1.

WARMACHINE: APOTHEOSIS

SCENE #11



DESCRIPTION: CRYX FORCES MOVE IN BEHIND THE WARCASTERS

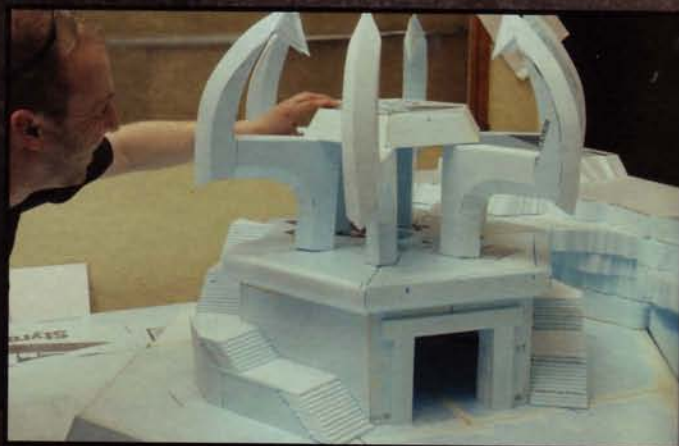
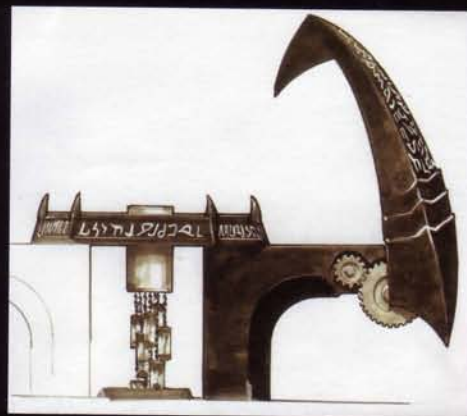
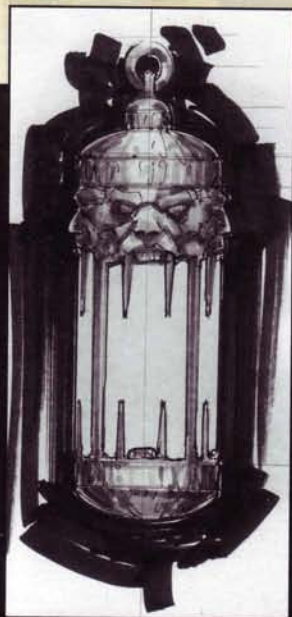
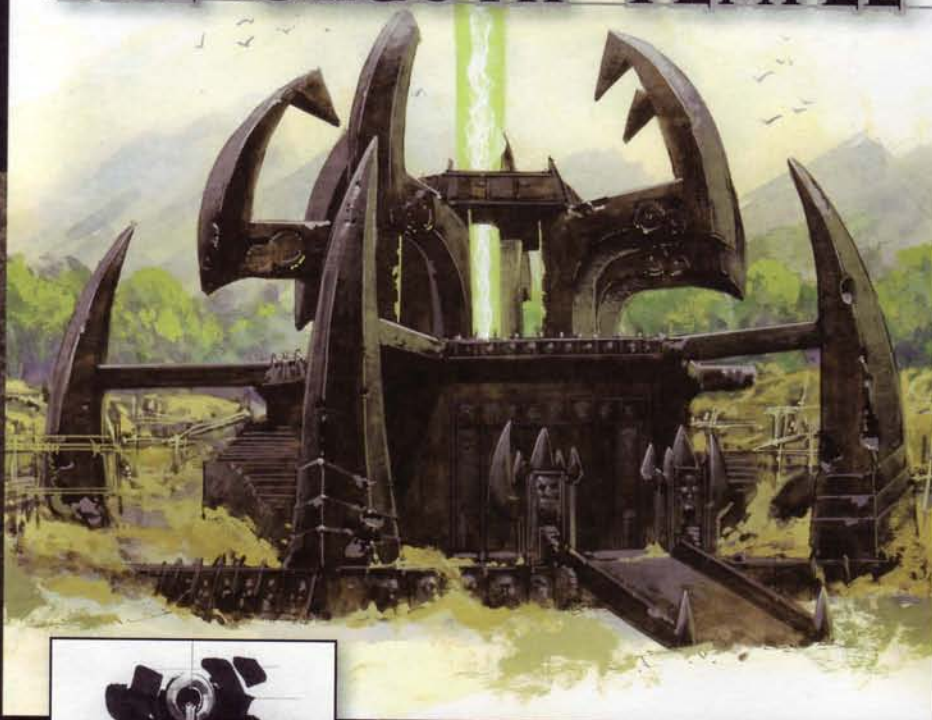
DIETON'S AT THE TEMPLE NOW!!

Scene 11: Terminus's Grand Entrance

Terminus, Skarr, Goreslade, and the Witch Covens lead a massive force of Cryx warjacks and thrall, blofs, pirates, etc. in from the south. It's like a sea of Cryx about to crash like waves upon the front of the temple.

For the moment, we have chosen to leave the conclusion to be played out in the film of your own imagination. There are wars to be fought and legends to be made, and the battle for the souls of humanity is but one of the many momentous events that will shape the future of the Iron Kingdoms.

THE MAKING OF THE ORGOOTH TEMPLE



Constructing the Orgoth Temple where the climax of the Apotheosis story takes place was a huge and complex undertaking involving many different people. After Brian Snoddy provided the atmosphere with his concept sketches, the modeling studio quickly realized the enormity of the task ahead. Privateer's resident terrain master Alfonso Falco broke the job into manageable chunks and built a small-scale 3-D mockup at 1:6 scale. It would allow the team to gauge its shape and size without committing to the final construction. More than 15 8'x2' sheets of insulating foam went into this beast, and the detailed elements were sculpted and cast with RTV resin moulds. Once built, Mike McVey used airbrushes, spray bottles, and natural sponges to give it color.

After nearly 5 months of challenging work, the impressive temple (at over 150' tall at scale) speaks for itself.







THEATER OF WAR

CAMPAIGN SYSTEM

With conflict raging uncontrolled, the borders of western Immoren are divided not by ancient treaties and compacts but by theaters of war. Everywhere armies of men supported by columns of steam belching-warjacks clash across the cataclysmic battlefields that have come to define the landscape of the Iron Kingdoms. Never before has warfare been so total or the stakes so high.

CAMPAIGN RULES

The theater of war campaign is ideal for groups of four players, each playing a separate faction, though play with more or fewer players is possible. Please see **Two and Three Player Campaigns** if you are playing with less than four players or **Team Campaigns** for rules on larger group play, both on page 136.

At the start of the campaign, each player chooses one of the four factions: Cryx, Cygnar, Khador, or the Protectorate. Players must continue to play with the same faction throughout the campaign though they may include mercenaries alongside their faction forces if they wish.

The theater of war campaign is not a single narrative story. Instead it is a set of rules for utilizing various theaters of war all over western Immoren. Each theater of war includes a campaign map, objectives, and special rules tailored to the theater.

Throughout the theater of war campaign, players battle across the theater of war map for control of various map regions. Victory may be attained through domination (taking control of a predetermined number of map regions) or by achieving a series of strategic objectives. Each campaign round players will make attack declarations against each other, and each player will fight one battle against each other player. The order in which attacks are declared and battles are resolved is determined by the number of victory points each player scored in the previous campaign round. The player who scored the most victory points will be the first to declare his attacks.

TRACKING VICTORY POINTS

THROUGHOUT THE CAMPAIGN, EACH PLAYER TRACKS THE VICTORY POINTS HE SCORES IN BATTLE. VICTORY POINTS NOT ONLY DETERMINE THE ORDER ATTACK DECLARATIONS ARE MADE EACH ROUND, BUT THEY MAY ALSO BE SPENT TO PURCHASE NEW DETACHMENTS, HIRE MERCENARIES, OR ELEVATE A WARCASTER TO AN EPIC WARCASTER.

A PLAYER'S TOTAL VICTORY POINTS ARE RECORDED IN THE WAR CHEST SECTION OF HIS CAMPAIGN RECORD SHEET (CAMPAIGN RECORD SHEETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD AT WWW.PRIVATEERPRESS.COM.)

MAP STRATEGY

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT PLAYERS FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES WITH THE THEATER OF WAR MAP BEFORE BEGINNING CAMPAIGN PLAY. IT IS SCARCELY POSSIBLE TO UNDERSTATE THE IMPORTANCE OF MAP STRATEGY. EACH ATTACK SHOULD BE CAREFULLY PLANNED AND TIMED TO MAXIMUM EFFECT. TERRAIN TOPOGRAPHY, MAP ASSETS, AND THE DISTANCE BETWEEN MAP REGIONS MUST ALL BE CAREFULLY WEIGHED.

A SKILLED STRATEGIST WILL ATTEMPT TO SEIZE CONTROL OF KEY ROADS, RAILS, AND RIVER WAYS TO ISOLATE HIS ENEMIES WHILE ALLOWING HIMSELF TO STRIKE DEEPER INTO THEIR TERRITORIES. WILL YOU ATTEMPT TO ATTAIN YOUR STRATEGIC OBJECTIVES SKILLFULLY OR CONQUER THE WHOLE OF THE MAP WITH A DARING DOMINATION VICTORY?

If the player who declared the attack wins the battle, he takes control of the map region. If the defending player wins the battle, he maintains control of the territory.

The forces each player fields are drawn from detachments—pools of models and units that are combined to create armies. Each round the strength of these detachments may be reduced as players lose models during play. As

solos or units are destroyed or removed from play, they will be removed from the detachment for the remainder of the campaign round. A player in dire straits may supplement his forces by temporarily hiring mercenaries.

War is a dangerous game, and knowing the rules of engagement will greatly increase your chances of survival. It is therefore highly recommended you thoroughly read this campaign before waging your war.

THEATER OF WAR

When a group of players decides to play a theater of war campaign, they must first decide on a theater of war. **The Battle in the Thornwood Theater of War** is included on page 136. Stay tuned for additional theaters of war in the future as well. A theater of war describes a major area of conflict in western Immoren. Each includes background, special rules, and a detailed campaign map. The theater also details each faction's strategic objectives to win the campaign.

Each theater of war centers on a map, which is further broken up into smaller regions. The theater map determines which regions a player controls at the start of the battle. The regions a player controls at the start of a campaign may vary depending on the number of players participating in the campaign. For details see **Two and Three Player Campaigns** on page 136.

Map regions may detail terrain or assets. Terrain detailed on the map indicates specific types of land present in a particular region. Assets represent resources available to players defending the region from attack.

PATHS TO VICTORY

There are two ways to achieve victory in a theater of war campaign. The first is to achieve victory through completing strategic objectives. The second is to achieve victory through domination—control of a predetermined number of map regions.

Each player begins a campaign with a list of objectives to complete, and the first player to achieve all of his objectives wins the campaign. These objectives must be achieved in the order specified by the theater of war. A player achieves an objective by attacking a region that contains his objective and winning the battle. Players cannot attack map regions that include their objectives out of order. After achieving an objective, a player is not required to maintain control of the region.

Alternately, players pursuing the path of conquest may attempt to win through domination. The first player simultaneously to control a number of map regions dictated by the theater of war wins the campaign.

DETACHMENTS

The primary division of fighting forces in the theater of war campaign is a detachment. Throughout the campaign, players will draw on their detachments to build armies. At the start of the campaign, each player begins with three (3) detachments, each commanded by a different warcaster from his faction. Each of these detachments, which will be used throughout the campaign, is made up of 750 points of models including one warcaster, warjacks, and any number of units and solos. A player may include mercenary units, solos, and mercenary warjacks under the control of a mercenary jack marshal in the detachment. Players must follow all field allowance rules when constructing their detachments. Only one of each character model or unit may be included in a player's army.

For instance, the Deathjack may only be included in one of a player's detachments.

Epic warcasters cannot be included in starting detachments but may be added later through the expenditure of victory points. See **War Chest** on page 130 for details.

Casualties are inevitable during the theater of war campaign, but

players should not let this affect their aggressive nature on the battlefield. At the start of each campaign round, all detachments are returned to full strength. A player can change what is included in detachments from round to round, but the warcaster leading the detachment cannot be changed. A bonded warjack dropped from a detachment loses its bond.

When preparing for a battle, players compose their armies by selecting models from one or more detachments. When composing a 500 or 750-point army, players chose the models in their army from a single detachment. When building a 1000-point army, players may select models from two detachments. An army must include one warcaster from each detachment involved in the battle. A player may only field an epic warcaster in 750 or 1000-point battles. A warcaster may only control warjacks that are part of his detachment and cannot control warjacks from another warcaster's detachment. Players are not required to field a warcaster's entire detachment. A player may use a single detachment as often as he wishes during a campaign round.

DETACHMENT WARJACKS AND BONDING

Warjacks in a detachment may be fielded as part of a warcaster's battlegroup or under the control of a model with the focus manipulation or jack marshal ability in the same detachment. Warcasters or jack marshals capable of doing so may reactivate friendly warjacks rendered inert or independent during play and place them under their control. The warjack is returned to its original detachment after the battle has ended.

Warjacks may develop bonds normally as a result of campaign play. Once a warjack develops a bond to a warcaster, it may only be fielded under the control of that warcaster or it loses its bond. See page 22 for details on warjack bonds.

SAMPLE DETACHMENTS

These are sample 750-point starting detachments.

KARCHEV DETACHMENT

WARCASTER	
Karchev the Terrible	100
WARJACKS	
Behemoth	172
Destroyer x2	252 (126 ea.)
Devastator	122

UNITS

Widowmakers	53
Winter Guard	
Mortar Crew	25

SOLOS

Manhunter	22
Detachment Total:	746 Points

VLADIMIR DETACHMENT

WARCASTER	
Vladimir, Dark Prince	76
WARJACKS	
Berserkers x3	252 (84 ea.)
Destroyer	126

UNITS

Greylord Ternion x2	86 (43 ea.)
Man-O-War Shocktroopers w/ 2 additional troopers	107 (67+20+20)
Widowmakers	53
Winter Guard	
Mortar Crew	25

SOLOS

Manhunter	22
Detachment Total:	747 Points

SAMPLE 1000-POINT ARMY

The following 1000-point army was built utilizing the two detachments above. Models in the army are selected from both detachments. Note: the warcasters cannot include warjacks from a different detachment in their battlegroups.

KARCHEV'S BATTLEGROUP

Karchev the Terrible	100
Behemoth	172
Destroyer	126
Devastator	122

VLADIMIR'S BATTLEGROUP

Vladimir, Dark Prince	76
Berserker	84

Destroyer	126
ADDITIONAL FORCES	
Greylord Ternion	43
Widowmakers	53
Winter Guard	
Mortar Crew x2	50 (25 ea.)
Manhunter x2	44 (22 ea.)
Detachment Total:	996 Points

DETACHMENT SHEETS

DETACHMENT SHEETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD AT WWW.PRIVATEERPRESS.COM.

MAPPING PLAY

THROUGHOUT THE CAMPAIGN, PLAYERS WILL ATTEMPT TO SEIZE CONTROL OF REGIONS. BEFORE STARTING TO PLAY THE CAMPAIGN, YOUR GROUP WILL HAVE TO DECIDE ON A METHOD FOR TRACKING REGIONS AS THEY CHANGE HANDS. ONE EXCELLENT IDEA IS TO PRINT OUT A COPY OF THE MAP AND MOUNT IT TO A PIECE OF FOAM CORE EASILY FOUND ANYWHERE OFFICE SUPPLIES ARE SOLD. THEN TRACK CONTROL OF REGIONS WITH COLORED THUMBTRACKS. ADDITIONAL THUMBTRACKS CAN BE USED TO TRACK ATTACKS AND SEPARATE OUT THE ATTACKER FROM THE DEFENDER. MAPS ARE AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD AT WWW.PRIVATEERPRESS.COM.

ATTRITION, OR WHAT MAKES THE GRASS GROW

Attrition represents each player's mounting losses throughout a campaign round. Models and units lost during play are removed from their detachments and cannot be used again that campaign round. Do not despair if the fortunes of war deal you a bad hand. Detachments return to full strength at the start of each campaign round.

Units can sustain heavy losses before they are removed from active service and are only lost due to attrition if more than half the models in a unit

are destroyed or removed from play during a single battle. If at least half the models in the unit remained in play at the end of a battle, that unit remains part of its detachment and all models in the unit that were destroyed or removed are returned to the unit.

that was damaged but not destroyed is returned to its detachments and removes all damage points suffered during the battle.

A warjack is only removed from its detachment if it was totaled or removed from play during a battle. Damaged, disabled, and inert warjacks are returned to their detachment at the end of a battle, and all damage points suffered during the battle are removed.

If a detachment's warcaster is destroyed or removed from play, that detachment may not be used again this campaign round. A warcaster that was damaged but not destroyed is returned to his detachment, and all damage points suffered during the battle are removed.

Once players are ready to begin fighting, they will take turns making attack declarations against enemy map regions. Attack declarations determine which regions a player will attempt to seize during the campaign round. A player will generally make an attack declaration against each other player who has not already made an attack declaration against him in initiative order. Each attack declaration is resolved as a separate battle between two players. The winner of each battle takes control of the map region.

After all attacks have been declared, players move onto resolving the attacks as a series of battles. Each battle is a randomly determined scenario that may be modified by the defender based on proximity. The attacker chooses the scale for each battle: 500, 750, or 1000 points. The defender then has the option to increase the scale of the battle to 750 or 1000-points.

Once all attack declarations have been resolved, players move onto the next campaign round.

BATTLE BLOAT

SOME MODELS HAVE THE ABILITY TO BRING NEW MODELS ONTO THE TABLE DURING PLAY, SO WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE MODELS AFTER THE BATTLE ENDS? THE ANSWER— YOU CAN USE MODELS BROUGHT INTO PLAY DURING A BATTLE ONLY DURING THAT BATTLE. ONLY MODELS THAT ARE ACTUALLY PART OF THE DETACHMENT MAY BE USED IN LATER BATTLES.

FOR EXAMPLE, IF GORESHADE SUMMONS A UNIT OF BANE THRALLS DURING A BATTLE AND THEY SURVIVE, THEY ARE STILL LOST AT THE END OF THE BATTLE SINCE THEY ARE NOT ACTUALLY PART OF THE DETACHMENT.

IN ANOTHER EXAMPLE, A PROTECTORATE PLAYER THINKING HE IS BEING CLEVER USES THE HIGH RECLAIMER TO RESURRECT A UNIT OF EIGHT DESTROYED FLAMEGUARD CLEANSERS. INSTEAD OF BRINGING THEM BACK AS A SINGLE UNIT, HE BRINGS THEM BACK AS FOUR UNITS EACH WITH TWO MODELS. AT THE END OF THE BATTLE, ANY SURVIVING MODELS ARE LOST SINCE THE ORIGINAL UNIT OF EIGHT IS BELOW HALF STRENGTH AND NO UNITS OF TWO ARE ACTUALLY PART OF THE DETACHMENT. NICE TRY THOUGH.

For example, Kevin's Holy Zealot unit started a battle with a Monolith Bearer unit attachment, a Priest, and nine Zealots. During the battle, the unit lost the Monolith Bearer and three Zealots. Since only four of the eleven models were lost during the battle, the unit returns to its detachment at full strength in any subsequent battles this campaign round.

A solo that is destroyed or removed from play during a battle is removed from its detachment and may not be used again this campaign round. A solo

THE WAR CHEST

After every battle, a player adds the victory points he scored during the battle to his war chest. This pool of points may be spent to purchase benefits like new detachments, epic warcaster replacements, mercenaries, or advantages (one time benefits for a single battle). Each theater of war includes a menu describing what war chest options are available.

Players begin the campaign with no victory points in their war chests. A player tracks war chest gains and expenditures on the war chest section of his Campaign Record Sheet.

INITIATIVE AND THE ORDER OF BATTLE

The theater of war campaign is broken into rounds. Each campaign round, every player will play one battle against each other player.

At the start of each campaign round, detachments are refreshed back to their starting limits. Before the first battle of the round, a player may spend points from his war chest to purchase new detachments, to replace a warcaster with an epic version, or hire a mercenary detachment.

ATTACK DECLARATIONS

During the first campaign round, players roll to determine initiative order. The highest roller will make his attack declarations first. After the highest roller declares all of his attacks, the next highest rolling player declares his attacks against the remaining players, and so on until all players have declared their attacks. The lowest rolling player will not declare any attacks since all other player's will already have declared attacks against him.

After the first campaign round, initiative order is determined by comparing the total number of victory points each player scored during the previous campaign round. The player who scored the most victory points declares all of his attacks first. The player who scored the next highest number of victory points declares his attacks against the remaining players, and so on until all players have declared

their attacks. The player who scored the fewest victory points in the previous round will generally not declare any attacks since all other player's will already have declared attacks against him. Players with equal victory point totals should roll to determine when they declare their attacks.

Attack declarations cannot be made against the same map region after another player makes an attack declaration against the map region this campaign round.

For example Rob, Jason, Eric, and Brian compare their victory point totals from the last campaign round to determine initiative order this round. Rob scored 35 victory points, Jason scored 31, Eric scored 36, and Brian scored 29. Since Eric scored the most victory points in the previous round, he declares an attack against a map region controlled by each other player, totaling three attacks: one against Rob, one against Jason, and one against Brian. Rob then declares his attacks against Jason and Brian but cannot attack Eric since Eric has already declared an attack against him. Then Jason, unable to declare an attack against Eric or Rob, declares a single attack against Brian. Since all players have already declared an attack against him, Brian declares no attacks and can only defend his regions for this campaign round.

Once all attack declarations have been made during a campaign round, they are resolved in an order determined by the player who declared his attacks first in initiative order. That player decides which of his opponents he wishes to battle first. The other two players not participating in this battle fight their battle at this time. After both of these battles have been resolved, the player who declared his attacks first then decides which of his two remaining battles to fight, and so on until attacks are resolved.

For example, Eric decides to fight his first battle against Jason, leaving Rob and Brian to fight their battle. After both of these battles have been



resolved, Eric chooses to fight his second battle against Brian. At the same time, Rob and Jason will resolve their battle. After these battles have been completed, Eric fights his final battle of the campaign round against Rob while Brian and Jason fight theirs.

LOSING GROUND AND OUSTED PLAYERS

As a player loses map territories through play, it is possible he will not have enough map regions for his opponents to attack. When a player cannot declare an attack against an opponent because either his opponent controls no regions on the map or controls no map regions that have not already been attacked by another player, his opponent gets to declare an attack against him in initiative order.

For example, Brian has only two map regions in play. Eric declares an attack against one. Rob attacks the other. Even though Jason is ahead in the initiative order, he cannot declare an attack against Brian since both of his regions have already been attacked. Instead, Brian declares an attack against Jason.

HEAVY LOSSES

PLAYERS WHO HAVE LOST A COUPLE OF DETACHMENTS DURING A GIVEN CAMPAIGN ROUND MAY HAVE A TOUGH FIGHT AHEAD OF THEM. IT IS POSSIBLE THAT AS LOSSES MOUNT, A PLAYER'S RESERVES WILL SEVERELY DWINDLE. IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE FOR A PLAYER TO LOSE ALL OF HIS DETACHMENTS DURING A CAMPAIGN ROUND BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE OF THE ROUND. IF A PLAYER HAS LOST ALL OF HIS DETACHMENTS AND STILL HAS A BATTLE TO PLAY DURING THE CAMPAIGN ROUND, HE MUST FORFEIT THE BATTLE. HIS OPPONENT WINS AND SCORES 10 VICTORY POINTS FOR THE BATTLE. A PLAYER CANNOT FORFEIT A BATTLE IF HE HAS AT LEAST ONE DETACHMENT THAT COULD BE FIELDIED IN THE BATTLE.

When a player no longer controls any map regions, he has been ousted. Ousted players are not eliminated, however, and may desperately strike back at players that have conquered their lands. No attacks may be declared against an ousted player since he controls no map regions.

An ousted player declares attacks in initiative order against each other

player. Players ahead of the ousted player in initiative order declare one less attack this round. Each player remaining in control of one or more map regions receives one less attack declaration per turn.

KEEPING PROXIMITY IN MIND

WHEN MAKING ATTACK DECLARATIONS, KEEP IN MIND THE PROXIMITY OF THE REGION YOU ARE ATTACKING. THE FURTHER AWAY YOU LAUNCH AN ATTACK, THE GREATER DISADVANTAGE YOU MAY ENCOUNTER. SEE PROXIMITY FOR DETAILS.

Each player has an assault border marked on the theater of war map. The assault border is used to determine proximity—the distance between the nearest map region controlled by the attacker and the region attacked—for attacks made by an ousted player since he controls no map regions. See **Proximity** for details.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVES AND ATTACK DECLARATIONS

A player may declare up to one attack against a map region containing a strategic objective on his list that he has not yet completed.

FORFEITING A BATTLE

REMEMBER IF A PLAYER CANNOT FIELD AT LEAST ONE WARCASTER DUE TO ATTRITION, HE MUST FORFEIT THE BATTLE. IF A PLAYER FORFEITS A BATTLE, HIS OPPONENT IS CONSIDERED THE WINNER AND GAINS 10 VICTORY POINTS.

Additionally, a player must accomplish his objectives in order and cannot attack a map region containing one of his strategic objectives unless he has already completed the previous strategic objective on the list. When

declaring attacks, a player must forfeit his attack against an enemy if the only map region he can attack contains an out of order strategic objective. If he must forfeit an attack declaration against a player, that player may then declare an attack against him in initiative order.

Remember, strategic objectives are determined by the theater of war. For more details see **Strategic Objectives and Victory** on page 136.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE

Each battle is a random scenario or strategic objective scenario modified by the terrain and assets found in the map region and the proximity between the map region attacked and the nearest map region controlled by the attacker at the time the battle is fought. The further the attacker's army has to travel, the more time the defender will have to prepare.

Before a scenario is determined, the attacker declares the army size he will field for the battle. The attacker may set the point limit at 500, 750, or 1000 points. The defender may forfeit his effects of proximity to increase the scale of a battle either to 750 or 1000 points.

Players then construct their armies from one or two detachments depending on the scale of the battle.

COMING IN UNDER AND THE UNDER DOG RULE

When a player fights a battle, he must choose to fight with at least one detachment regardless of its current strength. Once a player chooses to fight a battle with a particular detachment, he must attempt to field a force within 100 points of the scale of the battle.

For example, Rob launches a 750-point attack against one of Brian's map regions. Brian selects a fresh 750-point detachment that has not yet suffered any attrition. Brian must select at least 650 points of models from that detachment to fight the battle. If he had responded with a detachment

that had been reduced to 400 points during a previous battle this campaign round, he would have to field the entire remaining detachment.

Sometimes players will be forced to field much smaller armies than their opponents due to attrition. If there is a difference of 200 points or more between the armies and the player with the fewest points wins the battle, he gains a bonus of 5 victory points.

PROXIMITY

Proximity reflects the defender's opportunity to shape a battle to his favor by choosing his ground or preparing fortifications for assault. The further away the attacked map region is from the nearest map region controlled by the attacker at the time of the battle, the more the defender can modify the battle. The theater of war campaign utilizes three different proximity levels: adjacent, near, and distant. When determining proximity, count the number of spaces between the attacker's nearest map region and the map region attacked.

If the attacker fights a battle with two detachments, his attack is considered launched from two separate map regions. The attacker chooses from which two regions his attack will originate, and proximity is determined from the further of the two.

ADJACENT

A battle's proximity is adjacent if the attacker controls a map region that shares a border with the map region he is attacking. The defender has no proximity advantages in an adjacent battle.

NEAR

The proximity of a battle is near if the attacker controls a map region two spaces away from the map region attacked. If the proximity is near, the defender may modify the scenario die roll by +1 or -1 and may choose to deploy first or last. Additionally the defender places five (5) terrain features and the attacker places three (3).

DISTANT

A battle is distant if the attacker's nearest map region is more than two spaces away from the map region attacked. If the proximity is distant, the defender may choose to play any scenario from either the adjacent or near scenario generation tables (see **Scenario Generation** below). The defender may choose to deploy first or last. Additionally the defender places six (6) terrain features and the attacker places two (2).

CONSTRUCTING THE SCENARIO

After determining proximity, consult the map to determine what terrain and assets are present in the map region where the battle takes place. Terrain detailed in the map region mandates the terrain that may be used in the battle. Assets may give the defender additional advantages during the battle.

Unless the battle is for a strategic objective, make a random roll to determine the scenario to play. The defender may be able to modify the roll based on proximity. Once terrain is placed, players will be ready to start the battle. The defender may have the option to go first depending on proximity.

Each strategic objective includes a scenario that is used when the attacker is attempting to complete a strategic objective in the map region. If the attacker has already completed his strategic objective in the map region, roll on the table below. For more details, see **Strategic Objectives and Victory** on page 136.

SCENARIO GENERATION

To determine a scenario for a battle, the defender rolls a d6 and consults the appropriate scenario generation table based on the proximity of the battle. When rolling for a near proximity battle, the defender may modify the die roll by +1/-1. The defender may choose

a scenario from either table when fighting a distant proximity battle.

Some theaters of war may include their own scenario determination tables.

Note that strategic objectives have their own scenarios and when a player attempts to complete a strategic objective, no scenario should be rolled.

Adjacent Scenario Determination

d6	RESULT
1 OR LESS	LAST STAND*
2	CROSSED LINES
3	BASIC BATTLE
4	TREASURE
5	KING OF THE HILL
6 OR MORE	PENDULUM*

Near Scenario Determination

d6	RESULT
1 OR LESS	DOMINATION
2	CAPTURE THE FLAG
3	BASIC BATTLE
4	SEIZE & SECURE*
5	SMASH & GRAB*
6 OR MORE	PENDULUM*

*LAST STAND, PENDULUM, SEIZE & SECURE, AND SMASH & GRAB MAY BE FOUND IN NEW SCENARIOS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE. ALL OTHER SCENARIOS MAY BE FOUND IN *WARMACHINE: PRIME*, PAGES 63-66.

CAMPAIGN TERRAIN

The theater of war map and the scenario determine the terrain for each battle. A player may choose to place any terrain feature indicated in the contested map region. Each theater of war includes a description of terrain found on its map.

For example, if the theater of war map indicates that urban and forest terrain is found in the map region where the battle takes place, players may place forest, structure, or ruin terrain features.

Some groups may not have all terrain types dictated. In the case of limited terrain selections, substitutions are optionally permitted.

Unless a scenario states otherwise, each player may place up to four (4)

moderate terrain features. Proximity may augment the total number of terrain features placed by each player. When placing terrain features, begin by rolling to determine which player places first unless terrain placement is dictated by a scenario or proximity. Players then alternate placing terrain features, each taking a turn placing one terrain feature at a time. Terrain features cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature or a table edge with the exception that terrain features may be placed on top of hills.

Since every gaming group has access to different terrain features, there are no hard and fast rules on terrain placement, but players have to rely on a few guidelines and common sense. Terrain features should be moderately sized and no larger than 6" across unless mandated by a scenario. A player may place one (1) large terrain feature instead of (2) moderate ones. Large terrain features may be no more than 12" across. The only exceptions to the terrain size rules are hills. A hill up to 16" x 16" may be placed and counts as a moderate-sized terrain feature.

ESCALATING THE BATTLE

BEFORE THE SCENARIO HAS BEEN DETERMINED, THE DEFENDER MAY ESCALATE THE SIZE OF THE BATTLE TO 750 OR 1000 POINTS. IF THE DEFENDER ESCALATES A BATTLE, HE LOSES ANY BENEFITS FROM PROXIMITY.

Some common terrain features used throughout the theater of war campaign are guard towers and small buildings. These terrain features have been standardized for game balance and are referred to in scenarios below.

Guard Tower – A guard tower is a stone structure approximately 4" x 4" with one door large enough to accommodate medium-based models. A guard tower has ARM 18 and each inch of the Tower can take 10 damage points. The tower collapses after 8" or

more of its surface is destroyed, and the door is 16 ARM and can take 10 damage points before being destroyed. See *Damaging and Destroying Structures*, *WARMACHINE: Prime*, pg. 62 for details.

Small Building – A small building is a structure approximately 4" x 6" with one door large enough to accommodate medium-based models. The door is positioned on one of the 4" sides. A small building has ARM 18 and each inch of the small building can take 10 damage points. The small building collapses after 10" or more of its surface is destroyed. The door has 16 ARM and can take 10 damage points before being destroyed. See *Damaging and Destroying Structures*, *WARMACHINE: Prime*, pg. 62 for details.

Trenches – Instead of placing terrain features dictated by a map region, the defender may place trenches in near and distant proximity battles. He may place up to one (1) trench in a near battle or up to three (3) in a distant battle. Trenches are 3" x 5" earthwork fortifications represented by templates placed on the table. Unlike other terrain features, trenches are not required to

be placed at least 3" apart, and a trench may touch another trench.

Models completely within the trench template have cover (+4 DEF) when targeted with a ranged or magic attack by a model not completely inside the trench template. Models completely inside a trench template do not suffer blast damage from attacks unless the center of the AOE is within the trench template. When drawing line of sight to a model not completely within the trench template, ignore intervening models completely within the template.

ASSETS

Assets are resources found in some map regions that grant their controlling player various benefits, and their effects are defined in the theater of war description. Before a battle, consult the map to determine if there are any assets present in the map region. Some assets may only be utilized by a specific faction.

WINNING THE BATTLE

Generally a player wins the battle once either he has succeeded in the scenario victory condition or his

opponent's last warcaster has been destroyed or removed from play. Some scenarios may have different victory conditions. The winning player takes control of the map region in which the battle was fought.

NEW SCENARIOS

PENDULUM

DESCRIPTION

The back and forth rhythm of warfare often leads to decisive moments as enemy lines are crossed. In a Pendulum battle both forces fight for control over a battlefield by holding their own half of the table and invading the enemy's region of control.

SPECIAL RULES

Divide the table in half with a line running west to east through the center. Using a piece of string is a good method for marking the centerline. The objective of Pendulum is for a player to get one or more of his models across the centerline onto his opponent's side of the table while keeping the opponent's models from crossing the centerline to his side of the table. The first player to have models on his opponent's side of the table while there are none of his opponent's models on his own side for three (3) consecutive rounds wins the battle.

For example, Eric and Rob play a Pendulum scenario. Eric wins if he has models on Rob's side of the table while Rob has no models on Eric's side of the table for three consecutive rounds.

SET-UP

Players take turns placing terrain features as described in *Campaign Terrain* (page 133).

BEGINNING

Unless dictated by proximity or a strategic objective, at the start of the battle each player rolls a d6 and the high roller chooses who goes first. The first player gets his choice of deployment zones and takes the first turn. Players



deploy their forces up to 10" from the table's edge.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

To win the battle, a player must have models on his opponent's side of the table while none of his opponent's models are on his own side for three (3) consecutive rounds.

LAST STAND

DESCRIPTION

Last Stand is a desperate battle for survival. As enemies close in from all sides, a pitched battle explodes across the field.

SPECIAL RULES

None.

SET-UP

The defender always makes the Last Stand.

The defender may place two (2) low wall sections within 10" of the center of the table. Players then take turns placing terrain features as described in **Campaign Terrain** (page 133). Additional terrain features must be placed outside 10" of the center of the table.

BEGINNING

The defender deploys first, placing his models within 6" of the center of the table. The attacker then deploys his models within 3" of any number of table edges.

The defender takes the first turn.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A player wins the battle once his opponent's last warcaster has been destroyed or removed from play.

SEIZE & SECURE

DESCRIPTION

Attacking forces must seize control of a military objective overrun by enemy forces.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

Place a small building in the center of the table. The door should not face

either player's deployment zone. The attacker must hold the small building for three (3) consecutive rounds. (See the Hold Scenario callout on page 136.) The attacker must destroy the small building's door to gain entry. The small building itself cannot be damaged.

Players take turns placing terrain features as described in **Campaign Terrain** (page 133). Terrain cannot be placed within 3" of the center of the table.

BEGINNING

Unless dictated by proximity, at the start of the battle each player rolls a d6 and the high roller chooses who goes first. The first player gets his choice of deployment zones and takes the first turn. Players deploy their forces up to 10" from the table's edge.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he holds the small building for three (3) consecutive rounds or if his opponent's last warcaster has been destroyed or removed from play. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

SMASH & GRAB

DESCRIPTION

The attacker must break into a structure to secure its contents whether they are prisoners, targets for assassination, or goods waiting to be commandeered.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant five (5).

Before placing any other terrain, place a small building in the middle of the defender's deployment zone 6" from the table edge. The door should face the attacker's deployment zone. The attacker must destroy the small building's door and get one friendly model inside before the battle ends due to Hammertime. The small building itself cannot be damaged.

Players take turns placing terrain features as described in **Campaign Terrain** (page 133). A player cannot place terrain within the other player's deployment zone.

HAMMERTIME

WHEN THE HAMMER FALLS, YOU ARE DONE. AFTER A NUMBER OF ROUNDS DESCRIBED IN THE SCENARIO, A RANDOM CHANCE EXISTS IN WHICH THE BATTLE CONCLUDES AT THE END OF EACH ADDITIONAL ROUND. AT THE END OF THE LAST PLAYER'S TURN OF THE ROUND DESCRIBED, ONE OF THE PLAYERS ROLLS A D6. ON THE RESULT OF 1 THE SCENARIO ENDS. OTHERWISE, PLAYERS CONTINUE TO PLAY UNTIL THE END OF THE NEXT ROUND. AT THE END OF EACH ADDITIONAL ROUND, ROLL TO SEE IF THE HAMMER FALLS. THE CHANCE OF THE SCENARIO ENDING IS INCREASED BY 1 EACH ADDITIONAL ROUND UNTIL THE THIRD ROUND. FROM THE THIRD ADDITIONAL ROUND ON, THE BATTLE CONCLUDES ON A ROLL OF 1-3.

THE NUMBER OF ROUNDS BEFORE HAMMERTIME BEGINS IS BASED ON PROXIMITY. SEE THE SCENARIO FOR DETAILS.

FOR EXAMPLE, ERIC AND ROB ARE PLAYING A SCENARIO THAT GOES INTO HAMMERTIME AFTER THE SIXTH ROUND. AT THE END OF THE SEVENTH ROUND, THE BATTLE ENDS ON A ROLL OF 1. AT THE END OF THE EIGHTH ROUND THE BATTLE ENDS ON A ROLL OF 1 OR 2. STARTING AT THE END OF ROUND NINE, THE BATTLE ENDS AT THE END OF ANY ROUND ON A ROLL OF 1-3.

BEGINNING

The defending player sets up first, placing his models within 10" of the table edge. The attacker then deploys his forces up to 10" from the opposite table edge. Unless determined by proximity, after all models are placed each player rolls a d6. The high roller chooses who goes first.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he gets a friendly model inside the small building or when his opponent's last warcaster

has been destroyed or removed from play. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

HOLD SCENARIOS

SOME SCENARIOS REQUIRE A PLAYER TO HOLD A LOCATION. A PLAYER MAY HOLD A LOCATION IF HE CONTROLS ALL MODELS WITHIN THE SPACE DESCRIBED DURING HIS MAINTENANCE PHASE. MODELS ENGAGED IN MELEE COMBAT CANNOT BE USED TO HOLD A LOCATION. NEITHER WARRIOR MODELS WITH CMD STATS OF 1 OR LESS NOR INCORPoreal MODELS CAN HOLD A LOCATION.

V IS FOR VICTORY: ENDING THE CAMPAIGN

Thetwowaystowintheaterofwar campaign are through accomplishing a set of strategic objectives or through domination. Neither path is simple, and both require methodical planning and a hearty appetite for destruction.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVES AND VICTORY

Each theater of war includes a list of strategic objectives for each player usually based on his faction. Players must accomplish these objectives in order by attacking the indicated map regions and winning the battle. A player cannot attack a map region that contains one of his strategic objectives out of order. A player is not required to hold a map region once he has accomplished a strategic objective and may move on to the next objective after accomplishing the previous one. The first player to achieve all of his strategic objectives wins the campaign.

Strategic objectives may further modify scenarios but only when the attacker is attempting to complete an objective on his list in the map region. If the attacker has already completed

his strategic objective in the map region, the objective does not modify the scenario. Strategic objectives and their effects are defined within a theater of war.

DOMINATION VICTORY

A player may win the theater of war campaign through domination if he controls a number of map regions described in the theater of war. As soon as the player succeeds in seizing control of the last map region required, he wins the campaign.

CAMPAIGN OPTIONS

Though the theater of war campaign is optimized for groups of four players, it is also possible to play it with more or fewer players. The rules below explain how to modify the campaign for larger or smaller groups.

Players should also feel free to customize any aspect of the campaign to suit the needs of their group. For example, if your group has trouble fielding forces for a 1000-point battle, you may want to consider restricting the maximum battle size. Additionally, if your group likes big battles, feel free to increase the maximum point size and have each player begin with an additional detachment.

TWO AND THREE PLAYER CAMPAIGNS

The theater of war campaign may easily be adapted for two and three player play with a few modifications. Each theater of war includes a separate map for two and three player play. Starting map regions for two and three player campaigns are based off the factions participating in the theater of war. Two and three player maps as well as specific starting map regions are available at www.privateerpress.com for download.

TEAM CAMPAIGNS

The theater of war campaign is ideal for groups of four, but it can reasonably

support up to 12 players, with up to three (3) players of each faction on each team. By no means must there be an equal number of players per team. In a team campaign, all players on a team share the team's detachments and a single war chest.

Throughout the campaign, players on a team take turns fighting battles. Each player on a team must participate in at least one battle each campaign round and generally each player should fight an equal number of battles, but the exact division of battles is left up to each team.

Team players may also play 1000-point team battles if they wish.

TEAM BATTLES

Players playing on teams have the option of playing 1000-point battles as team battles. See *Team Battles*, *WARMACHINE: Prime*, pg. 30 for details. Any team may choose to fight a battle as a team, but their opponents are not required to play as a team if they do not wish to do so. A single player may play against a team.

Each team fields a combination of two detachments as outlined above. Each player on the team participating in the battle controls a single warcaster and his battlegroup selected from a single detachment. Control of other units and models in the army may be divided between the two players as they wish.

BATTLE IN THE THORNWOOD: THEATER OF WAR

With the armies of the Iron Kingdoms mobilized, the strategically situated Thornwood has emerged as the site of open warfare between the factions. Beginning with the spring thaw of 606 AR, Khadoran forces under the command of Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk launched a massive offensive against Cygnar's northern

defenses. They have initiated a campaign to take and control the entire Thornwood region and provide a gateway for the Khadoran invasion to strike deep into the heart of Cygnar. Immediately they surrounded both Fellig and Deepwood Tower, Cygnar's stoutest defense against northern incursion, and made preparations for an extended siege. Though neither location has fallen, it remains a matter of time before the defenders are crushed beneath the weight of the Khadoran assault.

Soon after Khador's mobilization, Protectorate forces led by Grand Scrutator Severius launched a sneak attack on Fisherbrook, preying on its weakened state and ensuring them an early victory in the next phase of their crusade. The city quickly surrendered to the invading Menites, yielding a large number of Cygnaran prisoners of war. Though the Protectorate is aware their hold on Fisherbrook is tenuous at best, they hope to use the city as a stepping stone in the crusade on the way to Fellig. In addition to destroying the abbey's massive library of heretical Morrowan texts, the Protectorate hopes to seize Fellig and fortify it into a central stronghold that could be used to attract Menites from across the Iron Kingdoms. Its central location is ideal for their purposes particularly because of its proximity to tens of thousands of Khadoran Menites unable to leave their homeland.

For years, Cryx has quietly extended its reach throughout the hidden regions of the overgrown forest. Though their presence has been long suspected, their sheer numbers have never been confirmed. Having gathered a vast army in secret, Cryx now dares to operate openly throughout the Thornwood attacking military targets wherever they please. Cryxian forces now need time to fortify their holdings to keep their grip on the region as they continue to sow bloody chaos between the other warring nations and perpetually add to their own hordes of walking dead.

Cygnar is in a desperate position with three invading armies firmly entrenched within their borders. If Cygnar is to keep from surrendering critical territory, it must expunge the enemies from its northern lands and re-strengthen fortifications along the Khadoran border. Of key importance is holding the city of Fellig. Should Fellig fall to any invader, northern defenses would crumble and the Thornwood will be forfeit.

THORNWOOD TERRAIN

Deep Water — Players may place deep water terrain features. See deep water, *WARMACHINE: Prime* page 61 for details.

Forest — Players may place forests or individual tree terrain features.

Hills — Players may place hill terrain features.

Marsh — Players may place shallow water terrain features. See shallow water, *WARMACHINE: Prime* page 61 for details.

Urban — Players may place structure or ruin terrain features. See Damaging and Destroying Structures, *WARMACHINE: Prime* page 62 for details.

THORNWOOD ASSETS

Barracks: One battle per campaign round, a Cygnar, Khador, or Protectorate player may field 50 extra points in one battle.

Bone Field: One battle per campaign round, the Cryx player may field 50 extra points in one battle.

Hospice: After one battle per campaign round, a unit or solo that would normally be removed from a detachment due to attrition remains part of the detachment.

Merc Camp: Each victory point spent to hire mercenaries before a battle may be used to hire 25 points worth of mercenary models instead of 20.

Supply Depot: A player in control of a supply depot at the end of a campaign round adds 5 victory points to his war chest. These victory points do not count when determining initiative order.

BATTLE FOR THE THORNWOOD WAR CHEST

Throughout the Battle in the Thornwood Theater of War, a player may spend victory points from his war chest at the start of each campaign round to purchase a new detachment, replace a warcaster with an epic version of itself, purchase advantages, or hire a mercenary detachment. A player may also spend victory points from his war chest to hire mercenaries before a single battle.

PURCHASING NEW DETACHMENTS

Before the first battle of a campaign round, a player may spend 80 victory points from his war chest to purchase a new 750-point detachment. New detachments follow all the detachment rules above and must be led by a warcaster that is not already part of another detachment. The new detachment is a permanent addition to his army and refreshes at the start of each campaign round.

EPIC WARCASERS

Before the first battle of a campaign round, a player may spend 25 victory points from his war chest to replace a warcaster with an epic version of the same warcaster. A player cannot replace a warcaster with an epic version if he purchased the warcaster's detachment this round. The epic warcaster's detachment is expanded to 1000-points of models and refreshes up to 1000-points at the beginning of each round instead of 750-points. Once an epic version of a warcaster has been purchased, the original version is retired and cannot be used again during this campaign. See Epic Warcasters, page 23, for more details.

BATTLE FOR THE THORNWOOD



- Cryx 1
- Cygnar 1
- Khador 1
- Protectorate of Menoth 1
- Barracks
- Battlefield / Boneyard
- Hospice
- Mercenary Camp
- Supply Depot



10 MILES 50 MILES 100 MILES

- | | | | |
|--|-----------|--|-----------|
| | Forest | | River |
| | Plains | | Marsh |
| | Hills | | Road |
| | Mountains | | Rail Road |
| | | | City |
| | | | Ruins |

HIRING MERCENARY DETACHMENTS

Before the first battle of a campaign round, a player may spend 25 victory points from his war chest to hire a 750-point mercenary detachment. This detachment may be used this campaign round in the same manner as any other detachment under the player's control. A mercenary detachment is lost at the end of the campaign round but may be rehired the following campaign round by paying 25 more victory points.

A mercenary detachment follows all the detachment rules above but must be led by a mercenary warcaster and may only include mercenary models. All models in the detachment must be able to work with the controlling player's faction. A mercenary detachment follows all the normal attrition rules, but if its warcaster is destroyed or removed from play, the mercenary detachment is lost and cannot be used again during this campaign round.

BUYING ADVANTAGES FOR A BATTLE

A player may buy advantages before the first battle of a campaign round by spending victory points from his war chest. A player may use one advantage per battle, and each advantage may be used once during the campaign round.

Intelligence: Intelligence decreases the attacker's distance to the map region attacked by one map region. This advantage must be used before the battle's scenario is determined unless the battle is for a strategic objective. Intelligence cost 15 victory points.

Reserve Deployment: Reserve deployment allows one of the purchasing player's models or units to deploy after all other models have been deployed for the battle, including advance deployment models. If both players have reserve deployment models, players place their reserve deployment models in deployment order beginning with the

first player to deploy his model's for the battle. Reserve deployment costs 5 victory points.

Scout Patrol: A scout patrol allows the purchasing player to place one additional terrain feature in the battle. Scout patrol costs 10 victory points.

HIRING MERCS FOR A BATTLE

Before the start of any battle but after the scenario has been determined, a player may hire mercenary units and solos by spending victory points from his war chest. The mercenary must be able to work for the player's faction and counts toward his army point total for the battle. These mercenaries may only be used in the battle for which they were hired and must be rehired for later battles. A mercenary model or unit may be hired before any battle even if it was destroyed during a previous battle.

Solos or units with the Jack Marshal ability may begin the battle controlling mercenary warjacks.

For every victory point spent to hire mercenaries before a battle, a player fields up to 20 points worth of mercenary models. Unspent points are lost.

For example, Rob wishes to hire Gorman di Wulfe for a battle. Rob needs to spend two (2) victory points to hire Gorman since he costs 28 points. The remaining 12 that went unspent are lost.

BATTLE FOR THE THORNWOOD PATHS TO VICTORY

Players can win the Battle for the Thornwood campaign by either completing their three faction-based strategic objectives or through domination by controlling 22 of the 48 total map regions. Players participating in a three-player campaign must seize control of 28 map regions to win the campaign through domination. A two-player campaign domination victory requires control of 36 map regions.

SUMMARIZED WAR CHEST EXPENDITURES

NEW DETACHMENT – A PLAYER MAY PURCHASE A NEW DETACHMENT FOR 80 VICTORY POINTS.

EPIC WARCASTER – A PLAYER MAY REPLACE A WARCASTER WITH AN EPIC VERSION FOR 25 VICTORY POINTS.

MERCENARY DETACHMENT – A PLAYER MAY HIRE A MERCENARY DETACHMENT FOR ONE CAMPAIGN ROUND FOR 25 VICTORY POINTS.

INTELLIGENCE ADVANTAGE – A PLAYER MAY REDUCE THE DISTANCE OF AN ATTACK BY ONE MAP REGION FOR 15 VICTORY POINTS.

RESERVE DEPLOYMENT ADVANTAGE – A PLAYER MAY PLACE ONE MODEL OR UNIT AFTER ALL OTHER DEPLOYMENT FOR 5 VICTORY POINTS.

SCOUT PATROL ADVANTAGE – A PLAYER MAY PLACE ONE EXTRA TERRAIN FEATURE FOR 10 VICTORY POINTS.

HIRE MERCS FOR A BATTLE – A PLAYER MAY HIRE 20 POINTS WORTH OF MERCENARIES FOR A SINGLE BATTLE FOR EACH VICTORY POINT SPENT.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIOS

Each player has a list of strategic objectives based on his faction. When a player attempts to complete one of his strategic objectives, do not roll for a scenario as normal. Instead use the corresponding scenario below. The location of each strategic objective is marked on the Battle for the Thornwood map. See **Strategic Objectives and Victory**, page XXX, for details.

When playing a strategic objective scenario, determine from which side of the table each player will deploy before placing terrain. Players then take turns placing terrain features as described in **Campaign Terrain** on page XXX after placing any additional terrain mandated by the scenario. A player cannot place terrain within the other player's deployment zone. Unless dictated by proximity or specified in a particular scenario, at the start of the battle each player rolls a d6 and the

high roller chooses who goes first. The starting player is the first to deploy his models and takes the first turn. Players deploy their forces up to 10" from the table's edge.

CARRYING A SACHEL

SOME SCENARIOS REQUIRE A MODEL TO CARRY A SACHEL. SACHELS ARE LIGHTWEIGHT CARGO THAT MAY BE CARRIED BY WARRIOR MODELS. ANYTIME A WARRIOR MODEL CARRYING A SACHEL IS DESTROYED OR REMOVED FROM PLAY, PLACE A MARKER AT THE MODEL'S LAST LOCATION. THE MARKER REPRESENTS THE SACHEL, WHICH MAY BE PICKED UP BY A FRIENDLY WARRIOR MODEL ENDING ITS MOVEMENT IN BASE CONTACT WITH IT.

CYGNAR

Cygnar is in a dire position. With Fellig and Deepwood Tower under Khadoran siege and Fisherbrook fallen to Protectorate troops, Cygnaran forces must endeavor to strengthen their defenses before losing more ground. All is not lost however. If Cygnar can reinforce its northern border and fight back the Khadorans, they will gain the breathing room required to mount a counter offensive into Khador itself.

Cygnar's first objective is to free prisoners held in Fisherbrook and possibly liberate the city itself from the Protectorate. Next, Cygnar will move onto destroying Khadoran fortifications in the vicinity of Deepwood Tower to reopen supply lines to the forward fortress. Finally, Cygnaran forces will move onto Fellig where they will fight their way through enemy lines to reinforce the city and bring an end to the siege.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO ONE: FREE PRISONERS AT FISHERBROOK

Enemy forces have overrun Fisherbrook. A large number of

Cygnaran soldiers were captured in the initial attack and are being held as prisoners of war. Cygnaran forces must engage the enemy, locate the prisoners, and release them before reinforcements arrive.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant five (5).

The defender begins by placing five (5) small buildings completely within 18" of the center of the table. The buildings must be placed at least 8" apart. These small buildings cannot be destroyed.

The attacker must search five buildings before the game ends. To search a building, the attacker's models must hold the building for one (1) round.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he searches all five buildings. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO TWO: REESTABLISH SUPPLY LINES

Invading forces have cut off supply lines to Deepwood Tower and have begun construction of their own fortifications in the area. The Cygnarans must destroy an underground barracks with a satchel bomb to root out enemy forces before reestablishing supply lines in the area. The enemy alarm has been raised, and Cygnaran forces must blow up the bunker beneath the guard tower before enemy reinforcements flood the area.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant five (5).

Before placing any other terrain, the defender places one guard tower anywhere on his side of the table

outside of his deployment zone. The guard tower door cannot face either deployment zone. The guard tower cannot be destroyed.

This scenario utilizes the satchel rules. Three warrior models in the attacker's army determined during deployment carry satchel bombs. The attacker must hold the guard tower for one (1) round with a model carrying a satchel bomb to win the game.

BEGINNING

The defending player sets up first, placing his models within 10" of the table edge. The attacker then deploys his forces up to 10" from the opposite table edge. Unless determined by proximity, after all models are placed each player rolls a d6. The high roller chooses who goes first.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he holds the guard tower for one round with a model carrying a satchel bomb. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO THREE: SIEGE BREAKER

Fellig has been under siege for months, and the situation is getting grave. Cygnaran forces must disrupt the siege on the beleaguered city by taking out key enemy observation points.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

Before placing any other terrain, the defender places two hills, each at least 8" diameter, anywhere on his half of the table. The defender may then place one (1) ruin or structure on each hill. The attacker must hold each of these hills for one (1) round to win the battle.

The defender then places a number of trenches determined by the proximity of the battle: adjacent four (4), near (6), and distant eight (8). These trenches may be placed anywhere on the table.

Terrain features placed in this scenario must be structures or ruins. The defender may place additional trenches.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he holds both hills for one (1) round. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

PROTECTORATE

Having seized Fisherbrook, Protectorate forces are presently preparing to launch a number of military operations from the city. They must act quickly however to secure their presence in the Thornwood. They are aware they cannot hold Fisherbrook for long, and it is only a matter of time before Cygnaran forces devote sufficient firepower to its liberation. The true Protectorate prize is Fellig itself. They hope to capture the city and destroy its treasure trove of heretical tomes at the Monastery Angellia. Fellig would then become a Menite stronghold to attract pilgrims to the crusade from across the Iron Kingdoms.

Protectorate forces are actively scouring the region. They have been long cut off from the area, and it is rich in Menite history. As they explore the many forgotten battlefields of the Thornwood, they continually run headlong into Cryxian forces. The Protectorate intends to disrupt Cryxian necrotite mining operations to force them back and allow them to conduct their operations in relative peace. Afterward, Protectorate forces must locate and rendezvous with a Menite refugee who has fled Fellig for a fishing village located on Lake Thornmere. The refugee knows a secret way to bypass Cygnaran defenses at Fellig through the ancient catacombs beneath the city. After gleaning what information they may from the refugee, they will move onto Fellig where they intend to burn the Monastery Angellia to the ground along with its vast collection of heretical Morrowan texts. At the

same time, they hope to overrun the city and claim it for the Creator.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE

SCENARIO ONE: SECURE THE BONEYARDS

Protectorate forces come upon a Cryxian necrotite mining operation at the site of an ancient battlefield. The Menites immediately descend upon these abominations with the intention of removing them from the earth. The only catch is they have to hurry or the lethal fumes generated by the mining rigs will drive them from the field.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent seven (7), near six (6), and distant four (4).

Before placing any other terrain, the defender places four necrotite mining rigs anywhere on his side of the table outside of his deployment zone. A necrotite mining rig is cylindrical in shape approximately 2" in diameter and stands 3" high. A mining rig has ARM 16 and can take 15 damage points before being destroyed. See *Damaging and Destroying Structures*, *WARMACHINE: Prime*, pg. 62 for details. The necrotite mining rigs must be placed at least 10" apart. The attacker must destroy all three necrotite mining rigs before Hammertime ends the battle.

BEGINNING

The defending player sets up first, placing his models within 10" of the table edge. The attacker then deploys his forces up to 10" from the opposite table edge. Unless determined by proximity, after all models are placed each player rolls a d6. The high roller chooses who goes first.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he destroys all four necrotite mining rigs. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE

SCENARIO TWO: THE RENDEZVOUS

Protectorate forces must break through a Cygnaran position to rendezvous with a Menite refugee holed up in a fishing village located on Lake Thornmere. The refugee knows a way to bypass Cygnaran defenses at Fellig through the ancient catacombs beneath the city.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent seven (8), near six (6), and distant four (5).

Before placing any other terrain, place a small building in the center of the table. The small building cannot be damaged. The attacker must hold the building for three (3) consecutive turns to question the refugee and learn the location of the catacombs beneath Fellig.

Terrain features placed in this scenario must be structures or ruins.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he holds the small building for three (3) consecutive turns. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE

SCENARIO THREE: BONFIRE

Protectorate forces intent on burning the Monastery Angellia to the ground with its vast collection of heretical Morrowan texts have slipped into Fellig through catacombs beneath the city. Now they must make their way through enemy forces to the library. Once the monastery has been destroyed, Protectorate forces will overrun the city and turn it into a bastion for Menite pilgrims to join the crusade from the central regions of the Iron Kingdoms.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

Before placing any other terrain, place a 6" X 8" structure in the middle of the defender's deployment zone



4" from the table edge to represent the library. The structure has one door large enough to accommodate medium-based models. The door should face the attacker's deployment zone. The structure has ARM 16 and each inch of it can take 10 damage points. The structure is destroyed after 14" or more of surface is destroyed. See *Damaging and Destroying Structures*, *WARMACHINE: Prime*, pg. 62 for details.

The attacker must destroy the building or set it ablaze. To set it on fire, the attacker must hold it for one (1) round.

The defender then places five (5) small buildings anywhere on the attacker's side of the table. The buildings must be placed at least 10" apart and not within 4" of a table edge.

The attacker deploys no models at the start of the game. Instead, models emerge from the small buildings remaining in play. During each of his Maintenance Phases, the attacker may place one (1) model or unit on the table for each undestroyed building remaining in play. A model must be placed inside or within 3" of the building from which

it emerges. Emerging models and units activate as normal.

The defender cannot advance or deploy models in this scenario.

If all small buildings are destroyed, the attacker's models that have not been put in play are removed from play.

A warcaster cannot allocate focus until he has been placed on the battlefield.

Terrain features placed in this scenario must be structures or ruins.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he destroys the library or holds it for one (1) round. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

RHADOR

Kommandant Irusk's forces have launched a full offensive into Cygnaran territory. Simultaneously launching assaults against Fellig and Deepwood Tower, the Khadorans have cut off both from Cygnaran supply lines. It is only a matter of time before the defenders are starved.

Having isolated these defenses, the Khadorans simply bypassed them and pushed further into Cygnaran territory where they began to build their own fortifications. Khador's intention is to crush resistance slowly in the north while waging war deeper and deeper into Cygnaran territory. Eventually they will lay siege to Point Bourne itself and ultimately crush Cygnaran resistance in the Thornwood region.

Cygnar has taken the precaution of blockading the Blamblert Road to stall the Khadoran advance. Khador must locate and destroy a series of fortifications housing Cygnaran forces to free the road to their use. Next, Khadoran forces intend to hijack private trains loaded with lumber and equipment that will help them repair derelict ships in the Fisherbrook harbor. Finally, once their holdings have been fortified, Khador intends to claim Fisherbrook and take the city's docks. The ships housed there, though in bad shape, will be repaired, armored, and loaded with explosives that will be used to devastating effect against the river locks of Pt. Bourne.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE

SCENARIO ONE: BREAK THE BLOCKADE

Khador must seek out and destroy enemy forces blockading the Blamblert Road. Enemy forces are entrenched in a series of fortifications along the road that must be eliminated. With alarms sounding, Khadoran forces have to hurry before the area is flooded by enemy troops.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant five (5).

The defender begins by placing one guard tower in the center of the table. He then places two additional guard towers on his side of the table within 18" of the center of the table. The guard towers must be placed at least 8" apart. The attacker must destroy all three buildings to win the battle.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he destroys all three guard towers. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO TWO: SEIZE THE TRAIN

Khadoran forces intend to capture a private train loaded with timber en route to the Fisherbrook shipyards. Khador needs to switch the track to divert the oncoming train. Enemy forces may still keep the train out of Khadoran hands by lowering a bridge that would allow the train to bypass the Khadoran trap.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant five (5).

Before any other terrain is placed, place two guard towers. Each is placed in the middle of the table against a separate table edge. The doors of the guard towers face each other. These guard towers cannot be damaged.

The guard tower against the western table edge switches tracks. The attacker must enter the building and hold it for one round to switch the track to a sideline. Once the track has been switched, the defender can switch it back to the mainline by holding the tower for one round.

The guard tower against the eastern table edge lowers the bridge. The defender may enter the building and hold it for one round to lower the bridge. Once the bridge has been lowered, the attacker can switch it back if his forces can hold the tower for one round.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins the game if the bridge is up and the track is switched to the sideline when the game ends due to Hammertime. The defender wins if either the bridge is down or the track

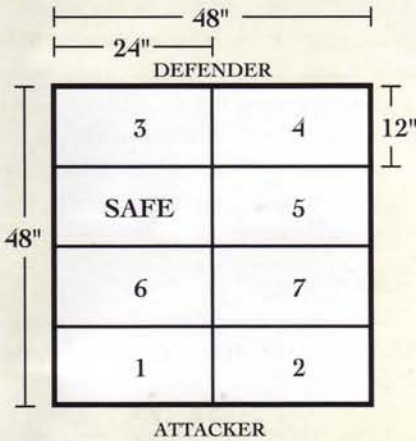
is switched to the mainline when the game ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO THREE: TAKE THE DOCKS

Khadoran forces launch a full assault on Fisherbrook with the intention of capturing the shipyards there ahead of a siege on Point Bourne. With fighting raging all around them, the Khadorans are desperate to seize a foothold in the city.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This battle takes place on Fisherbrook's old rotting docks. Before placing any terrain, divide the table into eight 12" X 24" sections as shown on the diagram.



During each of the defender's Maintenance Phases, roll a d6 for each numbered dock section starting with number one (1) and progressing in numerical order to number seven (7). If the roll comes up 6, stop rolling. That section will collapse at the start of the defender's next Maintenance Phase. Note that the section marked 'Safe' on the map never collapses.

When a dock section collapses, all models on that section are swept away by the river and are removed from play along with that section of the table and any terrain on it. Any model entering the space once occupied by the dock section is likewise swept away by the river and removed from play.

Terrain features placed in this scenario must be wooden structures, crates, barrels or anything else found on a dock. Trenches may not be used in this scenario. Terrain must be placed entirely on one section of dock. The attacker cannot place terrain in dock sections three (3) or four (4), and the defender cannot place terrain in dock sections one (1) or two (2).

MARKING DOCK SECTIONS

IF YOU HAVE THE TIME AND INCLINATION, DOCK TERRAIN CAN BE CONSTRUCTED EASILY FOR THIS SCENARIO. SHOULD YOU BE FEELING A LITTLE LAZY, JUST CUT EIGHT 12" X 24" PIECES OF CARDBOARD AND LAY THEM OUT AS SHOWN ON THE MAP.

BEGINNING

The attacker may deploy his forces on dock sections one (1) and two (2). The defender deploys his forces on sections three (3) and four (4).

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The last player with one or more models in play wins the game.

CRYX

The weakened Cygnaran presence has allowed Cryxian forces to slip into the area from Ord reasonably undetected. Having seized control of a large amount of territory in the west, Cryx must now consolidate its position in the Thornwood to pave the way for an eventual full-scale invasion of the mainland.

Ever capitalizing on the confusion generated by war, Cryx intends to scout the Thornwood for necrotite reserves and ancient artifacts buried beneath centuries of growth. The Thornwood has a bloody history that ideally suits Cryxian needs. Not only was it once home to the black kingdom of Mordh, but it was also under Orgoth dominion for a time.

Once Cryx has completed a survey of the region, they will move onto Fort Rhyker, a site of rich necrotite deposits. The fort may also yield clues to the whereabouts of the sorceress Alexia Ciannor, a woman of extreme interest to Cryx. Once Cryx has completed its reconnaissance of the area, they intend to destroy the bridge at Stonebridge Castle. The loss of the bridge would be a great blow to the Cygnaran military and would make troop movements from the south very difficult for Cygnar. The delays caused by such a loss could give Cryx time to gain a firm foothold on the region from which they may spread through the mainland like a necrotic cancer.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO ONE: BLACK ARTIFACTS

Long ago Fellig was among the most important cities of Mordh—a dark kingdom known to practice an early form of necromancy. Using the war to cover their operations, Cryxian forces have moved into the area and believe they have located a trove of artifacts. Now all they need to do is sweep aside their enemies to claim their prize.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

Before any other terrain is placed, the defender places three small buildings completely within 18" of the center of the table. The small buildings must be placed at least 8" apart. The small buildings cannot be damaged.

The attacker must search the buildings to find a relic and then carry the relic back to his deployment zone. If the attacker holds a small building during his Maintenance Phase, he may search it. To search the building, roll a d6. On a 5 or 6, a relic is found. Once the relic is found, the attacker cannot roll to discover additional relics.

Once the artifact has been found, it is assigned to a warrior model holding the building. Treat the artifact as a satchel. The attacker must get the

artifact back to his deployment zone to win the game.

Terrain features placed in this scenario must be structures or ruins.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he gets the artifact back to his deployment zone. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO TWO: THE SECRETS OF FORT RHYKER

Cryxian forces are intent on searching the ruins of Fort Rhyker. The site is not only certain to yield necrotite, but it has also been used as a base of operations by the sorcerous Alexia Ciannor, said to be the wielder of a weapon of extreme power. All that keeps the Cryxians from their prize are enemy forces making camp at a farmstead in their path. They must destroy this obstacle before reinforcements arrive from the surrounding area.

SPECIAL RULES

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant five (5).

The defender places three (3) small buildings and two (2) guard towers completely within 18" of the center of the table. These structures represent farm buildings and grain silos. Structures must be placed at least 8" apart.

The attacker must destroy or set on fire all five structures. To set fire to a structure, the attacker must hold the structure one (1) round.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he destroys or sets fire to all five structures. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE SCENARIO THREE: BRINGING DOWN THE BRIDGE

Having secured a vast portion of the Thornwood, Cryxian forces need to cut off a vital Cygnaran supply line to give them time to solidify their holdings. They intend to bring down the bridge across the Tongue at the high fort of Stonebridge Castle. Having lured away a portion of the defending forces, Cryx launches their attack. To succeed they must take down a number of support pillars before the Cygnaran forces return to the area.

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

This scenario utilizes Hammertime: adjacent eight (8), near six (6), and distant four (4).

Before placing any other terrain, place four pillars 2" in diameter and at least 8" tall touching the forward edge of the defender's deployment zone. Space the pillars 8" apart on this line 8" away from either table edge. Each pillar has ARM 18 and each inch can take 20 damage points before being destroyed. See Damaging and Destroying Structures, WARMACHINE: Prime, pg. 62 for details. The attacker must destroy the pillars before the battle ends due to Hammertime. The pillars may also be targeted by Scrap Thrall Death Burst special actions. If a Scrap Thrall in base contact with a pillar uses Death Burst, the pillar is automatically destroyed. Once all the pillars are destroyed, the bridge collapses and the attacker wins.

Players then take turns each placing three (3) light warjack wreck markers and three (3) heavy warjack wreck markers anywhere on the table.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker wins if he destroys all four (4) pillars. The defender wins if the attacker's last warcaster is destroyed or removed from play or if the battle ends due to Hammertime.

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