

WARHAMMER™ THE OLD WORLD

ARCANE JOURNAL™

BEASTMEN BRAYHERDS

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BEASTMEN BRAYHERDS



“AND IN THAT TYME OF DARKNESS, MAN BECAME AS
BEASTE, AND BEASTE BECAME AS MAN...”

- Extract from the Bestiarie Maleficent



THE CLOVEN ONES

The Cloven Ones, as the Beasts of Chaos call themselves, live by the base laws of nature, twisted beyond recognition by the corrupting influence of the Ruinous Powers. Domination is enforced with terrible violence, and every member of the herd quickly learns their place in its brutal and bloody hierarchy.

The Nature Of The Beast

Beastmen are the twisted spawn of Chaos; vile, aberrant parodies of Man and beast alike, but far more vigorous and powerful than either. They belong to Chaos as fully and completely as a fish belongs to water, for they were born of the Great Cataclysm that irrevocably tainted the world with darkness.

Wild and crude creatures of animalistic lusts and vitriolic temperament that carve out their lairs in the twisted forests of the Old World, Beastmen are truly repugnant to behold, for they are a warped reflection of the base and barbaric aspects of nature. They are creatures of violence and destruction, pure anarchy and chaos made flesh, and they are as unreasoning and deadly as the storm that batters and floods the village, the plague that ravages the land or the blight that kills the harvest.

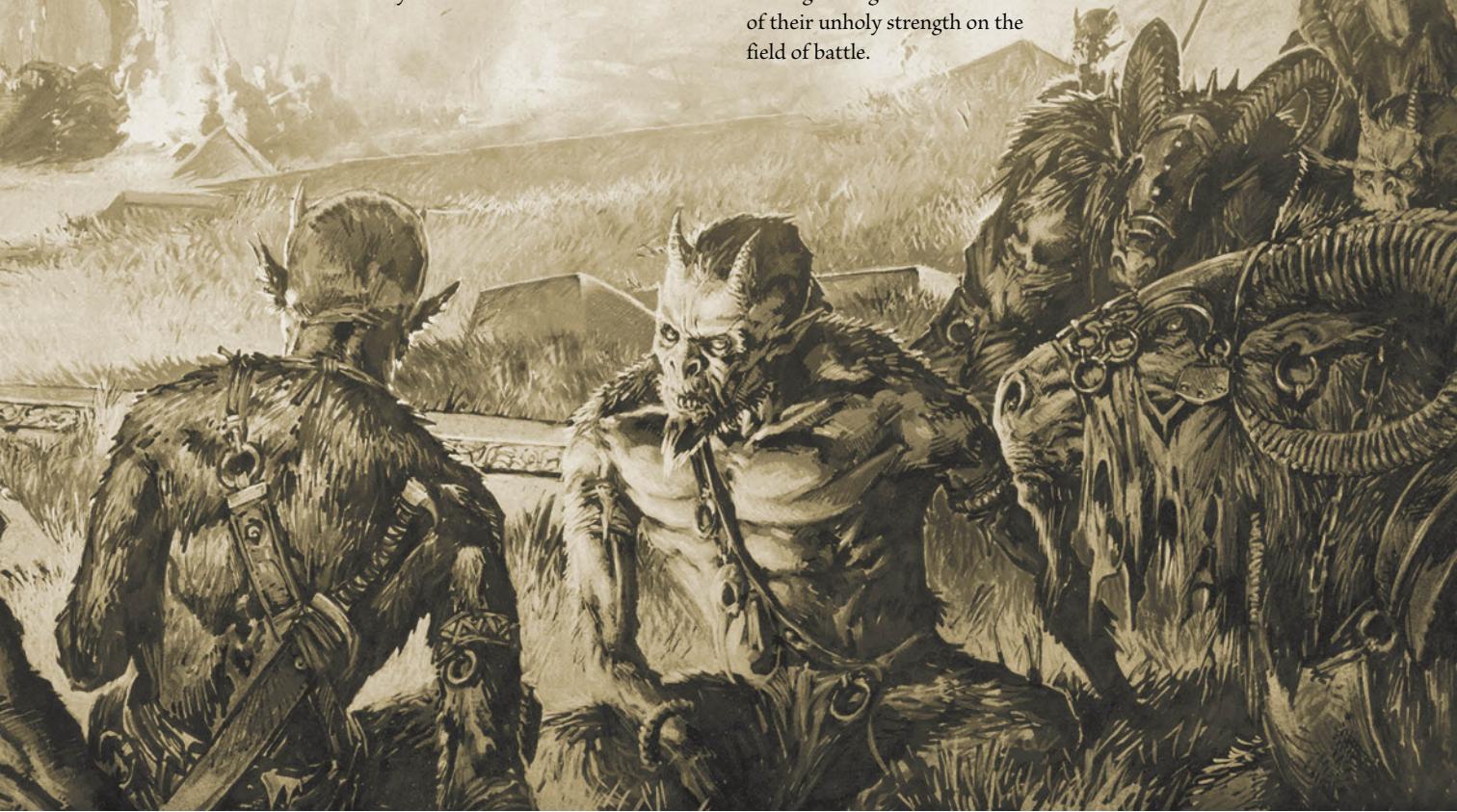
Yet Beastmen are far worse than any catastrophe wrought by uncaring nature, for they have no place within the natural order of the world. The carnage and despair they spread across the land is not part of the eternal cycle of life and death but a malevolent and deliberate attempt to tear down and despoil everything of beauty, peace or sanctity, replacing it with filth and ruin. Even when gathered in their torrid encampments the Beastmen can be seen brawling, shouting, drinking, filling their hairy bellies with raw flesh, and engaging in even worse acts of depravity and cruelty, for they are vital and virile creatures that are never truly still.

The Appearance Of The Beast

While other followers of Chaos may be bestowed with all manner of gifts and mutations showing the favour of the Ruinous Powers as they progress along the path to their damnation, the mewling young of the beast herds crawl from the depths of the woods with a form perfectly suited to their horrid nature. They have long, ridged horns with which to gore their foes, and the legs of cattle and goats with which to trample the burned ashes of civilisation into the dark earth.

The matted hair of a Beastman is encrusted with blood and dung, a haven for fat ticks, swarms of lice and colonies of fleas that keep the stinking creatures in a constant state of agitation. Their drool-filled mouths are lined with sharp, wolf-like fangs for tearing the flesh of their prey and their muscular, sweat-slicked bodies are ideally suited to the murderous desires that gleam in their blood-red eyes.

All Beastmen are surly and mean, for they know they are destined to live short, brutal lives of squalor and pain. When their blood is up and foul-smelling breath snorts from their gore-stained snouts, Beastmen become belligerent and bellicose in the extreme, every gesture or glance brimming with hostility. The atavistic fury that each Beastman harbours within its soul is always but a moment away from the surface, and it is this rage that gives Beastmen much of their unholy strength on the field of battle.



The Wrath Of The Beast

Bitterness and spite simmer in the heart of every Beastman and it takes little to spur them into a frenzy of unrestrained rage. The sounds of cartwheels on rutted forest roads, the jangle of harness, the crack of a drover's whip or the raised voices of workers in the fields or foresters on the outskirts of the woods. All are sounds known to prick the ears of the Cloven Ones, inflaming their humours and eliciting their aggressive attention. Even the distant laughter of children at play is sure to spark the wrath of a Beastman.

But above all else, it is the trappings of civilisation that fan the embers of hatred burning within each Beastman's breast. The sight of a proud flag or coat of arms, a pristine uniform or a magnificent statue elicits a powerful reaction in Beastmen, setting their pulses racing and filling their senses with bloodlust, for the things of order are anathema to the Children of Chaos. All caution is put aside in a desperate attempt to tear down and befoul the offending article, to stomp it into the mud, smear it with dung or rip it to pieces and chew on the remains.

Woe betide those who take pride in such symbols of authority and order, raising their banners and parading their fine

uniforms in defiance of the Cloven Ones, for their end will invariably be messy, painful and protracted. Many a gruesome tale has been told of the aftermath of battles fought against Beastmen and lost, and many a soldier would sooner fall beneath the crush of the melee than live to be taken captive by such cruel enemies.

The Rewards Of Ruin

The Cloven Ones lack the resplendent weapons and baroque armour of the human servants of the Ruinous Powers, for Beastmen already belong completely to Chaos and so the gods have no need to bargain such trinkets in exchange for their souls. This only serves to increase the bitterness of the Beastmen and fuel their hatred of humanity, for even the mightiest Beastlord knows that though they devote their every action to the glory of Chaos, defiling temples and burning entire cities, it is rare indeed that they earn the same glory as a human rival.

Yet the Cloven Ones are not without the favour of their patrons. Those who do great and terrible deeds in the name of their bloodthirsty deities sometimes earn physical rewards for their service. Such gifts commonly exaggerate the bestial form of the recipient, making them all the more deadly a predator and proving their right to lead beyond doubt. Spectacular, twisting horns grow from the warrior's brow, hands sprout long, razored talons that bleed poison, teeth enlarge into vicious swords of bone, skin secretes acidic mucus and hair clags into an impenetrable hide.

Still stranger transmutations include fang-studded appendages that grow from the recipient's gut, chill skin that exudes an aura of darkness and shadow, limbs that end in gnashing heads, bodies that swell into monstrously obese shapes, and a thousand other sickening forms besides. In most cases, it is the brutal chieftains and cunning Bray-Shamans of the brayherds that are blessed with such rewards, for it is through their will and their hatred that the herd acts.

The Unnatural Order

Beastmen live in savage bands called 'brayherds' by Men, Dwarfs and Elves, so named for the endless braying clamour of the herd when it marches to war. These herds can consist of anything from several dozen to many thousands. Though they may walk upright and speak in crude, braying voices, Beastmen are as close to animals as they are to humans. Combining the worst traits of wild animals and civilised Men into one ugly body, it is unsurprising that within the brayherds, only the strongest prevail while the weak quickly perish.

Violence simmers beneath the surface of every exchange, each Beastman seeking every opportunity to enforce their superiority over others. Should any member of the herd show weakness, they will suffer for it and their position within the brayherd will be diminished. Hence, each brayherd is led by the strongest amongst them, a Beastman champion marked by the favour of the Chaos gods.

The brayherd's chieftain occupies the apex of tribal authority. It is their absolute right to rule as they please, provided that they have the strength to back it up. The chieftain is the master of the pack, but this supremacy is anything but uncontested. To maintain their position they have to continually fight off challenges from power-hungry Gors and Bestigors. In demonstration of their right to lead the herd, the chieftain makes a totem from the pelts of defeated rivals, a gore-spattered and gruesome trophy of their victories. One day, though, a challenger will come who is stronger and more ambitious than the brayherd's current chieftain, one who will hang the predecessor's flensed and bloody hide from their own totem.

The vast bulk of any brayherd consists of Gors, Beastmen that exemplify the nature of the Cloven Ones. They possess the head and legs of a goat and the upper torso of a Man, albeit a particularly hairy and malodorous one. They have the savage fangs of a predator and muscular and robust (if flea-ridden) bodies well suited to acting out their primal urges and, most importantly of all, impressive horns. For Beastmen, horns are the ultimate mark of rank and power, and their leaders are almost always those with the largest and most spectacular horns.

At the top of the herd's hierarchy, the largest and strongest of Gors, known as Bestigors, form an elite cadre of garrulous and aggressive retainers around the herd's chieftain. These brutes all sport impressive horns and typically take for themselves the best weapons and the heaviest armour available to the herd, armour usually scavenged from the civilised races and beaten betwixt rock and hoof until it fits the Bestigors' lumpen and misshapen anatomies.

At the bottom of the order are the Ungors, creatures not considered true Beastmen by the rest of the brayherd for their lack of horns. Ungors are cowardly and cruel creatures, eternally envious of the Gors and Bestigors. In battle, they fight with long spears with which to impale their prey and crude bows, preferring to strike at the enemy from afar.

It is only the sheer, animal domination of the chieftain that binds the unruly masses of Beastmen into an army instead of a raiding force. Yet even upon the field of battle this position can be challenged, sometimes turning a defeat into a victory by the timely replacement of a weak leader with one determined to prove their newly won dominance.







THE REALMS OF THE BEAST

Fully half of the lands of the Old World are swathed in dense, primordial forest, into which the civilised and sane fear to intrude. Those that dwell in the many nations of the Old World know that, in their darkest depths, the woodlands crawl with Chaos-spawned things and are infested with uncounted hordes of Beastmen.

The Great Forests

The Cloven Ones lay claim to the great forests of the Old World, for they have ever been the Beastmen's territory to hunt. When foolish interlopers venture into the deep woods with notions of civilising the untamed wilds, Beastmen surge from the forests in mighty brayherds. The towns and castles of the Old World are mere temporary structures to the Beastmen. One day they will all be cast down, no stone will be left upon another and their weakling occupants will all be slaughtered.

The Dwellers In The Woods

As befits a race created by Chaos, the innumerable tribes of Beastmen that roam the wooded foothills of the Middle Mountains and dwell within the Forest of Shadows exhibit great variety. In addition to thousands of tribes of Beastmen, the region is home to large numbers of nomadic, horse-bodied Centigors. Too clumsy and ill-coordinated to live comfortably amongst the densely-packed forests, the Centigors are quite at home amidst the more scattered woods of the rolling foothills. From this region, the Centigors descend to join the brayherds when war comes, and to barter with them for stolen weapons and ale, which they cannot create for themselves.

The brayherds of the Middle Mountains are known to go to war accompanied by a great many warped and twisted beasts of Chaos, for uncounted numbers of such creatures nest in the mountains and surrounding foothills. Some, such as the foul Jabberslythe, are so wild and unpredictable that only the warped magic of a Bray-Shaman can goad one to war.

The Touch Of Chaos

The brayherds that abide within the cursed Drakwald Forest in the heart of the Empire appear especially touched by the corrupting power of Chaos, for the Drakwald harbours a great many veins of wyrdling stone beneath the forest mulch. Mutation is rife here, and the herds of the Drakwald are often accompanied by great numbers of bestial Chaos Spawn. Such creatures might once have been mighty chieftains fallen from the gods' favour, or shamans twisted into grotesque new forms by their dark magics. When war comes and the herds gather, the Chaos Spawn answer the call along with the other Beastmen, shambling and thrashing from their forest lairs in response to some long-forgotten instinct.

Honour Defiled

In the north of Bretonnia lies the ill-fated Forest of Arden. Dark rumours abound of secret wars fought in the depths of Arden. On the darkest nights, peasants tell tales of the Shadowgave, Morghur, coming to the forest to spread its corruption. They whisper stories of the Elves of Loren travelling by secret pathways to hunt the foul creature within its darksome lair. The boldest raconteurs tell of great magics unleashed upon the forest, of this world and the next torn asunder. Such tales all end with the banishment of the Shadowgave and the victory of the Elves, but warn that, though Morghur can be banished, it can never be destroyed...

The Minotaur Tribes

The Forest of Shadows in the north of the Empire is home to the largest concentration of Minotaurs, their numbers so great that they form entire tribes united under powerful Gorebulls and Doombulls. Such tribes contain scant numbers of Gors or Bestigors, though they may be attended by hundreds of Ungors who scrape and fawn around the huge Minotaurs, stealing scraps of flesh from the ground all the while.

When the Winds of Magic blow strong, they stir these tribes to unite under the leadership of a mighty Doombull. At such times the brayherds gather for war, the herdstones attracting flocks of Harpies, packs of slavering hounds and even towering Ghorgons, all consumed with the desperate bloodlust of the Minotaurs, overcome by the urge to feast on the flesh of Man and slake their thirst on hot blood.



Black Fire Pass

The infamous Black Fire Pass is a wide valley that provides a route between the southern Empire and the lands in the northern reaches of the Border Princes, and the many lands beyond. It is also an ancient invasion route used by the Orc and Goblin tribes of the Badlands and a host of other fell creatures from the Land of the Dead and the Dark Lands. Worse still for the civilised folk of the Old World, the mountains are home to numerous brayherds, all claiming the pass as their territory. Many times armies have marched to defend Black Fire Pass, defeating invading forces at terrible cost, only to be ambushed by great hosts of beasts, drawn from the forested mountain slopes by the tumult of battle.

The Unnumbered Tribes

The Beastmen of the Reikwald are especially numerous, their populations seeming to increase at a far greater rate than the brayherds of other regions. Here, in the forests between the Midden Moors and the Barren Hills, Ungors are especially numerous, so much so that there exists entire tribes of the wicked creatures including a great many changelings and turnskins. These wretches are Beastmen born of human parents and cast out to perish in the woodlands. Whether this abundance of accursed offspring is caused by the influence of Chaos upon the land or a symptom of the squalid conditions most are forced to endure in the overcrowded cities of Man that cover the region, none can say, but there is no shortage of vile mutants to bolster the ever-growing brayherds.

The Wasteland

By contrast to much of the Old World, the woodlands of the north-west of the Empire, those that border the bleak wastes around Marienburg, are almost devoid of Men and other prey animals. Consequently, the brayherds of the region are often sparser in numbers, though they pose no less of a threat to the realms of Man for it.

The mist-shrouded hills of the Wasteland hold many secrets, for there are few brave or foolish enough to risk an expedition into its centre. Rumours have flowed from the denizens of the Wasteland for years, speaking in hushed tones of Chaos-worshipping cults, otherworldly creatures and even Beastmen capable of speaking in the common tongue. Those who dwell within the safety of Marienburg's thriving metropolis dismiss this talk as country-folk nonsense, but their disapproval does not stop those who live in the Wasteland from locking their doors tight and sleeping with a weapon close to hand.

BEASTMEN WARHERDS



Centigors are a disturbing cross between four-legged creatures, such as horses and oxen, and the bipedal beasts of Chaos, merged together by the warping powers of Chaos in ages past. They are swift and powerful creatures, but given to excess. Fuelled by looted wine and liquor, they swagger amongst their twisted kin with vulgar bravado.

Centigors are crude creatures, incapable of fabricating tools or weapons for themselves. Thus, when the brayherds are summoned for war, it is not uncommon for Centigors to be seen barging and trampling their way to the fore, before taking their pick of the weapons piled around the herdstones as offerings.



The weapons Beastmen wield are crude implements of death; rough blades of heavy iron affixed to cracked wooden hafts. They decorate their primitive shields with trophies and fetishes crafted from the bodies of their prey. Yet despite their crudeness, such weapons are deadly in the powerful hands of a Gor.

Ungors are more dexterous than Gors, their sinewy hands able to craft crude weapons and shields for their own use and fix and bind weapons broken by the brutality of their Gor brethren. Thus do Ungors fulfil a vital niche within their herds, for without them, the Gors would soon be bereft of weaponry.



In battle, Gors band into tight units that surge forth beneath banners made from the flayed hides of their foes or the captured flags of defeated enemies, tattered and smeared with blood and dung. Their raucous, bloodthirsty braying is accompanied by the atonal drones of crude pipes and horns.



Lacking the horns of true Gors, Ungors are despised by larger Beastmen. Forced into servitude by their larger kin, Ungors gather in large groups upon the flanks of the Warherd. From there, they prey upon the weakest enemies, striking at the foe with crude bows and jabbing at them with barbed spears.

THE DARK TONGUE

The Dark Tongue is a ritual language and the only true method by which the mysteries of Chaos can properly be expressed. It is a language rich in words and phrases that express the mystical and arcane, for it is the language of Daemons and the basis of the tongues spoken by the Marauder Tribes and the Cloven Ones alike.

The Language Of Daemons

The core of the Dark Tongue is a collection of root words, each heavily endowed with meaning. These root words are altered by the addition of prefixes and suffixes to bring out the various potential meanings held within the root. Yet more meanings are yielded from the root by mutation of the root itself. It can be a highly complex language, but equally it can be spoken in a very simple manner.

Although it is convenient for mortals to attach basic meanings to each word, in reality they are imbued with far greater and deeper significance; each word encompasses a myriad of associated meanings and concepts, as well as holding a power in themselves. Many sorcerers that worship Chaos endeavour to tap the power of the Dark Tongue, but only the most powerful can comprehend the potential contained within it. The Marauder Tribes of the far north all speak their own debased tribal variations of the Dark Tongue, enabling communication between the different tribes that transcends mere differences of dialect.

The Beast Tongue

Beastmen, by contrast, struggle to form many of the sounds of the Dark Tongue through their fang-filled, bestial mouths. Thus, they use a crude mix of brutish sounds mixed with elements of the Dark Tongue to create a language commonly called the Beast Tongue. To an outsider, this foul form of speech sounds little more than a braying jumble of noise, a cacophony of growls, bleats and guttural howls interspersed with crude gestures and physical intimidation to create a language that is not at all subtle. Though the Beast Tongue is an unnatural language that Men cannot speak, the Cloven Ones are intelligent creatures and even the most base of them can understand the speech of Men.

When leaving their mark on their herdstones, the Beastmen use a corrupted and simplified version of the phonetic runes that are sometimes used to write the Dark Tongue. However, the marks carved by Beastmen are crude affairs, for they write only with difficulty and, as such, their written language is particularly direct and to the point.

	Aa		Gh		N		Ul		Bray-Shaman
	Ar		Gu		O		V		Ungor
	Ak		Gz		Ph		W, uu		Gor
	Bh, b		H		Rh		Y		Bestigor
	Ch, kh		I, ee		S		Z, zh		Wargor
	Dh		Kw, qu		Sh		Brayherd		Centigor
	E, ii		L		T, tz		Troll		Minotaur
	F		M		U		Ogre		Dragon Ogre

THE DEPTHS OF WINTER

As the first snows of winter fell across the Wasteland in 2278, the common folk of the Empire felt a sense of relief at the impending reprieve from the forces of Frydaal the Chainmaker, the Chaos Champion who had ravaged the coastline of Westerland for the last few years. Alas, their relief was short lived, for whilst her forces dug in to wait out the snows, the shadows of Chaos grew ever deeper amongst the boughs of both the Drakwald and Laurelorn Forests...

Impending Doom

The people of Isenbuttel, an isolated town nestled between the Drakwald Forest and the Mirror Moors, had prepared well for the coming winter, despite the fighting that had raged across the nearby Wasteland. Even after paying heavy tithes to Marienburg, their stores of firewood were well-stocked with timber and their larders held ample cured goods to feed the population through the long months ahead. Whilst winter was often looked upon as a time of great uncertainty and peril, the citizens of Isenbuttel gave thanks to Taal for their good fortune even as the snow began to fall.

As winter's chill gripped the land, strange goings-on became commonplace around the town. Milk soured as it was collected, dried meat that should have been safe for months began to spoil and firewood started to rot and crumble despite being shielded from the elements. Many saw this as a sign from the gods that their brief fortunes were at an end, whereas other more sceptical townsfolk began to clutch their axes and handguns a little tighter as they stared out into the snowy forests. As the number of strange happenings increased, the people of the town became ever more fearful of whatever ill omens had gathered around them. Some were even plagued by nightmares of bestial creatures gathering in the shadows and visions of the forests of the Old World engulfed in smoke and darkness.

Soot & Snow

No matter how much they prayed and offered to the gods, there was no relenting in the town's misfortune, for it was not the ire of the gods that had brought this devilry to their quiet settlement, but something far closer to home. The source of their trials would soon become apparent when the sound of horns and horrifying braying began to echo from the forest, heralding the arrival of the Children of Chaos. The townspeople had barely enough time to grab their weapons as Beastmen surged from the treeline with a primal roar on their lips, rusted weapons and burning brands held at the ready.

Yet, it was not the blades of the Beastmen that they should have feared, for amongst the horde of Beastmen was a hunched and withered creature carrying a great staff. Whilst the shaman's twisted familiars stalked ahead of it, the panicked commonfolk descended into fits of spasms and convulsions, their base and bestial traits taking them over as they succumbed to the warping influence of Chaos. Soon the townsfolk lay twitching and screeching on the ground, their bodies wracked with agony as their limbs split in two and bony protrusions forced their way through their hosts' flesh. Isenbuttel was quickly emptied of anything the Beastmen could eat, before the remaining buildings were put to the torch and left to smoulder.

Plagued By Nightmares

In a settlement to the north-east of Isenbuttel, the town of Rosche, people began to wonder if the snow had made the roads impassable when neither news nor goods appeared from their neighbours for more than a week. Alert to the perils that still stalked the land and fearing for their kin's fate in these trying times, the mayor of Rosche dispatched riders to scout the road and fetch word from Isenbuttel's meagre population. Soon after the riders departed, the people began to notice strange happenings and ill omens manifesting in the town – which, unbeknownst to them, were eerily similar to the misfortunes that had so recently descended upon the unfortunate denizens of Isenbuttel.

Yet whilst the people of Isenbuttel had been tormented with visions of death and sorrow, the people of Rosche were afflicted with a singular dream: a vision of a blind, bestial creature with great curved horns and a crooked staff beckoning them to journey northwards to a snow-covered clearing with a great, rune-engraved stone at its centre. With so many of the townspeople dreaming of this accursed Beastman, the town's burgher knew there was evil afoot and sent riders to the towns of Gorsel and Leydenhoven in the hopes of alerting them to whatever danger might be ahead. Despite knowing his warnings could sound like the ravings of a madman, and were more likely to go unheeded than they were to be listened to, the mayor hoped his tidings would allow his countrymen to prepare themselves for whatever would come to pass.

Glimpses Of The Future

The riders who had been dispatched to scout the road to Isenbuttel were surprised to find the route clear and made good time as they rode down a deeply rutted road marred only by a light dusting of snow. But their surprise soon turned to concern as their torches revealed that the powdery snow that hung in the twilight air was thick with swirling soot and ash which given its heaviness upon the cold breeze, they concluded was from a large blaze. The riders spurred their horses towards Isenbuttel in the hopes of being able to discover the source of the blaze and aid the townspeople in the aftermath of whatever disaster had befallen them.

Not one of the riders was prepared for what awaited them in the town however, and none of them could bring themselves to recount the horrors that they discovered amongst the burned-out ruins of the once prosperous town. Unable to help the townsfolk, save for putting the few mortally wounded and horribly mutated survivors out of their misery, the riders busied themselves through the night with the grim work of creating a funeral pyre for the fallen before mounting their horses and making for home. Their return trip was a far more sombre journey, with the riders sharing little more than a handful of words as each of them tried in their own way to dispel the horrors of what they had seen from their minds. Little did they know, whilst they had raised pyres in the darkness, the same evil that had washed over Isenbuttel had descended upon Rosche.





The Ruin Of Rosche

Even without the harrowing ordeal the riders were forced to endure, days in the saddle can make the most seasoned traveller yearn for home, and each member of the sombre company was keen to sit by a warm hearth and eat their fill. Little did they know, there was to be no warm welcome awaiting them as they edged the final few miles towards Rosche, for the Cloven Ones had already passed through the town and visited their cruelty upon its people.

The riders, unable to leave their friends and families to the carrion, once more set to the macabre task of constructing a funeral pyre and bringing a merciful end to those who lay in agony as the power of Chaos ripped apart their bodies. It was during this awful task that the riders discovered fresh hoof prints in the snow, the tracks revealing the vast size of the herd that had destroyed their home. Though few words were shared by the riders as they did their best to lay their neighbours and kin to rest, each of them silently cursed the foul servants of Chaos that plagued their homeland.

As the flames consumed the tainted flesh of the people of Rosche, the riders swore a vow to the gods that they would not let another community suffer as they and their neighbours had done. So, once more, they mounted their horses and set off towards the Great North Road in the hopes of getting ahead of the herd responsible for the attacks and warning those they encountered of the threat that seemed to be winding its way northwards.

Soldiers On The Road

As the riders departed from the still smouldering ruins of their home, the gentle flurries of snowfall turned into a torrent, slowing their pace to a crawl. Even without the weather hampering their progress, days of travel lay ahead of the riders in their efforts to reach the northern crossroads and the settlements beyond. With a prayer to Ulric, the god of winter, the brave folk of the Westerland pressed on through the storm as best they could, hoping that the snow had slowed the Beastmen as much as it had them.

After days of travel, battling against hunger and exposure to the elements, the riders finally made it to the northern crossroads where, by some fortuitous quirk of fate, a company of mercenary soldiers from Middenheim had made camp by the roadside to shield themselves against the winter storm. The riders were invited to join the soldiers by their campfires and fill their bellies with a hot meal as they spoke cryptically of their plight, warning the soldiers to double their watch and be prepared to meet the threat head-on.

The commander of the mercenary company listened to the riders' accounts as they warmed themselves by the fire, unsure of what to make of their tale. He could clearly see that they had been through some kind of ordeal, but the idea that a hundreds-strong brayherd was roaming the edges of the forest in the depths of winter was almost laughable to him. Having participated in the spring purge of the Drakwald on many occasions, the commander knew that Beastmen skulked in the depths of the forest when the snows came, waiting out the cold in secluded glades around their malevolent monoliths.

Urgent Warnings

After taking an evening to mull over their words, the commander came to the conclusion that whilst the riders had been aggrieved by something, it was more likely to be ruffians and scoundrels than Beastmen – the biting cold and hunger causing them to worsen the problem in their own minds. Rather than allow the riders to risk shaking the morale of his soldiers with their tall tales, the commander summoned them to his tent and informed them that as soon as the weather broke, they would have to be on their way.

Frustrated that the commander had ignored their warnings, the riders cursed the man for being a fool and began to make preparations to depart right away despite the foul weather. Seeing the desperation on the riders' faces as they packed their meagre supplies for their journey, the commander bade them to put down their belongings and at least wait till morning, allowing him time to ponder their story more thoroughly and discuss it with his subordinates. If these poor souls were so desperate to be heard that they would risk frostbite, exposure and death travelling in such a fierce storm, perhaps there was some merit in their tall tales after all.

Unsure of what to make of the commander's sudden change of heart, the riders settled down in the hopes of finding their first decent rest in days. Alas, their dreams were plagued with visions of death and destruction at the hands of the Beastmen, each rider reliving the ordeals of the last few days and awakening in a cold sweat or with cries of anguish. Unbeknownst to the sleeping soldiers and panic-stricken riders, bestial eyes watched them from the nearby treeline.

The Storms Of Winter

Through the eyes of his spirit familiar, Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin, watched as the Cloven Ones broke from the trees surrounding the crossroads where the mercenaries were camped. The thick snow would conceal the noise of the beasts' approach until the final moments, when the soldiers would have only seconds to snatch up arms and raise the alarm. From the safety of Laurelorn Forest, many leagues to the north, Kralmaw had foreseen the outcome of this battle weeks ago and cared little for what would come to pass, his mind swimming with other far more pressing visions of potential futures.

Across the forests of the Old World, Kralmaw witnessed the coming together of a great horde of the Children of Chaos, each of them drawn to the call of the Shadowgave – its power still able to draw Beastmen from across the continent despite its recent rebirth. Visions of Beastmen ploughing through drifts of snow many feet deep flooded Kralmaw's mind as he witnessed a gathering so vast that it could cast down into ruin the so-called Empire of Man and bring about the end of all things.

As the hunched shaman revelled in visions of the coming destruction, another vision pushed its way to the forefront of his mind. To the east, dark storm clouds bloomed across the sky and flashes of silver lightning crashed into the herds of Beastmen amassed in Laurelorn. As Kralmaw watched, the storm battered the Cloven Ones with hurricane winds and thunder roared across the sky akin to the cries of a mighty beast. Whatever it was the Chaos Gods were trying to warn him of, Kralmaw could not yet discern...



THE ADVANCE OF KRALMAW

SEA OF CLAWS



Aarnau
Hollum
Diever
Harskamp
Leonen
Oostwold
Stedum

LAURELORN FOREST

Hargendorf

Neue Emskrank

THE WASTELAND

Fort Solace

MANAANS
SEA

Almshoven

Broekwater

Tancred Castle



VI

DAIGRETTA

BITTER

MOORS

GRISMERIE

ROAD

CLASH AT THE NORTHERN CROSSROADS

Beastmen raced towards the camp as the snow continued to fall, the blizzard concealing their approach. Their hot, foul breath came in great gouts of fog against the freezing air, and the pristine white blanket of snow became stained with blood and filth as they passed. The soldiers in the encampment would only have moments to sound the alarm before the Cloven Ones were upon them.

Historical Recreation

This midwinter encounter on the eastern borders of the Drakwald was fought between a Beastmen Brayherd under the direction of Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin and a company of mercenary soldiers from Middenheim. To represent this, the players should write two muster lists (one for the attacker and one for the defender) as follows:

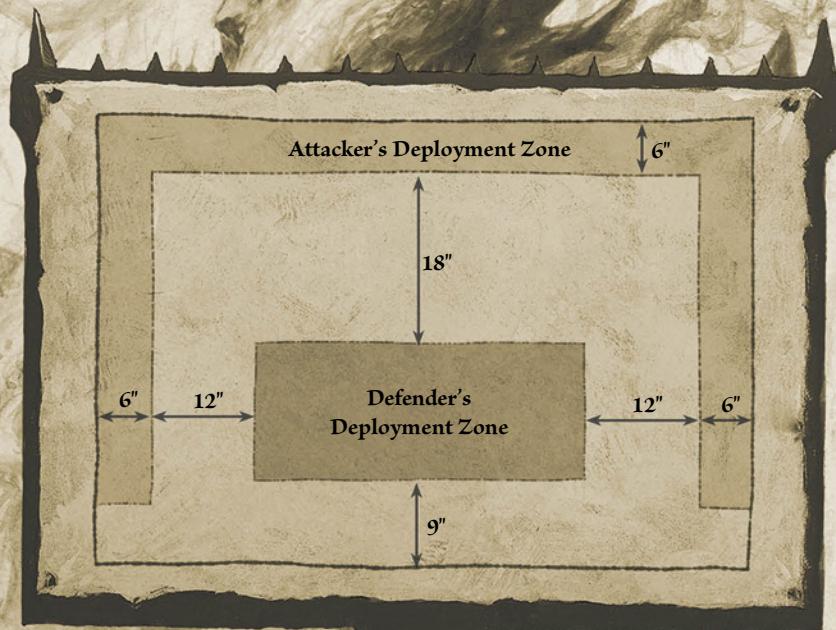
The Attacker

The attacker should write a single 2,500 points muster list using the Wild Herd Army of Infamy composition list (see page 32). The General of this army must be Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin (see page 35).

The Defender

The defender should write a single 2,500 points muster list using the Empire of Man Grand Army composition list found in *Forces of Fantasy*.

Alternatively, this scenario may be played with any two armies of the players' choosing.



Set-up

Place terrain as described in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. As this battle is taking place on an otherwise empty stretch of road, we advise keeping the terrain fairly sparse save for a few copse of trees clustered around the edges of the board and perhaps some tents and campfires towards the centre.

Deployment

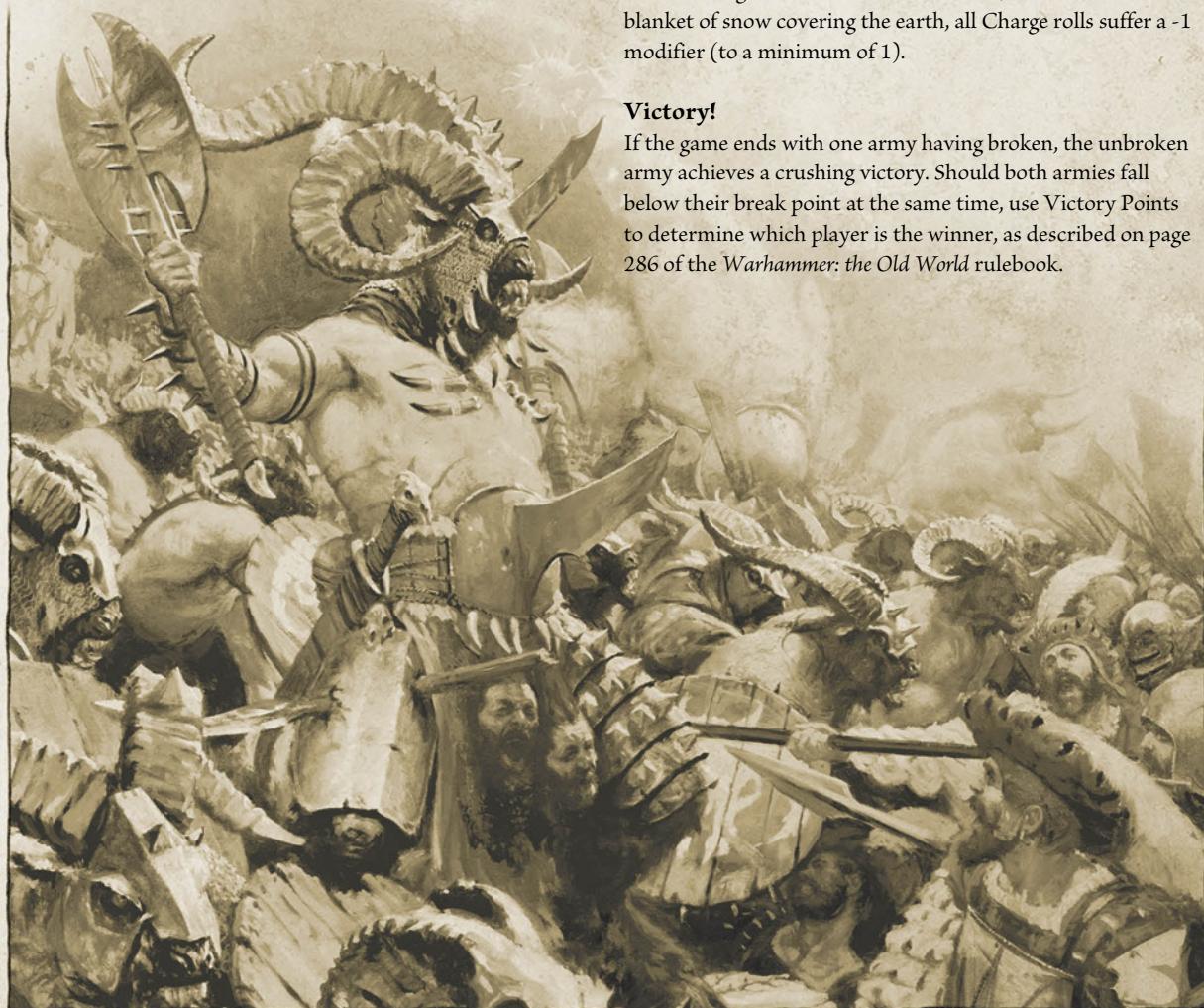
The defender deploys their entire army anywhere in the defender's deployment zone as shown on the map. Once complete, the attacker then deploys their entire army within the attacker's deployment zone, as shown on the map [opposite](#).

First Turn

In this scenario, the attacker will automatically take the first turn.

Game Length

There is no turn limit for this scenario. Instead, the battle will last until one side reaches its 'break point' or until one side concedes.



Scenario Special Rules

Break Point: All armies in this scenario have a breaking point. This is equal to a quarter (25%) of the total Unit Strength of the army at the start of the game. To calculate the break point of your army, simply add together the Unit Strength of every unit (including characters) in your muster list and divide the total by four, rounding fractions down.

With each model removed from play as a casualty and with each unit destroyed, an army approaches its break point. If, during any Start of Turn sub-phase, the remaining Unit Strength of either army has fallen below its break point, that army is considered to have 'broken'. At this point, the game ends as models begin to flee.

Note that units that have pursued a fleeing enemy off the battlefield and units held in reserve count as being on the battlefield for the purposes of determining whether or not an army has reached its break point.

Heavy Snowfall: To represent the swirling snow, all missile weapons (including magic missiles) suffer a -3" modifier to their Range characteristic. In addition, due to the thick blanket of snow covering the earth, all Charge rolls suffer a -1 modifier (to a minimum of 1).

Victory!

If the game ends with one army having broken, the unbroken army achieves a crushing victory. Should both armies fall below their break point at the same time, use Victory Points to determine which player is the winner, as described on page 286 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.







Wielding brutal axes and bedecked in heavy armour, a baying herd of Bestigors leads the charge.



A unit of Gors, armed with hand weapons and shields.



A twisted and maddening Jabberslythe.



Bellowing curses and threats, an unruly herd of Centigors bursts from the ranks and charges across the frozen battlefield.



A Beastlord, armed with two hand weapons.



A Bray-Shaman, armed with a Braystaff.



Ghorros Warhoof, Sire of a Thousand Young.



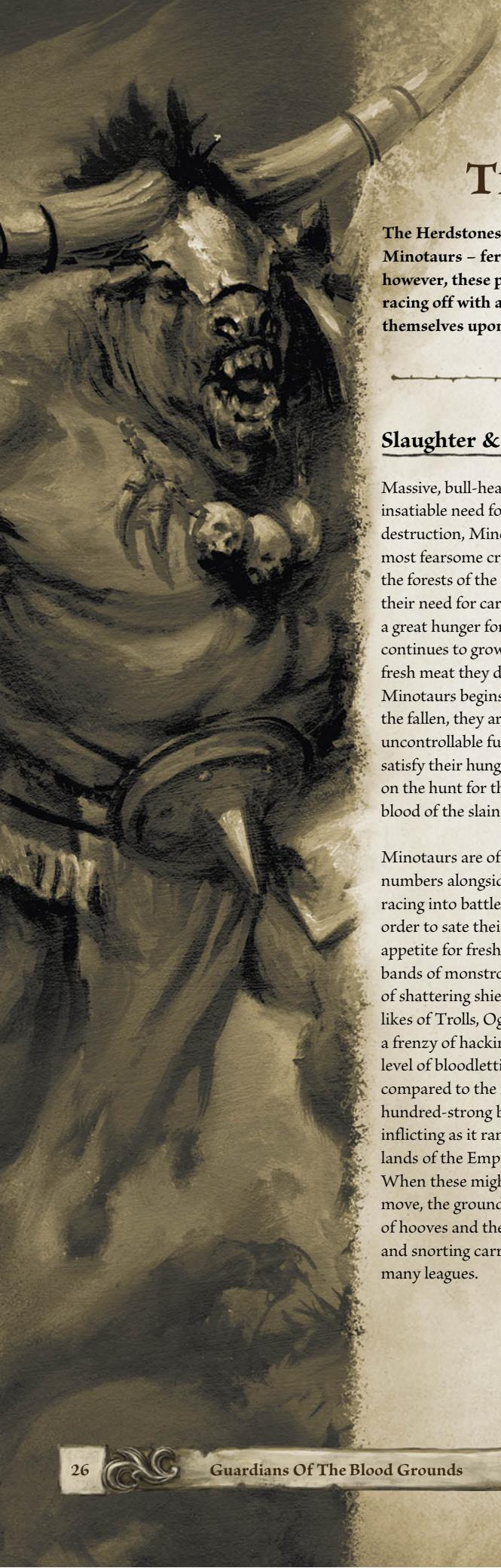


Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin,
and Leering Spirit.



A Preyton, corrupt and malign
creature of Chaos.





GUARDIANS OF THE BLOOD GROUNDS

The Herdstones, icons of great import to Beastmen, are protected by herds of hulking Minotaurs – ferocious beasts of twisted muscle and uncontained fury. On occasion however, these powerful guardians will scent blood and slaughter in the air, before racing off with a thunderous cacophony in search of slaughter and fresh meat to gorge themselves upon.

Slaughter & Death

Massive, bull-headed beasts with an insatiable need for bloodshed and destruction, Minotaurs are amongst the most fearsome creatures dwelling within the forests of the Old World. Along with their need for carnage, Minotaurs possess a great hunger for flesh, a hunger that continues to grow no matter how much fresh meat they devour. Once a herd of Minotaurs begins to consume the flesh of the fallen, they are driven into a state of uncontrollable fury as they try and fail to satisfy their hunger, only to find themselves on the hunt for their next victims before the blood of the slain has even begun to cool.

Minotaurs are often found in small numbers alongside herds of Beastmen, racing into battle alongside their kin in order to sate their desire for murder and appetite for fresh meat. Even these small bands of monstrous warriors are capable of shattering shield walls and maiming the likes of Trolls, Ogres and even Giants in a frenzy of hacking and slashing. Yet, this level of bloodletting and murder is nothing compared to the massacres that a several-hundred-strong blood herd is capable of inflicting as it rampages across the civilised lands of the Empire, Bretonnia and beyond. When these mighty war parties are on the move, the ground shakes with the thunder of hooves and the sound of feral bellowing and snorting carries on the wind for many leagues.

Doom Incarnate

Leading these destructive Minotaur herds from the front are the largest and most cunning of their kind, the dreaded Doombulls. Where a Minotaur looms over twice the height of a man, a Doombull stands yet taller again than even the largest of their kin. With their muscles like corded steel and the strength of a dozen men, these nightmarish creatures can shatter boulders as a frontiersman might split firewood for their hearth. If their otherworldly strength were not enough for a daring hero to try to overcome, a Doombull's hide is thick enough to turn aside even the most determined sword blows, and that is if a gap can be found in the thick armour that they often wear into battle.

Though one might think of Minotaurs as little more than primitive beasts of a base cunning, the Dark Gods have seen fit to bestow the most promising and powerful Doombulls with a savage wit. Some stories even suggest that some are capable of bending the fickle Winds of Magic to their will – a feat deemed impossible except by those few survivors who have been unfortunate enough to bear witness to such abominations. Mercifully for those who dwell near the forests of the Old World, mass gatherings of Minotaurs led by such beasts are extremely rare. However, on those occasions when such herds have gathered, the lands have run red with blood and echoed with the sounds of frenzied feasting.



Amongst the Children of Chaos, the Minotaurs are the most favoured by the Ruinous Powers for, of all Beasts, they are the truest avatars of slaughter and ruin. As such, they are often drawn to herdstones, making their noisome lairs close to these most sacred of sites. Whatever form a herdstone takes, from a twisted tree strung with gibbets to a mighty menhir festooned with fetishes and trophies, there will likely be one or more Minotaurs close by, guarding it from enemies. >



Filled with wrath and fury, a mighty Doombull emerges from the mist-shrouded forest, flanked by its ferocious kin.

BEASTMEN MINOTAUR

BRAYHERDS BLOOD HERD

This Army of Infamy composition list is designed to be used with the Beastmen Brayherds army list found in *Ravering Hordes*, and alongside the 'Forming Units' and 'Warhammer Armies' sections of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.



If you wish to field a Minotaur Blood Herd army in your games of Warhammer: the Old World, you may write your muster list using the Army of Infamy composition list below instead of the Grand Army composition list found in *Ravering Hordes*. Over the following pages you will find new profiles and rules for certain models in your army, representing units unique to a Minotaur Blood Herd army:

Army of Infamy Composition List

Characters

Up to 50% of your army's points value may be spent on:

- 0-1 Doombull per 1,000 points
- 0-1 Bray-Shaman per 1,000 points
- Gorebulls, Wargors and Centigor Chieftains



Core

At least 33% of your army's points value must be spent on:

- 1 Minotaur Herd per 1,000 points
- 0-1 Herdstone (see [page 43](#))
- Gor Herds, Ungor Herds and Chaos Warhounds

Special

Up to 50% of your army's points value may be spent on:

- 0-1 unit of Dragon Ogres per 1,000 points
- Harpies, Minotaur Herds, Centigor Herds, Razorgor Herds and Ghorgons

Rare

Up to 33% of your army's points value may be spent on:

- 0-1 Dragon Ogre Shaggoth per 1,000 points
- Chaos Giants
- Chaos Ogres and Chaos Trolls (see pages 64 and 65 of *Ravering Hordes*)

Battle Standard Bearer

A single Gorebull or Wargor in your army may be upgraded to be your Battle Standard Bearer for +25 points. In addition to their usual allowance of points to spend on magic items, a Battle Standard Bearer can purchase a single magic standard with no points limit.

Magic Items

Any models that have the option to purchase magic items may purchase Common or Beastmen Brayherds magic items.

MINOTAUR BLOOD HERD SPECIAL RULES

On this page you will find a full description for each of the army special rules that apply to an army built using the Minotaur Blood Herd Army of Infamy composition list. These are in addition to the Beastmen Brayherds special rules found on page 115 of *Ravening Hordes*. In case of contradiction, the special rules below take precedence over the Beastmen Brayherds special rules.

Bloodshed & Butchery

A Minotaur's need for bloodshed reaches a crescendo when they gather in their mighty herds. So much so that their desire to rend flesh and shatter bone becomes contagious, spurring other Beastmen on towards battle.

All Doombulls, Gorebulls, Minotaur Herds and Gor Herds within a Minotaur Blood Herd army gain the Impetuous special rule.

Champions Of Slaughter

Those who lead the Blood Herds do so from the front, their acts of gratuitous violence fuelling the primal fury of their kin.

If the General of a Minotaur Blood Herd becomes Frenzied as a result of the Blood Rage special rule, any friendly units within its Command range will also become Frenzied.

Guardians Of The Herdstones

Those who vigilantly watch over the sacred sites of the Chaos gods are blessed with powerful boons.

- Doombulls and Gorebulls in a Minotaur Blood Herd may:
 - Take Chaos Mutations (see page 111 of *Ravening Hordes*) and/or Gifts of Chaos (see page 77 of *Ravening Hordes*) up to a total of 50 points

Note that this option replaces the option to take Chaos Mutations as shown in *Ravening Hordes*.

Magics Of The Dark Gods

The power of the gods of Chaos allows beasts with even a base cunning to possess great sorcerous talent, even if its wielder does not fully understand the great and terrible power they now wield.

The General of a Minotaur Blood Herd must be a Doombull or Gorebull. For +35 points, this character may be a Level 1 Wizard, or for +65 points, this character may be a Level 2 Wizard. If so, this character knows spells from the Lore of Battle Magic or the Lore of Dark Magic. A Wizard with this special rule may wear armour without penalty.





PRIMAL GATHERINGS

Guided to war by dark portents or the fever dreams of their herd's Bray-Shamans, Beastman chieftains will travel to secluded herdstones and put out a call to war. As more Beastmen gather at the infernal monument, chieftains will challenge one another to determine who has the right to lead the Wild Herd, whilst the shamans gather to enact their dark rituals in preparation for the battles to come.

The Deepening Shadow

As these great herds band together to bring ruin and death to the people of the Old World, Gors and Ungors race towards the enemy with little thought or strategy. The larger and more physically powerful Gors push their way to the front of the war party to meet their enemy with rusted blades in hand, whilst the Ungors linger close behind, impatiently waiting for an opportunity to stab at their foe with their cruelly barbed spears. As some warbands race towards the thick of the fighting, others seek to swiftly outflank their foe, aiming to prevent their prey from retreating or, at the very least, cut off any hopes of reinforcement or resupply.

When the massive warherds of a dozen or more chieftains rally under one Beastlord, the Bray-Shamans of these herds gather together in a sorcerous cabal – forwarding the machinations of the gods without oversight or input from the Beastlord. By pooling their sorcerous talents and bending the Winds of Magic to their will, a coven of Bray-Shamans are able to unleash a torrent of arcane power upon their foes, be that devastating blasts of magical force or foul, debilitating hexes. This does not come without its risks however, for the Winds of Magic are fickle and one wrongly uttered syllable in an incantation can easily result in the entire coven of shamans being reduced to a fine red mist.

Otherworldly Monsters

It is not just the Beastmen themselves that make up the primordial Wild Herds. Emerging from the marshes under the cover of an eerie fog, ancient Jabberslythe lumber, mind-warping monsters that haunt the marshes and swamps of the Empire, roused from their stinking dens by the Bray-Shamans to join Beastmen on their mission to burn, maim and slaughter. Beside them, twisted Spawn writhe and slither, bellowing their rage and wailing their agony as their vile forms constantly shift and mutate, the warping power of Chaos flowing through them, reshaping them into ever more unnatural forms.

Hunting from the twisted undergrowth of the forest come the fearsome Preytons, once-noble creatures who have long since fallen to the corruption of Chaos and now mercilessly eviscerate their prey long after they have stopped fighting. Perhaps the most infamous of the great monsters that accompany the Beastmen is the Shaggoth, an ancient creature of immense strength and fortitude, with the ability to cause the skies to fill with darkened storm clouds and rain lightning from the heavens. Against such an unholy menagerie, soldiers of the Old World must steel their hearts and grip their weapon hafts tightly, for there is nowhere to run when a Wild Herd is on the hunt.



When the Children of Chaos go to war, they bear gruesome banners made from the flayed hides of foes, or the defiled flags of vanquished enemies, smeared with blood and dung. Such totems are always ghastly to behold, but those borne aloft by the members of a Wild Herd are considerably worse. Driven by fury and their devotion to the Dark Gods, the shamans that lead them make their banners as grisly as possible, the better to catch the attention of the Ruinous Powers.



Goaded by the guttural words of a Bray-Shaman, a Primal Warherd of ferocious Gors and cunning Ungors advances towards the foe.

BEASTMEN BRAYHERDS WILD HERD

 **T**his Army of Infamy composition list is designed to be used with the Beastmen Brayherds army list found in *Ravening Hordes*, and alongside the 'Forming Units' and 'Warhammer Armies' sections of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.



If you wish to field a Wild Herd army in your games of Warhammer: the Old World, you may write your muster list using the Army of Infamy composition list below instead of the Grand Army composition list found in *Ravening Hordes*. Over the following pages you will find new profiles and rules for certain models in your army, representing units unique to a Wild Herd army:

Army of Infamy Composition List

Characters

Up to 50% of your army's points value may be spent on:

- 0-1 Beastlord or Great Bray-Shaman per 1,000 points
- Wargors, Bray-Shamans and Centigor Chieftains



Core

At least 33% of your army's points value must be spent on:

- 1+ Primal Warherd
- 0-1 Tuskgor Chariot per 1,000 points
- 0-1 Centigor Herd may be taken as a Core choice per Centigor Chieftain taken
- Gor Herds, Ungor Herds, Chaos Warhounds, Primal Warhounds and Razorgor Herds

Special

Up to 50% of your army's points value may be spent on:

- 0-1 unit of Dragon Ogres
- Warped Gors, Bestigor Herds, Harpies, Centigor Herds, Tuskgor Chariots and Razorgor Chariots
- 0-1 Cockatrice or Preyton per 1,000 points

Rare

Up to 33% of your army's points value may be spent on:

- Dragon Ogre Shaggoths, Jabberslythes, Cygors and Chaos Giants
- Chaos Spawn (see page 66 of *Ravening Hordes*)

Battle Standard Bearer

A single Wargor in your army may be upgraded to be your Battle Standard Bearer for +25 points. In addition to their usual allowance of points to spend on magic items, a Battle Standard Bearer can purchase a single magic standard with no points limit.

Magic Items

Any models that have the option to purchase magic items may purchase Common or Beastmen Brayherds magic items.

WILD HERD SPECIAL RULES

On this page you will find a full description for each of the army special rules that apply to an army built using the Wild Herd Army of Infamy composition list. These are in addition to the Beastmen Brayherds special rules found on page 115 of *Ravening Hordes*. In case of contradiction, the special rules below take precedence over the Beastmen Brayherds special rules.

Ancient Sorcery

The most ancient and powerful of Beastmen Shamans dwell amongst the wild herds, wielding a dark and primal magic that many have forgotten even existed.

In addition to the Lores of Magic they may normally know, Beastmen Shamans within a Wild Herd army may know spells from the Lore of Primal Magic (see page 44).

Dark Coven

Whilst Beastmen rampage across the countryside, revelling in their wanton destruction, the sinister Bray-Shamans gather together, pooling their power to cast their infernal rituals.

Beastmen Shamans within a Wild Herd army may leach power from nearby Wizards when they attempt to cast a spell or when attempting a Wizardly Dispel. To do so, a Bray-Shaman or Great Bray-Shaman may apply a +1 modifier to their Casting or Dispel roll for each other friendly Wizard within their Command range. However, if they roll any natural double when making the roll, something has gone horribly wrong and the spell is miscast or they have been outclassed in the art. In such cases, roll immediately on the Miscast table and apply the result to the Bray-Shaman or Great Bray-Shaman that made the attempt and to each friendly Wizard within their Command range.

Gifts From The Dark Gods

The wild herds are the most unruly of their kind and perhaps the closest to their foul gods. As such, they are afflicted with more mutations than most of their kin and carry artefacts of great power with them into battle.

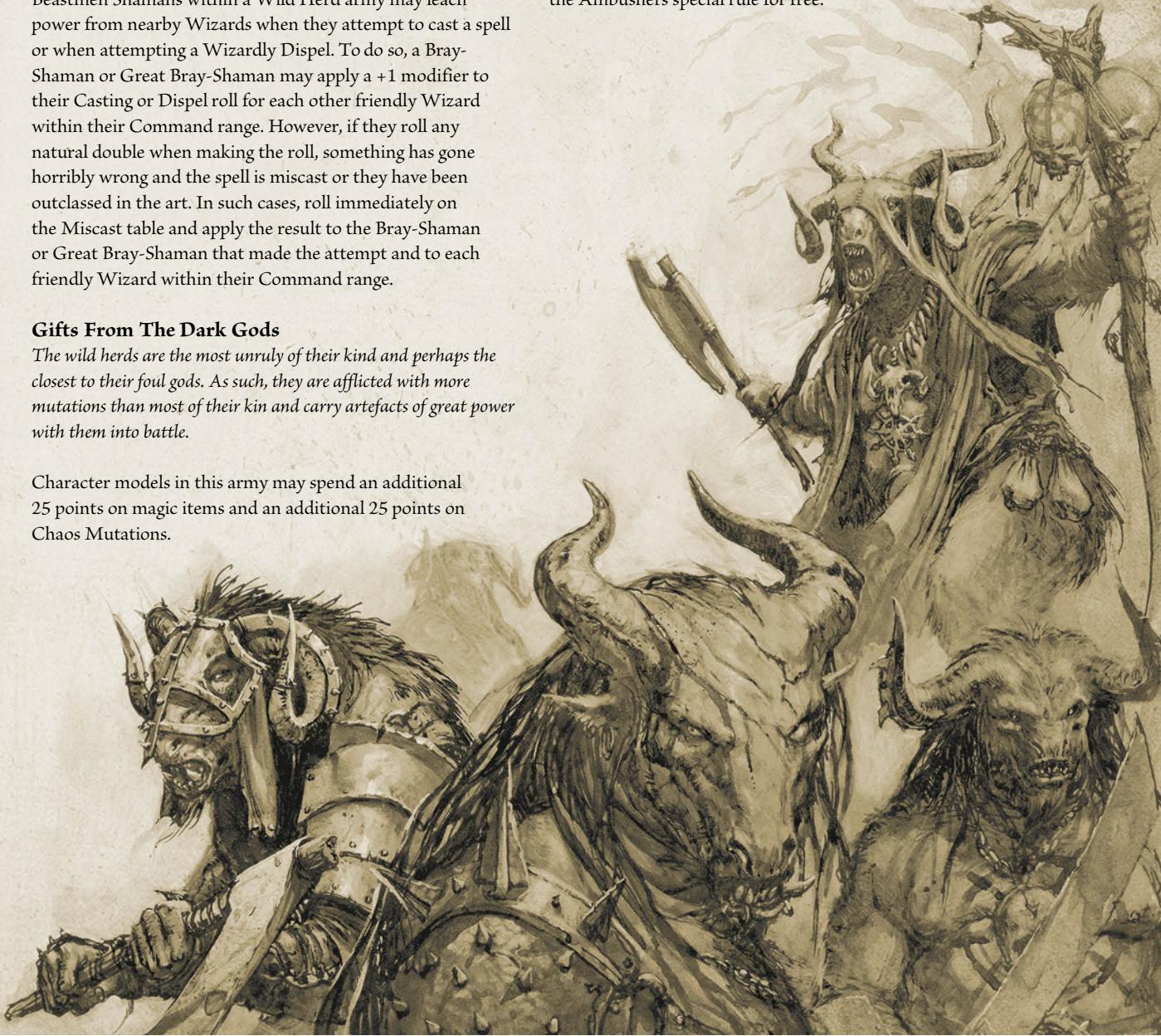
Character models in this army may spend an additional 25 points on magic items and an additional 25 points on Chaos Mutations.

Roaming Warbands

Beastmen are notorious for their ambush tactics, but Wild Herds will often splinter into far smaller bands that burn and pillage before converging upon their main target.

Within a Wild Herd army, any number of Gor Herds, Ungor Herds, Primal Warherds and Centigor Herds may have the Ambushers special rule at the cost of +1 point per model. Any number of Beastmen Chieftains and Centigor Chieftains may have the Ambushers special rule at the cost of +10 points per model.

In addition, 0-1 Gor Herd, Ungor Herd or Centigor Herd per 1,000 points with a Unit Strength of 10 or less may be given the Ambushers special rule for free.



KRALMAW, THE PROPHET OF RUIN

Future sight and the powers of prophecy are considered by many to be nothing more than a parlour trick, a way for con artists to earn coin from the grieving and the downtrodden. However, to those with an understanding of the arcane, the ability to read knuckle bones, decipher the stars or interpret flashing visions of the future can aid in avoiding great calamity – or usher the arrival of such events. Amongst the Beastmen, the hunched and sightless beast known as Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin, is perhaps the most infamous to be blessed with the gift of foresight.



Those Beastmen who display an innate ability to wield magic are revered and respected by their kin, for they are destined to become Bray-Shamans, the ones responsible for interpreting the will of the gods and guiding the Beastlords on their conquests. It was this reverence that saved the blind, mewling Kralmaw from being cast aside on the day of his birth, for the infant was only moments old when the Shadowgave itself proclaimed the newborn would aid in plunging the world into darkness and ushering in the rule of Chaos.

It did not take long for Morghur's prophecy to become a reality, for the young Kralmaw seemed to possess a natural talent for bending the Winds of Magic to his will, his inability to see the world around him proving to be little more than an inconvenience. As powerful a sorcerer as he was becoming, Kralmaw's true power lay in his ability to peer into the mysteries of the future, as the Chaos gods sent visions of mighty wars and cataclysmic events that were yet to pass as the shaman slumbered.

As time passed, these visions began to come to him during his waking hours as well as at rest, forcing Kralmaw to live a strange existence where he drifts between the present and the future. Under his guidance, Beastlords wrought havoc upon the lands of the Old World, ravaging fortified towns, slaughtering villages and even burning great swathes of Athel Loren. It was Ariel, the Mage Queen of the Wood Elves, who discovered that one amongst the Beastmen now possessed such powerful prophetic power and dispatched countless war parties in search of the shaman.

Alas, Kralmaw was able to remain a step ahead of them at every turn, no matter how suddenly the Wood Elves launched their attacks. Each time they struck, their quarry would be just out of reach, forcing the Elves to abandon their quest only to find their retreat cut off by herds of angry Gors. Even the mighty Orion, the living avatar of the God of the Hunt, found himself unable to bring the shaman to battle despite slaughtering scores of Beastmen in his quest to do so.

Though Kralmaw was not present at the battle when the accused Asrai slew Morghur, he was afflicted with a split vision of both the Shadowgave's death and its almost immediate rebirth in a foggy woodland clearing. Knowing he could do little to challenge the Mage Queen directly, Kralmaw set out in search of the infant Morghur, knowing that he must protect the newborn from the attention of the Wood Elves in order to ensure the darkness on the horizon would manifest across the Old World.

Kralmaw, The Prophet Of Ruin

Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin is a Great Bray-Shaman. He may be included in any Beastmen Brayherds army made using any army composition list that includes this option. He must be fielded as presented here.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin	5	3	3	4	5	4	3	2	8	245

Troop Type: Regular infantry (named character)
Base Size: 30 x 30 mm (Kralmaw), 25 x 25 mm (Leering Spirit marker)
Unit Size: 1
Equipment: Hand weapon and Grisly Totem (Braystaff)

Magic: Kralmaw, the Prophet of Ruin is a Level 4 Wizard. He knows spells from one of the following Lores of Magic:

- Dark Magic
- Primal Magic

Special Rules: Braystaff, Future Sight, Gaze of the Gods, Leering Spirit, Lore of Beasts, Mark of Chaos Undivided, Primal Fury, Warband

Future Sight

Though blind, Kralmaw is gifted with future visions that allow him to remove himself from harm's way.

Kralmaw has a 4+ Ward save against any wounds suffered.

Leering Spirit

Leering spirits creep ahead of Kralmaw, corrupting the minds and bodies of the innocent.

When Kralmaw is deployed, place a Leering Spirit marker anywhere on the battlefield that is not within 8" of an enemy unit. Once placed, a Leering Spirit marker does not move but has a 360° line of sight. The marker cannot be charged, targeted or attacked in any way. However, if Kralmaw is removed from play as a casualty, the Leering Spirit marker is also removed from play. During the Shooting phase of each of Kralmaw's turns, the Leering Spirit marker may cast the Devolve spell from the Lore of Beasts (see page 117 of *Ravaging Hordes*) as a Bound Spell with a Power Level of 3.

Note that the Leering Spirit marker is ignored for the purposes of movement, combat and line of sight, as if it was not there. Should the presence of it interfere with the position of units, simply make note of its position and move it aside, replacing it when convenient to do so.

Grisly Totem

Adorned with gruesome trophies, Kralmaw's staff evokes a sense of dread in those unfortunate enough to lay eyes upon it.

The Grisly Totem is a Braystaff. In addition, all enemy units within 6" of Kralmaw suffer a -1 modifier to their Leadership characteristic (to a minimum of 2).



**Kralmaw,
The Prophet Of Ruin**

“Do not speak of that beast! It is the herald of all things evil in this world, to speak its name is to invite anarchy and death.”

Gerald Höffenmayer, Captain of the Grenzstadt Garrison

GHORROS WARHOOF, SIRE OF A THOUSAND YOUNG



Ghorros Warhoof is a gnarled, ancient Centigor, one who is forever fighting, drinking or indulging his baser instincts. Blessed by the Ruinous Powers with an unnatural longevity, he has roamed the dark forests of the Old World for untold decades, and he has slaughtered his way through countless wars without succumbing to his injuries.

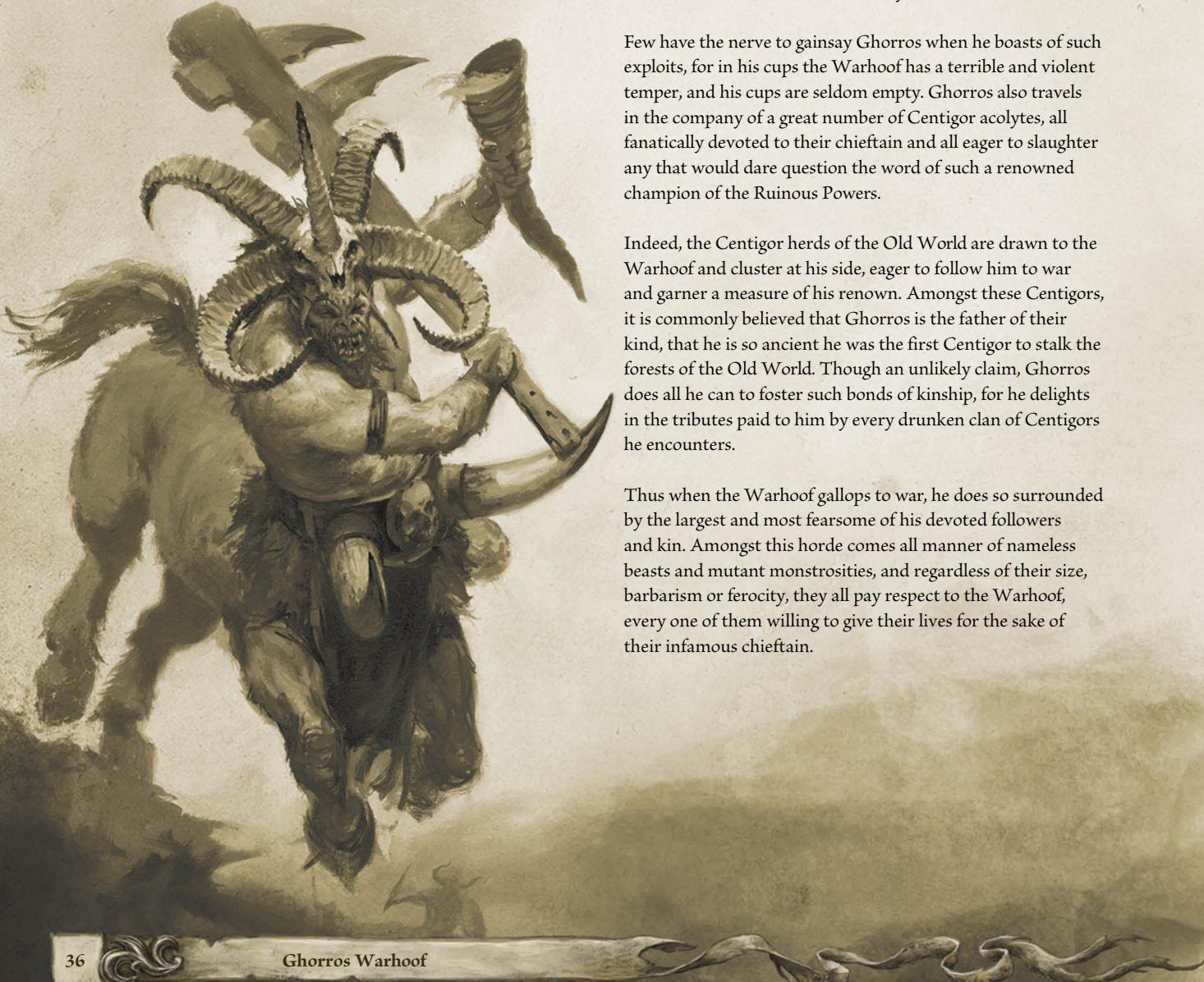
Not a single minute of Ghorros' impressive lifespan has been spent idle, for it is the nature of his pact with the gods of Chaos that, in return for longevity and boundless vitality, he should be ever on the move, bringing anarchy to the civilised lands of Men, Dwarfs and Elves, and leaving only ruin in his blood-drenched wake. Thus it is a rare moon that passes without the Warhoof shedding blood in anger and it is a rare corner of the Old World where hushed tales of his wanton violence are not recounted as warnings to those foolishly unafraid of the beasts that reside beneath the dark boughs of the looming forests.

Amongst the Cloven Ones, tales of Ghorros' exploits extend far beyond recitations of his prowess in battle. Grim legends of the blasphemies he has committed in his devotion to the Ruinous Powers can be found inscribed upon rough-hewn herdstones raised by the brayherds he has visited and led in battle from the Troll Country in Kislev to the Kharnos Forest on the borders of Tilea. Countless are the sacred sites, holy chapels and blessed shrines defiled by his hand and the statues of saints, priests and martyrs smashed to rubble beneath his iron-shod hooves, for Ghorros delights in the torment of clerics devoted to weakling gods and the toppling of dressed stones raised towards the heavens by their hands.

Few have the nerve to gainsay Ghorros when he boasts of such exploits, for in his cups the Warhoof has a terrible and violent temper, and his cups are seldom empty. Ghorros also travels in the company of a great number of Centigor acolytes, all fanatically devoted to their chieftain and all eager to slaughter any that would dare question the word of such a renowned champion of the Ruinous Powers.

Indeed, the Centigor herds of the Old World are drawn to the Warhoof and cluster at his side, eager to follow him to war and garner a measure of his renown. Amongst these Centigors, it is commonly believed that Ghorros is the father of their kind, that he is so ancient he was the first Centigor to stalk the forests of the Old World. Though an unlikely claim, Ghorros does all he can to foster such bonds of kinship, for he delights in the tributes paid to him by every drunken clan of Centigors he encounters.

Thus when the Warhoof gallops to war, he does so surrounded by the largest and most fearsome of his devoted followers and kin. Amongst this horde comes all manner of nameless beasts and mutant monstrosities, and regardless of their size, barbarism or ferocity, they all pay respect to the Warhoof, every one of them willing to give their lives for the sake of their infamous chieftain.



Ghorros Warhoof, Sire Of A Thousand Young

Ghorros Warhoof is a Centigor Chieftain. He may be included in any Beastmen Brayherds army made using any army composition list that includes this option. He must be fielded as presented here.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Ghorros Warhoof	8	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	8	155

Troop Type: Heavy cavalry (named character)

Base Size: 30 x 60 mm

Unit Size: 1

Equipment: Hand weapon, Mansmasher and the Skull of the Unicorn Lord

Special Rules: Drunken, Father of Beasts, Gaze of the Gods, Mark of Chaos Undivided, Move through Cover, Primal Fury, Stomp Attacks (D3), Swiftstride, The Sons of Ghorros, Warband

Father Of Beasts

Ghorros Warhoof is well-known to the Centigor herds of the Old World, and his misshapen kin are always eager to prove their worth in his presence.

Whilst within Ghorros Warhoof's Command range, friendly Centigor Herds may re-roll the D6 when rolling on the Drunken table.

The Sons Of Ghorros

Almost every herd of beasts contains a few dozen of Ghorros' get. These brutes fight all the harder in their sire's presence to earn his acknowledgement.

0-1 Centigor herd in the same muster list as Ghorros may be upgraded to Sons of Ghorros for +2 points per model. Sons of Ghorros have a +1 modifier to their Weapon Skill and Leadership characteristics (to a maximum of 10) and gain the Armour Bane (1) special rule.

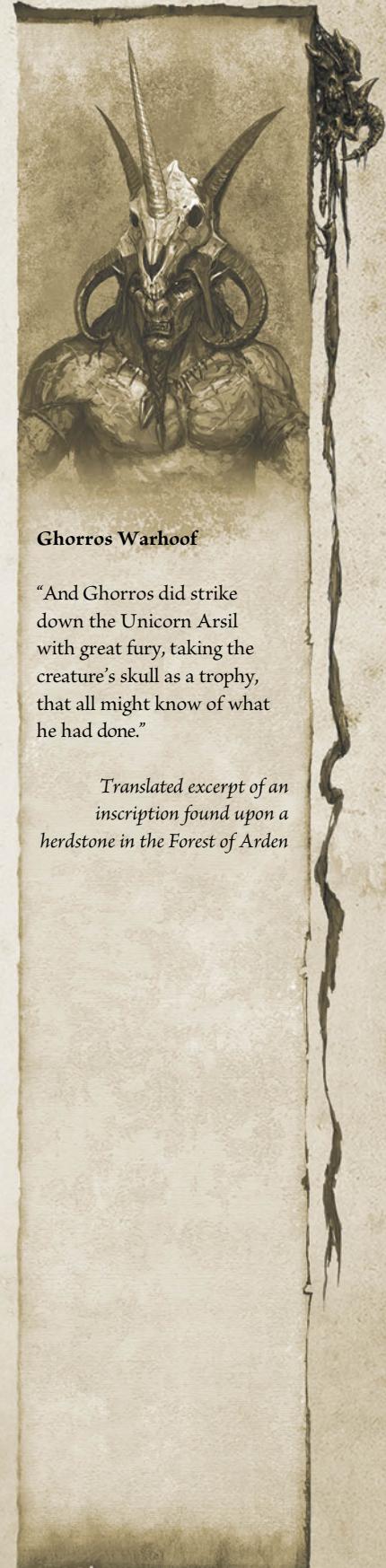
The Skull Of The Unicorn Lord

Atop his scarred scalp, Ghorros wears the broken remnants of the skull of Arsil, the prince of Unicorns.

Ghorros has a 6+ Ward save against any wounds suffered that were caused by a non-magical enemy attack and a 5+ Ward save against any wounds suffered that were caused by a Magical enemy attack.

	R	S	AP	Special Rules
Mansmasher	Combat	S+1	-1	Armour Bane (1), Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3)

Notes: This weapon's Strength modifier applies only during a turn in which its wielder charged.



Infantry



The Touch of Chaos

As creatures of Chaos, all Gors display great variation in their twisted anatomies. Some have the heads of cattle or snarling hounds rather than goats, whilst others possess antlers, serrated blades or even stranger appendages in place of their horns. Such Gors are considered blessed within their herds, for they have undoubtedly felt the touch of the Ruinous Powers upon their twisted and corrupted anatomies. But even these blessings are as nothing compared to the rampant mutations that afflict the Warped Gors of the Primal Warherds. The forms of these brutes are hard to discern for their bodies constantly writhe and evolve, their limbs ever changing in a maddening desire to find the form best suited to killing and slaying the foe.

Warped Gors

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Warped Gor	5	4	2	3	4	1	3	D3	7	16
Splice-horn	5	4	2	3	4	1	3	D3	8	+8

Troop Type: Regular infantry

Base Size: 30 x 30 mm

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapons

Options:

- The entire unit must take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....Free
 - Shields.....Free
- Any unit may:
 - Upgrade one model to a Splice-horn (champion)+8 points per unit
 - Upgrade one model to a standard bearer+6 points per unit
 - Upgrade one model to a musician+6 points per unit
- 0-1 unit may have the Ambushers special rule+1 point per model

Special Rules: Armoured Hide (1), Blessing of Chaos, Blood Rage, Mark of Chaos Undivided, Move through Cover, Open Order, Primal Fury, Random Attacks, Stubborn, Warband

Blessings Of Chaos

Blessed by the touch of Chaos, the bodies of Warped Gors constantly writhe and mutate.

When this unit's combat is chosen during Step 1.1 of any Choose & Fight Combat sub-phase, roll on the table below to determine the effect of its warped blessings:

Blessings Of Chaos Table

D6 Result

1-2	Stinging Barbs: The envenomed touch of the warped ones raises great weals of agony upon unarmoured flesh. Until the end of this Combat phase, models with this special rule gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule.
3-4	Scything Talons: Insect limbs tipped with scythe-like blades erupt from the warped ones to lash at the foe. Until the end of this Combat phase, all attacks made by models with this special rule have an Armour Piercing characteristic of -2.
5-6	Chitinous Hide: The flesh of the warped ones hardens beneath the swords of the foe. Until the end of this Combat phase, models with this special rule gain a +1 modifier to their Toughness characteristics.

Representing This Unit In Your Games

Warped Gors can be represented by combining Gors with components from the Chaos Spawn kit.

Primal Warhounds

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Primal Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	6

Troop Type: War beasts
Base Size: 25 x 50 mm
Unit Size: 10+
Equipment: Claws and fangs (counts as hand weapons)

Options:

- Any unit may:
 - Include one Ungor Ravager for every three Primal Warhounds+7 points each
- Any unit may have:
 - The Armoured Hide (1) special rule+1 point per model
 - The Poisoned Attacks special rule+1 point per model

Special Rules: Close Order, Horde, Motley Crew, Move through Cover, Swiftstride, Warband

Ungor Ravagers

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Ungor Ravager	7	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	7

Troop Type: Regular infantry
Base Size: 25 x 25 mm
Unit Size: (see Primal Warhound profile)
Equipment: Hand weapons, throwing spears and shields
Special Rules: Close Order, Horde, Leader of the Pack, Move through Cover, Primal Fury, Swiftstride, Warband

Leader Of The Pack

Ungor Ravagers follow their charges to battle, goading them towards the enemy with jagged spears.

Models with this special rule can be taken as part of a unit of Primal Warhounds. Models with this special rule must be positioned at the rear of their unit, making up its rear rank(s). Any Primal Warhounds the unit contains must always occupy the front rank(s) of the unit, pushing past any models with this special rule to get there if necessary (such as when the unit turns).



Infantry



The Hounds of the Forest

In the darkest forests, twisted hounds hunt their prey and stalk around Beastmen encampments searching for scraps. When the Cloven Ones muster for war, packs of these hounds lope alongside them, drawn by the promise of fresh meat. But rather than rely upon the promise of slaughter to lure hounds from the forest, some herds capture and rear them from young, training them for battle, though they can never be truly tamed. These hounds are penned up and denied the joy of hunting so that when they are unleashed upon the foe they are crazed, snarling killers. Sometimes, they are goaded into battle by packs of Ungors, themselves allotted the unenviable task of herding their vicious charges forward in dense packs.

Infantry



The Wild Herds

When the Winds of Magic blow strong, carrying the whispered voices of the Ruinous Powers across the land and infecting the minds of mortals with fear and doubt, the beasts of the forest are driven into a primal rage. At such times, savage warbands of braying Beastmen surge from the depths of the forests to burn down the works of Men, Dwarfs and Elves and trample the ashes beneath their cloven hooves. Great herds of Gors and Ungors gather together to stampede across the battlefield in an unstoppable mass, the brutal Gors pushing to the fore with great axes and heavy clubs gripped in their clawed hands, whilst the wily Ungors cluster behind them, their wicked spears stabbing and jabbing at the foe.

Primal Warherds

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Gor	5	4	2	3	4	1	3	1	6	7
Ungor	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	6
Foe-render	5	4	2	3	4	1	3	2	7	+7

Troop Type: Regular infantry

Unit Size: 10+/10+*

Base Size: 25 x 25 mm

Equipment:

- **Gors:** Hand weapons
- **Ungors:** Hand weapons and shields

Options:

- Gors must take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....Free
 - Shields.....Free
- Ungors must take one of the following:
 - Thrusting spears.....Free
 - Throwing spears.....Free
- Any unit may:
 - Upgrade one Gor to a Foe-render (champion)+7 points per unit
 - Upgrade one Gor to a standard bearer+5 points per unit
 - Upgrade one Gor to a musician.....+5 points per unit
 - Purchase a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- A Foe-render may:
 - Replace a hand weapon or its shield with a great weaponFree
 - Purchase magic items up to a total of.....25 points

Special Rules: Bestial Charge (Gors only), Blood Rage, Close Order, Horde, Impetuous, Mark of Chaos Undivided, Mixed Unit, Motley Crew*, Move through Cover, Primal Fury, Warband

**When writing your muster list, a Primal Warherd must contain at least ten Gors and ten Ungors. Gors always occupy the front ranks of the unit, with Ungors making up the rear ranks. As long as any Gors remain in the unit, they will always push past any Ungors to get to the front rank.*

Bestial Charge

Driven by their hatred of civilisation and order, Beastmen Gors fall upon the foe with terrible ferocity, their crude weapons and horned skulls granted strength by the fury of their charge.

During a turn in which it made a charge move of 3" or more, a model with this special rule gains a +1 modifier to its Strength characteristic.

Mixed Unit

Made up of both Gors and Ungors, Primal Warherds are a chaotic foe.

Models within a Primal Warherd have different Weapon Skill and Toughness characteristics. Before rolling To Wound, hits caused by enemy shooting should be divided as evenly as possible between Gors and Ungors. In combat, enemy models must direct their attacks against models in the fighting rank of this unit, as described on page 147 or the Warhammer: the Old World rulebook.

Preyton

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Preyton	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	6	160

Troop Type: Monstrous creature

Base Size: 75 x 50 mm

Unit Size: 1

Equipment: Claws and fangs (counts as a hand weapon), twisted antlers (see below) and scaly skin (counts as heavy armour)

Options:

- May have:
 - The Ambushers special rule+10 points
 - The Frenzy special rule+5 points

Special Rules: Close Order, Crown of Antlers, Endless Malice, Fly (10), Impact Hits (D3), Large Target, Terror

Crown of Antlers

When a Preyton charges, its warped antlers tear through armour and cut deeply into the flesh beneath.

Impact Hits caused by a model with this special rule have the Armour Bane (1) special rule and an Armour Piercing characteristic of -1.

Endless Malice

A Preyton will rend and tear at the corpses of its victims with such malice as to fill the hearts of onlookers with cold dread.

If this model wins a round of combat and chooses to restrain and reform (and passes its Leadership test to do so), enemy units within 6" of it must make a Panic test as if a nearby friend had been destroyed.

R	S	AP	Special Rules
Twisted antlers	Combat	S	-2

Creature Of Chaos

Any army made using the Beastmen Brayherds Grand Army composition list may include 0-1 Preyton per 1,000 points as a Special choice.



Monster



Twisted Nobility

Mighty winged creatures of Chaos, Preytons bear upon their vaguely equine heads twisted antlers, which have caused bold knights and careless hunters to mistake them for majestic Great Stags, much to their error. The beasts, possessed of a dark cunning, will lure such foolhardy souls into the depths of the forest before revealing the truth of their corrupted forms when they leap from ambush upon their unexpecting prey. Dark legend has it that these terrible creatures were born long ago in horrific rituals when noble Great Stags were corrupted by the foul magic of Bray-Shamans before sacrifice-strewn herdstones. Bereft of their once-noble nature, Preytons are filled with terrible malice, driving them to rend apart their prey with great cruelty.

POWER IN THE STONES

To Beastmen, herdstones are possessed of tremendous importance. These dire and forbidding menhirs are often immensely ancient, hewn or even grown from great slabs of rock into twisted mouths, skulls and spires that hurt the eye, festooned with stolen riches, littered about with once-sacred artefacts that now lie debased in filth, and decorated with the runes of Chaos.

Herdstones can always be found in the deepest woods and the wildest wilderness. They are erected in places of magical significance, often over the hateful shards of some baleful meteor of wyrdling stone spat from the heavens by Morrslieb when Chaos burst from the aether and birthed the Beastmen in a storm of destruction and anarchy.

They are usually well-hidden from the prying eyes of civilised races, who would tear them down for fear of their power, and there are almost always Beastmen warherds and Minotaur tribes nearby. About each herdstone are to be found great piles of offerings, crumbling treasures and rusting weapons and armour taken from long-defeated enemies.

Campsites are often set up around the sacred herdstones that are scattered through the dark forests. These camps cause the floor of the clearing in which the obscene monolith stands to become strewn with an ankle-deep carpet of bones, the remains of the captives taken in battle and sacrificed by the Bray-Shamans to the dark glory of the Ruinous Powers.

Seldom do the settlements of Man flourish close to the site of a herdstone, for no town or village could persist for more than a single season between its careless founding to its deserved destruction. Any intrusion within a hundred leagues of a herdstone will cause every warherd in the region to descend upon the trespasser with unrelenting wrath.

When a Beastman chieftain wishes to gather the warbands for battle, a raging signal fire is lit before the herdstone. Shamans throw mind-altering herbs upon the blaze, sending up great swathes of strangely coloured smoke curling into the sky. This fire is stoked with wood and carrion, and left to burn for days on end. Over the following nights, other herds and warbands will slowly gather at the sacred stones, attracted by the fire and the smell of burning fat. Upon their arrival, each chieftain makes a great show of scratching their name or mark onto the herdstone, watched over by the Bray-Shamans as they do.

As the numbers of Beastmen at the site increase, so the forests echo with their unruly braying and the chanting of the Bray-Shamans. Once Beastmen have gathered in great numbers, the shamans demand that the assembled chieftains submit to the will of the one that summoned them. Inevitably, another will challenge this and a ritual combat will ensue. If the combatants are mismatched, the challenge is over very quickly, for no quarter is sought or given. Occasionally, another challenger steps forward and a succession of challenges may be fought. When at last the victor is determined, the assembled Bray-Shamans will announce that the matter is decided and declare the victor the Beastlord.

Thus do the Warherds gather, the light from their fires illuminating the night sky. At such times, the folk of the Empire cower within their dwellings, for they know that Beastmen gather about the herdstones.

Herdstones

0-1 Per Army.....100points

A Herdstone is a unique type of special feature (as described on page 272 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook), measuring no more than 6" at its widest point. Unless stated otherwise, a single Herdstone may be included as a Special choice in any Beastmen Brayherds army made using any army composition list. A Herdstone is an impassable terrain feature and must be fielded as presented here.

Alternatively, if the players agree, a special feature specified by a scenario can be replaced with a Herdstone.

Placing A Herdstone

Once the players have finished placing terrain and have rolled for deployment, a Beastmen Brayherds player whose muster list includes a Herdstone may place it on the battlefield. The Herdstone may be placed anywhere on the battlefield that is not within their opponent's deployment zone and not within 6" of the centre of the battlefield.

Alternatively, if the Herdstone is replacing a special feature specified by a scenario, it must be placed as described by the scenario.



Controlling A Herdstone

A Herdstone can be controlled by a single unit that is within 6" of it, that has a Unit Strength of five or more and that is not fleeing. If two or more eligible units belonging to opposing armies are within 6", the unit closest to the Herdstone controls it. If two units belonging to opposing armies are equally close, the Herdstone is 'contested' and neither unit controls it.

Special Rules

"A Tingle in the Air": The air around a Herdstone tingles strangely, and those that stand too close report of a funny taste in their mouths. The unit that controls the Herdstone gains Magic Resistance (-1).

Bestial Fury: Beneath the shadow of a Herdstone, Beastmen fight with terrible ferocity, shedding blood and gore in honour of the Ruinous Powers. If the Herdstone is controlled by a Beastmen Brayherds unit, friendly Beastmen Brayherds units that are within 12" of the Herdstone may re-roll any rolls To Wound of a natural 1 made whilst it is engaged in combat.

Dark Sorcery: The Winds of Magic flow strangely around a Herdstone, as if warped by its malevolence. If the Herdstone is controlled by a Beastmen Brayherds unit, friendly Beastmen Brayherds Wizards that are within 12" of the Herdstone gain a +1 modifier to their Casting rolls, and enemy Wizards that are within 12" of the Herdstone suffer a -1 modifier to their Casting rolls.

Fearsome Edifice: Covered with strange sigils daubed in blood, an aura of evil surrounds a Herdstone. Whilst within 12" of a Herdstone that is controlled by a Beastmen Brayherds unit, enemy units suffer a -1 modifier to their Leadership characteristic when making a Leadership test due to Fear, Panic or Terror.

Victory Points: As with all special features, a Herdstone is an important landmark and controlling one at the end of a battle is a significant achievement. To represent this, if either player controls a Herdstone at the end of the battle, that player is awarded a bonus of 200 Victory Points.

LORE OF PRIMAL MAGIC

The magic wielded by a Bray-Shaman is a wild and primal force, for they are not tutored in the art of spellcrafting and do not ken of words scratched upon dusty tomes and crumbling scrolls. Bray-Shamans are born into their magic and wield it with instinctive ease. A palpable miasma of fell sorcery surrounds them and, when their wrath is roused, reality itself is distorted.

Where a Bray-Shaman passes, tree roots twist and writhe, undergrowth boils with unholy life and repugnant parasites scurry, for they embody Chaos and exemplify the Beastmen's loathing of order. When warherds gather, the Bray-Shamans lead the assembled Beastmen in a frenzied ritual celebration, their discordant bellowing audible for many miles around. They invoke the power of the Dark Gods and infuse the assembled herds with bestial vigour. Blood sacrifices are made and offered to the Chaos moon, Morrslieb, as the Beastmen cavort around the herdstone. All manner of unspeakable excesses are committed before the ritual reaches its climax and the horde explodes out of the forests to ravage the lands of the Old World.

When Beastmen go to war, the Bray-Shamans wield their powers to wreak havoc upon the foe, striking down the enemy and filling their kin with primal wrath and vigour. In battle, they summon twisted roots from the corrupted earth to tear and rend the foe, or drive the enemy to despair with maddening visions of the darkness that lurks within the forest's gloom.

Primal Magic

In addition to the Lores of Magic detailed in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook, some Wizards, especially those of a wild and chaotic nature, may know spells from the 'Primal Magic' Lore of Magic. As usual, if it is stated that a Wizard knows spells from one of a number of given Lores of Magic, you must choose one of these Lores when writing your muster list.

Primordial Gloom (Signature Spell)

As the Bray-Shaman bellows praise to the gods, the sky above darkens and the soil underfoot swarms with unclean creatures.

Type: Magical Vortex

Casting Value: 9+

Range: 12"

Effect: Remains in Play. Place a small (3") blast template so that its central hole is within 12" of the caster. Whilst in play, the template does not move and is treated as dangerous terrain. Whilst within 6" of the template, enemy units suffer a -1 modifier to their Leadership characteristic (to a minimum of 2) and treat open ground as difficult terrain.

1. Call Of The Wild

Filled with primal energy, the Children of Chaos move across the battlefield with unwholesome vigour.

Type: Conveyance

Casting Value: 8+

Range: 12"

Effect: This spell can only target friendly models whose troop type is 'infantry' or 'cavalry'. Until the end of this turn, the target friendly unit gains the Reserve Move special rule.

2. In The Gloaming Wildwood

The words of half-forgotten folk tales fill the enemy's minds, instilling them with a childlike fear of the dark forests.

Type: Hex

Casting Value: 10+

Range: 15"

Effect: Remains in play. Whilst this spell is in play, the target enemy unit Fears all models in the caster's army (not including allies or mercenaries). Models in the caster's army that already have the Fear special rule cause Terror in the target unit instead. If this spell is cast, the effects of any other Hex previously cast on the target unit immediately expire.

3. Flock Of Doom

Summoned by the Bray-Shaman's cries, a flock of carrion birds descends upon the foe, striking at eyes and tearing through flesh.

Type: Assailment

Casting Value: 8+

Range: Combat

Effect: Place a small (3") blast template so that its central hole is directly over the centre of a unit the caster is engaged in combat with. Once placed, the template will scatter D3+1". Any enemy model whose base lies underneath the template's final position risks being hit and suffering a single Strength 3 hit with an AP of -. These hits have the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule.

4. Fury Of The Beast

Driven by the Bray-Shaman's invocations, the Children of Chaos flow like a tide of violence over the enemy.

Type: Enchantment

Casting Value: 9+

Range: Self

Effect: Until the end of this turn, the caster and any unit they have joined gains the Fight in Extra Rank special rule.

5. Strangleroot

The Bray-Shaman gestures towards the foe, summoning twisted and blackened roots to grasp and strangle its enemies.

Type: Magic Missile

Casting Value: 9+

Range: 4D6"

Effect: Draw a straight line, 4D6" in length, from the caster's base edge. Any enemy model whose base falls under this line suffers D3 Strength 3 hits, each with an AP of -2.

6. 'Neath The Shaden Wodespan

Spectral forests loom above the battlefield, spreading creeping shadows that fill the enemy with dread.

Type: Magical Vortex

Casting Value: 10+

Range: 15"

Effect: Remains in play. Place a large (5") blast template so that its central hole is within 15" of the caster. Whilst in play, the template does not move and is treated as dangerous terrain over which no line of sight can be drawn. Whilst within 6" of the template, enemy units suffer a -2 modifier to their Ballistic Skill characteristic (to a minimum of 1). Any enemy unit that ends its movement within 3" of the template must immediately make a Panic test. If this test is failed, the unit will flee directly away from the nearest enemy unit which is not itself fleeing.

Magic Items



Defiled Riches

Once-sacred banners, holy relics, blessed weapons and more are taken by the braying Beastmen as trophies of war. These most honoured of treasures are stolen away from those that valued them, along with the lives of those that defended them, and are dragged through the mud and dirt of the Old World's forests. Desecrated and defiled by the Children of Chaos, once-glorious treasures take on a more sinister mien, becoming darkly corrupted versions of what they once were. As the power of Chaos and the damp decay of the forest works upon such looted treasures, they become dark and stained, vile objects that would make any priest of the Empire weep to see such blasphemy.

BEASTMEN BRAYHERDS MAGIC ITEMS

The following pages expand upon the Beastmen Brayherds magic items found in *Ravening Hordes*. These magic items are unique to Beastmen Brayherds armies and can be purchased in exactly the same way as Common magic items, as described in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.

Extremely Common Magic Items: Any magic item marked with an asterisk (*) is considered to be extremely common, as described in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.

Magic Weapons

The Black Maul 80 Points

This brutal, spiked cudgel is stained black with the blood of a thousand victims. Those that wield the club for too long become overwhelmed by its thirst for violence.

R S AP Special Rules

The Black Maul Combat S+2 -3 Extra Attacks (+D6), Magical Attacks

Notes: Each time a natural 6 is rolled for the Extra Attacks (+D6) special rule, the wielder of the Black Maul suffers a -1 modifier to their Weapon Skill characteristic (to a minimum of 1, and for the remainder of the game).

The Axes Of Khorgor 40 Points

When the Banebeast Khorgor was slain, his axes were taken by his successor and so they have continued to be passed down through the centuries.

R S AP Special Rules

The Axes Combat S+1 -2 Extra Attacks (+1), Magical Attacks, of Khorgor Requires Two Hands

Notes: The wielder of the Axes of Khorgor may re-roll any rolls To Wound of a natural 1 made during the Combat phase.

The Brass Cleaver 30 Points

The Brass Cleaver is said to be an artefact from another realm. Ancient and terrible, its outline blurs with a barely restrained thirst for carnage.

R S AP Special Rules

The Brass Cleaver Combat S -2 Magical Attacks

Notes: Enemy models are not permitted an armour, Ward or Regeneration save against an attack made with this weapon if the wielder rolls a natural 6 when making a roll To Wound.

Scimitar Of Skultar 25 Points

The dark, serrated blade of this weapon is engraved with words of power in the Dark Tongue, keeping its biting edge keen and sharp for all time.

R S AP Special Rules

Scimitar of Combat S -1 Armour Bane (1), Magical Attacks, Skultar Multiple Wounds (2)

Magic Armour

Full Plate Chaos Armour* 40 Points

Heavy Chaos Armour* 30 Points

Chaos Armour is a gift of the gods, a symbol of the wearer's status as a true champion of Chaos.

Full Plate Chaos Armour is a suit of full plate armour.

Heavy Chaos Armour is a suit of heavy armour. Both may be purchased and worn by a Wizard, even if they do not have the option to be equipped with armour, a shield or barding, without penalty. In addition, the wearer of Chaos Armour has a 5+ Ward save against any wounds suffered.

The Fur Of Sharggu 20 Points

When the beast-spawn Sharggu was slain, its hide was roughly cut to make a heavy cloak.

May be worn with other armour. The wearer of the Fur of Sharggu improves their armour value by 2 (to a maximum of 2+) against non-magical shooting attacks.

Talismans

Chalice Of Dark Rain 50 Points

It is said that to quaff from this blackened and rotted cup is to command the elements.

Single use. During the Command sub-phase of their turn, if they are not engaged in combat, the bearer of the Chalice of Dark Rain may drink from it. Until your next Start of Turn sub-phase, the range of all enemy missile weapons is halved (rounding fractions up) and enemy war machines cannot shoot.

Cornucopia Of Corpulence 30 Points

This twisted basket overflows with such abundant filth that the weak might drown in its bounty.

When the bearer's combat is chosen during Step 1.1 of any Choose & Fight Combat sub-phase, enemy models in base contact with the bearer of the Cornucopia of Corpulence must make a Toughness test. If this test is failed, they lose a single Wound.



Magic Standards

The Gore Banner 50 Points

Enemies tremble to see the foul sigils daubed upon this blood-drenched standard.

If a unit wishes to declare a charge against a unit carrying the Gore Banner, it must first make a Leadership test. If this test is failed, the unit cannot charge. It does not move and is considered to have made a failed charge. If this test is passed, the unit can charge as normal.

Banner Of The Warped Moon 45 Points

Glowing with Morrlieb's light, creatures of the sky cower before the Banner of the Warped Moon.

During the Command sub-phase of their turn, if they are not engaged in combat, the bearer of this banner may attempt to unleash its power by making a Leadership test (using their own unmodified Leadership). If this test is passed, until your next Start of Turn sub-phase enemy units cannot use the Fly (X) special rule.

The Beast Banner 40 Points

Adorned with shattered beast skulls, the Beast Banner radiates an unquenchable thirst for battle.

A unit carrying the Beast Banner increases its maximum possible charge range by 3" and, when it makes a Charge roll, may apply a +D3 modifier to the result.

The Soiled Tapestry 15 Points

Dragged through filth, this once-sacred banner is now a symbol of hatred.

A unit carrying the Soiled Tapestry gains the Hatred (all enemies) special rule. However, all enemy models Hate the unit carrying this banner.





Enchanted Items

Horn Of The Great Hunt.....35 Points

The dissonant blare of this twisted horn summons Beastmen to the blood grounds to hunt and slaughter the weak.

Once per turn, after rolling to determine if a unit with the Ambushers special rule that is currently held in reserve as reinforcements arrives, and if the bearer of the Horn of the Great Hunt is on the battlefield and is not fleeing, you may apply a +1 or -1 modifier to the result.

Scourge Of The Burdened.....25 Points

Snatched from the petrified fingers of a cruel wagoner, the threat of this barbed whip inspires swiftness amongst all beasts.

The wielder of the Scourge of the Burdened can cast the Call of the Wild spell from the Lore of Primal Magic as a Bound Spell, with a Power Level of 2.

Cacophonous Dirge.....15 Points

The march of the warherd is always accompanied by the raucous droning of pipes so deafeningly loud that it drowns out the instruments of all the foe.

Whilst their unit is within 18" of the bearer of the Cacophonous Dirge, enemy musicians cannot use their "Onwards to Victory!", Steady Rhythm or Quick Time rules.



Arcane Items

Blood Of The Shadowgave*.....35 Points

When shattered upon the ground, clay jars of Morghur's blood boil and spit, birthing mewling beastlings that consume raw magic from the very air, before fading back into the cursed soil.

Single use. A Wizard may use this item instead of making a Wizardly dispel attempt. If they do so, the spell is automatically dispelled with no Dispel roll required.

Note that a perfect invocation cannot be dispelled.

Daemon Heart.....30 Points

Pulled still beating from the chest of a shadow-skinned Daemon, this gruesome artefact must constantly consume magic lest it fade to dust.

When attempting a Wizardly dispel, the bearer of the Daemon Heart counts their Level of Wizardry as being one higher than that of the Wizard whose spell they are dispelling or, in the case of Bound Spells, one higher than that spell's Power Level.

Note that this applies even if it would mean the bearer counts their Level of Wizardry as being lower than it actually is.

Goretooth*.....15 Points

In bloody rituals, Bray-Shamans tear the teeth from the jaws of raging beasts to make amulets that allow them to tap into the primal rage of their victims.

In addition to the Lores of Magic they may normally know spells from, the bearer of a Goretooth may know spells from the Lore of Primal Magic (see page 44).

