

WARHAMMER

THE OLD WORLD



ARCANE JOURNAL™
THE RAZING OF WESTERLAND

WESTERLAND AFLAME

When the spring skies darken and cold winds blow from the north, those that dwell upon the shores of Sigmar's Empire gaze anxiously across the Sea of Claws. Should their eyes catch but the merest glimpse of ragged sails beneath the darkling sky, cries of warning ring loud and clear, for when the wolfships of the Chaos Marauders ride the waves upon the winds of unseasonal storms, Chaos and destruction follows.

The Doom Of Hollum

For Hollum, a fishing town in the northern reaches of Westerland, such destruction would be made manifest in the early 2270s. Wolfships appeared on the horizon, their sails marked with the sigils of the northern tribes and the gods they worshipped. Warriors clad in leather and fur leapt from these ships onto the docks and, by sun's setting, only smouldering ruins and butchered corpses remained of the town. Atop Hollum's charred bones was erected a profane monument of stone and forge-blackened iron, the chilling verses of the saga of the Chainmaker etched upon its surface.

That name, Frydaal the Chainmaker, would soon become a curse in Westerland, for although the raiders left with the passing of summer and the few survivors who had fled Hollum attempted to rebuild their homes, the next spring saw the warlord's return. Wolfships appeared on the horizon once more, and once more they fell upon Hollum, its citizens slaughtered and cursed monuments raised anew, greater in size and blessed with the blood of the sacrificed captives.

But razing a single settlement was not Frydaal's goal. In the wake of her warriors came craftsmen, children and thralls, herdsmen and priests of the Ruinous Powers. As months passed, a fledgling Norscan outpost grew around the Chainmaker's monument, built with plundered resources. The coming of winter saw the Chainmaker depart once more, but hundreds remained, a small fiefdom from which corruption and ruin threatened to spread across the Old World.

The Realm Of The Chainmaker

The Chainmaker's conquests did not go wholly unnoticed by the rulers of Westerland and, though they showed little urgency in their response, they could not ignore the influx of refugees that fled towards Marienburg. The Sea Empress, Elspeth Magritta VI, threw open her coffers, offering gold to all brave enough to oppose the threat. The assembled mercenary army was overwintered within the walls of Marienburg and marched northwards with great fanfare in the spring, the citizens of Marienburg flocking the streets to cheer the bold warriors to victory.

Months later, the remnants of the army returned, two-thirds of their number left dead on the outskirts of Hollum, the mercenary host broken in a single day of bloodshed. For weeks, Frydaal's reavers had pursued, dragging back captives to be sacrificed upon monuments to the Dark Gods. Only at the walls of Leonen had the barbarians been turned back, fragmenting into small warbands that sated their bloodlust by pillaging the surrounding villages and farmland.

Westerland had sent an army against the Chainmaker and been found wanting, whilst Frydaal's tally of victories only grew and glory-seeking warriors flocked to her banner. Further conquests opened the River Aarnau to shallow-hulled Norscan wolfships that could travel far inland to prey upon the villages that clustered upon the edge of Laurelorn Forest. By the third year's end, the northern coast of Westerland had fallen nearly entirely under the sway of the Chainmaker, a parched wasteland watered with blood and offered to the Dark Gods.





The Suffering Of Westerland

Year after year, the Chainmaker returned to Westerland, bringing with her wolfships laden with warriors and settlers eager to expand Frydaal's domain. Icons of dark iron sprouted like weeds across the countryside and along the river Aarnau. Champions of the Dark Gods seeking their own glory swore allegiance to the Chainmaker and were unleashed upon the Empire, given rein to carve their own fiefdoms beneath Frydaal's iron rule. Further south, rumours of Beastmen lurking in the forests became more frequent and lumber towns began to fall silent with worrying frequency. Raiding fleets began striking at the coasts of Bretonnia and preying upon merchant vessels sailing into the Manaansport Sea, a blow felt by the coin purses of Marienburg's richest families.

Noble families soon clamoured for a solution to Westerland's woes, yet Magritta seemed incapable of providing one. State troops deployed to Westerland's border with Reikland remained at their post, the game of politics and appearance seemingly greater than the woes of Magritta's people. Indeed, the Sea Empress refused to seek the aid of allies outside her borders, intent upon portraying an image of strength and unity to her political enemies even as her grip on her throne grew evermore tenuous.

By the dawning of 2278, Diever and Harskamp had fallen and Leonen was under siege, its walls assailed by battle-scarred barbarians who had long fought across the Shadowlands in the far north. Across the Empire rumours had reached the courts of Magritta's rivals and all waited for the Sea Empress to come begging, eagerly anticipating the prospect of humbling her. Yet there were others who sought to combat the plight of Westerland, whether the Empress of Coin knew it or not.

The Storm Dragon

Had any amongst the court of Magritta dared to hope for aid to come to Westerland, such thoughts no doubt lay with the Dwarfs of the Grey Mountains or the High Elves who guarded their affairs in the Sea of Claws with fervent vigilance. None would have considered the warriors of Grand Cathay, yet it was a fleet displaying the Storm Dragon's flag that rounded Reaver's Point as a new season of raiding began, led by the towering forms of mighty war junks. Suddenly, Norscan wolfships engaged in a pursuit of Marienburg vessels found themselves facing a new foe, their vessels shattered by cannon fire and the explosive cargoes of Sky Lanterns.

The rescued Marienburg fleet returned to its city in the company of dozens of Cathayan vessels. The full panoply of the Storm Dragon's army was arrayed upon the decks of her ships and the citizens of Marienburg gawked at a sight unseen in the Old World for generations. The city docks were soon choked with military vessels as militia cleared the streets to allow passage of Magritta's officials. Stepping from her flagship to meet them was Miao Ying, the Storm Dragon, supreme matriarch of Nan-Gau and daughter of the Celestial Dragon. Bedecked in a warrior's finery, she stood taller than all those around her as an awed silence fell upon Marienburg. With great pomp and ceremony, the Storm Dragon was ushered towards Magritta's court to share words with the Empress herself.

Soon after, the army of Grand Cathay marched from Marienburg, disciplined regiments of Jade Lancers and Empire cavalry departing before the full Cathayan strength had disembarked from its fleet. Soldiers of Westerland and defenders of Cathay marched together, heading north to push the Chainmaker back across the sea.



The Defence Of Oostwald

At Oostwald, the site of their first battle in Westerland, Miao Ying's warriors met the servants of Chaos. Sitting upon the North Road and housing only a small garrison, Oostwald was poorly prepared when the Chainmaker's forces began a rapid advance south following the conquest of Leonen. Only the sudden arrival of the Jade Lancer vanguard, dispatched with all haste by Miao Ying to open the path northwards for her army, saved Oostwald.

Chaos Marauders thirsting for slaughter and the glory of battle were unprepared for the thundering charge of the Jade Lancers, their ranks crumpling and buckling as the cavalry hit them, trampling hundreds beneath iron-shod hooves. Oostwald was secured and the barbarians forced to retreat, carrying word of this new threat to all within the Chainmaker's domain.

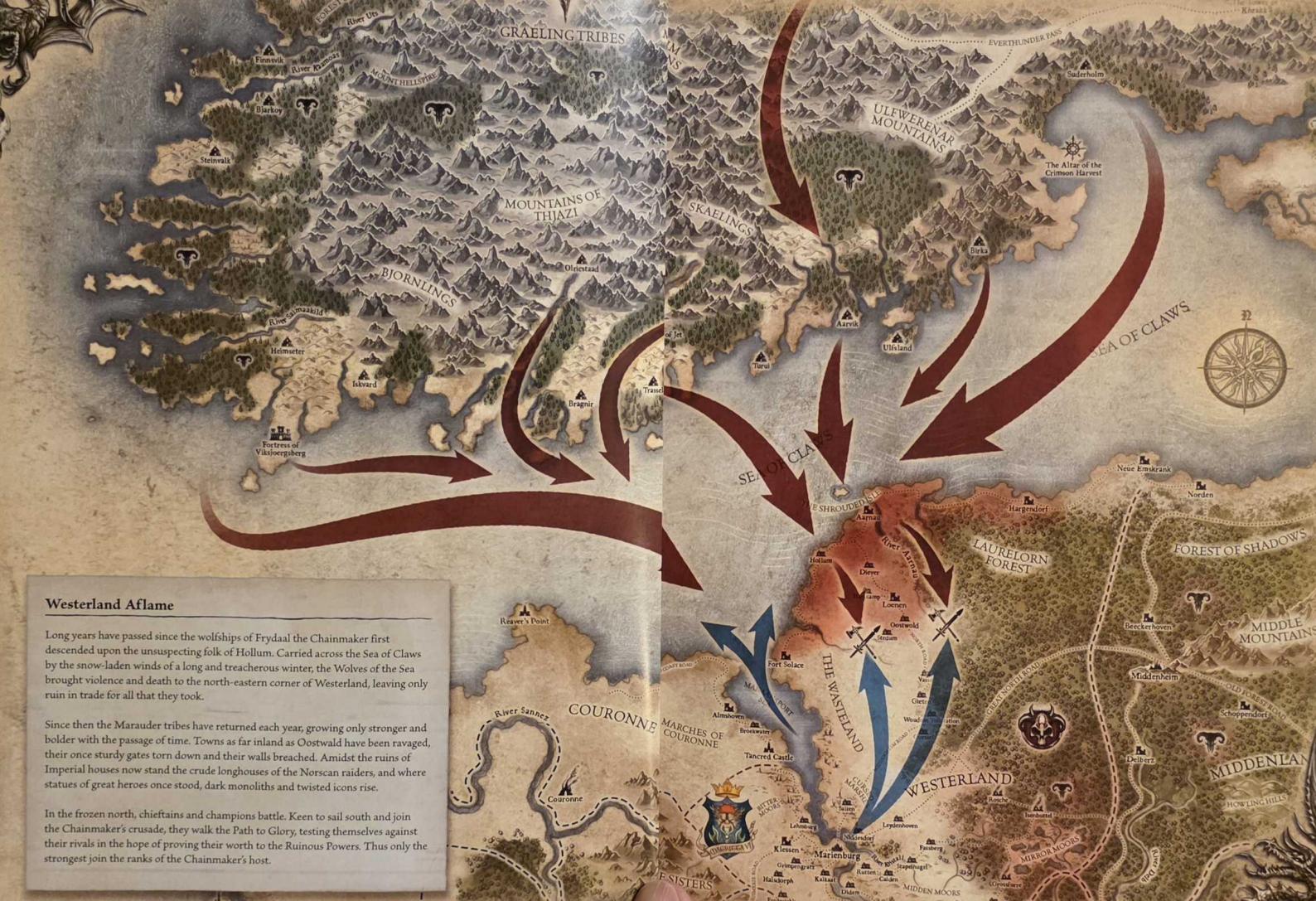
The Chainmaker's saga became marred by tales of defeats for the first time as tribes sworn to her banner were crushed by the allied forces advancing northwards. For the warriors of the Shadowlands this was not a blow to morale but a challenge offered by the gods, a foe worthy of battle, a test for those who walked the Path to Glory. Blood and battle had ever been a unifier amongst the Marauder tribes and so it was in Westerland, as warriors gathered axe and shield and marched towards Leonen. The advance of Miao Ying's army became mired in bloody skirmishes and raids upon its flanks, forcing battalions to be detached to secure the North Road and allow the main army to advance unhindered. All hopes of a swift advance towards Leonen were discarded and the element of surprise abandoned, as the bloody tenacity of the invaders forced each patch of liberated land to be purchased in spilt blood.

Reconquest Of The Wasteland

Simple victory over the denizens of the Shadowlands was not Miao Ying's sole concern. Amongst her warriors were veterans of wars against the Ruinous Powers and their servants. It was these whom the Storm Dragon tasked with purging Westerland of the corruption that had sunk its roots deep into the land.

As the army marched, icons and monuments to the Dark Gods were toppled and smashed, and the corpses of the slain were burnt upon vast pyres after each victory. Crude settlements were torn down, their wood and stone repurposed as foundations for new outposts and villages that expanded Westerland's hold over the liberated land. Portraying herself as a restorer of order, Miao Ying worked to secure the goodwill of Westerland's people so she might exert her influence when the Chainmaker's forces had been driven back beyond the Sea of Claws.

This pattern of raids and restorations meant it was weeks before the army of Grand Cathay and Westerland reached the outskirts of Leonen. Outriders clashed with Marauder horsemen in running battles as the allied army established its siege lines and surrounded the walled town. Above the rooftops, the banners of the Norscan warlords loyal to the Chainmaker snapped in the wind. Breaches in Leonen's walls opened during its conquest had been patched with wood and stone, the walls now manned by thousands of warriors who roared the Chainmaker's name. Battle-scarred warlords and veteran warriors tempered upon the barren fields of the Shadowlands formed the bulk of Frydaal's force, all eager to test their mettle against the martial skills of Grand Cathay. Three days after Leonen was encircled, Miao Ying signalled the commencement of the assault.



THE MARAUDER TRIBES

The worship of Chaos as a pantheon in Norsca and the Shadowlands is an ephemeral thing, lacking in structure and centralised places of worship. Instead, the Dark Gods are deified as totemic animals, their worshippers unified by the traits moulded into them in the quest for their patrons' favour.

The Bloodied Hound

Strength is all in the Shadowlands; to rule is to break the weak and the lesser, to stand as a figure of terror that all must respect lest they be cast tumbling into death's cold embrace. Such is the reality of the harsh northern lands, yet for most, battle is a means to an end, one of many methods through which alliances can be forged and positions of power can be secured. Wars between the Marauder tribes are frequent and quick to ignite, yet resolution is often just as swift, a victor decided through a duel of champions or grudges settled by the exchange of oathsworn warriors.



To show true devotion to the Hound, known as Kharnath, the Hunter of Souls or the Beast of Skulls, one must be a warrior first and foremost. More than that, a warrior must be willing to embrace their feral nature, to accept an unrelentingly violent existence of tooth and claw. To worship the Hound is to walk a path of bloodshed and war, each moment of one's existence dedicated to preparing for conflict, where the spilling of blood is the holiest of rites and the greatest of offerings one can give the Bloodied Hound.

Indeed, for those that dedicate themselves completely to the Bloodied Hound, peace is an illusion. To break bread with the defeated is to dishonour the gods, for war is a crucible, the forge in which the strong are tempered, and the world shaped to the will of the Ruinous Powers.

Followers of the Hound are unified by a singular common principle – to make war until all is stained crimson. But theirs is not an existence of pure battle, for the tribes must hunt like any other and it is with the monstrous beasts that stalk the wilds of the Shadowlands that servants of the Hound sate their patron's thirst for violence during times of peace.

While devotees of the Hound await the next conflict they hone their skills, forge new weapons and armour, and raise their children to take their appointed place in the shieldwall. Forever does battle fever simmer below the surface, causing quarrels to erupt, not to be settled with words, but upon the blade of a sword. Thus is Kharnath honoured by bold and brash warriors, furious berserkers that forever stand upon the edge of conflict. Eagerly they find fault with even their closest allies, quickly unleashing their frenzied wrath upon them in a haze of bloodlust.

Unexpected violence is an eventuality that all who deal with the devotees of Kharnath must prepare for. Thus, in times of relative peace, followers of the Hound are vilified and feared. But in times of war, they are praised and revered. As allies in war, they are warriors without peer, avatars of battle that live for nothing save to bring war to their enemies and pile high their skulls. The battlefield is their temple and through slaughter they proclaim their devotion – even in death they worship, for the Hound cares not whose blood is spilt, only that it is.

The Carrion Crow

The threat of disease is a constant in the Shadowlands, where cold winds and driving rains batter the land ceaselessly, where the warm kiss of the sun's rays are a scarcely felt thing. It is a foe against which few can fight, a creeping enemy that lays low even the mightiest of warriors. Wounds earned in battle can fester, inflicting slow defeat upon those who stood triumphant on the killing grounds. Fevers grip entire villages, leaving them as lambs before the slaughter, easy prey for wild beasts or rival tribes eager to conquer new lands. Should a tribe afflicted with pestilence survive, it is not always a blessing; warriors who once towered above all others might find themselves frail and weak, their strength stolen by the cruel touch of disease.

It is little wonder that many turn to the Carrion Crow, known as Neiglen, for salvation. In him they find a patron that seems considerate of their suffering, one who will soothe their woes and open their eyes to the wonders of pestilence in all its forms. Depicted as the plague-ridden remains of a carrion bird that writhes mournfully within its earthen grave, rotting flesh hanging from its bones, those who praise Neiglen are hardy folk, blessed to withstand diseases that devastate their neighbours. The Devotees of the Crow do not fear the onset of plague, for it is an omen of their patron's ascendance, a sign that his power is rising and his blessings plentiful. As villages are gripped in the throes of fever, the followers of the Crow gather in celebration, consuming feasts of spoiled flesh and withered crops in thanks to the Crow for striking down all who spurn him.

The gifts of the Crow are myriad and often subtle. Those who worship him are not absent of disease, for the infliction of it is a holy act, a sign of their god's touch upon the world. His followers are simply the fewest to be struck low by plague, remaining hale and hearty as those around them sicken and wither. Pus-filled boils and gangrenous wounds are disfigurements worn proudly by the most devout of followers, marks of honour that show the blessing the Crow has bestowed upon them.

Yet whilst the Crow revels in the spreading of pestilence and disease, he cultivates many healers and shamans amongst his followers also. Whilst the knowledge of disease can be used to punish enemies and spread the Crow's influence, it is through the salvation of the weak and enfeebled that the wayward are enlightened as to his majesty. Healers sworn to the Crow are often capable of granting succour to those thought doomed to succumb to their afflictions and, in doing so, preaching the caring touch Neiglen offers his faithful.

Warriors loyal to the Crow march in the shadow of carrion birds and pestilence follows in their wake, ravaging the land and cursing the survivors to endure further suffering. Fields burnt by followers of the Crow yield blighted crops. Survivors that flee before them carry disease to those amongst whom they seek refuge, softening new foes for conquest. Even in defeat, followers of the Crow achieve a measure of victory, for they are vessels for the Crow's blessings and lands that resist axe and flame often fall soon after to plague, joining in death the invaders they had driven off.



The Slithering Serpent

To seek power in the Shadowlands is to dream of a saga writ in the seeker's name, to be lauded as greater than all who have come before, to be remembered until Chaos consumes the world and all else ends. Above all others, those who worship the Serpent, known as Shornaal, the Dark Prince of Ruin, believe that greatness is their right, and yet the blessing of the Serpent is an elusive boon, for the lives of mortals are rarely worthy of the Dark Prince's attentions.

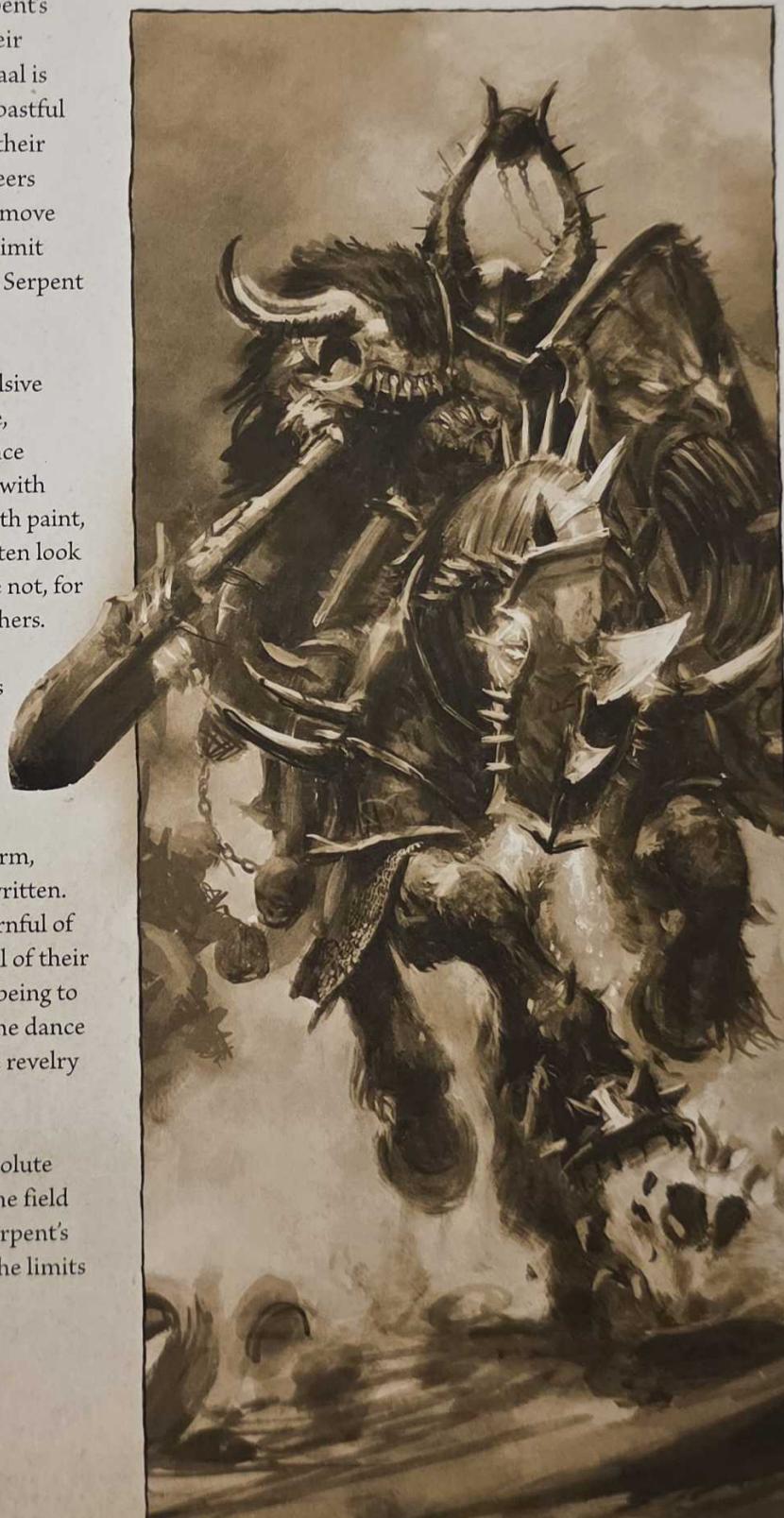
Inevitably, it is the arrogant who are drawn to the Serpent's worship, those who believe themselves greater than their kin and deserving of the immeasurable rewards Shornaal is known to bestow upon the few who captivate them. boastful and proud, followers of the Serpent are renowned for their excess in all things. To them, tomorrow is a thing for seers and farmers; only by revelling in the moment can one move closer to Shornaal. Every whim is indulged and every limit pushed, excess being the way in which devotion to the Serpent is shown.

Followers of the Serpent are known for their oft impulsive nature, prone to migrating seemingly without purpose, to consume hallucinogenic potions so that an experience might be enhanced, to decorate weapons and armour with functionless embellishments, or to adorn their flesh with paint, tattoos and scarification. It is with scorn that rivals often look upon the followers of the Serpent, but the devout care not, for arrogance is an armour impervious to the words of others.

Above all else, the followers of the Serpent are denizens of the Shadowlands and in their veins flows the blood of warriors. It is not enough for the devotees of the Serpent to know they are greater than all others – such a thing must be proved beyond any doubt. Battle is but another stage upon which they can perform, the blade and axe instruments with which sagas are written. Amongst the tribes of the north, even those most scornful of the Serpent's worshippers begrudgingly admit the skill of their weaponsmasters. Such warriors dedicate their entire being to the craft, believing that the Serpent can be found in the dance of blade, in the passion of wounds inflicted and in the revelry of pain received.

In war, devotees of the Serpent are capricious and resolute foes, prone to indulging in acts of grandeur even on the field of battle. Those who walk the Path to Glory in the Serpent's name believe in audacity beyond all else and testing the limits of their abilities.

Followers of the Serpent might take to the field of battle unarmoured, believing no weapon can harm them, while others might call out challenge after challenge, seeking to claim the lives of an entire tribe without aid. In these moments of madness, where mere mortals would fall to defeat and ignominy, followers of the Serpent thrive and the eyes of their patron might briefly be drawn. Their gifts produce warriors without peer, their strikes precise and swift, their souls forever yearning for the next moment of triumph.



The Fell Raptor

Amongst all of the representations of the Ruinous Powers, the Raptor is most elusive. Rarely worshipped in the open, there are few tribes devoted solely to him; he is a patron of shadows and whispers, the knower of secrets and the thief of desires. Followers of the Raptor, known as Tchar, the Changer of Ways, instead lurk amongst other tribal groups, congregating in secretive warrior lodges to plot and prepare. Shamans and soothsayers are the most likely to be swayed to the Raptor's service, for he is a miser and knowledge is his currency – to the few granted his blessing, the world's secrets are unfurled.

The secrecy with which the Raptor is worshipped is for good reason, for trust is a luxury none can afford when ensnared within his schemes. His followers work beneath a veil of deception, appearing to follow the word of their chieftains and publicly bow before a tribe's own patron, offering sacrifices to the Raptor when backs are turned. Such acts are not betrayals for the Raptor, for his eyes are unblinking and he sees the desires that lurk in the hearts and minds of mortals. It is the Raptor's schemes that truly matter, the web of manipulation he weaves into the fate of the world – so long as his will is ultimately carried out, he cares not for the honeyed words used to placate the ignorant. Loyalty to the Raptor transcends oaths to kin and tribe, his followers as likely to work against their people as much as aid them, their every action ultimately contributing to the unfurling of their patron's grand plans.

Those blessed by the Raptor's patronage are quick of mind and tongue, as much diplomats and manipulators as they are warriors. In a nation of tribes where strength is the path to supremacy, the devotees of the Raptor work as puppeteers, using honeyed words and hidden blades to guide chieftains towards their desired purpose. Few sworn to the Raptor care to sit on the throne themselves, the crown an illusion to which only the weak cling. From the shadows they work, as trusted advisors and generals upon whose words others hang, content knowing the declarations of a chieftain are nothing more than their own words conjured in the throat of another.

Servants of the Raptor march to war as eagerly as any amongst the Marauder tribes, their patron's blessing aiding them with brief flashes of precognition, the swiftness of an Raptor aflight or mutated limbs stronger than those they replaced. Those who can perceive the Winds of Magic are transformed into conduits of arcane power, a curse and a boon in equal measure.

On the battlefield, such wielders of magic are highly sought after, capable of turning foes to writhing mounds of flesh with a single bolt and instilling allies with the briefest taste of the Dark Gods' power. Through their talents and skills, the servants of the Raptor are welcomed into the longhalls of chieftains who seek to leverage these conduits of the Ruinous Powers for their own ambition. Inevitably, they find themselves becoming the unwitting pawns in the Raptors schemes, ensnared by the words of those invited to roost in their halls.



TRIBES OF THE SHADOWLANDS



The Marauders Of Chaos

When north winds blow, the Marauders of Chaos ride from their frozen realm to lay waste to the civilised nations of the Old World. In appearance, they resemble the Warriors of Chaos, whose ranks they long to join, their heavy helms adorned with the horns of twisted beasts, their silhouettes warped by their thick furs and crude armour.

Some ride warhorses, vicious beasts that carry them swiftly across the battlefield. Others fight on foot, forming large warbands that rush towards the foe, heedless of the enemy's artillery in their eagerness to join the fray and shed blood in honour of the Ruinous Powers.



Though barbarous and crude, the tribes of the Shadowlands are not mere savages. They craft sturdy weapons of war from the tainted ores and minerals that burst from the frozen soil of their desolate homelands, forging them in fires fed by the wood of twisted trees felled in corrupted forests, and the bones of vanquished foes.

The Marauder Tribes favour broad-bladed axes and heavy flails, brutal weapons that butcher and crush the foe beneath their fury. Alongside these many carry swords, hand axes or spears. These weapons are often carved with the runes and sigils of the Ruinous Powers, granting them an aura of unnerving malignancy.



The armour worn by the Marauders of Chaos appears as crudely made as the weapons they wield, yet is every bit as effective. Few wear mail or plate, preferring to craft their armour from the tanned hides of the great beasts that roam the Shadowlands, beasts whose pelts offer as much protection against the spears and arrows of the enemy as they do against the chill of the interminable northern winter. Most wear helms of beaten iron, decorated with the mismatched horns of their prey, and many wield large round shields of rough wood, banded with iron and adorned with brazen icons and decorated with grisly trophies cut from slain enemies.



Members of the Cult of the Bloodied Hound adorn their brazen banners with the skulls of vanquished foes. Beneath these, they paint the sigils of their patron in blood.



Servants of the Carrion Crow bear aloft rusted and tarnished totems, decorated with the remains of the fallen and daubed with icons drawn from the filth of the plague pit.



Acolytes of the Fell Raptor craft their banners from precious metals and decorate them with sigils that shift and writhe under the scrutiny of unwise onlookers.



Devotees of the Slithering Serpent carry banners of their enemy's flensed flesh. From these hang glimmering gemstones, incongruous beside instruments of torture.

THE SHADOW OF CHAOS

Those who set foot upon the Path to Glory bind themselves to a life of blood and battle, a life of conquest and slaughter. Of those who seek a god's attention, few survive to reap the bounteous rewards, cast aside by their patron, another forgotten soul lost upon the path.



The Path To Glory

Omens hold power in Norsca, for the influence of the Dark Gods is felt strongly, their will often gleaned through preternatural manifestations, be it an incessant heartbeat heard only when axe is in hand, dreams of bloodsoaked glory that come with each full moon, or the rush of joy in the heat of battle while life beyond it is nought but grey. All who feel it look northwards where, beyond the horizon, reality fragments and the Realm of Chaos awaits.

To answer this call is to abandon worldly concerns and embark upon the perilous journey to the summit of the world. It is a path of conflict where the strong gather like-minded followers to their banners and the weak are struck down, swiftly forgotten. Battle by battle, a seeker of glory fights their way north, offering sacrifices to the daemonic lords of the æther in return for their favour; those deemed worthy are bestowed gifts in the form of mutations, arcane weapons and power beyond the ken of ignorant mortals.

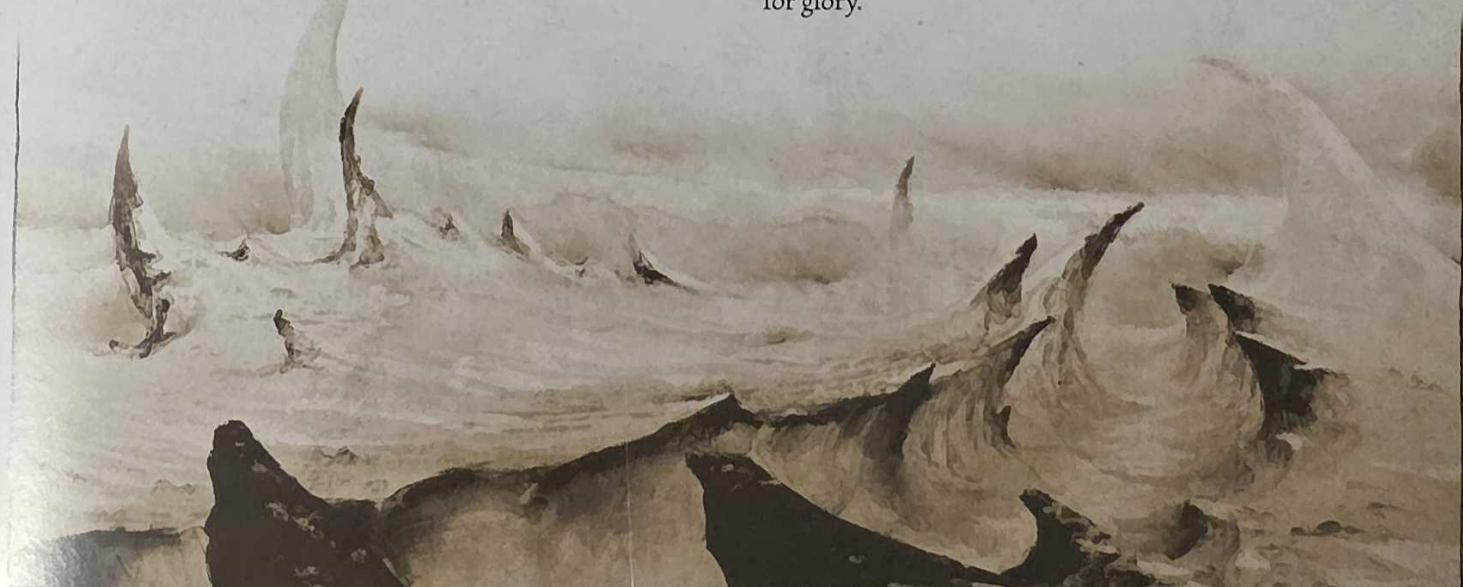
But the blessings of Chaos are ephemeral, the gods' attention fleeting, their gifts oft more curse than boon. Few champions survive to reach the world's pole; those that do return with corruption entwined with their souls. Yet the Path to Glory is neverending, the thirst of the gods insatiable. To touch the realm of the Dark Gods is to begin a new journey, to wage war against the greatest of champions and to await the fated day when, under the symbols of their patrons, the legions of Chaos will drown the world in blood.

Auspicious Birth

Dreams hold great sway in Norsca, for it is believed that through them the gods commune with mortals. Thus, when night brought haunting visions of blood-drenched warriors atop a hill of black earth to the seers of the Graeling tribes, it was believed a foretelling. A day later, the cries of newborns echoed across the snow-capped mountains, guiding Graeling hunters to a fresh scene of slaughter; troll blood hot upon the snow, the dead beast seared by torch-fire, flesh hewn in chunks from its twisted form. Beneath it screamed two fur-clad babes, clutched in the arms of their dying mother, all three drenched in the blood of the creature slain by her hand.

Anointed in battle and blood upon the day of their birth, the twins were seen as fated warriors by their adopted tribe. Brother and sister, the two grew surrounded by a presumed destiny, bound to the gods through their induction into warrior lodges. By their ninth winter, they had slain their first beasts. By their thirteenth winter they had raided south, seizing plunder of their own from the ruins of Bretonnian villages, and the seed of glory was planted in their souls; from that day, both heard the call of the gods.

With each passing winter the names of Óttarr and Eydís grew in renown; in wars with the Varg tribes; in raids upon Westerland in the early years of the Chainmaker's rise; in their unyielding devotion to the Dark Gods. When the strength of their chieftain began to wane, the twins' own grew, until wealth and warriors aplenty they had amassed. Soon enough, the pair grew restless and preparations began for a new search for glory.



Northwards

It was Eydís who acted first, her mind aflame with tales of the Chainmaker. After a night of tribal revelry she challenged the aged chieftain, claiming his head and position as the sun rose on the next day. Sister and brother no longer stood equal as Eydís marched her tribe northwards, her desire for glory in the eyes of the gods now afire. To Cardariborg the tribe travelled, intent upon seizing its docks and vessels.

In the dead of night, the glow of Mannslieb shrouded by clouds, Óttarr led his oathsworn warriors over the town's walls. The serenity of sleep was soon broken by the clamour of battle, night illuminated by the fires of burning homes. Only when silence fell once more were the gates flung open. From them marched Óttarr and his few surviving oathsworn, the brother marked by the blood of battle, the sister untouched by violence despite the victory her tribe had achieved.

Only the boldest warriors sailed north from Cardariborg, Eydís leaving behind the bulk of her tribe whilst she walked the path of the gods. As the town faded into the distance, lookouts spied an eagle with shimmering feathers diving amongst the surf hunting sea serpents – a sign from the gods, claimed Eydís. The journey across the Sea of Chaos was swift but not absent of challenges. Wind and sheeting rain assailed the wolfships, and crashing waves sent two to the inky depths. Other reavers sailed the waters too and, as the shores of the Shadowlands were sighted, lookouts spied approaching warships. Horns rang out from both fleets as they turned towards one another and battle was soon joined.

Blood Upon The Sea

The fleets came together in a crash of scraping hulls and splintering wood. Marauders leapt from ship to ship, the blood of the fallen mixing with the storm's water upon the decks as axes sang and spears were cast. Eydís and Óttarr both led their warriors from the front, each seeking the champion that commanded their foe. Of them, it was the sister who spied their enemy first, a flash of lightning illuminating a burly, fur-clad form standing a head taller than the huscarls that gathered around him.

Caution fled in the face of glory, and Eydís charged headlong into the knot of warriors, her axe hewing flesh and severing limbs. Blood flowed from her wounds but she cared not, revelling in the burning pain, the jarring of her arm as axe sunk into the skulls of her foes. Six times she had been cut by the weapons of her enemy's champions, and six of those champions had she hacked the life from, before casting the Chieftain and his banner down upon a deck slick with the blood of the slain. The clamour of battle soon died away, quickly replaced by the tumult of friend and foe alike roaring the name of the victor.

As wounds were tended and the ships repaired, word was carried to Eydís of her brother's loss, his vessel had become entangled with one of the foe's and been dragged towards the shore, both to be dashed upon the rocks. Of Óttarr and his crew there was no sign save flotsam. To the waves Eydís offered a spray of her blood, to mingle with her fallen brother's and to honour his life. Then onwards to the shore, following the yearning she felt each time her eyes drifted north.



The Gifts Of Chaos

Eydís made landfall upon the edge of a forest where twisted roots sank deep into soil of shattered bone. Upon the shores of the Shadowlands, the true Path began, the siren song of the gods ringing clear in Eydís' mind. Beneath shadowed boughs and bone-white leaves the warriors marched, and each day they fed the trees with blood and flesh, that of both the twisted beasts who nested in the shadowed forest and other champions who sought the blessing of the gods. Each battle notched a new victory for Eydís and her warriors, and brought new warriors to her banner, her ranks swelled by the surviving followers of slain aspirants.

Onwards marched the tribe, out of the forest and across the Plain of Glass. Dozens of victories were won against the roaming tribes of the land and greater did her own tribe grow, bound not by the blood in their veins but by the blood shed in service to Eydís, their champion. The incessant call of the gods led her onwards, each day brought a fresh test of her might and the courage of her followers, and each night was lit by pyres of sacrifice, beacons to draw the gods' gaze. The briefest touch of their power saw the gift of mutation spread amongst Eydís' tribe; horns sprouting from brows, barbed spines from backs, fangs and claws with which to tear armour and flesh.

For the champion herself, the greatest boons awaited when daemonic serpents sunk their fangs into her flesh. When she awakened from pain and bliss, her wounds bled caustic bile and her muscles were of corded iron, granting her strength beyond the most hale of her warriors.

Fate's Last Trick

Weeks turned to months as Eydís fought her way northwards. With each passing day, ever greater foes moved against her, and with each victory, greater plunder was seized from the corpses of the vanquished. Her most loyal huscarls marched to battle in forge-blackened armour marked with glowing runes that burnt with inner fire, carrying weapons bathed in blood and blessed by the touch of daemons, her legions augmented with raging beasts thralled with collars of infernal iron.

As the weeks passed, the land grew ever more cracked and splintered, untouched by the warmth of the sun nor the light of the moon, and the laws of nature were broken anew with each passing moment. The voice of the gods in Eydís' dreams was no longer a whisper but a roar, a demand for tribute accompanied by the promise of power beyond comprehension.

Upon the edge of the Wastes, where the land fragmented and gave way to infinite nothing, Eydís and her warband approached a solitary hill of blackened earth standing tall amid a flat plain of craggy rock riven by pools of lava. At its base was arrayed an army of thousands roaring challenges at Eydís' own as they approached. Atop the hill grew a red barked tree, its leaves dripping crimson ichor upon the knot of hulking, armoured warriors gathered in its shadow, a helmed champion at their centre. The cries of the eagle perched upon the champion's shoulder echoed across the battlefield and above the clamour of marching armies, a piercing sound that rang clear to Eydís. She raised her sword, its infernal runes glowing red with arcane power, and ordered the charge.



Glory Above All

The thunder of battle rolled across the broken plain, as the two shieldwalls marched upon one another. Horseman screened the advance, trading flurries of axes and spears before withdrawing, leaving scores of dying warriors and fallen steeds in their wake. The ranks of warriors marched over them, iron-shod boots silencing the pleas of the wounded, a steady advance that brought the two battlelines crashing together.

Axes hacked through trophy-adorned shields to reach the flesh beyond. Shrieking bolts of arcane power set clumps of fighters alight, warped flesh and clouded the mind so that friend appeared as foe, blood kin turning their weapons upon one another. Tentacled trolls plucked screaming warriors from the ranks to be stuffed into their waiting maws. Under the gaze of the gods none relented, even as the dead began to outnumber the living and carrion creatures tore into the offered feast of flesh.



Yet the raging battle was nought but a backdrop to the confrontation between champions, the stage upon which the seekers of glory would clash. Eydís and her huscarls carved through the thick of battle, their armour turning aside axes and spear, their blades scything a path of red ruin up to the hilltop. Up its flanks they charged, then into the retinue at the summit, the two champions meeting in the centre, blades crossing in a final deadly clash. Blow after blow was turned aside by the other's sword, until Eydís' blade rent open her opponent's helmet and tore it from their head. Face exposed, her foe was revealed and the face of her brother stared back at her.

Eydís removed her own helm and the twins locked eyes, a moment of stillness in the maelstrom of bloodshed around them. No words were traded as the twins raised swords to hew down those around them, indiscriminately striking down all within reach. Friend or foe, it mattered not, only that none save the twins would live. Swords lost amongst the press of bodies, Eydís and Óttarr fought back to back with axes torn from dead fingers, each life they took offered in tribute to the Dark Gods. Blood spilt was lapped up greedily from the roots of the tree under which they fought, its boughs sprouting new leaves as the slaughter raged on. Soon only the twins remained atop the hill, the air still and silent save for the pair's ragged breath and the shrieks of flesh-hungry birds.

Battle-rage spent, Eydís turned to her brother and was met with an axe, its broad blade cleaving her unarmoured skull. Bone and blood was scattered across the hilltop and a final corpse was added to the mound. Óttarr stepped over the twitching corpse of his sister and walked to the hill's crest, looking down upon the survivors of battle as they gathered before him. Only the strongest remained, warriors worthy of accompanying Óttarr in his quest for glory.

Óttarr's gaze turned northwards to where the gods dwelt, where the world he knew ended and the Realm of Chaos began. Though the gods had noticed him, his victories and their gifts testament to their approval, he instinctively knew he was not yet worthy of venturing into their realm. South then, to Westerland he would sail, to pledge his sword and his soul to the service of the Chainmaker.

*"One after another I tally my victories,
each a blood-stained offering to the Ruinous Powers."*

- Frydaal the Chainmaker





PATH TO GLORY CAMPAIGNS

Pto the brutal tribespeople of the frozen north, those that live a violent existence under the shadow of Chaos, the Path to Glory is the road they must travel to earn power and infamy. Yet the appeal of earning renown through decisive action is not limited to the followers of Chaos alone. Amongst the armies of the Empire, bold officers seek to elevate themselves through their courage, whilst in Bretonnia, chivalrous lords lead their knights against the foe in the pursuit of renown, and in the Badlands, brutal Orc Warbosses amass great Waaaghs! to prove their might.

The Pursuit Of Glory

In a Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign, the participants start with small forces which they add to over a number of weeks or months, turning a modestly sized warband into a mighty and all-conquering warhost. This allows the participants to collect and paint a new army, playing games as it grows and testing their mettle against fellow players at each step of the way.

In this way, any participants that are new to Warhammer: the Old World can focus on learning the rules with a small and manageable force, allowing them to gain valuable experience and learn the nuances of their faction of choice gradually, as opposed to jumping straight into the game with armies of 2,000 points or more. At the same time, experienced hobbyists can work on a new project, be it the start of a collection representing a brand new faction, or a new collection of models to add to a favourite faction. For example, a dedicated Orc and Goblin Tribes player might join in with a Path to Glory campaign in order to collect and paint the models they need to field a Troll Horde Army of Infamy.

To add to the fun of playing a series of games, throughout the course of the campaign units and characters alike can gain valuable experience, becoming grizzled veterans and honing their skills through characteristic increases and the gaining of new skills. In this way a participant's army becomes something truly unique, an army unlike any other, one which can only come about as a result of walking the Path to Glory.

Setting Up The Campaign

Before a Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign begins there are several decisions to be made, such as who amongst the participants will act as the campaign's 'Overseer', how long the campaign will last, and by how many points the participants' armies will grow at each stage of the campaign.

The Overseer

A Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign requires one of the participants to take on the role of Overseer. It is the Overseer that takes responsibility for the organising of the campaign, keeping track of games played, points won and more.

Campaign Goals

The goal of the campaign is for the participants to collect and paint an army, most often of 2,000 or 2,500 points. Each participant begins with a 500 points army and adds to it during each campaign phase, increasing its size in 250 or 500 point increments.

Campaign Phases

Before the campaign begins, the Overseer must decide how many phases it will consist of. During each phase the participants play a number of games and, away from the battlefield, work towards collecting and painting the models needed to expand their army in preparation for the next phase. As a general guide, campaign phases should last no less than two weeks but no more than six weeks.

Running The Campaign

Prior to the start of the campaign, the participants must each write a 500 points muster list, as described in the Battle March rules (see *Arcane Journal – the War of Settra's Fury*), and submit it to the Overseer. This muster list represents the army they will field throughout the first phase of the campaign.

Prior to each subsequent phase, the participants must update their muster list, increasing the size of their army by adding new units and new characters, by increasing the size of existing units, by removing and replacing units or characters, or even by changing a unit's equipment or a character's magic items. This updated muster list represents the army they will field throughout the upcoming phase of the campaign.



Rewards Of Valour

At the end of the campaign, the Overseer should gather the participants together and give out awards. How many awards are given and the achievements they recognise should be determined by the Overseer, but the following are highly recommended:

- **Champion of Champions:** Awarded to the participant with the most Campaign Points.
- **Best Army:** Awarded to the participant with the best painted or most thematic army, as voted for by the participants.

To Battle!

During each phase of the campaign each participant should play at least one game. Who plays who in each phase can be arranged by the Overseer, or participants can arrange their own games. To ensure all participants play a variety of opponents, it is recommended that the Overseer take charge and pair the participants up at the start of each phase.

Campaign Points

Over the course of the campaign participants earn 'Campaign Points' (CP) for playing games. At the end of each game, both players calculate the total number of Victory Points they have scored, as described on page 286 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. A player scores:

- 3 CP for a crushing victory.
- 2 CP for a victory.
- 1 CP for a draw.
- 0 CP for a loss.

After each game, the players report their result to the Overseer, who keeps a record of games played per phase and how many CP each participant has won throughout the campaign. At the end of the campaign, prizes can be awarded based on accrued CP.

Games per Phase: Participants are allowed to play as many games per campaign phase as they wish. However, CP can only be won for a participant's first two games per phase. This ensures that no one can accrue an unreasonable number of CP simply by playing multiple games per month.

The Colours of Victory: Whilst victory in battle is the surest way to earn Campaign Points, collecting and painting a new army is the true objective. To acknowledge this, participants earn a bonus of +1 CP for every game they play with a fully painted army.

Veteran Abilities

Those that survive the fury of battle quickly become experienced warriors. To represent this, units gain Experience Points (XP) during the course of a Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign. Any unit whose troop type is 'infantry' or 'cavalry' (but not 'swarms' or 'war beasts') that is not fleeing at the end of the game earns:

- 1XP if it survived the game without being reduced to less than 50% of its starting Unit Strength.
- 1XP per trophy of war it captured or enemy unit it destroyed during the game.

A unit may spend its XP after any game by rolling on the table below and adding its current XP to the result. Once a unit has rolled on the table, it is reduced to 0XP:

Veteran Abilities Table

D6	Result
2-5	Reluctant Warriors: Failing to learn from its experiences the unit does not gain a Veteran Ability, but neither is it reduced to 0XP.
6-8	Grizzled Veterans: The unit permanently improves its Leadership characteristic by 1 (to a maximum of 10). If the unit's Leadership is 10, treat this result as a roll of 2-6.
9-10	Experienced Warriors: Once per game the unit may re-roll any rolls To Hit of a natural 1. If the unit rolls this upgrade again, it gains a second re-roll.
11-12	Weapon Masters: The unit permanently improves either its Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill characteristic by 1 (chosen by the controlling player, to a maximum of 10).
13-14	Fighting Formation: The unit permanently improves its maximum rank bonus (determined by its troop type) by 1 (to a maximum of +4).
15+	The Spoils of War: The unit permanently improves the Armour Piercing characteristic of one of its weapons by 1 (chosen by the controlling player, to a maximum of -5).

Battlefield Losses

No matter how seasoned and battle-hardened the members of a veteran unit become, no one is safe upon the battlefields of the Old World. Casualties do happen and units suffer losses and, whilst fallen warriors can often be replaced through the careful selection of new recruits, a regiment that suffers significant losses might never recover.

To represent this, if a unit with one or more veteran upgrades is reduced below 25% of its starting Unit Strength, is destroyed, or if it flees the battlefield, roll a D6 at the end of the game:

Battlefield Losses Table

D6	Result
1-3	Insurmountable losses: The unit is too badly mauled to recover and loses all of its Veteran Abilities, along with any unspent XP.
4	Terrible losses: The unit will survive, but many of its veteran members are replaced by untested new recruits. The unit loses one Veteran Ability (chosen by the controlling player).
5	Mauled: Despite having received a mauling from the foe, the unit's casualties recover quickly after the battle.
6	Lesson Learned: In the aftermath of a brutal battle the recovering unit members reflect upon their experiences. The unit gains 1XP.

Fresh Blood

Units can increase in size during the course of a Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign. Should the Unit Strength of a unit with one or more Veteran upgrades increase by five or more between two campaign phases, it will retain its upgrades, but will lose D3 unspent XP it has.

Seasoned Commanders

Whilst regiments can gain experience and become seasoned veterans, so too can the mighty warriors and cunning mages that command them. As with units, this is represented by Experience Points (XP) which characters gain during the course of a Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign. Any character that was not removed from play as a casualty and is not fleeing at the end of the game earns:

- 1XP for surviving the game.
- 1XP per enemy character slain, per trophy of war captured or enemy unit destroyed during the game (by the character or a unit they had joined).

In addition, an army's General earns 1XP if their army won the game.

A character may spend their XP after any game by rolling on the table below and adding their current XP to the result. Once a character has rolled on the table, they are reduced to 0XP:

Seasoned Commander Table

D6 Result

2-6	Prideful Braggart: Filled with pride and arrogance, the character does not gain a Veteran Ability, but neither are they reduced to 0XP.
7-11	Grizzled Veteran: The character permanently improves their Leadership characteristic by 1 (to a maximum of 10).
12-14	Weapon Master: The character permanently improves either its Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill characteristic by 1 (chosen by the controlling player, to a maximum of 10).
15+	The Spoils of War: The character permanently improves the Armour Piercing characteristic of one of their weapons by 1 (chosen by the controlling player, to a maximum of -5).

Promotion Or Death

During the course of a Warhammer: the Old World Path to Glory campaign, characters can meet various fates. For some, promotion and renown await. For others, the cold embrace of death beckons.

Promotion & Glory

As armies grow and muster lists are updated, participants may wish to promote their characters. For example, an Orc and Goblin Tribes army might be well led by an Orc Bigboss in the early stages of the campaign but, as the army grows, the player might wish to replace that character with an Orc Warboss.

This is perfectly acceptable, especially since such a promotion often gives access to mighty monstrous mounts, more potent magic items, and a better profile. However, when a character is promoted in this way, they lose all of their Veteran Abilities and any unspent XP.

Death & Dishonour

By contrast, some characters are doomed to meet an ignominious fate upon the battlefield. To represent this, if a character with one or more veteran upgrades is slain, or if they flee the battlefield, roll a D6 at the end of the game:

Death & Dishonour Table

D6 Result

1-3	Dead: The character is slain and loses all of their Veteran Abilities, along with any unspent XP.
4-5	Badly Wounded: The character survives, but barely, and loses one Veteran Ability (chosen by their controlling player).
6	Lesson Learned: The character gains some valuable insight into the perils of battle.



WAR IN THE SHADOWLANDS

Far to the north of the Old World, beneath dark and storm-laden skies, mighty champions of the Ruinous Powers roam the Shadowlands accompanied by their warbands, seeking out rivals to battle in the hope of attracting the gaze of the gods and earning eternal glory. Those that are found wanting are cast down by their rivals, their lives offered to the Ruinous Powers in bloody tribute. Those that stand victorious garner the attention of the Dark Gods and earn their dubious blessings.

Historical Recreation

When Frydaal the Chainmaker began leading her fleets south to conquer the lands of the Empire, many were the chieftains of Norsca and aspiring champions of Chaos that sought to earn the right to sail with her. Across the Shadowlands, warbands clashed, slaying their rivals and looting their encampments by the score to prove their worth. This scenario represents one such clash.



The Armies

Each player should write a 500 points muster list, as described in the Battle March rules (see *Arcane Journal – the War of Settra's Fury*), using either the Warriors of Chaos Grand Army composition list, or the Wolves of the Sea Army of Infamy composition list (see *Arcane Journal – Warriors of Chaos*).

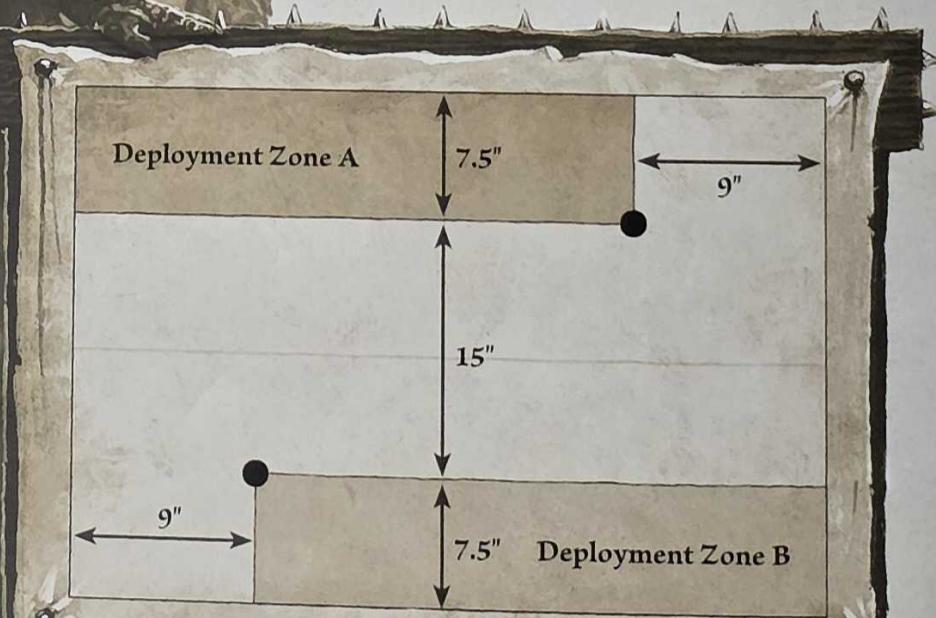
Alternatively, this scenario may be played with any two armies of the players' choosing.

Set-up

This battle takes place in the frozen expanse of the Shadowlands, where endless tundra stretches as far as the eye can see, broken only occasionally by twisted forests and rocky outcrops, beneath a dark and stormy sky from which the laughter of Dark Gods echoes.

The battlefield should measure 30" x 44" and should be left fairly barren, with only a few rocky outcroppings and areas of raised ground placed sporadically across the battlefield.

Place terrain as described on page 268 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. In addition, place two battlefield objectives (as described in the Battle March rules on page 19 of *Arcane Journal – the War of Settra's Fury*), representing valuable supplies and treasures, as shown on the map below:



Deployment

Once the battlefield has been set up, the winner of a roll-off chooses which player will deploy the first unit. The winner of this roll-off must also choose their deployment zone (A or B), as shown on the map opposite. Players deploy their armies using the alternating units method, as described on page 285 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.

First Turn

Once deployment is complete, players fight a 'Warrior's Duel' (see opposite) to determine who takes the first turn.

Game Length

Before the game begins, players can choose to play a 'fixed' length game or a 'random' length game:

Fixed Game Length: The battle will last for five rounds, or until one side concedes.

Random Game Length: The battle will last a random number of rounds or until one side concedes. Starting at the end of the fourth round, roll a D6 at the end of each round. Add the round number to the dice roll. If the score is 8 or more, the battle ends immediately. If the total is less than 8 then the battle continues for at least one more round.

Scenario Special Rules

Warrior's Duel: Instead of rolling off to determine which player takes the first turn, both players choose a single unit champion with a Wounds characteristic of 1 whose troop type is 'infantry' or 'cavalry' from within their army to fight in a Warrior's Duel.

The chosen combatants then fight as if engaged in a challenge, fighting as many rounds of combat as necessary to determine a victor. Once a victor has been determined, that model may roll once on the Gaze of the Gods table (see page 81 of *Ravening Hordes*) before returning to their unit. That model's controlling player then takes the first turn. If both champions are slain, or if either player does not have a champion eligible to take part in the duel, the players must roll off as normal.

Victory!

Once the battle has ended, use Victory Points to determine which player is the winner, as described in the Battle March rules on page 21 of the *Arcane Journal – the War of Settra's Fury*. In addition, each player wins a bonus of 25 Victory Points for each enemy champion or character slain during a challenge (including the Warrior's Duel) by a champion or character within their army.



LOOTING & PILLAGING

Army march to war in the company of vast wagon trains laden with vital supplies. To the enemy, such baggage trains offer a tantalising target, for not only can a foe's strength and courage be sapped by the loss of rations and wargear, but looted weapons and vittles are welcomed enthusiastically when presented to a camp of hungry warriors.

Historical Recreation

At every opportunity, Frydaal's invaders would descend upon the rearguard of Westerland's armies, looting and pillaging their supplies. This scenario represents one such attack.

The Armies

Each player should write a 500 or 750 points muster list, as described in the Battle March rules (see *Arcane Journal – the War of Settra's Fury*). The attacker should use either the Warriors of Chaos Grand Army composition list (see *Ravaging Hordes*), or the Wolves of the Sea Army of Infamy composition list (see *Arcane Journal – Warriors of Chaos*). The defender should use either the Empire of Man Grand Army composition list (see *Forces of Fantasy*), or the City State of Nuln Army of Infamy composition list (see *Arcane Journal – Empire of Man*).

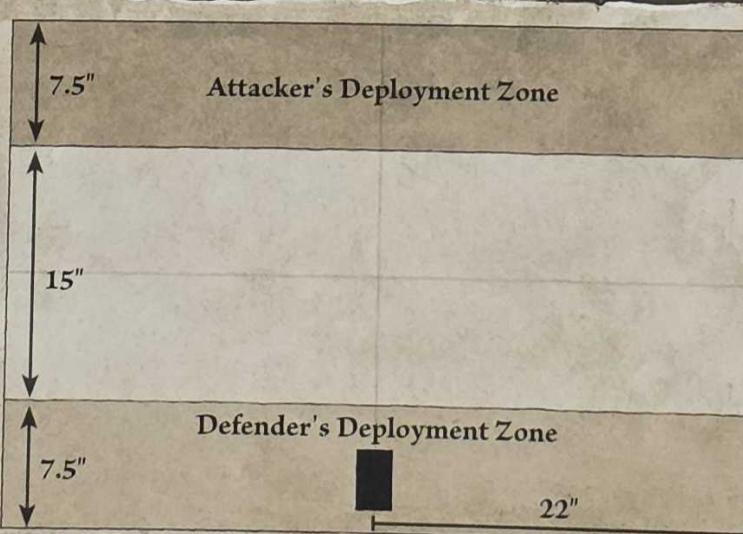
Alternatively, this scenario may be played with any two armies of the players' choosing. In such cases, the players should decide who will be the attacker and who will be the defender.

Set-up

Battles such as this were common in the northern reaches of the Empire throughout Frydaal's campaigns of destruction, but can occur anywhere in the Old World, from the high passes of the Vaults, to the arid wastes of the Badlands or the rolling pastures of the Empire.

The battlefield should measure 30" x 44" and should feature terrain appropriate to the armies. Terrain should be grouped close to the short battlefield edges, creating an open area through which the defender's baggage train can advance.

Place terrain as described on page 268 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. In addition, the defender places a single baggage train, represented by a miniature diorama occupying a 60 x 100 mm base, within their deployment zone, as shown on the map below:



Deployment

The defender deploys their army in defence of their baggage train, within the defender's deployment zone, as shown on the map opposite. Once complete, the attacker deploys their entire army within the attacker's deployment zone.

First Turn

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

Game Length

The battle will last for four rounds or until one side concedes.

Scenario Special Rules

Controlling the Baggage Train: The baggage train can be controlled by a single unit that is within 6" of it, that has a Unit Strength of 5 or more, that is not fleeing and that has not succumbed to Stupidity. If two or more eligible units are within 6" of a baggage train, the closest unit controls it. If two or more eligible enemy units are equally close, the baggage train is 'contested' and neither unit controls it.

Looting the Baggage Train: An attacking unit with a Unit Strength of 5 or more can attempt to loot the baggage train by moving into base contact with it during the Remaining Moves sub-phase of any of its turns. Whilst an attacking unit is in base contact with the baggage train it will continue to loot it and cannot shoot or cast spells.

If, at the end of any turn, an attacking unit is still in base contact with the baggage train, has a Unit Strength of 5 or more, is not engaged in combat and is not fleeing, that unit earns one Loot point. A unit loses its Loot points if it Breaks and flees from combat or is completely destroyed in combat.

Victory!

Once the battle has ended, use Victory Points to determine which player is the winner, as described in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. In addition, at the end of the game:

- The defending player wins a bonus of 100 VP if they control the baggage train.
- The attacking player wins a bonus of 15 VP per Loot point held by a unit that is not fleeing.



HALLOWED GROUND

Be it in the frozen wilderness of the Shadowlands or within the borders of the Empire, when invading armies march to war they advance quickly, seizing territory and taking possession of significant landmarks. But seldom do the defenders of invaded lands sit idly by, instead mounting valiant defences to prevent the enemy's vanguard driving them from their own lands.

Historical Recreation

This battle, and many like it, took place along the sparsely populated northern coast of the Wasteland as the invasion of Frydaal the Chainmaker intensified. No longer content with looting and raiding, Norscan raiders began to seize land, driving the defenders back.

The Armies

Each player should write a 500 or 750 points muster list, as described in the Battle March rules (see *Arcane Journal – the War of Settra's Fury*), or a 1,000 points muster list as described in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. The attacker should use either the Warriors of Chaos Grand Army composition list (see *Ravenging Hordes*), or the Wolves of the Sea Army of Infamy composition list (see *Arcane Journal – Warriors of Chaos*). The defender should use either the Empire of Man Grand Army composition list (see *Forces of Fantasy*), or the City State of Nuln Army of Infamy composition list (see *Arcane Journal – Empire of Man*).

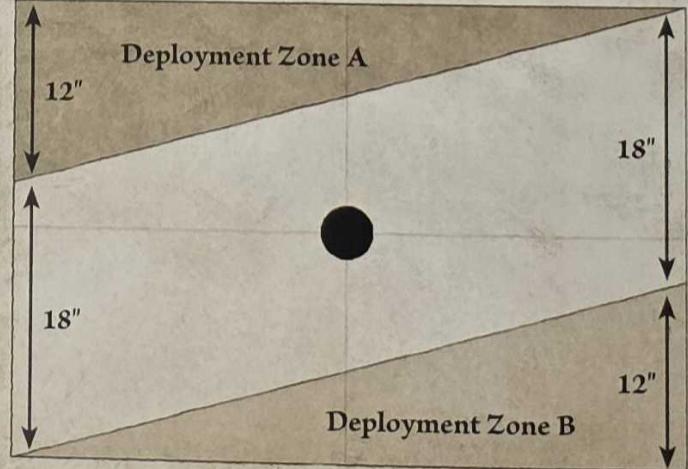
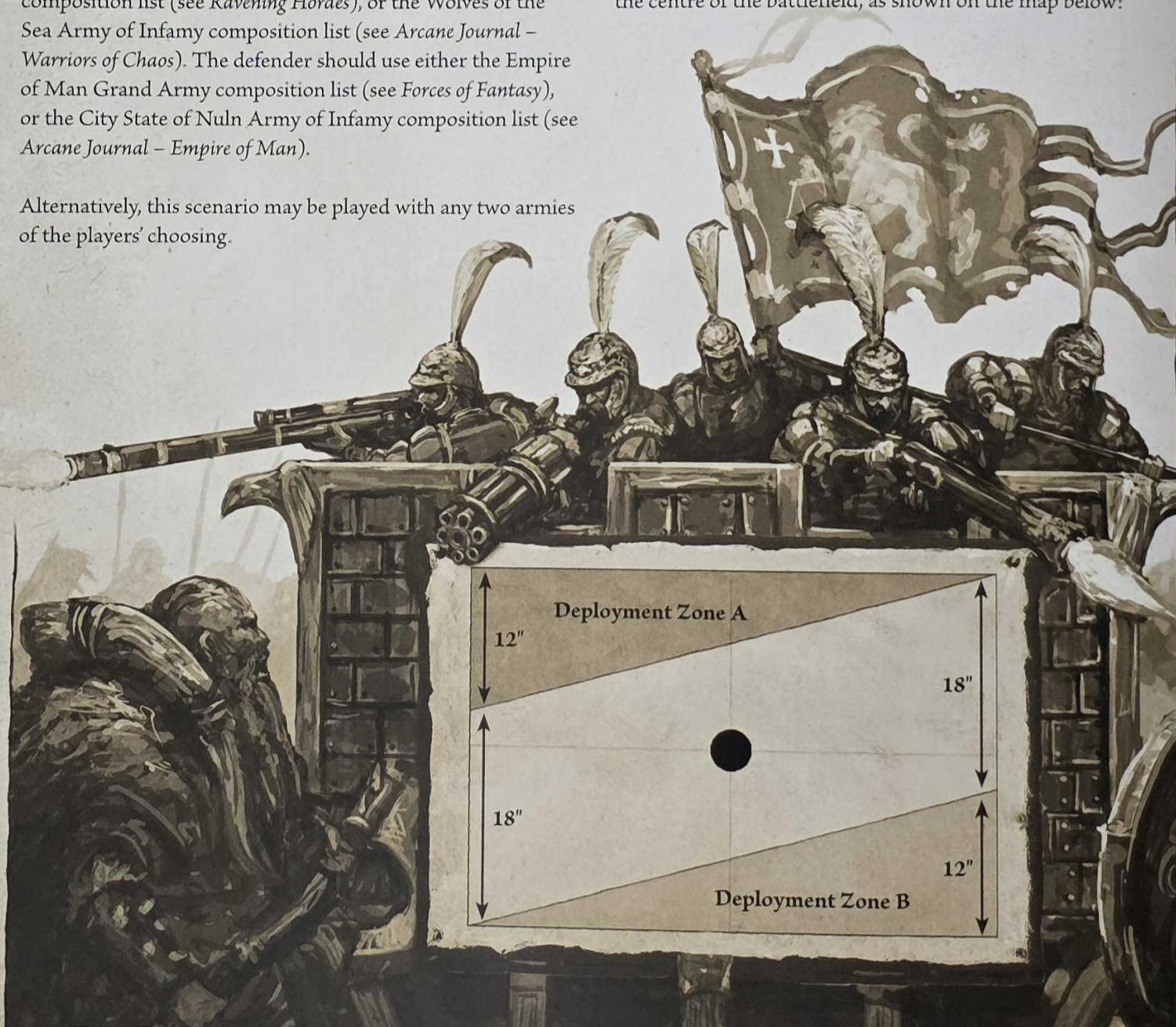
Alternatively, this scenario may be played with any two armies of the players' choosing.

Set-up

This battle took place upon the northern coasts of the Wasteland, a desolate region of Westerland dominated by marshes and quagmires. But such battles can occur anywhere in the Old World where invading forces attempt to oust defending armies from their lands.

The battlefield should measure 30" x 44" and should be left fairly barren, with only a few rocky outcroppings and areas of raised ground placed sporadically across the battlefield.

Place terrain as described on page 268 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. In addition, the defender places a single landmark, measuring no more than 4" at its widest point, in the centre of the battlefield, as shown on the map below:



Deployment

Once the battlefield has been set up, the winner of a roll-off chooses which player will deploy the first unit. The winner of this roll-off must also choose their deployment zone (A or B), as shown on the map opposite. Players deploy their armies using the alternating units method, as described on page 285 of the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.

First Turn

Once deployment is complete, the winner of a roll-off chooses who takes the first turn.

Game Length

The battle will last for five rounds, or until one side concedes.

Scenario Special Rules

The Landmark: During each Start of Turn sub-phase, the landmark can be controlled by a single unit that is within 3" of it, that has a Unit Strength of 5 or more, that is not fleeing and that has not succumbed to Stupidity. If two or more eligible units are within 3" of the landmark, the closest unit controls it. If two or more eligible enemy units are equally close, the landmark is 'contested' and neither unit controls it.

When calculating combat results, a unit that controls the landmark may claim an additional bonus of +1 combat result point.

Victory!

Once the battle has ended, use Victory Points to determine which player is the winner, as described in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook.

In addition, at the end of the game, divide the battlefield into four equal quarters by drawing four imaginary lines – two from the middle of the two long board edges, and two from the middle of the two short edges – that meet in the centre of the battlefield. Each player then adds together the Unit Strength of each of their models that is completely within each quarter, not counting fleeing models. The player that has the highest Unit Strength within a quarter controls it.

- For each quarter of the battlefield a player controls, they win a bonus of 50 VP.
- Finally, if either player controls the landmark at the end of the battle, they win a bonus of 100 VP.



Infantry



Chaos Marauders

The tribes that dwell in the northern tundras of the World of Legend are hardy people that live under the yoke of Chaos. Their warrior culture has been established over long centuries through the preservation of ancient warrior lodges and cults, secretive sects devoted to the primordial spirits said to have once dwelt in this frigid landscape. Through such beliefs, the Ruinous Powers have come to dominate the lives of the Marauder Tribes, for the primordial spirits they worship are, in truth, daemonic deities of the æther that feed upon the devotion of their mortal servants.

With their Dark Gods whispering in their dreams, the Marauder Tribes march towards the Old World, their leaders planning the downfall of empires.

Chaos Marauders

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Chaos Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	6
Marauder Headman	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	+7

Troop Type: Regular infantry

Base Size: 30 x 30 mm

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapons and light armour

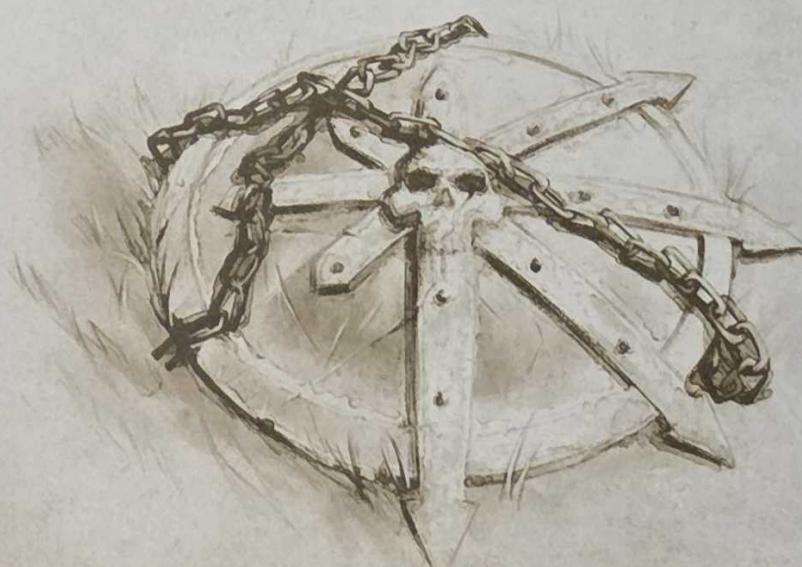
Options:

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Great weapons.....+2 points per model
 - Flails.....+1 point per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....+1 point per model
- The entire unit may belong to a single Chaotic Cult:
 - The Cult of the Bloodied Hound.....+1 point per model
 - The Cult of the Carrion Crow.....+1 point per model
 - The Cult of the Slithering Serpent.....+1 point per model
 - The Cult of the Fell Raptor.....+1 point per model
- Any unit may:
 - Upgrade one model to a Marauder Headman (champion).....+7 points per unit
 - Upgrade one model to a standard bearer.....+5 points per unit
 - Upgrade one model to a musician.....+5 points per unit
- A Marauder Headman may purchase magic items up to a total of.....25 points
- 0-1 unit per 1,000 points may:
 - Have the Ambushers special rule.....+1 point per model
 - Replace the Close Order special rule with Skirmishers.....Free
 - Replace the Close Order special rule with Open Order.....Free
 - Purchase a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

Special Rules: Close Order, Horde, Mark of Chaos Undivided, Shieldwall, Warband

Marauders Of Chaos

This page replaces the profiles and rules given on page 62 of *Ravaging Hordes*, updating units of Chaos Marauders.



Marauder Horsemen

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Marauder Horseman	-	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	12
Marauder Horsemaster	-	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	+7
Warhorse	8	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Troop Type: Light cavalry

Base Size: 30 x 60 mm

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- **Marauder Horsemen:** Hand weapons, light armour and shields
- **Warhorses:** Iron-shod hooves (counts as hand weapons)

Options:

- The entire unit must take one of the following:
 - Cavalry spears..... Free
 - Throwing spears..... Free
 - Flails..... +1 point per model
- The entire unit may take throwing axes..... +1 point per model
- The entire unit may belong to a single Chaotic Cult:
 - The Cult of the Bloodied Hound..... +1 point per model
 - The Cult of the Carrion Crow..... +1 point per model
 - The Cult of the Slithering Serpent..... +1 point per model
 - The Cult of the Fell Raptor..... +1 point per model
- Any unit may:
 - Upgrade one model to a Marauder Horsemaster (champion) +7 points per unit
 - Upgrade one model to a standard bearer +5 points per unit
 - Upgrade one model to a musician +5 points per unit
- A Marauder Horsemaster may purchase magic items up to a total of 25 points
- 0-1 unit per 1,000 points may:
 - Have the Ambushers special rule..... +1 point per model
 - Replace the Open Order special rule with Skirmishers..... Free
 - Purchase a magic standard worth up to 50 points

Special Rules: Fast Cavalry, Fire & Flee, Mark of Chaos Undivided, Open Order, Swiftstride, Warband

Marauders Of Chaos

This page replaces the profiles and rules given on page 69 of *Ravaging Hordes*, updating units of Marauder Horsemen.

Cavalry



Marauder Horsemen

When the Marauder Tribes march to war, it is often the swift and savage horsemen that land the first blow upon an unsuspecting enemy. Advancing ahead of the main force upon their strong, ill-tempered steeds, Marauder Horsemen fight with brutal weapons designed to rend flesh and shatter bone with frightening ease. Once battle is joined, the Marauder Horsemen rely upon the speed and ferocity of their mounts to carry them across the battlefield. Whilst many crash headlong into the ranks of the enemy, their brutal flails and heavy spears causing havoc amongst tightly packed ranks of infantry, others prefer to harass the flanks of the enemy where they descend upon ill-prepared regiments, poorly defended archers and unfortunate artillery crews.



CHAOTIC TRAITS

Whilst those that cower in the weakling nations of the south consider the mutating touch of Chaos to be a curse, the tribes that dwell in the Shadowlands know better. To them, mutations of the flesh and corruptions of the soul are signs of the gods' favour, and such blessings are received gladly by the warriors of the Marauder Tribes.

The Touch Of Chaos

Should a child born in Sigmar's Empire be afflicted with even the most minor of mutations, that child is not destined to live a long life. In many cases, such inauspicious births can result in whole families being thrown upon the scant compassion of the Witch Hunters. Yet to those who live in the Shadowlands, mutation and the touch of Chaos is commonplace.

In the north, mutation of the flesh comes in many forms. Some are afflicted with blistered, broken and unnatural flesh that reeks most foul in reflection of the corruption and evil within. Others bear abnormal appendages that sprout weak and withered alongside powerful limbs, or additional eyes that stare, milky and unseeing, from their torsos.

Such mutations may hint at the favour of the gods, but rarely do they bring any particular benefit. Others receive gifts that are far less tangible than mutations of the flesh, but of far more benefit to a warrior.

Indeed, it is not uncommon amongst the denizens of the Shadowlands that they display corruptions of the soul or spirit. Some warriors are blessed with tireless stamina, others with quicksilver reflexes or a measure of mystical foresight. Amongst the Marauder tribes, warriors that display such traits will often band together, hoping to further attract the attention of the Ruinous Powers through their deeds.

Using Chaotic Traits

These unnatural traits, the blessings of the Dark Gods, are represented by 'Chaotic Traits' upgrades available to models that represent the followers of Chaos. Some characters and units within an army made using the Warriors of Chaos Grand Army composition list, or either of the Armies of Infamy composition lists contained within *Arcane Journal – Warriors of Chaos*, can purchase Chaotic Traits as follows:

- **Characters:** Chaos Lords and Sorcerer Lords may purchase up to two Chaotic Traits. Exalted Champions, Aspiring Champions, Exalted Sorcerers and Marauder Tribe Chieftains* may purchase a single Chaotic Trait.
- **Warriors & Knights:** Chaos Warriors and Chaos Knights may purchase a single Chaotic Trait. Chosen Chaos Warriors and Chosen Chaos Knights may purchase up to two Chaotic Traits.
- **Marauder Tribes:** Chaos Marauders, Marauder Horsemen and Marauder Tribe Berserkers* may all purchase a single Chaotic Trait. Marauder Huscarls* may purchase up to two Chaotic Traits.

*See *Arcane Journal – Warriors of Chaos*

Note that the profiles given for Chaos Marauders and Marauder Horsemen on pages 38 and 39 replace those given in *Ravaging Hordes*, updating characteristics, options and special rules in line with these new rules.

Unnatural Fortitude

- Characters +20 points per model
- Units +2 points per model

Blessed by the Ruinous Powers with great resilience, some warriors' flesh can turn aside steel.

Unless they are wearing heavy armour or full plate armour, models with this Chaotic Trait improve their Toughness characteristic by 1 (to a maximum of 10).

Dark Hearts

- Characters +20 points per model
- Units +1 point per model

Those whose souls have been corrupted by the touch of the Ruinous Powers are chilling to behold.

Models whose Troop Type is 'infantry' or 'cavalry' only. If the winning side of a combat includes one or more units in which the majority of models have this Chaotic Trait, each unit that belongs to the losing side suffers a -1 modifier to its Leadership characteristic when making its Break test. Models that have this Chaotic Trait, that cause Terror, or that are Immune to Psychology are unaffected.

Longstriders

- Characters +15 points per model
- Units +1 point per model

Covering the ground with an unnatural haste, Longstriders are blessed with a daemon-like speed.

0-1 unit per 1,000 points. Unless they are wearing heavy armour or full plate armour, models with this Chaotic Trait gain the Vanguard special rule.

Enhanced Reflexes

- Characters +10 points per model
- Units +1 point per model

Gifted with unnatural quickness, some warriors are able to slip the most lethal of blows past the defences of even the most skilled enemies.

Whilst engaged in combat, models with this Chaotic Trait that choose to fight with a hand weapon gain a +2 modifier to their Initiative characteristic.

Note that this Chaotic Trait only applies to a single, non-magical hand weapon, or an Ensorcelled Weapon, and does not apply to a model's mount (should it have one). If the model is using two hand weapons or any other sort of weapon, this Chaotic Trait ceases to apply.

Battle Hunger

- Characters +10 points per model
- Units +20 points per unit

Possessed of an unwholesome thirst for battle, whole regiments race eagerly into the fray.

Models whose Troop Type is 'infantry' only. A unit which consists entirely of models with this Chaotic Trait increases its maximum possible charge range by 2" and, when making a Charge or Pursuit roll, may apply a +D3 modifier to the result.

Brazen Will

- Characters +10 points per model
- Units +15 points per unit

There are those amongst the hordes of Chaos whose warped minds seem to resist the hostile magic of enemies.

Models whose Troop Type is 'infantry' or 'cavalry' only. A unit with this Chaotic Trait gains the Magic Resistance (-1) special rule.

Prophetic Foresight

- Characters +10 points per model
- Units +10 points per unit

Granted brief glimpses of the future, a warrior may predict the movements of enemy scouts and foresee the arrival of reinforcements.

Enemy units that deploy using the Scouts special rule cannot be deployed within 18" of a unit in which every model has this Chaotic Trait (rather than the usual 12"). In addition, enemy units that deploy using the Ambushers special rule may not be placed within 12" (rather than the usual 8") of a unit in which every model has this Chaotic Trait.





THE CULTS OF CHAOS

Jin the Shadowlands, untold hundreds of tribes dwell, some roam across the great expanses, others thrive within fortified settlements. All belong firstly to one of the great barbarian nations of Norsca, Kurgan or Hung. Most belong to one of the larger tribes that make up those nations; the Kvelligs, the Hastlings, or the Tong, to name but a few. Yet throughout these diverse nations and disparate tribes, bonds deeper than blood exist, forging unity and alliances from chaos.

Nameless Powers

Within the Marauder Tribes, the Ruinous Powers are worshipped as a pantheon. Of the many gods of Chaos, no one lord of ruin is held in higher esteem than another, for to show such favour to one would be to attract the ire of another.

Despite this, for long centuries the power of the gods has waned, their grip upon the world weakening whilst they seem to slumber in their dark domains. Indeed, since the fall of Khaardun the Gloried, few have spoken of Kharnath, Neiglen, Shornaal or Tchar directly, invoking Kaos as a single godly entity rather than risk being the one to awaken a sleeping daemon.

But such superstition does not mean that the names of the gods have been forgotten, or that the greater lords of the aether do not still trouble mortals with their meddling. Within the numerous tribes of the Shadowlands exists many strange cults and systems of belief, each given to the worship of Chaos as a whole or, more commonly, to some particular aspect of the greater whole.

Of these cults, those of the Bloodied Hound, the Carrion Crow, the Slithering Serpent and the Fell Raptor are the largest and most widespread. Perpetuated through a system of warrior's lodges within the tribes, these cults are led by Shamans and Sorcerers, the de facto priests and priestesses of the Ruinous Powers. Through these cults, belief in the gods persists, and their dire scriptures are recounted to their mortal followers.

The Warrior Lodges

Amongst the Marauder Tribes, young warriors are initiated early into a warrior lodge, presented before the wizened Shamans whilst still barely strong enough to heft an axe. From childhood, members of a lodge are taught the secrets of Chaos. They learn the names of their gods, are told of their dark domains, learn how best to please their masters in battle and in life, and they learn that through their own actions the gods grow stronger.

Warriors of the Hound learn how their master adores the hunt and revels in violence, whilst warriors of the Crow are taught that their patron grows stronger through the hardships they endure. Warriors of the Serpent are told that pride and excess are what their dark prince likes best, whilst warriors of the Raptor learn how their patron's influence grows through subterfuge and deception. Perhaps most importantly, young warriors learn to show devotion to their patron by embracing the behaviours of their fellows. Thus do warriors of the Hound take pride enough in violent acts to please the Serpent, and warriors of the Crow secretly spread pestilence to the delight of the Raptor.

These cults spread amongst the Marauder Tribes, their presence creating bonds of loyalty that persist even between rival tribes. Thus, when the armoured champions of the gods descend from the Realm of Chaos to lead the Marauder Tribes to war, rivalries are set aside and an unshakable unity of purpose emerges from the chaos.

Chaotic Cults

In the Shadowlands, many tribes and clans are connected through their adulation of the Ruinous Powers, allied in the names of the totemic powers they favour and united by shared beliefs. For many, belonging to one of these sects is the first step upon the Path to Glory, the start of a quest to earn the favour of the Ruinous Powers.

All models that represent members of the Marauder Tribes have the Mark of Chaos Undivided listed among their special rules, as described on page 82 of *Ravaging Hordes*. Of those, some have the option to replace the Mark of Chaos Undivided with the Mark of a specific Chaos god. Units of Chaos Marauders (see page 38) and Marauder Horsemen (see page 39) instead have the option to belong to a 'Chaotic Cult':

- A model cannot belong to more than one Chaotic Cult.
- A character with a Mark of Chaos can join a unit belonging to any Chaotic Cult as normal.

Praising The Gods

Once per game, during the Command sub-phase of its turn, a unit belonging to a Chaotic Cult may implore its patron for their blessing by making a Leadership test. If this test is passed, until its next Start of Turn sub-phase, all Chaotic Cult models within the unit gain the following benefit. If this test is failed, the unit's implorations go unheeded:

Cult Of The Bloodied Hound



Renowned hunters and bloodthirsty warriors that believe the gods favour the bold, members of the Tribe of the Hound value combat above all other endeavours.

Models belonging to this Chaotic Cult gain a +1 modifier to their Weapon Skill characteristic.

Cult Of The Carrion Crow



The sallow-skinned warriors of the Tribe of the Crow welcome hardship and suffering, believing that to endure and survive such trials strengthens their flesh.

Models belonging to this Chaotic Cult gain a +1 modifier to their Toughness characteristic.

Cult Of The Slithering Serpent



Their bodies covered in unwholesome balms and unguents, the weapons of warriors of the Tribe of the Serpent drip with the venom of their patron's fangs.

Models belonging to this Chaotic Cult gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Cult Of The Fell Raptor



Many amongst the Tribe of the Raptor with strange visions. When battle is joined, their dark patron grants them the ability to foresee their enemy's actions.

Models belonging to this Chaotic Cult gain a 6+ Ward save against any wounds suffered that were caused by a non-magical enemy attack.



LORE OF THE SHADOWLANDS

The breath of the gods, known to some as the Winds of Magic, blows constantly across the frozen expanses of the Shadowlands. Where it passes, the taint of Chaos lingers, twisting the land and corrupting the creatures that dwell upon it. Here, those that work magic dabble with damnation, for whilst the power they wield is immense, the gods that grant it are fickle, and the payment they demand is high.



In the frozen north, beneath skies untouched by the sun's light for months at a time, raw magic flows endlessly from the shattered portal of the Old Ones, the yawning chasm torn through the veil that separates the mortal world from the Realm of Chaos. In this blighted landscape, the Winds of Magic blow an unending gale, and their presence is felt keenly by those marked for glory or damnation in service of the Ruinous Powers.

To the Sorcerers of the Shadowlands, the Winds of Magic are ever-present in the skies above, their eerie light and shifting hues a constant reminder of the inescapable influence of the gods upon the lives of mortals. When the gods stir and the winds blow stronger still, the heavens roil and dark power flows around the Sorcerers of the Marauder tribes.

Yet such power does not come without a price. Those that would manipulate the breath of the gods risk madness and mutation, for their every dalliance with the power of the æther corrupts their souls and warps their bodies until, eventually, all traces of their humanity are lost and they become twisted pawns of the Ruinous Powers.

Magic Of The Wastes

In addition to the Lores of Battle Magic, Daemonology and Dark Magic listed on their profiles on page 58 of *Ravaging Hordes*, Sorcerers of Chaos may know spells from the 'Lore of the Shadowlands' Lore of Magic. As usual, you must choose one of these Lores the Sorcerer will know spells from when writing your muster list.

Maelstrom Of Chaos (Signature Spell)

The Sorcerer intones words of the Dark Tongue, summoning the breath of the gods from the dark skies above and gathering it about them before unleashing it upon their enemies.

Type: Magic Missile

Casting Value: 7+

Range: 15"

Effect: Place a small (3") blast template so that its central hole is directly over the centre of the target enemy unit. Once placed, the template will scatter D3+1". Any enemy model whose base lies underneath the template risks being hit and suffering a single Strength 4 hit with an AP of -3.

1. Blackened Bolts

With a gesture, the Sorcerer turns the tendrils of shadow that crawl about them into bolts of dark lightning.

Type: Magic Missile

Casting Value: 8+

Range: 18"

Effect: The target enemy unit suffers 2D6 Strength 3 hits, each with an AP of -1. Any unit that suffers one or more unsaved wounds from this spell must make a Panic test as if it had taken heavy casualties.

2. Veil Of Gloom

Shrouded by the lingering darkness of the Shadowlands, the Sorcerer summons the breath of the gods to dissipate the enemy's attacks.

Type: Enchantment

Casting Value: 9+

Range: 15"

Effect: Until your next Start of Turn sub-phase, the target friendly unit gains a 4+ Ward save against any wounds suffered that were caused by a template, and a 5+ Ward save against any wounds suffered in the Shooting phase.

3. Vortex Of Darkness

A swirling tornado of screaming souls and inky-darkness rends and tears at those it passes, shredding flesh and spirit alike.

Type: Magical Vortex

Casting Value: 10+

Range: 15"

Effect: Remains in play. Place a small (3") blast template so that its central hole is within 15" of the caster. Whilst in play, the template is treated as difficult terrain. The template scatters D6" during every Start of Turn sub-phase. Any unit (friend or foe) that moves through the template, or that the template moves over, suffers 3D6 Strength 2 hits, with no armour saves allowed (Ward and Regeneration saves can be attempted as normal).

4. Shadowed Assailants

At the Sorcerer's command, the enemy's own shadows turn upon them, clawing at flesh with talons of darkness.

Type: Assailment

Casting Value: 8+

Range: Combat

Effect: A single enemy unit the caster is engaged in combat with suffers 3D6 Strength 1 hits, with no armour or Regeneration save permitted (Ward saves can be attempted as normal).

5. Crawling Mists

The Sorcerer manipulates the cloying fog of the Shadowlands to cloak the movements of their allies and hasten their advance.

Type: Conveyance

Casting Value: 6+/9+

Range: Self

Effect: If this spell is cast with a casting result of 6 or more, a single friendly unit within 6" of the caster gains the Reserve Move special rule. If this spell is cast with a casting result of 9 or more, every friendly unit within 6" of the caster gains the Reserve Move special rule. This spell lasts until the end of this turn.

6. Chains Of Darkness

Shadowy ichor materialises about the foe, solidifying into blackened shackles that weigh heavy upon their limbs.

Type: Hex

Casting Value: 8+

Range: 18"

Effect: Until your next Start of Turn sub-phase, the target enemy unit suffers a -1 modifier to its Movement (to a minimum of 1) and Leadership characteristics (to a minimum of 2).

Magic Items



Weapons of the Wilderness
It is not just the epicentres of industry in Sigmar's Empire and the Karaz Ankor, or the temples of Vaul in distant Ulthuan that forge mighty blades and craft magical heirlooms. Blacksmiths toil in the depths of forgotten forests, and warlocks weave forbidden enchantments from the safety of secluded caves, all to create objects of great power, whilst adventurers roam over peaks and valleys in search of forgotten artefacts. For enough gold, or with the application of sufficient force, great heroes and cunning villains alike can come to possess such objects for themselves.

ARTEFACTS OF THE SHADOWLANDS MAGIC ITEMS

The following pages expand upon the common magic items found in the *Warhammer: the Old World* rulebook. These magic items, which represent the types of artefact commonly found in the Shadowlands, can be purchased by models in any army, 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

Cackling Blade 65 Points

Those who carry the Cackling Blade relinquish all self control until the battle has long ended – often to their peril.

R	S	AP	Special Rules
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Cackling Blade	Combat	S+1	-1	Extra Attacks (+D6), Magical Attacks
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Notes: If a natural 6 is rolled for the Extra Attacks (+D6) special rule, the wielder of the Cackling Blade immediately loses a single Wound.

Meteor Hammer 50 Points

No matter who wields this mighty hammer, their blows will land with the force of a meteor plummeting from the heavens.

R	S	AP	Special Rules
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Meteor Hammer	Combat	S	-3	Magical Attacks, Requires Two Hands
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Notes: When making a roll To Wound with this weapon, a roll of a 3+ is always a success, regardless of the target's Toughness.

Hell-Forged Axe 30 Points

In the midst of battle, smoke billows and flames burst from the glowing blade of this fell weapon.

R	S	AP	Special Rules
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Hell-forged Axe	Combat	S+1	-1	Armour Bane (3), Flaming Attacks, Magical Attacks
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Sword Of Sorrow 30 Points

Though it possesses no special properties when wielded in combat, it is said that a gesture with the Sword of Sorrow can pierce an enemy's heart from afar.

R	S	AP	Special Rules
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Sword of Sorrow	30"	5	-1	Armour Bane (2), Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (2)
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Notes: The Sword of Sorrow is a missile weapon; it cannot be used in combat. No Ward or Regeneration saves are permitted against wounds caused by the Sword of Sorrow.

Magic Armour

Levitating Shield 25 Points

Born aloft by a cunning enchantment, this shield seems to place itself between its owner and the weapons of the enemy.

Models whose troop type is 'infantry' only. The Levitating Shield is a shield. In addition, the bearer may use it alongside a weapon with the Requires Two Hands special rule during combat.

Trailblazer's Hauberk 20 Points

The local flora seems to shift and bend to allow the wearer to pass unimpeded through even the thickest briar.

Models whose troop type is 'infantry' only. The Trailblazer's Hauberk is a suit of heavy armour. In addition, its wearer gains the Move through Cover and Scouts special rules.

Talismans

Icon Of Fortitude 35 Points

Carefully woven with protective enchantments, this exquisite brooch is said to shield its bearer from the deadliest blows.

Models whose troop type is 'infantry' or 'cavalry' only. The bearer is immune to the Multiple Wounds (X) special rule. If the bearer is wounded by an attack with this special rule, they suffer a single wound.

Ironhide Talisman 30 Points

It is said that the one who bears this powerful heirloom can endure even the most telling blows.

Models whose troop type is 'infantry' only. Any enemy model that makes a successful roll To Hit against the bearer of the Ironhide Talisman during the Shooting phase or Combat phase must re-roll any rolls To Wound of a natural 6.

Note that this magic item does not work against attacks that hit automatically.

Magic Standards

Banner Of The Steadfast 50 Points

Woven into the bright fabric of this banner is a scene of unimaginable gallantry, a scene that serves to inspire those who fight in its shadow to hold their ground no matter the odds.

Models whose troop type is 'infantry' only. Should a unit carrying the Banner of the Steadfast belong to the losing side of a Combat, it can Fall Back in Good Order even if the Unit Strength of the winning side is more than twice that of its own side.

Totem Of Wrath 50 Points

Cruel runes etched into the surface of this icon tremble with power, causing those around it to succumb to an animalistic ferocity.

During a turn in which it charged, models within a unit carrying the Totem of Wrath improve the Armour Piercing characteristic of their weapons by 1, and may re-roll any rolls To Wound of a natural 1.

Banner Of Swirling Wind 30 Points

Gale-force winds surge around this standard so fiercely that arrows and shot are blown forcefully away from their target.

Any enemy model that shoots at a unit carrying the Banner of Swirling Wind suffers an additional -1 To Hit modifier.

Monster Hunter's Tapestry 25 Points

Those who have earned the right to fight under this standard have battled some of the Old World's most dangerous beasts and lived to tell the tale.

Enemy units may not make Stomp attacks against a unit carrying the Monster Hunter's Tapestry.

Enchanted Items

Arch-Lightning Rod	40 Points
<i>Crackling lightning fills the heavens with peril, grounding the creatures of the sky.</i>		

Single use. During the Command sub-phase of their turn, if they are not engaged in combat, the bearer of the Arch-Lightning Rod may attempt to use it 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.

Potion Of Fervour	30 Points
<i>This noxious brew allows those who risk drinking it a moment of godliness upon the battlefield.</i>		

Single Use. During the Command sub-phase of their turn, the bearer of the Potion of Fervour can consume it. Until the end of that turn, the model has a +D3 modifier to its Attacks characteristic (to a maximum of 10).

Note that a model can only consume a single potion (of any type) per Command phase.

Be calming Orb	20 Points
<i>This pulsing crystal orb can syphon the Winds of Magic away from its bearer's enemies.</i>		

Single Use. The bearer of the Be calming Orb may cast the following Bound spell, with a Power level of 1:

Type: Hex

Casting Value: 8+

Range: Self

Effect: Until your next Start of Turn sub-phase, enemy Wizards that are within 15" of the caster when attempting to cast a spell must increase that spell's casting value by 2.

Arcane Items

Staff Of Quietude	35 Points
<i>With a gesture, the bearer of the Staff of Quietude calms the Winds of Magic, causing spells and conjurations to dissipate into the æther.</i>		

During the Command sub-phase of their turn, the bearer of the Staff of Quietude can attempt to unleash its power by making a Leadership test. If this test is passed, all 'Remains in Play' spells currently in play are dispelled, including spells cast by friendly models.

Scroll Of Disruption	30 Points
<i>When spoken aloud, the words upon this ancient scroll cause the Winds of Magic to bluster and the spells of the enemy to unravel.</i>		

Once per turn, the bearer of the Scroll of Disruption may re-roll a Dispel roll*.

Tome Of Spellcraft	30 Points
<i>Reading aloud from a dusty tome of great age, the Wizard enunciates their spells with unrivalled clarity and precision.</i>		

Once per turn, the bearer of the Tome of Spellcraft may re-roll a Casting roll*.

**Note that when either of these items are used, all dice are re-rolled, including any bonus or discard dice granted by special rules or magic items.*



“When north winds blow and storm clouds gather, they come.
Wolves of the Sea, Marauders of Chaos. Foul icons mar their ragged sails.
Snarling beasts rise from their prows. Winter’s chill hastens them.
And when they come ashore, death does stalk the land...”

- Excerpt from the Chronicles of Westerland