

# WARHAMMER

# SKAVEN



WARHAMMER ARMIES















# SKAVEN



By Mathias Eliasson  
v.1.7



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# INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Skaven*, your definite guide to the ravenous and altogether evil ratmen of the underworld. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Skaven army in games of Warhammer.

## WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The Warhammer rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of Skaven into an evil horde of ratmen plotting to take over the world.

## SKAVEN

Skaven are a characterful, black parody of mankind and ultimately embody everything that is wrong with humanity, only more so. In addition to being cowardly, Skaven cheat, steal, and endlessly stab each other in the back for their own promotion. They will, quite literally, eat each other alive. Skaven are never culpable, being wholly unable to take the blame for even the most obvious and egregious errors entirely of their own making. But, unlike humans (at least, the better sorts), Skaven embrace this total lack of scruples or honour. In fact, the better at scheming and double-crossing a Skaven is, and the more swaggeringly arrogant he acts about it, the more suitable he is for leadership of a Warlord clan!

A Skaven army is a ragged mass of vicious cut-throats, eager to usurp civilisation and nest in its broken ruins. They are a multitudinous horde with a staggering amount of troops at their disposal, from rank after rank of warriors, such as Clanrats, Stormvermin, or Skavenslaves, to packs of war-beasts like Giant Rats or the hulking Rat Ogres. Specialist troops, such as the Poisoned Wind Globadiers or stealthy death squads of Gutter Runners, march alongside the larger blocks of infantry. Towering over it all are the devilish war

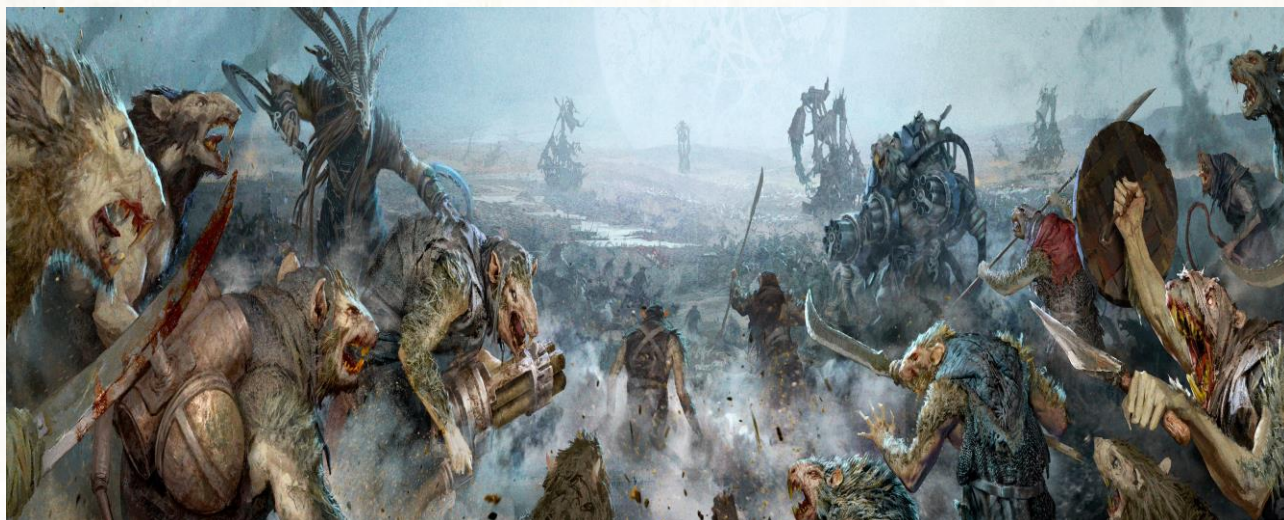
machines of a wickedly clever race. Masters of an insane blend of magic and technology, the Skaven can field a number of infernal devices of destruction, such as the infamous Doomwheel or the highly feared war engine of ruination known as the Screaming Bell.

The Skaven are the ultimate scavenger army and they are led to battle by a Warlord or a Grey Seer, the powerful mage-rats that claim to be the prophets of their foul vermin-god, the Great Horned Rat.

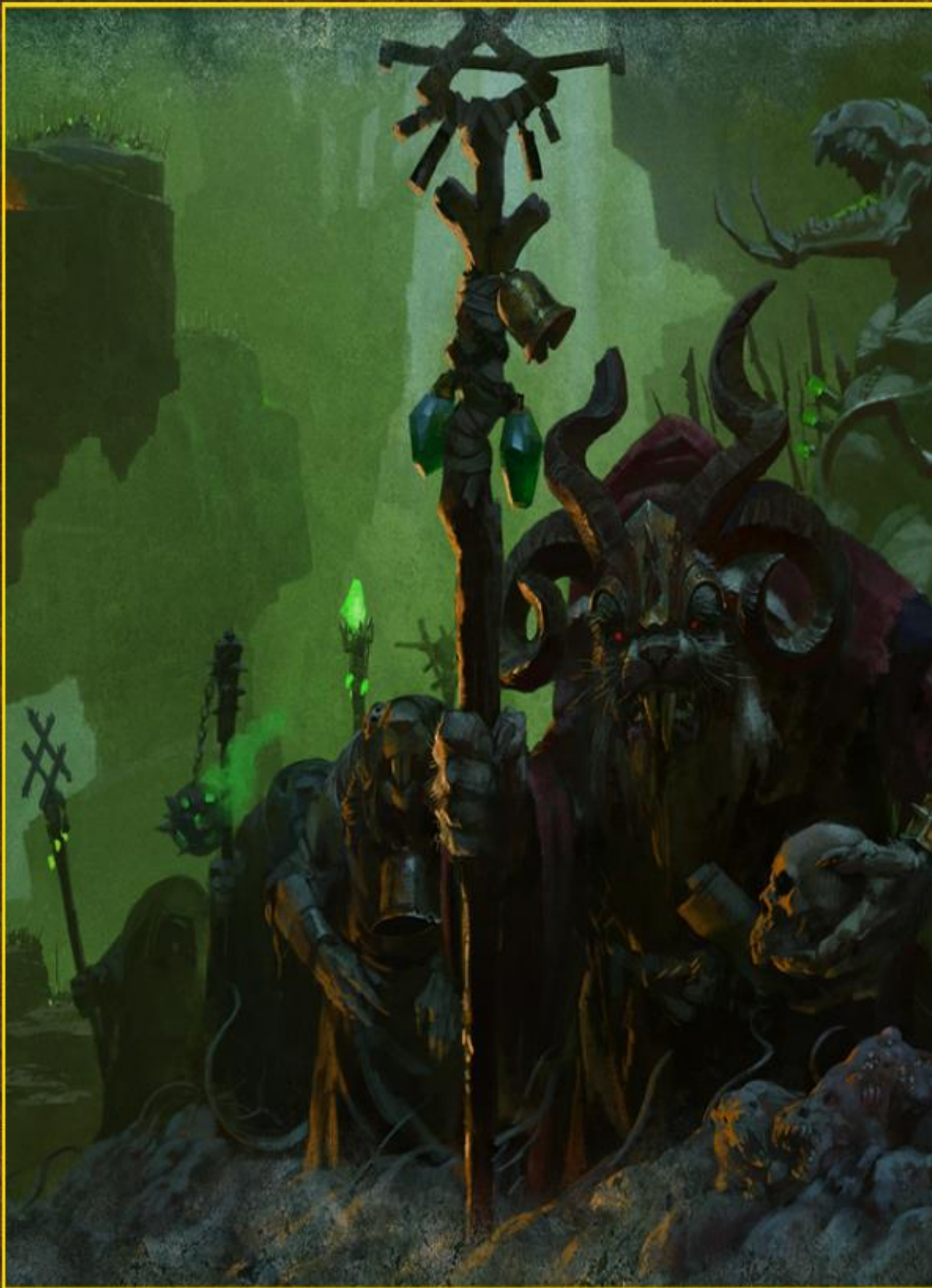
## HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

*Warhammer: Skaven* contains the following sections:

- **The Children of the Horned Rat.** The first section introduces the Skaven and their place in the Warhammer world. It describes the treacherous and hierarchical society of ratmen, their mysterious beginnings, the sprawling Under-Empire in which they live, and the history of the Skaven attempts at world conquest thus far.
- **The Verminous Horde.** Each and every troop type in the Skaven army is examined here. You will find a full description of the unit, alongside the complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Tools of Supremacy – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Skaven Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Verminous Horde section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.











# CHILDREN OF THE HORNED RAT

*The Skaven are a race of malevolent rat-men that inhabit the underground of the Warhammer world. The tunnels of their vast under-empire reach from the steaming jungles of the South Lands to the snow-covered steppes of Kislev, from the western borders of Estalia and Bretonnia to the lost realms of the Far East.*

*Their capital is the mysterious city of Skavenblight, hidden in the centre of the foul marshes lying on the western borders of Tilea.*

*There the mighty Lords of Decay, ruthless rulers of all Skaven, sit in the Council of Thirteen, scheming and planning in preparation for the time when their armies will emerge from their subterranean realm to raze the entire surface world and rule over its ruins. This is the ultimate ambition of the Skaven race. The only thing that keeps them in check is the constant internal strife between the clans that make up their society, but one day the Grey Seers, who speak for the Horned Rat himself, will unify them and lead them to inevitable victory.*



# THE SKAVEN

An evil force unlike any other is watching and waiting. They are impatient, yet they bide their time. They are scheming, their nefarious plots stretch unseen across all lands. They are everywhere, yet they remain hidden. From the Worlds Edge Mountains to the jungles of the Southlands, from the arid dunes to the barbaric Northlands, no kingdom remains untouched. They are a heinous race that over the long centuries has brought low ancient Dwarfholds, grinding down that proud race to but a fraction of its former glory. In the past they have contaminated the temple-cities of the cold-blooded creatures of Lustria, and reduced the Empire, the greatest human nation of the Old World, to total starvation and near ruin. And they are planning for worse to come...

Across the surface of the world alliances are severed, plagues are spread and wars are started – all orchestrated by a shrouded and impalpable menace that lurks undetected under the very feet of those they conspire to destroy. They are the Skaven and they seek nothing short of complete mastery of the world.

Hidden from the eyes of the surface dwellers in their sprawling underground warrens, the vile Skaven spread beneath the surface to gnaw the roots of the world like a malignant cancer. Their empire spans beneath continents and seas, lurking unseen under the feet of those they plot against. They spread corruption, mercilessly undermining civilisation, waiting until the time is ripe to invade. Masters of their underworld domain, they await the perfect moment to rise from the



depths of their dark world and overwhelm the surface lands in an unstoppable tide of disease-ridden filth. Countless armies prepare to burst forth from their underground realm to claim the rightful heritage of the Skaven. To rule supreme is their ultimate destiny, promised to them a hundredfold in the furtive whispers of the Great Horned Rat, the malevolent god of the ratmen that is forever scratching at the fabric separating the material world from the great beyond.



## SKAVEN

The Skaven are a race of mutated bipedal ratmen that are so rarely seen that many deny their very existence. Often considered to be a form of Beastmen, the Skaven are thought to have evolved from rats too long exposed to the flesh twisting effects of the sinister material known as Warpstone. They vary wildly in height, with the smallest standing just shy of four feet tall and the largest well over six, though their cramped underground dwellings make them prone to stooping. Skaven generally have wiry builds more given to speed than strength. The eyes of the ratmen gleam red in torchlight and their mouths are lined with wicked teeth, particularly their yellowed incisors, which are razor-sharp for ripping and tearing.

Skaven are covered in close fur, save for their ears, muzzle, hands, and fleshy, worm-like tails. They have average to poor eyesight, but their nightsight is very good. Skaven lairs are usually sparsely lit by just the occasional smoking torch or crackling brazier to give the Skaven the minimal amount of light they need to see by. Their hearing and sense of smell are excellent, making them very difficult to raze by surprise and they are especially good at fighting at night or underground.

When Skaven communicate, they use a great deal more than words to convey meaning. Their gestures and more importantly, their smell, helps to accurately convey their mood to other Skaven. A furious Skaven smells of heated iron, whereas the acrid stench of the musk of fear commonly shrouds a rat-man who expects to die.

"All decent folk find the common rat repulsive. Harbinger of disease, it scavenges on our waste-heaps and frightens our children. How immeasurably worse then, is the foul Skaven – standing on its hindlegs in fowl parody of a human. Rats as tall as man, and blessed with the most vile intellect and cunning. They are the dark side of our souls, come to destroy us for our sins."

- Albrecht of Nuln, burned at the stake IC 1301, for pernicious declamation



Skaven move in rapid stop-start scurries. They exude nervous energy in twitchy, hurried bursts and always seem to be in an agitated state. Skaven metabolism burns at a ferocious rate, peaking with a spike of adrenaline if they feel angry or threatened. This hyper vitality gives rise to the quick reflexes, endless haste and the legendary speed of the Skaven. They are constantly jittery and nervous, ready to spring out of harm's way at a moment's notice. Their long, worm-like tails constantly thrash and jerk this way and that, their fur bristles at the slightest noise, and their glands are forever inflamed and ready to squirt the musk of fear at the first sign of direct confrontation. It is this constant state of urgency and heightened awareness that makes the Skaven such agile and lethal combatants. Their reflexes are honed to a knife's edge, and their lightning-fast attacks usually come from an unexpected and unseen direction, making them deadly and unpredictable fighters. It has been known for Skaven to duel a foe to a standstill, only for a blade held in the rat-man's prehensile tail to whip around and bury itself in the opponent's neck.

At all times the Skaven's pointed, veiny ears are pricked for the sounds of danger or the cries of vulnerable, and their wrinkled pink noses forever sniff out the scents of those who could provide an easy meal. So twitchy are the Skaven that many of their number have developed a rudimentary sense' allowing them to react to a threat before it has even manifested. The more esoteric orders Skaven society have learned to hone this ability until it is far better protection than any shield.

The Skaven metabolism burns at a ferocious rate, peaking with a burst of adrenalin if they feel angry or threatened. This gives rise to the Skaven's legendary speed and ferocity, but the drawback to such velocity is that the ratmen need to gorge themselves after a long march or battle to refuel their drained bodies. Amongst Skaven this phenomenon is known as the Black Hunger and goes some way to explaining their propensity for feasting upon the fallen (of either side) after combat. Larger individuals have been known to devour an entire Skaven after a battle. If a Skaven is forced to fight for a protracted period without food and suffers the pangs of the Black Hunger without being able to replenish himself will visibly weaken and soon after die. This is why personal challenges so often end with the loser being eaten by the victor.

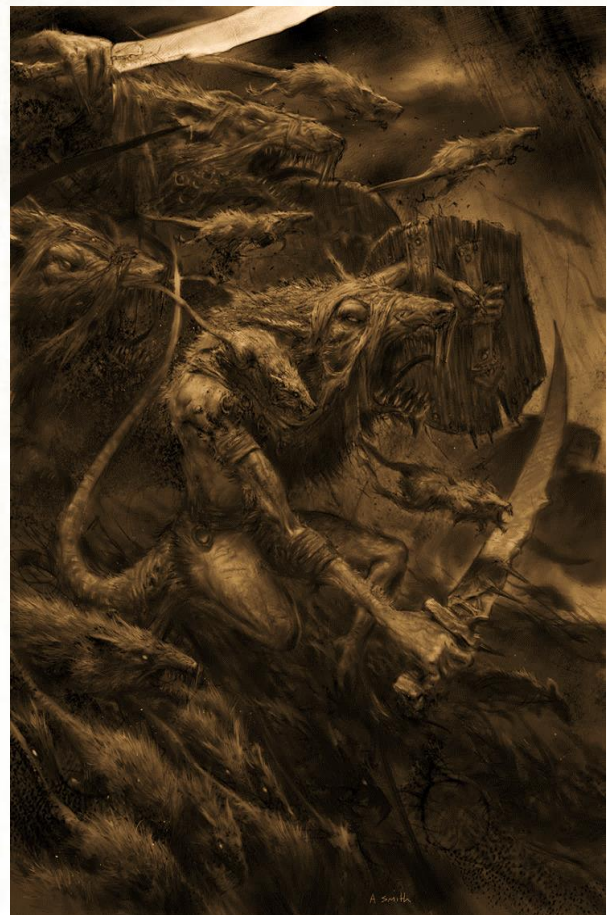
"Beneath the world there are darker things than all the fear and terror of man can conjure. Things as black as darkest hate, and they do hate us, they hate us and they want to destroy us. They gnaw beneath our cities. They crawl under our houses. They hew and mine at the very earth beneath our feet. They pray for our doom. They conjure foul daemons to crush us. They amass armies of darkness and pestilence unseen. And that, my students, is but the least of our troubles."

- Lectures of Acrastorus Boehme of Altdorf

Because of their hyperactive metabolisms, Skaven lifespans are relatively short – they mature fully within five years and die of old age (if they live that long) after around twenty-thirty years, with few indeed getting to die of natural causes. Skaven do breed prolifically however, and the indolent semi-intelligent Skaven females can produce between three and five liners of up to twenty Skaven young each year. In-fighting, disease and accidents help to keep the Skaven population under control but when even these fail the Skaven must either go to war or face large scale famines until their population is reduced.

Warlocks and Grey Seers are more intelligent than the bulk of the Skaven population and tend to live considerably longer. Several of their leaders, known as the Lords of Decay, are supposedly well over a thousand years old. Whether they use magic to achieve this or they are actually more like a sub-species of Skaven is unclear. Certainly warlocks and Grey Seers take the same view of the world as other Skaven, their thoughts are constantly turned towards finding the most immediate solution to a problem and how in doing so they can make it best reflect upon themselves in the view of their superiors.

Everything the Skaven strive for is typified by this desire for immediate gratification because individuals realize that any far reaching schemes will not benefit them before they go to join the Horned One. Thus Skaven society constantly roils with incessant scheming and warfare as the warlords seek to make some great achievements in their all too short lives.





### THE BLACK HUNGER

*The Skaven have a curious relationship with food, for their kind harbour an endless hunger only staved off by regular feeding. While this might not seem remarkable (surely every living creature eats), for the Skaven it is a grave concern – so much so that they measure distances in food stops, rather than miles or leagues. So a journey from Altdorf to Nuln could be considered 18 food stops for Skaven travelling at speed.*

*Should a Skaven undergo a period of intense exertion there is a strong chance that they will suffer the Black Hunger, a terrible all-consuming urge that drives the Skaven into a frenzy so intense they will fearlessly and voraciously consume anything edible within reach, gorging themselves until they are utterly bloated and unable to continue. Most commonly this takes place in the wake of a major battle, where the Skaven will ravenously consume the flesh of the fallen, friend or foe.*

*When in the grip of the Black Hunger a Skaven becomes completely fearless – they will try to eat anything, or anyone (however dangerous).*

Skaven are usually fairly cunning and always malicious, but they're prone to cowardice. They are confident only in large numbers, when they greatly outnumber their opponents. They're obsequious to those they consider stronger than themselves, though they will seldom hesitate to plant a dagger in the back of a superior if they think they can get away with it. Assassination is a commonplace and accepted way to advance one's fortunes in Skaven society. The Lords of Decay believe infighting makes the Skaven race stronger as a whole. Conveniently enough, it also means most of their inferiors don't have time to plot against them. Skaven workmanship is fairly shoddy by Human standards, and reprehensible to dwarfs, but it is usually crudely effective.



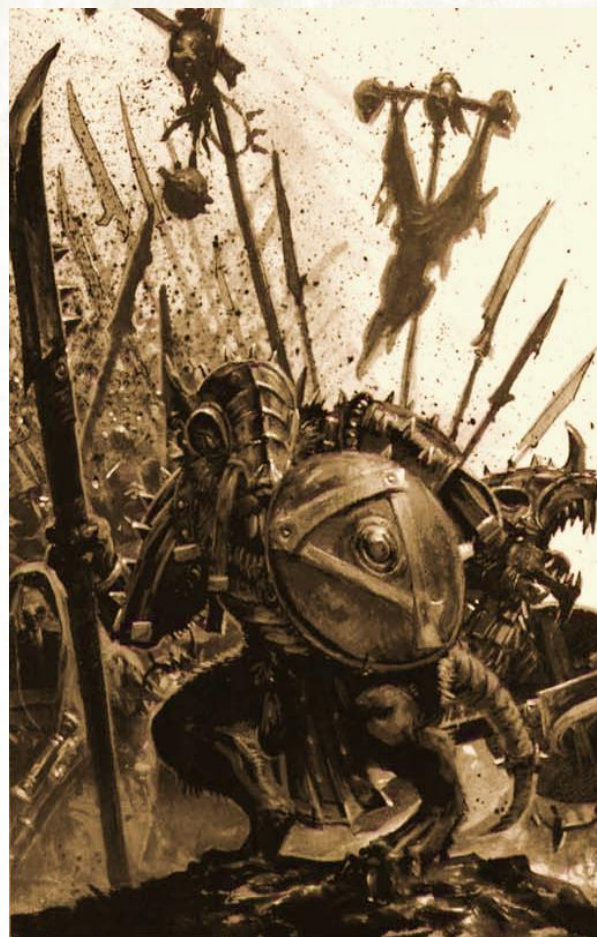
Although not regularly seen by surface dwellers, the Skaven are arguably the most numerous of all races. With a population of titanic proportions, the Skaven remain hidden away underneath unsuspecting nations. The ruling elite of the Skaven, known as the Council of Thirteen, works hard to erase all sign of their race's existence from the records of the surface dwellers with acts of careful sabotage and theft. Though there are whispered rumours of rat-men in most of the cities of man, hardly anyone takes them seriously, or believes that these skulking vermin pose a real threat. But the Skaven race actually numbers in the billions, waiting in the darkness for the ideal time to strike.

### SOCIETY

Though it appears to be outwardly simple and brutal, Skaven society is more complex than it seems. It is fraught with plots and intrigues, riddled with treachery, and burdened with a deep-seated hatred for the world of man. Everything the Skaven do is to advance their positions, either as individuals or as a civilisation. They claw their way up through the ranks with acts of duplicity and back-stabbing, claiming credit for victories not their own and ensuring their rivals are constantly in the path of danger. Such is the Skaven way.

Skaven represent many things that the typical Sigmar-fearing citizen of the Empire would despise. They are selfish creatures, raised in a turbulent society espousing survival above all other things. The methods Skaven use to survive are restricted only by the severity of their consequences, and even these repercussions are overlooked in the face of extreme danger. "Better him than I," is a heart-felt Skaven vow, enriched by millennia of active observance by the foul, rat-like species.

Shorter and slighter than men and possessed of a finely honed survival instinct that many would all cowardice, a single Skaven is little threat to the world at large. The rat-men are the first to admit this, for they have a healthy respect for the fine art of running away and far prefer to plunge a knife in the back than oppose a foe directly. In fact, their entire society thrives on being underestimated.







It is the Skaven way to feign weakness until the time is right to attack with absolute and terrifying force. When the Skaven muster together, their vicious temperament is inflamed by their kin until it becomes a desperate need to kill. A Skaven regiment's courage is thus influenced greatly by its number – a skirmishing group of Skaven might startle and bolt at the first sign of danger, whereas large unit of Skaven is a force to be reckoned with. When each Skaven believes that his comrades in arms will die before he does, buying him time to flee should he need to, he fights with the fervour of a rabid animal.

Life and individual freedom are next to worthless in Skaven society. Survival is paramount to the individual and the weak are rarely suffered to live unless they provide some tangible benefit to their superiors. While life is cheap to the Skaven, each one still struggles to survive against all odds. A cornered Skaven gladly fights to the last of his kind – so long as he is the last of his kind. His relationships with his birthkin are fleeting at best, and last only so long as his siblings and cousins are of use to him.

Despite the individual Skaven's thirst for survival and advancement within his society individual Skaven can also be driven to a ferocity unmatched by any of the other races. When food is scarce and space in their under-empire is at a premium, the Skaven have been known to stare death in the face with nary a flinch, especially when they are part of a larger group. Whether this is because they are motivated by hunger alone, or are driven by some uncontrolled group instinct or enraging scent, or are forced to act out of fear of their leaders' reprisals, none can say. It is likely to be a combination of all of the above.

Though they rarely admit it, the Skaven view all clanmates as potential enemies. Skaven who occupy positions of authority are envied for their power, while those Ratmen who serve in lesser roles are constantly

suspected of sedition. A Skaven's empathy is limited to understanding the covetous feelings of his peers. Much of his suspicion is projected upon the Ratmen around him, whether or not the allegations are founded in any kind of fact. Skaven motivations are never pure, and even the simplest of actions on the part of one individual can cause ripples of suspicion that ultimately affect anyone who comes into contact with him.

The Skaven never accept blame for their failures, preferring instead to implicate others, thereby transferring culpability onto their competitors. The truthfulness of these accusations is irrelevant to the accuser, the accused, and the superior who must judge them; all that matters to any of the involved parties is the strength of the case. The blame game has always been a popular pastime amongst the Ratmen, and Skaven who are unable to successfully shift blame from themselves onto others rarely live for very long. Interestingly, this habit has grown from one of mere survival and of trickery, after centuries of breeding, into one of actual belief. Almost all Skaven seem to be psychologically predisposed to believe that their own failures must be the result of a subordinate's incompetence, sabotage by a jealous rival, or the poor planning of a superior. The concept of failure based on one's own merit (or lack thereof) is simply impossible for them to imagine.

Skaven leaders, meanwhile, support this intrigue because they love to make examples of their subordinates. Better yet, they enjoy singling out the subordinates of their rivals even more. Such actions taken against other Skaven are not only considered to be entertaining, but are also seen as a natural way of culling the weak. Skaven leaders who entertain themselves by debasing or punishing a rival's servants must take care not to inconvenience their peers or superiors overmuch. Those that do so risk becoming examples themselves.

"A tale is told of two Skaven, birthkin from the same breeder. While scouting the woods above their home, they encountered a ravenous Minotaur. Wisely, they fled the beast, but it gave chase and pursued them for many miles.

"Surely," said the first Skaven, panting, "we cannot cannot outrun this horrible creature."

"The second chattered his agreement. "Nor do we have to," he replied.

"Unsure of his birthkin's motive, the first Skaven asked, "What do you mean?"

"By way of response, the second Skaven tripped his companion, answering, "I'll only need to outrun you!"

- A fable from the Lessons of the Horned Rat



A Skaven's single most driving goal beyond simple survival is to rise in status above his peers. Indeed, the Skaven mentality is that this rise in status is a means to the end: the higher one's status, the longer one is likely to survive. Yet with each rise in position, there is always another level of superiority, another rank of superiors to envy, and of each increase in power only means that there are that many more lesser Skaven to covet the successful Ratman's position. In other words, the more powerful you become, the more enemies you earn. Even the canniest of Skaven never see peace in their lifetimes, and to die from natural causes is unheard of.

By and large, individual Skaven are petty, jealous, devious, and sly. They are always looking for an angle to play in order to advance themselves within the great scheme of things. Though they are constantly seeking inroads to power and excess, they are rarely possessed of the ability to plan things in the long term. This is, in part, due to their naturally short life spans. A Skaven who develops a talent for mapping the actions and reactions of his foes over the course of many weeks, months, or years is surely destined to become a powerful member of his species.

The Skaven who lead their people seek to take all the credit for success, while at the same time letting their subordinates do all the work and rake all the risks. Even minor victories are touted, exaggerated, and made to appear larger than life. Many Skaven reputations have been made or broken on such tall tales, yet it is commonly accepted as a leader's due to call attention to his victories.

By comparison, lesser Skaven seek to gain some measure of glory without making themselves too much of a nuisance to their masters as a result. Calling attention to oneself is a double-edged sword. In one instance, it allows for a Skaven's actions to be suitably rewarded. On the other hand, it makes the individual Skaven a target for jealous rivals who might not have noticed him otherwise. In the long run, rank and file Skaven constantly dream of gaining the power of their betters at the expense of everyone else around them.



"Skaven society is a tyranny moderated by assassination."

- Bagrian, an Ancient Scholar who was assassinated by the Skaven. All copies of this quote were destroyed. Except (as of yet) this one.

Of all motivating factors in a Skaven's life, then, fear is perhaps the strongest. The only things a Skaven has, his life and his status, can be taken in an instant, and the fear of the loss of either is a constant spectre. Punishment and condemnation lead to the loss of one or the other or both, so fear of them, too, is a constant. To sacrifice even minimal advancement or lose one's position to a rival is a heavy blow to a Skaven's ego, and for his peers to know of it just as bad. Losing rank is terrible, and dying is a horror not to be considered, but to endure the chattering laughter of one's peers preparatory to either: pure hell. Thus, second only to fear as a common Skaven emotion is that of spite.

## THE ENEMY WITHIN

Within the Under-Empire, inter-clan warfare is a daily occurrence. Far from being a rarity amongst the Skaven, it is less common to find the Ratmen at peace with one another for any appreciable length of time. The weakest clans serve as targets for the strongest, which are constantly on the look-out for vulnerabilities to exploit. Sometimes, several clans compete with one another in order to determine who will have the chance to pick at the proverbial bones of a lesser clan that is only hours from its own destruction. Clans that fall beneath the swords and claws of their fellow Skaven are integrated into the victor's clan as expendable slaves. After all, a slave must be alive to be of value, and continued survival, even in a state of bondage, is always preferable to a Skaven than death.

As such, the lesser clans are always jockeying with one another in order to avoid being on the receiving end of this inevitable slaughter. In the land of the blind, even the one-eyed rat is king; such is the logic that divides the lesser clans, and this has fuelled their petty squabbles for millennia. Were the lesser clans able to unite, even for a short period of time, they might be capable of forming a powerful bloc within Skaven society. Such an event is hardly likely, given Skaven sensibilities, and so the nightly contest continues unabated.

## LANGUAGE

The language of the Skaven, Queekish, is a chattering and hasty speech. Skaven dialogue is often littered with a hodgepodge of rapid squeaks and trills. Queekish words are short, clipped, and often repeated several times in a row in an effort to add emphasis to statements. Due to the speed with which Queekish is spoken, long sentences are often broken up into several fragments. As such, these fragmentary sentences must be pieced together to form coherent thoughts, especially during long stretches of dialogue.



The written form of Queekish consists of several thousand pictograms, each representing a single word or concept. Most Skaven know the most important pictograms, while only a few can recite them all. As new discoveries are made, new pictograms are devised. Many are so similar as to be indistinguishable to the untrained eye. Writing is accomplished by the use of a sharpened stylus or an extended claw. Many Skaven records were kept on wax or clay tablets, but the use of ink on parchment has become increasingly popular with the Grey Seers and Master Moulders.

The Skaven are able linguists and many learn the languages of the Old World so they may better deal with their slaves and enemies. Though they see other languages as inherently inferior to their own, they find they are valuable tools in the advancement of their cause. Their linguistic habits of repetition and quickly-spoken words carry over to the other tongues that they learn. A Skaven's voice is often high-pitched, squeaky, and displays a somewhat whiny character.

Scent also plays a strong a role in Skaven communication. The Skaven exude several different musks, depending on their emotional state. Though secretion of these musks is largely involuntary, many Skaven learn to hide their emotions from their companions by will alone. Only a handful of surface dwellers are able to distinguish between different Skaven musks. To the majority of non-Skaven, the Ratmen stink of urine and wet fur.

The most common Skaven musk is referred to as the musk of fear. Unsurprisingly, the musk of fear is secreted when a Skaven is frightened. Though most Skaven are in a nearconstant state of anxiety, they only exude in truly terrifying circumstances. This, of course, depends on the individual Skaven, for some are better able to face their fears than others. In any case, what frightens one Skaven may not necessarily frighten another.

The musk of fear is a tool of survival, and it allows a single Skaven to warn his fellows that something is horribly wrong. When displayed between individuals, it is almost always a sign of deference, indicating that the Skaven who exudes the musk is, for whatever reason, displaying overwhelming awe and fear towards his leader. On the battlefield, however, the musk of fear can cause a warlord's best-laid plans to collapse. Units of Skaven Clanrats have been known to route to the last Ratman once the musk of fear spreads through their rank

The second most common Skaven musk is known as the musk of battle. The musk of battle is scented when a Skaven community has reached its upper limit in regards to population density and availability of food. More acrid than the musk of fear, it signals a slow but steady rise towards war for a warren, and rides the foul air of a Skaven nest until battle is joined or the situation improves. Entire populations of Skaven have been incited to fury by this stink.



## WARPSTONE

The biggest users of Warpstone in the Old World are undoubtedly the Skaven. Warpstone is the physical manifestation of raw magic. It is rare in the extreme and merely handling it can lead to a horrible mutation or agonising death. Despite the risk, it is coveted by dark sorcerers, necromancers, and alchemists. Yet none scour the lands as greedily as the Skaven, who prize the substance above all others.

When pure Chaos is sucked into the Old World through the Chaos gates most of it divides into the eight colours of magic as it detracts into the physical universe. However, some elements of Chaos are too powerful to be split by reality, and these coalesce and crystallize into a solid form.

Warpstone can arrive in the Old World in a number of ways. Clouds of warpstone dust drifts through the Realm of Chaos: blowing southwards out of the Northern Wastes during the great storms of Dark Magic, spreading terror and evil across the land. If powerful enough, Dark Magic can actually pool and crystallise into the distinctive nuggets that glow black with ominous hues of venomous green. The largest pieces of warpstone, however, plummet from the skies as meteors from the sickly second moon known as Morrslieb: indeed some tales speak of Skaven rituals calling down showers of warpstone upon the world.

The role of warpstone in Skaven society is manifold, forming the power supply for their twisted technology and spellcasting, as well as the key ingredient in their mutating agents. Warpstone is added in minute quantities to improve metallurgy and poisons. It is even used by the ratmen as their debased currency – the foetid warptokens.

Warpstone is vitally important to the Skaven and they hunt for it remorselessly. Most commonly they unearth warpstone meteors which have been tracked in their



fiery descent by one of the hidden observatories scattered throughout the Old World. A warpstone meteor is usually about the size of a man's fist. It is irregular in shape, though its exact form is difficult to determine because of the intense black glow that gulps in light from the immediate vicinity. This kind of raw warpstone is highly dangerous to all creatures and prolonged exposure will bring madness, mutation and death.

Raw warpstone can be refined to make it more stable and safer to use. This is a difficult process which only the most powerful wizards can perform. However, Grey Seers have a natural ability to transmute warpstone to increase their magic power. This is their blessing from the Horned Rat and makes them vital to the Skaven in general and the Council of Thirteen in particular. Because of its seemingly magical power, Skaven consider Warpstone to be the holy spoor of the Horned Rat.

Normally, a creature exposed to warpstone for a day or more would be likely to suffer some form of mutation. Grey Seers survive constant exposure to warpstone but their chances of mutation are minimal. Nevertheless, they are not totally immune to its effects and most bear the mark of Chaos in some form or other. Refined warpstone is less dangerous and can be consumed by Grey Seers and Warlocks to gain more power for their spells. No sane creature would eat warpstone and even the Skaven only do so in desperate circumstances. Anything consuming even refined warpstone runs a terrible risk of having its mind and body destroyed by uncontrollable mutations.

As well as supplying the Skaven wizards with power, warpstone is used by clans for their own purposes. Clan Skryre, the Warlock Engineers, manufacture many strange and powerful weapons which utilise warpstone in nearly every mechanical device that they employ. Carefully selected warpstone is added to metals during smelting, or annealed into the metal afterwards, lending weapons and armour supernatural strength and temper. Other weapons are far more esoteric in their design and function, incorporating an insane blend of magic and science. The Packmasters of Clan Moulder use small amounts of warpstone to cause mutations in their captive breeding stock, creating new races of twisted and loathsome creatures such as the fearsome Rat Ogres. Clan Pestilens use warpstone to develop new and terrible diseases, using them to perpetrate devastating magical plagues. The assassin adepts of Clan Eshin are adept at making deadly weapons and poisons from warpstone. The Warlord clans trade for warpstone charms and protective amulets, wargear and maddening battle drugs.



Skaven are hedonistic, so it is little surprise that drugs play an important role in their social order. Most Skaven drugs are simple concoctions that are designed to supply an intense, yet brief, euphoria in their users. Others, such as skalm, have legitimate medicinal purposes, while a few, such as Skavenbrew, are created in order to make Ratman warriors more effective in battle. Beyond its use as an arcane narcotic, Warpstone serves as a central pillar to Skaven society.





"Warp... must have Warpstone, yes-yes... catch it, catch it! Sniff it out... give it to Vampire, yes, but not all of it, not all... no-no, Skretch keep... keep some for himself... Must... feed..."

- Skretch Half-Dead

Amongst its multitude of uses, Warpstone can be administered as a drug. It is most commonly powdered and used as a snuff. Aside from a giddy feeling of self-confidence, Warpstone dust increases the magical abilities of any Skaven that ingests it. Prolonged use of Warpstone causes mutations in addicts, and these deformities are viewed by other Skaven with a combination of awe and contempt. Warpstone snuff is expensive and rare, so it is rarely seen in the possession of Clanrats; it is generally held by Grey Seers, Chieftains, and Warlords, among a few others.

Thanks to its power and versatility, Warpstone is the most valued commodity in the Skaven world, and its acquisition drives the race's movements and plans. The strange luminous meteors that rained down upon Sylvania were composed of Warpstone, and the Skaven invasion of that cursed land was a direct result of its presence. Likewise, the destruction of Mordheim heralded the coming of the Skaven, who fought for dominance over Warpstone-laden ruins of the city.

## FUR COLOUR AND RANK

To the casual observer, it may seem like the differences between the Skaven are superficial. One might have blotchy fur, another white, another black fur. Some Skaven are bigger than others, and some have horns or other mutations. But to the Dwarf's axe, they all squeal the same when the blade falls.



Within Skaven society, however, issues of colouring and size are important distinctions, revealing the individual Ratman's potential and capabilities. Skaven fur ranges in colour, most often shades of brown or piebald. The rank of a ratman can often be distinguished by its fur. Black-furred Skaven are larger, tougher, and more deadly. Assassins and Stormvermin are marked by darker shades from brooding browns to jet black (considered the mark of a pure killer in Skavendom). Larger Skaven usually fight their way into positions of authority unless they are particularly stupid or lazy, becoming chieftains and eventually warlords unless they lose one of the battles for supremacy along the way.

White or grey fur is vastly superior to others of his kind, gifted with the ear of the Horned Rat and the power of his divine might. It often denotes great leaders, especially wielders of magical energy. This is possibly evolutionary, allowing the Skaven to pick out their commanders even in the underground darkness of their lairs.

Brown, piebald, red, beige, and all the other fur colours in between make up the teeming masses of Clanrats, slaves, and chattel that support the Under-Empire. Most Skaven fall into this category. Born with little to distinguishing features, the powers that be see them as merely part of a horde of worthless fur and flesh whose only purpose is to serve their Chieftains as Clanrats or to serve their society as slaves.

Fur is often further branded or painted with clan markings or runes, more occasionally it is bleached or dyed to denote special status as honour guards, sacrificial slaves and so on. Some particular units or clans are known for unusual hues, such as the Albino Council Guard that protects the Lords of Decay or the red-dyed fur of Clan Vulkan. It is not uncommon to see dye or paint used to denote clan affiliations and crude branding of markings or runes is frequent with certain clans.

## SKAVEN FEMALES

Mysteriously, little to nothing is known about the females of the Skaven race, and it has been a common misconception that Skaven are all of the male gender. The specifics of where they come from are widely debated amongst those scholars who show an interest in the species, and include many ludicrous theories as to the origin of the Ratmen. One such postulation is that the Skaven are born directly from Chaos, while another claims they are merely ordinary rats that are mutated by constant exposure to Warpstone. The truth of the matter is that there are, indeed, female Skaven, locked away in the depths of the Under-Empire. The only sightings are by the Dwarfs, who occasionally encounter vast breeding pits during the bitter and merciless wars of extermination the two races continue to fight in the deep warrens far from the light of day. Dwarf reports claim that Skaven females are rare, large, indolent, and only semi-intelligent (at most). They do, it is guessed, produce frequent litters of a mind-boggling size.



"There are no Skaven females. Just Skaven broodmothers."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer

Female Skaven serve no other purpose than to propagate their vile species, and they are only slightly conscious of the events that transpire around them. These bloated, grotesque baby factories are the only female Skaven known to exist. Each weighs at least 700 pounds and measures 10 feet long from snout to tail. Their flabby soft bodies bristle with dozens of protrusions, all of which leak the foul-smelling milk on which their litters are weaned. Often blind and crippled, these creatures cannot care for themselves and must rely on castrated slaves for survival. They spend most of their time in a euphoric haze brought on by constant application of hallucinogens and other drugs. Constant application of Warpstone-derived narcotics beginning at a young age keeps them blissfully ignorant of the events that transpire in the Under-Empire. So cloistered away from the rest of their race are they that they do not learn their race's chattering speech, nor are they proficient in even the simplest social skills... or so the Skaven believe.

## SKAVEN CUSTOMS AND BEHAVIOUR

The customs and behaviour of the Skaven are little known to the denizens of the Old World. The Skaven have a society rich in idiosyncrasy and customary behaviour.

### Flattery

Respect is the cornerstone of Skaven culture. All Skaven demand respect and deference from their lessers. While keeping one's nose lowered to the proper level is an excellent beginning, those of lesser station also provide customary flattery to their superiors. This flattery takes many forms, but is typically verbal in nature. Bestowing creative euphemisms upon one's masters is an art form in many Under-Empire communities, especially amongst the Skaven of Clan Skryre. The more creative a Ratman's improvised flattery, the higher he will likely rise amongst his peers.

Examples include, "Yes-yes, shrewd-clever master," "most merciful of potentates," "killer-killer of man-things," "boldbrave leader," and so on.

### Infanticide

When a victorious Skaven warlord overwhelms an opposing clan, it is common practice to kill and devour any juvenile Skaven remaining within the captured warrens. This is viewed a celebratory dinner of sorts, which virtually guarantees that the clan's line ends with its offspring. Though elder Skaven are allowed to live and kept as slaves by the victors, they are never allowed access to breeding females unless they manage to distinguish themselves and rise above their new positions of servitude.

### Marking

Marking is a peculiar custom amongst Skaven that involves urinating upon (or applying urine to) property in order to mark it as theirs. Skaven feel more comfortable when their possessions smell as they do, and marking is an excellent way for them to impregnate their gear with their own inimitable scent. In fact, high-ranking Skaven apply their urine to their subordinates, who in turn apply theirs to their subordinates, and so on and so forth.

Skaven also leave small marks behind them as they travel. One might expect this is done by Skaven in order to mark their territory, but the Ratmen instead leave these marks so that they know where they have been. It is akin to leaving a trail of breadcrumbs so they can find their way back to their homes. In some cases, the Skaven refrain from marking their paths, especially when they are attempting to disguise their presence.

### Nose Elevation

Body language plays a large role in Skaven communication. Posture, especially, is an indication of a Skaven's attitude towards his peers, underlings, and superiors. It is important for a lesser Skaven to keep his nose below the level of his master's. This can result in entire rooms of Skaven who seemingly bob their heads at random because each is attempting to give respect to those above him while at the same time maintaining his superiority over those below his station.





## Superstition

The Skaven are a superstitious race with a wide variety of credulous beliefs. Notable amongst these is their hatred of cats, of which they have an almost instinctive fear. Cats of all colours are seen as signs of ill omen by the Skaven, and white cats are especially unlucky. When sacking a village or town, Skaven raiders will invariably hunt down and kill every cat that they can find, throwing their corpses upon large pyres after severing their tails. Dogs, especially those terriers commonly employed by rat catchers, are given a similar treatment.

As with cats, birds of prey are viewed with displeasure by superstitious Skaven. It is often whispered that the siege of Middenheim in 1118 IC was doomed from the start after the shadow of a kestrel was seen fluttering over the battlefield. Nocturnal birds of prey, such as owls, are particularly despised.

Not all Skaven beliefs involve their fear of predators. For instance, legend has it that an entire army of Skaven was once lured to its doom by a Human playing upon a set of pipes. The story of the piper is told at banquets, and pipes are traditionally shunned by Skaven musicians as a result. Instead, the Skaven prefer bells of all sizes and tones when composing their own manner of discordant music.

Amongst signs of good fortune are bats. Not only are bats denizens of the Under-Empire, but Skaven find their squeaking to be soothing. Many notable Skaven keep bats as pets, and they feed them on blood and Warpstone dust. These creatures have been known to grow to disproportionate sizes, especially the ones that are kept by Clan Moulder. The number three is also seen as a lucky total by the Ratmen. Litters of three Skaven born to the same breeder are considered to be blessed by the Horned Rat.

## Teeth Grinding

Skaven commonly grind their teeth together, which creates a low, grating noise. Referred to as "bruxing," the distinctive sound created by this activity is akin to a rapid chattering. Skaven teeth, especially their incisors, grow at an incredible rate, much like those of normal rats. In order to wear their teeth down, the Ratmen must gnaw upon objects, such as bones or special tooth files. Lacking any objects to chew upon, Skaven brux as required. Tooth grinding also occurs in times of stress, and a Skaven who bruxes constantly is surely in a state of anxiety or fear.

## Verbal Abuse of Minions

It is customary for Skaven leaders to give their underlings their due, typically in the form of mild verbal abuse and chastisement. In doing so, Skaven leaders reinforce the worthlessness of their servants in relation to themselves. A Skaven who fails to insult his minions properly fails to maintain the proper chain of command. In many circles, failing to publicly slur one's subordinates is akin to treating them as equals. This is one Skaven custom that rarely goes unobserved.

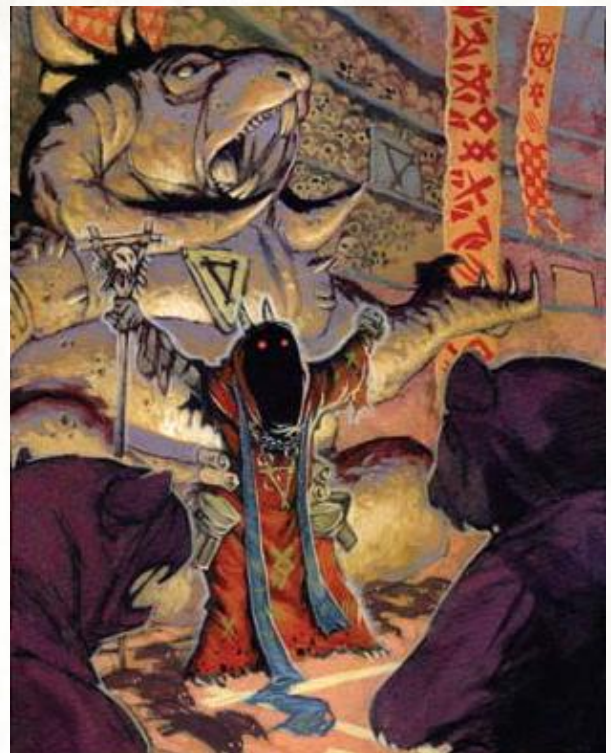
## TREATY PLEDGE

*The Skaven have well over 70 types of pact-marks (which are treaties scratch-marked onto hides) strictly for documenting and agreeing temporary alliances between clans. While no Skaven ever believes in the slightest the sincerity of such actions, the ritual of claw-marking such leathery certificates is very important. The subtlety of such negotiations is key and all involved parties look for telltale signs (such as excessive twitching or blinking) to aid them in understanding whether or not they actually have the upper hand. The Skaven sense of smell is extremely keen and once a negotiator sniffs a trace of fear or submission, he will mercilessly press any advantage. A clan that knows it has a treaty-pledge and an advantage is more likely to break trust first (because it can!).*

## WORSHIP OF THE HORNED RAT

The Skaven worship an entity known as the Horned Rat, a malevolent being served by the Grey Seers, a group of powerful wizards and prophets who preach the ascension of the Skaven. While they are nominally subject to the dictates of the Council of Thirteen, their personal power makes individual Grey Seers a constant wild card in Skaven politics. Grey Seers frequently consume Warpstone to fuel their sorcery, a practice that does little good for their sanity and other Skaven rightfully fear them. The Horned Rat's symbol, which has effectively become the defining mark of the Skaven race, consists of three overlapping lines roughly sketched in a vaguely triangular pattern.

The Horned Rat is the supreme god of the Skaven, and he brooks no other gods before him. Though not







affiliated with the lords of Chaos, the Horned Rat is certainly a distant relative of those foul, nebulous beings. He represents all things the Skaven are, or wish to be. Undying and eternally scheming, this cunning, this cunning deity patiently awaits the day of the Great Ascendancy, when his children will swarm across the face of the world, devouring it from within. Entropy is his mantra; decay is his stock in trade. All things must rot, figuratively or literally, and the Horned Rat and his offspring are the worldly reality of this simple truth.

All Skaven revere the Horned Rat. None question his existence. Such respect is a product of fear, for the Horned Rat's eternal hunger does not discriminate between his vermin children and the dwellers of the surface world. A devout Skaven utters small prayers to the Horned God throughout the day, each prayer being a verbal slice of hate, envy, or malice. These prayers are answered often enough to give the Horned Rat validity in the minds of his adherents, even in cases when divine intervention is obviously not involved.

Blood sacrifice is common in the day to day worship of the Horned Rat. The Skaven Fear that if the Horned Rat's appetite is not satisfied, he will devour his children instead. The form of the sacrifice – a slave, Skaven or otherwise – is not as important as the sacrifice itself. There is no specific doctrine that governs who or what must be sacrificed. The sacrifice itself is enough

to sate the Lord of Decay for a brief time. Young victims are considered to be the most potent sacrifices. For the Horned Rat, while the blood of the aged and infirm is less desirable.

The number of sacrifices made to the Horned Rat by his followers varies considerably depending upon their need. In times of war, the number of daily blood sacrifices can be staggering, sometimes numbering in the thousands in the great Skaven cities of Skavenblight or Hell Pit. The Skaven also increase the number of daily sacrifices if they fail to secure victory in battle, or suffer some other embarrassing setback. The Grey Seers preach that victory cannot be won if the Horned Rat is unsatisfied with his minions, and thus, any defeat or failure is a sign that he must be appeased.

Religious services are constantly held by the Grey Seers in honour of their sinister god. All Skaven are expected to be present at a mass at least once a day, even though no formal records of attendance are kept. Those who do not attend services open themselves up to all manner of criticism, including accusations of heresy, treason, and atheism. Influential Skaven warlords contract their own spiritual advisers from the ranks of the Grey Seers, and these priests for hire give private services to their employers and their households.



## The Grey Seers

Regardless of clan, all Skaven are fractious, self-serving creatures, yet they share a remarkably singular vision, a united aim that can, for a time, quell even their own inter-rivalry. They mean to raze the world and rule over the ruins, for such is the will of the Great Horned Rat. All should feel the iron claw of Skaven tyranny. So it is destined to be and so it is preached by the Grey Seers, the Skaven sorcerers supreme.

Grey Seers make up their own small but highly positioned clan. It is possible they are a unique subspecies and this is a view that the Grey Seers themselves help to propagate. The mage-rats also claim many titles, including the living prophets of the Horned Rat, interpreting his will and desires for the Skaven population. They advise and coerce the Warlord clans towards fulfilling the will of the Horned Rat, in accordance to their own interpretations, and act as intermediaries to relay the decrees of the Council to the Skaven clans. The leader of the Grey Seers, known as the Seerlord, sits on the Council of Thirteen, although this causes some resentment amongst the clans, who say that this compromises the intended role of the Grey Seers as intermediaries and arbitrators, but the Seers loudly proclaim their devotion to the Horned One and emphasise that they are merely servants of his will.

Pure white or grey fur and distinctive horns mark Grey Seers, who are perhaps the most powerful and mysterious individuals in the whole of a Skaven army. The potent mage-rats travel the Under-Empire seeking to coordinate and unite the bickering clans, as well as, furthering their own sinister plans of advancement. Many Warlords fear, quite rightfully, that they and their clans are just pawns in the subtle manipulations of the horned sorcerer-rats.



The Grey Seers preach to the Skaven population of the time known as the Great Ascendancy, when the Skaven will rise as one, overwhelming the known world and gaining complete mastery over all races. Any who oppose the Grey Seers are denounced as heretics, acting against the will of the Horned Rat. Such a declaration is just the excuse that rival clans require to declare a sacred war on the condemned clan, and they will descend on it in a fury, backed up by the might of the Grey Seers and the Council itself. As such, the Grey Seers occupy a position of considerable influence and power. This does not stop the resentment felt by many important Skaven towards them, and it is a foolish Grey Seer indeed who does not watch his back when separated from his brethren.

The most devout of the Horned Rat's minions are known as the Grey Seers. No ordinary Skaven can become one of the Horned Rat's chosen. These Skaven are chosen at birth for their sacred duty, each being marked by grey or white fur. Most disturbingly, each Grey Seer is born with two small, bony nubs upon his head which eventually grow into twisting horns. The horns set the Grey Seers apart from the rest of their kin.

The birth of a Grey Seer is a rare and auspicious occasion. An infant so blessed is immediately carried off to be raised in seclusion by his kind. Such an apprenticeship is a long and dangerous course, and most Grey Seer juveniles do not survive the ordeal. They must not only suffer dangerous training and religious indoctrination, but they are also set one against the other, much as their mundane birthkin are. The stakes are indeed high, and the Horned Rat rewards those Grey Seers who are resourceful enough to carve their place within his priesthood's hierarchy.

Magical and sorcerous training are paramount to a Grey Seer's vocation. Each is an accomplished Wizard with access to destructive spells and terrifying powers. Such arcane ability is attributed to the Seer's connection to his god, but the energies that power such spells are drawn from the Seer himself. These powers

"Squeak squeak." The Skaven messenger squeaked, scraping humbly in front of the Grey Seer. "We have received another... message."

"It better not be what I think it is," replied the Seer, munching on the remains of the last messenger.

"Err, it appears to be from the Man-things." The messenger started to back away cautiously.

"Does it... rhyme?" The Seer stood, his staff in hand.

"It does resemble a poem, my lord."

With a crackle of electricity the message – and the messenger – combusted. If there was one thing guaranteed to spoil the mood of victory it was a verse of poetry.



do not originate with the Horned Rat. Instead, the Horned Rat gifts his unholy children with an enhanced ability to manifest such magic.

Once they have completed their apprenticeships and proven their ability to survive the cutthroat tactics of their brethren, young Grey Seers are allowed to administer their dark religion to the teeming Skaven hordes of the Under-Empire. They are expected to provide religious counsel to all of the Horned Rat's offspring, interpret signs and omens, and craft some manner of unity between the assorted clans. Their methods are varied, and their motives are often impure. Like other Skaven, the Grey Seers are often more interested in their individual successes, rather than the triumphs of their race as a whole.

The mere mention of their God aids the Grey Seers in mastering the politics of the Under-Empire. No clan dares to oppose them, lest they be declared heretics and be hunted down by the rest of their species. The oblique threat of being dubbed a heretic by a Grey Seer brings even the most rebellious Skaven back into line. Seers that oppose one another rarely engage in direct conflict. Instead, they use the Horned Rat's worshippers as pawns in a devious chess game that can last for decades.

Grey Seers define scants within their organization through a combination of accomplishment and seniority. As they tend to be longer-lived than typical Skaven, age plays a substantial role in determining a Seer's standing within his religious order. At the pinnacle of this ever-changing pyramid, just below the Horned Rat himself, stands the Seerlord, currently known as Kritislik. The Seerlord is an enigmatic figure, the supreme religious leader of all Skaven. He is the leader of the Grey Seers, who also happens to occupy the first, and most important, seat on the Council of Thirteen. Kritislik spends so much time vehemently denying any abuse of position or the sacrosanct nature of all clan dealings, that he occasionally misses opportunities to exploit such precious information. It is their role of intermediaries for the Council of Thirteen that grants the Grey Seers such power and it is a position they jealously guard. Even implied displeasure from a Grey Seer causes much self-castigation (however insincere). Not even the Greater clans can easily afford so much as the merest slight to a Grey Seer.

## SKAVEN MAGIC

When one thinks of Skaven Magic, the first thing most think of is that used by the Grey Seers. A perverse blend of arcane sorcery with divine inspiration, Grey Seers are powerful and unpredictable in their black arts. But magic is deeply invested in Skaven society, and the Grey Seers are not the only ones who have some degree of mastery of sorcery. The Plague Priests and Deacons have developed their own breed of horrid spells, while the Warlock Engineers learned to draw the Warp energy contained within Warpstone and channel it into their perverse arcane devices.



To the Skaven, all magic originates from the Horned Rat. From the terrible sorcery of the Grey Seers to the pestilential machinations of the Plague Priests, it all comes from the same source: their powerful and fickle god. Dogma aside, the truth is that Skaven magic still involves the manipulation of the arcane energies blowing south from the turbulent polar region beyond the Chaos Wastes, and without this energy not even the most devout and cunning Skaven could weave the simplest spell. Skaven use Dhar, or Dark Magic, much like the Thrall Wizards of Tzeentch, Necromancers, Black Magisters, and Witches. Skaven differ from these casters, however, in the product and focus of their black arts.

Though other variations may exist, there are three fundamental types of Skaven magic, each organized into a separate lore – Ruin, Plague and Stealth. A rare few Skaven dabble in Necromancy and fewer still abandon the ways of their people to embrace another Chaos God. Such instances almost always result with the disintegration of the offending Skaven.

As with all Dark Lores, casting spells using Dhar carries great risk of developing unwanted or unexpected side-effects. As well, Skaven spellcasters use Warpstone heavily in their spells, which not only creates greater risk of mishaps, but also takes its toll on their bodies.

Knowledge of these spells is taught from master to apprentice, and is carefully protected amidst the ambition and treachery prevalent among all Skaven. Though a master might teach the rudiments of Warp Magic, he does so grudgingly, as his student must eventually contest his power and perhaps even try to overthrow him. Thus, Skaven mentors are careful to



instil fear and respect in their apprentices and to play favourites, always working to pit one student against another to distract these treacherous pupils from betraying their master.

### The Lore of Ruin

The province of the terrible Grey Seers, the Lore of Ruin allows Skaven to dabble in the domains of Plague and Stealth as well as to harness the power of Warp energy itself. The older and more practised the practitioners of Ruin Lore become, the longer their horns grow, and often the greater their dependence on Warpstone.

### The Lore of Plague

The Lore of Plague is a foul magical technique. The Plague Priests of Clan Pestilens use this magic, which is the product of generations of isolation in Lustria, to cow the Clanrats and other Skaven who swear allegiance to their Warlord. Specializing in matters of disease and decay, this lore is repellent and thoroughly evil, designed to spread sorrow and death in enemies. Each mortal who succumbs to the ravages of these spells exalts the power and majesty of the Horned Rat in his plague-bringer aspect. As the Plague Priest grows more powerful, he finds his body ravaged by the magic he employs. Commonly, this results in rotting extremities akin to those suffered by lepers, infestations of maggots and mites, and a general collapse of the spellcaster's body. While powerful, the Lore of Plague brings its practitioners' deaths with it.

## THE COUNCIL OF THIRTEEN

The Skaven are a people with a long and proud tradition of government. They are ruled by the Council of Thirteen, also known as the Thirteen Lords of Decay, an august body of powerful Skaven comprised of representatives of the most powerful Clans. They are the leaders of the greatest cities and fortresses of the Skaven or else lead a reclusive life studying the ways

of magic and death. Though they are ostensibly united by a common cause, the Council of Thirteen is fraught with infighting, conspiracy, and betrayal. Add the Grey Seers to this system of government, and things become even more intriguing.

Skaven politics are convoluted and labyrinthine to say the least. The Horned Rat must have made the Skaven system of political power to be as complex and intricate as possible, including a system whereby a Council member can veto his opposite number, a method of overruling and proxy voting. The results are a circle of maze-like plots, blackmails, manipulations and even assassination attempts. After all, scheming and plotting are natural elements of Skaven psychology and come from their progenitor, the Horned Rat himself. Doubtless he draws endless amusement from the machinations of the Lords of Decay as they twist and turn within his dictates.

The insidious Council of Thirteen rule over all of Skavendom and unites the various Great and Lesser Clans under a single banner. It is the Council's role to unite the clans against the Skaven's enemies and interpret the will of the vile Skaven deity – the Great Horned Rat. The intention of the Council is to unite the Skaven masses, to force them into working together towards a common goal. In truth the Council of Thirteen are far more interested in pursuing their own nefarious plots and schemes, manipulating the lesser clans and assassinating those who pose them the slightest threat.

While the Council holds sway over the entirety of the Under-Empire, the reality of a unified Skaven nation has yet to be fully realized. It is generally recognised that if the Skaven rose in a single, great swarm they would overwhelm the Old World, so great are their numbers. If it were not for the constant squabbling between the various Skaven clans, the Great Ascendancy would have occurred millennia ago.







Instead, internecine fighting and bickering hold the Skaven back, much to the benefit of the Old World. In truth the Council of Thirteen, too caught up in their ever shifting political intrigues to effectively unify the clans, is far more interested in pursuing its own nefarious lore and schemes, manipulating the lesser clans and assassinating those who pose them the slightest threat.

The seats on the Council are occupied by the most wicked and cunning of Skaven. In times past any clan leaders strong and devious enough would seize power if only he would depose a rival and 'create' a vacancy. However, not since the Second Civil War and the coming of the Horned Rat have any challenger defeated, disposed or else supplanted any of the existing Lords of Decay. These ancient Skaven are powerful indeed, having held their seats of dominance for centuries, outliving countless generations and guarding their positions jealously, their lives increased tenfold by foul magic and Warpstone. After so many centuries of plots and schemes, these elder Ratmen are well versed in the arts of subterfuge, betrayal, and survival. The Council is inevitably filled with its own intrigues and backstabbing, as each member seeks to raise his own status.

The Council of Thirteen was reformed under the commands of the Horned Rat who laid out the dictates of rulership on the 13-sided Black Pillar of Commandment. This unholy monument, made of purest Warpstone, was also a test for any aspirants to the Council, as only the favoured of the Horned Rat could touch its rune-inscribed surface and survive. However, those that lived became the most powerful of all Skaven, gifted with unnatural longevity and imbued with dark power. The Horned Rat ordered all Skaven to

obey his new council or else feel his wrath. The Skaven, notoriously craven, dared not defy their god or his favoured servants. The first order of the Council of Thirteen prohibited the study of magic, so only Clan Skryre and the Grey Seers could pursue its use.

The Council of Thirteen oversees all matters pertaining to the Skaven, from hatching terrible plots to initiating an offensive against one of the hated Human cities on the surface. The Council of Thirteen's members, are always twelve in number, being completed symbolically by the Horned Rat. The Council consists of the Warlords of the Four Great Clans plus seven other lesser Warlords. The Seer Lord claims the twelfth seat, and the Council reserves the thirteenth seat for the Horned Rat. No others are permitted to sit in his place. To do so would be heresy. Though largely symbolic in nature, it is said that the Horned Rat's seat is occasionally taken by a shadowy figure with luminous green eyes. Whether this is an avatar of the Horned Rat or merely a Warpstone-induced hallucination is unknown.

The positions on the Council command a descending order of precedence. The first and the twelfth places (the places which would be at the right and left hand of the Horned Rat) are the most important and may overrule any of the other Lords of Decay; the six and the seventh places are the least important. However, any Lord of Decay can abstain and by so doing veto a command from his "opposite number". Hence Lord Kritislik, the Seelord, can (and frequently does) veto the orders of Lord Morskittar, the Lord-Warlock of Clan Skryre. This means that even the most powerful Lords of Decay often need the help of the lower placed Lords to set their plans in motion. Equally, the lower Lords must have the support of some of the Lords above them to ensure their own plans are approved by the Council.

This process encourages shifting political alliances, blackmail, bribery and favouritism within the Council – corruption basically. Assassination attempts amongst the Lords of Decay are considered rather crude. More frequently the Lords of Decay manipulate the actions of the clans to set up circumstances which in turn manipulate the Council of Thirteen. Below the Lords of Decay a complex hierarchy of upcoming clanlords scheme and politic against one another to gain more power and favour from their masters. To this end the clans are constantly hatching maze-like plots and planning treacherous coups which all too often involve the corruption and destruction of the kingdoms of men or Dwarfs.

A clanlord that defies the Lords of Decay or a Grey Seer runs the risk of being hunted down by the assassins of Clan Eshin. Many over-ambitious clanlords have met their end at the poisoned blades of Clan Eshin. Some wayward individuals are brought to Skavenblight to face the inquisition of the Lords of Decay. Some succeed in vindicating their actions and are actually rewarded by the Council. Most are never heard of again.



Each of the Great Clans – Eshin, Moulder, Pestilens, and Skryre – are represented on the Council of Thirteen. Though far from united in common cause, these four clans are the wealthiest and most influential of those that are represented. Together, they form a powerful bloc that can rarely, if ever, be defeated by the remaining Lesser Clans. Given the support of the Grey Seers and (purportedly) the Horned Rat, they form a powerful majority.

The Lesser Clans often side with the Great Clans on important matters in order to protect their own interests. To anger the Great Clans, much less the Grey Seers, is to invite disaster. Of the Lesser Clans that hold positions on the council, Clan Mors and Clan Skab are the most powerful. Mors is the most recent addition to the Council, gaining a seat after its defeat of the now-defunct Clan Rathe. Mors has grown exponentially in recent years, and threatens to rival the Great Clans. If Warlord Gnawdwell is careful, and chooses his battles wisely, he may well lead Clan Mors from its state as a Lesser Clan into a new Great Clan, the first to have done so since Clan Pestilens joined the Under-Empire.

The remaining Lesser Clans – Flem, Skaar, Sleekit, Skaul, and Verms – continue to live in the ever-growing shadows of the Great Clans. Their leaders consistently follow the party line out of fear. Their warlords know all too well that there are dozens, if not hundreds, of other Lesser Clans who would take any risk to gain a seat on the Council of Thirteen.

Seats on the Council are gained in one of three ways. The first, and most common, method for gaining a Council seat is to destroy a Clan that possesses one. By rights, the seat of a vanquished Clan belongs to the



victor as a spoil of war. Whether the victor can maintain the seat once it has been taken is another matter entirely.

The second method involves an active challenge from another Clan which does not already have a seat on the Council. These challenges are rare, but they do occasionally happen. The challenging Warlord and his rival on the Council meet in single combat, to the death. The victor's Clan either gains or maintains the Council seat.

The final way to gain a Council Seat is to fill a vacant position. In times of battle, it is not unheard of for Clans to be completely destroyed by non-Skaven forces. In other incidents, entire Clans fall victim to plague. Such incidents leave vacancies on the Council which must be filled in order to keep the Skaven government running smoothly. Any Lesser Clan may petition for a place on the Council, and the remaining Council members draw lots to determine which clan is to receive the honour. This method is completely randomized and fair, of course, and is never tampered with.

In theory, any Skaven can challenge one of the Lords of Decay by touching the Pillar of Commandments in the Temple of the Horned Rat. If the challenger defeats a Lord of Decay he gains a place on the Council of Thirteen. However, all of the current Lords of Decay have held their positions for at least two hundred years, ten generations for the short-lived Skaven.

The Council routinely meets to organise and maintain coordination and some form of focus over the sprawling Skaven empire. They gather, in whole or in part, at least once a month, and sessions are occasionally called on a weekly basis, especially in times of war. These meetings take place in the great council chambers of the Horned Rat, hidden within the depths of Skavenblight, the despicable race's festering capital located within the near impenetrable Blighted Marshes. Skavenblight is a sunken, labyrinthine city, rumoured to be the birthplace of the unnatural race. The Council members discuss battle plans, important issues that face their race, and strategy. Polity also plays an important part in the Council's discussions, and alliances are often made or broken in full view of the other members. Between them they attempt to coordinate the efforts of the Skaven across the world and interpret the Horned Rat's will. This is all done with a closed eye to raising their own status within the Council of course. The unity of the Council remains, at its core, an illusion. The members are all able plotters, each one skilled in conspiracy, and their schemes are rarely favourable to their colleagues.

On significant matters, the Council members submit votes to determine an issue's outcome. Each member has a single vote, and no one clan carries more authoritative weight than the rest at least, not in theory. The truth of the matter is far from political equality, and the Lesser Clans are matched against one another by the Great Clans on issues of notable importance.





Bribes and threats are exchanged, and it is these machinations that rip the balance one way or the other. In the case of ties, the Horned Rat has the swing vote, which is often interpreted by the Seerlord. In reality, this means the Grey Seers have two votes on the Council, but none dare question the Seerlord's ability to commune with the Horned God.

## SKAVEN AND OTHER RACES

Beyond the Skaven's self-destructive and predatory impulses toward their own kind, there lies the surface world. The average Skaven knows little about the folk who walk the ground that roofs their warrens, but he hates them nonetheless. Men, Dwarfs, Elves, and any of the other terrestrial races are seen as competitors for the Skaven's birthright, mere obstacles to world domination. To rule the world, it must first be cleansed of these lesser races in order to make room for the Skaven hordes.

### Dwarfs

Dwarfs, being a subterranean race, have had the most intimate relationship with the Skaven and their methods of warfare. Nearly 1,500 years prior to the founding of the Empire, during a period the Dwarfs call the Time of Woes, their struggles against the Skaven were at their most intense. The memory of the Dwarfs is indeed long, and their enmity for the Skaven is second only to their hatred for the Greenskin races.

Because of the bitter conflicts that have arisen between Dwarfs and Skaven, the Dwarfs are perhaps the best prepared to deal with the Ratmen on their own terms.

In the earliest days of these conflicts, the Skaven found the Dwarfs to be easily defeated. This was as much due to the Dwarfs' inexperience with the Skaven as it was to the fact that the Dwarfs were without allies and beset by enemies on all fronts. A number of Dwarf holds, as well as countless outposts and settlements, were lost during the Time of Woes, and many Dwarf lines were exterminated as they fought to the last to defend their ancient halls.

In modern times, the Skaven view Dwarfs with a mixture of fear and contempt. They recognize that Dwarfs are great warriors, but they also see that the Dwarf race is caught in a downward spiral from which it is unlikely to ever recover. Given the opportunity, the Skaven clans cause the Dwarfs ever more harm, but this is hardly a priority now that many of the ancient Dwarf holds are already under Skaven control.

### Elves

The forests of the Elves are all but avoided by the Skaven. Though they loathe admitting it, the Ratmen are fearful of the Elves and their ways. Of the other races, only the Elves can rival the Skaven's penchant for speed and stealth, and their wizardries are powerful indeed. For these reasons, the Skaven avoid open warfare with the Elves, preferring to save the worst for last.

Of the conflicts between Elf and Skaven, perhaps the most well-known is the Battle of Remarché in 1813 IC. As the Skaven attempted to besiege several Bretonnian cities, namely Quenelles and Brionne, their forces were



routed by a large force that included the Elves of Athel Loren. The Elves had come to honour the treaties they cultivated with the Human kingdoms of Bretonnia, and they fought well against the insatiable Skaven menace.

The defeat at Remarché has lingered long in the Skaven memory, more so than any of their other losses. Even though the battle itself was a minor footnote in an ever growing list of campaigns and skirmishes, it remains a sore point to Skaven historians and warlords alike. The Skaven continue to harass the Elves when convenient opportunities present themselves, but they have had little luck infiltrating Elf cities and settlements.

### Halflings

The Halflings are no threat to the Skaven or their plans to conquer the world. During the Great Plague of 1111, the Skaven enjoyed free reign over the newly-incorporated lands of the Moot. In response, the Halflings hid behind closed doors, fighting only when circumstances forced them to do so. These first forays into the Halfling lands produced little tangible benefit to the Skaven, however, and so such campaigns in the modern age are rare.

The Skaven believe Halflings are too weak to wage war effectively. They make horrible slaves, especially given their lack of physical strength and their high food requirements. To most Skaven Halflings are no better than livestock, offering little of value except for their meat, which the Ratmen find tender but fatty and somewhat less than filling.

### Humans

With the spread of Humanity to nearly every corner of the world, from fabled Cathay to the jungles of Lustria, Humans stand as the greatest obstacle to the Skaven's plans to achieve world domination. Naturally, Dwarfs are formidable opponents, but they are fast becoming too few to resist the hordes of Ratmen that stalk the tunnels of the Under-Empire.

And as the Elven population diminishes, withdrawing more and more into the safety of their distant homelands, the Skaven would be free to act with impunity if it weren't for the hated manlings. This said, however, Humans are easy to corrupt, quick to betray their own race for a few more pieces of filthy lucre. And so, the Skaven's greatest enemy in their expansion into the surface is also their greatest ally.

Coupled with their duplicitous tendencies, Humans are often naive and ignorant, wilfully ignoring all evidence of danger until it's too late. The widespread denial of the Skaven race ensures that the sinister Ratmen will one day triumph over the hairless chattel that concerns itself with such minor things like prices, trade, and other nonsense. Those few who do turn to the shadows, who look into the dank recesses of shadowy alleys and sewers to hunt the truth, are branded madmen or heretics by their countrymen, and are watched or even imprisoned by their betters. Too many inquisitive men

and women have vanished or turned up dead after a few days of persistent questioning.

Imperial attitudes are a prime example of the insidiousness of the Skaven. There are few organizations in the Empire who aren't host to one or more Skaven spies or agents. This malign influence spreads from the highest positions of Imperial power to the most prestigious institutions of learning and knowledge, gnawing at the Empire's heart from the inside out. So long as tales of the loathsome Ratmen are held as works of fantasy, these Skaven corruptors can operate freely, albeit from the shadows.

Not all Humans are blind to the Skaven menace. A few openly fight the Ratmen, opposing them at every turn. Nowhere is this more true than in Tilea, for these people's history is one tied to the Skaven's. Tileans recognize the Skaven as a true and very real danger to their civilisation, and fight to keep the Skaven host at bay. Thanks to their vigilance, they have kept and continue to keep the Skaven under control.

### Other Races

The Skaven do not discriminate when it comes to dispensing hatred. All races are either tools or rivals, diminishing resources that the Skaven desperately need. Of the other races, the Skaven maintain tenuous alliances with the Greenskins, though such contracts are rarely long-lived and the Greenskins always suffer for their gullibility when it comes to Skaven friendship.

Clan Moulder is particularly interested in the larger races, especially Ogres, Trolls, and Giants. This interest is purely academic on the part of the Master Moulders, who take the power and strength inherent in these burly creatures and bend it to their own uses. It is from such experiments that Rat Ogres were created.

Although they are a race born of Chaos, the Skaven feel little kinship with Beastmen, Mutants, or Daemons. They occasionally ally with such forces, especially when it is convenient to do so, but the Ratmen do not presume such coalitions are worth sustaining overlong. They see too clearly the motives of their chaotic cousins, and their place in a world ruled by the Ruinous Powers would certainly be no more glamorous than it is today.

"The Lord Sigmar sends me visions of hell! I see gigantic treadmills eternally turning in the dark. I see uncountable masses of swarming vermin standing on their hindlegs in a foul parody of Man. I see diabolic machines made by deranged mutants. I see bloated queens with atrophied limbs breeding their rotten offspring. All this I see, and in my head the dreadful toiling of the cursed bells still screams. It won't stop! The multitude of red eyes stare at us from the darkness of sewers and graves. They loathe us, and they will rise to devour us all for our sins! Make it stop, please, make it stop!"

- Hieronymus Bouscus







At the head of his Stormvermin bodyguard, Grey Seer Arqueek proudly contemplated the vast army he had at his command. It seemed that even the gigantic cavern in which the battle was about to take place could hardly contain all the Skaven assembled there.

Advancing as a living tide of many fur, the Skaven horde was rapidly closing the distance separating it from the disciplined ranks of the enemy: the hated Dwarf-things. At the front of the Skaven line the Grey Seer noticed crazed Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens breaking into a run. Foaming at the mouth, the deranged heralds of pestilence charged towards the enemy too soon, showing no respect for the clever battle plan that the Grey Seer had devised. "Fools!" thought Arqueek.

As the Monks charged in, the Dwarfs opened fire. A milky of crossbow bolts and handgun bullets tore through the first ranks of the Plague Monks, cutting down many of the fanatics. They seemed oblivious to the casualties and trampled over the wounded in their mad lust to reach the enemy.

A sinister hiss rose from the Dwarf line as two of their war-engines fired simultaneously. Two huge goutts of fire were projected through the air in a slow-moving arc, landing in the middle of the Monks. The flames enveloped the devotees of Clan Pestilens with horrific results. Most of them died screaming in the blaze, but some of them kept charging, their robes and fur ablaze. They finally reached the Dwarf line, where they managed to drag down several astonished Dwarfs before the rest of the bearded warriors could cut them down.

The Grey Seer was impressed by the ferocity displayed by the Monks and made a mental note never to displease their clan if possible. Their savage charge had helped his plan, after all: attracting most of the Dwarfs' firepower, they had allowed the rest of the horde to reach the Dwarfs relatively unharmed. Large units of lightly-armed Skaven were now charging the Dwarf warriors, clashing in bitter melee.

The heavily armoured Dwarfs formed a solid shield wall, their axes and hammers exacting a heavy toll on the rat-men. Here and there, though, a Dwarf was overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of his opponents and was dragged down and torn to pieces. Where this happened, another Dwarf warrior resolutely stepped in to close the gap in the shield wall and the line held.

After the initial ferocious assault, the Skaven quickly lost courage, broke and fled in disorder, too fast for the Dwarfs to follow. The Grey Seer observed the fleeing Skaven and a smile formed on his lips. This first wave of attackers had been made up for the most part of enslaved Clanrats and had served its purpose of testing the Dwarf defence. Even better: lying among the plies of dead slaves he could see a decent number of Dwarf-things. The casualties were in the order of ten to one

in favour of the Dwarfs. Good, the fight was going unexpectedly well, thought Arqueek.

The main regiments of the Skaven army were waiting just behind the large masses of fleeing slaves and, at the Grey Seer's signal, started to move forward. This second wave was made up of many units of Clanrat warriors and several large packs of giant rats goaded into battle by Clan Moulder pack-masters. These were not the only beasts of Moulder present on the battlefield: just in front of Arqueek's Stormvermin a line of massive Rat Ogres was unleashed against the Dwarfs.

Surprised by the silence of the Dwarfs' war machines, the Seer extended his magical perception to examine the enemy artillery. His spirit pulled free from his body and rose above the fighting, crossing the entire battlefield in a flash to finally focus on the enemies' gun emplacements, he soon realised that the diversion created by the slaves had served a double purpose, allowing Clan Eshin's adepts to sneak their way to the back of the Dwarf line and attack the cannons. The Dwarfs manning the guns put up a brave fight, but were soon dispatched by the poisoned blades of the Gutter Runners.

Good, thought the Grey Seer, now the lethal adepts of Clan Eshin would attack the Dwarf line from the back and rout their missile troops completely.

In his mind's eye, Arqueek saw the Gutter Runners hurl a flurry of poisoned throwing stars into a regiment of Dwarf thunderers, but then, when the surviving Dwarfs turned around to return fire the black-clad Eshin warriors turned tail and disappeared. "The cowards!" thought the Grey Seer, outraged. Or maybe they were just being too literal about their orders, he wondered. Perhaps with the elimination of the Dwarf artillery the Gutter Runners decided that they had earned their fee and left before having to suffer too many casualties. Arqueek would have a word with their leader after the battle.

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Grey Seer Arqueek turned his attention back to the action in front of him, where the Rat Ogres had almost made contact with the Dwarf line. This time the fight was very different; on the left and right flank the Clanrats and giant rats were holding their own against the Dwarfs. Their efforts in breaching the enemy's shield wall were helped by small units of Clan Skryre globadiers.

These specialist troops wore strange protective masks and were armed with glass globes filled with deadly poison gas. Their weapons killed many bearded ones, together with quite a few Skaven when one of the globes missed its target or landed in the thick of the fight. That didn't matter, thought Arqueek, the Dwarfs were like a small island in a vast sea of brown fur!

The Skaven Seer had to admit that the Dwarf-things were fighting well and he could

see that the battle still hung in the balance. Then the charge of the Rat Ogres bit home. The great beasts tore their way through the Dwarf line with pleasing ease. The Dwarf warriors were lifted in the air and quartered by the slashing claws of Clan Moulder's feral monsters. If a Dwarf axe managed to penetrate the tough hide of one of the Rat Ogres, the wounded beast would just fight more ferociously, continuing the slaughter with renewed fury. The packmasters simply walked behind their creatures, stopping only to slit the throat of the few Dwarfs that had only been wounded by the Rat Ogres. Under such an onslaught the Dwarf morale finally gave way and they ran, pursued by the ravenous monsters.

The Stormvermin rushed forward to take advantage of the gap opened by the Rat Ogres in the enemy line. Following in the wake of Clan Moulder's powerful war-beasts, the Grey Seer and his bodyguards had to step over the broken bodies of many Skaven and Dwarf-things. Arqueek was convinced that the battle was won; soon he would be feasting on the Dwarf Lord's entrails!

Right in front of the Rat ogres a mighty battle-cry rang loud. A new regiment of Dwarfs had entered the fray charging forward from the back of the Dwarf line. The Seer was sure that he had seen no troops held in reserve: this new unit had probably just arrived on the site of the battle. These Dwarfs were different from all the others: they wore no armour, were covered in tattoos, and all their fur had been dyed bright orange or red. Slayers! Arqueek was very close to squirting the musk of fear as he remembered the accounts that Grey Seer Thanquol had given to the Council of the battle prowess of these mad, death-seeking Dwarfs. He immediately ordered the Stormvermin to halt.

Hurling themselves towards the Rat Ogres, the Slayers caught the large creatures unprepared; it was unusual for them to be attacked with such reckless ferocity. The dim-witted beasts were used to inspiring fear in their enemies, but these ones were different and the monsters were puzzled, almost afraid. The Grey Seer couldn't believe his own eyes as the Rat Ogres were cut down one by one. Arqueek was particularly concerned about a huge Slayer wielding a massive hammer encrusted in glowing runes. Every irresistible strike of the weapon pulverized the skull of another Rat Ogre. A few badly wounded Rat ogres fought back viciously eviscerating many of the Slayers before finally succumbing to the Dwarfs' axes. The others turned to flee, trampling the Moulder packmasters who vainly tried to keep them in the fight with their whips. The Dwarfs started to pursue the mutated monsters, but, catching sight of the Skaven general's Stormvermin bodyguard, changed direction and ran towards the elite enemy, bellowing guttural challenges. The Seer was about to order a prudent tactical retreat when he remembered the Skryre railing gun he had hired to support his Stormvermin. If the new



machine was half as good as the Warlock Engineers promised...

"Fire! Fire!" ordered Arqueek, pointing at the Slayers".

The Skryre weapon team aimed their multi-barrelled gun at the Dwarfs and activated the warpstone gas pump that powered the weird machine. The weapon's first burst cut a red swathe through the Dwarfs, slowing their advance. The Skryre engineers started to cackle maniacally, turning wildly on the crank that raised the rate of fire of the machine to augment the already impressive rain of death. More and more Slayers were sent to meet their maker. Grey Seer Arqueek was impressed; the weapon was certainly worth the astronomical price he had paid for it. Then suddenly something went wrong. With a high-pitched whistle, a leak appeared in the canisters fuelling the gun's pump and a huge, green scalding cloud surrounded the weapon team. Screams of pain reached Arqueek and he saw that the weapon was still firing but the crew had lost all control over the direction they were firing in. The weapon's bursts drew a semi-circular arc on the ground around the rattling gun and reached the terrified Stormvermin. Many of the elite war were gunned down before the machine finally exploded, vaporising the crew. Those treacherous fools had obviously sold him a flawed machine! The sorcerer was covered in the blood of his bodyguards. Someone was going to pay for that!

The Grey Seer had to abandon his plans of revenge when he realised that he had far more pressing problems to hand. The few Slayers left, led by the terrifying one with the runic hammer, were almost upon him. Arqueek raised a paw and pointed it towards the Slayers, chanting words of power as he evoked a powerful spell against the Dwarfs. A green glow pulsed around his claws and then fizzled into nothingness. To his surprise the Skaven felt that an external force was fighting his magic, coming from somewhere in the Dwarf line. That couldn't be, he was a powerful Grey Seer, surely he couldn't be defeated by one of those old Dwarfs and their trivial rune-magic!

Arqueek quickly scoffed a piece of warpstone and soon felt the power surging through his entire being. It was an exhilarating sensation and the Grey Seer savoured it deeply before unleashing his new power against the Dwarfs. This time there was nothing the Runesmith could do to stop the green lightning erupting from Arqueek's outstretched paw. The Slayers, now a few metres away, were hit by the warp lightning and died where they stood, consumed by the evil energy that arced from one Dwarf to the other; melting their flesh and charring their bones. A satisfied growl emerged from the Seer's throat as his enemies burned. Soon all that was left of the Slayers were a few smoking husks. That's how it should be, all his enemies were going to suffer the same fate! First these pathetic Dwarf-things, and later the fools that sold

him the malfunctioning railing gun and those cowardly Gutter Runners...

Much to Arqueek's dismay, the hammer-wielding Slayer picked himself up from the ground, his body covered in horrible blisters, his hair completely burned away. Before the surprised Grey Seer realised what was going on, the Slayer was upon them. The Dwarf, his face mad with fury, headed resolutely towards the hated Skaven, felling a Stormvermin at every step. "Kill! Kill!" shouted Arqueek desperately to his bodyguards, trying frantically to push behind the ranks of armoured Skaven warriors. Then he stumbled on a corpse and fell to the ground. A few Stormvermin stepped forward to protect him, but the Slayer's hammer quickly dispatched them. The crazed Dwarf reached the Grey Seer and raised his mighty weapon for the killing blow. Paralysed by terror, all that the Skaven could do was stare at the rune-encrusted hammer about to descend on him. Suddenly a shadow passed over the Skaven wizard, a cloaked figure had emerged via of nowhere and leapt to interpose itself between the Dwarf and the Grey Seer: The mysterious figure was wielding a pair of wicked daggers that he plunged, blades crossed, into the base of the Slayer's neck.

The Dwarf looked puzzled, as if he could not understand what had just happened. Then, with a vicious scissoring action, the black-robed Skaven pulled the blades outwards, and the head of the Slayer fell to the floor with a sinister thud.

Tuning towards the Grey Seer, the Eshin assassin smiled enigmatically, revealing a set of vicious fangs. He spoke in a grim, hissing voice.

"Grey Seer, my Masters trust your plan. They don't want you dead-dead today Get up and finish the Dwarf-things. Do not let us down, Grey Seer!"

With that the assassin darted back through the ranks of surprised Stormvermin and disappeared in the confusion of battle, leaving behind a very perplexed Grey Seer Arqueek, his heart just starting to slow down.

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After many hours of bitter fighting the weary Seer was at last witnessing his great plan coming to fruition. The huge numbers of the Skaven had prevailed and eventually overwhelmed the Dwarf defences. Their shield wall broken, one after the other the stubborn Dwarf regiments had been surrounded and massacred by the rat-men. Only one unit of the Dwarf-things still remained. Heavily armoured warriors with high-crested helmets and huge war hammers were putting up a stalwart last stand with their backs to the gigantic doors that were the entrance to their ancestral home. In their midst, Arqueek easily recognised the leader of the enemy: a grim Dwarf whose armour and axe were so encrusted with runes that the Skaven's eyes ached just to look upon him.

Several times the savage charge of the Clanrats had broken against these elite warriors and now the situation had come to a standstill. The Dwarfs were surrounded and outnumbered a hundred to one, but the Clanrats were hesitating; they didn't dare get too close to those lethal war hammers.

Arqueek was furious. Surely he had been given command of the most cowardly troops in the Under-Empire! He had run out of warpstone and his magic would now struggle to affect the Dwarfs massed around their protective runic banner.

He decided instead to vent his frustration blasting a few Skaven to smithereens as an example of what happened to those who disobeyed his orders and to inspire a bit of courage in his underlings.

As the Skaven sorcerer scanned his troops for suitable victims, his eyes fell on the last surviving regiment of slaves. He noticed that they were unusually cheerful and suddenly remembered the promise he had made to the slaves in his inspiring speech before the battle: "Fight the Dwarf-things! Freedom to all who survive!" Those slaves had fought well indeed and he was now annoyed by the fact that he should now free them. A feral gleam touched his eyes as a solution formed in Arqueek's mind. The Grey Seer was pleased that, as usual, his mighty intellect had conceived the perfect way to get rid of both these last enemies and the overconfident slaves.

The Seer of the Horned Rat raised his claws high above his head and started chanting a prayer to his foul god. A dark billowing cloud rose from the ground and covered the entire unit of slaves. As the Skaven inhaled the vapours, their cheers of hope for the freedom promised to them were transformed into snarls of barely contained bloodlust.

Some of the slaves started backing at each other to satisfy the desperate desire to kill that had got hold of their minds. Rising to his full stature, the Grey Seer pointed towards the last Dwarf defenders, ordering in a booming voice:

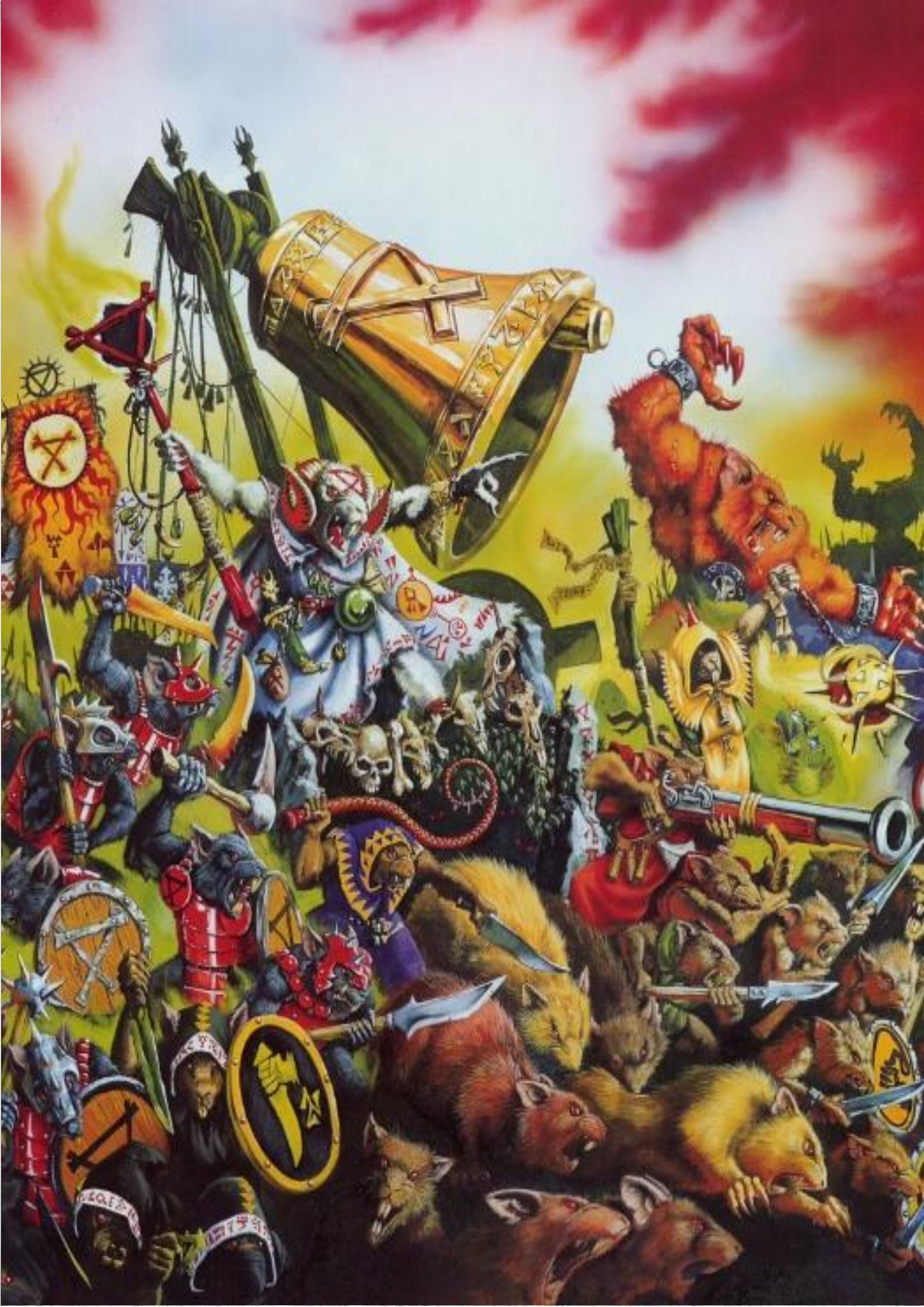
"Them! Get them!" With a ferocious roar; the slaves charged Dwarfs, their small red eyes filled with fury.

The leader of the Stormvermin turned towards his superior to express his doubts: "O most honourable eminency, many clanrats die, what can slaves do?"

With a wicked smile on his lips, Arqueek answered in a whisper "What can slaves do? They help Dwarf-things busy. For just enough time... All warpfire throwers fire! Quick-quick!"

A respectful expression appeared on the Stormvermin's face as understanding struck him. The armoured rat-man bowed to and answered: "Yes-yes, o most clever of generals."







# SKAVEN WARFARE

Warfare is an integral part of the Skaven psyche. They must wage wars, or else they risk the starvation of their entire race. Their innate fecundity demands it, as they breed quickly and with abandon. As the warrens and nests of the Under-Empire grow ever more crowded with these loathsome Ratmen, the musk of battle grows ever stronger in their nostrils. In such times, the Skaven become aggressive, snapping at one another in rage without any provocation.

When these circumstances reach a critical point, the Skaven either go to war against one another, engaging in an orgy of self-destructive slaughter, or work to conquer the surface world that lies beyond their subterranean realm. The Skaven believe that ultimate victory over the surface dwellers is only a matter of time, and that when they are finally deserving of triumph, the Horned Rat will grant them the spoils they so richly deserve.

## PREY

The Skaven view the world from a predator's perspective, seeing all the creatures beneath the sun and moon either as potential tools or eventual victims. Their rapacious nature is focused on their own kind just as often as it is fixed upon the inhabitants of the surface world. It comes as little surprise that the Skaven favour the weak as prey, above all other targets.

This is due to the fact that their culture is based on survival of the fittest, and only the strong can succeed for any length of time. To the Skaven, the weak exist to justify the strong. For those Skaven who seek to undermine the rightful status of individuals who occupy positions of leadership within the clans, the weak provide a necessary contrast, helping each Ratman to judge his peers in the ever-changing hierarchy of Skaven society.

When they are not preying on one another, the Skaven turn their gaze to the denizens of the surface world. Much of the time, Skaven see Humans, Dwarfs, Elves, and their ilk as targets of opportunity. Skaven raiding parties are sent to retrieve food, prisoners, and valuables from settlements on the surface, supplementing the Skaven workforce and providing valuable comestibles for the discerning Ratman palate. Not only are prisoners used for labour; many are given to the Horned Rat in ritual sacrifices, while others are slaughtered like cattle and used to feed the teeming masses of the Under-Empire.

## TACTICS

The Skaven are masters of stealth, treachery, and intrigue. This is not just something they train in casually. Skill at these types of things is simply matter of survival of the cutthroat world of Skaven society. The day to day existence of the average Clanrat is filled with more double-dealing, conspiracy, and deception

than one can possibly imagine. Given the state of affairs within the Under-Empire, it is little surprise that the lessons they learn struggling for position and prestige amongst their own hordes are put to good use against the rest of the world.

## Fear

In 2387 IC, the Skaven were betrayed by Prince Karsten of Waldenhof, a Human pawn they had been cultivating as an ally for many years. In retribution for Karsten's audacity, the Skaven attacked the town of Waldenhof and stole away with each and every child that lived within the city walls. The very horror and grief such an act can cause in an enemy is itself a powerful weapon, and one the Skaven have grown quite adept at utilising.

The tactic of fear is a hallmark of the Ratmen. By committing atrocities and other reprehensible acts against their enemies, the Skaven cultivate a fearsome presence in the minds of their foes. When these horrible deeds are accomplished in such a way that they are only discovered after the fact, the horror that results is multiplied ten fold. The Skaven feel that it is only proper to demoralize an enemy through liberal use of fear.

## Intelligence

The Skaven are inimitable spies. They have eyes and ears everywhere, hidden in the teeming metropolises of the Empire. This intelligence network is used to excellent effect, and gathered information is traded for Warpstone or used to blackmail men the Ratmen wish to use for their own ends. Blackmail is crucial to the measure of control the Skaven have over Human pawns and politicians. Information gathered within the





darkest recesses of Imperial cities is oftentimes particularly damning to those men who hold the reins of power. In the Old World, there are few people with secrets that they wouldn't rather have buried and forgotten.

Beyond the obvious political uses for intelligence gathering, the Skaven also desire to keep an attentive eye upon the troop movements of their enemies. When an armed force of any appreciable size mobilizes in or near a major Imperial settlement, you can be sure that the Skaven already know about it. The Skaven remain mindful of the scope of such operations, seeking to take advantage of a city's sudden defensive reduction. They are also adept at anticipating the movements of large troop formations and the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens have been known to defile the food and water supplies that opposing armies will doubtless put to use as they advance upon their intended objectives.

### Plague

The Great Plague of 1111 IC is a prime example of disease used as a weapon by the Skaven. The Plague brought much of the Empire to its knees, paving the way for a Skaven incursion that has not been equalled in all the centuries since. Noble and peasant alike suffered as the virulent infection passed along trade routes, following in the wake of merchants and refugees. By the time the Skaven poured forth from their warrens, the glory of the Empire had already been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self.

Disease is one ally the Skaven are happy to embrace. Armour is useless against it. Weapons cannot destroy it. It spreads unseen, its methods of transmission misunderstood by most of the Empire's citizens. Given the dire state of hygiene in much of the Old World, little can be done to stem an epidemic. Once symptoms appear within a populace, it is usually too late to do much else but pray.

Clan Pestilens, which is well-known for using sickness as a weapon, has often been the harbinger of plague in the Empire. Sudden outbreaks of disease in heavily-populated areas sometimes foreshadow a new Skaven advance. These diseases cause death and disability, worrying away at their victims in a slow, insidious manner. Even illnesses that do not cause immediate death can deny an opponent the full use of his forces on the field of battle. If infected units take to the field despite their diseased state, their effectiveness is invariably reduced.

### Poison

Poison is another weapon that is commonly employed by the Skaven. Though the Assassins of Clan Eshin remain the undisputed masters of all manner of poisons, all Skaven have some familiarity with its use. When properly used, a single dose of a terrible toxin, such as manticore spoor, can bring turmoil to an entire nation. Leaders of enemy forces are often the targets of Skaven assassins, as their deaths can easily cause discord and loss of morale amongst their subjects.

### Slave Harvesting

The Skaven are a race that delights in the enslavement of others. Slaves of all kinds are at the bottom of the Skaven social order. The slaves of the Under-Empire perform duties that would demean even the lowest of Clanrats, such as food cultivation or mining operations. In times of religious furor, slaves are sacrificed to the Horned Rat by the thousands, their blood leaving crimson stains upon the pestilent altars of the Skaven.

On an individual level, each slave is an expendable asset to be used as his master sees fit. When clustered into large formations, the slaves of the Skaven are thrown pell-mell at enemy formations while their own troops riddle both sides with black arrows and poison wind globes. The bodies of these unfortunates are used as ramps by the Clanrats and Stormvermin that follow, climbed upon and crushed into pulp as the battle continues to rage around them.

Being that slaves are valuable commodities that are callously squandered by the Ratmen, it is often necessary for the Skaven to harvest new ones. In the Under-Empire, weaker clans that have been subjugated by stronger ones are enslaved to the last individual. When the Skaven are unable to take their own kind as slaves, raiding parties are instead sent into remote Human settlements to take prisoners. Non-Skaven slaves are treated with even less dignity than their Skaven peers, and most are worked to death within a very short period of time.

### Stealth

Ambushing from the dark and using the shadows against their enemies is often one of the Skaven's best strategies. Like poison and disease, the element of surprise is a hallmark of the Skaven. The Ratmen will rarely accede to a fair fight, and any circumstance that gives them an advantage, no matter how underhanded, is readily exploited. Fighting during the daylight hours is not something that the Skaven do willingly, unless they are desperate or supremely confident in their ability to win.

### Strength in Numbers

Above all other tactics, the Skaven rely on their superior numbers to overwhelm their enemies. Skaven breed quickly, maturing in only a few short years, and their innate fecundity means their populations swell exponentially, even after they suffer massive casualties. Because life is cheap in the Under-Empire, the Skaven wholeheartedly waste the lives of their subordinates. Little distinction is made between the sacrifice of a single Clanrat slave and an entire regiment of Stormvermin. There are always others waiting in the shadows to take the places of the dead.

"Kill-kill, quick-quick!"

- Skaven battle cry



Their armies were glorious, invincible – tens of thousands of proud rat-warriors marching over the Lands Above, laying waste to everything in their path. When Grey Seer Skrittarr had seen the moon bleeding tears of warpstone they had turned east, back towards the misty peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains. To cross the swollen waters of the river Stir the Grey Seer ordered the construction of a mighty wooden bridge. Many slaves died felling the great oak trees and toppling them into the riven many more died when the Grey Seer sacrificed their souls in thanks for the army's safe passage.

East of the river the land became wilder and less populated, and the Skaven army made good rime through the woods and over the moors. They were possessed by a strange urgency, as if something was pulling them irresistibly forward. The eyes of the Grey Seer burned with naked warplust as he urged his troops onwards.

As Skrittarr became more and more preoccupied, his apprentices started to scheme behind his back. Krasslik too could feel the calling of the warpstone. He started to hear whispers in his mind which grew and grew until a constant stream of alien thoughts washed through him. Plots, schemes, tales of treachery, promises of power, fragments of ancient, evil spells. A terrible madness burned through Krasslik and gnawed at his soul. He began to crave power for its own sake. One fell night, when thunder clashed and lightning split the sky, he murdered the other two apprentices and consumed their souls in an orgy of destruction. After that, his power burned stronger, and he deliberately began to plot the downfall of Skrittarr.



Confident and purposeful, the Skaven force reached the borders of the lands known to Men as Sylvania. Grey Seer Skrittarr drove his troops harder and harder, forcing them to march until they could move their heavy limbs no longer. While they rested, Krasslik moved among the weary rat-warriors like an evil shadow, spreading dissension and malice. When they found the first meteor, Skrittarr cracked it open and consumed the warpstone immediately to boost his power, and Krasslik hated him for it.

For the first week after they crossed over the border into Sylvania the Skaven encountered no opposition. The land seemed empty. The few human settlements they came across were deserted. Skrittarr proclaimed that the humans had fled before the ineluctable advance of the Skaven army, and no-one gainsaid him. They found only a few tiny meteors, which Skrittarr took for himself and kept on his person. Krasslik's resentment grew, and he became insanely jealous.

In the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains, beside a nameless town of drab stone buildings, the Skaven met their first opposition. A small force of humans attacked them — they were men, but not men. Some looked like walking cadavers, others were nothing more than skeletons hung with rags. Even to the Skaven, accustomed to foul odours, the stench of rot and decay was nauseating. And how they fought! These undead-men never tired, never ran away. True, they were slow where the nimble Skaven could twist, run and dart, but they were relentless. The only way to stop them was to destroy them, hack them apart, break their skeletons into pieces and scatter the bones until the last shambling horror lay twitching on the ground.

The Skaven won this first battle, but it was their first and only triumph. The further they progressed into mountains, the more often they were attacked, and the larger the undead forces became. Even the greater frequency of the warpstone didn't help. Skrittarr had total most of it to just fuel his battle spells. As the Skaven army dwindled, and the enemy became more vicious, they had to rely increasingly on magic to survive. The Grey Seer was forced to give the odd shard of warpstone to Krasslik so he too could use his magic against the undead.

After a battle that lasted two long days Grey Seer Skrittarr ordered the army to retreat home. They were reduced to a tenth of their original strength. Tired, and unused to defeat, the despondent warriors were fertile ground for Krasslik's sedition. Madness and jealousy boiled through his brain. Skrittarr was a doddering old fool. He, Krasslik, could conquer Sylvania, and claim the warpstone for his own. He, Krasslik, would lead his mighty armies to conquer the other clans and claim their territory for himself. He, Krasslik, would touch the Pillar, defeat one of the Lords of Decay and take his place on the Council.

One night, when the moons burned high in the sky, forbidden words of power spilled from his mouth. Dark energies whirled around his body, and blood spewed from his nose and ears. A great claw sliced through the curtain of reality, and the majestic Form of the Verminlord stepped into the material world. It reached down, grabbed Krasslik by his tail and dangled the terrified Skaven before its eyes. "Ah, Krasslik," it said, in a voice redolent with ancient evil. "You have finally called me. Let us discuss my plans..."







# SKAVEN CLANS

The Skaven are divided into a series of clans, all of which constantly jostle for position and influence with the Council of Thirteen. This political system is dominated by endless treachery, betrayal, labyrinthine plots and scheming. Hence, Skaven as a whole are a necessarily paranoid race, their twisted minds unceasingly working to gain personal power. If a clan loses some of its influence and becomes vulnerable, it will be turned upon by other clans, which descend on its stronghold in a greedy frenzy. Skaven belonging to clans overcome in this fashion are enslaved by their vanquishers, spending the rest of their short lives chained in servitude to their new masters.

The majority of the clans are Warlord clans, and it is they who make up the vast bulk of the bulging Skaven population. There are hundreds of Warlord clans, some relatively small, some so large that they count numerous lesser clans amongst their number. Within each of these Warlord clans is a clear hierarchical ladder based on the law of strength and cunning, ranging from the lowliest weakling slaves to the most powerful warriors. At the pinnacle of each clan is the Warlord, a particularly powerful, treacherous and ruthless Skaven, who spends much of his time eliminating rivals who constantly plots and schemes to retain his position and worsen that of his rivals. A Skaven Warlord is often physically larger and more imposing than his brethren, but he must also be a devious tactician to stay ahead of any would-be usurpers. Because Skaven rulers rarely survive for long, these Warlords are paranoid to a fault. As it is the Skaven cut-throat way to rise by any means possible, a Warlord is right to suspect anyone and everyone. This is just as well, because everybody really is out to get them!

There are no equals in Warlord clans, only underlings and superiors. It is a rat-eat-rat existence where the weak are slain (and often devoured) by the strong. Considering their comparatively short-lifespan, if a Skaven is to gain rank and status he must do so as quickly as possible. The Skaven are obsessed with short-term gain and they will construct an increasingly elaborate web of false promises, imaginary wealth and dubious bargains if there is even the slightest chance that it might work out. One of the quickest ways to gain power in the Under-Empire is to secure an alliance with a more powerful faction. The price of such a pact is invariably extortionate, but for a budding Warlord the opportunity for power is simply irresistible, especially if the ally in question can be double-crossed and disposed of at a later stage.

Beneath the Warlord, and therefore most likely to attempt a takeover, are any number of lesser commanders, Chieftains and pack leaders. The warrior class follows, and is largely formed of Clanrats as well as the elite Stormvermin. At the base, the bedrock on

which the ratmen society is built upon, is the worker-class, the lowly and readily disposable Skavenslaves, predominately made up of the Skaven of fallen clans. Their miserable lives are freely expended on toil, dangerous experiments, or as cannon fodder in battle.

Skaven hierarchy is obvious, as underlings go to elaborate lengths to prostrate themselves (insincerely but with great ceremony) before any superior. Likewise, any Skaven in even a nominal command will lord it over inferiors. Every Skaven knows his status in a pack, but positions can change rapidly. It is a lawless world where the strong survive, but had better watch their backs. Back-stabbing and double-crossing are not considered dishonourable amongst Skaven, but are instead seen as the traditional way to advance. As every one of the ratmen is looking for a chance to stick it to his mate for personal gain, an act of treachery must be particularly cunning or well timed in order to work. This system naturally develops both extreme paranoia and the most insidiously cunning leaders at every level.

A few betrayals or a single back-stabbing can elevate a warrior to a leader before the body of his victim drops. In the same vein, a ruler is only a single act of treachery away from being eaten alive. Daily life at all levels is marked by a shifting and jostling for power, as Skaven plot and scheme to raise their own personal standing. Alliances are formed, broken, and reformed again, and superiors and rivals assassinated as the Skaven struggle for a higher position within the clan. Even amongst ratmen of similar status there is no equality; someone is always ahead. Every Skaven





looks for weakness in the pack and is himself being marked by others. Daily life is marked by constant squabbles and fights for supremacy. At any stratum, but especially amongst the lowest tiers, this squabbling takes the form of physical clashes with tooth and claw. Most Skaven are scarred by fights of this type, and many have lost an ear or eye. Skaven crippled in such contests do not last long. Skaven crippled in fights can expect only to be summarily butchered and devoured by the victor. If the victor does not butcher them, the masses will rip them apart and eat them, as it is foolish to pass up such an easy meal opportunity.

All clans fluctuate in number, the population rising exponentially during times of ample food and crashing during lean periods. At its peak a single Warlord clan could number in the hundreds of thousands and be spread across a score of different lairs and strongholds. There is no knowing how many different clans there are scattered throughout the Under-Empire, as the vast interconnected Skaven nation is known, though there are certainly many hundreds if not thousands, and could be spread across a score of different lairs and strongholds. The larger, more powerful Warlord clans actively seek out and destroy smaller clans, absorbing their numbers as warriors or slaves, or simply gorging upon them as the unbearable pangs of the Black Hunger take hold. Large or strong clans (often one and the same thing) are less likely to be attacked by rivals and are more able to exert their will over lesser clans. The most successful Warlords effectively rule all of the surrounding clans' exacting tolls and demanding heavy tributes from them, becoming increasingly wealthy as a result. However, clans that grow too large and fractious can, if the Warlord is not aggressive enough, split into rivalling factions.

To a non-Skaven all the hordes of the Warlord clans may look the same. However, to a keen observer, or the ratmen themselves, there are distinctive differences. Clan markings, freely interspersed with the foul symbols of the rat-deity, are often painted, scratched or smeared atop shields and banners. Some clans, such as Clan Grutnik or Clan Mordkin, are known to dye their fur in specific colours. Others brand vile Skaven runes or clan icons into their skin so their foes know whom they are facing. The most successful clans, such as Clan Mors, have better weapons and more armour than the others, looted over many long campaigns and jealously hoarded. Clan Carrion are such expert scavengers that they carry heaped detritus from battles as well as scraps from the ruins in which they lair. Warriors from clans like Clan Volkn bear blades of shiny obsidian metal, mined deep underneath their volcanic lairs. Some Skaven are even mutilated, typically with scars and notches in ears to mark allegiance or ownership. Thus when a Skaven army musters for war, a great many banners and markings are present. However, these visual differences blur amidst the ravenous hordes, and even the ratmen tend to rely upon their own keen sense of smell to find their clanmates. When the multitudes mass for battle though, these visual differences blur amidst the ravenous horde

and even the ratmen tend to rely on their keen sense of smell to find their own clan.

It is rare indeed for a Skaven army to be composed of warriors exclusively from just one clan. When the time arises to attack a foe, be it an army of surface dwellers (where the greatest bounties of plunder can be found) or a rival clan, a Warlord will gather warriors and weaponry from any available source. Skaven from surrounding clans will flock to a Warlord's banner, either for a share in the spoils of war or in the vain hopes of securing an alliance of their own. Weaker clans will be coerced and threatened into sending troops (who will inevitably form the first wave of an attack) whilst stronger clans will grow fat on the profits required to purchase their aid. Skaven logic in these matters is simple; power and wealth buys (and bribes)

*"Let the supplicants present themselves," squeaked the Nightlord as the assassin-guards roughly ushered in the two representatives from Clan Pestilens and Clan Moulder. "Make your offers. I listen and decide. We contract to best-best offer, failed bid dies. Proceed."*

*The representative from Clan Moulder stepped one pace forward and abased himself on the floor in the proper fashion. "Your honour," he began. "Packlord Trask sends you his most special greetings and begs your mightiness to accept this small token of his respect – a jewelled dagger engraved with runes of power..." Seeing the Nightlord's tail twitch impatiently, he hurried on to business. "According to bargain-law, Clan Moulder respectfully treaty-pledge twenty warp tokens, three packs of giant rats, two specially trained Rat Ogres..."*

*With a snarl of impatience, Hakflem, the representative from Clan Pestilens, thrust past the unctuous Packmaster.*

*"Do not listen to this cowering fool!" he croaked. "My master, the great Nurglitch himself, makes treaty pledge of thirty warp tokens, ten females in prime breeding condition, five weights of black corn and an engraved warpstone amulet. And he sends you this - and bids you remember the Scarlet Scourge!"*

*With a dramatic gesture, he waved a small iron flask above his head. The Nightlord snarled in anger, and three of the black-furred guards leaped towards the offender, drawing their swords in mid-air.*

*"Foul traitor!" squeaked the Packmaster in feigned outrage, nimbly darting out of the way.*

*As the three assassin-guards fell on top of Hakflem, he hurled the vial towards the Nightlord. In a blur of speed, the Nightlord snatched the spinning vial from the air. "So perish all those who dare defy me!" he squealed, as the guards hacked Hakflem's body apart until nothing was left but a bloody mess of flesh, fur, and tatters of rag.*

*One of the guards pounced upon the Packmaster and dragged the cowering ratman forward. "Continue," ordered the Nightlord. "And make it worth my while."*

*"Mighty Nightlord, most-favoured of the Horned One, Clan Moulder treaty-pledge thirty-five warp tokens, five packs of giant rats, three Rat Ogres..."*



better warriors, weapons and war-beasts, which in turn assures a higher chance of victory and a greater prospect of increasing power and wealth, and so on. One of the most prestigious and destructive sources of arms are the Greater Clans, whose skills and weaponry are in much demand. It is for this very reason that the Greater Clans have become so rich and powerful.

## THE GREATER CLANS

Some Skaven factions are very different to the Warlord clans; the most famous of which are the Greater clans: Clan Moulder, Clan Skryre, Clan Eshin, and Clan Pestilens. These Great Clans have amassed such power that they enjoy a permanent position at the highest echelons of Skaven society. Each of these clans is the equivalent of scores of Warlord clans in terms of influence, military might, and economic power. These Great Clans hold much of the power in the Under-Empire, and each is the equal, both militarily and economically, of dozens of lesser clans. The bulk of their clans consist of warriors and slaves they've captured from rivals that they've eliminated; however, all of the Greater Clans have developed specialties, armaments, and ways of waging war that set them apart, allowing each to carve out their own niche which they ruthlessly cling to, destroying any threats to their position. From the stealthy assassins of Clan Eshin to the twisted creations of Clan Moulder, the Great Clans each offer some asset to the Lords of Decay. These unique resources continue to guarantee that the Great Clans remain in power for generations to come.

Within the greater clan structure the story is the same: weaker clans are dominated by stronger ones and any which become vulnerable are quickly enslaved by their peers. The four most powerful clans have complete

ascendency over the struggling mass of the Warlord clans.

Clan Pestilens is made up of the much-feared Plague Monks, festering disciples of disease and corruption who have emerged as a powerful force from deep in the humid jungles of Lustria. Clan Moulder is a wealthy greater clan which uses the mutating effects of warpstone to create and breed an array of horrific fighting beasts. Clan Eshin consists of stealthy spies and feared assassins who hire out their services to other clans. Currently the most powerful of the greater clans is Clan Skryre, whose members are known as Warlock Engineers, specialising in blending the arts of dark sorcery and science to produce their infamously destructive weapons.

The Great Clans have their own obsessions and abilities, and each has a representative upon the Council of Thirteen. These Skaven overlords consider themselves far too important to engage in battle, so they appoint lieutenants to act as their representatives. The devious Lord Morskittar of Clan Skryre, for instance, employs the bionically enhanced Ikit Claw to do his dirty work, whereas the enemies of Lord Sneek, the semi-ethereal Nightlord of Clan Eshin, tend to meet their end at the poisoned blades of Deathmaster Snikch.

When the Great Clans combine their forces, the Skaven army becomes nigh unstoppable, a seething mass of mangy fur and rusted blades that pours across the battlefield. There will come a day when the entirety of Skaven society rises up against the surface dwellers, overthrowing the order of Man, Elf and Dwarf, reducing their cities to ruin and covering the lands in anarchy and plague.





The Skink picked its way carefully towards the stepped pyramid that lay overgrown and half-hidden beneath a sea of vegetation. It paused, listening for the raucous sound of birds that usually hung over the tropical land. There was nothing; the silence was unusual and menacing. Carefully, the Skink began to climb the cracked stone steps, its head darting warily from side to side. From its vantage point it could see others of its spawning stepping silently through the undergrowth below. As it neared the summit of the pyramid it halted, looking down. The crest on its head changed from a dull green to a bright red, a warning signal to the Saurus marching through the undergrowth below. Sun gleamed off bright bronze armaments as the resplendent ranks of Lizardmen came to a halt. Far in the distance a lone monkey howled before absolute silence descended, as thick and heavy as the humid air itself.

The blue-scaled Skink stood motionless on the steps of the crumbling pyramid, glassy eyes fixed onto the spawning pool below. The water was foul and corrupted, its surface black and reeking of disease. Deformed, unborn creatures could be seen below the surface, frozen in their desperate struggle to break free from the poisonous fluids. Some had tried to emerge, their bodies locked in contorted death throes. Tilted with hatred and despair, the Skink swung its gaze to the other spawning pools: they too were fetid, horribly contaminated by unholy poison.

A strange sound emanated from the archway behind the Skink and its head came up sharply. The cold-blooded creature got a quick glimpse of movement. Evil red eyes and cracked yellow teeth partially hidden beneath tattered robes, before the heavy flail, trailing coiling green smoke, impacted with its head. Bone shattered and the Skink was thrown off the stepped pyramid, landing heavily a dozen steps below before continuing to tumble to the base. Bloody and broken, its body landed in the midst of the motionless column of Lizardmen.

The Saurus raised their heavy heads towards the overgrown pyramid above them. The sound of claws scratching against stone carried across the heavy air, and an unending swarm of small, pallid shapes could be seen pushing from the deep cracks and fissures in the ancient pyramid structure. Countless thousands of clawing vermin, their fur patchy and diseased, descended the pyramid in a living tide. They swarmed over the Lizardmen who swatted at the scurrying creatures with heavy talons, the plagued rodents clinging thick scaled legs, biting frantically and flowing around the Saurus. Several of the powerful Lizardmen were swept to the ground and were quickly lost from sight, covered by the frenzied vermin.

Dark figures could be seen scrambling from within the ancient structure, creeping from the shadowed doorways at the top of the pyramid. Screaming incoherently, the robed Plague Monks hurled themselves down the steps towards the Lizardmen, their tattered robes flowing behind them like ragged wings.

The Plague Monks leapt off the pyramid steps, their blackened claws outstretched towards the Saurus warriors. The faces of the Skaven were foul and diseased, their fur matted and patchy, eyes milky and filled with repugnant sickness. Their expressions were twisted into visages of madness and hatred. They impacted against the burly Saurus figures with tremendous force, bowling many of them into their comrades behind. The Plague Monks slashed out around them in their frenzy, not caring who they struck, friend or foe, eyes wild and foam dripping from the corners of their mouths.

Teeth, claws and serrated blades slashed left and right, ripping at both tough Lizardmen hides and softer, furred flesh. The Saurus bellowed in rage, striking out with their primitive weapons and snapping bones, in their vice-like jaws.

A towering Kroxigor roared its outrage as it stomped its heavy feet onto the scurrying vermin, raising its heavy obsidian axe over its head. It swept the weapon down in a vicious arc, smashing a plague-ridden Skaven into the lush earth. A wicked blade was plunged into its leg, and the huge Lizardman snarled, dropping its weapon. Turning with surprising swiftness, it grabbed the Skaven who was

trying to wrench its blade from the creature's thigh. Hefting the Skaven into the air, the Kroxigor slammed the twisted creature into the ancient pyramid, spattering gore across the pale stone. Countless blades slashed at the thick skin of the Kroxigor, and it swung around, heavy fists crunching bone as they struck twisted Skaven bodies.

Thick green smoke descended around the Lizardmen formation as a group of fanatical Censer Bearers threw themselves from a stone platform above, smashing into the ranks of Saurus. Several of the burly Saurus sank to the ground gasping for air as the burning fumes were inhaled deeply into their lungs. A heavy spiked ball, oozing the evil smoke, smashed into the Kroxigor's cheekbone, knocking the creature to one side. Shaking its head briefly, it turned to face its assailant. Half of the Lizardman's face was blistering and liquefying, its eye turning a sickening pale colour. It bared its teeth, grabbing the frenzied Skaven in its powerful arms. Plunging its head downwards, the Kroxigor clamped its jaws onto the Plague Monk's neck, wrenching away a huge chunk of flesh in a spray of blood and fur. The Kroxigor spat out the foul meat, blood dripping between its teeth.

Another plague censer was swung at the Kroxigor, striking heavily at the immense creature's knee. Its leg buckled beneath it, and a swarm of Slaven leapt atop the fallen Lizardman, their blades rising and falling in a bloody fury. Still the creature struggled, choking the life out of another Plague Monk, crushing his neck in one huge hand. Frantically, the Skaven hacked at the Kroxigor until it was awash in dark blood, but still the creature held to its grip, even in death.

The Plague Monks quickly overran the surviving Saurus warriors as more of the crazed Skaven emerged from the darkness within the pyramid, hacking apart the Lizardmen corpses long after they had fallen. One of the Skaven raised his voice to a high pitched chant as he held a jagged knife in both hands high above his head, the last of the Saurus beneath him.

A hoarse shout cut through the crazed Plague Monk's frenzy, and he paused, blinking his eyes. A hunched and heavily robed figure hobbled forwards, a twisted staff clutched tightly in his decaying, shaking fingers. Again he shouted at the Plague Monk, sickly spittle spraying from its mouth, and the Skaven backed away from the intended victim. At the Skaven's impatient motions, several Plague Monks leaped forwards to pin the powerful Saurus' limbs. The Lizardman glowered up at the heavily cloaked Plague Priest standing over it, a dull growl echoing from within its barrel chest.

Fumbling with a dark, musty pouch, the Plague Priest pulled out a white rat, its eyes oozing foul fluids. The Skaven patted the rat lovingly as it squirmed in his hands. Barking another order, the Plague Monks tightened their grip on the Saurus. Bones creaking, the Plague Priest knelt over the Lizardman, holding the rat towards it. The Saurus snapped its jaws at the rodent and the Plague Priest pulled his pet back protectively. The Plague Priest stroked the rat lovingly, shuffling closer. Holding the rodent firmly, the decaying Skaven Priest, dug a cracked, black claw deep into its mangy body. The rat squealed in distress, and its owner thrust it towards the Lizardman again. The rat struggled as it was squeezed painfully, just out of reach of the snarling Saurus. Corrupt, diseased blood dripped from the rat into the open mouth of the Lizardman.

Satisfied, the Plague Priest stood, shoving the limp body of the rat back into a pouch with an affectionate pat. He motioned, and the Plague Monks raised the Lizardman to its feet. Raising a cudgel, a Skaven clubbed the Lizardman heavily across the back of its head and it collapsed unconscious to the ground.

"Go, Lizard thing. Take-take our precious yellow-skull fever back to your brood-den."

A gurgling laugh bubbled within the Plague Priest's chest as he turned and stalked away, leaning heavily on the crooked staff.



# CLAN PESTILENS

Perhaps the most ill-regarded of all clans is Clan Pestilens. They are known as the Plague Monks, for they are the disciples of disease and decay. Members of Clan Pestilens dedicate themselves with insane fervour to spreading pestilence and corruption in the name of the Skaven god, the Great Horned Rat. They now specialise in the creation of new diseases with which to torment the populace of the Old World, some of which manage to mutate and swiftly rage beyond their meagre control. Even other Skaven are highly wary of the fanatics of Clan Pestilens.

Centuries ago a Skaven expedition ventured into the steaming jungles of Lustria, only to be decimated by virulent tropical diseases and the reptilian warriors that defend that land. The few survivors, hid in the ruins of a temple they had discovered in the depths of the jungle. There they unearthed ancient secrets which should have been left forever undisturbed. Perhaps it was because of the knowledge they chanced upon, or perhaps their destiny was decreed by the Horned Rat, but these Skaven mysteriously began to revere the very diseases that were slowly killing them. A strange new breed of Skaven was born: the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens. Constantly plague ridden, they were capable of withstanding their diseases as long as they remained devoted to their festering god.

Their monomaniacal zeal and devotion makes Clan Pestilens the most single-minded of all the Skaven clans. They are different, counted strange by all other ratmen. This absolute belief in their own righteousness has caused untold friction amongst Warlord and Greater clans alike. Recognised as a major power, Clan Pestilens has a high seat amongst the Lords of Decay, having risen from the seventh to the tenth position. It is no secret, however, that many scheme to have the diseased ones destroyed. It has been this way since Clan Pestilens' rise to power, when they nearly overthrew the Council.

After the clan's workers and captive labour are taken into account, the majority of Clan Pestilens' military strength lies in its Plague Monks. The Plague Monks are religious zealots dedicated to the worship of the Horned Rat. Their bodies are riddled with plague, and so used are they to pain that they barely feel it any longer. Combined with their religious fervour, this resistance to pain makes the Plague Monks incredibly capable combatants, especially en masse.

Though the Grey Seers are regarded as the ultimate authority on the doctrines of the Horned Rat, Clan Pestilens embraces the Lord of Decay aspect of the Skaven god. They recognize the Horned Rat's other attributes, but they focus on his ability to create, control, and spread plagues. Exploring all things involving the slow destruction and rotting of the world, a few of their number dabble in the magic granted by their master. While in theory such power is divinely granted, the fact is that it employs the same dark magic used by the Grey Seers, but is instead focused on matters of disease. Plague Priests are the initiates of these arts, raking the first steps towards a darker understanding of their foul horned god.

The Plague Monks believe that the rest of their Skaven brothers have been misled by the Grey Seers. They feel that the average Ratman has been blinded to what they profess to be the true face of the Horned Rat; namely, pestilence itself. The clan's overriding goal is to bring the rest of the Under-Empire into the fold, while avoiding declarations of heresy from the Grey Seers. Appeasing the Grey Seers for the time being is the only way to succeed. In time, once their victories have been secured and the rest of the Skaven clans have been won over, the Grey Seers, too, will follow their example, or die.

Like the Grey Seers, the Plague Monks, Priests, and Deacons of Clan Pestilens believe the time of the Great







Ascendancy is fast approaching. Pestilens' peculiar twist on this mythology is that the Horned Rat will only allow such a victory if the majority of the Under-Empire has converted to their form of worship. How else can one explain the Failures wrought rime and time again by the bumbling campaigns of the Lords of Decay?

In the long run, Clan Pestilens intends to decimate the populations of the Old World with a mixture of plague, pox, and brute force. Given their own unnatural resistance to diseases, the Plague Deacons feel that once the entire Skaven race has accepted the truth and become one with the illnesses they create, total world conquest is only a short distance way.

The plagues of Clan Pestilent kill insidiously, regardless of an enemy's arms or armour. They are quiet weapons that do not risk the lives of the near-immune Plague Monks that spread them. The enemy even spreads the diseases for the Skaven, and provides breeding grounds for the plagues in the form of the poor sanitation and hygiene in the majority of the Old World's cities. As an added bonus, diseases do not destroy structures, equipment, or other spoils of war.

Once the plagues have been spread and allowed to do their work, the madness and resilience of the Clan's Plague Monks make the fighting forces of Pestilens powerful foes on any battlefield. Formations of frothing Plague Monks are led into battle by a line of Censer Bearers, Skaven chosen to wield sacred plague censers against their foes. The Pestilens believe that their enemies will either fall to the plague or will fall to despair when their kin succumb. Even if they survive the physical and mental anguish that plague brings,

they will be so weakened in body and spirit that they will easily Fall before the vermin hordes.

One of Pestilens' methods of spreading disease involves specially-bred rats. These Plague Rats are infected with any one of a number of diseases, and are then released into the sewers and alleyways of an Old World city. Rats are a common sight in any city, and the Plague Rats of Clan Pestilens seem no different from alley rats to the casual observer. They creep on quiet feet into the homes and larders of the Old World, leaving behind diseased droppings and half-eaten foodstuffs.

Another tactic Pestilens uses to spread diseases involves the use of prisoners. These unfortunate wretches are infected with a plague that is slow to manifest. Once infected, the Skaven release them. When they make their way back to their people, they become the unwitting killers of thousands of their own kind. By the rime the symptoms are evident, it is far too late.

Pestilens serves the Lords of Decay by destroying their enemies with fresh-brewed plagues the likes of which the Old World has never seen. The Council is all too happy to accept Pestilens' aid in battle, as disease is a powerful weapon in anyone's arsenal. Not only are the Plague Lords capable of creating new ailments, they are also quite able to effortlessly cure a number of diseases. While the general consensus of Clan Pestilens' members is that curing any sickness or disease is akin to blasphemy, they know that now is not the best time to make such revelations known to their masters on the Council. The Lords of Decay can easily recognize the value of Pestilens contributions to their war efforts, and they continue to enlist their aid as the end times approach ever closer.





Clan Pestilens' pox-ridden brethren are recognisable for their filth-encrusted robes (and, of course, their unmistakably rancid odour). The scrolls, staves and tomes of Plague Monks are covered in pestilent runes and their foul banners and totems often depict Skaven skulls or diseased heads ripe with weeping buboes and oozing sores. Though they are hugely powerful now, members of Clan Pestilens were once outcasts. The return and meteoric rise of Clan Pestilens plunged the Skaven into a great civil war from which the clan emerged as a pre-eminent power in Skavenblight, seizing several seats on the Council of Thirteen. The Monastery of Clan Pestilens, built within this Undercity, is now the largest of the clan's unwholesome dwellings outside of their Southlands strongholds. The foul stench that accompanies the armies of Clan Pestilens permeates everything for leagues around, poisoning water, plants and animals. The warriors who have to face these blighted Skaven armies know that even in victory they will still have to die, victims of the contagion spread by the evil Plague Monks.

Their warriors are recognisable not just by their distinctive chanting, but by the horrible poxes they bear, for it is Clan Pestilens doctrine that to spread disease one must bear the contagion within. Rather than sicken and die themselves, however, these infectious ratmen instead grow tougher, their hides thickened by the endless weeping sores and buboes. In battle the zealous Plague Monks charge recklessly into the fray, eager to unleash their rabid hate. Clan Pestilens does not sell the fighting services of their brethren for mere profit; however, they do lend their warriors to any cause likely to aid their own. They often negotiate hard-driven alliances or promises of

future support from Warlord clans who are desperate for their backing. For major battles, Clan Pestilens has even been known to deploy some of its own specially created diseases, spreading such vileness upon the world as the Black Plague, the Red Pox and the Oozing Eye Death.



Ceaseless faith and an arsenal of diseases has not only helped Clan Pestilens survive, but has seen their influence grow. In recent centuries Clan Pestilens has spread from their mysterious Southlands strongholds to as far as under the Vaults and even the Grey Mountains. During the civil wars many sided with Clan Pestilens, but it was always unsure which were true thralls and which were merely fair-weather allies. Many Warlord clans continue to claim allegiance to Clan Pestilens, most notably Clan Skin, Septik, Morbidus, and Gratzz.





Warlord Snikkit strode into the refuse-strewn den and threw his shield to the ground, startling several rats that fled into cracks in the walls. His heavy, rusted armour was stained with blood, and he chattered to himself in barely contained excitement. The day had been his. He had led the raiding party deep into the heart of his rival's territory, fatally crippling Clan Festus. He knew that even now the other warlords would be descending on the survivors, picking the now vulnerable clan to pieces like carrion.

As the Skaven leader basked in the glory of his perfectly executed victory, a shadow separated itself from the ceiling, dropping to land silently behind him, melding once again into the gloom. Snikkit's broken and torn whiskers twitched, and he turned his head suspiciously towards the darkness. His eyes widened in surprise as the shadow stared back at him, red eyes glowing like hellish coals in the darkness.

In a blur of movement, a black clad figure leapt towards the warlord, dragging the shadows behind it like a cloak. Dark bladed claws, bound to the creature's hands, slashed viciously through the air, and Snikkit threw himself backward to avoid the blows that would have opened his belly. Glaring at the assassin contemptuously, Snikkit drew his serrated blade, barring his sharp, yellow teeth.

His body and face wrapped tightly in black cloth. The assassin stepped forward slowly, each step perfectly balanced and silent. Darkness coiled around him like a living creature, and Snikkit's head hurt to watch the deadly foe. Suddenly, the warlord lunged forwards, his heavy blade descending towards the assassin's head. The blow was swatted aside and the assassin launched a lightning counter attack that scratched three lines of red blood across Snikkit's face, barely missing his eye.

The assassin stepped back, satisfaction gleaming in his cruel gaze. Warlord Snikkit felt his face beginning to go numb, and fear coursed through him. He could feel the poison pumping through his system, working its way towards his heart, and his vision began to swim.

With desperate strength, Snikkit lurched towards the assassin, who dropped into a crouch, his fighting-claws moving menacingly before him. Snikkit launched into a series of swift attacks, each turned aside by the assassin who moved with preternatural speed and finesse. The assassin caught the warlord's blade between the claws on one of his hands and snapped it with a sharp blow with the palm of his other. Stepping in close to the black-clad figure, the larger Skaven struck upwards with the hilt of his sword. A sharp crack sounding as the blow struck the Clan Eshin Adept's jaw. The assassin reeled backwards from the powerful blow and Snikkit, pulling a long dagger from its sheath, swiftly closed on the stunned figure.

Recovering quickly, the assassin swayed to the side. The slashing blade passing scant inches from his neck. Lashing out deftly, the assassin caught Snikkit's arm as it passed, twisting it sharply.

A squeal of pain erupted from Snikkit's throat as his shoulder was wrenched from its socket, and he dropped his dagger to the floor. The assassin punched upwards, the palm of his hand landing sharply against the warlord's over extended elbow joint. A shriek of pain followed the sickening crunch that sounded loudly through the room, and the warlord's arm fell limply to his side.

Mad with pain, Snikkit latched onto the assassin's scrawny neck, his dirty, broken nails cutting into the black-furred throat. The assassin struggled frantically, but could not break from the warlord's powerful grip. With a feral snarl, the enraged Skaven warlord lunged forwards, his sharp yellow teeth flashing towards the assassin's face. Struggling desperately, his eyes filled with horror, the assassin turned his face away from the savage attack. Snikkit's teeth sank into the side of the black garbed figure's face, tearing viciously at the flesh.

Stikkit snarled again, spitting blood from his mouth, his eyes wild with fury and pain. Lifting the assassin by the throat, he slammed the black-clad figure brutally into the wall. There was a sharp crack as ribs shattered. The assassin slid to the ground, gasping for breath. Snikkit bent to the floor, picking up a heavy, partially gnawed bone and hefted it menacingly, staring balefully down at the broken assassin.

"Fool-fools... think mighty Lord Snikkit could be taken so easily, they do?"

The warlord stiffened suddenly, his eyes widening in disbelief. Blood rose from his throat in a gurgling froth. A second assassin wrenched his dark, serrated blade from the warlord's back. The blood on the assassin's dagger mixed with the foul greenish liquid seeping from the blade and dripped hissing to the floor. The heavily armoured Skaven fell.

Staring blindly at the dark ceiling, Warlord Snikkit lay on his back, his tail twitching as his body went into a series of convulsions. The assassins drew back into the shadows, disappearing into the darkness once more. For a moment their eyes could still be seen glowing malevolently, before they too vanished from sight.





# CLAN ESHIN

The smallest of the Great Clans, Clan Eshin is by far the most nefarious of the Skaven clans. They are feared as murderers and the art of stealthy death is one that they have mastered. They are silent stalkers more than capable of infiltrating past any number of guards or traps. At their disposal are a range of troops trained to kill, from the solitary Assassins, to whole death squads known as Gutter Runners. Clan Eshin is perhaps the most vital to the schemes of the Council of Thirteen, for it is Eshin that provides the saboteurs and infiltrators of the treacherous Skaven race.

There are Clan Eshin agents scattered throughout the strongholds of many Warlord clans and even hidden within the cities of the surface dwellers. This mysterious clan trains stealthy spies and murderous Assassins for hire. For the right price the black-clad agents of Clan Eshin will steal any information, commit any act of sabotage or slay any rival required. Many emperors and kings have met their end at the blades of Clan Eshin over the centuries, and countless Skaven Warlords have been poisoned or inconveniently decapitated just as they were on the brink of victory. No Warlord wants to be targeted by a Clan Eshin contract and the mere mention of the black-clad killers is enough to make any ratman look over his shoulder.

Clan Eshin disappeared into the East early in Skaven history and had been considered lost for many centuries. When its members returned to Skavenblight to offer its allegiance to the Lords of Decay, they were changed. During that long period in contact with the mysterious human cultures of Ind, Cathay and Nippon, the Skaven had learned much, especially about the arts of stealth and assassination. From then on, Clan Eshin has found a clear role in Skaven society - its assassins have become the force which the Council of Thirteen uses to uphold its decisions and maintain its reign of terror among the clans. Of course, the services of Clan Eshin are often hired by many other influential Skaven to spy on their rivals or to 'remove' political opponents who are too successful. Clan Eshin also provides light skirmishing troops and units of infiltrators to any Warlord who is willing to pay their exorbitant price.

Considering the treacherous scheming and paranoid nature of the Skaven, it is no wonder that Clan Eshin has become so powerful. The adepts of Clan Eshin are used by the Council to enforce its will, hunting down and eliminating any who defy their supreme decrees, as well as any perceived threat to their position. Indeed, Clan Eshin provides an unseen force with which the Council of Thirteen and other powerful Skaven maintain (or gain) their positions of power. Within the







highly feared Caverns of Unyielding Shadow, the Clan Eshin district deep in the belly of Skavenblight, treaty-pacts are claw-marked and the doom of many rivals is assured. When the Warlord Clan Makris quickly climbed in power, defying the edict of the Lords of Decay, it was mercilessly butchered down to the last slave. Clan Eshin Adepts were dispatched in force, a score of assassins infiltrating the lair of Clan Makris and slaughtering its Warlord and chieftains.

There is no Skaven, no matter how fierce, that doesn't secretly fear a visit from the disciples of Clan Eshin. They come silently, dispense death with uncanny accuracy, and return to their warrens with their foes none the wiser. Their methods are seemingly supernatural, and the shadows appear to cling to them like spider webs. Rarely are their faces shown, for they hide them behind cowls and masks. The black clad assassins of Clan Eshin specialise in stealth and poison, acting as the silent enforcement arm of the Council of Thirteen. Their fees are high, but their prowess is legendary.

Clan Eshin is not merely a den of assassins. Because of their stealth, their fighters are also prized as spies and scouts. Eshin sells its services to the Warlords, offering skirmishers and light troops that can infiltrate the rear of an enemy's line to scout enemy formations or to dispatch leaders, wizards, and other valuable assets. Eshin also maintains a powerful cadre of informants from which they draw a great deal of useful information.

"We will show-show these man-things the true face of our diplomacy!"

- Iksha Fastclaw, Nightlord of Clan Eshin

Eshin is shrouded in shadow and mystery, much more so than the other Great Clans. Little is known about the clan's inner workings, and this information is well-hidden from prying eyes and ears. Skaven who learn too much about the assassins have been known to wind up dead, or worse, which ensures that the clan will sustain its secrecy in the centuries to come.

Information is a prized commodity amongst Clan Eshin's population, and secrets are not given away for free. It would seem that Clan Eshin strives to increase its own wealth and power in the Under-Empire by lending its services to anyone willing to pay their exorbitant prices. They have yet to use the secrets they have learned for their own power bids, or to provide false information to their clients for their own benefit. The clan has simply worked its way into the good graces of the Lords of Decay and continues to serve the Council unquestioningly. Whether this obedience will continue is a question that future generations must answer, but for the time being, Clan Eshin is virtually untouchable.

Clan Eshin is famed for canny stealth, for employing a variety of unusual and exotic weapons, and for its ability to kill swiftly and efficiently. Even the lowliest Clan Eshin warriors, the Night Runners, have some rudimentary skill at subterfuge, being able to move quick and quietly to strike at the hearts of their enemies. Those who survive and learn the greater techniques of the Art of Silent Death are promoted to Gutter Runners, who can sneak behind enemy lines and slaughter entire units of enemies, unseen and unheard.





Of all of Clan Eshin's warriors, though, the adept Assassin is the most feared and reviled. These Skaven are masters in all of the techniques learned in distant Cathay and bring to bear an incredible array of fighting techniques that allow them to eclipse the greatest Human killers. Using a host of weapons from the throwing star and blowgun to the repeating crossbow and an arsenal of poisons, these dealers of death are blamed for the majority of suspicious murders in both Skaven and Dwarf societies, not to mention those untimely deaths in the Human lands by those who do not deny the Skaven menace.

Over the centuries since their return, Eshin has achieved a special place within the Council of Thirteen, using their talents to cow and control the lesser Clans and maintain the authority and influence of the Great Clans. In effect, they act as the secret police force to the Lords of Decay, the metaphorical poisoned dagger in the hand of the Council. Their political reach has grown long, for they hold the power to call any Skaven forward as a heretic or a traitor. Evidence of such crimes is easily manufactured, and in many cases, it need not be fabricated at all. It is for precisely this reason that the other clans avoid angering Clan Eshin, and indeed facilitate its investigations without objection.

Clan Eshin also uses more direct methods to quiet opposition to the Council's authority. Political murder is common amongst the Skaven, and Eshin excels at such activities as no other clan can. Countless deaths have been engineered by Eshin's assassins in the name of the Lords of Decay, and entire clans have been

destroyed by their brothers after having been struck leaderless by a well-placed blade or poisoned dart. Though Clan Eshin offers its services to other customers who have little or no affiliation to the Council, it has never been proven that the clan has participated in treasonous activity.



The Eshin way is stealth, not might, but on the rarest occasions the Nightlord can decide to send forth an entire army, led by one of the thirteen Master Assassins. These forces always strike at night. They appear out of nowhere and disappear without trace at the first light of dawn, leaving behind only destruction and death.





"Forwards! Only one left! Get it, get it!" screamed the pale furred Master Moulder, gemming wildly towards the blood drenched, heavily armoured figure.

The vampire stood in the centre of the courtyard, surveying his surroundings coldly. His sword, dripping with blood and gore, was held relaxed in one heavily mailed hand. The entire keep seethed with life. Skaven scrambling over each other in a roiling, hateful mass, pushing towards him from all sides.

Huge rats the size of wolves erupted through the sewer grates, pushing into the overrun keep. They were twisted creatures, their form perverted through countless unspeakable experiments. Great spines of bone protruded through matted fur, while others of these giant vermin had multiple limbs roughly grafted onto their torsos and long metal claws attached to their paws. One had a grimacing, distorted face erupting from its side; another had a scaled tail hanging limply behind it, oozing black foulness. The vampire frowned as another disturbing mutation pushed itself forwards. A human head had been roughly sewn to a giant rat body. The face twitched and gibbered uncontrollably, its tongue hanging loosely from its gaping mouth. A Skaven raised a cruelly barbed whip, lashing out at his giant rat charges. The spikes tore into the monstrous rodents' backs, and they leaped forwards in a wild frenzy.

Matching their savage attack with unmatched skill and power, the undead warrior hacked his weapon through fur, flesh and bone with ease. He cut a bloody swathe around him, revelling in the bloodshed. The dead were piled thickly around the Blood Dragon's legs, yet his unliving body showed no sign of fatigue. A whip lashed out, wrapping around the vampire's arm. With a snarl, he wrenched on the weapon brutally, pulling the Skaven off its feet towards him. The packmaster died, coughing blood, as it was impaled on the Blood Dragon's blade. Again, the Skaven drew back, not wishing to get within killing range of the deadly warrior. They crushed bones beneath their clawed feet, the remnants of the keep's defenders, their spirits free after centuries of servitude.

Seeing a pale-furred Skaven towards the rear who acted like a leader, directing the creatures around it with a crud whip, the vampire levelled his sword in its direction, his eyes filled with menace. He had seen the last of his brethren dragged under the press of the foul rat-beings, their immortal lives cut short by these sickening creatures. His voice echoed ominously through the keep.

"A challenge! Step forth creature, and meet my blade in combat!"

The Master Moulder looked at the armoured figure in shock, his eyes wide. The vampire radiated strength and power, a menacing, tall figure drenched in blood. The Skaven lingered his whip nervously. Feeling the eyes of his brood on him waiting for his reaction. Silence settled over the keep and he shrank under the vampire's gaze.

A feral glint touched the Skaven's eyes and he glared at his enemy. Turning his head, the Skaven shrieked in his obscene language into the darkness behind him. A trio of hulking forms moved towards the flickering light of the torches, their massive shoulder muscles rippling and flexing. They stepped into the light, and the Rat Ogres' lips drew back to reveal immense, rotting teeth. Rough stitching covered their bodies. Some areas of flesh were scaled, others furred, the whole image being that of a nightmarish patchwork monstrosity. One of the beasts had sheets of rusted metal haphazardly riveted into its flesh. A thick stream of drool dripped from its powerful jaw. Another had had its forearm amputated and a series of crude blades hammered

into the stump, a blood soaked bandage wrapped around the wound. Chunks of glowing warpstone replaced its eyes, the skin around the sockets blistered and weeping. The eyes of the other two creatures were small and burned red, unintelligent and full of barely checked fury.

The Master Moulder grabbed the heavy chain around the neck of one of the beasts, pulling it hard. The mutated creature growled dangerously and the Skaven raised a scarred hand, pointing at the vampire. The Rat Ogres turned their goat as one towards the defiant figure, their growls rumbling deep in their massive chests. They took a menacing step forwards.

"Challenge strong Clan Moulder, dead-thing?" Accept your challenge, I do."

The three monsters pounced forwards, their speed seeming at odds with their overwhelming bulk. They moved straight towards the Blood Dragon who stood in a relaxed combat stance, supremely confident of his abilities. The vampire stepped forwards to meet the Rat Ogres head attack, ducking below a lethal swipe with preternatural speed, slashing his immense, ornate broadsword across the creature's belly. It roared in outrage and pain as dark blood pumped from the wound, guts spilling to the cobbled ground. It sank to its knees, its lifeblood pooling around it. A massive fist punched towards the Blood Dragon, who swept his weapon down with tremendous force to meet the attack. The mighty arm was severed at the elbow, the twisted creature roaring in pain. With a lightning move, the vampire reversed his blow, and thrust his sword up through the beast's throat, pushing it forcefully until the point exploded from the back of its neck, stuck fast. The monstrous creature grabbed its adversary by the shoulder, claws almost a foot long pushing through his ornate armour, and hurled him across the courtyard. The vampire smashed heavily into a stone parapet, a blow that would have broken the bones of any mortal being.

Rising into a crouch, the undead knight's face twisted into a vicious snarl, his long black hair hanging wildly before his eyes. As the warpstone-eyed Rat Ogre thundered towards him, the Blood Dragon leapt from the ground towards the huge monster, landing with vice-like hands clutched to its thick neck.

Plunging his sharp canines into the side of the creature's neck, the vampire savagely ripped its throat out with a vicious twist. The monstrosity fell to the ground heavily, and the Blood Dragon turned towards the Skaven leader, streams of dark blood gushing from his mouth. The Skaven's heart began to beat wildly, and it began to push back frantically through the press of Skaven, seeking to put as many of his minions between him and the avenging vampire that began to stalk steadily towards him.

A towering shape loomed up behind the vampire. A huge taloned hand closed around the warrior's head, lifting the struggling figure high into the air. With a gurgling roar, ornate sword still embedded in its throat, the Rat Ogre smashed the vampire's head into the ground with brutal force. Time and time again the wounded monster pounded the Blood Dragon into the cobbled courtyard until his head was little more than a bloody pulp.

The Skaven horde sprung forwards, swarming over the vampire and tearing him limb from limb in a gory frenzy. The Rat Ogre fell to its knees, pawing weakly at the sword in its throat. The Skaven leader turned to its subordinate, pointing towards the dying creature.

"Take it to the pens, stitch it up quick-quick! This one shows great promise."



# CLAN MOULDER

Clan Moulder are the undisputed masters of breeding, mutating, and surgically creating horrible fighting creatures and monstrous beasts of war. Such is the demand for these ferocious creatures that Clan Moulder is one of the wealthiest of all Skaven Clans. Clan Moulder sells its heinous creations to the Warlord clans, who are eager to boost their fighting prowess by adding swarms of Giant Rats, packs of towering Rat Ogres, or perhaps something even more bizarre. They are therefore a much respected and sought-after ally for the ever-warring Skaven. A portion of many Warlord clans' military strength was birthed in Hell Pit. While many are jealous of Clan Moulder's might, few dare to openly challenge them not when the clan can field an entire army of grotesquely mutated war-beasts.

Clan Moulder has its stronghold in the depths of Hell Pit, far north of Praag in the land called Kislev by its human inhabitants. The mines of this teeming Skaven metropolis are rife with Warpstone, and it is this material that is used to such excellent effect in the clan's horrific work. Its proximity to the Northern Wastes makes Hell Pit a nightmarish receptacle of the mutating energies of Chaos. The many foul creatures that roam this land provide the raw material used in the clan's breeding pits, skin forges and flesh laboratories. The Masters of Clan Moulder have learned the art of controlling these mutations and use them to create ferocious fighting beasts in foul experiments that combine mad surgery and the darkest of magics. The Packmasters capture many different animals and

monsters from the lands south of Hell Pit, but most of their subjects come from the savage Northern Wastes and the dangerous Troll Country. They study the creatures they capture and expert rent on them with feverish imagination. The Master Moulders meld flesh and bone like clay, breeding or building beasts that can be used to bolster their armies.

Conscience plays no part in the experiments of this clan's Master Moulders as they seek the key to creating the deadliest fighting beast possible. With Warpstone laced unguents, revolting medical experiments and unholy crossbreeding, they often succeed in creating effective, if debased, monstrosities. It uses the power of warpstone to breed fell beasts from slave-stock, crossbreeding and tampering with their genetic structure. Their greatest triumph to date has been the creation of the fearsome Rat Ogres. These ghastly creations are the source of much of the Clan Moulder's power as Grey Seers and Skaven sorcerers will pay a fortune in warp tokens to buy a Rat Ogre bodyguard, and those who have one enjoy vast respect and prestige from the fearful lesser Skaven.

A Clan Moulder army is a vision out of hell: thousands of horribly mutated monstrosities scurrying forward in an unstoppable mass, consuming everything in their path in a frenzied orgy of death. Still, the fate of those devoured alive is preferable to that of the wretched captives brought back to the Hell Pit for the Moulders' mad experiments.







Often they crossbreed those monstrosities in an attempt to create new specimens which carry the most dangerous traits of both species involved. Other times they try direct implantation of severed organs and limbs. All these experiments involve the use of their infamous mutating balms that contain finely powdered warpstone to focus the mutating energies of Chaos on the "fortunate" creatures. These foul oils make even the most extreme changes possible, allowing Clan Moulder to violate the laws of nature in their unholy quest to make the ultimate fighting beast.

Given their exposure to the same mutating Warpstone they use in their experiments, the Master Moulders are something more (or less) than typical Skaven. Stories are told of Skaven Mutants that fly the banners of Clan Moulder, their bodies warped, twisted, and armoured, surgically-altered or hideously transformed. The Master Moulders tinker with the anatomies of creatures in much the same way that Clan Skryre's Warlock Engineers fiddle with mechanical war machines, and the end results of these biological experiments are often just as terrifying. Giant rats and Rat Ogres are just two awful examples of Clan Moulder's ingenuity.

Not only can the denizens of Clan Moulder create monsters well suited to warfare, they have also learned to control them. The Clan's Packmasters, wielding whips with exceptional skill, can drive Rat Swarms, Giant Rats, and Rat Ogres into the teeth of oncoming enemy formations where they can inflict the most damage. Off the battlefield, the Packmasters train their beasts to fight by pitting them against one another. The skilled and strong survive, the weak and wounded die.

The mission of the Moulders is simple enough: to create, via surgery, breeding, or mutation, the most effective biological killing machines imaginable. These beasts not only swell the ranks of Clan Moulder's armies, but are sold to other clans, where they act as pets, bodyguards, or front-line shock troops. Moulder's goals have nearly been realized, and they work towards the day when their creations stand at the pinnacle of Skaven engineering. Indeed, the respect and awe the other Clans feel towards Clan Moulder is well-deserved. Their twisted creations enhanced Moulder's prestige and influence in the Under-Empire, but it is whispered amongst the other Skaven that this Clan plots something else, something far more dangerous and sinister. Whatever it is, none can say with authority, but the sudden surge of new and terrifying creations spilling out from Hell Pit has more than one Skaven Clan nervous.

Beasts figure prominently in the methods and strategies of Clan Moulder. The principle units in any of Moulder's armies are the Packmasters, who direct hordes of Giant Rats, Rat Ogres, and mutated Rat Swarms against their enemies. Clanrat warriors, the most common antagonist in many Skaven armies, are only supplementary to this Clan's host.

The beasts of Clan Moulder are their calling cards. The Clan's menagerie of horrifying creations is seemingly endless, and exhibits a wide variety of mutated and surgically-altered beasts. Of course, the creatures Moulder creates are descended from monsters that have been captured, either in the icy wastes of Kislev or in the forestlands of the Empire south of Hell Pit. As a





result, Moulder's Packmasters are quite adept as capturing live prey. The Clan Moulder spine rune is a common brand amongst the clan's Packmasters, as are symbols of the gloving green rat, and crude renderings of the whips and prodders used to goad the beasts that have made the clan infamous.



It has been said that each of Moulder's biological horrors is created with a built-in failsafe that prevents them from harming members of their parent clan. In addition, such creatures obey the Packmasters and Master Moulders without question, making them

dangerous investments for anyone who wishes to purchase one. Should a customer become an enemy, he had best keep his attention focused on any Moulder-made pets that he keeps.

The Council of Thirteen sees Clan Moulder as a valuable tool. The beasts they create are valuable, indeed. Not only do they possess battlefield prowess oftentimes unmatched, but they also inspire terror in the enemies of the Skaven. Hordes of Giant Rats and packs of ravenous Rat Ogres can cause a line of troops to crumble even before they have made contact with them.

Moulder prides itself on the services it offers to discerning (not to mention wealthy) Skaven Warlords. Many of their creations are available for sale, and they are proud to offer custom designs made to order. The Council of Thirteen benefits from such options, and nearly every Lord of Decay is the proud owner of at least one Rat Ogre. Two or three council members possess nightmarish creations that few but the Master Moulders have ever seen.

Although their skills are geared towards changing bodies, the Master Moulders are quite adept in the healing arts as well. With the aid of Warpstone salves, any wound can be healed and anybody can be improved. The oldest members of the Council of Thirteen have survived to their extreme ages through liberal applications of Clan Moulder's alchemy.





The Warlock Engineer stood motionless, his eyes filled with malevolent amusement as the screams of the dying echoed up the dark passage. Chieftain Skritt of Clan Liskit glanced nervously towards the figure standing at his side as the rival clan attacked once more. Skritt found his gaze unconsciously drawn once again to his Clan Skryre ally's left arm. The hand had been roughly severed, replaced by an arcane looking pronged device. Strange, green-tinged electricity danced over its dark blades, lighting the darkness.

From his position, atop the rough barricade, the chieftain could see the enemy Clanrats swarming up the dark, circular tunnel. They moved as an unstoppable wave, overrunning the defenders bellow through sheer weight of numbers. Skritt looked around hurriedly for an escape route, for the living tide of Skaven would surely smash aside the hastily erected Clan Liskit defences.

The arcane scientist twisted a few knobs built into his arm and a humming sound erupted from the arcane machinery worn on his back. Skritt backed slowly away from the Warlock as he felt the air fill with hardy controlled energy, making his fur stand on end and his whiskers twitch uncomfortably.



As the Warlock thrust his arm over the barricade, energy began to course through his form. His body acted as a living conduit for the arcane power that suddenly erupted from the blades embedded in his arm. Green lightning sprang from the tips of the bizarre contraption, arcing down into the sea of brown fur scampering towards the barricade. The lightning split into a number of contorting arcs of sight, passing through Skaven and striking those behind while other tendrils of power earthed harmlessly into the stone floor. Clanrats convulsed in their death throes as energy coursed through their bodies.

With a sharp twist of another knob, the energy flowing, through the Warlock came abruptly to a twit. His body continued to tremble with the aftermath of the power, and sparks flashed around his eyes. He shook his head, dissipating the last of the energy.

Flickering sparks danced over the foetid water pooling on the grown low, before they too died out. Still the wave of Skavcn scampered up the passageway, trampling those killed by the techno-sorcery of Clan Skryre beneath countless clawed feet.

A quick glance was exchanged between the Warlock and the chieftain and they turned as one leaping from the barricade into the refuse below their position. They scurried across the ground until they reached the massed ranks of the Clan Liskit warriors. Behind the two fleeing Skaven, the barricade was quickly overrun, the raiders clambering over each other, their cruel blades clamped tightly between their teeth.

Turning his head, the Engineer motioned forwards with his one heavily gloved hand. From out of the gloom, a large shape rated forwards, an unearthly green glow pulsing from within. A pair of misshapen Skaven pushed the wheeled contraption forwards, their milky eyes staring blindly

forwards. The chieftain watched the ungodly Clan Skryre war machine as it was heaved between ranks of the Clanrats, the Skaven scrambling over each other to keep away from the glowing contraption. The Warlock's eyes lit up with an insane gleam.

The assaulting Skaven swarmed down the passage, packing the circular tunnel with their overwhelming numbers. The Engineer turned his mad gaze on Skritt.

"Send in your slaves now, quick-quick!"

Bobbing his head in response, the chieftain barked his orders at his subordinates, gesturing wildly at the approaching Skaven. With the crack of whips, the slaves were led forwards, their emaciated bodies covered in weeping sores and whiplashes. Heavy brass collars bound their scrawny necks, and the clinking of rusting chains echoed through the corridor as they shuffled forwards.

The slaves, Skaven captured on one of Clan Liskit's many raids, were whipped forwards until they stood before the tide of invading Clanrats. The enemy smashed into the slaves in a fury, carving through their ranks with ease.

Many of the slaves turned to flee, panic washing over them, but they were whipped and struck from those behind who urged them ever forwards. Caught between these two forces, the slaves were being ripped limb from limb and trampled beneath the surging crowd.

The Warlock Engineer nodded to the Skaven standing atop the bizarre Clan Skryre contraption. Raising a paw to his arcane goggles, the Engineer tapped button on his temple and a pair of mirrored lenses flicked down to cover his eyes. Skritt stood uncomprehending, watching as a lever was clicked forwards on the immense arcane creation.

A sudden surge of painful light filled the dark corridor, and Skaven dropped to the ground, clutching at their burning eyes. The Warlock smirked behind his protective, goggles as a wave of heat washed over him. A huge, twisting bolt of green-tinged light erupted from the barrel of the warp cannon, shooting forwards into the mass of tightly packed Skaven, bouncing around the corridor and enveloping all in its path. The Skaven slaves and enemy Clanrats were engulfed as one, the contorting bolt punching scaring boles through all in its path.

Smaller green arcs separated from the main beam, leaping around the corridor in a frenzied dance of devastation, lunging from one Skaven to another. The surge of energy struck the barricade, splintering the rotting wood that exploded outwards under the intense force. The bolt continued up the corridor, bouncing along the walls into the distance, and darkness descended once more.

The corridor floor was strewn with twitching furred bodies, innumerable Skaven figures lying broken and burnt, and the whimpers of the dying cut through the unearthly silence. The foul smell of burnt flesh and fur filled the corridor as the Warlock Engineer turned to Chieftain Skritt, who cowered on his knees in the filth, paws clutched tightly over his aching eyes.

"Price for aid of almighty Clan Skryre most agreeable, yes-yes?"



# CLAN SKRYRE

Clan Skryre specialises in the insane blending of sorcery and arcane Skaven technology. Its members, known as Warlock Engineers, are inventors that build infernal devices capable of fiendish destruction and constantly experiment to create newer and more powerful weapons of mass destruction. They often steal war machines from other races and then strive to 'improve' them in their own unique way. This almost invariably involves the inclusion of warpstone-based mechanisms that increase the weapons' potential for destruction, but also tend to make them much more unstable. Other races would consider such weapons far too dangerous for large scale use on the battlefield, but Skaven have a different attitude, normally accepting a few losses from their own weapons as normal. After all, that's what slaves are for!

Many are sorcerers in their own right, able to manipulate the Winds of Magic to cast spells and intertwine enchantments into mechanical form. From their warpforges under the verminous capital of Skavenblight, Clan Skryre has produced untold weaponry, including the poisoned wind globe, the Warfire Thrower, and the deadly Warp Lightning Cannon. Clan Skryre has risen to become, arguably, the most influential of all clans. By selling their weird arsenal of devastation to the Warlord clans as quickly

as slaves can churn them off the assembly lines, Clan Skryre has grown as wealthy as Clan Moulder. None dare offend Clan Skryre for fear of ending up at the wrong end of any number of weapons that could melt, blast, desiccate, or otherwise cause grievous death. The Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre presently have the most power and thus, the most influence with the Lords of Decay. They specialise in the creation and utilization of strange sorcerous machines powered by a variety of Warpstone based devices, some of which they've taken from other races for "modification" others being entirely original to them. Ultimately, all of their machines are designed to kill others and occasionally, their wielders.

Power struggles drive competing Warlords to seek any advantage they can buy (although stealing or coercing are fine options too). At times a mere show of might is enough to win the day. In this regard, a Warlord clan cannot have too much of Clan Skryre's wicked weaponry. The fact that the Warlock Engineers sell to all sides in the constant Skaven struggle for dominance is well known; the fact that for a very high price they offer to withhold their services is widely guessed. None but the Grey Seers know the exorbitant extent of Clan Skryre's double-dealing and treachery.







Clan Skryre holds sway in Skavenblight, a teeming Skaven metropolis considered by many to be the capital of the Under-Empire. So powerful did Clan Skryre become that they and their allies once took complete control of the city, usurping whole clan-quarters to house their sorcerous machinery. They hold many of the more prestigious precincts to this day, cavernous areas in vie cathedral-sized warpforges and workshops build devastating warpstone weaponry. This eclectic arsenal is sold to Warlord clans as quickly as the slaves can churn it off the assembly lines, making Clan Skryre one of the most influential clans in all of Skavendom. The weapons and machinery of Clan Skryre are often inscribed with magical runes and symbols of dark power. These same markings are displayed on the clan's pennants and banners. Access to the city's plentiful veins of Warpstone allows the Clan to expand upon the technologies for which they are renowned. The city reflects the nature of its Skryre masters, being atypically modern when compared to most other Skaven settlements.

Without a doubt, Skryre is the wealthiest and most powerful of all the Great Clans. The Clan's strength rests on artifice and sorcery in equal measures. Much of their technology is geared towards war, mixing equal amounts of magic and Warpstone to create weapons unparalleled anywhere in the Old World. Fortunately for Clan Skryre's foes, their weapons are often as dangerous to the Skaven as they are to their targets.

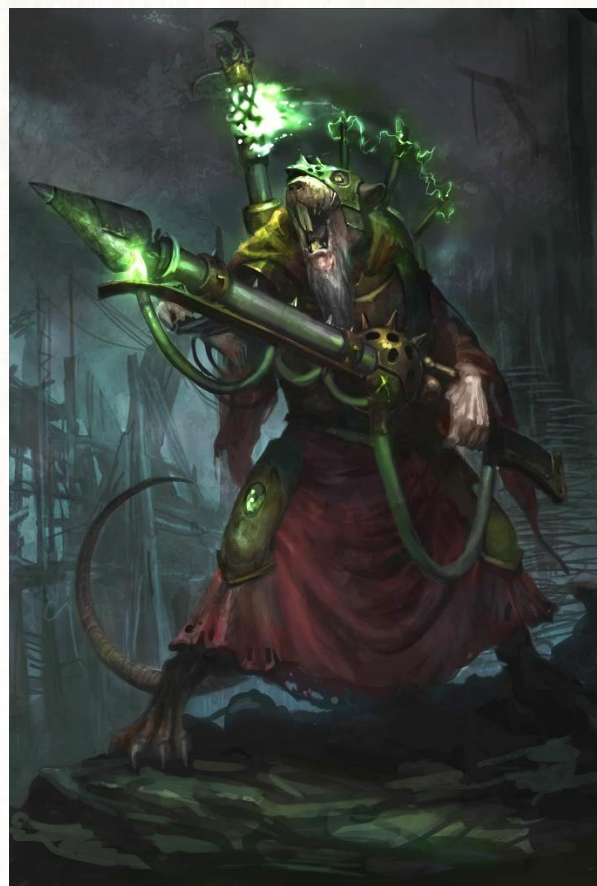
Because weapons are Skryre's stock in trade, the clan's other mechanical feats are easily overlooked. Skryre succeeded in creating many exciting devices, from the Warprail, connecting one end of the Under-Empire to the other, to the Farsqueaker, a device allowing instant communication between Skaven over great distances.

Indeed, much of the Under-Empire's mining is accomplished by way of Skryre-manufactured earthmovers and rock drills.

The Clan's Warlock Engineers are constantly researching new technologies. Skryre's experiments are just as likely to succeed as they are to fail, however, often with catastrophic results. The Warlock Engineers feel that such Failures are to be expected, especially those riding on the cutting edge of technology. The number of labourers, mechanics, and engineers that die as a result of this research is irrelevant when compared to the value of a successful experiment.

Clan Skryre expands its own power by augmenting its access to items of high technology. By delving into new areas of research and making great discoveries, the clan increases its prestige amongst its rivals. In addition, Skryre-manufactured equipment proven on the battlefield is often sold or leased to other Clans, creating a widespread reliance on Clan Skryre equipment, ensuring their place on the Council.

The Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre are in no way ashamed of adapting and improving the technologies of the other races. The warplack jezzail is an example of a piece of mundane equipment stolen by Skryre and perfected with liberal amounts of Warpstone-laced iron and steel. Their heavier weapons, such as the ratling gun and warfire thrower, resemble designs that were originally produced by Dwarf engineers in years long past. Though Skryre ingenuity is capable of great invention and original design, it is also capable of modification as well.





Clan Skryre utilises its technological superiority to great advantage on the battlefield. Though Clan Skryre relies on Clanrats to shoulder much of the military burden, their warriors are far better equipped than typical Clanrats of other lesser Clans, and their weapons are capable of destruction on a massive scale. Heavy weapon teams using rattling guns and warpfire throwers, while the better-trained Clanrats are equipped with warplock pistols. Enemies are softened up by Poison Wind Globadiers, specially-trained Skaven who fling poison gas-filled glass spheres into the ranks of their foes. Skaven snipers set up away from the front lines with their warplock jezzails, where they pick off important targets at will. Closer to the rear of Skryre formations sit large cannons that are capable of launching bolts of destructive warp lightning. Serviced by numerous technicians and engineers, warplighting cannons are prone to exploding if they are improperly maintained.

Like all other Skaven clans, Skryre is willing make great sacrifices if it means that they will achieve ultimate victory over their enemies. Firing a warplighting cannon or rattling gun through their own troops in order to destroy a powerful enemy or weapon is perfectly acceptable to Skryre's warlords.

By supplying the Council of Thirteen with infernal machines, Clan Skryre ensures its own position of power within the Under-Empire. Each member of the Council is well aware of Skryre's value, and the Clan will never allow them to forget it. New inventions and devices of war are constantly demonstrated to the



Lords of Decay, and the most promising of these receive funding from the rest of the Great and Lesser Clans. Many victories have been achieved by the deeds of the Warlock Engineers and their lackeys, who were in turn supported by the inventions of Clan Skryre.

Other, less destructive, devices are also put to use in the name of the Skaven people as a whole. The Farsqueaker, for example, allows the Council to communicate with its agents in the field. In addition, Skryre maintains the Warprail, a system of tracks and warp-powered transport cars allowing fast subterranean transport of troops and equipment. The powerful machines that are used to mine tunnels and move rocks and soil away from the Under-Empire's byways are also Skryre designs. So long as Clan Skryre continues to supply the Under-Empire with valuable services and (somewhat) reliable weaponry, it shall remain the most powerful of the Great Clans.

By selling the services of their specialised weapon teams to the constantly warring clans, the Masters of Clan Skryre have achieved an unparalleled level of influence and are at the moment the most important of the four greater clans.

The bulk of Clan Skryre's armies is made up of Clanrats and slaves, and these forces therefore look deceptively similar to normal Warlord clans' armies. The real difference is suddenly noticed when the enemy comes within range of Skryre's lethal weapons. At that point they all open fire at once, showering the foes with a rain of alchemical fire, poisonous gases and searing warpstone-powered bolts of lightning.



Flanked by the albino guards of the Council of Thirteen, not knowing whether he was a guest or a prisoner, Grey Seer Thanquol was marched roughly through the teeming streets of Skavenblight towards the Shattered Tower. Trying to control his accelerating heartbeat, he swallowed the saliva that filled his mouth as it always did in moments of stress. He lashed his tail three times so fiercely that even the huge white Stormvermin stepped away from him. Good-good, he thought, at least they still showed him some respect.

The crowds parted before the guards as if by magic. As they passed even proud warriors in the livery of a clanlord's bodyguard stepped aside into the overflowing gutters and nodded obeisance. Thanquol was somewhat reassured. Even if he was a prisoner, a possibility he wasn't prepared to admit, even to himself, then he could still inspire fear in the swarming population of the city.

The constant press of bodies was everywhere. Skavenblight teemed with living occupants. They brushed against each other constantly, fangs bared in warning smiles. A scuttling tide of cowed and muffled ratmen moved through the city, rushing about on their own dark business. The palanquins of great lords drifted with the crowds, rising above the heaving mass of flesh like barges sailing on a river of fur.

Here and there vermin lay on the broken flagstones. Maybe they were asleep; possibly they were dead, Thanquol did not care. Plenty more where they came from. Thanquol cared more for that time-eroded fountain, the one that still showed the vague outline of a human archer, more than he cared for any of his fellow Skaven, and he cared for the statue not at all.

The clamour was almost deafening. Only the rumbling of the distant underground machines and the grinding of the great mills rose above the hubbub of twice ten thousand Skaven voices. They chattered in a hundred different ways: angry squeaks, protestations of innocence, whines for mercy and cries for attention all competed with each other.

He breathed deeply and took a lungful of the hot and humid air. It smelled of methane and rotting rubbish and the unwashed bodies of the crowd. The air carried the scent of stagnant water and the sickly sweet tang of corruption to his sensitive nostrils. It was a reassuring scent that spoke of the presence of many of his people, of long occupation of this place by countless generations of Skaven. To Thanquol it was the scent of home.

He inspected his surroundings, trying to thrust aside the niggling suspicion that this might be the last time he would ever look upon them. In the murky mist, Skavenblight was at its most attractive. The giant, crumbling buildings loomed out of the fog. Ratmen swarmed through every ground floor window and door. Great rotting oak supports groaned under the weight of the stonework they strained to support. Luminous fungus lit a path through the murk. Puddles glowing with phosphorescent algae stained the cracked roadways. From every nook and cranny Skaven watched them, their gazes predatory and filled with hunger.

His escort carried naked blades, and this made Thanquol nervous. He had already been stripped of all his weapons back in his warren-chamber. Only the Thirteen's chosen guards, mute albinos all, were allowed into the Shattered Tower carrying arms and they were as loyal to their masters as it was possible for any Skaven to be. Thanquol knew this only too well. Many times he had tried to bribe or coerce one, always without success. They feared their masters more than they feared his sorcery, and he could not match the wealth that bought their loyalty.

An idle speculation passed through Thanquol's mind. Did the Council's guards dye their fur white or did it turn white when they were inducted into the service of the Thirteen?

Perhaps the rumour was true and they were all mutants purchased at vast expense from Clan Moulder. Thanquol dismissed this idea. It would give the Beastmasters too much power over the Council members. Suppose they bred the guards to all attack on a spoken code-word? The entire Council could be wiped out in a single well-timed attack. Thanquol made another mental note to find out the cause of the albino rats' mutation. One could never tell when such information might be useful or what other interesting avenues of exploration it might open. This was presuming he survived the coming interview with the Thirteen, of course. Which he would, of this he had no doubt.

True, the thought of encountering the dread rulers of his rat-like race filled the Grey Seer with dread, and he was by no means a stranger to horror. The Thirteen were legendary for their cunning and steeped in the blackest of evil. They were said to be immortal, the chosen of the Horned Rat himself, and familiar with the most dire and potent of sorceries. Each had achieved his place at the top of Skaven society by virtue of ferocity, cunning and many unspeakable acts. Each could only be replaced by being slain by a Skaven tougher than himself. Not one Lord had been changed within the last ten generations.

The Lords of Decay were ruthless, wise and malign and they did not suffer failures gladly. Thanquol feared that they would, most unjustly, regard him as a failure. He pushed that thought aside. The business below the man-city of Nuln had been a fiasco, but it was not his fault.

His incompetent underlings were to blame, and of course that hell-spawned Dwarf, and his furlless ally, may the Horned Rat gnaw on their putrid souls. All the Council's aims could have been achieved had it not been for them. Moreover, he suspected treachery somewhere within the ranks of his followers too. Hatred of his enemies and fear of the Council warred in Thanquol's rotten soul. Hastily he pushed both emotions aside.

What did he have to fear? Was he not a Grey Seer, most potent of mage-rats, most cunning of the Council's agents? Had he not passed through the Thirteen Circles of Initiation and walked blindfolded through the Maze of Inevitable Death? Had he not killed his own sorcerous mentor and eaten his soul? Had he not outlived three generations since his birthing? Was he not responsible for some of the Council's greatest successes in recent years?

Thanquol allowed himself a well-deserved gloat. Had he not masterminded the assassination of the renegade Plague Lord Skratsquik, and had he not brought the rebellious Warlord Kaskat and his clan to heel? The thought of how he had tricked Kaskat and all his advisors to a peace conference and then set them at each other's throats with suspicions of treachery still filled him with glee.

Had he not ventured to the mancify of Miragliano in Tilea and won over all the furlless burgomeisters to the Skaven cause by promising them power and eternal life? The witless fools had been only too willing to believe in his sorcery. Had he not led the army that destroyed the Chaos warband of Alarik Lionmane and his host when they had threatened the Council's holding in the North? And had he not personally defeated the Necromancer Vorghun of Praag in single combat? Surely these must all count for something in the Council's judgment?



True, there had been some minor setbacks. The Burgomeisters of Tilea had all mutated from the warpstone dust he had given them to consume, and they had been stoned to death by their fellow citizens. Alarik had only been stopped at the cost of the lives of every Skaven under his command. Vorghun had returned stronger than ever as a lithe and had sworn eternal enmity to the Skaven race for what he saw as their treachery. Yet these were only temporary setbacks to the Great Plan. They were not failures. Only the most blind and idiotic could think of them as that. And the Council were neither blind nor idiotic. They would see his worth. Yes, they would.

As they approached the Shattered Tower, Thanquol controlled the urge to squirt the musk of fear. He was a Grey Seer, mightiest of all the Skaven sorcerers and he refused to be afraid. Yes, he refused to show fear, even in the face of the Council's wrath. He was not afraid at the mere sight of their Tower. The sight of its huge crazily leaning mass did not fill him with dread. No, his limbs did not shake at the sight of it. Let the other rats superstitiously avoid treading on the Great Tower's shadow. He was beyond that. He had ventured within the tower before, during his initiation, and he had not been afraid then. He let his mind drift back to those other happier days, the long ago days when he had still been an untried, callow youth.

He had not fought his way up from the lowest warren of Skavenblight to the heady heights of power by being a coward. He was brave and fierce. He had been the smallest and weakest of his litter, marked as different by the colour of his fur. By all rights he should have died in the murky gaslit depths, eaten by his larger fellows or killed by one of the many explosions or cave-ins that had claimed the others of his litter. Yes, he should have died but he had not, for he had been chosen.

His natural ferocity had more than made up for his lack of size, and his eerie grey colour had inspired fear as well as hatred in his fellows. His natural cunning enabled him to spring traps on those who had beaten him and his natural intelligence and eloquence soon made him a leader among his birthkin. No-one had dared test his temper after that, not when he had a small army under his control.

And there was more: he had not survived simply by being lucky and cunning and fierce. When the shivering earth had toppled the roof on his entire family's warren some sixth sense had warned him to flee, and had guided him along the one safe path out of the collapsing tunnels. When the great powered carriages had crashed killing all passengers some instinct had warned him not to step aboard at the last second. Even when Clan Skryre agents had filled his clan's burrow with the poison wind he had known in advance, warned by a dream, and he had fled through the sewers to safety. He had warned only those of his fellows who had shown him the greatest respect.

His dreams had guided him to seek the Council's agents. The Horned Rat had spoken to him and let him know he was one of the chosen. Thanquol had listened and ventured to the temple and joined all the other frightened young Skaven seeking entry to the Horned One's service. Within the Temple he had been confronted with the Test of Death. He had correctly divined which of the Thirteen Doors to pass through and walked with assurance into the Sanctum of the Horned Rat while the others had gone into the Chambers of Certain Doom.

The Seers had known then that Thanquol was the real thing, genuinely touched by their lord's great paw, and they had welcomed him even as they had tittered at the screams of the other failed candidates.

As Thanquol and the albino guard stepped through the entrance way of the Shattered Tower, silence descended. The clamour of the city was cut off as if by an invisible curtain. The air was cooler and tainted with damp. It reminded him powerfully of the day he had been brought to the Holy of Holies, the sacred site where the Horned Rat had manifested himself at the pleading of the Grey Seers and ended the great Civil War nearly two hundred years ago.

He remembered the awe he had felt when he looked upon the thirteen-sided pillar, bearing the one hundred and sixty nine commandments inscribed by the Horned Rat himself. He had looked upon a relic of the only being in the universe that in his secret Skaven heart of hearts he was prepared to acknowledge as being greater than himself.

The Masters of his Order had not needed to make him abase himself before the Pillar. He had spontaneously thrown himself to the ground in an ecstasy of adoration. Even in his frenzy some instinct had warned him not to touch the rune-encrusted pillar. The masters had twitched their tails wisely, knowing that truly indeed he was one of the Chosen.

Then he had only been young. He had yet to be initiated into all the mysteries of his order. He had never tasted the warpstone snuff that sent delightful visions of carnage and death dancing through his brain. He had not yet learned the secret rituals that would hone his precognitive powers, letting him tear away the veil of the future. He had not yet mastered the secret arts of divination that revealed the plotting of his foes to his razor-sharp mind or those deadly spells that would enable him to slay entire armies of his enemies.

Then he had known nothing, but he had been young and quick-witted and keen to learn. Soon he had risen from apprenticeship. He had lived while others his age had failed. The memory of the fates of the others who had been initiated at the same time as him often cheered him up in his darkest hours.

Squiktat had gone truly mad after sneaking a look at Master Sleekit's hidden grimoires. He had run off capering and gibbering, froth blowing from his mouth. He had vanished into the swamps and never been seen again. Thanquol was glad that Squiktat had read the books. He too had been considering ransacking the Master's library.

Borkha had devolved into a Chaos Spawn after consuming too much warpstone in battle with the Orcs. It was a waste, for Borkha had been malleable and might have proven a fine agent for Thanquol. The brilliant Tisquik had been killed by a weeping blade, presumably wielded by a Clan Eshin assassin, a victim of one of the Council's interminable intrigues. Perhaps Seerlord Kritislik feared that his protegee might eventually replace him on the Council and had him removed. From that day Thanquol had been careful not to show too much ambition.

As they began to make their way up the long winding stairwell to the council chamber Thanquol cursed, remembering all the times he had ascended these stairs in triumph. He had not always been disapproved of by the Council. Well could he remember the early days when he had first enjoyed their favour, when he had competed with and intrigued against his brother Seers to get the choicest of missions.

With a certain sense of triumph he recalled being chosen as the Council's messenger to the stronghold of Clan Eshin, beneath the land the humans called Cathay. There he had seen their strange pagoda temples and watched their killers training and learned real respect for the skills of the assassin clan.



He remembered being chosen to study the ways of humans, which was a great honour, for the Council considered the fast-breeding race the greatest threat to the supremacy of the Under-Empire. True, they were incredibly stupid, but not as stupid as Orcs. They were better sorcerers than the dying race of Dwarfs and far more numerous than the fading race of Elves. But they were also malleable and they would make good slaves once brought under the Skaven lash. Thanquol had masterminded many Skaven assaults on them.

As well as corrupting the Tilean Burgomeisters he had organised the mutant rebellion in Moussillon in the land of Bretonnia. He had overseen the reopening of the old rivalry between the temples of Ulric and Sigmar. The Council had been most pleased with him then, rewarding him with the services of his Rat Ogre bodyguard Boneripper. Curse that impotent and treasonable spawn of Clan Moulder. He had almost caused Thanquol's death by his incompetence. Thanquol had always suspected that Rat Ogres were bad luck.

It had been so close. Ultimate success had almost been within his claws. He had almost sent the Empire, the mightiest of human states, tumbling into civil war. That should have been his greatest moment. His human pawn, von Halstadt, would have assassinated the Emperor's brother. The killing of such a man by the Elector of NuIn's chief of secret police would have brought war between the mighty city state of NuIn and the Emperor's forces. It would have been a war that would have fatally weakened both sides and left the way dear for a Skaven invasion of the surface world.

And so it should have. Instead it had all gone horribly wrong. Von Halstadt had been killed by some manling. Before Thanquol and Boneripper could interfere and save von Halstadt Boneripper had been killed by the manling's Dwarf companion and Thanquol had been forced to make a prudent withdrawal. After that he had done his best to save the situation.

He totally denied those evil souls who whispered that he had merely sought revenge on the Dwarf for his humiliation. It simply wasn't true. He was too clear-sighted for that. The invasion of NuIn had been a finely calculated move. It should have worked. In keeping with his plans his minions had emerged in the Elector's palace in the middle of the Grand Ball. With one lunge he held all the city's leaders in his claw and could have forced them to do his will. Yet again he had been thwarted by the cursed pair and the incompetence of his underlings. Who would have thought the manling could have swayed a crowd of humans to attack the palace? Who would have thought that he and the Dwarf could have fought their way into the ball room and freed the nobles? Not even a Skaven of Thanquol's perspicacity could be expected to take such things into account.

After that Thanquol had no option but to order the full scale invasion of the city. It had been a perfectly rational decision. In no way had it been taken in anger or rage, as some of his enemies had whispered. The timing had been right and the humans were taken off guard by the appearance of so massive a Skaven force in their midst.

It still filled his heart with pride to remember that huge army of ratmen moving through the sewers. They had been an all but invincible horde. The disorganised humans could not stand against the fanatical Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens. They had been slain in droves by the fiendishly cunning war machines of Clan Skryre and they had been driven from behind their barricades by the Poison Wind Globadiers. His army had been invincible. For an hour the howling, frothing horde had rampaged through the streets of NuIn.

The city would have fallen in mere hours had not that cursed Dwarf set light to the quarter of the city into which his army had emerged, forcing them to flee into the waiting army of humans who lurked beyond the blaze. It could almost have been a well-prepared ambush, though Thanquol doubted any human had the wit to prepare it. Now, more than ever, he suspected treachery.

Skaven casualties from the blaze had been immense but the devastation to the human side had been equally immeasurable. It had been an immense setback to the race of man. Viewed in the correct light the mission had been a success. Absolutely, definitely a success, and that's what he would tell the Council.

They stood now before two great black doors bearing the sign of the Horned Rat. Beside the door was an immense brass gong. As Thanquol watched a gigantic Rat Ogre smote the gong and a single terrifying note rang out. Moved by some invisible agency the doors swung open to reveal the Chamber of the Thirteen.

Thanquol breathed deeply and began the exercises that old Slekkit had taught him to control his racing heart. Forcing one clawed foot ahead of the other, he walked into the chamber, straining his keen and far-seeing eyes to pierce the gloom.

The chamber was vast and circular and barely lit. A hemispherical dais ran round one edge of the room. On it was a gigantic podium draped in red and black. Behind the podium were thirteen chairs. Some of the chairs were occupied, others were empty. It was hard to make out any details of the chamber's occupants in the dim light. Behind each chair the sign of the Horned Rat was repeated. In front of each chair a banner bearing the symbol of the occupant's clan or faction was draped. All the walls were covered in great red tapestries.

As Thanquol walked forwards an eerie green spotlight picked out a point on the centre of the floor. It fell directly on a great circle where the symbol of the Horned Rat was once more etched on the floor. Thanquol knew without being told that he was expected to stand there. He walked over calmly, fighting down the urge to turn and flee, resisting the even greater urge to reveal his teeth in the smile of anger. The Black Hunger tore at his stomach and he knew at that moment he was prepared to fight even the Council of Thirteen, if need be.

The floor creaked under his weight and he felt sure that this section was hollow and unstable. From below him came the faint scent of foetid water and something else, something reptilian. He was certain that he heard a sound of distant splashing and a hiss. So, it was true, the Council did have a secret device here. He had heard dire rumours that they used a pit trap to drop those who had displeased them into a pool of starved, mutated monsters, some hideous hybrid of Skaven and crocodile. He wondered how long it would be before he knew the exact truth.

He stood squinting in the spotlight. Now, with the light in his eyes, he could definitely see nothing. The figures on the chairs were mere shadowy shapes. He knew he would be at a terrible disadvantage if he had to fight. He was a sitting target for missiles or spells while he could aim at nothing. He decided swiftly that fighting was impracticable. Whatever his fate was, it was sealed.

"Greetings-greetings, Grey Seer Thanquol," said a voice, rich and deep and steeped in old evil.

"Yes, greetings," said other voices. Some were thin and reedy and so weak as to be almost inaudible. Others were deep enough to come from the throats of trolls. "Greetings and congratulations."



Thanquol's voice almost broke as he replied. He fought to keep it from squeaking. "Greetings, great and mighty Lords of Decay."

"We wish to talk to you about your recent actions in the man-city of Nuln..."

"I can explain," interrupted Thanquol. "My wretched underlings..."

"No need to be modest, Grey Seer Thanquol, the responsibility for the plan was all yours."

"Yes... no! It was a minor setback, that's all. I can rectify the situation."

"No need. The man-city is half in ruins and the warriors of Clan Skab are reduced to a tenth of their former strength. No longer are they a threat to the Council."

Swiftly Thanquol made some calculations. He saw a flash of light at the end of the tunnel. "They planned rebellion." He tried to make it sound halfway between a statement and a question.

"Yes-yes, Grey Seer Thanquol. Now they plan no more. Commendations to you. We have another mission for you. One of gravest importance. To aid you we have contracted a new bodyguard."

Thanquol tried to examine the situation from all the angles. It seemed unlikely that the Council believed he had known of Clan Skab's treachery when he had not. They were too well informed for that. Yet it must suit the purposes of some of them to pretend that he had purposely destroyed Clan Skab. Perhaps the clan had been under the patronage of one of the Lords of Decay who had planned a move against the Council. If that were the case, the open admission that someone had moved against the Council would start another disastrous civil war. No one on the Council wanted that. Therefore it suited them to pretend he had foiled the conspiracy all by himself.

And was it not true, in a way? Thanquol felt himself puff up with pride. Another thought struck him. His mission had been sabotaged to make sure it failed. He was now certain of it. As he suspected all along his meticulous plans had been spoiled by the treachery of another.

As the Council outlined his mission he allowed his thoughts to turn to schemes of revenge. First he must find his hidden enemy and then... He also decided that he would call his new bodyguard Boneripper, in tribute to his loyal, trusted and sadly deceased follower. Yes, Thanquol had always suspected Rat Ogres brought good luck.





# THE WARLORD CLANS

Most Skaven claim membership to one of the lesser Warlord Clans. There's no telling how many there are, but most believe they number in the hundreds. Rivalry among these lesser Clans is fierce and treachery is rampant. A new clan can rise and fall in a matter of days. Among these small factions, there are a few that stand out from the rest, though even they pale before the might of the Great Clans. Though weaker, they do have representation on the Council of Thirteen.

Whilst all Warlord clans are eager to secure treaties and pacts with more powerful clans, there are those who cannot purchase such alliances. Some Warlord clans willingly throw in their lot with one of the four Great Clans, trading total obedience for power otherwise unobtainable. These clans, known as Thrall Clans, are in effect extensions of the Great Clans themselves. Whether the Great Clans see these Skaven as actual (if temporary) allies or as unwitting pawns likely depends on the size and strength of the Thrall clan in question at any particular time. Unsurprisingly, many of these Thrall clans share the same ideology and goals of their masters and their armies incorporate a disproportionate number of their patron's weaponry, warriors and war-beasts. With such favours do the Thrall clans defeat their rivals and secure their own powerbase. Many tend to dwell in lairs and strongholds far from the eyes of their masters and hence they have a greater rein to pursue their own, nefarious agendas. However, it is a foolish Thrall clan that forgets its bonds of fealty altogether...



## CLAN MORS

Clan Mors is arguably the most successful of all Warlord clans. The clan holds many abandoned Dwarf mines throughout the Worlds Edge Mountains, ruled over by the Lord of Decay, Gnawdwell. It is the most numerous of the Warlord clans, and is almost as powerful as the four Greater clans, a fact that does not go unnoticed. Indeed, many believe that Clan Mors has risen beyond its station for it competes with those that have had no competition for countless centuries. The Greater clans may turn upon this upstart in the future, for they have no desire to have a challenger rising beneath them. The right-hand rat of Warlord Gnawdwell is Queek Headtaker, who often leads the warriors of the clan. He is rightly feared for his vitriolic temper and immense ego, but he has led Clan Mors from strength to strength.

Clan Mors' influence is so great that it is not lacking for war beasts or weapon teams, and its ranks are bolstered by warriors from other clans – hired, bribed or coerced to fight in the first wave. Clan Mors' rise in power, size, and status is due in no small part to the taking of the Dwarf stronghold of Karak Eight Peaks, known to the Skaven as the City of Pillars – a major nexus for the passageway that make up the Under-Empire. The upper levels of the City of Pillars are constantly assailed by vengeful Dwarf warbands and spiteful Night Goblin tribes. This provides Clan Mors with a brutal proving ground for its Chieftains, and a chance to grind the teeth of a growing cadre of elite warriors.

The Skaven of Clan Mors are considered to be upstarts by the Great Clans. Due to recent victories and prodigious expansion, Clan Mors is very near to matching Clans Eshin, Pestilens, Moulder, and even Skryre in sheer power and influence. Together, the four Great Clans might easily crush Mors, much as they have destroyed other upstart clans in the past. Yet Mors continues to flaunt its power, and none are certain why the Great Clans have failed to act as they are expected to.

Warlord Gnawdwell of Clan Mors has recently become particularly powerful, having eliminated several of his closest rivals. He achieved this through countless assassinations, deceit and at times outright war, earning Clan Mors the fearful respect of the other clans. In one surprise attack, the water supply of a rival was tainted with a foul contagion purchased from Clan Pestilens. Warlord Gnawdwell marched with his Clanrats into his rival's domain, trampling over countless poisoned corpses and slaughtering those few who survived to claim the labyrinthine warren for his own. Clan Mors has had a great influx of new slaves and gained significant wealth from its sudden rise in status, so much so that it is almost strong enough to rival the four greater clans from its stronghold in the City of Pillars. This could prove the downfall of Clan Mors, for the



greater clans fiercely defend their positions and have in the past united to destroy a common foe.

Warlord Gnawdwell, the mastermind behind Clan Mors' unbridled success and the unquestioned master of the City of Pillars, now sits upon the Council of Thirteen. His ruthless methods have resulted in the deaths of many of his rivals, as well as the outright destruction of at least six lesser Clans. With these triumphs, Gnawdwell has increased the wealth and power of Clan Mors to unprecedented levels. The Skaven of defeated Clans have increased Mors' military strength, not to mention its labour force, and conquered strongholds across the Under-Empire proudly fly the their banner.

Rumours have spread that the Great Clans live in fear of Gnawdwell's sinister reputation. Many great Skaven have been struck down as a result of the warlord's schemes, and there is no telling what he will do if he is forced to defend his clan's newfound prestige. Even if Gnawdwell himself were to be assassinated, any one of a number of his subordinates would likely rise to usurp his position. Given the effectiveness of the clan's battle strategies to date, it would be foolish to assume it would crumble if Gnawdwell were killed.

The Skaven of Mors are uncharacteristically united as one, and exhibit a loyalty to their leaders unheard of in Skaven society. Even those Skaven who have been conscripted into Mors from less fortunate clans are soon heard voicing praises to Gnawdwell and his staff. None are certain if this loyalty is a result of sorcery most foul, as of yet undiscovered drugs, or the product of something else that has yet to be discovered.

Like any of the Lesser Clans, Mors covets a place amongst the Great Clans. Warlord Gnawdwell has made it very clear that he believes he is the one to lead all Skaven to their inevitable victory over the surface world and its furless inhabitants. Given his continued success and prowess in battle, perhaps he is correct.

The other clans are hesitant to accede to his call for an invasion of the world above, citing that the time is not yet ripe for another invasion. Gnawdwell dismisses such reasons as pitiful excuses, but he is hesitant to throw away his recently gained ascension to the Council of Thirteen. So he hides his time until his place is somewhat stronger in the Council. He is instead

content to rest on his laurels for the time being, basking in the plentiful adoration of his troops.

Clan Mors employs a variety of techniques, from the tried and true waves of slaves and Clanrats to the mysterious assassinations employed by their trained killers. Perhaps their strongest asset is their use of poisons, for which they are famous throughout the Under-Empire. Still, the tactics of Clan Mors are hard to predict because their greatest strength is their rapid adaptation to the situation at hand. Unlike the Great Clans, they are not heavily invested in or beholden to any one particular method of war or weapon of choice, and that versatility is a notable asset among the often single-minded Skaven.

In battle, Mors has proven to be unrelenting, brutal, and merciless in the extreme. Forces that are put to field against the Clan are often wiped out to the last lowly Clanrat. Clans that have faced Mors' troops in the past suffered from poor morale, largely due to the merciless reputation of their foes. By comparison, units that surrender straight away are shown quarter and isolated until their clan has been soundly defeated, at which time they are incorporated into the ranks of Mors' Clanrat slaves.

Clan Mors' aggressive warriors bear many trophy scars and they have better weaponry and more armour than other Skaven – the spoils looted over many long campaigns. The warriors of Clan Mors are distinctive amongst the clans for they display their clan colours of red and black proudly. Even the lowliest Clanrat will bear these clan colours in some form, even if it is little more than crude paint on shields, while the elite Stormvermin proudly bear lacquered black and red armour and helms.

#### FANGSNAPPER'S CLAWPACK

*The battle-hardened Clanrats of Fangsnapper's Clawpack led the assault that retook several vaults from the Night Goblins in the City of Pillars and they were instrumental in Clan Mors' victory over Clan Corpulent. Scrak Fangsnapper rose to command the Clawpack during the sacking of the Empire town of Buchendorf when he throttled his predecessor with his own tail. Since then he has defeated over a dozen potential rivals, and their broken fangs hang from his trophy rack as a warning to other would-be usurpers.*





Skaven of defeated Clans who show promise are elevated to positions of responsibility after they have proved themselves to be trustworthy. Gnawdwell feels only those Skaven who are deserving of servitude he consigned to the ranks of the slaves, while those with something to offer Clan Mors should be used appropriately. While betrayal and backstabbing are still ever-present factors within the ranks of Clan Mors, they are viewed as methods for deserving Skaven to advance the agenda of the Clan as a whole. For example, the murder of a superior that actively hinders the success of Clan Mors is akin to treason. If the shift in power is beneficial to the Clan, however, the murderer is lauded as a true patriot.

Clan Mors has yet to prove its value to the Lords of Decay, though it will indeed have an opportunity to do so if Warlord Gnawdwell has his way. The Council itself is not yet sure how to best employ Clan Mors, and discussions between individual Council members have been heated on this topic for some time. It is no secret that Skryre wishes to see Mors destroyed, a sentiment Clan Moulder has dismissed on many occasions. Pestilens, which was in a similar position to Mors' at one time, has yet to make a determination. Eshin, of course, keeps its own counsel regarding the upstart clan.

Of the Lords of Decay, it seems only the Seer Lord has lent his support to Clan Mors. The unity exhibited by Mors' members, which is an obvious factor in its recent successes, intrigues the Seer Lord. If the methods by which Gnawdwell guarantees the loyalty and stability



of his Clanmares can be discovered, then perhaps the Great Ascendancy will become reality. After all, it is the duty of the Grey Seers to keep the Skaven united as a race, and Gnawdwell has obviously seen some success in keeping his own forces in line.



## CLAN RICTUS

Clan Rictus control the tunnel lairs and passageways of Crookback Mountain and they demand a steep toll from all those entering the Dark Lands (and twice as much again if they wish to leave it). The proximity of several Night Goblin tribes affords Clan Rictus an almost inexhaustible supply of slaves, making the clan immensely wealthy, so much in fact that its stash of warptokens rivals the treasure holds of Clan Mors: the two clans are forever scheming for a way to usurp the other's power. Thousands of chained slaves are dragged to battle when Clan Rictus marches to war and driven forward at the enemy. Most of these slaves are Goblins, but there are representatives from almost all the races of the Old World in their mines at any one time.

Clan Rictus' warriors are all vicious and grim, but it is for their inordinate numbers of Stormvermin that they are rightly feared. Why this clan has such a propensity for these large, black-furred warriors is unknown, and is a source of much jealousy amongst the other clans. These elite warriors are stronger and more violent than any Clanrats, and lesser Skaven go to great lengths to keep out of their way.

The distinctive mark of Clan Rictus is prominently displayed on the warriors of the clan, be it on shields and banners, weapons or armour. This is usually picked out in blood red (often making use of real slave-blood - so the colour does tend to vary somewhat). The slaves of Clan Rictus are typically painfully branded with the clan icon, often in the forehead, a symbol of their ownership.

### THE DEATHVERMIN

*The Deathvermin, also known throughout the Under-Empire as the Black Death, are the elite of Clan Rictus' formidable Stormvermin regiments and perhaps the most proficient warriors in all Skavendom. They are utterly ruthless and have crushed their enemies in countless battles, much to the annoyance of the Clan's Warlord, Kratch Doomclaw. Indeed, the Deathvermin pose a significant threat to Lord Doomclaw's own powerbase and despite throwing them into hopeless battles on numerous occasions, they have returned victorious every time.*



## CLAN FLEM

Often confused with Clan Pestilens, the Skaven of Clan Flem are deeply invested in the arts of plague. They differ from their far more powerful rivals in that they lack the religious trappings of the Plague Monks, though few other Skaven make the effort to notice or distinguish the two clans. Clan Flem walks a dangerous road, knowing full well that Pestilens tolerates their existence and also knowing that it is just a matter of time before Pestilens absorbs them into their sickened fold. Until this happens, Flem knows to follow its betters and always supports Pestilens in all that they do.

## CLAN SKAB

Regarded as some of the finest warriors in Skaven society, Clan Skab Clanrats are often leased out to other Clans for service. Even more important, Clan Skab tends to produce more Black Skaven than other Clans, and so they have an inordinately high number of Stormvermin in their ranks. These expertly trained warriors are often sold to other Clans to act as guards for Chieftains and Warlords, or are claimed by the Grey Seers for similar purposes.



## CLAN SKAAR

Clan Skaar is known for its extensive mining operations. Skilled at ferreting out lodes of Warpstone, they often work closely with Clan Skryre and Clan Moulder, supplying each Clan with the precious substance. It's rumoured that Clan Skaar plays a dangerous game, pitting Moulder and Skryre against each other. Most Skaven believe that this militarily weak Clan will eventually be destroyed, and their mining operations claimed, by Skryre, Moulder, or both.

## CLAN SKAUL

It isn't entirely clear to anyone why Clan Skaul maintains its position on the Council of Thirteen. The clan's population is composed almost entirely of hedonists and addicts who persist in making extensive use of Warp-laced narcotics. One answer for their success may lie in the fact that several Grey Seers have been born to Skaul's breeders within the past five decades. Some postulate that the drug use of the clan's rank and file may have something to do with the increased number of Grey Seers being born there.

## CLAN SLEEKIT

Many of the byways of the Under-Empire are linked by subterranean rivers and seas. While most Skaven avoid these regions for the dark things they are said to contain, Clan Sleekit sees these routes as a commodity. Expert boatmen and navigators, the Skaven of Clan Sleekit are said to have explored the dim reaches of the world below, and harbour terrible secrets about what other things lurk in the sunless world.

## CLAN VERMS

Clan Verms is a pitiful Clan, shunned and reviled by all others, even those lesser clans who cannot hope to compete with its rather limited power. Verms has affinity with insects, bugs, and other types of vermin. Many species of over-sized insects, spiders, and the like have been attributed to the experiments of Clan Verms.

## CLAN VOLKN

Clan Volkn dwells in fortress warrens carved into the searing heart of Fire Mountain. All clan members are branded upon birth and its warriors dye their fur a bright red. The warriors of Clan Volkn bear blades of shiny black obsidian, mined deep beneath their volcanic lairs. The Stormvermin and Warlords of Clan Volkn even incorporate this material into their armour, inscribing it with runes that glow red with an infernal heat. Clan Volkn's banners typically display icons and markings on a background of lava, flames, or else upon an image of an erupting volcano. Unsurprisingly, Clan Volkn breeds many pyromaniacs and the clan is known for its fondness of Warfire Throwers. As a result, many of Volkn's warriors are covered in soot stains, scorched fur and scar-tissue.

## CLAN MORBIDUS

Clan Morbidus is one of the growing members of the Pestilent Brotherhood. They have unleashed seven foul plagues throughout the Old World, including the lethal outbreak of Foaming Lungrot that ravaged Wissenland and the Bleekbelly Fever that decimated the Dwarf stronghold of Grim-Duraz. Clan Morbidus is rather more mercenary than their Clan Pestilens masters and they willingly offer their services to the highest bidder: after all, the only thing better than spreading contagions is getting paid to do so. Much of the clan's warptokens are spent in the Clan Moulder breeding pits, exchanged for plague-ridden Rat Swarms, Great Pox Rats and Rat Ogres dripping with disease. These are seen by Clan Morbidus chieftains as necessary investments that will add them in their cause to spread more pestilence and, of course, amassing greater power. Such avarice has not gone unnoticed by the Plaguelords of Clan Pestilens...

## CLAN KRIZZOR

Clan Krizzor was once a poor and unremarkable clan that dwelt deep within the monster-infested region known as the Dark Lands. Clan Krizzor's fortunes changed with the discovery that Skavenslaves dipped in pig's blood make irresistible bait for traps. Soon they



were caging enough creatures to secure an alliance with Clan Moulder, counting on the Master Moulders' greed to get their claws on new specimens. Clan Krizzor are one of the few clans that have an affinity for developing their own Packmasters, meaning that the clan is instead able to spend their spare warptokens on the Master Moulders' latest 'experiments'. Clan Krizzor's menagerie of war-beasts is now the most impressive outside of Hell Pit itself. Clan Krizzor have a particular loathing for Clan Rictus whose extortionate taxes to cross the Dark Lands' border cost them dearly. Little do Krizzor realise that their allies in Clan Moulder are plotting with Rictus to triple such tolls - after all, it wouldn't do to let a potential rival get too powerful.

## CLAN MORDKIN

Clan Mordkin was one of the many Warlord Clans to fight against the Undead legions of Nagash. Inspired by the fearsome sight of the walking dead, and wishing to intimidate any rivals, the Skaven of Clan Mordkin took to adorning themselves with the bones of their foes. Many of the Skaven dyed patches of their fur or else painted their clothing and armour white to resemble skeletons. Even the fur of the clan's Giant Rats and Rat Ogres are dyed to give them a more deathly appearance. To this day, the Skaven of Clan Mordkin remain obsessed with death. They are instantly recognisable for their fearsome appearance and they still frequently incorporate bones and skulls into their armour. Shields, banners and totems are likewise adorned and many of the clan's warriors carry daggers carved from bone.

## CLAN SEPTIK

Clan Septik swore fealty to Clan Pestilens during the first great Skaven Civil War. They are the most fanatical believers in the entire Pestilent Brotherhood, rabid zealots whose fervour rivals (and possibly exceeds) that of their Clan Pestilens masters. Clan Septik see themselves as the right-hand claw of Clan Pestilens, who have thus far encouraged this view - after all, you can never have enough devout troops willing to fight (and die) for your cause. Despite the casual way in which this Thrall clan is thrown into battle, they have (so far) always emerged relatively intact, leading many to believe that the Horned Rat himself is looking favourably upon Clan Septik.

### **BLIGHTSKAB'S PLAGUEPACK**

*Blightskab's Plaguepack are amongst Clan Septik's most disgusting warriors. Their fur is matted with contagions and their skin is covered with boils and buboes. Blightskab commands his regiment with hacking, phlegm-filled shouts and he is so eager to spread disease in the name of the Horned Rat that he has even been known to lead his regiment from the front! The Plaguepack are believed to have been responsible for the outbreak of Bleeding Eyerot that decimated the population of the Empire City of Nuln.*



## CLAN EKTRIK

Clan Ektrik's addiction to lightning has made them the thralls of Clan Skryre, for nowhere else can Ektrik's Warlords get their claws on the much-treasured Doomwheels and Warp Lightning Cannons. Clan Ektrik dwell in Foul Peak, where a vast array of machinery, connected to arcane lightning conductors atop the mountain's summit, hangs from the lair's ceiling. A horde of Warlock Engineers tends to this array, harnessing the power of the storm-wracked skies, but to what diabolical purpose none can guess, and they will not tell. The air hums with electricity and frequent 'accidental' electrocutions keep Clan Ektrik's life expectancy well below the Skaven average. With so many Warlock Engineers in their ranks, Clan Ektrik's weapons are forever being tinkered with. When Clan Ektrik march to war they do so with a dizzying assortment of upgrades, from electro-prods capable of stunning a Troll, to Warfire ratbombs and part-mechanical Rat Ogres with Ratling Guns for arms.

## CLAN SKURVY

The Skaven of Clan Skurvy are a bunch of mangy cutthroats and many bear the scars of their trade, including lost eyes and limbs. Clan Skurvy controls the largest of all the Skaven Clanfleets, having gnawed out the cavern-harbour known as Spineport. From here the clan's ramshackle fleet reaps a fortune (and no small amount of dread repute) from piracy, much of which is spent on buying and press-ganging replacement slaves to replenish the fleet's short-lived crew. Clan Skurvy's spoils are also supplemented by salvaging wrecks off the coast of the Isle of Sirens, bounty that is hauled



back to the clan's secret lair beneath the Tilean city of Tobaró. On board a clanship, every Skaven is a suspect of mutiny, which is just as well as they are all planning to do it sooner or later. No slave-captain keeps command for long unless he is utterly ruthless, and those that lapse for even a moment tend to 'fall' overboard or 'accidentally' walk the plank.

## CLAN GRITUS

Flan Gritus were once part of Clan Mors, but following the death of Great Warlord Vrrmik there was an absence of a leader ruthless enough to prevent the vast clan from fracturing. Clan Gritus was one of the factions that split off before tyranny was restored. Clan Gritus is a now a powerful clan in its own right, one that actively seeks out and preys on weaker clans. Those not destroyed are absorbed into their own ranks and as a result, Clan Gritus boasts many slaves and captured warbeasts. Even after post-battle feeding and inter-clan trading, there is such a surplus that this stock is used for sport. Many of Clan Gritus' warriors test their blades in lethal pit-fights and many bear scars, including the clan's current Warlord who lost an eye in the games. Clan Gritus maintains an ample supply of both Stormvermin and captured weaponry (of which jezzalls are particularly prized) to help put down the frequent slave revolts.

## CLAN KREEPUS

Clan Kreepus of Gnaw Pit was once conquered by Clan Grikk. Despite months of plotting, Clan Kreepus were unable to overthrow their jailers – until, that is, Clan Eshin promised to intervene in exchange for unswerving fealty. Deciding that service was better than slavery, Clan Kreepus accepted and a stash of poisoned daggers was smuggled into Gnaw Pit that



### THE HELLBEAST OF SEEP-GORE

*Clan Gritus have become so successful in preying on weakling clans that in recent years they have amassed a large surplus of wealth. The Clan's chieftains have traded chests filled with warpstone and commissioned the Master Moulders of Hell Pit to create for them a hideous creature of unparalleled size and ferocity – the Hellbeast of Seep-Gore. With it, Clan Gritus plan to attack and slaughter their former masters, Clan Mors; the time of their revenge is almost at hand...*

night. Unable to clutch the weapons in their manacled claws, the Skaven of Clan Kreepus instead wielded them in their tails. When the guards next opened the cages they were overwhelmed. Clan Kreepus have been the willing thralls of Clan Eshin ever since and they have adopted many of their patron's mysterious ways. They are a secretive clan, running many mysterious errands for their Clan Eshin masters. Wary of reprisals, the warriors of Clan Kreepus rarely show their faces: it is rare for them not to obscure their faces with cloths, masks, or at least a few rags.



## CLAN CARRION

Clan Carrion are the best scavengers in all of Skavendom. Clan Carrion have no permanent settlement. Instead they travel from battlefield to battlefield in search of the richest salvage, carrying heaped spoils upon their backs. Clan Carrion's banners and clothing are a patchwork of scraps and their warriors are armed with a hodgepodge of weaponry, shields and cobbled-together pieces of armour. Nothing is ever wasted and that which can't be used directly is traded. The Skaven of Clan Carrion make sure that their most valuable items, such as Giant Rats (a valuable source of protein) and Clan Skryre weaponry are painted in vivid, bright colours such that they can be more easily found amongst the post battle detritus. Clan Carrion firmly believe in 'finder's keepers' and they will quickly scurry away with anything of value if its owner happens to be looking in the wrong direction. Indeed, the Skaven of Clan Carrion are such prolific thieves that they only truly own what they can firmly clasp with their own claws.

## CLAN GRUTNIK

Clan Grutnik's vast power is derived from rich deposits of warpstone beneath their mountain lair. Clan Moulder and Clan Skryre are eager to secure as much of this substance as they can and the cunning leaders of Clan Grutnik have pledged exclusive supply-rights to both, acquiring many weapons and warbeasts in the



process. Clan Grutnik trades many of these acquisitions with surrounding Warlord Clans (making a further profit in the process), for many slaves are required to mine the warpstone, and mutations and fatal accidents are commonplace. There is so much warpstone at Clan Grutnik's disposal that it is often forged into their warriors' weapons and lacquered armour. Some further sport their wealth by wearing raw chunks of the stuff as trinkets, talismans, and even as replacement eyeballs or teeth.

## CLAN SCRUTEN

Wishing to establish a secret army, Seerlord Kritislik, leader of the Grey Seers and lord of the Council of Thirteen, led Clan Scruten away from the battles in Skavenblight and established major warrens hidden in the Cursed Marshes. Over time this lair has grown, and it now extends beneath the city of Marienburg. Clan Scruten's mysterious patron has granted them much wealth, so much in fact that the other members of the Council have become suspicious. The Seerlord vehemently denies that Clan Scruten receive any special favours and insists that the unusually high number of expensive weapons and Grey Seers amidst their ranks, as well as the common occurrence of Kritislik's own personal rune amongst the clan's iconography, is pure coincidence.

Clan Scruten is a particularly paranoid and devout Warlord clan. Although all Skaven are by their very nature suspicious of each other, Clan Scruten has taken this to an altogether higher level. Very insular, they tend not to rely on the other clans at all if they can help it, and so purchase few of Clan Skryre's arcane technologies, rarely hire the services of Clan Eshin (they are too cautious of them!) and mistrust the potions and poisons of Clan Pestilens. The only clan that they do tend to deal with is Clan Moulder, and they make use of many of Moulder's mutant Rat Ogres.

The armies of Clan Scruten are, as such, made up mainly of Clan Rats and bulked out with Rat Ogres and the vermin that dwell in the morasses and wetlands of the Wastelands around Marienburg. The colour that Clan Scruten favours is a dark green – all the better for them to blend into the swamps and mists.

## CLAN TREEHERIK

Clan Treeherik are the thralls of Clan Eshin, and they are a murderous, untrustworthy and perfidious clan – even by the dubious standards of the Skaven. Assassination amongst its ranks is rife and such is the risk of an assassin's knife that the warriors of Clan Treeherik always strap their shields across their backs. Furthermore, the clan's warriors tend to wear clothing the colour of Skaven blood - it doesn't pay to let your pack-mates know you're wounded in Clan Treeherik. Far from being detrimental to the clan's long term survival, this unremitting killing culls the weak and assures that only the most skilled and ruthless endure. If a Skaven can survive in Clan Treeherik, he is a born survivor and has little to fear from the scheming and plotting of other clans.



## CLAN FEESIK

When Clan Pestilens rose in power it destroyed dozens of lesser clans, conquered many more and converted several to their cause. Clan Feesik was such a clan, one whose unwitting filth and squalor was mistakenly interpreted by passing Plague Priests as a sign of devotion. Clan Feesik were quick to seize the opportunity and maintain the pretence, and for centuries since they have appeared to be one of the most fervent members of the Pestilent Brotherhood. This false zeal is born of their own craven survival instincts rather than any genuine sense of faith, for Clan Feesik have many rivals in Festerspike and, without the support of Clan Pestilens' rabid Plague Monks, it is unlikely they would survive for long. As such, Clan Feesik meets all Clan Pestilens envoys with sycophantic acquiescence, only too willing for the chance to prove its 'devotion' and send its brown-clad warriors to do the Horned Rat's bidding. That so many of these warriors flee the battlefield at the first sign of trouble has forced Clan Feesik to construct some of the most creative and elaborate excuses in all the Under-Empire.

### THE SKURRY-STABBERS

*The Skurry-stabbers are one of Clan Treeherik's most murderous Clawpacks and they have slain more (many more) of their own clanmates than the enemy (in fact, it has been several years since they've killed anything not from Clan Treeherik). Their current Clawleader is Gristl Twitchslice, an imposing figure who has remained in command of the Skurry-stabbers for an impressive three days. If he can make it to four he will have broken the service record set by Sneer Throtskar over twenty years ago.*



## CLAN SKRAPP

Clan Skrapp are poor even by the standards of the Under-Empire. They dwell deep below the Putrid Swamp and nowhere in the Under-Empire can more squalid dwellings be found. Their fur is mangy and bare in patches, and they are clothed in a patchwork of tattered rags. Armour is scarce and weaponry is rusty to the point of falling apart. That Clan Skrapp has not been challenged and conquered by a rival clan is a credit to the campaign of disinformation and propaganda spread by bribed Clan Eshin agents. Clan Skrapp proclaims itself to be favoured of the Horned Rat and dubious rumours persist in the Under-Empire that the clan can muster an entire army of Grey Seers. The warriors of Clan Skrapp even daub themselves in white streaks of paint and bat droppings and fasten horns onto their helmets and fur in order to promote the facade and mimic the appearance of the feared Skaven seers. Many rivals suspect Clan Skrapp to be either self-deluded or else completely mad, but few seem willing to risk open combat on the off-chance that their outrageous claims about the size, strength and power of their forces are true.



## CLAN FERRIK

Clan Ferrik are led by a particularly tyrannical and megalomaniacal Warlord who have carved out a small but powerful clan in the heart of the Worlds Edge Mountains, having wrested several forges and smelttries from the Dwarfs of Karak Varn. This Warlord hides his face behind a steel mask, and seems blessed of extreme longevity – though his followers are often perplexed by how often his size, voice and fur colour seem to magically change. Countless Skavenslaves toil beneath Clan Ferrik's lairs, while legions of steel-clad Stormvermin lead unrelenting raids to gather a fresh supply of skilled Dwarf labour. Clan Ferrik are now the largest supplier of iron and steel to the Under-Empire. They trade with many Warlord clans but it is their claw pact treaty with Clan Skryre that has granted them the most power and influence.

### THE TURNTAILS

*The Turntails are Clan Vrrtkin's longest serving Clanrat regiment, having survived over thirty battles – more than any other clawpack in living memory. This is due to the fact that the Turntails can run away from battle faster than any of their allies. Having fought for so long, the Warlord of Clan Vrrtkin mistakenly believes that the Turntails are formidable warriors and has granted them the use of several Clan Skryre weapon teams. The Turntails find these weapons exceptionally useful, especially when covering a retreat.*

## CLAN VRRTKIN

Clan Vrrtkin have been the thralls of Clan Skryre ever since the Second Great Civil War, pledging their armies in return for power and eventually a lair of their own. Armed with hundreds of Poisoned Wind Globadiers and Mortar weapon teams, Clan Vrrtkin led many assaults and gassed many rival lairs. Indeed, such is their predilection to exterminating Skaven warrens with the deadly vapours, that the glass orb is often displayed on the clan's banners, warning enemies (and allies) not to stray too close. Unsurprisingly, the most sought-after item in Clan Vrrtkin is a gas-mask. These inevitably go to the toughest warlords and Stormvermin first, with weaker Skaven fighting for what damaged and faulty equipment is left over. Most Clanrats have to suffice with a urine-soaked bandage tied around their snout or else stuff rags up their nose to protect them should the direction of the wind change mid-battle.





# A SWORD UNSHEATHED

"Good morning, your excellency!"

Warlord Queek Headtaker nearly jumped out of his fur. He'd been concentrating on the valley ahead, waiting for reports that the enemy had been sighted. He hadn't seen the stranger approach. Where was his trusty bodyguard?

"Deathmaster Snikch, at your service!"

Despite himself, the Warlord's hackles bristled. So, this was the infamous Deathmaster. He certainly didn't look very special, he was even a bit small for a Skaven, though it was difficult to tell exactly what he looked like because he was almost completely covered by a darkling cloak.

Not many Skaven met the Deathmaster and lived to tell the tale. Queek's inherent sense of paranoia flared hot.

"How pleasant to make your acquaintance," he snarled, pulling as much emphasis as he dared on the word 'pleasant'. "Lord Sneek is well - I hope?" He didn't, of course. Queek's life would be altogether happier for the knowledge that the Nightlord had come to a horrible end. Preferably a slow and very painful one.

"Positively thriving!" replied the Deathmaster, with cheery menace. "I heard about Nuln."

"Er, yes..." How much did the Deathmaster know about what happened in Nuln? The Warlord decided to interpret events in his favour and hope for the best. There's no point in doing yourself down. "Yes... Mission a great success. Everything went completely as planned. Enemy casualties high. Objective achieved. Prisoners taken. Vital human headquarters destroyed..."

"It was an utter disaster!" snorted the Deathmaster. "You attacked too late, you lost three Rat Ogres, set fire to a bakery, and captured two mewling brats and a half-mad beggar!"

"Valuable hostages!" retorted Queek angrily. The Deathmaster was really starting to get his fur up. "And the Rat Ogres were well past their prime. One of them only had one leg!" What did assassins know about military campaigns - all they did was sneak around and stab people in the back with poison daggers - hardly the way a real soldier would behave.



"Well, anyway," sneered Snikch, smoothing his whiskers. "I have been sent to act as an independent tactical observer."  
"You mean to spy on me."

"You might say that, I couldn't possibly comment on the motives of my masters. Surely fifty Elves and a scrawny horse with wings pose no problem for the great Warlord Queek Head-taker, favoured of Gnawdwell, champion of Karak Norn, slayer of a thousand Dwarfs, terror of all Goblins, and hero of the hour?"

Only fifty? Less than he'd been led to believe, couldn't the Gutter Runners count? "Fifty Elves? Pah! I shall rip them apart with my bare paws with my tail tied behind my back!" boasted the Warlord confidently.

The Deathmaster grinned widely, exposing an impressive set of yellow teeth. "Well, I look forward to seeing you in action, Warlord. Though of course you don't have to prove anything to me — my masters shall be the judges of your success. Is that discordant screech the sound of an Elf warhorn?"

Queek started, caught off guard in visions of personal glory. His attention had been so taken up with the Deathmaster that he had quite lost track of his plan: his devious, cunning plan which would surely win him this encounter. A plan of such great daring, subtlety, originality and, yes, sheer panache that it could not possibly fail. A plan complex yet simple, elegant in execution, and infinitely mutable in option. Blast - had he put the Doomwheel on the left of the Clanrats or the right of them?

Blag, his lieutenant, emerged from the trees. "Master," he squeaked excitedly, "the Elves are approaching."

"I come, Blag, I come. No battle is complete without me." Queek gave the assassin a last contemptuous glare. "And shall we have the pleasure of seeing the great Deathmaster himself in action?" he enquired.

"You may have that pleasure," replied the Deathmaster, dipping his head ever so slightly in a mockery of a bow, as the Warlord hustled off down the hill to join his troops.

Deathmaster Snikch threw back the cowl of his cloak and tasted the air. He could make out the musty smell of the Skaven's fur, the rank odour of the giant rats, and the acrid stench of the Globadiers' poison gas. The impending bloodshed filled him with excitement: a nervous, exhilarating energy. That, and the prospect of revenge. Reporting directly to his master, Lord Sneek, the master assassin was carrying out a commission for Lord Kratch, avowed adversary of Warlord Gnawdwell, Queek's sponsor. He had, of course, cleverly twisted the situation for his own ends, having long held a personal grudge against the odious Queek. Who was it who had said that revenge was a dish best served cold? Snikch could not remember, but he appreciated the sentiment.

Today, Queek, you will die, thought Snikch. One way or another, I will make sure of it. You should have killed me at Karak Norn, when you had the chance. Kill your enemies Queek, or they will always come back to haunt you.







# ORIGINS OF THE SKAVEN

A few radical scholars and academics argue endlessly over the origins of the children of Chaos known as the Skaven. Some maintain they are simply a variant form of Beastman, others insist that they are an entirely separate race mutated not from men, as it is surmised Beastmen arose, but from true rats. Most, however, simply refuse to acknowledge the existence of Skaven at all. Determining anything about Skaven is notoriously difficult: they are primarily a subterranean race, and usually only come to the surface during their violent and inexplicable wars, after which they mysteriously disappear. Perhaps the best clue to the creation of the Skaven lies in the ancient Tilea tale known as the Doom of Kavzar. The following folk talk is a broadly translated text of its thirteen stanzas, and readers may draw their own conclusions. Copies of the Doom of Kavzar have all but disappeared from the Empire, with the last known manuscript consumed during the Great Fire of Nuln in the Imperial year 2499. The tale, however, is still well known in Tilea. The following is a broadly translated text of its thirteen stanzas, and readers may draw their own conclusions:

*"Once upon a time, long long ago, men and Dwarfs lived together beneath the roofs of one great city. Some said it was the oldest and greatest city in the world and had existed before the time of the longbeards and manlings, built by older and wiser bands in the dawn of the world. The city lay both above and below the earth, in keeping with the nature of the populace that dwelt there. The Dwarfs ruled in their great halls of stone below ground and wrestled the fruits of the rock free with their day-long*



*toil while the manlings reaped the fields of swaying corn that sun'ounded the city with a patchwork blanket of gold. The sun smiled, men laughed, and emyone was happy.*

*One day the men of the city decided that they should give praise to their gods for their good fortune. They planned a temple such as the world had never seen before. In the central square a colossal hall would be built and tapped with a single, cloud-piercing tower. A lower so tall it would touch the very heart of heaven, after much planning with the help of the longbeards they set about their monumental task.*

*Weeks became months and months became years and still the manlings built. Men grew old and grey working on that great temple, their sons continuing their work through summer sun and winter rain. At last, after many generations, work began on the great spire. Years passed and the tower reached such a height that the manlings friend it ever more difficult to take the stone up to the top. Eventually the work slowed to a crawl and finishing the tower seemed impossible. Then one came among the men of the city who offiwd his help in their great scheme. He asked a single boon of them in return and claimed that if they would grant it he would complete the tower in a single night. The manlings said to themselves, "What have we to lose?" and offered to make a bargain with the grey clad stranger. All he wished was to add his own dedication to the gods onto the temple structure. The manlings agreed and the bargain was struck.*

*At dusk the stranger entered the unfinished temple and bade the manlings to return at midnight. Clouds swept over the moons, cloaking the temple in darkness as the manlings left. All over the city men watched and waited as the hours slipped past until, near midnight, by ones and twos, they gathered again in the temple square. The wind blew and the clouds parted as they gazed up at the temple. It rose like an unbroken lance against the sky, pure and white. At its very peak a great horned hell hung gleaming coldly in the moonlight. The stranger's dedication to the gods was there but of the stranger there was no sign. The manlings rejoiced that their fathers' fathers' work was done. They-surged forward to enter the temple. Men, at the stroke of midnight, the great bell began to toll, once... twice... thrice. Slow, heavy waves of sound rolled across the city. Four... five... six times the hell rang, like the torpid pulse of a bronze giant. Seven... eight... nine, the tolling of the hell grew louder with each ring, and the manlings staggered hack from the temple steps clutching their ears. Ten... eleven ... twelve... thirteen. At the thirteenth stroke lightning split the skies and thunder echoed the sound. High above, the dark circle of Morrslieb was lit by a bright flash and all fell ominously silent.*

*The manlings fled to their beds, frightened and puzzled by the portents they had seen. Next morning they arose to find darkness had come to their city. Brooding storm clouds reared above the roof-tops and such rain fell as bad never been seen before. Black, like ash, the rain fell and paddled in the streets, slicking the cobbles with darkly iridescent colours.*



At first some of the manlings did not worry, they waited for the rains to stop so that they might resume their work. But the rains did not stop, the winds blew stronger and lightning shook the high tower. Days stretched into weeks and still the rains did not stop. Each night the hell tolled thirteen times and each morning the darkness lay across the city. The manlings became fearful and prayed to their gods. Still the rains did not stop and the black clouds hung like a shroud over the fields of flattened corn. The manlings went to the Dwarfs and beseeched their help. The longbeards were unconcerned - what matter a little rain on the surface? In the bosom of the earth all was warm and dry.

Now the manlings huddled in their dwellings, fear gnawing at their hearts. They sent some of their number to faraway places to seek help but none of them returned. Some went to the temple to pray and sacrifice their dwindling food to the gods but found its great doors were sealed shut. The ruins grew heavier. Dark hailstones fell from the sky and crushed the sodden crops. The great bell tolled a death knell over the terrified city. Soon great stones cleft the heavens, rushing down like dark meteors to smash the homes of the manlings. Many sickened and died from no apparent cause, and the new-born babes of the manlings were hideously twisted. Skulking vermin devoured what little stored corn there was left and the manlings began to starve.

The manling elders went to see the Dwarfs again and this time demanded their help. They wanted to bring their folk below ground to safety, they wanted food. The longbeards grew angry, and told the manlings that the lower workings were flooded and their food had also been devoured by rats. There remained barely enough food and shelter for them and their kinsmen. They cast the manlings out of their halls and closed their doors tight. In the ruins of the city above each day became more deadly than the last. The manlings despaired and called for succour from the dark gods, whispered the flames of forgotten daemon princes in the hope of salvation. But none came, instead the vermin returned, bigger and bolder than ever. Their slinking, furred shapes infested the broken city, feasting on the fallen and pulling down the weak. Each midnight the bell tolled thirteen times on high, seeming now brazen and triumphant. The manlings as hunted creatures in their own city as great rat packs roamed the streets in search of prey.

At last the desperate manlings took up such weapons as they had and beat upon the Dwarfs' doors, threatening that if they did not emerge they would drag them out by their beards. No reply came from within. The manlings took up beams and battered down the doors to reveal the tunnels below, dark and empty. Steeling themselves, the pitiful remnants of the city's once-proud populace descended. In the ancient hall of kingship they found the Dwarfs, now naught but gnawed bones and scraps of cloth. And there they saw by the dying light of their torches the myriad eyes about them, glittering like liquid midnight as the rats closed in for the kill.

The manlings stood back to back and fought for their lives, but against the implacable ferocity and countless numbers of the verminous horde their weapons were useless. The tide of monstrous rats flowed over them one

by one, dragging them down to be torn apart, the yellow chisel-teeth sinking into their soft flesh, the dark furred mass drowning their pitiful screams with their hideous chittering."

*Translated from the Tilean tale  
"The Doom of Kavzar" also called  
"The Curse of Thirteen".*

From the shores of the northern Tilean sea to the foot of the Black Mountains, a great morass of dismal marshland lies like a festering plague. This area is known as the Blighted Marshes: an ancient and terrible realm where death comes quickly to the unwary. A permanent, reeking mist cloaks the deep black pools and slimy reed beds from view. Sluggish, muddy channels wind through the mire, maze-like and unfathomable, darkened on either bank by stretches of twisted stalks which resemble nothing so much as corn blackened in a fire. In places, pools form, slicked with a dark iridescence where no living things grow.

To enter the Blighted Marshes is to walk to your doom, inviting death in the bottomless murk or the jaws of the twisted beasts that legend has it dwell there. Few brave its terrors for there are no tales of gold or hidden knowledge lying forgotten in its chill clutches to draw adventures, just black marsh, reeking mist and a lonely death. Few even dwell near it, for fear of the dark secrets it harbours.





The watchman paused at the junction in the sewer tunnel. He put the small strongbox he carried under one arm down on the narrow ledge of the walkway and held aloft his shuttered lantern. Force of habit made him peer into the gloom beyond the aurora of wan lamplight but after ten years of working the sewer watch under the streets of Altdorf, the sense he really relied on was his keen hearing. The stinking stream running by him gurgled revoltingly, accompanied by the regular drip of water seeping through the brickwork above his head.

Then he heard it: a skittering sound, as of claws on stone. Straining his eyes, he looked ahead and saw two jaundice-yellow points looking back at him from the darkness. With nimble, scampering steps the rat-man emerged from the shadows and moved towards the watchman, its whiskered nose twitching.

It had been after he had been transferred to the sewer watch, following an assault on a nobleman, that Fritz Hunde had first encountered the Skaven. It had not taken him long to realize the benefits to be gained from allying with the tunnel-dwelling ratmen. There was a new world order coming and Fritz wanted to be part of it.

"Have it you do, yes-yes?" the Skaven asked, its voice a chittering squeak as its rodent tongue struggled to form the guttural consonants of Reikspeil.

"Yes, I have it, Fritz replied. Placing the lantern on the ledge he knelt down, carefully unfastening the catches on the box. As he lifted the lid of the chest it

seemed to the watchman that the lantern light dimmed while the Skaven squeaked in excitement.

Resting inside the padded box was a lump of black rock that seemed to devour what little light there was in the sewer. It almost appeared to be a hole in the physical world, leading into a realm of eternal dark oblivion. Just looking at the warpstone made Fritz's skin crawl. Suddenly there was the sound of approaching footsteps and distant shouting, and he looked back down the tunnel to see lights bobbing in the darkness. The theft from the alchemist's workshop had been discovered quicker than he had anticipated.

"Treachery! Treachery!" the Skaven snarled furiously, baring its teeth.

"No, no, it's not like that, Fritz wailed, thoughts of imminent arrest, trial and execution foremost in his mind.

"Yes-yes, the man-thing betrayed us!" the Skaven squeaked. "You will pay-pay!" It raised one fist, throwing a thin black powder in Fritz's face that clogged his eyes and senses, filling his world with pain. With the other claw the Skaven snatched the chunk of unrefined warpstone from the box and then it was gone, scurrying down the tunnel, swallowed by the enveloping darkness. From down the sewer the men of the Watch came at a run, their lanterns swinging, drawn by Fritz's fearful screams as he lay on the filthy stones and the skin of his face bubbled and boiled.





# EARLY HISTORY

Skaven are creatures of urgency – unless powerfully led they naturally seek the easiest and most immediate solutions to problems. If Skaven pause it is only to consider how they can explain their actions to reflect most highly upon themselves, or at least how they can better spin the events to disparage against rivals. Skaven have no sense of either history or posterity. Amidst the scheming and constant warfare, Skaven seek great achievements during their short lives for their own personal benefit. Being well remembered has no meaning to a Skaven and yesterday's hero is as easily forgotten as droppings and generally as well regarded. As such, certainties are scant when dealing with Skaven history. Legend rather than recordings mark major events. The ratmen do appear regularly in the recordings of Dwarfs, occasionally in the Elfish tomes, and sporadically in humankind's histories. The few records maintained by Skaven are produced by individual clans and are so biased that they serve as propaganda at best.

Little is known of what became of the children of the Horned Rat after they overran the city that came to be known as Skavenblight. Perhaps they laired in the tunnels beneath the city, bred and sought out more warpstone; perhaps they warred with one another until only the strongest survived. It was around sixteen hundred years before the birth of Sigmar that the first true Skaven crept out of the black pit of madness beneath the empty city. With their heightened intellects and humanoid bodies, the Skaven were soon the absolute masters of Skavenblight. The Skaven

sacrificed lives and warpstone to the Horned Rat and began to learn the ways of magic. As warpstone grew scarcer in the ruins of Skavenblight they ventured further afield and started to expand the tunnels beneath the city. Skaven expeditions found the surface world to be a dangerous place full of wild beasts, Orcs and Goblins, and hostile human tribes migrating along the coast. The Skaven turned inward again, seeking lordship over the realms below for a secure base before they attempted to conquer the world above.

The Skaven care little for the past, and do not keep any recorded history. For a Skaven, there are only two times worth thinking about: right now, when they are not ruling the world, and very soon, when they will be. The only history the Skaven do consider worthy of thought is personal, rather than racial. One might recall such things as the glory days when he rose in power in his sect, or the despicable enemy that brought about his downfall, but rarely would think about his origins, or any great achievements of any Skaven not himself. They have no rituals or remembrances of their dead, and old objects are simply cannibalised to make new ones.

The Skaven also have no use for a calendar. For the scheduling of military attacks or planning of large constructions, Skaven reckon time based solely on practical matters, such as food slops, sunsets, or the phases of the Chaos moon Morrslieb. Beyond this, they have no concept of times or dates, nor years, generations or ages.





Therefore, the history of the Skaven remains unknown and mostly unknowable to the inhabitants of the Old World. The Skaven themselves do not care about it, and the few Humans who make an effort to collect and catalogue it find themselves facing insurmountable difficulties. The only sources available are those few Humans who witnessed the culmination of Skaven plans and somehow manage to live to tell of it. Moreover, it is clear that many Human agents, for reasons both nefarious and well-intentioned, have actively purged or altered what few records exist of the Ratmen's actions, and persecute those who search these areas too deeply.

Why they should do this remains as unknown as every other aspect of the Skavens' convoluted schemes. Regardless, the impact is undeniable: the precious few collected histories of the Skaven are sparse, conflicting, and full of guesswork, and those brave few who try to expand them, and themselves constantly frustrated, if not burnt at the stake. The history provided below, therefore, cannot be attributable to any inhabitant of the Old World, and should be treated accordingly.

## THE FIRST WAVE

Much of the story related in the *Doom That Came to Kavzar* is accurate. The community was founded by one of the first tribes of Humans, between the Iranna Mountains to the north and the Tilean Sea to the south. Not long after it was settled, a group of Dwarfs looking for ore deposits found the area also. Immediately recognising the richness of the mountains and the soil below, the two races formed an alliance. Humans and Dwarfs worked and lived in perfect harmony, each helping the other according to their strengths.

Although they lived apart – Humans on the surface, Dwarfs below – the Dwarfs provided the necessary stone, metal and craftsmanship for the human city to grow, while the Humans worked the fields to feed the populations of both cities. The prosperity of the lands and the mountains and the cooperation between the two great races allowed the city to rise to incredible heights of architecture and culture within a single generation. Their building techniques and engineering skills were the greatest ever seen on the surface of the Old World, and it would be centuries before any Human settlement would even come close to the wonders of the streets of the city. The crowning jewel of the city was their great tower, which remains unrivalled as the highest structure ever erected in the Old World—and, if legend is to be believed, it extended an equal distance below the earth as well.

Yet despite all their great science, the city builders could not raise the final keystone to the pinnacle of their mighty tower. It was then that the "hooded stranger" mentioned in the *Kavzar* myth appeared. The identity of this figure is the most mysterious question surrounding the Skaven, and remains unanswered. The Skaven, in the very rare times they speak of their origins, refer to this figure as "The Shaper," who is said to be of an "older race" than theirs. This, combined



with the rain of Warpstone summoned from the sky, points to the most likely conclusion: that the Shaper was one of the Old Ones, and that the first Screaming Bell (known to the Skaven as the Great Shrieking Bell) hung from the top of the tower of the city – a device designed to call down meteorites from the heavens themselves.

Whatever the true identity and purpose of the stranger, the awesome power attributed to the bell is difficult to believe. With its peals, it brought down endless rain, mist and chill, wrapping that once-great city in a prison of darkness and deprivation. Then came the deluge of Warpstone, twisting the landscape beneath forever more. The crops were poisoned, the ore corroded, and the Humans and Dwarfs annihilated by disease, starvation and murder. Even the city itself, its great and glorious architecture, was twisted and perverted by that rain of pure Chaos, remade into a cyclopean maze as hideous as it once was beautiful. And as the people perished and the town was reborn, so too were created the creatures that would devour those few left alive, and who would forever after call this mockery of a city their home. The Ratmen were born in slaughter, and their very first act was genocide.

## THE FALL AND RISE OF SKAVENBLIGHT

*Kavzar* was no more and Skavenblight was born, but this would not be the end of the Ratmen. In the years that followed the destruction of *Kavzar* they lay low in the world, growing fat on the resources acquired when they overthrew the city. It is believed that they were content with their new home, breeding in the warrens beneath and always searching for more Warpstone. One imagines there must have been great infighting





and wars amongst their kind, as the creatures are a notoriously treacherous race. And they grew stronger as they culled the weak. But to the rest of the world the Batmen remained hidden, a nightmare best forgotten, a plague amongst the swampy ruins of a long dead dry.

About 1600 years before the birth of Sigmar, the Ratmen surfaced once more. Out of the black pits of madness the creatures we recognize today as Skaven emerged from the warrens. With keen intelligence and humanoid bodies, these beings were the absolute masters of Skavenblight, and over the centuries they used Warpstone to learn the ways of magic. But after hundreds of years the Skaven depleted the Warpstone in the ruins of their city, forcing them to venture farther and farther outward to find this sacred substance. And the world was dangerous indeed, filled with Orcs and Goblins, migrating tribes of Human savages, and worse. The Skaven knew that the world awaited its true masters, so to achieve the conquest they felt was inevitable, the Skaven withdrew to Skavenblight to devise some way to crush the world between their paws.

Despite every obstacle, every new plague, and the ongoing scarcity of food, the Skaven thrived in the tunnels of Skavenblight, and their numbers grew

rapidly. Soon the tunnels were teeming with ratfolk. In time there were so many of them that they had to expand their tunnels even farther, but they could not burrow fast enough to create more room. Pressure grew to expand the tunnels ever further and the nascent Skaven sorcerers were called on for help to do something, to open a space where all Skaven could live and prosper. In a grandiose scheme the nascent Skaven sorcerers planned to open a great rift beneath the earth that would provide room enough for all, where they could dwell in safety and rule supreme. They built a great machine powered by sorcery and gathered considerable quantities of warpstone that would control the energies of Light magic coursing through the earth. It was hoped (and positively assured) that this arcane device would magnify the spell of the cabal of horned seers. They planned to twist these energies to their command, splitting open the rocks beneath the mountains as they willed.

For decades they laboured until finally, in a grand ceremony in a specially excavated chamber beneath Skavenblight, the sorcerers activated their sinister machine. They summoned forth the loose energy coursing beneath the earth, forcing it into their mad invention of iron and brass. The great diabolical device of spinning wheels, whirring gears, and makeshift power accumulators throbbed and smoked as it



absorbed and magnified raw magic, and more and more energy filled its coils. Just as the sorcerers believed they had accumulated enough and ceased their chanting, the machine vomited forth showers of sparks and caused the very earth to rumble.

High above, the Great Bell of the indomitable tower of the Great Horned Rat tolled as the structure swayed and creaked like the mast of a ship at sea. As the sorcerers' incantations reached their climax the machine spat showers of sparks and the ground began to shake, the groan of shifting rock became deafening as the earth began to split asunder. The sorcerers squeaked triumphantly as a great rift started to inch open in front of the thundering machine, and it seemed the Skaven's mad plan would work. But it was not to be. For the first time, but far from the last, the great device of the Skaven failed them. Some unknown part of the ingenious, yet imperfect device failed. Catastrophically.

With a blinding flash a tidal wave of raw magical power was unleashed upon the world, ripping through the great chamber. Hundreds of Skaven were smashed apart into furry gobbets in a tidal wave of destruction, the ceiling cracked, convulsed and then collapsed in with a roar. The uncontrolled deluge of Light magic crashed out through the earth. It swirled into the roots of the Black Mountains where it gathered new strength and rushed onward like a river in hood.

Around Skavenblight the land shuddered and great cracks opened. Tunnels collapsed, buildings fell, and the land heaved and convulsed, crushing thousands of

Skaven in their underground lairs. As the shock waves rippled outward great geysers of gas and steam spurned out of the ground, the undermined plain about Skavenblight sank with an earth-shaking rumble as the sea rushed in, drowning the tortured land.

The damage was even more devastating as the energy emanated outwards. As great tidal waves swept across the seas to the west, in the east the coursing Light magic triggered earthquakes and volcanic eruptions all along the Black Mountains – here wrenching the ground asunder, there throwing up new mountains in its wake. It also crashed against the under-spines of the Worlds Edge Mountains, which had already undergone recent mystical upheaval, and the fury of it rocked the Everpeak itself. Long-dead volcanoes were rekindled to sudden wrath and the snow-capped mountain peaks trembled like a frightened beast. The ancient realm of the Dwarf kings, painstakingly carved out of the mountains over thousands of years, was smashed asunder. Earthquakes, landslides and lava flows devastated the ancient realm of the Dwarf kings and swept away whole Dwarf cities overnight. Already weakened by five centuries of war with the High Elves of Ulthuan, the Dwarfs were ill prepared for such calamity, and were even more devastated by this terrible disaster than the Skaven far away in Tilea.

Though the city was in ruins, it was at this moment that new masters emerged amongst the Skaven. The Council of Thirteen formed to lead the Skaven. The surviving sorcerers founded the Order of the Grey Seers to act as advisors and to lead the Skaven into a glorious future.





## THE LORDS OF DECAY

Skavenblight lay under a pall of dust. No building stood undamaged, save for the indomitable Temple of the Great Horned Rat. Cracked and partially collapsed, it still towered over the ruins. All around the city grey water stretched away beneath roiling vapours. Slowly, small knots of Skaven dug their way out and emerged to stare at the devastation they had wrought. As the day wore on, a great mass gathered around the temple. The rank scent of fear hung over the horde. None dared enter the temple though they knew they must seek the guidance of the Horned One. Even as they squabbled before the towering edifice, the great doors creaked open and twelve figures emerged, eerily backlit by the mystical lights within the temple.

The twelve grey-clad ratlords spoke with one voice to the assembled multitude. The time had come for the Children of the Horned Rat to spread across the world to multiply in the dark places, to hide in the deep places and gather their strength for the Time of Anarchy. Only when the shackles of order and civilisation were destroyed could the Horned Rat rejoin his progeny and revel with them in the ruins. The Great Horned Rat had whispered his plan and it was the Lords of Decay, as they named themselves, who were to lead.

The twelve Lords of Decay warned the assembled Skaven that others would follow to ensure they did not fail in the Horned Rats great plan, and they should give heed to their words or face the wrath of the Lords of Decay. Then they set the Skaven to re-excavating the tunnels below Skavenhlight. It took weeks to excavate back to the tunnels below when they reached the chamber of the machine, they discovered the deceased sorcerers had partially succeeded in their schemes. Great cracks led away into the darkness below, down into countless miles of dank and lightless caverns forgotten since the world was young.

## THE GREAT MIGRATION

After the earthquakes collapsed Skavenblight and buried it under the foul waters, it was clear that the Skaven would have to expand. The calamity only worsened the food shortages and limited living space. The Grey Lords convened in council for many days and nights. When they emerged they divided the Skaven horde into twelve parts, each under one of the grey clad Lords of Decay. Some of them remained in Skavenhlight, others led their followers away across the oozing plain and most descended into the roots of the world. The children of the Horned Rat spread out from the depths of the Under-City like a cancer; never again could a single great disaster threaten to wipe out the Skaven race. Soon enough, they would be everywhere.

Within months Skaven were gnawing at the roots of the Dwarf hold of Karak Varn. Here the Dwarfs were already hard-pressed by hordes of Orcs and Goblins attacking the upper levels. When the Skaven broke through into the partially flooded lower workings the

Dwarfs were helpless to stop them. Within a few years the Skaven had seized most of the lower levels, established a colony and were fighting the Orcs and Goblins for possession of the levels above. But the tunnels leading away east from Karak Yam had been completely flooded by subsidence in the lake of Black Water, and to the south-east lay the intact subterranean fortress of Karaz-a-Karak.

The Skaven were blocked from travelling further east for a time. Instead they crept and tunnelled their way north and south through the Worlds Edge Mountains using the natural caverns and abandoned Dwarf tunnels to speed their progress. They crept around Karaz-a-Karak and Karak Kadrin. They tunnelled beneath the shaking roots of Thunder Mountain and the Goblin-infested den of Red Eye Mountain. Within a hundred years of the disaster at Skavenhlight the wandering Skaven clans had spread along the Worlds Edge Mountains to the South Lands, Araby and the Dark Lands.



In the far north the Grey Lord Malkrit led his followers into what later became known as the Troll Country in the Northern Wastes. Here warpstone dust often blew down from the north, twisting and changing beasts into new forms overnight. Malkrit's clan buried themselves deep beneath the wastes and learned to use cross-breeding and mutation to twist creatures to their will and create ferocious fighting-beasts to augment their strength. Thus they became the Clan Moulder, the beastmasters and mutators.

In the Dark Lands the furthest flung of the Grey Lords, Lord Visktrin, was mortally wounded by a dragon in the Mountains of Mourn. He instructed his successor to lead the clan far into the east and establish a colony in the land of Cathay. So Clan Eshin passed beyond the knowledge of the Lords of Decay and into the east.

Most of the races and nations of the Old World recall these migrations in their myths and legends. In Kislev they are presented as the actions of Ursun's evil brother, who became Father of Rats and drove his servants northward to punish his brother's pride. In Norsca they mixed with the legends of the sea-demons and were said to have been driven back into the ocean through the singing of the old songs. In Araby their invasion was called the Scouring of Scholars, with the creatures seen as a holy punishment upon men who trusted too much in science, and in Cathay they were said to have been vomited out from the gigantic maw of the Great Black Dragon that lives coiled inside the earth.







# THE WAR BENEATH THE WORLD

While the Great Sniff, as the Skaven call this time, was spreading the toxic presence of the Ratmen to every corner of the globe, their armies that remained in the Old World set themselves a single fanatical goal: the total extinction of the Dwarf race. This was a goal they shared with the Greenskin forces, and the two races formed an unholy alliance to see it through. Unlike the Skaven, however, who fought for territory or dominance, the Orcs and Goblins fought because it was all they knew. While perhaps not as cunning as their Ratmen allies, their warriors were far more practiced. As a result, and because the Skaven used skirmishing and ambush tactics rather than savage frontal assaults, it was the unrelenting ferocity of the Greenskins that became most remembered by the Dwarfs, and that race became first named in their great Book of Grudges.

Not that the Dwarfs were unaware of their Skaven enemies, nor do they today lack a thirst for revenge themselves upon the Ratmen for their countless atrocities. Indeed, without the Skaven, the Greenskin armies would never have penetrated the deeply hidden Dwarfhold of Karak Ungor. Skaven sappers were also responsible for the flooding of Karak Varn a year later, and the Dwarfs still tell of the hideous sight afterwards, as the Ratmen feasted on the bloated corpses of their drowned comrades.

The Skaven have fought with the Dwarf-things since their passageways first intersected each other deep underground. What the first Skaven thought when their crude picks broke into the ornately hewn Dwarfholds is not recorded, but the races have been at war ever since.

The Dwarfs of old established an everlasting realm, carved out of living rock and connected via the Ungdrin, their remarkable underground highway. This golden age of Dwarfs has long since ended, shattered in large part by the unrelenting attacks of the Skaven. Soon after unprecedented earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the Skaven assaults began. The first major hold to be lost was Karak Varn. With the lower levels already flooding, the hold came under attack by Night Goblins. The bearded-things were tenaciously holding their own until a new foe entered the fray. Using the element of complete surprise, the Skaven erupted from the lower mine workings. Dwarfs were used to fighting the sneaky Night Goblins, but the rapid-tunnelling numberless hordes of ratmen came as a nasty shock.



In the cramped underground corridors, the superior Skaven numbers could not be fully employed. Instead, waves of frontal attacks swarmed hallways, literally crawling over each other to strike at the foe. In the meantime, other troops excavated new tunnels, seeking to burst behind or beneath the already sore-pressed defenders. The Skaven timed their attacks to coincide with above ground assaults by Orcs and Goblins, often luring the greenskins into attacking at the right place or time to aid the ratmen. Beset from above and below, the Dwarfs lost mine after mine, hold after hold.





After these early victories, the combined Skaven and Greenskin forces attacked the southern mountains from both sides and slowly drove the Dwarfs northwards. The Dragonback Peaks were soon abandoned, and every Karak farther south was lost. The Dwarfs never stopped fighting, and as the war raged on for centuries, they lost and re-gained much of their ancient empire, over and over again. Yet the gains of their enemies steadily advanced. After a millennium of ceaseless battle, the Skaven and Greenskins had claimed such great holds as Karak Azul, Karak Drazh and Karak Eight Peaks, and in -380 IC the two armies poured their dark might down into the Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak. For a moment it seemed as if the great, unshakeable empire of the Dwarfs had met its end, but the sound of Dwarfen defiance came in the form of the cannon's roar. The Dwarfs had mastered gunpowder, and used it at the battle Karaz-a-Karak in vast quantities to turn back the green and furry hordes.

*The path tightened to a point where the Dwarf Ironbreakers could proceed only in a single-file line. Drokki Ironbeard couldn't imagine how a manling could possibly traverse these tunnels. He pondered this as he cracked his fully armored head against a low section of the ceiling for the third time today. The metallic ring of his helm made him feel as though his head were trapped between a mighty anvil and a descending hammer. He gritted his teeth against the pain in his ears and continued on.*

*"Today" was a relative term here in the Deep. Drokki knew it wasn't yesterday or tomorrow simply because he knew it was "today." He felt it in his bones. He, like all Dwarfs, intuitively knew what time it was, just as the members of his race know how deeply they have traveled into the roots of the world. Other races that care about the passage of time on the surface would be lost here – lost in eternal night.*

*Drokki held his slow-burning guano torch higher as his companions took a hard turn to the right and emerged into a tunnel that was slightly less cramped than the one they had been traveling through moments before. He strained his eyes, looking past the light of the torch and into the inky black. Drokki cursed an unoriginal Dwarfen curse through his clenched jaws and stopped in his tracks. He heard his companion's iron-shod boots fall silent behind him. He could have sworn he saw beady red eyes.*

*That's when he heard the worst sound imaginable. There was a feral chuckle, followed by the sloshing sound of liquid trapped in a metal container. Drokki's mouth opened to yell a warning, to tell his companions to retreat, but it was too late. A squeaking valve was opened, and liquid fire the colour of precious emeralds filled the tunnel. The last things Drokki saw before his eyes burst and his face ran like molten metal were the furred forms of two celebrating ratmen bathed in the hellish green light.*

The chances that the Dwarfs could have withstood another onslaught were low, but an event occurred which stopped that final blow from falling. Clan Pestilens returned to the Old World from Lustria to claim power for themselves, throwing the entire Skaven population into a chaotic and brutal civil war. At the same time, the Dwarfs found new allies in the rising Human populations. With two armies united against now only one enemy, the Dwarfs were able to turn back the invasion of the Greenskins, and within a few centuries claimed a great decisive victory at the Battle of Black Fire Pass.

## THE FALL OF KARAK EIGHT PEAKS

Although forced to relinquish many settlements, no Dwarf ever imagined losing the glorious and powerful Karak Eight Peaks – a city and stronghold with a vast network of mines. The Skaven first discovered Karak Eight Peaks over seven hundred years before the birth of Sigmar. By the time Skaven tunnels were found deep underneath the lowest mine workings of Karak Eight Peaks, underground warfare had changed. The Dwarfs were now fully aware of the Skaven and moved to counter each new threat. Sturdy resistance was no longer enough and invasions, even from below, were now met with countermines, well-conceived death traps, and matchless Runesmith-produced arms and armour. With typical Dwarfen precision, Miners gave way to gromril-encased Ironbreakers that steadfastly guarded the narrow points. The circuitous tunnels of the ratmen broke open to face firing lines of stalwart Dwarfs with handguns. A vast amount of Skaven blood was spent for every gain and yet around each new belt could be found another well-protected defence.





It was then that the embattled Warlord clans sought the guidance of the Council of Thirteen. Such a great subterranean city was well beyond the ability of the Skaven to conquer by force so the Council of Thirteen drew up an intricate and lengthy plan to force the Dwarfs out altogether over the next ten generations, but it guaranteed success. The first step was convincing local Orc tribes to stop fighting one another long enough to assault the Dwarfs on the surface. The next step involved slowly poisoning Dwarf wells with warpstone. Clans Mors and Gritak were allocated the task of capturing the city and promised joint control over it if they succeeded. First, with the help of Clan Mors, warriors from Clan Gritak spent over a hundred years burrowing beneath the lower workings of the city and finding ways to its deep underground wells. This took time to build up toxins slowly, but over the months the Dwarfs began to weaken, their bodies straining to fight the corruption.

Then Warlock Engineers hired from Clan Skryre took shards of spent warpstone slag and placed them in the wells. The plan from then on was to wait for the Dwarfs to abandon the city of their own accord because of the lethal taint of warpstone in their only water supply. However the Council's plans were upset by growing pressure on the Dwarfs from Orc and Goblin tribes outside Karak Eight Peaks. Having built up their strength for many years the greenskins threatened to overwhelm the weakening Dwarfs and take the city themselves.

Rather than risk Orcs and Goblins infesting Karak Eight Peaks the Council ordered the clans poised around it to invade. They were to slay the remaining Dwarfs before collapsing the upper workings to seal out the greenskins once and for all. At their command thousands of Clanrat warriors poured into the lower

workings and at first quickly overran the surprised Dwarfs. Battling up from the depths proved much harder as the Dwarfs fought back ferociously, building walls and ramparts in the tunnels and using boiling oil, gunpowder and intricate traps to fight off the frenzied Skaven assaults. Giant Rats, purchased from Clan Moulder, could squirm through cracks to launch sudden attacks, but it was the weaponry of Clan Skryre that made the largest difference.



For decades the Skaven held only the lowest levels and were constantly frustrated in their attempts to tunnel or fight their way into the upper workings. Spies on the surface told the warlords that the Orcs and Goblins now held the city on the surface entirely and were driving the Dwarfs ever deeper below ground.

Fortunately the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre broke the deadlock with their latest inventions. It was then that the Warlock Engineers first deployed the poisoned wind, a deadly gas attack that proved highly lethal. Hundreds of Dwarf lives were lost to this new and terrible weapon in the tightly confined tunnels of the lower deep's as clouds of choking yellowish-green vapour destroyed every defence the Dwarfs could muster. Neither armour nor stoic determination could combat the fumes. Although still costly in terms of casualties, nothing could slow the inevitable Skaven advance.

#### WAR WITH THE GREEN-THINGS

*Skaven and greenskins often benefit from the spoils of the same Dwarfhold, but not in the wildest of warpdreams could the two races be called allies. Battles between the Children of the Horned Rat and greenskins are common, with both sides seeking to wipe the other out by any means possible. However, as neither side has anything resembling scruples, alliances of convenience can happen when both sides see an advantage. When they can, Skaven manipulate any slow-witted Orc leaders (which are just about all of them) into doing all of the dirty work. Such pacts are always broken and the only real question is which side turns traitor first. Night Goblins, although less brutish than their Orcish cousins, are shrewd, and therefore much tougher opponents in a prolonged war. Night Goblins in particular compete with Skaven for the best lairs (often old Dwarfholds) and so any Warlord worth his sharp, pointy incisors will do his utmost to slay or enslave any Night Goblin tribes that get within striking distance of his clan!*





The powerful but portable Warfire Thrower could melt the tough gromril-reinforced gates, so it had no problems blasting the Dwarf shieldwalls that formed in front of such barriers. The bearded-things gave ground, but grimly held on. Level by level, hall by hall, the hold fell to the ratmen. Many Dwarfs, mighty warriors and unrivalled artisans alike, died agonising deaths in the pitch black beneath the world. The Skaven fatally burst through into the upper workings via the East Stair after a week of continuous fighting. Realising that their hold was lost to them the few hundred surviving Dwarfs hurriedly sealed the tombs of their ancestors and fought their way out to carry the news to Karaz-a-Karak. After well over a century and a half of bitter and constant warfare, the last few hundred Dwarfs fled Karak Eight Peaks as the hold was wrested from them.



In the uppermost levels of the Dwarfhold and in the ruins of the abandoned city on the surface, the Skaven warriors of Clan Mors and Gritak now battled the Orcs and Goblins that they themselves had first coerced into attacking. A series of vicious battles quickly delineated what parts of the city would remain the province of the Skaven and what would belong to the greenskins.

In the climactic last battle through the ceremonial halls of the west quarter Clan Mors, in accordance with the prior orders of the Council, collapsed the roof to seal out the Orcs. However they treacherously neglected to tell Clan Gritak of their intentions and nearly all the clan's warriors were killed in the cave-in. After enslaving the survivors Clan Mors laid claim to the entire lower city. Shortly after, the Lords of Decay approved their claim and to this day the City of Pillars remains Clan Mors' greatest holding and largest breeding pit.

## THE DWARF REALM BESIEGED

The fall of one of their largest and most prized settlements served notice that the Skaven were unlike the other threats to the Dwarfen realm. Although Orc tribes uniting to rampage or Chaos invasions were cataclysmic events, after such attacks the tide of war always receded and survivors had emerged. The lengthy and systematic campaigns of the Skaven threatened to destroy each and every hold. There was no respite, nor an ebb to the endless numbers. Since losing Karak Eight Peaks there have been attacks under every major Dwarfhold. Once deemed unassailable, even Karaz-a-Karak, the everlasting stronghold of strongholds, has been penetrated. Its lowest levels are now sealed with powerful runes and under constant guard, for the Dwarfs know what waits in the depths below.

*The Dwarfs fought with all the stubborn tenacity of their kind, but were slowly forced back by the relentless Skaven advance. Dwarf axe chopped at black Skaven fur, Skaven sword crunched into Dwarf mail, spatters of blood flew overhead. The fitful glow of the torches on the tunnel wall illuminated a scene of relentless savagery. No quarter would be asked, nor no surrender given.*

*The Skaven pushed the Dwarfs back by sheer weight of numbers. For every ragman that fell another two fought each other to take its place. Rats swarmed round the feet of the combatants, feeding on the dead, and pulling down the injured of both sides. A wave of rats swarmed up Snorri's long mail coat and attacked his face. Desperately trying to protect his eyes, he stumbled and fell. The Skaven rushed over his body and there was nothing the Dwarfs could do except close their ranks and add Snorri's name to the list of fallen. If they survived, his bravery would be remembered.*

*The Dwarfs were fighting on the defensive, their orders to protect the Gate of Jewels, one of the access points that led onto the East Stair of Karak Eight Peaks. At first, a proud twenty-strong regiment, they had managed to repulse the Skaven and even drive them back, but now, with over two thirds of their number gone, they had been pushed back to the Gate itself.*

*Backs pressed against the solid oak door, the Dwarfs could retreat no further; they would give their lives to protect the East Stair. Like a vital artery, it led straight to the heart of Karak Eight Peaks. If the Skaven broke through, the whole stronghold could Fall, and another cornerstone of the Dwarfs' heritage would be lost.*

*Panting, blood from their many wounds dripping down their armour, the Dwarfs silently committed their souls to Grungni. The Skaven stopped before the Gate, snarling and squeaking, and parted ranks to let two more of their kind through. The two newcomers were bigger and better armed than the other Skaven. One carried a strange gunlike weapon in his paws, which was connected by a flexible pipe to a barrel carried by the other.*

*"Die-die. Dwarf-men!", squeaked the Skaven carrying the strange weapon, aiming the nozzle at the Dwarfs and pulling the trigger. With a fearsome whine, a stream of green-black fire shot forward and engulfed the Dwarfs.*

*The warfire clung to their bodies, burned their hair, dissolved the flesh from their faces, ate through their armour. Within seconds the proud Dwarf warriors were reduced to a smouldering mound of melted bone and metal scraps. With a snarl of triumph, the Skaven aimed his weapon at the centre of the Gate. Fingers of glowing warfire clawed through the thick timbers, and the Doom of Karak Eight Peaks was assured.*





Wherever the two races meet, the battle for domination continues. With each new tunnel invasion or bitterly contested counter-attack, the underground warfare has continued to evolve. The Dwarfs, steadily pushed back from the narrow hallways, began defending the grand halls and caverns. Here vast armies formed up, daring the Skaven to mass and assault. The Dwarfen shieldwall stretched unbroken for miles. The Skaven took the bait and only after suffering repeated massacres did the ratmen adapt once again. The efforts of dismantling and reassembling a larger engine of war such as a Screaming Bell or a Plague Furnace are arduous, but have proven devastating in the high arched halls of the Dwarfholds. To be a Dwarf in such times is to be besieged. Although many of that proud

race still seek to reclaim their lost realm of old, many feel it is ambitious just to maintain their current strongholds.



#### **PERVERSE SCIENCE**

*Another reason Dwarfs despise the Skaven so greatly is that the Ratmen are their only rivals in the art of science and engineering. However, where the Dwarfs enshrine precise craftsmanship and enduring results, the Skaven are the opposite, quite happy to throw anything together that works, not caring at all if it blows up after a few uses. The Dwarfs take this as an insult against the whole concept of craftsmanship and injurious to their pride, especially since – precisely because they never need to worry about safety or efficiency – Skaven technology continues to outstrip their own.*

And so more of the Dwarf kingdom continues to be gnawed away. Karak Izril was plundered and its ruined halls left to the greenskins. The mines of Grim-Duraz in the Grey Mountains were taken by Clan Morbidus, however the plagues unleashed there were so virulent that the caverns proved uninhabitable even after the swollen Dwarfs were removed. It is rumoured that Clan Pestilens have now secretly claimed the mines.







# THE WAR OF CRIPPLE PEAK

After their rapid period of expansion the Skaven stayed below the surface and gathered their strength for the next hundred years. The Lords of Decay formally created the Council of Thirteen to rule over the Skaven. The surviving Grey Lords (by now exceptionally old and wicked even by Skaven standards) occupied most of the places on the Council but the remaining places were allocated to any Skaven who could fight their way to the top of their clan and prove themselves worthy of membership. Many Skaven tried and failed but soon the Council stood at full strength. The first order of the Council prohibited the general study of magic so that only Clan Skryre and the Grey Seers, the mysterious solitary prophets of the Hornet Rat, could pursue its use.

The Skaven became a widespread race, but most clans regularly sent operatives back to Skavenblight. Around thirteen hundred years before the birth of Sigmar, word of the discovery of a great supply of warpstone travelled throughout the newly formed Under-way. The Skaven had found that a huge warpstone meteor lay interred in the sundered mountain called Cripple Peak at the edge of the Sour Sea in the Worlds Edge Mountains. In ancient times a huge warpstone meteor had smashed into one of the southernmost of the Worlds Edge Mountains. The shattered mountain, known as Cripple Peak, still housed a mother lode of the darkly magical rock deep within its sundered core.



Over time erosion had carried warpstone dust fax, turning the region into a barren and twisted land. The water of the sea glowed green and was haunted by mutated serpents of alarming size. It was here that Nagash, the father of necromancy, had chosen to settle. The great and evil necromancer ruled over Cripple Peak and the lands about it, worshipped by the primitive human tribes as a god and willingly did his foul biddings. His Undead legions mined the warpstone for Nagash's own use and with its dark power Nagash had forged a powerful evil empire. Over long years Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, largest and most evil of fortresses, was constructed.

Initially each Skaven clan greedily attacked Nagashizzar separately, barely denting the formidable fortress. Then the newly formed Council of Thirteen took over, jointly planning the attack. The Council ordered that the warpstone be captured at any cost. So it was that not one clan but many hordes burst into Nagashizzar, seeking to overrun it from below as they had done already to many Dwarf mines. At their command uncounted thousands of Skaven burst into Nagashizzar, the mine stronghold beneath Cripple Peak, and sought to overrun it from below as they had at Karak Varn.

But against the minions of Nagash they faced limitless numbers that never tired, and were not caught between two foes and cut off from help. They fought hack with equal savagery and held the tunnels against the seething hordes of rat-warriors from below. Savage fights in the tunnels lasted for days, weeks, and months, but the Skaven could not wear down their foes. Warlocks of Clan Skryre arrived to break the deadlock, but from his throne, high above the battle in the mines, Nagash exerted his will and the Skaven spells briefly flickered then died. An endless war of attrition ground on in the mines, the two armies fighting foot by foot, inch by inch. At times one side or the other collapsed sections of the tunnels and relative peace would fall until the warring factions found new routes to reach each other.

As the war stretched into years and then decades the Council of Thirteen hurled ever more warriors into the conflagration. Desperate to achieve victory, the Skaven struck the lands above, besieging Nagash's human followers. Skaven armies besieged their cities to cow them into submission. The cities burned and the streets ran red with slaughter but the humans still feared Nagash more than death or torture at the hands of the Skaven. Nagash struck back with his legions of walking dead and evil magic.

After a century of conflict the Council realised that, at best, the war was a resource-draining stalemate; the Skaven were unable to prevail against the power of Nagash and Nagash was unable to drive away the



Skaven and complete his own dark plans. Even if the Skaven were to break through his forces and confront the Wizard himself, the Grey Seers did not believe themselves capable of defeating him. It was at this time that the Council received shambling envoys from Nagash – an offer of a pact. In return for Skaven aid, Nagash would supply the ratmen with warpstone mined beneath Cripple Peak. After much deliberation the Council agreed to Nagash's offer. Though in truth the Council desired all of the warpstone and considered it the property of the Skaven by manifest destiny, their reserves of warriors were not inexhaustible and something was better than nothing. At least for the time being...

## THE DEATH OF NAGASH

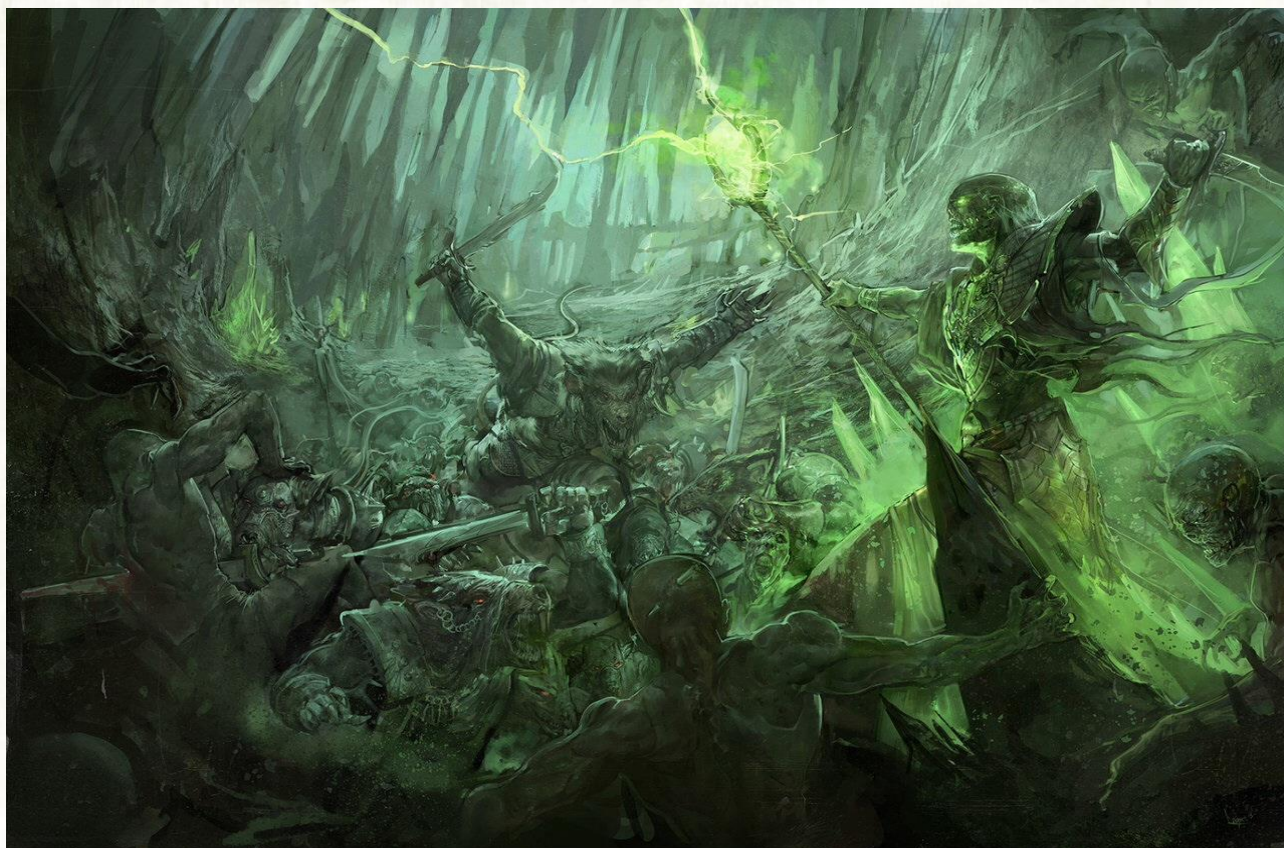
After the War of Cripple Peak and claw-marking the pact, the Council of Thirteen ordered all Skaven to maintain a diplomatic distance while they attempted more stealthy methods, and drive tunnels beneath his realm to steal the coveted resource of warpstone. Most efforts failed, but by now the wide-ranging Skaven had discovered other significant sources of warpstone and were less reliant on Cripple Peak. When Nagash sent rotting emissaries offering the Council more warpstone in exchange for luring Orc tribes into the Cursed Pit, the Council redoubled their spying efforts to find out what Nagash was planning.

At first the scuttling observers of the Lords of Decay could learn little, save that the growing armies of the Liche Lord set sail on the Sour Sea in ships of bone. Upon their return the ships bore a single prisoner, a human kingling one, from what they saw, of some

southern realm. Afterwards Nagash disappeared for a while and the spies discovered that he was below, tormenting his prisoner. Then something began which the Council needed no spies to report – a great and terrible gathering of dark power could be felt over Cripple Peak. Mounting storm clouds of energy heralded a mighty spell intended to reshape the world itself.

Nightmares stalked the surface world and portents of doom abounded. The Grey Seers were struck by visions and hurriedly the Council convened at Skavenblight. The spies told them that Nagash was already at his ritual and vile portents abounded. Using all the assets available to them, the Council scried far and wide for clues to Nagash's intentions. To their shock, far to the south they found what could only be Nagash's creation, an innumerable legion of Undead flowing north like a dusty river of bone and parchment flesh. Literally millions upon millions of restless dead were on the march, answering their summons to Nagashizzar to form the mightiest army the world had ever seen, and more dead were rising to join. Before them the living would be snuffed out like a candle before a black whirlwind.

Fear gripped the Council – without doubt they would be amongst the first to feel the wrath of Nagash and his unstoppable legions. The network of spies, observers, and lookouts relayed that all was silent in Nagashizzar, the Great Necromancer was in a trance to regain his energy after his monumental undertaking. The Council of Thirteen realised they must destroy Nagash now, while he was exhausted, before his millions of rotting legions arrived, but how to confront the recumbent





Necromancer? They could trust no lone Skaven's nerve and none of the Council was prepared to confront almost certain death for the good of the others. Some of the ancient Grey Lords even doubted that their weapons could kill Nagash at all.

Lord Velsquee finally suggested a suitably cunning plan. In Nagash's dungeons still languished the mysterious king of the south. After his long torment it was doubtless that he would relish an opportunity to destroy the Liche Lord if he were released and armed appropriately. The man-thing would need a weapon mighty enough to harm the Liche Lord. Further, added Lord-Warlock Paskrit of Clan Skryre, if an expendable pawn were used the weapon he wielded could he made more deadly, so lethal that to wield it assured certain death. It mattered not, as the unwitting user would be unaware that his own life was sapping away. For the first time in their long history, the Council of Thirteen unanimously agreed on a plan. With time pressing against them they swiftly set about executing their plot to destroy Nagash.

In utmost secrecy the Council forged a blade of warpstone from Cripple Peak and gromril stolen from Karak Varn. Grey Seers wove spells of the most dire power into the molten metal, quenched the glowing blade in acidic bile and magical poisons, carved it with runes so deadly that to read them was death. In the pommel they set a chunk of dark warpstone enchanted so that they could see through the eyes of the wielder and channel power to protect him from the Necromancer's spells. Before the blade was cool it was sheathed in lead and rushed through the Under-way using relay teams. The Council despatched their most trusted servants to Nagashizzar with the fell-blade locked in a lead casket.

Using secret tunnels to gain access to the deepest dungeons of the Necromancer's lair of Nagashizzar the servants of the Council crept into the prince's cell. Silently, they freed him and opened the lead casket before scuttling away. Filled with hate, the human took the bait, and grasped the sword. Far away in Skavenblight the Lords of Decay willed him towards the throne room of the Necromancer. Silently obeying, the prince stalked through empty corridors towards his doom. Already the dust raised by the approaching Undead legions could be seen from atop Cripple Peak.

In the echoing darkness of the throne room Nagash sat alone and with faltering steps the prince approached him. He hesitated for a moment at the foot of the towering figure before the mental urging of the Council made him raise the blade. At last he struck, but with a ghastly shriek the Necromancer raised a claw to ward off the blow. The fell-blade clove through Nagash's upraised wrist but the Necromancer merely staggered before unleashing a deadly blast of power against his assailant. The Council reeled as they strove to protect their pawn. Two of the ancient Grey Lords fell dead with blood spraying from their eyes and ears before they deflected the titanic energies Nagash unleashed.

The human went mad, hacking at Nagash before he had a chance to recover, and at last the blade's deadly enchantments took hold. The razor-keen blade carved through the Necromancer again and again, unseaming even his iron-hard flesh until at last the great Necromancer lay in a thousand pieces. As the human staggered away, already driven to madness or oblivion (the Council cared not), the waiting Skaven scurried into the throne room and cast Nagash's remains into the warpforges, destroying them utterly. With the death of Nagash the legions of Undead at his command crumbled or scattered. Unknown to the rest of the world the threat to all life was averted and the most powerful necromancer the world has ever known was slain by treachery.



## THE FALL OF FORTRESS RIKEK

The Council of Thirteen, in upheaval after the loss of its Seerlord, appointed Clan Rikek, led by Warlord Graskk, a rising member of the Council, to take control of Nagashizzar and mine Cripple Peak of its remaining warpstone. The clan quickly established itself and enslaved the surviving humans of Nagash's empire. Over the centuries that followed huge amounts of warpstone were carried off to Skavenblight and Clan Rikek became very wealthy with the warp tokens they received for their efforts.

Then, one dark and stormy night, a stranger brashly approached the gates of Nagashizzar and demanded entry. The clanrat warriors gleefully swarmed out to seize the fool but as they reached the cowl figure they fell back with whines of terror. Before they could run three paces they were torn asunder by slinking Ghouls that poured out of the shadows. The figure paced forward to the gates, the rattling and whispering of the Undead at his heels. It slowly lifted its cowl to reveal the skull face and glowing eyes of Nagash returned from certain destruction. He spoke secret words of power and the impenetrable gates of Nagashizzar swung open before him. The Undead legions swept into the great Necromancer's stronghold and crushed Clan Rikek in a single night.

When the handful of survivors reached Skavenblight with news of Nagash's return, the Council of Thirteen hurriedly despatched a massive army to besiege Nagashizzar before the Liche could wreck vengeance upon the rest of the Skaven. Months of attacks and counterattacks followed with neither side able to destroy the other. The Lords of Decay spent many days and nights gleaning what information they could about Nagash. Eventually they divined that though the great Necromancer was still a mighty foe he had been greatly weakened by his previous demise. They knew that most of the warpstone beneath Cripple Peak had been mined out, robbing him of his greatest source of power. So, in the end, they withdrew their warriors from the fruitless siege of Cripple Peak and Nagash remained in his stronghold, unassailable but too weak to venture out. So it remained for many long centuries.







# THE RISE OF CLAN PESTILENS

As previously mentioned, the return of Clan Pestilens to the Old World was a turning point for the Skaven, one that both helped and hurt their foes. Just over a century after the crowning of Sigmar in the Empire a new power arose within Skavendom. Clan Pestilens, long believed lost or scattered during the first migrations out of Skavenblight, emerged from the rotting jungles of Lustria. The clan was long forgotten and much changed since leaving Skavenblight. It became clear that they had passed far beyond the knowledge of the Lords of Decay, across trackless wastes and distant seas before settling at last in the rotting jungles of Lustria.

The name of the clan that was led to the dry deserts of what is now Araby during the Great Migration is no longer remembered. How they found the tunnels beneath the Great Ocean to the jungle land of the coldblooded ones is unrecorded. Yet the Skaven arose under a temple-city in deepest Lustria. Although the ratmen were accustomed to insect-filled swamps, the virulent tropical diseases began to take their toll. When the clan was reduced to only a few hundred surviving members, led by a Warlord whose name is lost in the mists of time, their fur soaked in cold sweat and their fevered brains wracked by insane visions, the clan was visited by an epiphany. If they dedicated their lives to the Great Horned Rat, they would be spared. If they scoured the jungle for victims to sacrifice, the Great Horned One's hunger would be appeased. If they grew to revere the very diseases that were killing them, they might be born anew. And so out of darkest desperation, a new breed of Skaven emerged – the zealous Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens.

At first the clan had been devastated by disease in the steaming jungles and insect-plagued swamps, decimating their numbers. After a few of the creatures' short generations, the survivors became inured to the deadly pestilences and welcomed the paw of the Horned Rat in such virulent corruption. The clan eventually made its home in a vast pre-human temple deep in the green hell of the Lustrian interior. They learned much from the degenerate inhabitants of that once-mighty fane and unearthed many dark secrets from the carvings on still visible on the walls, and from the foul catacombs beneath. With each generation Clan Pestilens grew stronger, fighting the Lizardman warriors in the caverns and surrounding jungles. They enslaved and sacrificed thousands to the unholy Horned Rat and became more and more obsessed with worship and ceremony. Eventually they became devoted disciples of decay, blessed with the Horned Rat's vision of corruption.

The Skaven that rose out of the crumbling temple-city were hideous, covered in weeping buboes, their poxridden bodies toughened by the very diseases they carried. Methodically, Clan Pestilens grew, plundering

arcane secrets from the ruins over the centuries. Many of the cold-blooded reptilian creatures that sought to protect the jungle were sacrificed in the name of the Great Horned Rat. And always Clan Pestilens sought new ways to devote themselves to corruption.

The generations passed and Clan Pestilens grew stronger. Soon the Plague Monks started to expand and their delirious ferocity became legendary among their enemies. The first to suffer at their hands were the Lizardmen. Several of their cities were wiped out by lethal plagues until powerful magic unleashed by the Slann forced Clan Pestilens to retreat.

Their warriors fought many skirmishes with the weird tribal inhabitants of the caverns and rain-forests surrounding their crumbling temple-city. They enslaved or sacrificed thousands to the Horned Rat in week-long rituals and became ever more obsessed with worship and ceremony, dedicating themselves to their god with fanatical devotion. Perhaps some ancient madness permeated the stones of the temple or it echoed with the unquiet spirits of past victims, twisting the Skaven's minds to worship as in some earlier time. Or perhaps the Horned Rat really did single out Clan Pestilens to be his disciples of decay and blessed them with his divine vision of corruption.

Whatever the truth, Clan Pestilens thrived and multiplied in their temple-city. Eventually the Plague Monks became a mighty power in the hot, verdant







heartland of Lustria. Once they exhausted the lands around them, these so-called Plague Monks, led by Lord Nurglitch, decided that it was time to return to their kin in the Old World and make their presence felt. A great migration of Clan Pestilens and its slaves departed the temple city soon after and carved its way through the jungles to the coastal mangrove swamps near the ocean, and the pestilent host spent a decade fighting their way there. Apart from insects, leeches and sweltering heat no-one and nothing assailed them as they travelled. The natives knew well enough to avoid any confrontation with the Plague Monks and wild beasts could scent their corruption from afar.

When they reached the coast, the Plague Monks had the slaves create crude barges to carry them across the sea, and a hastily built fleet of ramshackle ships was constructed to carry the greater part of Clan Pestilens to the Southlands. After months of building the Plague Monks set sail across the Southern Ocean. Miraculously unmolested by storms and sea monsters the fleet passed over the waves far to the south of Ulthuan and the Elf fleets of Bel-Korhardris the scholar-king. The Plague Fleet made its landfall in the far South Lands and established a new stronghold there. They then sent emissaries to Skavenblight where the Lords of Decay convened, announcing their return

and their role as the Horned Rat's priesthood of decay. Clan Pestilens bore a list of demands to the Lords of Decay for status, tithes of warpstone, breeding rights and the grant of several positions on the Council of Thirteen. The Council had no need for a new faction with which to share their power, however. The Lords of Decay had the emissaries butchered for their presumption and sent their rotting cadavers back to the Plague Lords as an object lesson in humility.

## CIVIL WAR

The Plague Lords were angered but unsurprised by the Council's response. Soon afterwards Clan Pestilens launched attacks against two Warlord clan strongholds in the South Lands. The Plague Monks overran the Human city of Bhagrusa in a single night of fire and slaughter, seemingly lashing out in anger at the nearest human city... but their true plan was revealed when they besieged the Skaven stronghold hidden beneath it. All communication to the distant hold ended immediately. The Council, concerned, dispatched a scouting force, and after several months they discovered what had befallen the former Human city. It was empty of all life and full of pestilent Skaven corpses, their bodies showing the ravages of terrible disease. At Mount Lhasa, the Plague Monks had surrounded the stronghold of Clan Merkit with great cauldrons filled with Warpstone-laced bubbling offal and putrescence, and used great bellows to fill the caves below the city with noxious mists carrying all manner of deadly diseases. Those who fled to the surface were captured and enslaved, and only Lord Merkit himself and a handful of lieutenants escaped to tell the tale.

The Council of Thirteen responded by despatching more armies of Clanrats supported by Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre against Clan Pestilens. But several Southlands clans capitulated to the Plague Monks after their demonstration of power in the hideous slaughter at Bhagrusa, and helped them resist the armies of the Council. As the years passed and the Council of Thirteen appeared incapable of bringing the Plague Monks to heel other Warlord clans split away from their control. The rogue warlords either joined the Plague Monks or made war on each other to settle old scores and take slaves. Within a few generations the Council of Thirteen lost control of the Southlands entirely and was starting to have problems keeping the rest of Skavendom in order.

For four hundred years the Skaven race remained divided into two hemispheres: the north led by the Council and the south by the Plague Lords. Many clans stood apart from the fighting and continually attempted to ally with whichever side had the upper hand. Constant battles were fought between the factions, terrible magics were unleashed and sorcerous plagues ravaged the South Lands but the war remained locked in a stalemate. Neither the Council nor the Plague Lords were willing to parley or accede in any way that the other was favoured by the Horned Rat and thereby in the right.



Finally the deadlock was broken by the reappearance of another supposedly lost clan, Clan Eshin, whose assassin-adepts returned from the far land of Cathay in the east. Trained in the arts of assassination in Cathay, Clan Eshin had learned much of the art of stealthy killing from one of the oldest human civilisations in the world. Their black-clad murderers could infiltrate the most well defended lair and slay the mightiest foes with their deadly skills without ever being discovered.

The assassins pledged their allegiance to the Lords of Decay in Skavenblight and were soon despatched on many missions against the rogue warlords and the Plaguelords themselves. Over the next five generations the Lords of Decay used fear and assassination to systematically bring the Warlord clans back under their control, gradually eroding the support of Clan Pestilens in the Southlands.

The Plague Lords realised they were losing ground, and so requested an audience with the full Council of Thirteen in Skavenblight. The Grey Seers interceded and made the Lords of Decay vow not to try to assassinate the Pestilens delegates. And so Nurglitch, the mightiest Plague Lord of Clan Pestilens, travelled north to treat with the Council.

Accordingly, the mightiest Plague Lord of Clan Pestilens, Nurglitch, travelled north with a small band of disciples. Naturally, there were several attempts to kill this great leader during the journey. After surviving several of them en route, Nurglitch arrived and abased himself before the Lords of Decay in the temple of the Hornet Rat. Clan Pestilens now only requested acceptance into the Council and unreservedly placed the resources of the clan at the disposal of the Council of Thirteen. Furthermore, Nurglitch respectfully informed the Lords of Decay that he and his disciples were carrying vials of a particularly virulent strain of yellow skull fever. Further attempts to foreshorten his life or deny the requests of Clan Pestilens would leave him no option but to release the lethal contagion in the heart of Skavendom, and therefore exterminate the entire Council and possibly a great deal of the Skaven



race. The Lords of Decay welcomed Clan Pestilens back to Skavenblight. They were pleased to have the resources of the clan at their disposal and happy to preside over Nurglitch's trial by combat to ascertain his worthiness as a Lord of Decay. They added that hidden assassins stood ready to slaughter Nurglitch and his disciples in an instant if he failed to comply. Nurglitch complied.

The trial of Nurglitch was unusual in that it was fought above ground – far, far above ground on top of the great bell tower. As the great bell shuddered out the thirteen tolls of midnight Nurglitch climbed up to face his opponent. Lord Vask, on a space some five paces wide and so dizzyingly high that clouds crept past below it. The burly Lord Vask stood armed with two cleavers against Nurglitch's own serrated blade.

As the bell tolled the thirteenth time the two rat lords snarled and circled carefully around each other, their long tails lashing. Nurglitch darted a slash at Vask's exposed leg, only to be blocked and almost pushed over the edge by his return blow. Vask's other cleaver cut the fur of Nurglitch's shoulder as he rolled away. Vask laid hack his cars and stayed in the centre of the platform, forcing Nurglitch to fight with his hack to empty nothingness. Nurglitch desperately rained three quick blows on his foe and forced him back a pace. As Nurglitch closed Vask swept his razor-sharp cleavers down at his head and crotch with blinding swiftness. Nurglitch blocked one with his own blade and snarled as the other tore off his ear.

Nurglitch flipped a cleaver over the edge with a practised twist of his blade but Vask caught hold of his wrist before he could recover. The second cleaver rose for the killing blow and slashed empty air as Nurglitch lunged to sink his fangs into Vask's neck. Nurglitch and Vask ki swim with a grunt, each flailing to keep hold of the other's weapon, blood slicking the stones.

Nurglitch's legs kicked out into nothing as Vask heaved him away over the edge. Suddenly Nurglitch was hanging by his paws, scrambling to climb back up as Vask lumbered to his feet and retrieved his cleaver. Nurglitch's arms shook as he clung on above the infinite gulf of darkness, Vask's blood dripped down on him as the Lord of Decay stepped slowly to the edge and looked down. Vask swayed and tried to raise his cleaver, bloody foam and pus leaking from the black tendrils of contagion already spreading from his ruined throat. With a final, despairing croak Vask pitched forward over the edge. So the bell tolled for Vask's passing and Nurglitch took his place on the Council of Thirteen. The name of Nurglitch is celebrated by the Plague Monks to this day and by tradition the holder of Clan Pestilens' position on the Council takes the name Nurglitch as a mark of respect.

While those hundreds of years of civil war allowed the surface races to live free of the Ratmen's attentions for a time, the ultimate price paid for them was too high: the art of the Plague Lords had been added to the Skaven arsenal.







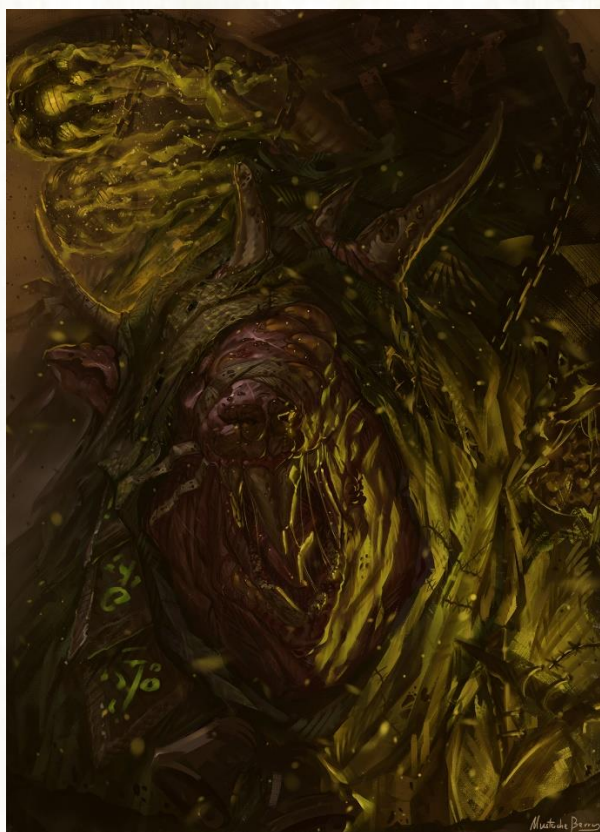
The jungle resounded with the cries of colourful birds and the mating calls of wild animals. The tropical rain clouds had doused the jungle in monsoon rains and swelled the mountain streams into raging torrents.

Climbing the narrow tracks that wound through the towering peaks came the Lizardman army Lord Axolotl-Olm borne aloft at its head. Slowly and inexorably they marched to the beat of drums, passing great waterfalls and the vine covered remains of their former civilisation, guided by the enigmatic instructions of their Mage-Priests.

Meanwhile, hidden amidst the mountain crags Lord Skrolk, the old and evil Plaguelord of Clan Pestilens, stirred his cauldron of bilious slime, casting spells into the brew from his tome of twisted magics. Blissfully unaware of the Lizardmen's approach he cackled insanely to himself tossing a poisonous toad into the boiling mix. Lord Nurglitch would honour him greatly. This new disease would be his greatest triumph yet, perhaps a precursor to the return of Clan Pestilens to their true homeland. A homeland that he would one day rule.

On the ruined pyramid above, the hulking forms of Beastmen lazed in the damp sunlight. Like the Skaven below, their fur was covered in warts, boils and pustules. The bones of their victims lay in rank piles about their recumbent forms.

The dark chamber within was filled with evil smelling green smoke, while the rotting carcasses of dead animals hung from the walls, hairy black flies crawling across every surface. The atmosphere was toxic, one of disease, plague and death. Skaven Plague Monks scurried about their disgusting business, bringing their foul master the



ingredients he required for his festering cauldron. Down the crumbling steps limped a lone human, cowed and cloaked, a rusting scythe as his Staff.

"Ahhh Festamus, you have returned. My diseases are too potent-potent for you to resist," the blind old rat chattered mockingly, sniffing the air for the human's scent.

"Yes, and with ill tidings, oh pestilent one."

"What, what is this. What dares to interrupt my work-work?" squealed Skrolk angrily.

"You are discovered, an army of Lizardmen will be here within the hour, already they have you surrounded."

"Treachery!" Skrolk drooled and spat with frenzied excitement. "We have not yet the strength to fight them, my work is incomplete," he ranted.

"All is not yet lost, oh putrescent one, you still have the Liber Bubonicus and Father Nurgle is well disposed to your cause. Let us prepare a ceremony," offered Festamus, growing excited at the prospect.

"Yes-yes," replied Skrolk, realising what the Nurgle sorcerer was implying. "Bring me seven of my slaves and my sacrificial knife, quickly," he ordered. Soon the daemons of Nurgle would once again walk the jungles of Lustria...

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Stranded in the middle of the ford Skrolk was powerless to prevent the ancient Mage-Priest's potent magic. From across the river a sheet of blue flame engulfed his followers. Still frothing at the mouth, long yellow incisors dripping with the blood of the Lizardmen, Skrolk dodged across the river. Although blind by any normal standards Skrolk could still see the world as shades of disease and decay. He sensed the change in the balance of corruption as the Plague Monks were cleansed by magical flame, squealing and writhing as their fur burnt, before their bodies tumbled into the river.

All was lost, his plan was in ruins, bitter hatred for the defeat incensed in his already rabid mind. Festamus must have betrayed him...

Skrolk sought desperately for a way to escape. The blue flames were now catching him, singeing his tattered robes, his tail was already alight. Cursing his enemies one last time he leapt into the torrential waters that rushed past his feet.

The river plunged down the steep mountainside as Skrolk clung to the arrow pierced body of a Plague Monk. Through rapids and over waterfalls he tumbled, gasping for air as the currents bore him along to safety.

Eventually Skrolk washed up at a shaded cove, half drowned and bedraggled, but alive. Next to him lay the body of his former disciple. Shaking himself dry Skrolk rejoiced, for the Horned Rat had delivered him. Though he may have lost this battle he would return...







# THE BLACK PLAGUE

The Skaven reputation for cowardice and dissension leads many to believe that the Skaven are either too impatient or too foolish to craft long-term plans. For the individual Ratmen, this may be true, but the weight of cultural pressures, the constant infighting and sabotage, and the slow build-up of power give the race as a whole a sense of patience and cunning. One Warlord may hatch a scheme and begin breeding the warriors to complete it; another may catch wind of the plan and begin to imitate it; and decades after the first two are long-dead, having killed one another in a spiteful battle over who should best carry out the attack, a new Warlord may pick up where they left off. So it was with their plan to re-conquer the empire of Humanity; a plan which began some 500 years before the first blow was struck—and all the while, Humanity was unaware of the danger growing beneath them.

Indeed, Humans of that time had even less awareness of the Skaven threat than they do now. They had faced only the Greenskins in the Dwarf wars, and those taciturn warriors had not seen the need to describe the Ratmen in detail. With the Orc and Goblin armies routed, there was little to Fear. Lacking an enemy from without, Humanity became its own enemy. Just centuries after Sigmar's founding of that great nation, the Empire was crippled with corruption, indolence and division. Those few who remain sceptical of the Ratmen's unearthly cunning and intelligence should take note: even if they did nothing to help along this process of societal decay. They co-ordinated their centuries-long plan to strike at exactly the moment when the Empire was at its weakest. By the end of the first millennium, Emperor Goldgather was on the throne solely by his virtue of being the most corrupt lord in the realm, and his Empire had collapsed beneath him into outright civil war.

The Skaven's first moves were invisible, of course. Disease was so ubiquitous in the Old World that few could have conceived that such a thing might be a tool of war. In the winter of the year 1111 Clan Pestilens unleashed their most deadly scourge in the Empire. Clan Eshin adepts emptied vials of this vile pestilence into sewers and wells beneath many cities, poisoning the water with a foulness that spread through the human populace like wildfire. It began as dark blotches on the afflicted's flesh which would spread to eventually cover the entire body. Joints swelled and seized leaving the victim contorted in screaming agony. The disease was fast-spreading and fast-acting after the symptoms presented themselves. After anything from a few minutes to a week the afflicted would die in convulsions, flopping around like a gutted fish until their neck snapped. The lucky died quickly, and in death the corpse turned a dark ashen grey. The citizens of the Empire came to call it the Black Plague, but many simply called it the Death, or feared to speak of it at all.

It was first seen in the southern areas, causing many to believe that it had been spread by Tilean tradesmen. Communication at the time was limited, and it was only when the disease decimated the streets of Nuln and Talabheim where the plague began almost simultaneously that the true extent of the epidemic became known. The roads and rivers that made trade and transport so easy in the Empire spread the plague further and faster than the Clan Eshin ever could. Soon towns were closing their gates against desperate refugees fleeing before the sickness. One by one the besieged towns succumbed to the plague or fell victim to their own diseases in the cramped overcrowding that followed. Middenheim closed its viaducts early on and so escaped the Black Plague altogether but elsewhere whole villages were swept away by the tide of death, towns were abandoned and cities became empty coffins where the living were outnumbered by the dead. No known medicine could help, and the speed of the disease provided no time to study it. The disease was soon thought to be unstoppable, with supplication to the Gods thought to be the only way to be spared. Men prayed to the gods for deliverance but none was forthcoming bands of Flagellants wandered the land proclaiming that the wrath of Sigmar had fallen upon the corrupt Empire.

As winter turned to spring the grip of the Black Plague abated somewhat and the Council of Thirteen released the Warlord clans against the tottering remnants of the Empire. They poured out of their underground warrens into every city and town in the Empire. Chattering hordes of clanrat warriors overran the depopulated towns and villages of the southern Empire one by one,





slaughtering and eating the weakened defenders in an orgy of violence. Those few Humans spared by the plague had no time to prepare and no will to stand against the Skaven. Many viewed them as the last trumpet of the apocalypse, sent to devour whatever fragment of humanity still lived. Powered by that fear, the Skaven conquered whole cities in hours. Those too old or young to work were butchered on sight; those who could stand and hold a pick were taken to the Skaven mines as slaves. Crops and livestock were looted and dragged away below ground. Dozens of settlements were burned, often with their occupants still inside. Against the tolling bells of the infernal Skaven war machines, even walled towns were breached with ease. The Imperial Army was helpless against the onslaught. Within another year, a third of the Empire's already depleted population had been slaughtered or enslaved, only the largest of cities in the south – Altdorf, Nuln, and Averheim – were still standing, while the plague still ran rampant in the north, holding the land in a death grip. After years of corruption and neglect the Imperial army was helpless against the incursions of the children of the Hornet Rat. Vertholf Bergon of Nuln described the lands surrounding the city as *"A scene from hell, the blackened land pocked to the horizon with burning pyres which painted the sky a lurid red and spread dark choking clouds as far as the eye could see."*

Over the next seven years the Skaven started to systematically enslave the surviving human settlements who fled. Swarms of scuttling clanrats would surround a farm or village at the dead of night and set fire to it, netting and clubbing the occupants as they fled the flames. They drove long, shuffling columns of men, women and children away to great slave-camps constructed amidst the ruins of Ubersreik in Reikland and Pfeildorf in Wissenland. The lucky ones were left to work above ground growing food for the Skaven hordes but the less fortunate were sent below to work in the mines and forges of the Under-Empire. Whole families were dragged away in chains, doomed never to see the sun again.



As the slaves and booty stripped from the corpse of the Empire rolled in the status of Clan Pestilens rose immeasurably. Even the other Lords of Decay could not deny that the virtual collapse of the Empire had been brought about by the potency of the Black Plague. Because none of the Lords of Decay were willing to openly resist them, the Plaguelords of Clan Pestilens succeeded in slaying two members of the Council and securing an unprecedented three positions in the Council of Thirteen. The remaining Lords of Decay separated to their respective strongholds to plot a way to stop the Plague Lords' runaway success.



In 1115 Boris Goldgather, the much hated and incompetent emperor of the time, succumbed to the plague himself (although in truth he was killed by a shuriken of a Clan Eshin assassin) and the hard-pressed citizens of the Empire finally had something to celebrate. The emperor was one of the Black Plague's last victims, its hold having gradually weakened over the past four years, but by now over three quarters of the population had fallen victim to the plague or the Skaven. The few surviving cities were now faced with starvation. Huge tracts of the Empire had been reduced to wasteland and Skaven armies marched openly across Reikland, Averland and Talabecland. Every winter thousands starved in the handful of towns and major cities that had escaped the scourges of disease and war. With no Emperor on the throne, the Ratmen considered themselves victorious, and there were few remaining Humans brave enough to disagree. In Skavenblight the Council of Thirteen convened and judged the time to be ripe for their final blow. They set armies in motion to destroy the last resistance and enslave all the surviving humans in the Empire. It seemed that the end of Sigmar's Empire had indeed arrived – but once again, fate played a hand, and two events occurred that stopped the death blow from falling.

In 1116, the Skaven marched west to claim the last remaining territories of the Empire, into the previously untouched province of Sylvania. Black Plague and now the Skaven entered to search for warpstone. Five years earlier, just when the plague had begun, heavy showers of meteors had plunged down from Morrslieb upon the



state of Sylvania. As with the stone that later fell on the town of Mordheim, it is now clear this meteorite was composed partly or wholly from Warpstone. In the chaos of the plague years, none had set forth to see what damage this had wrought, but when the Skaven Forces entered Sylvania's borders, there was an army there ready to meet them: an army of the dead. To their dismay they encountered great bands of plague-slain Zombies and Ghouls they could not so easily defeat – and a new horror marched forth upon this world.

Facing a foe immune to both disease and Fear, and almost as numerous as themselves, the Skaven Found themselves without any of their traditional tactical advantages. The small Force that had been sent into Sylvania was quickly eliminated by the Undead horde and their necromantic general van Hel. The Skaven responded as only they knew how: sending waves and waves of more troops into that province to crush this new enemy. The war between these two abominable races endured for almost five years, and no side ever claimed victory. The Skaven made slow progress in a series of skirmishes and small battles and soon started lose many warriors to a resurgence of the Black Plague amidst their own ranks. Grey Seer Skrittarr reminded the warlords of the lessons learned fighting Nagash in the war of Cripple Peak and the clanrats withdrew from Sylvania to find easier prey. The struggle did however divert the great armies of the Ratmen away from the remainder of the Empire, as well as exhaust their troops (and, equally propitious for the Empire, the troops of the Undead armies as well). Finally, the Empire had a chance to strike back against their conquerors, but the damage wrought upon them had been so complete that there was no one brave enough to believe such an action could succeed, let alone convince other men to follow him in it. Except for one.



In the north of the Empire Middenheim had weathered the preceding years of famine and pestilence very well. When the plague struck, Elector Count Mandred von Grotkaas, ruler of Middenheim, ordered that city's great stone viaducts to be destroyed to prevent the infection entering the walls. This decisive action spared the city most of the horrors of the disease, and its army remained strong. Count Mandred, had done all he could to help the refugees flooding up from the south and the Priests of Ulric had so far kept the city free of plague. Well-defended, and set atop a giant rocky pinnacle in the forest, Middenheim had no fear of attack and was well provisioned for a lengthy siege in any event.



Late in 1118 a huge horde of Skaven emerged from the forests around Middenheim and encircled it. When the Ratmen attacked, they recognised Middenheim as the last bastion of Imperial strength, and laid siege to the city, while their sapper agents worked their way up through the tunnels in the mountain beneath. But Mandred did not falter against these terrible odds, He ordered the lower levels of the city to be Hooded, and his great courage and personal leadership inspired his men to fight furiously and ceaselessly against the Ratmen's constant attacks. The city held out for months, and when the battle in Sylvania began, much of the Ratmen's forces collapsed into internal strife or withdrew.

The fortress city atop the rock of Ulricsberg proved difficult to crack. It was Elector Count Mandred who championed the defence, leading from atop the battlements wherever the fighting was fiercest. After several days the Skaven infiltrated the tunnels beneath Middenheim, threatening to overrun the whole city from below. But Count Mandred co-ordinated a brilliant defence of the city and the tunnels beneath in the following weeks, combining flooding and barricades with desperate tunnel-fighting by the Knights of the White Wolf and many other stout warriors. Often the Count patrolled the subterranean outposts himself, raising the spirits of the hard-pressed soldiers there by joining them in the dark beneath the streets. Months of skirmishing and prowling through the labyrinth underneath the city followed, with occasional groups of Skaven getting into the city above to murder and poison before they were hunted down. All the Skaven advances were destroyed before they could be exploited. Before the defenders could be worn down, disaster struck. The Skaven were struck with their own pestilence, their numbers rapidly dwindling.





By early spring the Skaven horde was too riven with famine and pestilence to maintain the siege any longer and withdrew, establishing a secret stronghold in tunnels beneath the city before they left. As a parting gift the children of the Horned Rat released the plague into Middenheim, already crammed with refugees trying to escape the Skaven and the harsh winter. In such close packed conditions the Black Plague ran riot but miraculously (as the priests of Ulric were quick to point out) the plague seemed to have weakened and only a third of its victims died.

Aware that this may be his only chance to stop the hideous tide of the Ratmen, Mandred gathered what remained of the city's soldiers and templars and rode out into the Skaven armies, breaking the siege and routing the Ratmen. Together the warriors of Middenheim kept the verminous hordes at bay and Count Mandred was hailed as the saviour of the city.

After years of facing cowed and out-numbered opponents, the Skaven were unprepared and unwilling to face an onslaught of armoured knights. Pressing every advantage he had, Mandred's army rode south to Altdorf and relieved that city as well. This was the turning point, for across the Empire the unbeatable verminous multitudes transformed into a bedraggled mass. His army grew as Mandred rallied the surviving Elector Counts and led the anti-Skaven crusade against all the Ratmen in the Empire.

By 1122 Count Mandred had rallied enough support from the surviving Elector Counts to lead a crusade against the Skaven in the Empire. Famine and internecine warfare had thinned the Skaven's ranks, weakening them considerably. Over the next two years a series of great battles was fought in Averland and Reikland, and the Skaven were gradually divided upon themselves. As their own plague raged through their ranks, the ratmen were defeated in battle after battle, too depleted by disease and war to continue fighting. Many smaller skirmishes were fought between small forces of Skaven and Empire troops around deserted

villages and farms across the land. Gradually the Skaven armies were pushed out of the Empire step by step and driven back underground.

A Skaven counter-attack, known as the Battle of the Howling Hills, was their last-ditch effort. The ploy almost worked until Mandred beheaded the Great Warlord Vrrnik of Clan Mors (a member of the Council of Thirteen). All Skaven hope of victory was lost. By 1124 the ratmen were driven below ground and Count Mandred Skaven Slayer, who wore Vrrmik's skull on his helm, was hailed as a saviour of the Empire and crowned Emperor shortly afterwards. It was a defeat, but for the Skaven only a temporary one. For now they knew their enemy intimately, his lands and forces, his strengths and weaknesses, and it was only a matter of time before they tried again.

Many Skaven strongholds established in the preceding years remained undiscovered and the slaves taken were never freed but the Skaven were exhausted by their efforts. The Lords of Decay realised they were too weak to counter-attack and finish the humans properly this time. In truth the Skaven had captured so many slaves that they were starting to get seriously outnumbered in some parts of the Under-Empire and the Council of Thirteen feared a revolt. The Council convened again at Skavenblight, determining to consolidate their position and build up the strength of the Warlord clans before launching another assault on the Empire.





Over the next twenty five years the Empire recovered more rapidly than the Lords of Decay believed possible. Under Emperor Mandred's dynamic rule towns were rebuilt and land resettled by refugees returning from Bretonnia and Kislev. To make matters worse, Mandred ordered a constant guard to be kept against the Skaven, setting up organisations such as the Sewer Watch to halt their incursions. In the Under-Empire the Council was beset by a slave revolt and several outbreaks of Black Plague depopulated some of the holds. The Lords of Decay convened at Skavenblight in the early winter of 1151. Recriminations flew between the Plague Lords and the rest of the Council, as well as demands for compensation and a number of assassination attempts. Eventually a decision was made to delay further operations in the Empire, save for a single act of vengeance.



To protect what remaining holds there were in the Empire the Council of Thirteen ordered the assassination of Emperor Mandred Skaven Slayer. A master assassin of Clan Eshin named Nartik succeeded in breaking into the Imperial palace and murdering

Emperor Mandred later the same year. He cunningly completed his act by leaving evidence of a mutant atrocity before escaping into the sewers.

As the Council of Thirteen had predicted the Elector Counts failed to find a successor and fell back into territorial disputes and personal rivalries. By the following winter the Empire had collapsed into civil war and the Skaven had an opportunity to recuperate their strength. Over succeeding generations the scholars of the Empire failed to make any connection between the incursion of the Skaven and the Black Plague so the Skaven were quickly dismissed as a threat to the Empire. Within two centuries what was known about the Skaven became so enshrouded in myth and legend that many educated men even refused to believe in their existence at all.

Although the Black Death of 1111 remains well known, the histories of the Empire have forgotten or deliberately omitted the accompanying invasion of the Skaven. They have become instead simply a plague of unusually large rats, feeding off the many dead so as to achieve fantastic populations and size. And now the deeds of Mandred Ratslayer have been softened, nearly forgotten, reducing him to a child's folk hero. Etchings often show him chasing pesky vermin from the streets with just his boots.









Several large stone slab dominated the darkened room, heavy iron shackles secured to their surfaces. Blood, fetid water and other oily substances soiled every surface of the chamber. Vials of bubbling liquid sat on shelves next to piles of rusted and tarnished blades and saws. Dirty bottles filled several bookcases, containing all manner of fowl creatures and organs. The walls were covered with numerous layers of papers, each filled with insensible diagrams and scratchy words. Several cages were scattered around the room, and the pitiful creatures within filled the air with their tortured cries. Thick iron bars designated one corner of the room as a holding cell, and dirty straw was strewn throughout. A bloated eye in a jar blinked, looking at the muttering overweight figure of Throt the Unclean, the muttering Skaven sitting at a workbench and scribbling madly on a parchment.

A large rat climbed the leg of the workbench, and sat on its hind legs gazing up at Throt. The Skaven looked at it for a moment before one of his three arms shot out, grabbing the creature as it turned to leap away. It squeaked loudly, biting fiercely into the Skaven's finger. Throt grinned, continuing his ongoing dialogue.

"...little rat-rat, what you do here? Spy, hmm? Like pretty stones, hmm? Nasty, nosy little friend..."

Holding the rat in one hand, Throt grabbed the creature's head in another, squeezing its jaws open painfully as it continued to struggle. Lifting the lid of a small lead-encased box with his third hand, Throt produced a small shard of warpstone. Green light glowed eerily through his clenched fingers, mirroring the light emanating from his left eye-socket. Still holding the rat's jaw open, he roughly shoved the warpstone into its mouth. Pushing the glowing stone firmly down the rat's throat, he changed his grip on the creature to hold its mouth closed. It immediately began to writhe and squirm uncontrollably, and a feral grin stretched Throt's face as he witnessed the beginning of the change.

Bones cracked as the rat's body underwent sudden mutation. Malformed bony protrusions burst through the skin of the rat's back, pushing out of its spine. As Throt held it firmly in his hands, several large lumps appeared on the rat's body, pushing out between his fingers. One eye of the rat began to swell unnaturally, and is turned a foul milky colour. Red splotches appeared in the pale eye as blood vessels burst. One of the bulges on the rat's body erupted abruptly, and a surprised giggle escaped from Throt's throat.

A bell sounded through the laboratory, and Throt looked up from his fun. He hurled the body of the rat dismissively to the floor, where its bloated form began to crawl away, leaving a trail of pus and foulness. From out of the darkness beneath the bench, several misshapen creatures leapt upon the fallen creature, devouring it in the blink of an eye before retreating into the gloom.

"...what-what, who be it, my pretties?"

Again the bell rang. Throt wiped his hands on his coat, and raised his considerable bulk to his feet. He shuffled

out of the room and approached an immense door, passing beneath a roughly-carved arch that was covered in spider webs. The webs were littered with large bundles of spider-silk. From some of the bundles protruded fat rat-tails.

Producing a large ring of keys, Throt unlocked the heavy door just as the bell rang again. Throt hissed as he violently yanked it open. The small, hunched Skaven standing in the gloomy tunnel outside the door visibly flinched, and dropped his eyes to the ground before his lord and master.

"...who it is, is little Kwitch, what does it want-want, ringing its bells...?"

Throt's prodigious belly gave out a sudden groan, and the small Skaven servant froze, looking up at his master fearfully. He gave a slight sigh of relief when Throt reached a hand absently into a pouch at his hip, producing a writhing creature. Before Kwitch could see what it was, Throt had shoved it into his mouth, and was busily crunching it between his teeth.

"Master, I bring-bring rat ogre from pen below."

Muttering to himself, Throt nodded, waving a hand for the hunched Skaven to enter. Kwitch gave a shout, ordering the slaves behind him forwards. The mangy slaves strained on thick ropes, pulling a wheeled cage holding the immense beast behind them. The rat ogre stared around at its surroundings with angry eyes, swinging its heavy head from side to side.

Kwitch hobbled into the laboratory, wincing at the red eyes that stared at him out of the darkness. He shuffled from foot to foot, uneasy around his unpredictable master, his eyes flicking to the large barbed whip hanging conspicuously from Throt's belt. His eyes lingered for a moment on a rat that skittered across the stone floor with what looked like a human ear growing out of its back. Shaking his head, he returned his mind to the task at hand. Pointing, he ordered the slaves to drag the rat ogre to the holding cell. A sliding gate in the cell was lifted, the cage fitting neatly into the space. Clambering on top of the cage, the slaves lifted its door to allow the rat ogre to enter the cell.

Snarling, the rat ogre did not move, gazing stupidly and angrily at the empty cell. Lifting a heavy barbed pole from the wall, Throt prodded the rat Ogre through the bars, trying to encourage it to move. It merely snarled all the more viciously. Throt sighed.

"...doesn't want-want to move, does it, eh? Get in cell-cell." Throt muttered to one of the slaves, pointing a clawed finger at the condemned Skaven. It stared back at him in uncomprehending shock. "Get in cell!"

Throt screeched at the slave. The other slaves grabbed the condemned Skaven, pushing it towards a second, smaller barred gate. Swinging the door open, the slave was thrown to the floor before the door was slammed behind him. The rat ogre sniffed the air and, stooping its head, stepped into the cell, dim eyes fixing on the quaking slave.



Screams, muffled roars and the sound of crunching bones soon filled the laboratory. Throt seemed oblivious to the noise and spray of blood, carefully inspecting one of his sketches on the wall. Kwitch's eyes were transfixed by the bloody feast being enacted before his eyes, and he involuntarily took a few steps backwards, stumbling into a small cage. He gazed down through the bars. In the small pen sat a creature, its legs misshapen and bent beneath it. Black feathered wings were stitched to its fleshy, rat-like torso that was topped with a human head. The creature turned its cloudy eyes up towards Kwitch and gave a soundless cry of despair, for its tongue had long been removed. Even Kwitch, long used to the foul experiments of his master stepped away from the cage in shock.

Throt was removing a series of implements from the wall, placing them onto a table. A large, crude saw blade, what looked like an immense sickle blade and a coiled serpent in a jar joined the other blades and wire arrayed on the table. Last was his box filled with the precious warpstone.

Rubbing his hands together eagerly. Throt turned to look at the rat ogre, just as the tail of the slave, the last evidence of its existence, disappeared into the slaving maw of the creature.

"...good-good, today I try something new... hear me, does it Kwitch?"

Kwitch bobbed his head eagerly. "Yes, master."

"...today I switch its legs and arms and head and tail and give it metal spikes-spikes, yes lots of spikes..."

"Yes, master."

"...and give it new mind, yes-yes new mind for it is of little brain..." Throt ceased his incessant mutterings for a moment as the idea came to him.

"Yes, a brain switch... switch, yes-yes, but switch with what..."

A cold feeling touched Kwitch's heart as he saw his master pause for a moment, a long finger tapping at his head. He hesitated for a moment, then shuffled over to Kwitch's side. Reaching out a powerful arm, he tapped on Kwitch's head. A sudden grin touched Throt's lips.

"Yes, a brain switch..."

The slaves grabbed Kwitch as he turned to run, and he was dragged screeching to one of the stone slabs, where the heavy shackles were quickly tightened around his limbs. As Throt drew a dotted line around the top of his head with a thick piece of charcoal, he muttered under his breath to the doomed Skaven.

"You are very lucky, yes lucky Kwitch, yes-yes it is..." he spoke as he raised a cruelly barbed blade. Kwitch screeched again, as the air filled with the scent of his fear.





# THE SPREADING SHADOW

During this millennium, humanity explored the world, and discovered that no place was safe from the depredations of the Ratmen. When Marco Colombo reached Lustria, he found the Skaven already poised to slaughter his men, and when Tilean sailors reached the shores of Cathay, they found the Skaven lurking in the darkness there. Finally, mankind became aware of the true extent of the Skaven Under-Empire, and the true magnitude of the Skaven population.

Again, it is easy to under-estimate the Skaven; to picture the Under-Empire as nothing but rough-cut, earth-filled barrows, around their larger settlements. A comforting thought, but a staggeringly incorrect one. The Skaven tunnels are vast in height, solid in construction and inconceivably far-ranging. By the turn of the second millennium the Skaven had constructed networks under every town and city in the Empire, and all of them lead back to their capital, the twisted and evil tower of Skavenblight, which has mines running as deep as the tower stretches above.

Their networks cannot cross the huge expanse of the Great Western Ocean to Lustria or Naggaroth, but that is their one and only limitation. The Great Maze, as they call it, soon provided continuous unbroken travel from the Chaos Steppes beyond Norsca and Kislev, under the Sea of Claws to Albion, through the Empire and Bretonnia to Tilea and Estalia, and ever-southward, to Araby, the Southlands, and beyond. Neither the World's Edge Mountains nor the Giant Kingdoms delay a Skaven force from travelling to distant Cathay and the islands beyond it. Although the way is long and often narrow, there are no mountains, swamps or

forests in the dark below, no snowfalls or storms, and very few beasts that have not learnt to fear the rodent masters of the dark. So it is that a Skaven army can now travel from Nippon to Bretonnia – halfway around the world – in less than six months. And the Skaven may move even faster soon, for Clan Skryre have perfected their Warpstone-fuelled "warprail engines" and await only the completion of the tracks for the carts to run on before they can place these machines throughout all of the Under-Empire.



Despite their size, these tunnels still do not contain sufficient living space for the constantly breeding Skaven horde, however, so the Skaven continue to struggle to conquer the surface, and to find more places to hide beneath it. Also feeding their need for conquest is their unquenchable lust for Warpstone. Whenever the Great Maze is not being used to house or transport Skaven troops, it shelters the mining, processing and transportation of that all-precious mineral.

Warpstone deposits have been found all over the Old World, with the biggest finds located under Karak Eight Peaks, under the hills of Albion and most famously, under the city of Mordheim. In the year 1999, a huge meteorite composed entirely of Warpstone descended on that city, reducing it in a moment to little more than ash and molten rock, and creating the largest concentrated source of that Foul material ever known in the Old World. Almost as instantly, the Skaven appeared in the craterous ruins, keen to claim the city's new treasure. But the impact had been seen far and wide, and soon word of what lay in the ruins reached the ears of Wizards, Chaos worshippers and countless other seekers of the stone.

As they were unaffected by the Chaos taint of the stone, the Skaven naturally grabbed the lion's share of the mineral, but more important was the knowledge they gained from that event: that men would pay dearly for even the tiniest amount of Warpstone, and that other men could be paid a trifle to seek vast quantities of the stone for them. The Skaven discovered that, linked by a common desire, humanity could be enslaved by bargains just as well as by chains. From that point hence, the Chaos Bargain spread like wildfire through the Empire, and great was the suffering it brought.





## THE RED POX

For years the Plague Lords on the Council of Thirteen were outmanoeuvred and forced to adopt a different approach. In place of direct attack, the Lords of Decay chose to rebuild their strength while using Clan Eshin agents to bring anarchy through assassination and political manipulation. The human crusades to Araby and the Tilean upheavals were examples of such campaigns instigated behind the scenes by nefarious plotting. Alas, no lasting victories were achieved using such insidious methods, and so it was that Clan Pestilens prevailed in persuading the Council to again attempt another invasion into the human realms.

The other Lords of Decay had long been jealous of the power wielded by Clan Pestilens after the unprecedented success of the Black Plague. When a similar campaign was undertaken in 1812 to destabilise and then destroy Bretonnia with the Red Pox the Plague Lords had confidently predicted its success. It was almost seven hundred years later, but the Skaven did strike again with equal force and fury, but this time against Bretonnia. Here the disease of choice became known as the Red Pox for the bloody welts that appeared on the victim's face and throat. The Pox was slower to kill than the Black Death, making it slightly easier to contain, but greatly extending the suffering of its victims.

Aiming to repeat the early success wrought upon the Empire, the Red Pox was delivered into the sewers of the Bretonnian city of Bordeleaux. The scourge slew a third of the population, but Baron Giscard Du'ponte ordered the poor quarter to be burnt. This act, for its deplorable lack of humanity, halted the contagion.

### DISEASE BY DESIGN

*The Black Death and the Red Pox are but two of the plagues that, unknown to their sufferers, trace their origins to the Skaven. Also well-known is the Boil Lurgy, which causes fluid-filled sacs to grow all over the body and causes death in 13 days. The Rot Worms are the larval form of a rat-spread parasite that lays its eggs in human flesh. The larvae hatch and literally eat their way to the surface. Estalian Fever causes the blood to slow and the patient to lose all mobility until he lacks the strength even to eat, the Vermillion Curse covers the skin in purple lines before the victim chokes on his own blood, and Saint Ehrlich's Fire makes the patient burn with fever while hallucinating of hellish torments. Only the last is typically not fatal, but many sufferers kill themselves, convinced that they are already damned by their own sins.*







Some years later it appeared in Brionne, before spreading east along the Brienne River, and south into Tilea. The full assault was launched a quarter of a century later and all of Bretonnia and northern Tilea blossomed with a virulent outbreak of Red Pox. Once again the Council let the disease ravage and depopulate the southern region before signalling the Skaven armies to the surface. At first nothing could stop the ravaging hordes and many towns and villages were burned. The cities of Brionne and Quenelles were soon besieged. However, the combined forces of the Duc de Parravon and the Wood Elves of Athel Loren arrived in time to break the siege and soundly defeat the Skaven at the Battle of Remarche and soon drove the Skaven back underground yet again. And so another attempt to subjugate the man-things under the iron claw of Skaven rule ended in ignominy and paw-pointing.

## THE SECOND CIVIL WAR

After the disastrous failure of the Red Pox, many of the Lords of Decay demanded the Plague Lords be ousted from the Council of Thirteen altogether. After months of intense political manoeuvring, blackmail, bribery, threats and political manoeuvring, a vote of the full Council was ordered.

On the day of the vote Clan Pestilens attempted to seize control of the Council chamber with the help of a number of Warlord clans, declaiming the old Council as traitorous and heretical. Many Warlord clans rose up with them. Fighting soon broke out between the albino temple guards, Plague Monks and clanrats in the precincts of the temple of the Horned Rat. Complete anarchy ensued as the clans squabbled internally or with each other and factions gained and subsequently lost control. Old rivalries flared up and ambitious clan lords seized the opportunity to advance themselves at the expense of the other clans. The Council of Thirteen was fractured as the Lords of Decay retreated to their respective strongholds. Skavenblight itself became a battleground for the warring clans with first one faction and then another gaining control.

Clan Skryre had long foreseen such an uprising and unleashed their own offensive. Technological wizardry confronted the rabid Plague Monks in the sprawling tunnels and ruins. Ikit Claw was promoted to Chief Warlock and it was he who led the charge, ostensibly to restore order. Within weeks Clan Skryre seized the Temple of the Horned Rat and fought off all-comers with the many diabolical weapons at their disposal. Warfire throwers covered every entrance, Poison Wind Globadiers and jezzail teams were ensconced in the bell tower to repulse counter-attacks.

Morskittar, Lord-Warlock of Clan Skryre, declared himself ruler of Skavenblight but was ignored by the many factions as the fighting spread throughout the Skaven strongholds in the Old World. Skavendom splintered into dozens of warring factions for over four hundred years. The war was marked by constant shifts in allegiance, treachery and back-stabbing as the clans sought to support whichever faction was winning at the time. Clan Pestilens, Skryre and Moulder each headed a faction. Clan Eshin remained neutral and hired its services to the highest bidder. During this time the Grey seers travelled constantly amongst the clans trying to negotiate a peace between them. Though the Seers were greatly feared and respected some of the factions would not even consider giving up the fight.

So it went for 400 years. Dozens of factions existed and the war was marked by constant shifts of allegiance. Clan Pestilens, Skryre, and Moulder each headed a powerful faction with Clan Eshin remaining neutral and hiring out its deadly expertise to the highest bidder. It was during these centuries that Clan Skryre transformed their nest-lair in Skavenblight. Infernal devices and engines of destruction were assembled on a level previously undreamt. It was with this newly developed apparatus that Ikit Claw detected the rising tide of Dark Magic that preceded the Great Chaos Invasion. So it was that Lord Morskittar was prepared when the Grey Seers declared their intentions.





# TERROR IN THE GREY MOUNTAINS

In 2513, Warlord Sleekfur was ordered to sow anarchy throughout the Grey Mountains. He gathered a mighty horde, including a malodious throng of Plague Monks led by a Plague Priest and a contingent from Clan Eshin. After three months of carnage, and with burning settlements and smouldering fortifications in his wake Sleekfur was ready to return in glory to Skavenblight. A distant dust-haze, however, heralded the arrival of a Bretonnian army and the chance for more bloodshed and glory.

When the Council of Thirteen decreed that a clan was required to conduct a series of raids in the foothills of the Grey Mountains the rival Warlords in attendance quickly fell into petty bickering and blame-laying as they sought to avoid the task. Seeing advantage where others saw none, Warlord Sleekfur proffered his services to the Council (amidst a shameless display of gratitude that involved prostration, the offering of slaves and altogether too much genuflection) in exchange for the promise of assistance from certain of the Greater Clans and the guarantee of great rewards and Clan privileges upon his return.

Quickly gathering his forces and reluctantly accepting the 'aid' of Lord Greysore, Sleekfur set off before his rivals caught wind of his plans. Sleekfur and his warriors headed through the grim network of passageways and tunnels

towards the Black Chasm. There they were joined by the ranksome figure of Festerlung, a Plague Priest and his filthy coterie.

From the Black Chasm, Sleekfur set out, travelling at night and seeking shelter in the days to avoid the prying eyes of the scattered inhabitants of the region. Sleekfur's orders had been to destroy any sizeable settlements that he found, to create a sense of fear and terror that would draw out the armies of the man-things. Although he hadn't been privy to the details, a general of Sleekfur's calibre knew that this must be to provide a distraction elsewhere. His own plan was to gather as much plunder and as many slaves as possible, and then escape before any reprisal could be meted out.

In short order the towns of Rachenburg and Lorel were razed to the ground, their puny garrisons overrun by his hordes of Clanrats. The smell of burning manflesh soon filled the air and each day a new pillar of smoke tarnished the skyline.

The aged keep of Parone was defended by a grizzled old Man-thing atop a powerful horse. With a band of retainers he rode out to challenge the indomitable Skaven, so Sleekfur proudly unveiled Killerzzap, his prized Warp Lightning Cannon. The unfortunate Man-thing was all but disintegrated and his horse somewhat over-cooked, but the shot had the desired effect, sending the rest of the Man-things fleeing for the hills and leaving the nearby settlement ripe for plunder.

With each successive attack the wagon trains of Warlord Sleekfur grew fuller and soon the canny Skaven was planning his return to Skavenblight. Hours of haggling with Festerlung for his silence-price yielded a share that would still leave Sleekfur a huge hoard of wealth.

When Sleekfur announced to the leaders of his clawpacks he planned to return to Skavenblight, Lord Greysore warned him against it. Sleekfur's duty, the horned sorcerer warned, was not yet done.

Flanked by his favoured warriors and far from the devious political wrangling of Skavenblight, Sleekfur might have dared push his argument, had not a shadowy figure emerged from the darkly robed Skaven of the Night Runners. As soon as Sleekfur recognised the legendary Deathmaster Snikch, he squirted the musk of fear (several times) and offered to stay just as long as Greysore would like.

That time arrived sooner than Sleekfur and his (now very nervous) Stormvermin would have expected. The very next day the Sewer Raiders, acting as scouts, reported that a large Man-thing army was approaching. Mounted on horses, the Man-things were wearing plenty of metal clothes and were approaching quick-quick.

Lord Greysore leaned in close to the anxious Warlord Sleekfur as he issued a final set of orders.

'Fight-fight the Man-things. Kill their general we shall. Make him dead and much riches and slaves will be yours,' he hissed into Sleekfur's ear.

Sleekfur looked at his army, the towering war machines and fierce clawpacks. Grinning, he squeaked for the advance.





# THE HORNED RAT INCARNATE

As vast Chaos armies built up in the north and the time of the great incursions approached portents abounded: a crackling corona played about the dark disc of Morrslieb, showers of meteors fell from the skies, feverish dreams assailed even the most obtuse and many were driven mad. A rising tide of Dark magic swept through the Old World. The Grey Seers visited every stronghold and clan again. This time they gave the lords an ultimatum. At Skavenblight, during the great annual feast of Vermintide, the Grey Seers would beseech the Horned Rat to pronounce judgement over the warring clans. Any lord who did not attend would be defying the will of the Hornet One and become the eternal enemy of him and his servants.

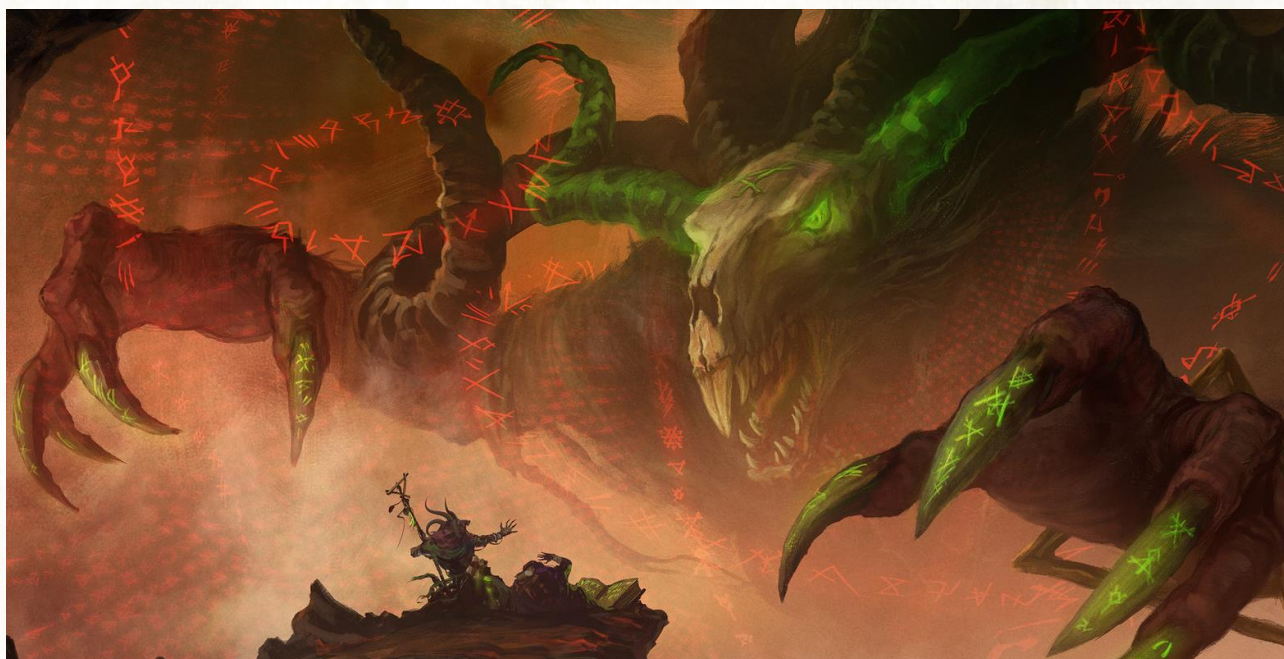
As the time approached the leaders of the clans began to arrive in Skavenblight. Some sent representatives, fearing a trap, but none dared to stay away altogether and defy the Seers' decree. As each lord and representative arrived the Grey Seers placed a powerful and terrible curse upon him to bring no harm upon the others. So it was that on the eve of Vermintide that for perhaps the first time in three thousand years members of every clan in Skavendom were assembled before the temple of the Horned Rat. High above, the lightning-etched curve of Morrslieb bisected the bell tower, seeming huge and close. An atmosphere of fearful expectation settled over the hushed ranks as the temple doors swung open and the full order of one hundred and sixty nine Grey Seers filed out from within.

The Seerlord emerged last with a great brass-bound tome which he placed upon an iron lectern. As he opened it, glowing blackness from the pages seemed to underlight his face. He read the first words of the incantation, twisted sounds which seemed to crack and split in the air. The other Grey Seers took up the chant

and the mists around Skavenblight began to writhe and shift. Storm clouds gathered on the horizons and rushed across the skies towards the city. The squeals of the Grey Seers rose in intensity as they began the sacrifices.

One hundred and sixty nine slaves died one by one in increasing agony, the last dying slowly at the paws of the Seerlord himself. Their squeals of fear and pain reached out into the bowels of creation to where the Hornet One gnawed at the roots of reality. The great hell tolled as the brooding storm broke, chains of lightning lashed down at the bell tower to illuminate the scene and blinded the assembled Skaven with its actinic glare. The unholy bell tolled again and again, impossibly loud, drowning out the thunder and the frenzied chants of the Seers. The ground shuddered and cracked as the bell tolled for the thirteenth time and then fell silent, but its hellish reverberations could still be felt.

In the sudden quiet the Seerlord opened his eyes and screeched with horror. A great, black crack spread from his open mouth to slowly split his head apart and spread through the air. It widened and dark vapour poured out, and the night-black crack grew until it reached the height of the temple itself. Skaven scurried back with shrieks of dismay as the vapour spewed out and plumed up into the heavens, those caught in its embrace rotted and collapsed as they ran. A great claw reached out and ripped the very curtain of reality. Now a blacker shape could be seen amidst the vapour. Two blood-red eyes gazed out unblinkingly, wide as castle doors. The Skaven fell to their knees and pressed their muzzles in the dirt. Some dropped stone dead as their hearts stopped in terror. The silhouette of curving horns could be seen as the glaring eyes moved closer. The





shadows about it heaved and shifted like a wriggling mass of vermin. A great claw reached out and leisurely scooped up a handful of squealing Skaven. Yellow fanged jaws flashed as the Horned Rat consumed them with relish.

The Horned One swept his burning gaze over his quailing children and reached out again, clenching his mighty paw before them. When the paw withdrew a glowing black pillar of purest warpstone was revealed. It had thirteen sides, each marked by thirteen blocks of burning runic script. These runes contained the unholy verminous commandments of ruination and the dictates of rulership, along with prophecies of the Great Ascendancy. Then the Horned Rat whispered to the assembled horde with the voice of a million scratching and gnawing rats. He told them that though their wars amused him they must make peace and obey his commandments, they must spread corruption so that they could inherit the world and assure his return. Only his chosen ones could touch the pillar of his commandments and only his chosen ones might join the Council of Thirteen. He demanded the reformation of the Council of Thirteen and promised that all must obey the Council or feel his wrath. With that the awesome presence withdrew into the netherworld once more, the crack it had made narrowing and sealing behind it.

The musk of fear hung heavy over the survivors as they blinked up at the pillar and reassured themselves the Horned One had really gone. Lord Rakin was the first to touch the pillar. He burned with black fire until there was nothing but ashes remained. Over the long night that followed many relinquished their claims to the Council rather than face the test, but many more touched the pillar and of these twelve lived. Each of the new Lords of Decay was imbued with an aura of dark power and energy, a mark of the blessing of the Horned

Rat. From that day unto this the Council of Thirteen has remained unchanged even though any Skaven can try to pass the test and then fight any of the Lords for their place. Many have tried, some have even passed the test, but none have managed to defeat the existing Lords of Decay.

## RISING PERIL

After the summoning of the Great Horned Rat, the fractious clans, the Warlord and Greater clans alike, were far more willing to assent to the biddings of the Grey Seers. Indeed, now all seemed eager to be the first to bow and prostrate themselves under the authority of the Council of Thirteen. Many clans competed to supplicate themselves more than the others. Open warfare between clans almost disappeared and once again the Children of the Horned Rat began to work towards their true destiny – mastery of the world.

The always teeming population of the Skaven had been held in check for nearly five centuries by the civil war. To grow again, the Lords of Decay looked to stop the clans from endlessly enslaving each other and instead, turn their beady eyes to other lands. Coordinated by the Grey Seers, a number of towns and villages that bordered the Blighted Marshes began to disappear. Some of the human settlements were left in burnt ruins, others ravaged by foul and mysterious plagues that struck suddenly and left no survivors. In some cases a town might be plucked clean of citizens, but left otherwise unmolested. These strange 'ghost towns' were a wonder to travellers and caused much rumour and speculation, but not nearly as much as the great holes. A few villages were simply consumed, swallowed whole by miles-wide sinkholes. Searchers could, from the edge of the vast craters, see broken timbers and smashed remnants in the darkness far below.





## GNAWING AT THE EDGES

Grey Seers continued to rush outwards from Skavenblight, scurrying in all directions along the Under-way. The horned mage-rats bore special orders from the Council of Thirteen and went in person to coerce the plans and schemes into action. The largest lair-nests along the Under-way became the launching sites of new offensives. The Warlord clans of Foul peak and Fester Spike all but ceased their feuding in Order to combine their forces and overpower the Night Goblins that had taken abode in the caves riddling the Vaults. Clan Pestilens, supported by Clan Septik, led the attacks out of Putrid Swamp that took many prisoners from the villages of Wissenland, in the southern part of the Empire. Many successes were boastfully reported to the capital before the pestilent host was driven back underground by a large army that marched out of Nuln. The Council's orders had been specific – scavenge along the edges, but that was all. The time was not ripe for full-scale assault.

From the Black Chasm and other lesser strongholds many attacks were levelled at small towns on both the Empire and the Bretonnian side of the Grey Mountains, as the Council hoped to drive a spike between the alliance of those two great nations.

## THE ATTACK ON NULN

After long years of building up strength underneath the cities of the Empire, the Skaven once again brought full-scale war to Imperial lands. A campaign of manipulation and bribery culminated in open war in Nuln. It had long ago been discovered that man-things could be bribed or blackmailed into aiding the Skaven.



Many key individuals, the most important of which was the Chief Magistrate of Nuln, had been involved in a Skaven scheme that hoped to spark another civil war in the Empire. Unfortunate interference led to the plot's untimely unravelling and, in an impetuous rage, a vengeance-attack was launched against the city.

Grey Seer Thanquol masterminded the Skaven battle plan, which included troops from the four Greater clans and several Warlord clans. The attackers infiltrated through the sewers and succeeded in destroying close to half the city. Clanrats emerged in a nigh-unstoppable surge, packs of savage Rat Ogres rampaged through the cobblestone streets and Stormvermin almost captured the Countess Emmanuelle. Several of the Council of Thirteen were furious with the attack, feeling it was launched prematurely to the Great Plan. Many more were upset with the attack's ultimate failure. Seerlord Kritislik was quick to point out that during the action a rebellious Warlord clan was all but eradicated. The attack also showed that the veil of secrecy was having some effect over the lands of the Empire. Despite a proportion of the city in smoking ruin and many casualties, the majority of the population still refused believe that Skaven existed. Even Imperial soldiers who fought the ratmen in close quarters were persuaded that it was a mutant uprising or another Beastmen attack. By retrieving their dead and other cover-up actions by Clan Eshin, the Skaven ensured they remain a shadowy threat to all but the keenest of minds.

## CONFLICT AGAINST THE ELF-THINGS

Although there were setbacks and chattering debate over policies and timings, everything was going according to the plan. Far from the light of the world, the clans were all growing in strength and power.

The Dwarfs were dying; the cold-blooded things were no threat, having been almost beaten once by just a single clan. The Skaven held the green-things in too much contempt to give them any concern. The lands of the man-things were riddled beneath with a growing horde of verminkin awaiting the orders to attack. The man-beasts were unworthy of attention. The men of the north that worshipped the Dark Gods were fearsome, but the Council knew how to deal with their kind. Who then would dare to stand before the Great Ascension?

But Lord Verminkin, the Packlord of Clan Moulder and he-who-is-eleventh accused Clan Eshin and the rest of the Council of cowardice and avoidance against the Elf-things. The Nightlord of Clan Eshin, Lord Sneek, spoke, his reedy whisper-squeak menacing and cold. He spoke of failures that were not the fault of his clan. He told of the inability to penetrate magical defences, of creatures that could feel the presence of Clan Eshin's best. He spoke of run-ins at trading ports and in the Far East. He spoke of a lone sea-fortress on the southern tip of Cathay. With the right support, perhaps it would be best to start there, far from the Elf-thing's power base?





## BATTLE AT THE GATES OF CALITH

So it was that the Council ordered many Skaven to begin the long trek to the far side of the world. Gutter Runners led no less than seven Warlord clans through winding and seldom-used passageways far past the Dark Lands. The Lords of Decay commissioned a new Skaven fleet and the rotting dockyards of the Spineport heaved with toiling slaves.

It took years to plan, scout out, and build up a large enough force, but at long last the High Elf fortress at the Gates of Calith was attacked from both land and sea. Issuing out of tunnels a seething mass of Skaven advanced on a wide front towards the indomitable Elven fortress. The Skaven were led by the Grey Seer Lurkwoal, mounted atop a Screaming Bell, which was already causing the walls to splinter and crack. The ramshackle fleet included perhaps half of the Skaven's total vessels, and many of the ships housed complex machineries of destruction on their superstructures.

For their part, the High Elf garrison guarding the Gates of Calith were totally surprised – but they were highly trained warriors far from their home, and well-used to the lightning raids of their own twisted kin. They had been caught unawares, but not unprepared. To an Elf, they defended the walls. Their fleet, not waiting to be blockaded and besieged, sailed out from under arched gates to meet the foe upon the seas.

The fortress walls were breached and through these gaps Lurkwoal ordered his Hell Pit Abominations. The

lurching horrors had caused untold casualties and eaten many slaves on the long trip through the Under-way, but now they were unleashed in their fury. Mighty fists swept the Elf-things aside and the mutated beasts crushed many more underneath their formidable bulk. Despite the hail of arrows that rained from the battlements, thousands of Clanrat warriors followed through the gaping holes. There they were pitted against the steel-eyed martial prowess of the Elves. Few creatures can rival a Skaven for speed, but the Elf-things were not found wanting. Locking shields, a thin white line of warriors advanced to bold the swarming Skaven from the final gates guarding the innermost fortress. It was then that disaster struck the verminous host.

The Elf fleet, having sunk the entirety of its ramshackle adversary, returned to pour broadsides of boltfire into the massing Skaven. The last Abomination fell twitching spasmodically to the ground. The Skaven, so close to a victorious feast, instead began to melt away, wavering and breaking from the storm of bolts and arrows piercing their ranks. The resolute Elven Spearmen charged and Grey Seer Lurkwoal only escaped thanks to the timely resurrection of a Hell Pit Abomination, which staggered back up, roared with a thousand voices, and crashed into the rear of the High Elves. Only a trail of splintered gear and dead was left behind.

Although the message was broken up by static interference, Lurkwoal reported by Farsqueaker his "near success" to the disappointed Council before beginning the long trek home to Skavenblight.



## REMAINING IN THE SHADOWS

At the most foul of feasts, the ritual of Vermintide, the Great plans of Supremacy are discussed by the full assemblage of Grey Seers. Interwoven plots are unwound, restructured and planned anew. The mage-rats then perform many covenous rituals – cursing foes, offering supplication to the Great Horned Rat, and also a spell intended to shroud the ratmen in secrecy. Taught the powerful sorcery by the darksome whispers of a summoned Verminlord, the Grey Seers lock tails, offer sacrifices, and weave sorcerous webs of concealing shadow that only the strongest willed might resist. Who knows if this veil of obscurity works, or to own level it enshrouds the Children of the Horned Rat? Perhaps when a citizen of the Empire says "the Skaven are myth, simply tales used to frighten small children" he might speak out of sheer ignorance rather than beguiling enchantment?

Never fully trusting the rituals, the Council of Thirteen further cover their verminous tracks with covert actions assigned to Clan Eshin. These particularly target Imperial records containing references to the Skaven. The few human-possessed artefacts of the ratmen, such as the Rat Ogre skull that had been displayed in a museum in Nuln, or the Clan Skryre rebreather apparatus studied at the Imperial Engineer's School in Altdorf, have mysteriously vanished over the years.

When the Skaven abandon their secretive ways and emerge from their subterranean lairs, they do so for only one reason: to unleash vicious and inhuman war. It is a nightmare vision – a ravenous horde, a chaotic and rolling tide of verminous ratmen in unimaginably vast numbers. Ranks of Clanrat warriors surge forwards bristling with blades and spears, strange doom-laden symbols and runes scrawled on their

shields and banners. The Stormvermin, hardened elites, stand out, their well-armoured and militaristic ways contrasting with the ragged masses of the Skavenslaves that are driven callously to the front. Amongst the tattered ranks of Skaven soldiers can be found troops more foul – packs of mutated beasts bred for battle, fanatical disease-ridden Plague Monks and arcane and terrible engines of destruction that blend science and sorcery in a diabolical and hitherto unseen fashion. A Skaven army moves at a speed that belies its staggering and unwieldy size, seemingly pouring over the landscape in flowing waves of chattering ratmen. After a battle a Skaven army will disappear like flood waters, draining back into countless unseen holes, leaving only scoured lands covered in cracked and well-picked over bones. Who knows where the Skaven will surface next? The only certainty is that they wait in the dark beneath the world, ever watching with beady red eyes for the right moment to strike.

"Long time we've dwelt in darkness, studying ever the turnings of the surf ace. We were here before the Empire, watching the dwarf-things carve their stone halls. We were here amongst the shadows when the God-thing Sigmar stalked the world and scattered the green-things before him. We pitted our wits against the Great Necromancer, he who's name I shall not utter, and won. We watch, we wait, we plan. The endless subtle games the Decay Lords engage in are merely a way to pass the time. We have no need to conquer the surface world by force. We need only wait long enough for others to do it for us, allowing us to seize the spoils of your Empire's ruin, for we are the Children of the Horned Rat, survivors all and as we we're here before you, so shall we be present to see you fall."

- Grey Seer Akitverc





# THE SCHEMES OF CLAN SKRYRE

The Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre are obsessed with creating ever more fiendish weapons. This technology forms the foundation of Clan Skryre's powerbase and it is one they are always looking to further. So it was that during the solstice of the year 2515, Morskittar, Lord Warlock of Clan Skryre, put into motion a scheme that might finally oust his greatest rival, Seerlord Kritislik. Morskittar planned to construct a weapon of untold power, one that would make even the Grey Seers quake with fear. Morskittar planned to forge this weapon from blending warpstone with a rare meteoric iron. For years Morskittar's spies searched the world for this elusive metal, and when they finally returned to Skavenblight they whispered a name: Bludhof.

In the centre of the Empire town of Bludhof there stood a great tower, in whose belfry there was a baroque bell cast centuries ago from fragment of a comet. Morskittar desired that bell for his plans, but he could not do so openly without alerting his rivals on the Council of Thirteen. And so Lord Morskittar, ever mindful of the usefulness of a stooge, entrusted this task to his emissary, Ikit Claw.

Ikit was instructed to act with the utmost discretion. To this end Lord Morskittar lent only a meagre fraction of Clan Skryre's formidable wealth to the task at hand. Thankfully the Warlock Engineer was a resourceful and ingenious Skaven who suborned, bribed, hired and threatened enough Slavemasters, Warlords, Master Moulders and Warlock Engineers to muster together a formidable, if rag-tag, army. When any Skaven asked why they were attacking Bludhof Ikit replied that they were going to enslave the entire populace for experimentation. This had the benefit of being half-true, as Ikit was always in need of some new victims to experiment on, but the Warlock Engineer was careful not to mention the bell.

The assembled Skaven horde was not Ikit's preferred choice of allies and underlings – Claw was, after all, a name to strike fear into the most powerful of Skaven – but the Warlock Engineer dared not risk a single one of the Grey Seers discovering his plans. However, trying to keep a secret in the Under-Empire is like trying to assassinate shadow. The

Council of Thirteen has eyes everywhere, and Clan Skryre was no exception. Skrish Charwhiskers, an ambitious Warlock Engineer, was just one such thrall. When the sniveling informant reported that Ikit Claw was secretly mustering an army, orders came down from Lord Kritislik himself that Skrish should arrange an accident for his iron-clad superior, or else. So it was that Skrish Charwhiskers bided his time for the perfect opportunity to strike, but as the assembled horde marched from Skavenblight, Ikit was very careful never to be left alone with any of his lieutenants.

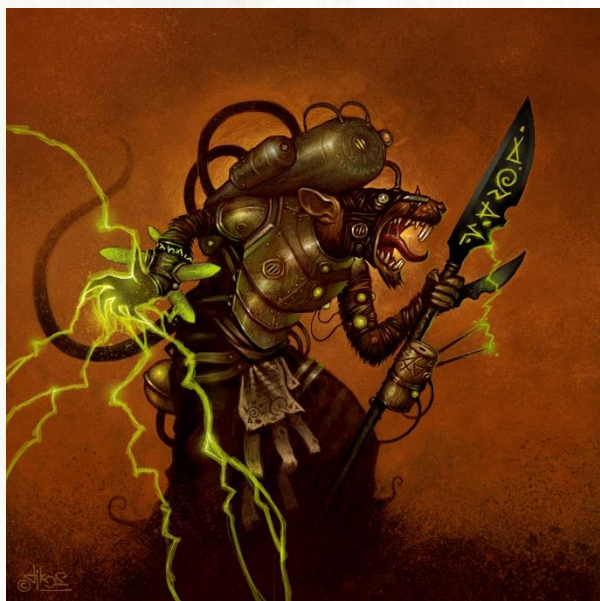
The Skaven descended upon Bludhof under the cover of night. Clan Eshin agents disposed of the first of the town's sentries quickly and silently, and for a while it looked as if Ikit's vanguard would infiltrate Bludhof undetected. Then, without warning, the crack of pistol resounded loudly in the still night air. Ikit Claw fumed with anger; the element of surprise was lost. Skrish Charwhiskers cursed under his breath; he had missed Ikit's head by scant inches.

The militia of Bludhof, alerted by the gunshot, roused quickly from their slumbers. Bludhof lay near the Old Forest Road and attacks from bandits, Beastmen and other monsters were not uncommon. Within minutes, every man had armed himself and stood ready to defend their homes. Ikit pushed his minions on regardless, but the bulk of his forces were far behind and not yet in position. A desperate and bloody skirmish ensued and though the defenders were hard pressed, they repelled the initial assault. Ikit Claw withdrew, planning to return on the morrow with the full weight of his forces.

Barely a score of Bludhof's militia survived the night's horrors. However, they could not abandon their homes, and so they steeled their resolve with prayer and strong drink, for they knew that there was little chance they could survive another attack. Early the next morning, a shout was heard from Bludhof's watchtower; banners had been seen approaching on the horizon. The militia prepared themselves for the onslaught to come, but these were not the tatty flags of the rat-men, but the noble banners of distant Talabheim. Help had arrived.

Dietr Krieghertz, Grand Master of the Order of the Blazing Sun, had been travelling from Talabheim with a relief army to distant Middenheim, which was still under siege from Waaagh! Goretoof. When Dietr's scouts reported that the nearby town of Bludhof was under attack, Krieghertz's sense of honour forbade him from abandoning the beleaguered townsfolk. The Grand Master immediately detached a force and led them to Bludhof's rescue. Krieghertz arrived without a minute to waste, for the Skaven were already mustering. The Talabheimers deployed with smooth military efficiency, garrisoning Bludhof's outer fortifications with utmost haste. The Skaven were going to find that Bludhof still had teeth.

Ikit Claw's spies had also seen the new force of man-things, but the Warlock Engineer now had the full might of his horde in position. He was close to victory and all that stood in his way were a few dozen man-things holed up in their puny buildings. He would smash their stone walls apart and seize his prize. With one iron-gauntleted claw, Ikit signalled the attack. The Battle for Bludhof had begun.





# SKAVEN TIMELINE

**Unburdened by the weight of history, the Skaven enshrine no accounts of great deeds, tragedies, or inventions. Some clans keep records, but these are solely hyperbole, excuses, or apportioned blame. Thus, this brief outline of the Under Empire's momentous events has been compiled from Dwarf records and the few remaining Imperial markings not destroyed by espionage. The dates are all recorded in the Imperial Year and many (c) are best guesses, as accurate dating for such an anarchic race is impossible.**

c.-2500-2000

*The ancient city that later becomes Skavenblight is occupied by men and rapidly built to become the most densely populated human city in the Old World. The city is known to have traded with many of the wandering Dwarf clans from the Black Mountains.*

c.-1950

*A wandering Dwarf clan from the Black Mountains establishes trade with the city and eventually settles there. The city grows even faster with their help and many advances in architecture and engineering are achieved.*



c.-1880

*The humans begin the construction of their great temple with Dwarf help. Work goes on continuously for the next 100 years.*

c.-1860

*Construction of the great temple begins and goes on continuously for at least a century.*

-1780

*The temple is completed and coincides with great flares from Morrslieb. Many meteors are sighted and warpstone starts to rain down on the city. Within a year the city is overrun by a tide of vermin of unusual size and viciousness and disappears from history.*

c.-1600

*The first true Skaven emerge as masters of Skavenblight. They start to look further afield for sources of warpstone and begin their first experiments with magic. The tunnel system under Skavenblight is expanded to accommodate its rapidly increasing population.*

-1500

*Disaster at Skavenblight. The Great Machine of the Seer Order explodes. The Dwarf empire in the Worlds Edge Mountains is devastated by a series of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes triggered by Skaven sorcery. The population of Skavenblight is devastated and the twelve Grey Lords arise, forming the first Council of Thirteen and the Order of the Grey Seers. The Slann, ignorant of the newly emerged race, registered the energy and attributed it solely to their own powerful spells. To this day they have failed to make any connection. The Great Migration out of Skavenblight begins.*

-1499

*Dwarf records indicate that this era marked the beginning of Skaven incursions into Karak Varn, where they eventually capture most of the flooded lower levels. The Skaven support the Greenskins against the Dwarfs in the destruction of Karak Ungor. This marks the beginning of the Goblin Wars.*

-1498

*The flooded Dwarfhold of Karak Varn comes under full-fledged Skaven attack.*

c.-1450

*The Lord of Decay known as Malkrit leads Clan Moulder into the Troll Country north of Kislev where they establish their stronghold that becomes Hell Pit. Lord Visktrin is mortally wounded by a Dragon in the Mountains of Mourn but instructs his successor to establish a colony far to the east – and so what is to become Clan Eshin passes out of knowledge for a time.*

c.-1420

*At least one Skaven clan is sighted in Araby.*

-c 1400

*The wandering Clans establish the first Skaven strongholds in the areas later known as the Southlands, Araby, and the Dark Lands. Lord Malkrit leads Clan Moulder into what will become known as Hell Pit in the Troll Country of Kislev. Lord Viskrin instructs Clan Eshin to establish its stronghold in far Cathay.*

-1399

*Clan Pestilens overruns the ruined city of Quetza and claim it in the name of the Great Horned Rat. They begin a campaign of terror across the jungle.*

c.-1300

*The War of Cripple Peak is fought with the undead legions of Nashash.*

c.-1200

*The treaty of Cripple Peak is marked in blood on Dragonhide and the Council of Thirteen enters into a pact with Nagash, the Great Necromancer. In exchange for warpstone mined below Cripple Peak Skaven join forces with the Undead legions of Nagash to help lure several tribes of Orcs and Goblins into the Cursed Pit. Nagash summons a massive army of Undead and the Council of Thirteen has him assassinated.*

c.-1200 to -420

*Dwarf soldiers discover gunpowder on a Skaven corpse, proving that the Ratmen have begun using the Dwarfs' own weapons against them.*

-1197

*Nagash is slain by Skaven treachery and his bones melted, save for his hand, which, unknown to the Council of Thirteen, crawls away to safety.*

-701

*Battle for Karak Eight Peaks. The Book of Grudges records that Miners first break into a Skaven tunnel. The Dwarfs are shocked to discover the extent of the Skaven burrows beneath them. A terrible and bitterly fought underground war begins.*

-513

*Skaven break through to the lower levels of Karak Eight Peaks, which falls to the combined forces of Orcs, Goblins, and Skaven as King Lunn orders the last survivors of the fierce battle to seal the tombs, armouries, and treasure holds, and break out towards Karaz-a-Karak. Once the Dwarfs are driven out, the Skaven keep fighting against the Goblins for possession of the upper levels.*



c.-500 to c.-300

The Skaven battle the greenskin hordes for domination of Karak Eight Peaks, or the City of Pillars as it is renamed. The top levels and ruined city are cleared of Orcs and Goblins by around -300.

c.-400

Establishment of the Skaven Under-Empire and the first great tunnel networks beneath the Old World. Human tribes settle across the Old World.



c.-380

Dwarf cannons are first used in battle, helping to prevent the Greenskin and Skaven armies from taking Karaz-a-Karak. Skaven spies steal the designs for the cannons and begin building warp-pistols and jezzails. Clan Skryre rises to power with these devices.

c.-350

Skaven overrun Crookback Mountain in the Dark Lands and enslave several tribes of Night Goblins living there.

c.-250

Clan Rictus bribes the Council for exclusive rights to establish a foothold at Crookback Mountain, the underground gateway to the Dark Lands

c.-100

Nagash returns to Cripple Peak and destroys Clan Rikek.

-15

Dwarf King Kurgan Ironbeard is captured by Skaven of Clan Eshin in the Grey Mountains. He is then sold to Orcs for many pieces of Warpstone; he is later rescued from the Orcs by Sigmar, a Human chieftain.

0

Sigmar's Empire founded in Altdorf.

17

Three different Imperial records and a tapestry record that, in this year, Sigmar, the man-god of the Empire, destroys an army of ratmen Middle Mountains of the Empire. These accounts have since been lost and the section of the tapestry dealing with this era has been eaten away by pests.

c.50

Lord Nurglitch leads the majority of Clan Pestilens to the Southlands and establishes new strongholds.

c.100

Civil War. Clan Pestilens, long believed lost and forgotten, makes dramatic return to Skavenblight and starts a civil war. Back in Lustria, the remnants of the clan are destroyed or driven out of Lustria, although several key tunnels and strongholds escape notice.

c.500

Clan Eshin, the long-lost clan led east in the Great Migration, returns from far Cathay having developed and perfected many nefarious skills. Assassin-adepts of the Clan Eshin begin to work for the Council of the Thirteen Lords of Decay. Many clans are quickly brought to heel by the assassination of their Warlords.

c.600

After enslaving or destroying many Warlord clans, devastating the Southlands with magical contagions and killing a Lord of Decay in ritual combat, Nurglitch, Plaguelord of Clan Pestilens, is finally granted a place in the Council of Thirteen, thus ending the civil war.

c.700

Warlocks of Clan Skryre perfect the warpsfire thrower. Reports of these terrifying weapons are discounted as tales of madmen.

968

The War of the Noses. When the vain Skaven Warlord Ratgut has his long and whiskered snout cut off by a captive Goblin, he declares total war upon all Goblinskind. He finally relents when Goblin Warboss Magrub Fingersnatch agrees to forfeit his own warty nose as a condition of surrender.

1110

Lord Vilner, heir to the Drakwald throne, is assassinated by Deathmaster Slike, sparking civil war in the Empire.

1111

Clan Pestilens unleashes the Black Plague in the Empire. More than half of the Empire's population is wiped out in the next four years. Massive Skaven incursions erupt across the land, looting and razing towns and villages.

1112

The Man-things War. The Skaven Wars begin in the Empire. Few Imperial documents mention this period, leading many historians to brand it as an elaborate hoax (the kind favoured by university students with too much time on their hands).

1115

Skaven start to systematically enslave the surviving Human settlements in the Empire. Emperor Goldgather is assassinated by Deathmaster Slike. When no successor is named, the Skaven declare themselves rulers of the Empire.

1116

The Skaven march into Sylvania. Necromancer van Hel raises a massive Undead army to turn back the Skaven advance. The two forces fight to a standstill for the next five years.

1122

Count Mandred Ratslayer breaks the siege of Middenheim, then rallies support from the Elector Counts and leads a crusade against the Skaven.

1124

The Empire finally drives the Skaven below ground. Mandred is crowned Emperor.

1125

Warlord Krricht Dwarf-slicer defeats all corners to become the new Warlord of Clan Mors.

1152

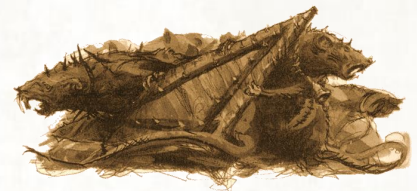
The Council of Thirteen orders the assassination of Emperor Mandred Rat Slayer. He is murdered by Nartik of Clan Eshin later the same year.

1247

Tilean explorer Marco Polare reaches Cathay, and writes of spying the Skaven under the great city of Wei-jin.

c.1300

Clan Moulder create the first successful Rat Ogre, and begin their rise in prominence amongst the other Clans.



1435

Sultan Jaffar, a powerful Arabian sorcerer, welds together a coalition of several desert tribes and expands his city state to a small empire with the capture of Al-Haikk, Copher, Martek and Lashiek. Legend speaks of him summoning daemons and conversing with spirits. The Skaven in Araby secretly ally with Sultan Jaffar, spying for him and murdering his rivals in exchange for warpstone.



1448

The Skaven manage to convince Jaffar that Estalia intends to attack Araby. The Sultan invades Estalia and captures Magritta. This begins the Araby crusades which eventually drive the Sultan's armies back to Araby and shatter the Sultanate at the battle of Al-Haikk.

1492

Marco Colombo discovers Lustria, and reports sighting many Skaven in the jungles, still fighting their Lizardmen enemies.

1563

The city of Tobaró in Tilea is overrun by Skaven breaking in through the ancient Elf-carved network of tunnels which riddle the cliffs around it.

1565

Tobaró is recaptured by a mercenary army mustered by Meldo Marcelli, the Prince of Tobaró, reinforced by a contingent of High Elves from Ulthuan.

1601

The village of Escantos in Southern Tilea is completely devoured by swarms of rats.

1666

Clan Skryre warlocks develop a reliable (by Skaven standards) warpfire cannon. Its terrifying payload can wipe out entire armies.



1707

Skaven forces aid Orc Warlord Gorbád Ironclaw in his attack against the Empire. Skaven forces cripple Nuln from the inside, allowing Ironclaw to take control of that city without any significant losses. The Skaven are repaid handsomely with Warpstone.

1786

Clan Eshin release rats infected with the Red Pox, Clan Pestilens' latest scourge, in the sewers of Bordeleaux in Bretonnia. The city loses over a third of its population to the Red Pox in a single week. The Baron Giscard Du'ponte orders the poor quarter to be burned to the ground in a fit of desperation. This appears to work and the Pox is halted almost immediately.

1812

Southern Bretonnia and northern Tilea are ravaged by another outbreak of the Red Pox. Panic, anarchy and rioting spread through several Bretonnian cities as mobs rampage through the cities burning anything that might carry the pox, including sheep, dogs, cats, frogs and fish. In Brionne, the resulting Great Fire of Brionne razes three-quarters of the city. Again with the disease at its peak, the Skaven attack. Brionne, Bordelaux and Miragliano are all but destroyed by disease and invasion; the Ratmen then lay siege to Quenelles.



1813

Two Skaven armies emerge between Brionne and Quenelles, razing several villages and small towns along the river Brienne before laying siege to both cities. Duc de Parravon convinces the Elves of Athel Loren that the Skaven will turn on them next, and an alliance is struck. The combined Forces of the Duc and the Elves break the siege at Quenelles and drive the Skaven underground once more at the Battle of Remarche. Eventually a combination of the arrival of winter and rigorous quarantining brings the Red Pox under control. Over a third of the Bretonnian population lie dead from the plague and the invasion.

c.1850

The Skaven Under-Empire erupts into its second civil war. The other Lords of Decay use the failure of the Bretonnian campaign as a pretext to force the removal of Clan Pestilens from the Council of Thirteen. The Council of Thirteen is broken and all clans strive for supremacy or simple survival. In the vicious in-fighting that follows the Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens attempt to seize control of the temple of the Horned Rat in Skavenblight and complete anarchy ensues.

1941

Warlord Skinchever of Clan Skab allies himself with one of the Tomb Kings. Acquiring new and dark magic from this arrangement, Clan Skab rises in power amongst the clans, although it is still far below the Four Greater Clans.

1999

The city of Mordheim is hit by a meteorite composed entirely of Warpstone, providing the largest concentrated source of that foul material ever known. Skaven immediately take possession of the town, and begin mining the stone.

c.2000

Clan Scruten is led away from the main Skaven areas by Grey Seer Krinslik. The clan establishes a stronghold hidden in the Cursed Marshes and extending beneath Marienburg.

2084

Clan Skryre warlocks perfect the Farspeaker, allowing instantaneous communication between warrens any distance apart.

2111

Lawful citizens of Rötébach discover that the Count of Middenland, Luitprand II, has made the Chaos Bargain with the Skaven. Luitprand has the entire town hanged to cover his tracks.

c.2150

Ikit Claw completes the great Iron Exoskeleton after his major lab accident.

2207

Another, smaller, Warpstone meteorite crashes to the ground, this time in the Barren Hills. Skaven crews carry much of it away but not all: a Human Wizard manages to grab one piece. He transports it in secret to Castle Wittgenstein.



2250

Small skirmishes between the Skaven and the Tomb Kings of Khemri turn into outright war. The war lasts for some two centuries and provides cover for the Skaven to greatly expand their tunnel network to the Southlands.

2302

The Great War against Chaos begins. The rising tide of Dark Magic prompts the Grey Seers to step in and call upon the Horned Rat for divine judgement over the warring clans. In a massive ceremony at Skavenblight during Vermintide, the great annual feast of the Horned God, the Grey Seers succeed in summoning an incarnation of the Horned Rat. The Clan Lords are terrified into a level of obedience and cooperation previously unthinkable as the Horned One dictates the plan they are to follow. The Council of the Thirteen Lords of Decay is completely reorganised and all hostilities are ended immediately. Warlords Gnawdwell, Vrisk Ironscratch, Griznekt Mancarver, and Paskrit the Vast join the Council.



2303

*During the Great War Against Chaos, the Skaven fight the Chaos armies as well as the armies of the Empire and Kislev, but after several hundred years of internecine warfare, the Skaven's numbers are almost exhausted. The Chaos hordes are eventually defeated by Magnus the Pious at Kislev. The Skaven ambush several contingents of the Empire army as it returns home, and soon afterwards minor plagues erupt in Nuln, Talabheim, and Marienburg.*

2302 to 2320

*Terror in Tilea. Many small towns near the Blighted Marshes are razed or disappear altogether.*



2320

*During the winter of 2320/21 Clan Eshin Gutter Runners make a number of raids on Imperial, Bretonnian, Tilean and Estalian warfleets at anchor in their respective home ports. The Gutter Runners use firepots and naphtha to burn the fleets with varying success. Many ships are badly damaged.*

2321

*Skaven warships are spotted in the Tilean Sea. Throughout the summer months Skaven warfleets make several raids along the Estalian and Tilean coasts. One fleet is engaged and destroyed by Dwarf ships from Barak Varr,*

2335

*Following a warning from the Elven Mages that protect Lothorn, a Tilean vessel is stopped and boarded. The search by the Sea Guard turns into a battle. Rumours persist that several ratmen escaped the ship, leaping overboard and disappearing into the city*

2387

*Prince Karsten of Waldenhof employs Skaven allies to undermine the walls of the invincible Castle Siegfried in Sylvania. When Karsten refuses to pay them in warpstone the Skaven steal all the children of Waldenhof instead. After this notorious event (Karsten is eventually lynched) the Skaven disappear from the surface altogether for the next hundred years, plotting, preparing and building up their numbers.*

2393

*A huge consignment of grain travelling by ship from Araby to Tilea fails to arrive. Skaven piracy is suspected but never proven.*

2399

*Skaven of Clan Skryre begin developing warpfire-powered underground locomotives ("warprails"). Originally used to move mining carts, they are soon adapted for troop transport as well.*

2473

*The Dwarfs return to Karak Eight Peaks under King Belegar, descendant of King Lunn. They capture several levels and join the ongoing battles for the upper levels against both Clan Mors and the Night Goblins of the Crooked Moon tribe.*

c.2480

*Throt the Unclean returns from the Chaos Wastes with a captured Blindwrym.*

2485

*Clan Mors devastates several rival clans (including much of Clan Skab) and begins to rise in power and status.*

2491

*Bagrian, master of the monastery of La Maisontaal in Bretonnia, infiltrates Skavenblight and steals the deadly artefact known as the Black Arc. The Grey Seer Gnawdoom leads a force of Skaven against the monastery and recovers the Arc during a vicious battle with the monks after allying with the Undead army of the Lichemaster Heinrich Kemler.*

2498

*The Battle of the Jaws. Tipped off by Skaven spies, Goblin Warlord Skarsnik ambushes a Dwarf army.*

2499

*The Battle of Nuln. Fritz von Halstadt, Chief Magistrate of Nuln and head of the Countess Emmanuelle's secret police, is discovered trading warpstone to the Skaven in the sewers beneath Nuln. Grey Seer Thanquol has been feeding real information, half-truths and outright lies to the insane von Halstadt, manipulating him with the ultimate aim of starting a civil war in the Empire. The plot is exposed and von Halstadt killed but Thanquol escapes. Later the same year Thanquol returns seeking vengeance with a Skaven horde. The horde uses Nuln's extensive sewer network to infiltrate the city and almost overrun it in a single night, being halted only by fires lit by the defenders which rage through the city.*

*Eventually the Skaven are driven back, leaving half of Nuln in ruins. Grey Seer Thanquol swears he will have vengeance upon Nuln and its inhabitants before returning to Skavenblight to face the inquisition of the Lords of Decay.*

2504

*Sea Lord Aislím's Dragonship squadron engages a ramshackle fleet near the Shifting Isles. Despite the foe's arcane machines, the Elves triumph. The Skaven corpses that wash up on the north-east coast of Ulthuan are gathered and burnt by the shore patrols.*

2512

*Skaven sappers completely destroy Castle Witrgenstein and retrieve the Warpstone stored there.*

2513

*Towns and forts along both sides of the Grey Mountains begin to disappear due to Skaven attacks. The Empire and Bretonnia suspect each other. Although tensions are raised between the nations, only border skirmishes have thus far taken place.*

c.2515

*In the Dark Lands Tretch Craventail begins to carve himself a reputation for greatness.*

2518

*Lord Throt the Unclean and his army from Hell Pit fight Chaos Lord Aelfric Cyenwulf and his barbarian force. Cyenwulf later leads his army the opposite way, preferring to take on the might of Kislev rather than the mutated beasts of Clan Moulder.*



2520

*High Mage Torimubar, Mage Lord of the Gates of Calith, is mysteriously slain. None of the typical signs of Dark Elf outrages can be found.*

2521

*Clan Mors Warlord Queek Headtaker is recalled to the City of Pillars in an attempt to bring an end to the ongoing battles there. Elsewhere the copper mines of Grim-Duraz in the Grey Mountains become the latest Dwarf holdings to fall under Skaven control.*



## DEATHLY SILENCE

A thin line of red traced the path of the blade, and a trickle of blood ran down the length of the fat human's exposed neck. The Skaven Assassin released his tight grip on his victim and let the body of the cellarman slump to the floor. He dragged the corpse away from the foot of the stairs, hiding it beneath a large frame that supported an immense barrel. Dozens of such barrels filled the long thin chamber. The palace of Middenheim was well stocked, but the black robed Skaven had not come here to assess the man-things' supplies of brew.

He ran down the length of the chamber, counting the barrels as he passed them. Instinctively he kept in the shadows, his movements silent and swift. At the thirteenth barrel from the end he stopped. The Assassin tapped three times on the wooden lid with the base of his dagger. His signal was met with a similar reply. Running his thin clawed hands across the metal rim he found a small niche and pressed on it. A dull click told him he had found what he sought, and he stepped back as the front of the barrel slowly swung forward. He stared into the dark barrel and hissed.

"Come-come. Quickly."

A pair of red eyes appeared in the dark gloom of the barrel, followed by a second, then a third. A Skaven jumped from the large barrel, quickly followed by more of its kindred. They were dressed in the same black robes as the Assassin, with sharp, talon-like blades strapped to their hands. In all a dozen of the creatures emerged, examining their surroundings as each of them awaited their master's command.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Go now, up steps." The Assassin addressed his underlings. "Above us a tavern, full it is. Man-things, not warriors, drunk. Will die easily." The group headed towards the entrance moving as one, like ghostly shadows down the length of the vault.

"Gunther!" yelled the tavern keeper. "What's keeping you? There's good customers waiting up here." The palace workers' inn was full tonight. Angestag was always a busy night. The nobles of the palace would often let their servants have the day off whilst they slept off their overindulgence on the weekend. Most of the servants took the opportunity to unwind and relax with some good food and an ale or two with which to swill it down.

The cellar door creaked open. Without looking up from the pint he was pulling, Brostow the innkeeper shouted at what he thought was his cellarman.

"Bout time! Now be a good 'un and come and help me here." He finished pouring the ale - it had a fine, creamy-white head on it, just about the best ale he had pulled that night. He relished the thought of closing time when he would be able to relax and have a drink or two himself. Putting the tankard on the bar, he wiped his hands on his apron and was about to pour another when a high pitched scream caused him to look up.

"Ulric save us!" he stammered as surveyed his bar. With a speed the likes of which he had never seen, a number of small black creatures leapt from table to table. Blades were darting left and right, ripping out the throats of his patrons. They looked like small shadows, flitting across the room. In the

noise and commotion of the pub, the invaders had already caused a bloodbath before any of the customers had realized what was afoot. Only now did it dawn on the few remaining tables that something was terribly wrong.

Brostow watched as a young couple tried to flee to the door. They had only gone a few steps before one of the black robed figures dropped down from a roof beam onto the back of the girl. It closed a furry arm around her head twisting it and snapping her neck, whilst at the same time thrusting the blade held in its tail into the lower spine of her partner.

A couple of off-duty guardsmen had drawn their swords and fought off the flurry of blows from one of the dark creatures. Slowly, the two of them forced it back into a corner of the tavern, but the creature reached into the folds of its robes. From here the innkeeper could not quite tell what it was the foul creature grasped in its taloned fingers. He watched in horror as it launched two projectiles at its assailants. Both men fell to the floor writhing in death spasms, dark green stars, glowing unnaturally, protruding from their chests.

Within moments the once teeming inn had descended into total silence. As Brostow, rigid with fear, cast his eyes around the room he saw that few had even managed to escape from their tables before they had been brutally slain. The black robed ones pulled their blades from the corpses of their victims, wiping the blood on their cloaks. Thirteen pairs of eyes turned towards him and as one they advanced.

Brostow stared at the man-sized creatures. They had the visages of rats beneath the cowls of their robes: rows of razor sharp teeth were bared as they slowly crept towards him.

"No, no!" he screamed as he tried to flee, but his Legs would not respond. "You're not real! You're just a story told at bedtime to frighten naughty children."

The largest of the creatures leapt onto the bar and drew a wicked looking blade. Green toxin dripped from it, causing wisps of smoke to rise as it struck the polished wooden surface. The Skaven hissed, bringing its blade down in a vicious arc.

\*\*\*\*\*

As a dark cloud covered the moons, the Skaven crept out from the tavern into the crisp, cold night air of Middenheim. The trees in the palace ground had already shed their leaves and only the noise of frost covered leaves, quietly crunching underfoot, betrayed the presence of the dark robed Gutter Runners as they made their way through the grounds.

They followed the Assassin as he pressed himself against the cover of the ancient stone walls of the city. Soon he disappeared into the shadows of a small alcove facing the main palace quarters.

"The Dark ones are coming. Already they march from the north. Soon first of man-things' cities fall. Here, our time draws near. Already clans gather in strength and..." It hissed for the others to stay silent. The sound of a sentry's footsteps on the cobbled stones echoed across the square. They grew louder as the sentry approached their hiding place. One of the Gutter Runners drew his blade in readiness to dispatch the



guard. The man-thing paused, scant meters away from the alcove. The Skaven could smell the strong odour of his pipe. After a few seconds he resumed his patrol and walked away.

"Tower." the Assassin continued, pointing to a building before them. "Must get inside."

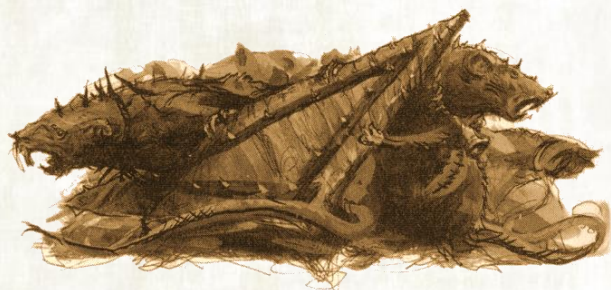
"Why master?" One of the Gutter Runners ventured a question. The Assassin turned, suddenly baring a set of sharp yellow fangs.

"Yours is not to ask why." With the tip of his dagger he scratched a rough map in the dirt beneath the alcove. Soon every Skaven in the group knew his task, and they set off on their mission.

\*\*\*\*\*

Kurt Thersmite felt the warmth of the fire against his cold face as he stepped into the guardroom. He took one last suck on his pipe before tapping the ashes out onto the floor. The rest of the nightshift were sat around the fire warming themselves. He walked up to the guardsman nearest the fire and stood before him.

"Move over lad, it's deadly cold out there and I'm needing to thaw my fingers." The young lad looked up and for a moment seemed ready to argue but one look from the elder guardsman's face told him it wasn't worth it. Kurt sat down on the stool and placed his hands close to the fire. As he did so he heard something scurry across the roof of the barracks.



"Damned rats," he muttered. "Somebody kick that fat, lazy cat outside to do her job."

A young guard walked over to the cat but it hissed at him, its fur standing on end.

The guard backed away from the feline, preferring to avoid a mauling at the sharp claws of the terrified animal.

"I dunno what's got into her tonight, she's petrified of going out." He said, sitting back down.

Kurt glared at the cat with disdain before returning his gaze back to the hypnotic glow of the red-hot embers. Suddenly he jumped back, tipping off the stool as a glass sphere fell from the chimney and landed in the heart of the fire. The old warrior got back up onto his knees, leaning forward to examine the strange glass ball. It glowed an eerie shade of green against the red heat of the coals. A loud crack was followed by Kurt's screams as the ball shattered and exploded in his face. The shards of glass, which had pierced his eyes, blinded him to the thick green noxious gas that poured from the ball and quickly enveloped the room.

"Quick! Get out." The young guard screamed, the gas already causing a strong burning sensation at the back of his throat. One by one the guards poured out from the barracks, their eyes streaming. One by one they fell to the floor, clutching at their throats as their blood spilled onto the frost covered cobbles. One by one the Skaven Gutter Runners sheathed their weapons and slipped back into the shadows.

The Assassin had slipped away from the main group, taking two of their number with him. He pointed towards the foot of a tall tower, where two guardsmen stood at the entrance.

"There, lair of one I seek." The building rose high into the night sky. It dwarfed a tower next to it, and at the top of the building was a metallic dome. Copper pipes extended out from the top quarter of the tower and ran up the length before burrowing back into the walls.

"Kill guards, master?" One of the Gutter Runners asked, drawing out a throwing star as he spoke. The Assassin motioned for him to put back the weapon.

"Not yet. Must reach target first. Kill guards now risks alerting victim." The Assassin looked at the alleyway between the two towers.

"Wait. Inside tower I must be, then strike," he instructed his apprentices.

Sprinting across the courtyard, he clenched his fists, on each hand two blades sprang forth from the sleeves of his robes. Running into the dark alleyway, the Assassin leapt onto a pile of crates to gain some height. From the top crate he launched himself upward at the far wall, driving the tips of his blades into the stonework. Plaster from the wall fell to the floor. Had he hoped to gain a solid purchase then the Assassin would have failed and tumbled to the ground below.

Instead, in that fraction of a second's purchase that the crumbling stonework lent him, he pushed himself off the wall with his clawed feet, launching upward towards the opposite side of the alley, again driving in his blades for a brief hold. In a short space of time the Assassin had managed to climb to the top of the lowest tower, leaping from one wall to the other. His black robes, silhouetted against the night sky, lent him the appearance of a bat in flight.

Once on the roof of the smaller tower the Assassin paused for a moment. He could spy an open window at the top of the tower but, even with his acrobatic abilities, it would be too high for him to reach in a single jump. A movement at the window caught his attention. He snarled as a figure drew the shutters and locked them.

Undaunted by the setback, he couched for a moment focusing his energy on the jump and then bounded upward. For a brief moment it looked as though it was a suicidal leap and the Skaven found himself falling downwards. As he did so his blades scraped on the copper piping, causing a shower of sparks to fall down into the alley. The tip of one blade caught on a bend in the piping leaving the Assassin hanging suspended over the hundred foot drop.

He swung himself upwards, reaching out with his fingertips to grasp the piping. It was hot and burned his hands but the alternative was far less appealing. Climbing up the pipe he reached the window ledge and pulled himself up. He pulled



out a small pin secreted in his thick, dark grey fur. With his long nimble fingers he made short work of the shutter lock on the window and leapt inside the tower.

\*\*\*\*\*

Engineer Freidrich Holst sat down at his desk and picked up his quill. He turned a switch and the dim lights in the room glowed bright as the burners were fed more gas. He was glad for the integrated flow system that he had recently installed into the tower, it ensured that on the cold winter nights in Middenheim he would remain warm. Since his arrival in the palace Freidrich had been making quite a name for himself.

Now though he had been granted a bursary to begin studies on a far grander project.

During his short time in the city he had been allowed access to a wide range of ancient artifacts. It was here that he had discovered a strange stone. Dated at over five hundred years old it was simply entitled Wyrystone. All attempts to locate its source had met with failure, but Freidrich was not concerned with such details. He was more interested in harnessing the energy of the stone.

In recent months, and after many near disastrous experiments, Freidrich had managed to safely use the stone as a power conduit. Unfortunately, the single shard he had found had been virtually drained of energy, and so he had sent word across the Empire for more samples. He stared at the dark green shard on his desk; this simple piece of stone would change his life forever. With it he would achieve recognition beyond his wildest dreams.

A sudden draft of cold air caused him to turn round. The shutters were wide open. 'Strange', he mused to himself, he was sure he had locked them. The engineer refastened the lock and sat back down at his desk. His eyes widened in shock. The stone was gone. He looked under the desk, perhaps it had fallen, but his quick search revealed nothing.

"Lost something?" A sharp voice spoke behind him. Freidrich turned and his heart almost stopped at what he beheld.

The Assassin grinned, revealing his razor sharp teeth. In his hand he casually tossed the green shard. The engineer slowly stepped back, his mouth wide open whilst his eyes betrayed a look of bewilderment and horror at the creature before him. He backed himself up against the wall, shuffling slowly step by step, sideways towards the door.

"I knew it!" He stammered, pointing at the Assassin. "All the evidence pointed towards it, I knew you were real. The skulls were too precise to be fakes." The human continued to back away from the Skaven. As he reached the door, he slowly turned to open the handle. No sooner had he averted his gaze than the Skaven leapt towards him with lightning speed. The blades attached to the Skaven's wrists thudded into the thick oak, pinning the engineer to the door. One blade on either side of the man's neck trapped him. The engineer turned slowly back round to face his attacker, a trickle of blood ran down his neck as the blades nicked him, whilst at his feet a small puddle of another liquid formed.

"Warpstone you are wanting, yes? Think you to harness its power?" the Assassin pressed his snout close to the engineer's face, staring deep into his eyes.

"W...w... warpstone?" the engineer stammered again, a puzzled and desperate tone creeping into his speech. He looked down at the shard of stone the Skaven held in his menacing clawed hands. "Y...y...you mean Wyrystone.

"We know you harness energy. Give me plans I give you quick death." The Skaven turned his blades, cutting slightly deeper into the engineer's neck.

"You will get nothing from me, you verminous filth." Freidrich retorted, wincing at the pain. "All the results of my experiments are contained safely within my mind. There is nothing for you here, it is all in my head."

The Skaven snarled for a second and pulled his blades away from the engineer's neck, reaching into the folds of his robe. He turned his back to the engineer for a moment, whispering. "Good, good." In one fell move he whirled back around, the sword held in his hand sliced cleanly through the engineer's neck, severing his head.

At the foot of the tower the two Gutter Runners pulled their throwing stars from the bodies of the guards. The door opened and they quickly lowered their daggers from a striking position as they spied their master.

"Success master?" one whispered as they skulked into the shadows.

"Yes." The Assassin spoke. In his hand he held a small sack. Blood dripped from the seams, leaving a trail behind it. But by the time the guards discovered the gruesome murder, the Skaven would have long since vanished.

"Hurry we must. Clan Skryre need this one's brains before they grow cold. Even after death they have the means with which to retrieve his secrets." As the Assassin spoke the other Gutter Runners emerged from the shadows. Three of them lifted the heavy grating of a manhole cover and the small band of infiltrators vanished as swiftly as they had appeared.





# SKAVENBLIGHT

Few people enter the Blighted Marshes: those that do must be criminals, insane, or both. There is nothing of value in the Blighted Marshes – no stories of fantastic treasure and hidden hoards of gold. Just the clammy all-enveloping mists and a lonely death amongst the black reeds and rushes. To venture into this stagnant mire is to walk to your doom – to be drowned in the cold, black, slimy waters, or hunted and devoured by the evil beasts rumoured to live there. Fog swirls around the black waters of these fetid marshpools, deep enough to swallow up the tallest man. The pale flickering of the corpse lights glow in the dank depths of the swamp, and the chill calling of some solitary marsh bird is the only sound that pierces the choking mist.

Unknown to the world, deep in the rotting heart of the Blighted Marshes festers the vile capital of the Skaven – Skavenblight. This shell of a once-great city lays half-sunken in the noisome morass, a relic of the men that lived there and a testimony to the corruption spread by the children of the Hornet Rat.

Through magics more powerful than the unsuspecting world can imagine, the largest and most densely populated city in the world is kept secret, its location only guessed at by the very wisest. Deep in the rotting heart of the Blighted Marshes festers the vile capital of the ratmen, the decay-ridden nexus of all Skaven. This shell of a once-great city of mankind lies more than half sunken in the morass, a testimony to the corruption and ruin spread by the Children of the Horned Rat.

Skavenblight is a sprawling metropolis of endless caverns; a multi-layered under-city of twisting corridors, and nightmare squalor on an unimaginable scale. This evil capital of a nefarious race is the veiled lair from which rule the mighty Lords of Decay, the ruthless leaders of the Skaven who sit upon the Council of Thirteen. It is from here, amidst labyrinthine darkness, that the Skaven scheme for supremacy, gnawing over plots for the final apocalypse.

It would be impossible to reach the Skaven capital across the land surface, as the immense Blighted Marshes are certain death to cross. The noisome stench of the sucking mud and fetid waters rises high into the air, a vast and poisonous cover that prevents the full light of the sun from penetrating its gloom.

If some foolhardy adventurers – perhaps on a doomed quest – were to enter the boundaries of the Blighted Marshes, and if they did not perish within a few hours, then they could wander lost for weeks in its unfathomable leagues. Eventually, the fog might clear for a moment, revealing tumble-down ruins stretching into the distance or a solitary spire slipping slowly into the mire. Walls and doorways to long-forgotten mansions and ale-houses may loom in the darkness momentarily. Then the cold mists would close once more over the depressing scene, and the adventurers would again find themselves stumbling through long empty, half-submerged streets and alleyways in the dismal half-light. As they pressed on, the dead city would enclose them, its decaying buildings rearing up on either side from the shadows.







The sharp-eyed may notice strange footprints in the mud; while even the most dull witted could not miss the gaping tunnel mouths issuing foul vapours. Pale lights gleam in the taller buildings, and unknown machines thud tirelessly beneath the ground.

Before they were overwhelmed and killed by hordes of Skaven suddenly emerging from the shadows, the adventurers may realise that they had inadvertently strayed into Skavenblight, the Skaven's city.

No one living knows the original name of Skavenblight, or who lived there before the coming of the Skaven. No one knows what great Lords ruled the land before the Rat-men. The remorseless creeping progress of the black waters that have long since swallowed the city's rich halls has destroyed any evidence of former dwellers.

Skavenblight is also known as the Great Undercity, because of the mass of tunnels and caverns stretching for miles below the city ruins. While some of the bigger buildings at the centre of the ruined city are still occupied and used, nine tenths of Skavenblight is underground like some malevolent iceberg. The network of tunnels reaches out across the Old World and beyond. Few are the cities of man that the Skaven tunnelers have not infiltrated. The Skaven and their tunnels are the dark beneath the world which few men admit knowing about, preferring instead to turn a blind eye and leave the sewer guards to maintain the vigil deep below the city streets.

Long before finding Skavenblight, well past the swampy borders, are found deep-water channels a traveller in the marshes would come across one of the many rotting slave-hulks that rows listlessly through the turbid waters. Flotillas of Skavenslaves cluster in their wakes, either swimming or mounted in small shanty crafts, occasionally swarming out to gather the black corn growing amidst the reed beds. Burly Skaven overseers ply the lash on miserable slaves struggling to make their quotas before the slave-hulk moves on – sometimes churning over swimmers trying to get back on-board. They ignore the odd coracles which disappear into the mist or overturn with a splash. Escape through the marshes is impossible and the worst punishment that the grain-slaves can suffer is to be abandoned in that black morass.

Closer to the centre of the marshes huge, ruined towers punctuate the murky waters, their narrow slit windows staring out accusingly over the water. The passing slave-hulks sends waves lapping over the crumbling edifices as they cluster darkly about the quays. As the banks become solid ground there reside teeming ports where endless trudging lines of bent-backed figures haul black corn or moonseed from the quaysides to the factories. Greenish lights flicker and flash at the narrow windows as the enormous mill wheels of worm-eaten wood and rusted iron relentlessly churn out grain to feed the starving hordes of Skavenblight. Periodically, armed patrols sweep the lines, enforcing speed and mercilessly gathering up any who have collapsed or expired under their weighty loads. Any such unfortunates are thrown in with the crops, literally more grist for the mill.







Beyond the great granaries the vague outline of a vast city can be seen through the mist, rising out of the mud, an angular rise amidst the monotonous flatness of the fens. Clammy green-tinted mists wrap the ruins of vast arches and shattered buildings. The ground trembles with rhythmic cadences and sudden pillars of flame leap out of fissures. Irregular tongues of fire leap up from it and a far-off rustling can be heard as of many sounds melded together by the distance. Moving closer, the indistinct hulk resolves itself into a great ruined city spreading out of the grey smog.

The cracked paving stones tilt crazily up from the deserted streets and holes and vents pockmark the rubble-strewn byways. Shadowy figures flit or scurry amidst the crumbling structures. Some of the caves burrowed into the mounds of debris gleam with ominous lights, while others are gaping maws leading down into darkness.

The veils of clammy mist writhing sluggishly across the marshes hide much of the ruins but the lines of old walls and arches can still be seen protruding from the sucking mud. Deeper into the city the land rises, and the buildings rear up higher on the firm ground. Broken houses mingle with shattered halls, cracked paving stones tilt crazily up from deserted market places. Here and there the ground is pocked with dark tunnel mouths gouting flames or foul vapours and the earth trembles with rhythmic cadences from far below. Pale lights gleam high up in some of the tallest buildings, as if paying homage to the mighty structure which dominates them.

The majority of Skavenblight exists underground in unfathomable levels, caverns, and shafts. No map could hope to account for the many districts or the ever-changing location of lairs, breeding pits, or strongholds, all connected by an intertwining network of tunnels gnawed out between sections. The deeper

levels can only be reached by cages attached to massive chains and lowered into the depths. At the very centre of the city a single, cloud-piercing tower reaches towards the heavens above a great temple. At the top of the tower a monstrous belfry lies at the very edge of sight circled endlessly by dark shapes. The all-enshrouding mists coil closely about this unholy place, as if to hide it from the affrighted gaze of the world. This is the Temple of the Horned Rat, site of the Skaven's first and greatest act of corruption. It stretches for miles beneath the surface but above ground is marked by a single, cloud-piercing tower reaching high over the desolation. The Shattered Tower is a piece of madness made manifest, in places marble-white and perfect, whilst in others decrepit and crudely patched together. Once of gleaming white marble its cracked and pitted surface is blackened with the smoke of forge and sacrifice. Its vaulted aisles ring with chattered devotions, its ruined chapels echo with unholy communion. This is the birthplace of the Skaven, the heart of their dark Under-Empire.

Masonry from many realms and eras of architecture are stacked atop each other, but for all that it stretches upwards to impossible heights. It is the fabled black heart of Skavendom, about which are told many legends. The temple is the base for the Grey Seers and home to their ruler Seerlord Kritislik, who occupies the first seat on the Council of Thirteen. Skavenblight houses innumerable clans – from the great powers to upstart and little-known Warlord clans.

### "All tunnels lead to Skavenblight"

- A common Skaven phrase alluding to the nexus of the Under-Empire. The phrase is also commonly used when admitting an exposed act of treachery. The Skaven see betrayal as inevitable, and the only regret of such acts is getting caught before succeeding.



All areas are packed, crowded with seething hordes that demand constant expansion. At the lowest levels countless Skaven slaves toil away, never to leave the mines or factories for the whole of their short and horrible lifetimes. They are regularly worked to death and replaced. Armies of slave-workers shift mountains of rock drilled out by tracked machines of immense size that burrow out new tunnels for the ever-increasing population. Elsewhere in the Under-city can be found the unbreathable air produced by the Monastery of Clan Pestilens, that unwholesome clan's largest dwellings outside of the Southlands. The fort-like warrens of the Ironspike sector are maintained by Clan Rictus, and all know and fear the Caverns of Unyielding Shadow, the Clan Eshin quarter where treaty-pacts are claw-marked, and the doom of many assured.



With the exception of the Great Temple of the Horned Rat, perhaps the most prestigious precincts of Skavenblight are the warpforges and workshops of Clan Skryre. At one time the famed Warlock Engineers took control of the city, usurping whole quarters of the Under-city for their sorcerous machinery. The cathedral sized halls are lit by glass spheres filled with lightning. In the district of Clan Skryre lightning confined in glass spheres crackles high above, casting a ghastly flickering light over everything. Skaven and their slaves toil endlessly in great forges, laboratories and workshops manipulating warpstone experimenting with new weapons, forging the masses of material required by the teeming populace of the Under-City. Steel-wheeled carts are hauled along metal rails by tireless, smoke-belching iron beasts and great tread-wheels wind up cages from the lower levels. Pistons, gears, and cogs the size of houses endlessly churns, generating power for relentless industry. All other clans resent the space, wealth, and power of Clan Skryre, but few would dare to openly defy them.

As large and impressive as Skavenblight is, its reach is mightier still. Its deep, twisting tunnels and streets have been so extensively excavated and continually expanded that the true size of the city is unfathomable, spreading beneath the Blighted Marshes in all directions like a creeping plague. Stone-gnawed and chiselled passages extend away from that den of despair, diving deep under the roots of the Black Mountains and extending thousands upon thousands of miles in all directions. So the Grey Seers routinely travel outward, checking all Skaven strongholds and spyposts and bringing their plans for supremacy to the multitudes. Beneath Skavenblight there exists a labyrinth of tunnels so complex that even the Skaven have no accurate maps of them. The upper layers are broadly divided into districts each one ruled over by

one of the great clans. Here methane-burning cressets line the winding tunnels, lighting the way with lurid flowers of red and blue flame.

The lower levels of Skavenblight are a dark nightmare, where countless thousands unskilled slaves and the lesser Warlord clans struggle to survive amidst the squalor and filth, their mercifully short lives filled with endless darkness and ever present filth and disease, as well as the constant threat of cave-ins and enforced slavery from stronger clans.. Moisture runs down the walls, mixing with the effluent and waste washed down from the upper levels until it is often knee deep. Cave-ins and floodings are daily occurrences here and slave gangs work constantly to clear the narrow passages and shore up the older tunnels, with the slaves all too often being caught in turn by further disasters. In dark, forgotten corners weird mutants and escaped slaves lurk, hunting through the labyrinthine darkness for careless slaves or unwary Skaven to snatch away and devour.

Long stone-cut passages extend away from the Under-City to the north and west, diving beneath the roots of the Black Mountains, each one guarded by clanrat outposts or complex traps. Thousands of miles of secret tunnels spread out from Skavenblight, through the Vaults, under the Worlds Edge Mountains and beyond. Webs of tertiary passages riddle the Grey Mountains and stretch out under the unsuspecting cities of the Empire and Bretonnia. Gnawing north and south through the Worlds Edge Mountains the Skaven tunnels push out beyond the boundaries of the Old World to Araby, the South Lands, the Dark Lands and eventually even to Lustria, Naggaroth and Cathay.





## PRISONER OF SKAVENBLIGHT

The last thing he remembered was praying to Sigmar. A terrifying animal face had snarled, he'd heard a blade hit his helm, and his vision had faded a second before his mind did. And he had prayed to Sigmar that he would not die that day.

For a moment, when he came to, he thanked his God for having heard him. Then his vision cleared, and he felt the weight around his neck and arms, and he knew the Gods were cruel and fickle. He did indeed live, but as a chained prisoner of the Ratmen.

He stared around the cramped stone cell he was lying in, trying to see faces in the darkness. Were any of his fellow soldiers here? A friendly face would be a great comfort. But he saw only old men he did not know, their eyes reflecting his own fear back at him. He thought of his brother, Heinrich, who had disappeared fighting the Ratmen that spring – had he ended up in a place like this? If so, might he still be here?

That hope gave him courage. He began to stand, pushing his body up against the rock walls. Almost immediately, another prisoner crashed into him, grappling him with cold, clammy arms. He looked into the face, hoping for anything familiar, but there was no longer even any humanity there. The eyes lolled, bloodshot and blind, and the withered skin was stuck to the skull like wet paper. The madman tried to talk, but his mouth was filled with sores, and his tongue had long ago been severed with a dull knife.

He pushed away the gnarled prisoner, and raised himself up again. He could see a gate, and a light beyond it, and then all of a sudden, the light was gone. At the top of the darkness that replaced it, the light silhouetted two pointed ears, and whiskers wafting in a slight breeze. The smell stung his eyes, and he fell back. The gate clanged open, and leathery claws grabbed his chains and dragged him out of the cell.

The world spun about him. He felt the pebbles of a rocky path cutting into his back as he was dragged. A cliff face towered above, and beyond it, a cavern of impossible size, filled with light, and noise, the sound of a thousand forges and a thousand shipyards, though how such things could be found in the dark underground, he couldn't understand. The dragging stopped, and he lolled

into the fellow prisoners who were being dragged along with him. He saw the old madman again, still trying to form words, bellowing out urgent sounds at him from his broken throat. A warning, perhaps? A terrible cry about what was to come? What torture would they have him endure? What knowledge could they possibly need from him?

Claws grabbed him, and threw his body onto a wooden seat. Spikes hammered his wrist-shackles into the wood, locking him into place. Dimly, he realised it was some kind of stave galley. An iron-bound handle sat in front of him, and the floor moved when he trod on it. Not a galley, he thought, but a treadmill, for crushing grain. They meant to use him as slave labour. Well, he could handle that. He had worked a treadmill as a boy. It would be brutal work, but at night he could plan his escape. He was strong. Almost as strong as his brother. He would find others like him. He would escape. He would survive.

Another bellow came as the madman was pushed in next to him. He recoiled in horror as once again the crazed cripple grabbed at his hands, sliding over them with his death-cold skin. Then he saw it. The old man was putting their hands together, next to each other, so it was obvious that the rings they each wore on their second fingers were identical.

He looked up in sudden realisation. He stared into the eyes of the broken, inhuman creature that his brother had become in only six months. And he went mad.







To Athlon

Middenheim

Mattenburg

Couverna

Aldorf

Talabheim

Moustillon

GERSOX

Bordeleaux

MAN THINGS

MAN THINGS

Black Charn

Nahn

Brienne

Parravon

Guenelles

ELF THINGS

Bilbali

Ratrid

Shavenblight

Ful

Stump

Reck

Fester Spike

Magitta

Tobaru

Mragheno

MAN THINGS

Renes

Luccin

To Elyund





Arzag

THINGS

Kislev

Hell Pit

Gashrafs

Lah

Mordheim

DEAD THINGS

Karah Unger

GREEN THINGS

Mount Gunbad

HALF THINGS

DWARF THINGS

Mount Silverspear

Karah Yarn

Karah-A-Karah

GREEN THINGS

Karah Drach

Crossback Mountain

To Cathay

City of Pillars

Karah Aigal

Cripple Peak

DEAD THINGS





# THE UNDER-EMPIRE

The Skaven are not the simple Chaos spawn they are believed to be. Most people imagine the Skaven squatting in bare caves, cursing the world above them while they gnaw bones and scheme incessantly. They are rarely given credit for industry of any kind, much less for their skill as homemakers and city builders. The truth is far more terrifying, especially considering that the world of the Skaven, which they refer to as their Under-Empire, is a sinister reflection of the surface world.

The Skaven are a subterranean race. They live their whole lives beneath the ground (except when battling to conquer the surface), and their Under-Empire encompasses an area much larger than the surface of the Old World. Far from an unsophisticated species, Skaven are master architects who skilfully excavate their collective homes within the depths of the earth. Rather than using natural caverns exclusively, as some might expect, the Ratmen create their own environments beneath the earth. This is not to say that natural caverns are never utilized by the Skaven, but those that are have often seen some modification to a greater or lesser degree.

## GEOGRAPHY

The Under-Empire stretches from one end of the Old World to the next, spreading outward from the decay-ridden nexus of Skavenblight. Its borders are not defined in the same sense as those on the surface. It is a complex spider's web of tunnels that spans the globe like an insidious blight beneath the surface of the world, stretching across continents, from the very north of Kislev to the steaming jungles of the Southlands and beneath the crowded cities of Araby. To the east the Under-Empire reaches the ancient cities of Cathay and the isle of Nippon, while to the west it spreads its claws into the depths of Lustria and beneath Naggaroth.

The Under-Empire is unbound by oceans or mountain ranges and, in sprawling size, is inarguably the single largest and most expansive of known realms. So great and vast is the coverage of the Skaven Under-Empire that it almost circumnavigates the world. The fact that the Skaven have been sighted in places as far away as Araby and Cathay indicates they are indeed a widely-travelled race. Skaven do not willingly travel under the open sky of the surface world, and instead use a variety of underground avenues when moving great distances. These passageways have been millennia in the making, and the most widely-used of them have felt the pitter-patter of billions of Skaven feet over the centuries of

their use. Despite its immensity, the majority of nations and races do not acknowledge that Skaven exist, or if they do, have little appreciation of the magnitude of the threat beneath their feet.

The tunnels that form the Under-Empire are not all necessarily carved out by the Skaven themselves. Many subterranean halls and way-routes that the Skaven make use of were once carved lovingly by Dwarf hands, and have been stolen from them. These tunnels spread through the towering Worlds Edge Mountains that separate the Old World from the Dark Lands of the east, as well as riddle the Black Mountains and the Vaults.

Countless other cruder tunnels have been stolen from the Goblins that dwell in the dark hearts of these mountains. Still, each year hundreds of miles of new tunnels are excavated by the pitiful slaves of the Skaven, who often, spend their entire lives toiling beneath the surface for their cruel masters.

The Under-Empire reaches almost every city of the Old World, and many of those on more exotic shores. Beneath the streets of Bretonnia and the Empire lurk the Skaven, generally unbeknownst to those above. At night they haunt the streets of the cities of Estalia and Tilea. They drag the poor and homeless, those that no one will miss, far beneath the surface of the world to become their slaves. The Skaven claw their way into the lowest halls of the Dwarfs, a constant threat that the doughty warriors must combat. They prey upon the Goblins that also infest the mountains, and the unseen wars that rage beneath the calm surface of the world are almost constant.

The Skaven's Under-Empire closely mirrors the surface world in most respects. Many Skaven cities are built directly under the unsuspecting cities of human realms, and nearly every single unsuspecting surface city has some manner of Skaven warren nestled beneath its streets. While the size of the city does not always reflect the population of the Skaven settlement beneath it, the largest Human burgs tend to have correspondingly large Skaven populations.

The Ratmen are able to gain easy access to these cities through the use of man-made tunnel systems and sewers, which the Skaven cleverly combine with their own networks of passageways. This easy access allows Skaven spies and saboteurs to slink to the surface. Indeed, the eyes and ears of the ratmen are everywhere. The Dwarfs have an inkling of the true scale of the Skaven threat, but mankind little heeds such cautionary tales, for the complaints of Dwarfs are lengthy and seldom speak openly of defeats. Many Dwarfholds have been destroyed, turned into nest-lairs by the Skaven, while the remaining Dwarf bastions are already besieged from below.

"Can't you hear them? The scratching? The skittering? The squeeking? They are under our very feet!"

- Bort the Mad





PATRIKROSANDER.SE

As of yet, none of the human realms are assailed as openly as the Dwarf Kingdoms – but the days of the Old World are numbered. Tunnels spread under the unsuspecting nation of the Empire with major lairs beneath the cities of Nuln, Middenheim, and Marienburg. Further to the north, the fastness of Hell Pit can be found many days march past reason. The ratmen even operate spy posts under the skin-huts of the Dark God, worshipping barbarians. Bretonnia is rife with lairs, with Brionne and Quenelles heavily undermined by tunnels and nests. Estalia and Tilea are thoroughly corrupted beneath the surface. The Mean city-state of Miragliano aware of the menace residing in its sewers and there are daily confrontations, but not yet open war.

Skaven lairs can be found beneath the ruins of ancient temples situated along the leylines of magic or near the precious warpstone that the ratmen covet. Skaven tunnels push into Araby, the Southlands, the Dark Lands, and as far away as Lustria, Naggaroth, and even far Cathay. Thus far pristine Ulthuan has avoided the penetrating tunnels, but the insidious tendrils of the Skaven Under-Empire are ever seeking a way.

## CLIMATE

Weather in the Under-Empire is more or less constant. Temperature in the caverns, tunnels, and passages of the Skaven world is affected by a great many things: humidity, depth, available water sources, wind, and sources of geothermal heat. A vast cavern that teems with Skaven is much warmer than it would be otherwise, simply due to the body heat that they generate. The Skaven, having adapted to life underground, are typically comfortable under most circumstances, though, like men, they are not overly fond of extremes of either heat or cold.

## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

The Skaven utilize a complex series of tunnels, passageways, and caverns to navigate between settlements, as well as between destinations on the surface.

The labyrinthine tunnels and great caverns of this realm stretch far and wide, allowing entire armies of the foul ratmen to move around unheeded until they are ready to swarm from their lairs and overcome their enemies in an unstoppable tide. These tunnels link the strongholds of the Skaven, immense places filled with millions of the creatures, all struggling to cling to their miserable lives.

By far, the most common mode of transportation used by Skaven is shank's mare; in other words, their own two feet. As individuals, Skaven's inherent laziness and constant hunger keep them from moving about very much. When part of a large group determined to reach a goal, however, they can become both fast and tireless. The Musk of War or other variant scents, combined with the cruel whips of taskmasters and a group instinct, allow them to cover great distances with little or no rest.

Another mode of transportation used by the Skaven is the Warprail. Designed by the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre, the Warprail is a train driven along a system of iron rails by a massive warp-engine. Though still experimental, the Warprail has been proven to be the fastest mode of transportation in the Under-Empire – that is, when it works. Given their construction, the warp-engines powering the Warprail are prone to overheating and experience constant problems with pressure regulation. If not properly maintained, warp-engines can explode, causing a catastrophic loss of life



as well as the inevitable cave-in of the tunnel they travel through.

If not for these minor setbacks, the Warprail would be the pre-eminent form of travel between major Skaven settlements. As it is, there are only a handful of Warprail engines available, and not all of them are in working order at any given time. In addition, Warprail engines require tracks laid down in stable tunnels, and thus far these only exist between major Skaven cities, such as Skavenblight, Hell Pit, and the City of Pillars. As Clan Skryre continues to perfect its warp-engine technology, additional tunnels and tracks will doubtless be implemented, allowing the Skaven to move large bodies of troops and supplies between their cities with unprecedented ease.

## SKAVEN SETTLEMENTS

Each Skaven settlement is different, reflecting the personality of the clan or clans that call it home. Given that the Skaven psyche is invariably linked to Chaos, no two Skaven cities are built to the same specification. Some sprawl out over a great distance, while others are compressed areas of intertwining tunnels and passageways that loop and twist over and beneath one another like knotted and tangled ropes.

As with any surface city, the size of a Skaven settlement depends on the amounts and types of resources readily available there. Warpstone, especially, is a prized commodity to the Skaven, and cities in proximity to plentiful Warpstone veins are often the largest and most populous in the Under-Empire. Besides this precious ore, a settlement's access

to foodstuffs and fresh water are also important. Other commodities, such as easy availability of captive labour, also play a role in determining how prosperous a Skaven settlement is.

Skaven settlements are defined by their sizes and populations, much like Human cities, towns, and villages are. The largest settlements are, unsurprisingly, referred to as cities. Skaven cities are sprawling complexes that are, in large part, self-sufficient. These metropolises can easily accommodate from 10,000 to 50,000 Skaven, though population varies depending on the current political climate. A Skaven city often has up to twice the number of residents as its mirror Human city on the surface; in times of great plenty, the population may be much, much higher.

The next most populous Skaven settlements are referred to as warrens. Warrens are the equivalent of Human towns in size and composition. While not completely self-sufficient, they are typically able to support themselves so long as they can trade with other settlements for products they do not produce. The population of a Skaven warren can range from 1,000 to 10,000 Skaven strong.

The smallest of the Skaven communities are commonly called nests. Nests are akin to villages and hamlets on the surface world, and they are often closely tied to a nearby city, warren, or stronghold. Nests are rarely home to less than 50 individuals, with the largest of them providing shelter to as many as 1,000 Ratmen. Nests are commonly affiliated with a single Clan or Warlord.





Though they are not settlements in the strictest sense of the word, Skaven strongholds deserve some mention. Like the keeps, castles, and citadels of the surface world, strongholds are easily defensible dwellings often at the centre of Skaven communities. They are veritable fortresses with carefully restricted access points and brutally effective defences. If they are not incorporated into a warren or city, strongholds are traditionally affiliated with client nests that provide labour, revenue, and conscripts.

Skaven strongholds are festering lairs in that are usually home to literally millions of the foul creatures. They are the generally filthy and crowded places, where the majority of the Skaven population is on the brink of starvation. It is a common practice of the Skaven to turn on those weaker and smaller in order to stave off their hunger. These strongholds also house the more powerful Warlord clans and their armies. The number of the Skaven constantly expands, their power growing with every passing day, a fact of which the world is utterly oblivious.

The greater part of Skaven strongholds are underground. Where surface strongholds exist, they are always in a ruined state and are usually abandoned forts or temples that the Skaven have found and taken over. Indeed they have often killed the original owners, centuries before by infecting their water and food stores with their plagues!

The decaying ruins are infested with ratmen dwelling in makeshift shacks and wooden dwellings. Rotten wood is reinforced and patched up with gnawed timbers until these structures become thick and resistant to damage. However, due to the persistent rot that creeps through the main foundations of the fort, these structures frequently collapse under their own weight and new strongholds are built on top of them creating a dense midden.

Beneath the pile of stinking timbers, within the shell of the mined fort, are the tunnels down into the Skaven grubbings. These are fetid, dank labyrinthine networks which are almost impossible to capture by invading armies.

The Skaven prefer to have many entrances and escape holes, most of which are difficult if not impossible to detect. Gates, where they do exist, are crudely made of rotten timbers or iron grids. Skaven tunnels are defended by dozens of complicated traps, such as spiked halls, rattigator pits, poison wind globes and other things too unpleasant to think of.

### Skaven Architecture

Skaven cities are massive, with a perplexing number of structures packed into a small place. However, Skaven are not great builders; they see things in the short-term, slapping together make-shift hovels that serve the moment. Skaven would rather steal a home than build a new one. And if a neighbouring home cannot be stolen, the spiteful Ratmen have no compunctions against

burrowing beneath it to sink it. Skaven cities therefore tend toward ramshackle collections of debris and detritus. Skaven use wood, dung, and mud as their materials. The only thing that keeps these buildings from falling down is the skill of the slaves that shore up and rebuild them.

Few structures have foundations, and if so, it's because a Human or Dwarf builder thought to incorporate one. As a result of this shoddy architecture, fire is a big threat, and buildings collapse all the time. Style depends solely on the workers. Humans and Dwarfs bring their views and talents to some buildings, but such structures are reserved for the important Skaven. On occasion, these buildings might be built on sensible lines, along paths or even roads, but again, such quality stems from slave ingenuity and never Skaven forethought. Even the better buildings are rarely finished, given the life expectancy of slaves and even the Skaven themselves, so most settlements are collections of incomplete and plundered structures.

The only exceptions to these slapdash and dangerously precarious structures are the temples of the Horned Rat. Ostentatious amounts of Warprokens, slaves, and materials are granted by status-seeking Skaven wanting to curry favour with the Grey Seers. These temples usually have a tower and bell – the tower has thirteen storeys, which represents the Council. Beneath the temple is a labyrinth, which is used as a divinatory tool as well as a method of initiation for Apprentices as well as an excellent mode for executing undesirables. The maze is sacred to the Horned Rat, and those that can find their way through it are deemed to have been guided by the will of the Skaven God. Those who become lost or die in one of the many traps have clearly been abandoned by their God and are thus worthy of death. Needless to say, there are many traps, shifting walls, and hidden passages in these mazes.





The Skaven, as a species, are not overly fond of right angles. Instead, they prefer tunnels that are smooth, rounded, and almost organic in appearance. Depending on the purpose of a particular passage, its size can show a great deal of variation. Tunnels designed to accommodate individual Skaven are often no larger than five feet in diameter. Given the compact and lithe physiology of the Skaven, this provides more than enough room for them to manoeuvre. Large thoroughfares, on the other hand, are designed with vehicles and large crowds in mind, and can be nearly any size at all.



The mining of tunnels and passages is relegated to captive labour, be it Skaven, Human, Elf, or Dwarf. Excavation techniques are, by and large, simple. Shovels, picks, trowels, and other hand tools are used to dislodge and move large amounts of earth, stone, and rock in order to create passageways. Larger Skaven settlements skilfully incorporate massive natural caverns, in addition to Skaven-made tunnels and chambers. Craftsmen (or craftsrats, sometimes) assist in finishing the tunnels, ensuring that they are stable and visually pleasing. Of course, the aesthetics of the Skaven often leave a lot to be desired, especially by the standards of other subterranean races such as Dwarfs.

Since they spend much of their lives in proximity to their broodmates, Skaven are not accustomed to privacy. As such, doors are an uncommon sight in the Under-Empire. Many high-ranking and influential Skaven seal their personal chambers with wooden or stone doors, or with iron bars and gates, in order to keep unwanted trespassers and assassins out. Privacy is not considered a luxury available to the likes of the masses, however. The Skaven also have little use for windows, so they are rarely, if ever, incorporated. The only exception to this is in defensive fortifications, such as arrow slits and murder holes.

The sleeping areas used by the Skaven are communal in nature, and are often dictated by clan affiliation. Skaven construct bedding and nesting areas out of anything that they can scrounge, from mouldering straw, to animal skins and furs, to old clothes and discarded cloth. Position in these communal sleeping areas is largely dependent on an individual Skaven's social status, with the most influential sleeping closer to the top of the pile.

Areas with high concentrations of Skaven living in them smell very strongly of rat urine. This is due in part to the fact Skaven leave small markings wherever they go. Skaven have little difficulty identifying their own marks by scent, as well as the marks made by their kin and associates. Skaven have no concept of privies. Just about any spot of open ground that is even slightly out of the way is an appropriate place for a Skaven to relieve himself.





Perched on top of his mighty Screaming Bell, symbol of the power of the Horned Rat, Grey Seer Squelch was contemplating the complete destruction of the man-things army. The enemy had been utterly crushed. Squelch had only let the wounded priest of the hammer-god flee so that the terror of the Skaven would spread further among the man-things. What a brilliant victory! There was only one little flaw to ruin the total accomplishment of Squelch's master plan: Warlord Quickpaw was still alive.

Squelch tried to find his rival, scanning the mass of fur that was the victorious Skaven army. The rat-men were frantically busy, looting and devouring the fallen and wounded warriors, both enemy and kin.



And there he was. The large Warlord was slowly making his way towards the Grey Seer at the head of his Stormvermin bodyguard. He was visibly suffering from his wounds, his right arm swollen with blisters caused by the deadly Fellblade and his side bleeding where the bullets of the Ratling Gun had riddled his armour. Knowing himself to be more or less the direct source of those wounds, and seeing the murderous light in Quickpaw's eyes, the Grey Seer felt a shiver run down his spine. Surely the Warlord had no proof to accuse him with? At a sign from the Warlord, Squelch climbed down from the Bell, into the middle of the Stormvermin that were now surrounding it.

"Greetings-greetings. Warlord Quickpaw. A most great victory, yes-yes?" began the Grey Seer in his most unctuous tone, his tail beating the ground nervously behind him.

"Thank you, Grey Seer Squelch. Thank you for the 'covering fire.' You ordered the Ratling Gun to shoot-shoot. They told me." grinned the Warlord, pointing at the dry blood staining the many holes in his armour. He continued, this time showing the blackening sores on his sword arm.

"Thanks-thanks for the powerful sword. I give it back to you. You keep it. You carry it back to

Skavenblight. Too powerful for me. No problem for a mighty wizard like you. Yes-yes?" A flash of horror crossed Grey Seer Squelch's eyes at the idea of touching the foul blade.

"Many thanks, Warlord Quickpaw. My slaves carry it for me. Too heavy for me" he tried.

"No, you carry it!" snarled Quickpaw, tossing the blade into the Grey Seer's arms.

The musk of fear filled the air as the terrified Seer caught the weapon. No sooner had his claws closed on the scabbard when an arc of powerful green energy flared, linking the sword's hilt with the amulet hanging on the Grey Seer's neck. The vast quantity of warpstone magic bound within the two artefacts was obviously too much to contain, even for a Grey Seer. Within a few seconds of screaming agony, Grey Seer Squelch had mutated into a horrible blob of flesh and grey fur.

As the Stormvermin hacked the monstrosity to pieces, Warlord Quickpaw turned his gaze on the smirking Warlock Engineer behind him. The two exchanged a brief look of understanding and then the Warlord walked away.

"Yes-yes, too heavy for you. Grey Seer Squelch."







A SMITH



# LAIRS OF THE UNDER-EMPIRE

The Skaven realm is connected by the Under-way, a great sprawling series of tunnels. Sections of this hidden byway are crude and winding, while others make use of the ancient underground passageways built in straight precision by the Dwarfs during their golden age. The tunnel segments of dressed and masterly carved stone contrasts sharply with the roughhewn construction of the ratmen, which seems gnawed out of the living rock. Between Skavenblight and the major outposts and verminous cities, many tunnels have been widened, subterranean highways engineered by a nation that requires armies to move at speed.

The Under-way branches off to a myriad different spyposts, minor fortifications, and the secretive nestdwellings of lesser clans. Although Skavenblight is the unrivalled centre of the Under-Empire, there are many other important hubs along the Under-way. These are the major nest-lairs and strongholds of the Skaven, and most are dominated by a specific clan.

The Under-Empire is vast, and nearly every city, village, or town harbours a corresponding Skaven community. Populations vary, but it is a general rule of thumb that the Skaven population of a city, warren, or nest will be nearly twice that of its mirror settlement on the surface. In times of great plenty, Skaven populations can grow exponentially, triggering both internecine warfare and upward expansion.

## THE CITY OF PILLARS

The City of Pillars is the Skaven name for the ancient Dwarfhold of Karak Eight Peaks. High in the Worlds Edge Mountains, the Dwarfs built a city and fastness in the deep valley beneath eight majestic snow-capped peaks. As large as the surface city was, the true glory of Karak Eight Peaks lay underneath. It was these endless miles of colonnaded halls and arched passages that made more of an impression on the Skaven than the eight mountain peaks surrounding the site above.

Clan Mors holds the City of Pillars and the Lord of Decay Warlord Gnawdwell rules over them. Clan Mors is undoubtedly the most numerous of all the Warlord clans and holds many abandoned Dwarf mines and settlements up and down the Worlds Edge Mountains. In addition to being a controlling hub for many passageways of the Under-way, the City of Pillars holds many riches. Such was the size and grandeur of the Dwarf-city that even many centuries after its fall to the Skaven, the ratmen are still finding sealed treasuries, untapped mines or never-discovered vaulted hallways to be foul and despoil. All of this has assured Clan Mors continued wealth.

The current leader of Clan Mors, the domineering Warlord Gnawdwell, has used this well-established base to launch many wars up and down the Worlds Edge Mountains and secure himself a membership on

the Council of Thirteen. Countless lesser clans have been absorbed by Clan Mors, and they are augmented by an endless supply of conquered Night Goblin tribes that provide either able slaves or suitable, if chewy, foodstuffs. The ill-gotten gains fund whatever is needed at the time: war-beasts from Clan Moulder, Clan Skryre weaponry, the support of the fickle Grey Seers, or the assassin's knife to silence any who would impede progress.

The success of Clan Mors has not gone unnoticed. Rival Warlords, and even the four Greater clans, all keep wary eyes on the growing might and influence of Clan Mors. It is perhaps this barely concealed malice that has sustained the troubles that beset the City of Pillars. The surface ruins and the majority of the topmost levels of the subterranean city are bitterly contested once again. Eager for a share in the riches, the formidable Crooked Moon tribe of Night Goblins, led by the notorious Warlord Skarsnik, has forced entry into the ancient Dwarfhold. There, far from the light of day, the two races pit their might and guile against each other in a savage series of battles. Taking advantage of the ongoing warfare between Clan Mors and the Night Goblins, a small contingent of Dwarfs re-entered Karak Eight Peaks. Seeking to reclaim their long-lost kingdom, the Dwarfs battered their way into the sprawling complex, recolonizing a few heavily fortified levels.







Outwardly Warlord Gnawdwell expresses his pleasure with the constant warfare over the topmost levels of his capital dwelling. It is a proving ground for Chieftains, a chance to grind the teeth of a growing cadre of elite warriors. Yet inwardly, Warlord Gnawdwell seethes at the loss of face. He smells a double-cross, for it is the Skaven way to manipulate others to do the dirty work. Someone is warning his enemies of surprise attacks and showing them secret tunnels to launch their own forays. Gnawdwell's minions will not rest until the plotters are discovered and ruthlessly destroyed!

## HELL PIT

To the north, in the blasted wasteland known as Troll Country, lie the infernal breeding pits of Clan Moulder. Their stronghold is burrowed into the walls and floor of a ragged chasm in a snowy mountainside on the northern spur of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Volcanic pools at the bottom of the chasm raise a greyish plume of steam and vapours and mix the stink of sulphur with the stench of mangy fur and excrement. Worse than the stench is the dreadful cacophony of howls, screams, snarls and shrieks that clamour out of the frozen chasm like the wailing, lost souls of a thousand different races. Not without good reason is this place known as Hell Pit.

The essence of Chaos flows strongly around Hell Pit, warping even the rocks themselves and perverting plants and animals into new and disturbing forms. The bravest amongst the Packmasters of Clan Moulder band together into groups and scour the lands around Hell Pit for creatures to capture for their diabolic experimentation. Chaos-altered monsters from the Northern Wastes are lie most dangerous, but also the

**A WOLF RAT AMONGST JACKALS**  
*Like jackals surrounding a kill, many clans slink around the edges of the Underway, keeping eager eyes on the faltering Dwarf kingdom. For the ratmen, however, there is one clan that dominates the abandoned mines and settlements of the Dwarfs – the dreaded Clan Mors. Since delivering the fatal blow at the City of Pillars, the Warlord clan has ransacked so many ancient mansions that full legions of Stormvermin now wear Dwarf armour. Queek Headtaker, Clan Mors' most active Warlord, has become so audacious as to send the bearded-things warnings before launching his organised dismantling of yet another Dwarf mine-working.*

most aluable as huge, monstrous creatures always offer the best chance to create a new breed of fighting beast. Clan Moulder hunting parties will trail a Manticore or Hydra for months, waiting for the opportunity (and summoning up the courage) to strike. Captured beasts are then taken to Hell Pit where they are exposed to warpstone until the desired mutations start to form. Extra limbs or blades are often grafted onto the captive creature with the warpstone-infused salve that is stock in trade for many Master Moulders. The bottom of Hell Pit is filled with the detritus of the clan's failed experiments: pale twisted monstrosities that shamble and flop across the floor of the chasm, feeding on whatever they can catch.

Clan Moulder is constantly seeking new, stable breeds of fighting beasts that they can sell or hire to the other clans. Rumours abound of the cross-bred monstrosities they have created of which the fearsome Rat Ogre is undoubtedly the most infamous. Rat-like wolves have also been seen prowling in Kislev, along with curious furred breeds of troll and huge, seldom-seen burrowing creatures. Some of the beasts the Packmasters catch are simply trained and sold to other clans. Clan Moulder Packmasters are experts in training wild and vicious monsters. Truculent beasts are broken so that they obey and passive creatures goaded until they become killers.

The Chaos Wastes are barren around Hell Pit save for Packmasters scouring the lands for dangerous creatures to capture for their diabolic experimentation. Chaos monsters and mutated beasts from the Northern Wastes are the most dangerous but also the most valuable by far. Huge and monstrous creatures always offer the best chance for Master Moulders to extract enhancements for existing creatures or even to create a new breed of fighting brutes.

Expert hunters will trail a Manticore, Hydra or Chimera for days waiting for an opening to strike. Captured creatures are hauled away to Hell Pit in great iron cages for a horrible fate. Once in the pit they are exposed to warpstone and fed on carefully measured amounts of it until the desired mutations start to form. The bottom of Hell Pit is filled with the detritus of the



clan's failed experiments: pale twisted monstrosities that shamle or flop across the floor of the chasm and feed on one another.

If the toxic fumes don't put off an enemy's approach to Hell Pit then perhaps the twisted death throes of failed experiments will. These shambling, still-mutating, beasts are ejected from the warrens to spend their last miserable days howling in agony amidst the barren rocks, attacking anything they happen to scent. Despite such defences, Hell Pit is regularly attacked. Every few generations a boastful over-reaching champion of the barbarian tribes attempts to conquer the sprawling stronghold. Warriors of Chaos may be individually mighty, but these assaults are foolish – daring to assail the overwhelming numbers housed under the steaming vents of Hell Pit. Merciless death awaits the lucky.

The only assault on Hell Pit to gain headway occurred during the Great War Against Chaos two hundred years ago, when one of the many armies of Beastmen and Chaos Warriors sweeping south through Kislev allied in an attempt to raze Clan Moulder's capital. The Chaos armies forced their way inside the warrens, laying waste to the first three circles. The stronghold was saved by the Packmasters releasing a horde of rabid Rat Ogres into the tunnels, driving the minions of the four Chaos Powers back to the surface. In a blaze of blood and ruin the minions of the Dark Gods were halted, as innumerable Giant Rats were driven forward by Packmasters to bog down the foe. The invaders

were eventually surrounded and wiped out by another force of Skaven sent to reinforce the Clan Moulder from Karak Varn. Throt the Unclean led an entire army of rabid Rat Ogres, many of them especially augmented, to completely clear out the tunnels and warrens. Chaos still flows strongly around Hell Pit, warping the very rocks themselves and perverting plants and animals into new and disturbing forms.



Lord Verminkin, Packlord of Clan Moulder, rules Hell Pit. He is most often to be found in the Clan Moulder district of Skavenblight. Verminkin is one of the Council of Thirteen and feared by many of the other Lords of Decay as the mightiest warrior amongst them. The Packlord is also feared because he commands the huge wealth of Clan Moulder, sufficient to pay for private assassination contracts with Clan Eshin and bribe members of the Council. So far Lord Verminkin has advanced to the position of ninth member of the Council of Thirteen. This makes him the equal of the fourth member Lord Paskrit, Warlord-General of all Skavendom, though undoubtedly the Packlord's ambition reaches even higher.





## The Nine Circles of Hell Pit

The closest the labyrinthine tunnels of Hell Pit come to any kind of order is the division of territory onto different levels, each worming and twisting like a great intestinal tract, each overburdened with numbers of preposterous proportions, and each full of mutated beasts that defy description. Each of these circles is presided over by one of the Master Mutators of Clan Moulder, but in truth the warrens are so extensive there is no way they can truly monitor every laboratory and breeding pen. As a result, rogue flesh-scientists create ever more ambitious mutants on each level, ensuring the corridors and tunnels of Hell Pit are constantly populated by the horrifically altered and the vile. To perpetuate their crossbreeding, flesh-bonding crimes against nature, Clan Moulder requires constantly toiling slaves and captured creatures in staggering multitudes. The great circles of Hell Pit are riddled with unholy laboratories, breeding pits, flesh distilleries, gladiatorial arenas, and skin forges that allow Clan Moulder to continue seeking new, more stable breeds of fighting beasts to sell or hire out to the other clans.

The main gateway to Hell Pit is breathtakingly large, testament to the thousands of slave lives expended in its construction. Gigantic edifices of iron and human bone studded with jewels of pure warpstone, the gates are hung with the screaming bodies of starving men and women woven into the intricate metalwork, side by side with the putrefying corpses of those who have



screamed their last. Inscribed atop the portal are unholy psalms extolling the glories of Clan Moulder and warning those who enter to abandon all hope. And not without cause – almost all who enter here will never find their way back, or emerge twisted beyond recognition.

Between the gates runs a thick, grey-crust river of lava, upon which rides the guardian of the gates in his great vessel of stone. This fell steersman has eyes replaced by chunks of warpstone that burn bright with a lambent green flame. All who seek audience with the Master Mutators must first parley with the guardian of the gates, who some whisper enjoys the Favour of the Horned Rat himself. Slithering upon the banks of the molten river are hundreds of Skaven from different clans, each seeking an audience to employ the services of Moulder. They are perpetually stung by the flies and wasps attracted by the carrion hung upon the gate, whilst around them maggots feast on the corpse-strewn floor.

Past the gates lie the prisoners amassed by the clan; raw materials for the experiments of the Master Mutators. They languish in filthy cages with barely enough room to move unhealthy flesh pressed together in great racks of moaning, sobbing slaves. All races and creeds can be found here; Dwarf penned next to Goblin, proud Elf next to conquered Skaven, bottled infant next to shackled elder. Lord Verminkin, the ruler of Clan Moulder, passes much of his time examining the new stock and informing them of the many and varied atrocities they have to look forward to in the pits below.

When these prisoners are required as fodder for the Master Mutators, they are marched by merciless Stormvermin to the level below. These are the breeding pens, great cobbled halls strewn with blood-slick straw and shot through with cockroaches and fleas. They are patrolled daily by a twisted Master Mutator who has fused himself to the shoulders of a great Doombull, guiding his brutal bearer with constant whispered instructions. Huge rat-queens dot the floor, suckling brood after brood of younglings with their distended and bloated bellies. Unmentionable unions that could drive a witness insane are the bread and butter of this realm, and it is better not to dwell on such practices as those encouraged by the sadistic Packmasters that preside over the pens.

The levels below house the great feast halls of Clan Moulder, where their victories are celebrated and their grand plans of conquest hatched. A storm of warpstone-tainted rain constantly whirls through the areas of this level open to the bruised sky, freezing to the marrow any who negotiate its uneven floors. Any who languish there soon find their bodies mutating as the warpstone takes its toll. It is little surprise that Throt the Unclean, a connoisseur of ravaged flesh, has his laboratories upon this level. More remarkable is the fact that he and his gluttonous cohorts create almost as much as they consume.





Underneath the feast halls is the treasury of the clan, where great vaults house the glittering piles of warpstone given in payment for their services. Larger still are the mountainous repositories of precious metals amassed by the clan, each of which is topped by a hunched Skaven locked in the futile task of recording Moulder's wealth. Lit by guttering torches, these half-mad scribes mutter and curse as they carefully balance their gold in stack after stack. Between these mounds scamper the wolf-rats kept by their obsessive masters, sent on spiteful errands to undo the efforts of their rivals in glittering avalanches of gold coins and priceless gems.

The fifth circle of the pit is perhaps the most awe-inspiring. Between its walls is strung a great gladiatorial arena suspended from the cliff faces by hundreds of vast, rusted chains. When a particularly choice creation is perfected by one of the Moulders of the other levels, it is taken to this arena to prove itself worthy in combat. Mutated Rat Ogres fight tooth and claw with blade-limbed symbiotes for the edification of Moulder's Clanrats and the few Grey Seer guests given the honour of presiding over the duels. The victors are generally sent to the clan's barracks and shackled for times of war, while the surviving losers are modified further or sent on to be sold to other clans. No few of these duelling war beasts are forced over the edge of the arena by the fierce combats, and plummet to the level below.

Amongst the rich soil of corpse-flesh on the overhang that forms the sixth level stalk those marked for 'special punishment' by the clan. Chieftains who have displeased their masters drag their chains through the

mulch, and it is often here that those out of favour with the tribes of the north are led. They can be sure of the most horrific and extensive of modifications, such as ending their days as grotesque living furniture for maniacal Moulders such as Izak Grottle. Yet they can never escape, for the single opening that leads out of the sixth level is watched over by a thing whose gaze can turn a would-be escapee to stone. Griskit, the Lord of the Sludge, rules this place, constantly accompanied by three rat-headed hybrids with the bodies of human females and the leathery wings of bats.

### The Lower Levels

The last few levels of the Pit are the most dangerous. It is here that warrenlike barracks house the fiercest creatures and warlords of the clan; an array of bloodthirsty murderers the equal of anything that comes out of the Chaos Wastes. Great slime-walled tunnels wind like intestinal tracts from the barracks to the outside world, and in times of war these are unblocked to let the warrior-things clamber and lope into the harsh northern sunlight far above. It is down these tunnels that the infamous Orc Warlord Grimgor Ironhide once fought until the wall of ravenous monsters he encountered down there finally drove him back. Only Ghoritch, Castellan of Hell Pit, has the strength of will to keep the barracks in order. Without his iron rule the standing armies of Clan Moulder would be little more than an anarchic collection of ravaging beasts.

The penultimate level narrows sharply, funnelling downwards in a repository for the immense tonnage of foul waste that the clan produces in its daily experiments. It is here that those who have tried to cheat Moulder are incarcerated, melded with warpstone unguents into the twisting roots that slowly writhe and constrict at the base of Hell Pit. Through them stalk sharp-toothed and feral giant rats, hunting down and ripping to pieces anything they can find. The thorn-limbed Master Mutator that presides over this stinking twilight realm, Scarskrex, constantly tries to perfect the process of hybridising those who catch his attention with his extensive collection of serpents.

The lowest circle of Hell Pit is home to those benighted hybrids that have survived every violent and humiliating process that Clan Moulder can inflict upon them. Here stalk roaring aberrations driven mad with grief by the realisation of their new forms and many-headed Chimaerats illuminating the depths of the crevasse with wheezing goutts of warpstone-laced fire. In the rock beneath them burrow bare-fleshed behemoths with powerful digging claws, carving out new territory for the clan in the darkness. Amongst this menagerie of the bloated and the grotesque stand twin cyclopean giants who loom above even the chain-draped terrors they live amongst. In times of war, they shackle their charges to the great winches that dangle from the upper slopes, powered by enormous slave-powered treadmills – whose constant turning allows them to be passed back up from the depths of Hell Pit. When the Moulder stronghold is under threat and the



war hosts gather for battle, the ground trembles with the tread of their great beasts and the air fills with the clamour of eager Skaven and their vile creations. After all, what better time to secure a new batch of stock for the pens?

## CROOKBACK MOUNTAIN

Only to a race as malevolent and twisted as the Skaven would a terrible place such as the Dark Lands become a land of promise and opportunity. Yet it is so, for the lands east of the Worlds Edge Mountains are home to many of the richest meteor-struck craters in the world. Many warpstone comets can be seen blazing fiery green-tinged trails before ploughing into the dusty and bone-strewn plains of the craggy land. The incalculable value of the warpstone to the ratmen is only surpassed by the relentless way in which they seek it out.

But before a Skaven can scurry to the lair-nest beneath Mount Silverspear, the stronghold under Gnashrak's Lair, the volcano warrens of Clan Volkn, or any of the lesser holds built in the region, many warptokens must be paid to Clan Rictus at the Under-way hub below Crookback Mountain. Clan Rictus seized possession of the mountain at the eastern end of Mad Dog Pass long ago. Above ground, known as Varag Kadrin to the Dwarfs, the pass offers the best route through the mountains, but below the surface it is even more critical, serving as the underground gateway to the Dark Lands.

Crookback Mountain is the largest Skaven stronghold in the Dark Lands. The mountain lies at the eastern end of Mad Dog Pass, a great spire of black rock thrusting up out of the dusty plain. Crookback Mountain is currently held by Lord of Decay Kratch Doomclaw, leader of one of the most powerful Warlord clans, Clan Rictus. Clan Rictus breed a remarkably large number of giant black-furred warriors so Lord Kratch has numerous regiments of elite Stormvermin under his control, making him much feared by the other Warlord clans. The main functions of this particular hold are to supply Goblin slaves to the Under-Empire and to mine the rich seams of iron and copper beneath the mountain for the forges of Clan Rictus.

The mountain was first settled by Night Goblins fleeing the desolation of the great Necromancer Nagash over three thousand years ago. Several tribes lived in its caves and tunnels for hundreds of years, constantly fighting each other and tunnelling ever deeper into the moss of the mountain. Around three hundred years before the birth of Sigmar, Skaven tunnelling east from the Worlds Edge Mountains broke through into the lower workings. At first the Skaven were driven back by swarms of angry Goblins and Cave Squigs so they soon withdrew and blocked the tunnels after them.

The Council of Thirteen assigned the task of clearing the mountain to Clan Rictus, and promised them ownership of it if they succeeded. The clan almost bankrupted itself hiring Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers and Clan Moulder Packmasters to assist

them in the tunnel fighting. The warriors of Clan Rictus tunnelled back under Crookhack Mountain a year after the first incursion and found the Goblin tribes already locked in a bitter war with each other. Several months of bloody fighting wiped out or enslaved the remaining Goblins and left Clan Rictus in possession of Crookback Mountain.

The Skaven make frequent raids from Crookback Mountain to the nearby Goblin lairs at Mount Grey Hag and Mount Grimfang to capture more slaves. Hundreds of Goblin slaves are sent back to the Under-Empire every year (Orcs are seldom used as slaves – though they're strong, they're also truculent and pretty impervious to pain). Others are put to work in the mines or simply eaten. The warriors of Clan Rictus are highly adept at capturing Goblins, frequently sealing them into a cave or tunnel until they are half-suffocated before clubbing them unconscious. Their favourite tactic however, is to wait until the Goblins have a great feast and drinks too much fungus wine. Then, when the last Goblin has collapsed in a drunken stupor, the Skaven creep in and quietly drag away as many Goblins as they want.

In addition to their vast mining and slaving operations, Clan Rictus enforces a heavy toll for the use of such passageways, taking a steep tax on any warpstone found on the plains of the Dark Lands. Clan Rictus breeds an inordinate amount of giant blackfurred Stormvermin and few dare to cheat such collectors. Already many attempts by various clans to open up offshoot tunnels to avoid the exorbitant fees have been violently dissuaded by Clan Rictus.

Clan Rictus also undertakes patrols through the Dark Lands to search for falls of warpstone meteors. This is very perilous as they have to move on the surface and fight off Orcs and Goblins, wolf-riders and sometimes even Chaos Dwarfs from the north-east looking for slaves. But many warpstone meteors fall from Morrslieb east of the Worlds Edge Mountains and their value to the Skaven is incalculable.





## BITTER-SUMP

Marienburg, the most infamous trading port in the Old World, lies in the midst of the stinking swampland the Cursed Marshes. It is within these marshes that the Skaven of Clan Scruten have their hidden stronghold, from where they launch their insidious raids beneath Marienburg and its surrounds.

Around the year 2000 the clan was led away from Skavenblight by the Grey Seer Kritislik. Deep beneath the marshes of Marienburg he led them, into the ancient and abandoned Skaven stronghold known simply as Rat Rock, to the north-cast of the human city. It is said that several Warrior clans once competed for dominance within the keep, and it was once teeming with thousands of Skaven and their slaves.

However, the stronghold was doomed once a new threat became apparent. The rival Warlords united, combining their strengths to fight this menace, yet it was to no avail. Who this foe was has been covered by the shroud of time, though stories tell of some form of daemonic, cyclopean swamp-dwellers. It is said that these ancient daemons were somehow a part of the marsh itself, able to control the mists and command the creatures that dwelt within them. Whoever this enemy was, it is believed that they and the Skaven wiped each other out. Marienburgers fear the swamplands, and venture into them only when necessary as a result. The Skaven of Clan Scruten take advantage of this, and many of their activities are attributed to mythical daemons of the swamp – whether they ever existed or not.

## BLACK CHASM

A large Skaven settlement known as the Black Chasm is located in the south-east of Bretonnia. Underground tunnels and caverns connect the Black Chasm to dozens of secret exits throughout the land. Some of the more established of these exits have become small Skaven strongholds known as Warpstone Pits. Skaven raids are frequent in the surrounding countryside, and only the most daring Knights Errant enter these areas to fight the evil forces within and earn their spurs.



Black Chasm has been a site of strife between the Skaven since Clan Pestilens returned from its long sojourn to Lustria. It was here that Pestilens' ancestors made one of their earliest homes. Their ancient forebears carved out a series of strongholds within the limitless depths of the Black Chasm itself. The assassins of Clan Eshin claimed the abandoned strongholds for themselves, and refused to return control of them to Pestilens upon the clan's return from the west. In modern times, Pestilens relies on its relationship with Clan Flem as it fights to regain its lost legacies, while Clan Eshin has been employing the Packmasters of Clan Moulder to better cement its position.

## MOUSILLON

The Bretonnian city of Mousillon has been under a terrible curse for many, many years. It was struck by a powerful earthquake long ago, and has never fully recovered. The Human city continues to sink slowly deeper into the stagnant earth that surrounds it, even as plagues from below seep up to take their toll on the few residents that remain. Clan Pestilens has since taken up residence in the sewers and tunnels beneath Mousillon, even as the city that once lay above them gradually sinks to merge with their own horrible metropolis. Vying for resources are a great number of Ghouls, purportedly led by the Cannibal Knight, who presides over his court in a twisted mockery of the lands above.

## QUEEKWELL

Queekwell is a nest near Clan Skaar's stronghold in Pavona. It is a small mining village, typical of any nest that claims allegiance to a nearby stronghold or warren. The sleepy, smalltown feeling of Queekwell is often interrupted by occasional earthquakes that seem to be centred in the mines themselves. Workers often meet their ends in cave-ins and the like, but Clan Skaar demands that the mining continues.

## UNDER-ALTDORF

The city beneath Altdorf boasts one of the largest Skaven populations in the Under-Empire, but the lack of available Warpstone ensures that it will never rival Skavenblight as the Skaven's greatest city. Control of Under-Altdorf is split between several clans, with Skryre holding the lion's share of power.

Altdorf's high Human population allows for abductions in the seedier parts of town, making the city a prime spot for harvesting captive labour. Shaken clans in Under-Altdorf, especially Clan Skaul, supplement their economics by trading drugs to Human merchants and smugglers. The graft and political excess in the Empire's capital allow the Skaven to employ, blackmail, and control human politicians quite easily.

## THE NEST-PORTS

Since the end of their second major civil war, the Skaven have expanded along the Tilean and Estalian coasts. Several lairs have been tunnelled out along the rocky-cliff lines. Clan Skurvy, based below the Tilean



city of Tobaró, controls the largest of these, but Clan Racket and Clan Skuttel maintain rival fleets. Through tunnels that travel out to the nearby Isles of the Sirens, Clan Skurvy has gnawed out the cavern harbour known as Spineport. Protected by a maze of fog-enshrouded rocks, false lights and foul sorceries lead trading ships to smash themselves against the Spineport's protective barriers. The inflow of salvaged wealth funds the ever-growing navies. The Clanfleet ships are made of rotting worm-ridden wood clad in iron and powered by banks of rowing slaves. Negotiations with Clan Skryre seek to contract the Warlock Engineers to produce warpsteam engines that will surely increase the range of Clan Skurvy piracy along the coasts.

From Skavenblight a deep trench had been dredged, reaching through the blighted marshes and emerging on the coast of the Tilean Sea. The ram-shackle vessels of the Skaven fleet tirelessly trek up and down this dismal waterway, on unfathomable errands for the Skaven Warlords who dwell deep within Skavenblight.

In times of war, the Skaven Clanfleets emerge from their hidden marsh-side moorings, their great paddles splashing the fetid water as they head for the sea. The chimes of the Great Bells split the still air, the Warpfire Throwers roar, and the Deathburners blow gouts of hideous vapours across the marshes.

The Skaven Clanfleets assemble in the estuary of the immense canal, their banners hanging still in the damp, salt-laden air. From the Blighted Marshes they venture the length of the Tilean Sea. When the Skaven are afloat, cities such as Tobaró, Miragliano, Remas and even Luccini never really feel secure. They do not

know when the tolling of the Great Bell will be heard, and when the Warp-raiders will come to sear their villages and towns. When they do, the warfleets of Tilea – and any Empire allies who are at hand – do battle with the Skaven fleets, staining the sea and sky red with fire and blood.

The Skaven Clanfleets are not renowned for venturing much further than the Tilean Sea, but recently their Clanshipps have been sighted off the Estalian Coast, and tales are told of Skaven vessels striking as far north as Brionne. No one can be sure if the Skaven Clanfleets venture southwards, but it seems likely that the mysterious lands of Araby and The Southlands are familiar and easier pickings for the Clanfleets. It is even harder to guess at the Skaven's desires and designs on these far-flung realms.

The Skaven Clanfleets are dangerous opponents not so much because of excellent ships or fine seamanship, but because of the sheer weight of numbers they employ. Skaven ships are crewed by hundreds of Clanrats, Slaves and Storm Vermin, and their best ships carry Rat Ogres to add extra might. When boarding an enemy ship, a Skaven vessel is a fearsome opponent, as it is packed with a huge number of Ratmen, overwhelming and slaughtering their victims.

A Skaven Clanfleet typically consists of many small fireships scurrying around the Great Bell of Doom sitting at the centre of the fleet. Clan Pestilens Deathburners watch for the opportunities created by the Warp-raiders, waiting for crippled ships to pick off and destroy.





From the observation platform Grey Seer Thanquol looked down into the vast caverns of the research laboratory. Flickering gas jets cast a bluish light. The whole area smelled of methane gas pumped from the marshlands into Skavenblight. Warlock Engineers scuttled from workbench to testing area, tails held stiffly aloft, snouts covered in breathing masks, protective leather hibs flattening the fur of their pelts.

Slaves shovelled a mixture of charcoal and warpstone into a great black boiler. The wheel of the great turbine turned faster and faster. Strangely coloured lightning leapt thirty feet between two huge glass spheres. Lashed by a burly Skaven overseer, the humans on the great treadmill lethargically increased speed, feeding more power to the gears of the winch. With a clank of chains the enormous stretcher was hoisted aloft.

"Soon-soon, beloved birthkin, success will be mine – I mean ours," chattered Thazatak. Thanquol restrained a smile of anger. By the Thirteen he despised the little Warlock Engineer, even if he was of the same birthing. Thazatak's barely concealed ambition offended Thanquol's sense of subtlety; the twenty-six failed attempts Thazatak's minions had made on Thanquol's life had not improved the Grey Seer's opinion of him either.

Not that they ever referred to such matters when they met on clan business. And this was very definitely clan business.

"Hope this is the true-truth," said Thanquol. "Council want some return on all the warpstone they have gift-given you."

On the testing range an experimental firethrower burped. A jet of purple flame touched an asbestos coated manikin. The manikin shrivelled and vanished into dust. The crew lashed their tails in triumph but their exultant squeaks quickly turned into whines of dismay.

Thanquol realised that they could not turn the weapon off. The pumper fiddled frantically with the flow taps; the jet became ever longer. The aimer turned round, chattering angrily. The flame ignited the pumper's fur. He ran away screaming, then blundered into a row of barrels containing chemicals. The first barrel started rolling, hit a second barrel and sent an avalanche of bronze containers tumbling across the research lab floor. The seal on one broke, leaving a trail of chemical slime behind it.

The burning Skaven frantically rolled on the ground trying to extinguish its fur. It rolled onto the slime. It was like igniting a fuse. A trail of flame followed the barrel to where it had come to rest, next to the treadmill. Frantic Skaven scurried hastily away. The humans trapped within the wheel ran frantically on the spot, raising the stretcher till it was in the path of the lightning.

The bolt hit the stretcher just as the barrel exploded, killing the slaves and decoupling the treadmill from the winching gear. The stretcher lurched and plummeted into the bubbling vat of warpstone broth. Magical energy pulsed from the glass spheres down the chains of the stretcher hoist and earthed itself in the vat.

The lab was ripped by a great explosion. A mighty roaring filled the air. The thing on the stretcher rose, reanimated. Thanquol could see that it was some sort of giant, stitched together from the parts of a monstrous human and a Skaven. It was nearly ten feet high with a Skaven's head. Thanquol thought there was

something familiar about the head. An aura of energy crackled and pulsed round about it.

"Good-good!" Thazatak gibbered gleefully. "My monster – it lives!"

Thanquol considered that the animator's method was a trifle unorthodox; still, there was no denying that the monster was impressive. The way it batted the engineers out of the way, breaking bones with every blow, spoke of a fearsome strength. The way the jet of flame from the warpfire thrower glanced off its shimmering aura made it seem all the more formidable. There was no denying the mad ferocity of the glance it directed at the Grey Seer either.

Suddenly Thanquol realised where he had seen the monster's Skaven head before. It had belonged to the last assassin Thazatak had dispatched against him. Perhaps it had not been such a good idea to have it anonymously delivered to Thazatak's warren after all.

With a roar the monster raced towards the observation platform. Thanquol decided that he'd better do something. Swiftly he muttered an incantation. A beam of greenish light leapt from his paw. "Die! Die!" he shouted.

The beam deflected off the monster's aura and hit the warpfire thrower. It melted, unleashing a great cloud of evil-smelling smoke through the lab. Skaven choked and died; the monster came on. This was going to be more difficult than Thanquol had thought. He needed more power to overcome the monster's aura.

Swiftly he reached into his pouch and pulled out an eerily glowing lump of refined warpstone. The monster was almost upon him. Hastily he popped the glowing substance into his mouth. His tongue tingled, and mad visions flitted through his brain. There was a strange burning feeling in his stomach and his head felt light. Power coursed through his veins. He muttered the spell again, trying to resist the urge to simply howl with delight. The green nimbus round his paw was almost too bright to bear. He unleashed the bolt. It crashed through the monster's aura and touched the body. The monster shrivelled and withered, dwindling till it was hardly bigger than a doll.

Thazatak turned to Thanquol. "Regretfully I must report another failure to the council," he said.











## THE VERMINOUS HORDE

*On their own, Skaven troops are almost invariably outclassed by their enemies who normally have better characteristics and better equipment. Skaven though, have one main thing on their side: numbers. They can deploy a large amount of large units, and their morale is bolstered by the presence of so many of their kind. With a force that often outnumbers the enemy, it is the Skaven that have the advantage on the flanks. If they can hold off the most threatening enemy units with expendable rats and slaves, and hit at the right place and time with their best troops, they will triumph. On the other hand, if things start to go wrong and the dreaded musk of fear spreads across the horde, it's very likely that panic will cripple the Skaven army. And once they start to run they normally don't stop, strongly believing in the old Skaven proverb "He who runs away lives to fight another day!"*

*In this section you section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters, and war machines used by a Skaven army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles, and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core Units to Special Characters.*



# ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Skaven army, along with any rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several Skaven units, and these are detailed here.

## SCURRY AWAY!

*The Skaven embody the adage "he who runs away lives to fight another day!"*

All models in the Skaven army use the rules for Swiftstride when fleeing.

## STRENGTH IN NUMBERS

*Skaven are not brave by nature, but do take courage from being in large packs of their own kind.*

Units with this special rule add what would be their Combat Resolution bonus from ranks to their Leadership value for any Psychology and Break tests. To calculate the Leadership of a unit with the Strength in Numbers rule, first determine the unit's Leadership as normal and then add the rank bonus of the unit to this value, up to a maximum Leadership of 10.

Note that a Skaven General confers his basic Leadership and then units modify it with their own rank bonus. Any bonus from the ranks of the General's unit is not passed on to units within his Inspiring Presence range.

If for any reason a Skaven unit loses its rank bonus, it also loses its Leadership bonus. For instance, fleeing units do not have a rank bonus, so fleeing Skaven must use their basic Leadership.

## VERMINOUS VALOUR

*Skaven characters with this rule can refuse a challenge with no loss of honour. Other races see such acts as cowardly, but Skaven view a commander scampering to safety and dooming those underneath him as a leader's natural right.*

If a Skaven player refuses a challenge, a Skaven character is placed in the back rank of the unit and may not attack, but the unit may still use the model's Leadership value or Hold Your Ground! ability.

## CLAN ENMITY

*While the Greater Clans often hire out their troops to other clans for the right price, they are deeply mistrustful of them and consider it a most temporary alliance.*

Units belonging to each of the Greater Clans (Pestilens, Eshin, Moulder, Skryre) may only be joined by characters from the same Clan.

## THE SCAVENGE-PILE:

**Warlock Pistol:** *Warlock pistols are commonly used by higher-ranking Skaven, especially the fangleaders of Clan Skryre. Similar in design to warlock jezzails, yet smaller in scale, warlock pistols are devastating at close range. The puny pistols of other races pale in comparison to the Warlock Engineer's constructions.*

Pistol. Warlock Pistols have the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	5	Armour Piercing (1), Magical Attacks, Quick to Fire, Unstable Ammunition

**Unstable Ammunition:** Anytime a weapon that uses Unstable Ammunition scores a result of 1 on its roll To Hit, roll another dice. On a following roll of 1 the gun misfires and the firer suffers the hit himself.

**Tail Weapon:** *Tail blades are small bladed, barbed, or spiked weapons designed to be worn or strapped to a Skaven's tail. This could be a mechanical Clan Skryre attachment or an evolved mutation, the results are the same – another appendage wielding a weapon. Tail blades that are used by more affluent Skaven are often ornamental as well as deadly, etched with glyphs and studded with small crystal shards and bits of Warpstone. In comparison, those used by Clanrats are almost always homemade.*

The model gains +1 Attack. Note that this attack does not gain any of the rules of other weapons the model might carry.

**Rat Hound Bodyguard:** *There is a certain hound-like loyalty to these modified rats, although their verminous instincts means they might still attack their master if he appears vulnerable.*

A model with a Rat Hound upgrade can make an additional Weapon Skill 3, Strength 3, Initiative 3 Attack. However, on a To Hit roll of 1 from this attack, the Rat Hound will instead inflict an automatic hit on its owner.

**Warpstone Tokens:** *These pieces of refined warpstone are consumed by power-hungry Grey Seers or Warlock Engineers to aid their spellcasting. This is dangerous, but the quick road to power is an irresistible pull for any Skaven.*

A Wizard may choose to eat some warpstone to boost his powers. Before casting a spell announce which model is eating Warpstone Tokens. Each token can only be used once. For each token consumed, a Wizard can add an additional power dice to his casting attempt. This does allow users to roll more dice than is normally allowed by their level. A spell may be cast entirely with Warpstone Tokens if you wish. However, for every Warpstone generated dice that rolls a 1 the Wizard suffers a Wound with no saves allowed.



# WARLORDS

To hold the title of Warlord is to rule. A Skaven does not gradually earn respect or position, and there certainly is no giving in the brutal society of the ratmen. Leadership must be savagely taken. To gain power, a Warlord must seize control, proving himself a top fighter and a devious adversary. Such a coup either ends in failure and certain death at the hands of the existing ruler, or the new leader supplants the current Warlord, often eating him in the process. Challenges follow no format but often take the form of personal combat, treacherous back-stabbing, or elaborate political schemes. The more underhanded the deed, the better, for that is what puts the fear (and what almost passes for respect) into the Skaven masses.

Skaven leaders are larger and more powerfully built than the warriors they ruthlessly command, but mere physical prowess is not enough to sustain control. Once a Warlord has fought, betrayed, and clawed to the top, the battle really begins. Manipulation, the ability to set rivals upon each other or the mustering of support from an insincere following are skills needed to hold power, as even the fiercest fighters become worn down by the constant challenges. Great wealth can augment battle skills, bribe underlings, or simply buy formidable aid. Warlords of even minor clans attempt to buffer their personage with Stormvermin bodyguards, the latest Clan Skryre death-dealing invention, or hulking war-beasts such as specially bred Rat Ogre steeds purchased from Clan Moulder. Especially coveted amongst many Warlords are ostentatiously embellished War-litters carried by the burliest of warriors.

Any threats to a leader's position must be ruthlessly countered and no effort is spared when eliminating rivals. As Skaven assume (quite correctly) that



everyone is a potential rival, it is no small task prioritising who should be dealt with first. Destroying upstarts can absorb the majority of a Warlord's effort – but there is an upside, as the brutal removal of a traitor can make others think twice before attempting their own ruses. Particularly gruesome or elaborate deaths can buy a Warlord hours of relative peace. To command for long, such scheming must come as naturally as breathing.

A Warlord cannot be everywhere at once and so must build up a cadre of enforcers – loyal (for the moment) Chieftains that can ensure that his word is law and that the Warlord has a paw in all profitable ventures. In a small clan this can mean dozens of subordinates while for larger clans this includes a hierarchy of Warlords and thousands of Chieftains. All commanders must aggressively take credit for positive outcomes and swiftly allocate blame for all that goes poorly. This ranges from tweaking the truth to outrageous lies. For instance, if an avalanche destroys large portions of the foe, the more convincingly a Chieftain can take credit for the event, the more his esteem rises with subordinates ("yes-yes, it is deadly to attack Chieftain Snarlock") and with overlords ("The Great Horned One watches over Snarlock"). The fact that few believe such lies or blatant self-aggrandisement is neither here nor there – what is important is the small strand of possibility and the sheer audacity required to make such claims. It takes a great leader to speak great lies.

Clan Chieftains control a segment of the larger Clan. Where a Clan might have representation in one Under-Empire city, the Chieftain receives instructions from his Warlord and master. Though still subservient to another more powerful Skaven, within their demesne they have nigh absolute authority. Those Clan Chieftains who prove themselves may one day rise to become Warlords themselves, supplanting their masters and perhaps even gaining a seat on the Council of Thirteen. While all Clan Chieftains believe this is their right and due, few survive long enough to achieve such lofty goals.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlord	5	6	4	4	4	3	7	4	7
Chieftain	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, *Strength in Numbers*, *Verminous Valour*.

The Warlord Skurius addressed his last Chieftain. "Yes-yes, you will attack the man-things, and I treaty-pledge first scavenge to your clawpack." It was the same thing he had promised them all. In the unlikely event any survived the assault, Skurius would have to think of something...



# GREY SEERS

The Grey Seers are also known as the Chosen of the Great Horned One, prophets of the Lord of the Great Below and the voice of the Horned Rat. These rare Skaven are living symbols of the Great Rat's favour, manifest as the ability to master the magic of the Warp. They are powerful sorcerers, capable of channelling eldritch energies in destructive ways, levelling enemy armies with lightning, or summoning ravening swarms of rats. Some Grey Seers ride atop the nightmarish Screaming Bell to unleash untold ruination. Although a few have been given large forces to command, Grey Seers are rarely troop-leaders. If they are given control of underlings, it will often be to take a small expedition to the surface for a specific mission or objective, and they will be expected to return to the Skaven underworld on its completion or failure.

More important than their ability to dominate a battle, however, is their role as emissaries for the Council of Thirteen. This role means that Grey Seers wield tremendous influence in the Under-Empire. Grey Seers possess a rank and position greater than all other Skaven barring the Lords of Decay themselves. This is not to say that Grey Seers are above the self-serving manipulations and treacherous scheming of the Skaven – indeed, they epitomise it. A Grey Seer must be conniving, devious and deceptive to survive the vicious nature of Skaven politics, in which stabbing a friend in the back and biting the hand that feeds are not so much metaphors as good ways to get promoted. The Grey Seers guard their power jealously and it is a foolish Warlord indeed who does not immediately prostrate themselves at the feet of a Grey Seer and humbly acquiesce. The rule of the Grey Seers is enough to strike



fear into the hearts of friend and foe alike. Their understanding of other languages is good, and in dark surroundings with a robe wrapped tightly around their head and body, they can sometimes pass themselves off as human.

When a Ratmother births a white or grey Ratman with small nub-like bony growths atop their heads, it is always an auspicious event, a sign of the Horned Rat's favour. Separated from the rest of the litter, this mewling horror's course is set. Ahead lay a life filled with brutal training, but also one of excess and comfort. Should the Grey Seer live long enough, these will grow to become the fully formed horns that command instant fear and subjugation from all other Skaven.

Cloistered away from the rest of the Under-Empire, they are tutored in the Lore of Ruin. Their path is set. From their first tottering steps onwards to adulthood, they are trained in the arts of the Warp, learning the dogma of the Horned Rat and the manifestation of his will – magic. As they grow older, the nubs grow into large curved horns, like those of a ram, projecting from behind their ears in a semblance to those of the Horned Rat himself. Much of their time is spent in prayer to their horned god, seeking His favour and guidance. While clearly blessed with power and enjoying an exalted status, an apprentice Grey Seer has no guarantee of survival. Though it may seem a less hazardous course, the path of the Grey Seer is as treacherous as the road followed by any Skaven in the Under-Empire; perhaps more so. Established Grey Seers look for any excuse to destroy these upstarts, killing them with the slightest provocation. They constantly strive to remain in the favour of their god, and one misstep means death. As a result, apprentice Grey Seers break with their masters as early as they can, teaching themselves what else they must to survive until they can prove themselves as capable as their masters.

If the competition between Skaven in the warrens is fierce, then it is doubly so in the cloisters of the Grey Seers. Initiates are commonly killed during their apprenticeship, both by the rigors of their training, as well as by the duplicity of their peers. The Skaven that survive their apprenticeship are perhaps the most dangerous Ratmen of all. Apprentices are required to walk the Labyrinth of the Horned Rat to be fully initiated into the Grey Seers, and should they negotiate all of these successfully, they prove their fitness to guide (some would say rule) Skaven society.

"Of my brothers, what need be said? We are the chosen of our Master, the true Lord of Decay, whose seat remains always-always filled upon the Council of Thirteen. Other seats may change hands, but His will always remain, and no-none other can lay claim to it. We speak His truths. We hear His thoughts. We know His purpose. We are the guides of our people, the spiritual compass that guides-leads them to their destinies as killer-masters of the world."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer



### GREY SEER SKRITTAR

*Grey Seer Skrittarr, Herald of the Council of Thirteen, is vain and power-mad – even for a Skaven. He travels with an army of Skavenslaves whose sole duty is to bow down before him. As Skrittarr's palanquin passes, these wretches stand up and run forwards so that wherever Skrittarr looks there are at least a few dozen underlings abasing themselves. And who are too slow or who dare look upon the Grey Seer's horned form are consumed by searing bolts of sorcerous lightning that leap from Skrittarr's outstretched fingertips.*

As they grow and develop their talents, these Skaven owe no allegiance to any particular Clan, but rather serve as advisors to, or more often as outright masters of, the lesser members of their kind. Commanding through fear, they make examples of treacherous thoughts and acts by destroying the guilty in the most excruciating ways.

The Grey Seers hold a special place in Skaven society. Using the power granted by their profane god, they, and they alone, can interpret the Horned Rat's will and desires. As such, they are prophets and intermediaries. Grey Seers typically counsel Warlord Clans, subtly guiding them to achieve whatever sinister plot they've concocted, whether it was inspired by the Horned Rat or from their own dark imaginings. Grey Seers have unmatched power, for any who oppose them are denounced as heretics and traitors, earning a swift and terrible death. Their influence and position gives these leaders a little more security and freedom than that available to other Skaven, but treachery is ingrained in this culture. With power comes resentment, rewarding no few Grey Seers with a knife in the back.

Within the Under-Empire, the most powerful users of magic are the Seer Lords. Having survived the trials of competition with other Grey Seers, these Skaven embody the fickle magic of the Warp. Most Seer Lords advise Warlords and Chieftains, subtly directing their plans and actions to best accord with the wishes of their filthy god.

When manipulations fail to influence a Warlord clan, a Grey Seer can bring many pressures to bear. A key weapon in the Grey Seer political arsenal is their role as envoy of the Great Horned Rat. Grey Seers alone have the ability to summon a Verminlord, a threat often insinuated, but no act Grey Seers secretly wish to avoid. Luckily, no Warlord wants to be accused of standing opposed to the will of the Great Horned One, or being anywhere near a Verminlord. Thus, the threat of summoning alone suffices to persuade even the most suspicious Warlord to see the Grey Seer's point of view.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grey Seer	5	3	3	3	4	3	5	1	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

*"Oh most rotten of hearts, eater of cheese, ye of great and circular intellect, I quail before you and your almost majesty. Have mercy on our poor retched hides, for we are beneath contempt, too insignificant to be struck down by you vast-vast power..."*

- Typical Clanrat address to a Grey Seer

**MAGIC:** A Grey Seer is a Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin and/or Lore of Plague. They may use a combination of spells from both Lores. In addition to their normally chosen spells, they know the following spell:

### Curse of the Horned Rat

Cast on 18+

*Howling with an obscene pleasure, the Grey Seer trembles while jumping back and forth, summoning a pestilent darkness which soon starts to spin around them. The Seer points towards their foe as dark shadows surround them. With a sickening lurch the fabric of reality is torn by the twisting power of the Great Horned One. Under the cloak of shadows it can be seen how their victim's shape contorts, transforming into shrunken rat figures.*

*Curse of the Horned Rat* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24" that can target Infantry units. The unit suffers 3D6 Hits, though no single model can be Hit more than once. Each model Hit is automatically slain with only Magic Resistance being allowed as saves against the twisting power of the Horned Rat. If the whole unit is removed as casualties, replace them with a number of Clanrats equal to the number of casualties, with any normally allowed equipment or command, facing the same direction as before. The casting player now controls this unit. If the casting player does not have enough models to replace the entire unit, transfigure what you can, the rest are considered destroyed. If the number rolled is not great enough to replace the whole targeted unit, then remove as many casualties as the number rolled – they simply mutate and die, or were slain by horrified comrades.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.





# SCREAMING BELL

Of all the diabolical wonder weapons of the Skaven, none is as notorious as the Screaming Bell, a creation of the insane Warlock Engineers. These gigantic magical bells ring out a deadly peal of death over the whole battlefield, devastating armies and razing whole cities. The bell is an ever-present symbol in the creation legends of the Skaven and its mighty toll strikes deep inside the black hearts of the evil ratmen, inspiring awe and the closest thing to devotion a Skaven can achieve. It is from these unholy altars that the Grey Seers preach their plans of total domination in the name of the Great Horned Rat.

Screaming Bells are unholy altars from which the Grey Seers preach to the Skaven. The Bell is an everpresent symbol in the legends describing the creation of the Skaven race, and its sound reaches deep inside the evil hearts of the rat-men, inspiring awe and devotion. In battle the ominous sound of the Bell can be heard above the clamour of the fighting, a message of death for the rat-men's enemies and of victory for the Skaven.

The wheeled carriage that supports the vast weight of the ruinous engine is pushed by a teeming horde of Skaven, but it is the colossal bell atop it that radiates power. A huge central bell cast from bronze mixed with warpstone forms the centre of the Screaming Bell. A Grey Seer stands proudly at the front of the Bell, exhorting the teeming clanrats to ever greater heights of ferocity. Above the rune-encrusted master bell hang lesser bells of varying shapes and sizes, some cracked and malformed, others little more than hollow tubes. These unholy relics are cast in the hellish warpforges beneath Skavenblight, using bronze laced with pure warpstone. The Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre aid in the casting, joining the Grey Seers in the 13-day ritual. The monotonous chattering incantations cause glowing runes of balefire to writhe mystically across



the bell and as the casting is cooled, the metal is coated many times with sacrificial blood. Rumour has it that some piece of the great tower of Kavzar is incorporated into each Screaming Bell – be it a chunk of masonry or some small part of the Great-Bell-That-Began-It-All melted and forged anew. To work the immense weight, Clan Moulder supplies the pick of its hell-birthered litters – the most hulking of Rat Ogres.



The Bell is hung in a great wheeled carriage which is dragged and pushed along by the Skaven horde. In battle the ominous tolling of the bell resounds above the clamour of the fighting, a message of death to foes, but a declaration of supremacy that reverberates inside the children of the Horned Rat. The deadly peal drives Skaven recklessly forward in a fury that will be assuaged by nothing short of the total and complete annihilation of the enemy. The thunderous BONNNNNNNNNNG! is magically amplified and those that hear it and survive cannot find the words to describe the cacophony of horrible sounds that emit from the unholy Bell. As the master bell starts to swing the other bells start to ring, each one out of key with the others. The master bell and each of the lesser bells is specially cast to ring a note which is completely discordant with the others. This is caught and amplified by the Warlock Engineer's magic, booming out across the battlefield and reverberating back again. With each peal of the bells the din grows, rising to a crescendo of earsplitting sound until stone cracks and eardrums burst. With each toll the din grows louder and more terrible, rising to a crescendo of sound until the very mind seems to split asunder. The relentless aural assault causes the very stone to split and buildings to crumble. Doom, Doom, Doom it seems to endlessly say... all will fall, all will be ruinous, Doom, Doom, Doom.

The messenger bowed low, pressing its muzzle to the floor. "Speak-speak" snarled the Grey Seer, too agitated to appreciate the fawning. "Unexpected complications, most powerful of potentates" said the Scurrier. Before the creature could finish, the Grey Seer sent bolts of lightning to roast him alive.

"Bad news can wait" thought the rat-mage, and it was always best to kill the messenger.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Screaming Bell	5	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-
Rat Ogre	-	3	-	5	-	-	4	3	-

**TROOP TYPE:** Shrine.



**SPECIAL RULES:** Fear, Large Target (5), Magic Resistance (2), Ward save (4+).

**Altar of the Horned Rat:** This model and any unit it joins has the Stubborn special rule.

**Above the Masses:** The Grey Seer may use Verminous Valor to refuse a challenge, but is not moved to the back of the unit – instead it clammers higher atop the Screaming Bell. The Grey Seer is not moved but cannot fight or be attacked for the duration of that round of close combat.

### RINGING THE BELL

In your Magic phase, immediately after generating power dice, you can choose to ring the Screaming Bell. The owning player can choose to roll between 1-3 D6's, representing the vigour the Rat Ogre bell-ringer is commanded to supply.

If the Screaming Bell suffers one or more wounds inflicted by a shooting attack with a Strength of 5 or more, it will ring once using one dice.

- 1 Not yet in stride.** *The Rat Ogre strains under the task.*  
The air stirs with magical energy, but no game effect yet.
- 2-4 Unholy Clamour.** *The toll of the Bell fills the unit pushing the Screaming Bell with zeal.*  
The unit pushing the Bell immediately moves using the Random Movement (D6) special rule.
- 5-8 Emboldened.** *The high-pitched squeaking of the Skaven rises to meet the Bell's clanging.* All friendly Skaven within 24" of the Bell can re-roll failed Leadership tests until the start of your next turn.
- 9-10 Scorch.** *The toiling sound opens vents in the ground.*  
The Bell itself (not the Grey Seer) immediately casts the *Scorch* spell from the *Lore of Ruin* with a Casting Value of 5 (this requires no power dice and cannot be increased in any way).
- 11-12 Deafening Peals.** *The unnatural vibrations of the bell spread outwards.*  
All War Machines and Chariots with Toughness 7 or more that are within 18" of the Screaming Bell immediately take a Wound with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. Roll a D6 for each building within 18" of the Bell - each collapses on a roll of 5+. Models inside collapsed buildings are treated the same as per the *Cracks Call* spell from the *Lore of Ruin*.
- 13 A Stirring Beyond the Veil.** *Something that should not be awoken answers the Bell's summons...*  
All enemy units within 12" of the Bell take D6 Strength 4 hits (as from shooting). Additionally, if the unit pushing the Screaming Bell is in combat, it gains the Fight in Extra Ranks (1) special rule for the remainder of the turn.
- 14-16 Wall of Unholy Sound.** *The deafening peals roll across the land, driving the Skaven to new heights of ferocity.*  
All models in each friendly unit within 12" of the Screaming Bell gain +1 Attack until the end of the player turn. Roll a D6 for each building within 24" - each collapses on a roll of 4+ (see Deafening Peals).
- 17 Avalanche of Energy.** *A surge of energy ripples from the Screaming Bell.*  
All friendly models within 12" of the Bell gain +1 Attack and may re-roll failed To Hit and To Wound rolls until the end of the player turn. Any friendly Skaven units within 12" of the Screaming Bell and not in close combat can immediately move using the Random Movement (D6) special rule.
- 18 Apocalyptic Doom.** *With a cataclysmic eruption of sound the Screaming Bell splits asunder, crashing to the ground like ten thousand thunderclaps. Sometimes even years later survivors still report hearing a faint echo, the final resonance of the hell or distant unearthly laughter.*  
The Screaming Bell is destroyed. All models within 12" take a Strength 4 hit with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

**Doubles** - If any doubles are rolled, a backlash of magic reverberates through the Screaming Bell. Apply the following effect in addition to the result on the chart. The unit pushing the Screaming Bell immediately takes D6 Strength 4 Hits.

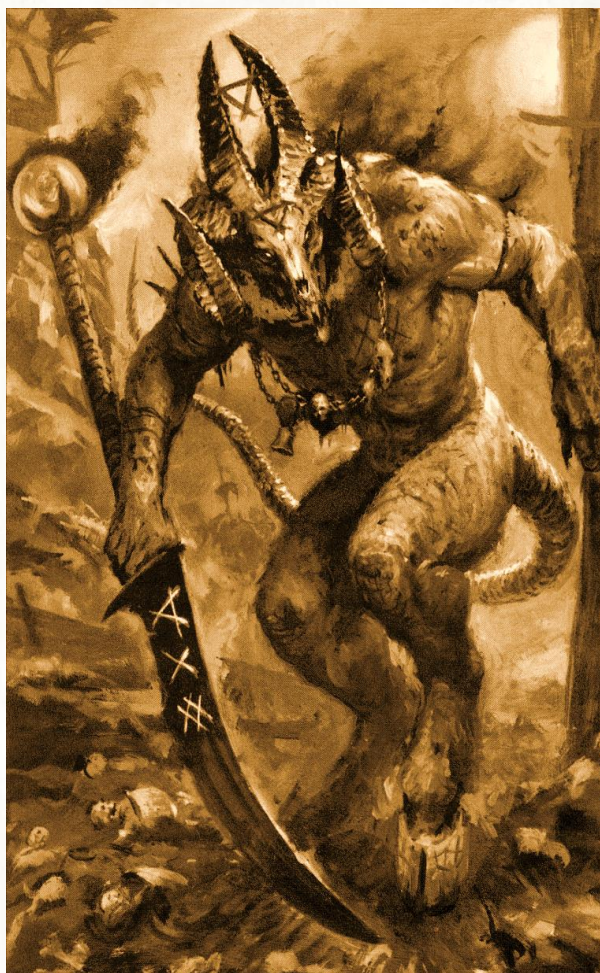
**Triples** - If a triple is rolled, apply the following effect in addition to the result on the chart. The unit pushing the Bell immediately suffers 2D6 Strength 5 hits, and the Screaming Bell itself suffer a single Strength 5 hit.



# VERMINLORDS

There are few sights more revolting and more unnatural than a Verminlord, a Daemon of the Horned Rat. To behold a Verminlord is to see a splinter of the verminous glory that is the Skaven deity. It is to see creeping decay and inscrutable knowledge made manifest. The rat daemons are living icons of ruin, the ultimate scavengers from beyond the veil. These horrific creatures exude an aura of might, creeping decay, and inscrutable knowledge, for they are nothing less than the power of the Great Horned One made manifest. The Verminlords are thought to be the daemonic forms of ancient Lords of Decay, warped by the influence of the Horned Rat into his immortal servants.

Verminlords are everything a Skaven aspires to be, taken to extremes. A Verminlord is at once majestic and disgusting, a living icon of ruin, the ultimate scavenger. Although such a being towers in height, it is lithe and quick, its movements evoking the fluid, yet twitchy, scuttling of rats. Despite their sinuous build, they possess the raw strength to challenge a giant. Their heads are bedecked with the spiralling horns and sloughing flesh of the Horned Rat himself. Warpstone amulets and toms decorate the Verminlord's leprous form, along with chunks of raw warpstone hammered into their flesh. Vermin Lords are often seen armed with huge, wicked-looking glaives that are fully twice the height of a man but their chisel-teeth and sharp claws are easily capable of tearing a creature to pieces. And yet for all their power, Verminlords are subtle creatures that far prefer manipulation to open battle. Wherever possible, a Verminlord will use its matchless guile to get others to do its bidding.



Although leery of placing themselves in harm's way, when pressed, the rat daemons reveal a feral savagery. Simply by beckoning with its claws, a Verminlord can summon to itself a doom glaive – a hellishly sharp weapon fashioned from warpstone, fully twice the height of a man. Whirling this massive pole-arm, a Verminlord can split foes in two and then split each half again before the corpse hits the ground. Only the very powerful or the very foolish would dare to challenge such a creature.

As avatars of the Horned Rat, Verminlords can call upon fell energies. Any onlooker finds that he cannot look away from the nightmarish creature, yet at the same time fervently hopes not to make eye contact. And this is wise, for even the passing attention of such an ancient and wicked being is enough to stop a man's heart. Few dare to meet a Verminlord's all-seeing gaze for even an instant and none can hold it. With the power of its voice alone, a Verminlord can manipulate the weak-willed into doing almost anything. Foes upon the battlefield have laid down their weapons before a Verminlord, convinced by whispered words that this was the wisest course of action. They stare at the Verminlord trustingly as they do so - even as the doom glaive falls. The rat daemons can even call down storms of warp lightning, or disappear in a cloud of nebulous shadow only to reappear at another location in the blink of an eye.

It is, of course, entirely possible for Verminlords to manifest in the world of mortals. However, unless the Winds of Magic are raging, the rat daemons must soon return to the shadowy and ruinous realm of their master. Such creatures are not meant to walk the earth and the natural world protests the Verminlord's warped presence – the air moves and seems to bend light, cradling the dreadful being in an aura of unholy contamination. Grass will blacken at the touch of a Verminlord's hooves and all hope fades in its ruinous presence.

It is possible to summon a Verminlord, though only the Grey Seers know the secret rites that can call these beings into the material world from beyond the veil. Naturally, this rare knowledge glees the horned sorcerers a great advantage, and they have exploited this to gain political power. The more cynical amongst the clans question whether grey seers truly are the prophets of the Horned Rat, suggesting instead that they are charlatans, covetously keeping this information to themselves.

Grey Seers are quick to threaten the use of their ability to summon a Verminlord, but they are loath to actually do so. This apprehension is for a good reason: those who open a rift between worlds often do not live long enough to regret it. Only at times of great need will the Grey Seers attempt to tear the veil of reality. A Vermin Lord is wiser and more wicked than any living Skaven and yet retains its mortal lust for power and love of betrayal. A bargain struck with one of the Verminlords will bring great power to the supplicant, but, as with all Skaven deals, the cost will be high – the unwary can find themselves paying with their soul as well as their life.

Ominous foreboding precedes a Verminlord and even the Lords of Decay fear being in the all-knowing presence of a living avatar of the Great Horned One. It is said that the Verminlord always knows the truth and it is no use embellishing the truth or attempting to deceive such a fiend.



The unearthly power of a Verminlord allows it to smell lies even as they are spoken. As such, it is easy for a Verminlord to pluck out hidden fears and secret desires, using these to gain an advantage. Diabolically clever and calculating, a Verminlord insinuates itself into a plan – fitting in its own needs with the same ease with which a rat squeezes and wriggles into a narrow crevice.

The moment a Verminlord touches its clawed feet upon the mortal realm, it begins to scheme. A Verminlord is eternally calculating a myriad of interweaving plots, ever seeking the best path towards some desired end. Shrewd beyond the ken of mortals, the rat daemon's plots are so utterly convoluted that they are all but unfathomable. As the webs of fate change, so too will a Verminlord's plans – shifting alliances, switching supplicants, or altering in their design. Thus, it is insanity itself to trust a Verminlord, for today it may bring aid, but tomorrow drive a doom glaive through an unguarded back. To observers, such betrayals appear whimsical – but they are simply unknowable, bound up in an intricate and labyrinthine world of Intrigue and treachery. Barring perhaps the scale of the betrayals, this is not much different to the Council of Thirteen's own actions, or the daily routines of every Skaven clan.



The creature is never still, constantly pacing, stopping to tilt its head as if sniffing for the future. When the time for action comes, however, the Verminlord manifests all the feral savagery of the Skaven race. Its rage is terrifying to behold and few mortals can stand against it. The sinuous body contains the might and strength to challenge a Greater Daemon, and lesser creatures are swept aside in droves.

A Verminlord is wiser and more wicked than any Skaven, yet it retains a jealous lust for power and a love of schemes and betrayal. That Verminlords exhibit many of the same flaws, foibles and desires as the Skaven themselves is not surprising. All Verminlords are fragmented embodiments of the Horned Rat. Some are formed from the thoughts of that verminous deity, while others are Skaven elevated to immortality for glorious deeds that spread ruin and decay across the mortal realm – the daemonic forms of ancient Lords of Decay warped into something greater by the Horned Rat.

Like Skaven themselves, each Verminlord has its own motivations and its own proclivities, just as Skaven divide into factions, so too do Verminlords. All are embodiments of blight, but some favour one method over another. For instance, those that prescribe pestilence first and foremost are the Corruptors, the disease-mongers, whilst those who are masters of shadowy intrigue and stealth are the Deceivers.

As the rift in reality grows wider, more and more Verminlords have entered the material world. They can be found stalking the Under-Empire, offering aid to clans, but in turn manipulating them like pieces on a game board. Naturally divisive, many Verminlords have chosen favourites in the ongoing struggle for clan supremacy. Sometimes they side with those they have a greater affinity with, especially those that embody a specific aspect of the Horned Rat. Many Verminlord Deceivers seek Clan Eshin and its thralls, while a larger proportion of Verminlord Warpseers plot to re-establish the dominance of the grey seers. The most warlike amongst the Verminlords' number often grant their mighty patronage to the Warlord Clans.

As creatures of Chaos, Verminlords are by their very nature unpredictable. Like does not always call to like, and it is possible to find a Verminlord Corruptor – a master of plagues – working not alongside Clan Pestilens, but rather trying to thwart them. This may be as vindication for old betrayals, or the continuation of a war within the shadow realms – for even there, beneath the feet of their creator, the Horned Rat's children plot and feud.

The Horned Rat knows that for them to conquer, the Skaven must work together. At his demand, the Verminlords have formed a secretive collective – the Clandestine Council – it is a warped mirror of the Council of Thirteen – a gathering intended to ensure that all work together towards the same goal. The reality, however, has so far proven somewhat different.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Verminlord	8	8	4	6	6	6	10	5	8

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster (Character).

**MAGIC:** A Verminlord is a Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin and/or Lore of Plague. They may use a combination of spells from both Lores. In addition, they also know the *Curse of the Horned Rat* spell.

#### SPECIAL RULES:

**Daemonic:** A Verminlord has the Unstable and Ward Save (5+) special rules. In addition, it can never be the Army General.

#### MAGIC ITEMS:

##### Doom Glaive (Magic Weapon)

Attacks made with this weapon have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

"Recently come into my possession is a scroll purported to summon and command an 'Exalted Master of the Endless Host'. I purchased the document from my contact in the Tourmaline Fellowship, who claimed to have acquired it from some Diestro recently returned from Tilea, who claimed to have retrieved it himself from a ruined city swallowed by an enormous swamp. Old Hildegard tried to impress me with some gibberish about rats that walk like men, but I am no mere dabbler in the forbidden to be taken in by such mythical nonsense.

Perhaps this creature is some kind of daemon, fancifully named by an errant scholar? Yet according to the accompanying notes the creature is 'lithe and possessed of horrifying vigour'. This sounds unlike any daemon I have yet encountered. It is an intriguing, but easily solved mystery. It will take perhaps a day to set wards which will contain any daemon born of the powers of Chaos, and then we shall see exactly what this creature may be and what secrets I can wrest from it."

- The final pages of Maximilian von Voudich's journal, discovered in his blood-soaked mansion by Witch Hunters of the Order of Sigmar's Wrath



## VERMINLORD WARPSEERS

The Verminlord Warpseers are the most inscrutable of all the rat daemons. Great leaders and visionaries, they are often found at the centre of the most complex plots. All Verminlords are manipulative, but the Warpseers bring beguilement to new levels. Every syllable whispered and every subtle nuance has been crafted to Influence an endgame that it alone can fathom. When a Verminlord Warpseer arrives in the world. It does so not with a plan, but with dozens, even hundreds of plots and intrigues – and is not through words and schemes alone that a Verminlord Warpseer will work its wiles.

When it comes to the arcane arts, the Warpseers wield great power. All Verminlords can hurt black lightning, but when the Warpseers do so, it is not lone bolts that they cast but vast, arcing chains of destruction. With a stomp of their clawed foot they can open rifts, crack foundations and topple the structures of the so-called civilised world. At their command, the vermin of the world swarm, forming tidal waves of rats. So powerful is their call, that rodent kind from the shadow realms join the pack, and nothing can stop their chisel teeth, for they are able gnaw the soul from a body in seconds.

Verminlord Warpseers alone can summon forth a scry-orb of enormous proportions. This sphere can be used to gaze into all possible futures, allowing the Verminlord to know the unknowable and see that which is beyond sight - a powerful boon as they plot the fall of their enemies and the fate of their allies. At times of great need, the Verminlord Warpseer can hurl this swirling orb as a weapon, its destruction releasing a miasma of multiple futures and fumes of purest warpstone. Those caught within the blast are driven mad, reduced to utter feeble-mindedness by the nightmare visions they are gifted.

### SPECIAL RULES:

**Master of Lightning:** A Verminlord Warpseer must choose all its spells from the Lore of Ruin, and can re-roll failed casting attempts when attempting to cast the *Warp Lightning spell* from the Lore of Ruin.

### MAGIC ITEMS:

#### Scry-orb (Enchanted Item)

A Verminlord Warpseer gains a Ward Save (6+) while it carries this item. Once per game, in the Shooting phase, you may choose to throw the Scry-orb. If you do so, the bonus to its Ward Save is immediately lost for the rest of the game.

To throw the Scry-orb, place the small round template with its centre anywhere within 12" of the Verminlord Warpseer and within its line of sight. Scatter the template using the scatter dice and a D6. Models touched by the template must pass an Initiative test or be destroyed, with no saves of any kind allowed. Remember that a 6 is always a failure. "Look Out Sir!" works as normal.

## VERMINLORD DECEIVERS

Perhaps the least seen of all Verminlords are the Deceivers. This is as they prefer it. It is not their way to barge about upon a battlefield like some clumsy warlord. Instead, their power lies in stealth. They move in clouds of shadow, obfuscating even those around them. Only when their intrigues are ripe will a Verminlord Deceiver step out of the darkness to strike. Out of nowhere they appear, moving with blurring swiftness. Into their uplifted hands they summon forth triple-bladed throwing stars. With a snap of its wrist, the Verminlord can fling the killing star, sending it to scythe down foes in a great circling arc. The flash of its passing can be seen, leaving decapitated victims and sliced off limbs in its wake. At the end of its circuitous flight, the Verminlord Deceiver will snatch it out of mid-air and throw it again in quick succession. Such is their agility, and their ability to rapidly displace themselves, that the creatures can even throw their weapon and catch it from some completely different part of the battlefield.

In close combat, the Verminlord Deceivers favour the warpstiletto, a stabbing weapon the length of a man. Its steeply acuminated shape allows the blade to penetrate deeply into a foe, where its toxic nature can do the most damage with great efficiency. Whilst common soldiers might batter each other ceaselessly, with only a swift thrust from the warpstiletto a Deceiver can fell any foe, no matter how large.

### SPECIAL RULES:

**Shrouded in Darkness:** Enemy units that target a Verminlord Deceiver with a shooting attack suffer a -1 To Hit modifier in addition to any other modifiers.

**Shadowstrider:** A Verminlord Deceiver must choose all its spells from the Lore of Stealth, and can re-roll failed casting attempts when attempting to cast the *Skitterleap* spell from the Lore of Stealth, and can choose itself as the target of this spell.

### MAGIC ITEMS:

#### Warpstiletto (Magic Weapon)

Attacks made with this weapon have the Armour Piercing (1) and Poisoned Attacks special rules. This replaces the Doom-glaive.

#### Doomstar (Magic Weapon)

This is a missile weapon with the following profile:

<u>Range:</u>	<u>Strength:</u>	<u>Special Rules:</u>
12"	As user	Arcing Death, Quick to Fire, Poisoned Attacks

**Arcing Death:** A weapon with this special rule makes as many shots as the number of models in the front rank of the target unit that are within range.

"Your doom is coming, Man-things."



## VERMINLORD CORRUPTORS

Verminlord Corruptors are disease given form. They are surrounded by an aura of creeping sickness, and all about them life withers away. The spreading of plague is their craft, and at their command are the worst maladies of the world. With but a malicious glance, a Verminlord Corruptor can cause foes to break out in the Roteye Pox, the Oozing Twitch or the Black Plague. There are none more malignant nor more uncompromising than these infested terrors. Of all the Verminlords, the Corruptors often have severely decayed and, consequently, the least elaborate horns - though simply mentioning this to one of these repulsive rat daemons is certain to begin a vendetta that will last an eternity.

Although not above a degree of skulking, Corruptors are more likely than any other Verminlords to be at the forefront of battle. They are zealots who incite extreme hate in others, proving especially effective in goading plague monks into an extreme frenzy. More sorcerous than most of their kin, the Corruptors can call down plagues, shrivel skin, or vomit forth impossible geysers of noxious poisons, should any foe live long enough to close with a Verminlord Corruptor, their battle has only just begun. Living upon the greasy pelt of a Corruptor can be any number of tiny parasites, stingfleas or three-eyed mites. They bite all who approach, and infect their prey with bubonix - the flesh-bubbling disease that rots foes in minutes. As the foe reels, the Verminlord Corruptor will then summon forth a pair of Plaguereapers, sickle-like blades which it will use to eviscerate its enemies with a savage fury.



### SPECIAL RULES:

**Plaguemaster:** A Verminlord Corruptor must choose all its spells from the Lore of Plague, and can re-roll failed casting attempts when attempting to cast *Plague*.

### MAGIC ITEMS:

#### **Plaguereapers (Magic Weapon)**

Two hand weapons. Attacks made with these weapons have the Always Strikes First special rule. This replaces the Doom-glaive.



## VERMINLORD WARBRINGERS

The Verminlord Warbringers are the most commonly seen of the rat daemons, and of all the Verminlords, none are so full of themselves and self-posturing. Warbringers have a fondness for dramatic entrances, such as arriving in clouds of smoke before mustered hordes of Skaven. They stride the battle lines, towering over the ratmen, who cower in the presence of such majestic and terrible beings. Wherever possible they strike heroic poses, with their sinuously curving horns thrust regally outwards, and their weapons glinting in the fires of battle.

All of this preening is not merely pretentiousness on the part of these Verminlords, however. Skaven - particularly Clanrats and Stormvermin - rally to the awe-inspiring sight of these godly creatures. Thus can the presence of such a Verminlord steady even the most craven force. With each colossal stride or dramatic whip of the tail, the chiltering tumult rising from the fighting hordes increases in its intensity. Skaven who bask in that verminous presence for long enough will be overcome by a bloodthirsty. Teeth snapping rage that they long to unleash upon the foe.

The Warbringers are not zealous about leading from the front; they far prefer to stride amongst a seething tide of ratmen, for they draw strength from being amongst their mortal underlings. When they reach the front line, few mortal creatures can match their speed or strength, and they cut down whole ranks at a time with great sweeps from their doom glaives. When facing larger enemies - or to deliver a dramatic coup de grace - a Warbringer will manifest an enormous spike-fist, driving it through the foe and tearing out its entrails for all to see.

### SPECIAL RULES:

**Verminous Fury:** A Verminlord Warbringer must choose all its spells from the Lore of Ruin, and can re-roll failed casting attempts when attempting to cast *Death Frenzy*.

### MAGIC ITEMS:

#### **Doom Glaive and Punch-dagger (Magic Weapon)**

Two hand weapons. Attacks made with these weapons have the Killing Blow and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.



# CLANRATS

The bulk of most Skaven armies are formed of Clanrats – a vast and verminous horde of ratmen that make up the warrior class. These Skaven belong to any one of thousands of clans scattered throughout the underground burrows, strongholds, and bursting cavern-cities that make up the Under-Empire. Of all the teeming masses, only the worker dregs, the shiftless Skavenslaves, are more numerous than the Clanrats. Clanrats are slightly smaller than man-sized, standing four to five feet high. They range between lithe and scrawny and are possessed of a constant energy, most commonly seen in a nervous twitching of their hairless, worm-like tails.

Whether working in the great and awful factories of the Under-Empire or serving on the front lines of a strike Force to invade a town or even city, Clanrats are the heart of Skaven society. By far the most populous and varied, Clanrats serve in a variety of roles, from roiling alongside the Skaven's slaves to serving as spies for a Grey Seer or as Foot soldiers in a Clan Warlord's horde.

Like all Skaven, Clanrats are hierarchical bullies that will go out of their way to kick, maim, and otherwise keep down any beneath their own rank, in their ease the lowly Skavenslaves. Similarly, Clanrats will fawn over and prostrate themselves before anyone else – in their case, everyone but Skavenslaves. In larger Skaven strongholds many clans co-exist in a constant power struggle – and most Clanrats will know (and spend an inordinate amount of time dwelling upon) which clans Clawleaders or Chieftains are on the decline, and therefore vulnerable.



Clanrat warriors may not have to contend with malfunctioning equipment and long spirit-crushing labour, but they are the front ranks of the Skaven host. It is these warriors who are commanded (from the rear, of course) to blunder through the shadowy byways into Human cities, boiling up to tear apart the weaker races. Shamefully, they are also just as likely to die as sacrifices or decoys as they are as warriors, so long as their deaths fulfil the needs of mad plans hatched by the Warlords or Grey Seers.

A lone Clanrat is rarely a threat to any but the least experienced opponent as they are poorly equipped with crudely manufactured or scavenged weapons and improvised pieces of armour. They lack any degree of discipline or determination and is likely to skulk in the shadows, afraid to go forward, too cautious to go

*Warlord Viskis puffed himself up to his verminous fullness and gazed down upon his Chieftains as they entered the hall through the blasted archway. They were wary, but could not hide their awe at the size of the many-pillared hall and the bodies and broken armaments piled in the corners.*

*Viskis wasn't going to miss this opportunity. Everything was as he had arranged. Black-furred Stormvermin were arrayed in ranks, formidable in their size and thick, plated armour. He himself, most potent of commanders, was several tiers higher, pacing on the carven stone dais of the ancient and ornate throne room. The runes of the hated bearded-things had been hastily scratched out, covered by the markings of the Great Horned Rat and the great claws of Clan Gritus. Warlord Viskis himself was backlit by the sole light source - a vast brazier glowing with warpstone-laced shards. Viskis cast his shadow across all as they had to look up at him, his fur outlined by the green tint of the balefire.*

*"Now, hear-listen what I have to say. Long-long have we fought for this under-lair and now we stand in the Dwarf-things' throne room. Their king-thing sat here. I. Warlord Viskis, have eaten him." A pause here allowed Viskis to turn, showing off his newly bulging profile. Squeaking whispers let Viskis know his deed was marked with proper awe. The Dwarf-leader was a mighty warrior and had slain many Skaven. We must take-take the other levels, kill-kill all that remain. Following is MY plan..."*

*"But great leader" said Chieftain Sszark of Clan Grim exactly on cue, "why isn't Priest Grostle here?" He referred to the Plague Priest leader of the large Clan Pestilens faction, which, up until now had been leading the underground assault.*

*"Grostle fell and I am in command." announced Viskis. The Chieftains and Clawleaders craned their necks and sniffed, anxious to see the reaction amongst the remaining Plague Monks.*



backwards. Unless driven by black hunger, a single Clanrat will only attack something that is visibly weakened or crippled, preferring even then to attack unseen from behind. When banded together in a large pack, however, Skaven bolster each other's confidence and fuel their feral ferocity to a highly aggressive level. This allows the individually cowardly ratmen to form massive units that will recklessly hurl themselves into a fray against even obviously superior troops, stabbing, biting, and clawing their enemies to a swift and brutal death.

Life as a Clanrat is short and brutish, being filled with wants and desires, hunger, pain, and fear. Very few survive for long, but those who do may, depending on their fortunes, be elevated to positions of responsibility, becoming Clawleaders. The unlucky ones are sent to Clan Moulder for experimentation and mutation or to the Grey Seers as sacrifices. Clanrats are common in almost every clan except Clan Eshin and Clan Pestilens. Both of these Clans have specialised warriors with whom to shoulder the burden of advancing one's station.

Clawleaders are given dominion over his own Clanrat troops. Clawleaders are in positions of some responsibility, gained either as a promotion or by murdering their previous Clawleaders. Though they are more experienced and better able to wage war than their subordinates, most Clawleaders compare unfavourably to Stormvermin. While they have unquestioned control over the Clanrats in their charge, they are little better than self-inflated Clanrats to Chieftains and Warlords. As such, Clawleaders are as expendable as any other Skaven.

When a Warlord gathers his might for war the Clanrats are front and centre, occupying a key place in the battleline. They form up into vast chattering hordes to overwhelm a foe with their weight of numbers and the fury of their attack in a terrifying avalanche of insane rat-warriors. If the Warlord can afford the price and is in reasonable standing with Clan Skryre, then a Weapon Team might accompany the regiment. These arcane devices of destruction are viewed suspiciously by the Clanrats, who frequently suffer due to their all-too frequent technical failures. After the adrenaline-burst of melee Clanrats need to feed or suffer the unbearable pangs of the Black Hunger. Immediately following any combat the ratmen scour the battlefield, devouring the dead and injured friend and foe alike.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

"The chattering hordes and strength of the Skaven are the Clanrats. They fill-fill our domain to bursting. It is their duty to die for us. Often is there need, and often do they give."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer





# STORMVERMIN

In the brutal hierarchy of the Under-Empire, might often makes right, and the largest and fittest Skaven can easily bully their way into positions of power. The Stormvermin are the fighting elite of the Skaven Warlord clans. They are distinguishable from their scrawnier litter-mates – often standing a full head taller with thick muscular necks, a powerful build and proficient in the use of various weapons and armour. Most Stormvermin are marked at birth, as their size and darker fur colour is recognisable. As the largest and most aggressive, young Stormvermin-to-be typically outfight the rest of their litter for precious food. If the young warriors are particularly strong, the weakest of their litter actually become the food. Should they survive the traumatic politics and backstabbing as their litter-pack jockey for position, the strongest Skaven will be assigned to regiments of Stormvermin – the best trained warriors in the Under-Empire. Because they are separated from their Clan, they are loyal to whomever they are assigned by the Council of Thirteen, whether it be a Clan Chieftain or Grey Seer.

Like the Grey Seers, their future is determined at the time of their birth, for only Skaven with black fur are relegated to the ranks of the Stormvermin. As such, there is a certain *Esprit de corps* shared by all Stormvermin that is lacking in other Skaven groups. Of course, this camaraderie will only stretch so far. Stormvermin are constantly on the lookout for any

weakness in their peers, and those who show such flaws will be mercilessly cut down by their brothers. Position in the ranks of the Stormvermin is achieved through a series of duels, though it occasionally falls on the last remaining survivor of a unit to take command. These officers, known as Fangleaders, are some of the deadliest Stormvermin of all. They are aggressive by nature and are given to overt displays of prowess in order to intimidate those around them.

Stormvermin regiments are outfitted with the best gear of war in the clan's armoury, commonly equipped with better armour than the Clanrats, and they wield heavy-bladed halberds. The Stormvermin are commonly employed as guards by their leaders, watching over important Skaven or securing private areas of their warrens. Their duties may include forming a retinue or bodyguard for anyone from a minor Chieftain to the mighty ruling Clan Warlord himself, as well as standing sentry over crucial clan assets – armouries, food stores, breeder pens and the like. In war, Stormvermin regiments provide the warlords with crack troops, well-equipped to spearhead assaults. This puts the Stormvermin at the vanguard of the army where they can ensure continued preferential treatment by fighting with ferocity and zeal for their leaders.

Most Warlord clans maintain the unwritten law that the first feed after a battle belongs to the Stormvermin. Those who dare to feast before their proper station are often openly attacked by the elite Skaven warriors, who take any opportunity to violently demonstrate their favoured status. As further reward, many Stormvermin regiments are assigned their own legions of



## MORRSLIEB

*Morrslieb is the name of the mysterious second moon that plays such a large role in Skaven ritual and their mythology. The Skaven believe that the tainted greenish moon is made entirely of warpstone. When meteors of the coveted substance fall from the sky, it is taken as an omen that the Great Horned One is pleased with his children and seeks to reward them.*

*Although the orbit of Morrslieb is notoriously unpredictable, its fullness in the fallow month signals the annual ritual of Vermintide. At least once every few decades Morrslieb will rise full and sickly in the sky for thirteen days in a row. When such ominous portents appear, the Grey Seers gather at the Temple of Temples. Those few agents of entropy too far flung to return to the capital communicate via the Warlock Engineer-invented Farsqueaker. It is at such times that the Seerlord and the other top rat-mages will suffer visions, collapse in fits and receive the wisdom from the Great Horned Rat himself.*



"Black Skaven are much-strong and loyal-loyal. Stormvermin guard Grey Seers and Warlords."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer

Skavenslaves. These lackeys see to the comfort and needs of their masters, on the battlefield the Stormvermin normally form the bodyguard of Warlords and Grey Seers. The services of Stormvermin are often bought by other clans who value their muscle and sheer savagery. They are especially popular as bodyguards, with every ratman of rank, from Grey Seers to Master Moulders to Arch-Warlocks, hiring their own pack of arrogant, bullying Stormvermin to show off their might and importance.

For political purposes and as a display of might Stormvermin regiments will sometimes leave their clan. This is often when a Grey Seer purchases or "requisitions" help from a Warlord clan, but could be sojourns at far away rival strongpoints or dangerous spots along the Under-way. It is not unheard of for Warlord clans to sell the service of their elite warriors. Clan Rictus, for instance, is especially famous for breeding great numbers of jet-black Stormvermin.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stormvermin	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	1	6
Fangleader	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	2	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

### THE TREACHEROUS PROGRESSION

*The progression from Stormvermin to Fangleader to Chieftain to Warlord is common, although not as traditional as betrayal. Stormvermin are linked to a clan leader, serving as his bodyguard and the enforcers of his will. Opposition to a leader is regularly met with butchery and an armoured cadre of Stormvermin is ideal to do such work. To ensure their strong-arm regiments remain loyal cunning leaders lavish attention, praise and, most importantly, gifts upon 'their' Stormvermin. Food, Skavenslaves (often the same thing) and breeding rights are popular motivators. Particular ferocity, anticipating treachery, or eating the existing Fangleader are the standard ways of rising from the Stormvermin ranks. Once established, a Fangleader that can keep his leader safe while savagely carrying out commands can virtually name his price.*

*As treachery abounds, bribing a Fangleader is a common tactic. Amidst the double and triple crossings, baseless pacts, and false promises, a Fangleader is quickly immersed in the only training that can forge a blackhearted Chieftain, wicked and wily in the ways of both battle and intrigue. Few Chieftains survive without the support of a core of fighters, so when (almost invariably) a Fangleader makes his move to replace a Chieftain, he will assure the support of at least some Stormvermin. A top lieutenant takes the vacated role of Fangleader and so the cyclical dynamics of power shift. A common and astute phrase amidst Warlord clans is "A Chieftain is only as big as his Stormvermin".*





# SKAVENSLAVES

Most of the inhabitants of the Under-Empire are slaves. These unfortunates have been taken from their clans and forced into lives of servitude. Whether they are the runts of litters, considered too weak to become warriors, or whether they are prisoners captured in raids, the slaves are on the lowest rung of the Skaven hierarchy. The majority of slaves are Skaven born into bondage, but their ranks swell as rival clans are captured during internecine wars. At times even non-Skaven become slaves, although few other races last long under the whips of the ratmen overseers.

For the most part, the slaves work, and provide manpower in the Skaven industries. The Under-Empire is run by slave labour, and without slaves, Skaven society would collapse. Skavenslaves perform all menial tasks, including mining, tunnelling, and food production. When famine sweeps the Under-Empire in lean times, the slaves provide an emergency source of food.

These miserable wretches are bought and sold for Warpstone Tokens on the slave blocks in the major communities of the Under-Empire. When they arrive at their new homes they find endless toil and pain: clearing new tunnels, feeding the Rat Ogres, becoming food for their masters, and serving as test subjects for some new Clan Skryre or Clan Moulder enterprise are only a few of the many possible fates that await Skavenslaves.

A slave's day starts when he is whipped awake from inadequate sleep, and thrown disgusting, half-rotten food, which he must fight over with his fellow slaves. Any who are too slow to respond or unfortunate enough to be picked on are burnt alive, ripped to pieces or fed to the Rat Ogres as an example to the others. The Skaven go through the ranks, pulling out the bodies of those who died in the night and cutting them out of the chain. Sometimes the living slaves are allowed to feast on the bodies of the dead; for many slaves this becomes their greatest hope.

The slaves are set to work in the mines or tunnels of the Under Empire. The day is filled with hard labour, of whatever sort the overseers need. Goblins, Humans and Skaven labour side by side for the rest of their lives – which rarely span longer than one year after initial capture. Slaves who are not quickly put to back-

breaking work become terrified, because that means that they have been chosen for some experiment, or as food. Those who die during the day are pulled from the chains when the overseers notice, which may not be until the work is over. It is hard to work chained to a corpse, but any slave who lets that slow him down can expect a flogging.

Slaves will be forced to work for sixteen hours before feeding begins. Any slaves who have been punished during this work period will be found in the slaves' feed, as it is a useful way of saving food for the Skaven of the upper levels. Approximately five percent of slaves will die during the feeding period as there is never enough food supplied and it has to be fought for. The Skaven Slavemasters enjoy to watch the ensuing brutality and often wager on particularly strong and healthy slaves. Consequently, those that die are devoured and this also weeds out the weak, leaving the strongest to continue working.

After about an hour for feeding and rest the slaves will resume work, with the exception of the slaves who proved themselves strongest during the feeding. These unfortunate individuals are used in Stormvermin training sessions and generally dismembered in short order. This also stops particularly strong slaves from causing problems later on.

"Man-things, stunty-things, and fat-things, slaves support our society. Some are Skaven taken from raids by strong-powerful Clans. Their warlords are dead-dead now, their warrens under the rule of an enemy clan that rightly claims them, and their bodies-lives forfeit to the whims of leaders who were once their bitter hate-foes."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer





"Quick-quick! Move-move! The man-thing looks away. Strike now!"

- Snickitch, Pawleader

When the day's work ends the survivors are thrown food to fight over once more, and then are allowed to drop into exhausted sleep where they stand. The Slaves are manacled together in their hundreds and left to sleep on the floor of the mines or tunnels they labour in. This is when the slaves turn on one another, as racial hatreds resurface in the quiet. As the desperately hungry attempt to gorge on the weak, the desperately tired attempt to sleep with both eyes open. It is a bleak, hopeless existence. For the most desperate of slaves, death becomes a more attractive option as time passes.

Many Human slaves of the Skaven go mad, and a few even come to believe they are Skaven. Whispered rumours among the slaves say that those who go truly mad are mutated into Skaven as they sleep, and that the chains are lost during the mutation. Some slaves see this as their only hope of escape, and pretend to believe they are Skaven in the hope that it will break their minds.

The Skaven do not separate male and female slaves, and very occasionally a Human female slave becomes pregnant, although the poor nutrition and hard work make this unlikely. Carrying a child to term is even more unlikely, and human babies look like tasty treats to most Skaven. Nevertheless, there are a handful of children in the tunnels, protected by a group of slaves as allies unbound by chains.

The life of a Skavenslave is cruel, but mercifully short. Food is so rare that cannibalism is the way of life and each day is a battle for survival. A slave with the slightest injury – a limp or disease-swollen eye – is hungrily marked by his pack. These wretched creatures attempt to hide such maladies, but the keen Skaven sense of smell cannot be fooled. The crippled are soon devoured as the ravenous horde turns upon itself.

Skavenslaves are sometimes forced to fight, providing expendable troops for the Skaven armies. Their regiments are made up of the dregs of Skaven society, slaves too unskilled or stupid to be put to better use in mines and forges. Nearly all Skavenslaves used in war are Skaven from clans which have been defeated and enslaved in internecine clan warfare; other races are seldom used because they might escape or start fighting the Skaven partway through the battle.

In warfare Skavenslaves are used en masse to absorb missile fire and to overwhelm the foe with numbers and demoralise the foe by increasing the apparent size of a Skaven horde. A common Warlord tactic is to whip Skavenslaves to the fore of an assault. Many are butchered, but the loss is acceptable if the slaves bear the brunt of incoming arrows or tire the foe for the next attack wave. Skavenslaves are often used in suicidal

battlefield manoeuvres or sent first as shock troops to disrupt the enemy lines and cause messy diversions. The best Skavenslaves will even pull down and tear to pieces a few of the adversaries, although this is considered a bonus. Some Skavenslaves use slings to inflict damage from afar, while others are lucky enough to have scrounged spears or shields to aid them in battle. Few Clanrat slaves survive for long, but those who do gain a small amount of legitimacy as Pawleaders.

It is not unheard of for Skavenslaves to survive a battle, although this is inconvenient for overpopulated lairs. In desperate times the boldest and strongest of Skavenslaves may be granted a chance to become Clanrats, but the slaves are mostly kept in line through judicious application of the overseers' whips. Slaves who break in battle, however, are shown no mercy. Those not slain by the enemy are trampled underfoot by the oncoming attack waves of their own side. It is commonly said that the most dangerous Skavenslave is one that is running, for he may turn to fight at any time.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	2
Pawleader	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	2	2

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Expendable, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

**Life is Cheap:** Skaven can voluntarily target ranged attacks (including templates) at enemy units engaged in close combat with Skavenslaves (but no other friendly troops) even if they are further than 4" away. However, if they do so, they will hit their Skavenslaves on To Hit rolls of both 1's and 2's rather than just 1's.

**Cornered Rats:** *Desperate Skavenslaves can be vicious.*

If a unit of Skavenslaves breaks from combat, any units that they flee through (friend or foe) immediately take D6 Strength 3 hits for each complete rank of 5 or more Skavenslaves left in the unit. The broken unit is then removed as casualties.

*The most famous slave revolt occurred in Skavenblight. Slaves from many clans rose up following Skabbicus, a slave turned warrior, who promised a better existence. Legions of armoured Stormvermin assaulted down narrow tunnels to suppress the rebellion, but the slaves held firm. They might have gained freedom had not the devious Council of Thirteen announced a pardon for any who desisted and pointed out their leader. It is said that over 10,000 Skavenslaves pointed out Skabbicus and watched their former commander cut down and eaten. The promised pardon was quickly forgotten and the following retribution was predictably brutal. Production dropped for weeks throughout Skavenblight, but everyone ate well.*



# RAT SWARMS

The cess-filled streets of the human cities of the Old world teem with life, much of which isn't human. Rats – vermin of all sizes – have grown bold in their numbers. They infest the rot-filled timbers of the sagging tunnelling nests into thatch, tirelessly gnawing through wattle and daub. They have grown brazen enough to be seen scurrying in the gutters and alleyways of main streets even under the bright light of day. By night, the rats are legion, their eyes glowing red in the passing flicker of the night watch's lanterns. The ancient sewers that drain the cities' filth are breeding pits that swarm with rats beyond number. Some of the gnawed skeletons that are piled amidst the refuse are doubtlessly the sad remains of the dispossessed, but the sewerjacks sent to repair the drains think it is more than that. It is whispered that citizens of the poorest districts go missing in the night, perhaps falling victim to the insatiable hunger that lives beneath the city?

Rat Swarms are colonies of Rats that have formed a sort of mobile community. Rats' natural instincts are to congregate, and these are further trained to act and move as one, having been bonded through breeding, recognition of scent, and the application of drugs and other stimuli. Existing apart from its swarm is as unnatural for one of these Rats as standing in a fire or breathing water. A skilled Packmaster can keep these swarms of vermin together as a single, directed group, even on the battlefield, and can direct them as he wills.



Numbering in the thousands, these rats are a mix of brown, black, and white rats. The sight of a Rat Swarm is enough to make any commoner and none too few warriors turn tail and flee. Countless numbers of ravenous rats pose a dire threat for any enemy unlucky enough to cross their path.



The presence of a Skaven army has an alarming effect on ordinary rats – they congregate in a numberless tide at the feet of their larger cousins. A living tide of rats scavenges alongside the Children of the Horned Rat. Whether this living carpet of vermin comes in answer to some sorcerous calling or to pay homage to the Great Horned One, none can be sure. But knowingly or not, the rats perform service to the Skaven. Sometimes the Skaven use their lesser cousins in war, driving them into a chattering frenzy of bloodlust to overwhelm and pull down the foe. A few rats will become ensorcelled and be assigned spying missions by the suspicious and watchful Grey Seers. Clan Pestilens will infect many rats as they seek to spread new plagues amongst the world. Vast quantities of vermin will be eaten by the lowly and desperate. But the majority of the rats will accompany the marching Skaven army and join the attack in swarms. Whether it is bursting out of the sewers of a human city or overrunning an Orc camp, the chattering mass of rats can pull down and devour a man-sized creature, leaving naught but bones.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	1	1	8	4	8	3

**TROOP TYPE:** Swarm.

*Ratcatcher Ludwig Nusbaum had consumed too much ale, which loosened his tongue so that he addressed the tavern's customers.*

*"Sometimes – you might think I'm as crazy as a doom prophet - but sometimes I think those rats are watching me. You know, spying like. Sigmar preserve me, but I don't like it much. I'd hate to see it if the rodents ever got their way. Still, I get paid for catching a pole-full. Give us another one, Bessie."*



# PLAGUE MONKS

The Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens are zealots utterly dedicated to the spread of corruption and decay in the name of the Great Horned Rat. They are the initiates of infection and disciples of disease, with numerous agents scattered across the cities of the Old World. At the lowest levels are fervent and devoted worshippers of the Horned Rat, singing daily praises and liturgies to the Lord of Decay, and privy to some of the mysteries known to the Plaguelords. Each is riddled with disease, covered with self-inflicted wounds and eruptions that ooze blood and pus.

Hidden away in their underground strongholds the Plague Monks cultivate deadly diseases in bubbling vats filled with warpstone, carcasses and foetid offal. Each new plague they create is unleashed by infected rats released into city sewers by Clan Eshin, bringing great misery and hardship upon the human inhabitants.

The results of each experiment are recorded in a great book, the *Liber Bubonicus*, otherwise known as the *Book of Woe*, a tome which contains details of every disease known to man as well as some unknown ones. Clan Pestilens plot to ultimately create a devastating plague which will ravage mankind, leaving the Skaven to inherit the ruins. The Horned Rat and the Skaven, his children, will rule supreme.



These devout disciples of disease are unique amongst Skaven society in that they are fanatically committed to their clan and its purpose of creating the ultimate disease. Once this plague devastates all surface-dwellers, the Skaven can rise up in the ruins and claim their proper inheritance – nothing short of the entirety of the world. The Great Horned Rat will know who brought his children to their rightful and preordained ascendancy and Clan Pestilens will sit over all and rule supreme.

To all reasonable creatures (and even other Skaven) the Plague Monks are a horror to the senses. Plague Monks are instantly recognisable by their dishevelled robes; soiled shrouds which partially cover the weeping sores, bony growths and fluid-filled blisters that mark their scarred flesh. The thick cowls and rotting bandages cannot hide the sickeningly sweet smell of purification, which seems to hover visibly in the air, and it is this stench that attracts the swarms of buzzing flies that accompany the loathsome acolytes. Fully in the thrall of the perverse teachings of the Plague Priests, these wretched Skaven are filthy decrepit things, often crawling with vermin and infected with some awful rotting disease. Most Plague Monks succumb to their afflictions before ever facing their enemies in battle.

Plague Monks form the bulk of Clan Pestilens' troops. When Plague Monks gather, their squeaky chanting can be heard as they recite from the foul *Book of Woe*, endlessly repeating the *Liturgus Infectus*, or the *Rites of Infection*. If they are going to war, the Plague Monks march under one of their Clan Pestilens banners – often a half-rotted carcass hanging from a banner pole bearing unimaginably twisted visions rendered in pigments distilled from blood and warpstone. They may be led by a Plague Deacon who raises their frenzied devotion to new heights.

## THE INFECTORHOOD

*Converting clans to fall under the thrall of Clan Pestilens is a dangerous task. Rival clans connive many traps and betrayals in an attempt to stop the spreading of the righteous word, and so a convoy of true believers has been assigned to guard Lord Blistrox. Those in the Infectorhood are full-fledged plague monks, one of the many sub-sects dedicated to spreading the message of their filthy order. Whether in battle, in devotion to the Horned Rat, or in the subjugation of the weak, the Infectorhood sets the standard of utmost zeal to the multitude that follows Clan Pestilens.*

*These plague monks has gained the reputation of being the most rabid of their overzealous kind. In battle they chant the *Liber Bubonicus*, frothing over themselves in their eagerness to hack at their foes. The Pestilens Guard typically served Lord Nurglitch, the Lord of Decay who ruled Clan Pestilens, but he has detached a portion of them to act as bodyguard for Lord Skroll.*



"Plague Monks do not know the true nature of the Horned Rat and kill themselves for it. They are useful, but deride-hate the Grey Scers. This impudence will be their done-death."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Scer

As the foul brethren march forward towards an enemy battleline, their chanting picks up its pace and the Plague Monks seem to incite themselves into a terrible rage. In combat Plague Monks hurl themselves into the fray with fanatical ferocity, eager to bring death and destruction to their foes. When unleashed against the enemies of the Skaven, Plague Monks are much more effective than one might expect. It is easy to discount their abilities, given their sicknesses, yet it seems that they find solace in their constant pain.

With bulging eyes and foaming mouths, the Plague Monks seem possessed of an unnatural and unholy fervour. They relentlessly attack with filth-encrusted blades, iron-tipped staves, or even their needle-sharp teeth. A Plague Monk's exposure to pestilence has rendered its toughened, boil-ridden skin immune to pain. Mundane discomforts like severed limbs and opened bellies cause them no more than passing discomfort. The ability to shrug off crippling injury combined with their near-hysterical zealotism means that the only reliable way of stopping a Plague Monk attack is to wholly dismember the disease-ridden Skaven.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5
Plague Deacon	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Pestilens).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Frenzy, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

**UPGRADES:**

**Plague Banner**

**25 points**

*This foul, dripping and disease-ridden banner invigorates the Plague Monks to a new rabid ferocity.*

Magic Standard. One use only. The Plague Banner may be activated at the start of any Close Combat phase. For the remainder of the phase all Plague Monk models in the unit may re-roll failed To Hit rolls and failed To Wound rolls.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE MISTS

*Seeking to reclaim their realm of old, Clan Pestilens attempted to re-conquer the temple-city of Quctza in the Imperial year 2489. The Plague Monks emerged with such numbers and deployed so many Plague Furnaces that swathes of the jungle were covered in pestilent mist. The unnatural cloud could be seen for miles, rising like a thunderhead above the canopy. Only an untimely meteor strike prevented what was sure to be victory for the pestilent rat-host.*





# PLAGUE PRIESTS

The highest ranks of the Plague Monks are occupied by the Plague Priests, individuals who have proved themselves time and again and have survived countless plagues. Plague Priests are among the foulest and most degenerate ratmen of the Disciples of Decay, otherwise known as Clan Pestilens. They lead their foul brethren in the creation of new and virulent diseases – forever searching for the ultimate plague that can weaken all nations so the Skaven can rise up and rule supreme.

It is the Plague Priests who stoke the righteous fury of the Plague Monks, teaching litanies of hate and breeding intolerance for all customs outside their own rituals. Clan Pestilens members do not seek material wealth, but instead are utterly and insanely focused on their master works. It is the diseased, but devoted, Plague Priests who enforce this harsh discipline. Under the direct control of the Plaguelords, the Plague Priests lead the daily rituals - recording the results of their poxes, and monitoring the many infections that are spread on not just captives, but also Skavenslaves, and even the Plague Monks themselves. Indeed, their own specially made diseases are not feared, but accepted as a Blessing from the Bringer of Pestilence himself. To be a living altar, a walking vessel of contamination, is the strident goal of every Plague Priest, who themselves lead by example. Bandages and robes barely cover their leathery hides or contain a Priest's weeping boils. It is the Plague Priests' duty to ensure



the Cauldrons of a Thousand Poxes, bubbling iron vats of untold filth, are never empty, but instead brim over with new and terrible diseases to contaminate the world.

Warlords, Grey Seers, and even the mighty Stormvermin elicit fear and grudging respect in their foes, but none of them evoke the naked horror that the Plague Priests do. These grotesque Priests spread the word of pestilence through the vile concoctions they brew and with the Plague Rats they create. Each time a mortal succumbs to rotting death at the hands of one of their innovations, they glorify their master: the Lord of Decay. And as a reward for their constant devotion, the Horned Rat saddles their bodies with some of the worst plagues known in the Old World.

Plague Priests spend their time celebrating the rituals of the Horned Rat in his aspect of Harbinger of Disease, and researching newer and deadlier plagues to unleash on the surface world. Exploring all things involving the slow destruction and rotting of the world, a few of their number dabble in the magic granted by their master. These Priests are instrumental in the formulation of new diseases and poxes with which they seek to conquer the world. Even more powerful than the Plague Priests are the Plaguelords, whose mastery over pestilence is second only to the Horned Rat himself. The hideous utensils which they use for their unholy work are known as "Cauldrons of a Thousand Poxes", artefacts reeking of evil, within which they brew their fetid, bubbling concoctions of unspeakable foulness.

The Plague Priests claim the great Harbinger of Disease himself, the Horned Rat, grants them sorcerous powers to aid their unholy mission. Whether their arcane might is granted by a divine presence or from long study of the Book of Woe, there is no denying the noxious powers of the Plague Priests. Vomiting geysers of black death or cursing the enemy from afar so that he erupts with blistering boils, Plague Priests wield loathsome, but potent magics. When the outcome of a battle has particular importance to Clan Pestilens, the Plague Priest may even sanction the building of a great Plague Furnace to accompany the brotherhood on their divine mission to destroy all who oppose them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguelord	5	5	3	4	5	3	6	3	7
Plague Priest	5	4	3	4	5	2	5	2	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character, Clan Pestilens).

**MAGIC:** Plague Priests and Plague Lords are Wizards who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Frenzy, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.



# PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

One of the highest honours accorded to the most fanatical and deranged members of Clan Pestilens is the singular right of carrying a plague censer – the deadliest weapon in the Clan Pestilens armoury – carrying the foulest disease into the heart of the enemy ranks. Plague Censers are special incense burners carried by the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens. These weapons consist of a hollow spiked metal ball attached to a long chain. This awful weapon is functionally a flail, but instead of a solid ball, it has a censer at the end of the chain. In an unholy ritual, a Plague Priest reads aloud disturbing and disease-ridden passages from the Book of Woe while a shard of warpstone is placed inside the cruelly spiked globe. A ladle's worth of vile contagions is added, poured over the warpstone itself. Hellish runes glow as the devil's concoction immediately begins a slow bubble, sending tendrils of greenish vapours wafting out from the many holes in the ornate iron orb. The plague infested shard of warpstone is burned inside the ball so that it emits a foul bubonic vapour as the censer is swung. Anyone who inhales the fumes may be overcome by a deadly and painful plague. Contact with the haze of noxious fumes emitted from a gently swaying censer will cause flesh exposed to the vapour to quickly erupt into sores and fluid-filled blisters. Though not contagious by normal means, the disease ravages the lungs and flesh of those it affects, leaving them choking upon their own clotting gore as they die.

Plague Censer Bearers frequently fall victim to their own weapons. The warpstone fumes induce exhilaration and ecstasy in them before they die,

driving them into a killer frenzy. As Plague Monks march into battle they are preceded by a swarm of Plague Censer Bearers who pollute the air with their swinging censers to the chanted accompaniment of the Liturgus Infecticus. As they near the enemy battleline, the foaming and fanatical Plague Censer Bearers increase the arc of their swings, leaving contrails in encircling rings as they dash towards the foe. When the enemy is in sight they charge, swinging their heavy censers with wild abandon, spreading woe and suffering to all he strikes. When swung in the heat of battle the censer emits vast billowing green clouds. Exposure to this plague fog causes horrific damage as lungs instantly fill with virulent fluid and vital organs putrefy. It would take a creature absolutely devoid of common sense to be anywhere near such a weapon, much less wield it in battle.

The image of the Censer Bearers rhythmically swinging their plague-filled weapons is the very stuff of nightmares. The baleful fumes of the censers seem to fill the demented brethren with unnatural rage. The honour of wielding this weapon is a death sentence, however, as the Censer Bearer is always exposed to the worst of the fumes. The cloud of poisonous gas that enshrouds them as they fight often proves as fatal to the Censer Bearers themselves as to their enemies. However, this is no deterrent to these lunatics who squeak their devotion and scream prayers of thanks to the Horned Rat even as they die with their lungs filled with a foul mixture of blood and pus, their joints swell and burst, or even impale themselves with their own



*The Empire knight was an impressive sight as he galloped his grey charger over the ridge. The early morning mist still clung to the ground, and the advancing Skaven army looked as if they were swimming through white foam. Five Skaven scuttled ahead of rest, whirling spiked flails round their heads. Streams of green-yellow gas poured out of the spiked balls, spreading a pall of poisonous mist about them.*

*The knight charged his horse at the lead Skaven, bending down to swing his hammer at it. At the last minute, the horse panicked and shied. The knight was thrown to the ground with a thud of steel. Coughing as the foul air blistered his throat, he tried to struggle to his feet, but was knocked down again by a well-placed blow from the Skaven.*

*The spiked ball crunched into the knight's unprotected head, leaving half his face a red ruin. As he toppled over the Skaven leaped on top of him and tore open his throat. Mad with fear, the horse ran straight towards the ranks of the Skaven army but within seconds it too succumbed to the lethal gas and sank beneath the swirling mist with a last despairing whinny of terror.*



### BEARERS OF CREEPING DEATH

*In debased rituals, the disease known as Creeping Death was perfected within the Cauldrons of a Thousand Poxes. At its peak, the disease was ladled over hot coals so that it made a deadly fume. Not even the most disease-gnarled of plague monks could long withstand its virulence. Before each battle, doomed plague monk volunteers took vows and lifted up those censers, swinging them so that contrails of death were left in their wake. Those not slain in combat would succumb soon afterwards to the Creeping Death.*

ball and chain. It matters not, fuelled by their own mind-warping fog, their ecstatic ratminds are only focused on the duty at hand – to unleash their fury and maul their hated foes. To die in the service of the Horned Rat swinging a smouldering plague censer with righteous zeal, is compensation enough for these maddened cultists.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Censer Bearer	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5
Plague Chanter	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Pestilens).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Frenzy, Hatred, Scurry Away!, Skirmishers.

### EQUIPMENT:

**Plague Censer:** *The dreaded plague censer is a weapon that is only borne by the degenerate ratmen of Clan Pestilens, consecrated to the Horned Rat and filled with lethal burning warpstone is used as a weapon by its crazed bearers.*

**Flail.** At the start of each round of close combat in which they are fighting, all models in base contact (friend or foe, including the Censer Bearer itself) with one or more models bearing a plague censer must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single wound with the Ignores Armour Saves and Magical Attacks special rules. All Clan Pestilens models gain a +1 bonus for these tests.

*"Fierce kill-soldiers, Censer Bearers kill-kill many manthings with their heavy smoking flails. Much-much die from their own poison."*

*- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer*





# PLAGUECLAW CATAPULT

Since their rise to power, Clan Pestilens has been hard at work creating new strains of disease. The bubbling vats filled with carcasses, warpstone and foetid offal are forever brewing vile concoctions. While failing (as of yet) to create the ultimate contagion to rid the world of all surface dwellers, the Plague Monks have discovered their pestilent by-products make worthy weapons on their own. The unbalanced blend of poisons, chanted magics, and disease-soaked corpses makes a liquid that can kill on contact.

Over the centuries many have suffered the wrath of the foul creations of Clan Pestilens. Rival clans have been destroyed outright as befilted waste-water has been pumped in to flood enemy caves and warrens. It was in the Southlands that crude torsion devices first began hurling loathsome substances onto the foe during battle. The Plague Monks learned to deliver their pestilent payloads via catapult, the erupting splatter of deadly contents slaying targets in a toxic storm. Those splashed by the semi-congealed liquid find their skin simultaneously sloughing off in ruin and elsewhere erupting in glistening sores. Armour offers no protection against such loathsome weaponry.

After the reconciliation following the second civil war, Clan Pestilens received technical help from the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre. Soon the crude war engines built by the Plague Monks were replaced with

what are now known as Plagueclaw Catapults. These loathsome war machines are great wheeled scaffold-towers bearing adorned with pennants and runes, mounting torsion-powered arms. Pushed into position by ragged Clan Pestilens acolytes, the claw-like arm of a Plagueclaw Catapult is winched back and unleashed to lob hideous death, a putrid mixture of disease-soaked corpses, semi-congealed poisons and even traces of warpstone. The toxic semi-liquid leaves a glowing streak across the sky as it arcs earthwards.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Plague Monk Crew	5	3	3	3	4	-	3	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** War Machine (Stone Thrower, Clan Pestilens).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Frenzy.

**Plagueclaw Catapult:** The Plagueclaw Catapult uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
48"	2	Ignores Armour Saves

The Plagueclaw Catapult uses the large template. Any unit that takes one or more wounds must immediately take a Panic test.

In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Plagueclaw Misfire chart.

## PLAGUECLAW MISFIRE CHART

### D6 Result:

- 1-2 Twang!** *The Plagueclaw Catapult collapses.*  
The war machine is destroyed and is removed from the battle.
- 3-5 Suspiciously Off Target.** *Either a malfunction or a crew member has just settled an old debt?*  
The opposing player may reposition the template anywhere within 3D6" of the intended target position.
- 6 Accident.** *An acolyte falls into the pot or some other minor mishap.*  
The Plagueclaw Catapult cannot fire this turn.



"Oh, but they are delightful, jolly lads. They come up with the most pleasant of diseases, why that lovely little plague they gifted to those stuffed shirts in Bretonnia was truly inspired. Of course, they get a bit carried away sometimes, but for a race of jumped up vermin I, for one, think they've come quite a long wily."

- Scrabrous Pox, Sencschal of Onogal



# PLAGUE FURNACE

The Plague Furnace is a disease-ridden altar to the Great Horned Rat and an unholy pulpit for a Plague Priest. These mighty war machines are covered in runes and foul sigils dedicated to the vile Skaven deity. It is the noisome shrine of Clan Pestilens and ruination and corruption travel in its wake. The Plague Furnace is pushed into battle by a congregation of chanting Plague Monks, the creaking of its iron-shod wheels audible above the drone of devotional maledictions. The decaying chassis of the Plague Furnace is riddled with woodworm, but it is the vast and ornate swinging brazier that commands attention. A glowing hot censer of wrecking ball proportions swings back and forth, issuing overwhelming heat and a roiling cloud that even simple beasts instinctively recognise as poisonous and unnatural. The rhythmic swings of the infernal furnace produce an ominous sound as the pendulous censer drags through the air, leaving a trail of deadly fumes and lethal contagions. It stings the eyes and assails the senses to gaze at the shimmering heat of the swaying globe. As the greenish vapours drift over the Plague Monks, it wets their tattered robes. This befouled fog begins to make the pox-ridden brethren twitch, their eyes bulging out in an unholy fervour for battle and blood-letting.

As the Plague Furnace nears the foe, the Plague Monks strain more feverishly at the ropes, increasing the momentum of the blazing orb. As the frothing brotherhood crash the Plague Furnace into the enemy battleline, the rusty chains holding the great warpstone incinerator are let slip so the vast censer plummets into the middle of the enemy unit. The unholy payload continues to spew the deadly green-tinged warpstone fumes while it is hoisted back into place.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Furnace	5	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-
Plague Monk	-	3	3	3	-	-	4	1	-



**TROOP TYPE:** Shrine (Clan Pestilens).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Altar of the Horned Rat, Fear, Frenzy, Large Target (5), Magic Resistance (2).

**Billowing Death:** *By violently swinging the Giant Censer the Plague Monks can cause a fuming fog of corruptive clouds to sweep over a nearby foe.*

Billowing Death follows the rules for Breath Weapons, but can be used in every turn. All models Hit must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with the Ignores Armour Saves and Magical Attacks special rules. All Clan Pestilens models gain a +1 bonus for this tests.

**Wrecker Attack:** *The chain holding the mighty swinging great censer is let loose.*

The Plague Furnace may inflict special attack after all other attacks have been resolved, inflicting an Artillery dice's worth of Hits against a single enemy unit to their front. A roll of Misfire means something has gone wrong; roll a D6 on the Plague Furnace Mishap chart below.

## PLAGUE FURNACE MISHAP CHART

### D6 Result:

**1-2 Crunch!** *The orb comes loose prematurely and smashes into the Plague Furnace below.*

The Plague Furnace immediately suffers D3 Wounds and the unit pushing it takes D6 at Strength 5 hits.

**3-5 Bilious Cloud.** *A jarring halt releases a particularly potent cloud of warp-poisoned fumes.*

Immediately work out a special Billowing Death attack that causes 2D6 hits on any unit pushing the Plague Furnace.

**6 Maddening Fumes!** *The great censer fails to drop, but instead glows white hot, sending billow clouds down upon the Plague Monks who become possessed with even more unnatural vigour.*

Any unit pushing the Plague Furnace makes an additional full round of close combat attacks against any enemy unit in base contact. After this, they suffer D6 Wounds. Any casualties caused count towards combat resolution.

### THE GREAT CENSER

*The death-dealing orb of the Plague Furnace uses the same smoking warpstone charcoal that powers the deadly fumes of a Censer Bearer, but in vast quantities and with a key ingredient added. The skins of dead Plague Priests are saved as vile relics and used in the fuel. The horrible husks reek with infection, having absorbed a tainted lifetime of disease. Foul ritual and unholy magic sets alight the lumpen poxridden skins, which in turn ignites the warpstone. The resulting warpheat turns into a fuming furnace, producing a billowing cloud of baleful death.*



# PLAGUE RAT SWARMS

Rats, for good reason, have always served at the Front ranks of Skaven attacks. And though rats and Ratmen share many similarities, the Skaven have no reservations about bending these rodents to their will and sending wave after wave into the waiting swords of their enemies. And so it has always been that the smaller creatures have served their warped kin.

The Skaven of Clan Pestilens, as a result of their feverish imaginations, took the use of rats a step further. Knowing full well that rats are carriers of noxious disease, they bred a special type of rat, one that would spread one of the most virulent plagues the world has ever known: Neiglish Rot. By dipping Giant Rats into their burbling cauldrons, they infuse them with Foul Warpstone-laced wickedness. The rats develop a ravenous appetite, reproduce at a horrific rate, and are vectors for a suitably nasty plague. Plague Rats are thankfully rare, and once a food source is exhausted, they turn on each other until none remain.

Plague Rats look like large rats with patchy brown fur and diseased skin. Their snouts drip orange filth continuously, spilling contagion wherever they go. Worse, most of these creatures suffer from the ravages of the disease they carry, and so are missing legs, paws, half of their heads, and more. Too many can recall seeing one of these sad creatures pulling its rotten hindquarters forward to make a meal of itself.

The evil adepts of Clan Pestilens use rats as vessels of contagion to spread their lethal diseases. These animals are infected with one of the concoctions created by the Plague Priests and released into a city's sewers. There they contaminate the local rat population, which passes the diseases on to the inhabitants. Anyone bitten by one of these creatures will succumb to the virulent fever they carry.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Rats	6	3	0	1	1	8	4	8	3

**TROOP TYPE:** Swarm (Clan Pestilens).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Poisoned Attacks.



The lone Skaven travelled at night, limping and crawling across the blasted landscape. During the daylight hours he hid from the weak winter sun in one of the ruined farmhouses or under a thorn tangle. His progress was slow but direct; hour by hour, mile by mile, he came ever closer to his destination – the hold of Skabreach.

One hundred miles of forests, hills, rocks, rivers and pain. He wrapped his bleeding, blistered feet in rags, but the bitter cold ate through them. The end of his tail turned black with frostbite, and he had to bite it off. He wasn't used to being alone, or cold, or so ill. The fever swept through his body in waves of cold and heat. Sometimes he became so weak that he couldn't go any further, and he fell panting on the ground, cold sweat slicking his fur. When the weakness passed he would pull himself up and go on, crawling if he couldn't manage to walk.

At other times he became terribly thirsty, and had to eat mouthfuls of raw snow if he couldn't find one of the icy streams that wound through the forest. He lost weight, and his once glossy pelt turned lank and scabby. Food was hard to find. The victorious Skaven armies had driven away, killed or enslaved all the humans who used to live in this part of the Empire. The ruined buildings he came across had been stripped bare, and he was often forced to eat the frozen corpses of humans or their lost farm animals and pets.

The fever was slowly killing him, but it also gave him the will to go on. Strange visions burned through his mind. He saw the lands of the Empire blackened by the massed armies of the Skaven. A cloud of blood and death flowing over the land

guided by the terrible red eyes of the great Horned Rat himself. Nothing could stand before them – proud knights in their gleaming steel armour, the great stamping war horses, the machines that spat death, arrows, crossbow bolts, swords... they were all swept away. He saw inside the human cities too: men and women killing each other for firewood or scraps of food, their children screaming in pain, bodies covered in dark blotches, limbs contorting. Fire swept through their towns and villages, and floating above it all, he could feel the heat and the pain, and it was his heat and pain too.

The fever burning in his blood drove him on and on. When the pain was at its worst, it felt as if great claws were ripping through his body. At the height of his agony he would squeak and squeal his devotion to the Horned Rat and when the pain lessened it was as if he had been blessed. Surely, he lived only to serve the Horned Rat's greater purpose.

When he reached the entrance to Skabreach his strength failed him completely and he collapsed limply on the ground. "News..." he panted. "I bring news from the north, from Middenheim!" As his consciousness was swallowed by darkness he felt the paws of his brethren bear him up and carry him into the safety of the tunnels below.

And so it was that the Black Plague was brought to Skabreach, and within days the infection took such a hold that no Skaven would ever leave that benighted place alive. Thus was the battle returned to the enemy, and the children of the Horned Rat were led to deceive themselves, for their foul deity is not the only power in the heavens. All things wax and wane, and the star of Sigmar rose once again to spread its benison over the Empire.



# NIGHT RUNNERS

Night Runners are the most common Clan Eshin warriors – essentially assassins-in-training – although they are still secretive like all their mysterious clan. Night Runners are the young apprentices of Clan Eshin. Recently initiated into the secrets of the clan, they make up for their lack of knowledge with their ambition and energy. What differentiates these expendable foot soldiers from other Clanrats is that they receive rudimentary training in the fighting styles learned from distant Cathay. Faster than the ordinary Clanrat, they kill quickly so they can move on to eliminate their next foes.

Trained to move at speed, Night Runners strike quickly to prepare the way for Skaven armies. Small furtive units sneak from the shadows to seize key terrain features, while larger blocks of Night Runners scurry ahead of the Skaven lines to harass and slow down the foe. Night Runners fight with blades in each hand, although many employ slings to rain death on enemy war machines or poorly armoured elites. A typical ruse is to slink off to the army's flanks, hoping to lure pursuit into a hastily prepared ambush.

Lightly armed and armoured so as to take advantage of their tremendous speed and agility; the Night Runners excel at flanking manoeuvres and lightning-fast attacks. They cannot stand long against heavily-armed or armoured opponents, and are best kept in a reserve role unless no other course is available. Despite their limitations, they are often thrown into the fray as necessary, their lives sacrificed en masse.

Skaven of Clan Eshin use punch daggers, a type of weapon that features one or two piercing or slashing blades that jut between the fingers and are attached perpendicularly to a handle. Some variations require the wielder to strap the weapon to the wrist. To use, the wielder makes quick stabbing motions or fast slashes.

These weapons, which are often used in pairs, are not common outside of Clan Eshin.

Another Clan Eshin device, a rat claw is a metal plate threaded with a leather strap to tie to the paw, and three to five steel claws extending out from the plate. While the claws are not overlarge, they are used to enhance unarmed attacks. In addition, rat claws are useful climbing tools.

## SILENT DEATH FOR HIRE

*Whether a Warlord is seeking Night Runner raiders, death squads of Gutter Runners, lethal Assassins, or simply information, Clan Eshin will help for the right price. It is well known (if never spoken) that Clan Eshin is the knife in the paws of the Council of Thirteen. Whether the Lords of Decay have something over the shadowy clan or have merely provided the best bribe, Clan Eshin provides the unseen force with which the Council maintains their reign. The Warlord clans know it is no use pointing paws as spies are everywhere and it is perilous to plot against the plotters.*

*The constant removal of political opponents within the Under-Empire has its drawbacks and often delays greater plans. It is said that the Council of Thirteen maintain a rolling blacklist of 10,000 names marked for swift death. On the list are the world's leaders, be they Man, Elf or Dwarf. Prioritising, however, always seems to require that Warlords of rebellious clans or threats to members of the Council top the list. Despite complex schemes to undermine the powers of the world, most resources are instead used to silence internal opposition, quell the over-ambitious and maintain the positions of the Council.*





### THE BURROW-CRACKERS

*Although from Clan Eshin, the Burrow-crackers are readily accepted by the Skaven of Clan Mors. In the underground warfare that dominates the City of Pillars, the Night Runners' ability to follow their tunnel-grinder and open up new routes through the rock has earned the Skaven many Dwarf-beards. Armed with poisoned blades and throwing stars, the Burrow-crackers know how to sidle around a battle and inflict damage with as little chance of being attacked in return as possible.*

Night Runners are notorious for the low survivability of their troops, and few of their numbers survive to advance in the clan's hierarchy. Casualties are often high amongst Night Runner packs, for they work deep in enemy territory. This is not unexpected by their Clan Eshin masters. Only those that survive the many rigors of their profession can hope to advance to the more highly trained squads of the Gutter Runners, and each will gladly kill his brothers to advance his cause. This is the Eshin way to ensure that only the worthy make it to their ranks.

Night Runners often work in conjunction with Gutter Runners, drawing out enemy reserves to allow the infiltrators-supreme to strike an exposed vital target. On great occasion the Night Runners are given a Warpgrinder tunnelling team to burrow beneath the foe

and emerge upon the enemy's flanks or rear. This tactic is almost always a suicide mission, but the deaths of the Night Runners can provide a worthwhile distraction.

A Night Runner who has advanced to Nightleader - the champion of the stealth pack - is given many secret tasks for his unit to perform. These missions provide the final tests to ensure that only the most skilled advance to the next circle of training. The slightest misstep, such as a blade reflecting moonlight or the creak of a hidden trapdoor, is enough to jeopardise the mission and the entire unit.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Runner	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	5
Nightleader	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	2	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Eshin).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away, Strength in Numbers, Vanguard.

*"Eshin Skaven, little better than Clanrats, they distract the man-things to reveal their weakness. Night Runners also creep-creep into man-thing places to spy-kill."*

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer





# GUTTER RUNNERS

Clan Eshin Night Runners who manage to survive have two options open to them if they wish to advance in their Clan. First, they could accept the post of responsibility; becoming Nightleaders and leading missions against the Clan's enemies. Or second, they could be selected to learn the darker mysteries of the Art of the Silent Death. Those who choose the latter undergo intense training, honing their skills of combat, stealth, and murder. Gutter Runners operate outside normal Skaven groups and often alone, being better suited to infiltrate their enemy's encampments and wreak havoc behind enemy lines.

Most suspicious deaths and acts of espionage in Skaven society are blamed on the nefarious Clan Eshin. Such accusations are probably true, but, of course, there is no evidence. Much of this devastation is wrought by the Gutter Runners, Clan Eshin's black-clad death squads. Gutter Runners are the wily rat-assassins of Clan Eshin. They have already undergone training in the mysterious fighting style developed in the Far East in the deadly skills which they must master to become full assassins so they work in small packs until the Assassin adepts decide they are ready to work alone. Gutter Runners are used to scout ahead of the Skaven army and harass the enemy with night raids and ambushes, using arson and poisoning as their main weapons. In battle they attempt to outflank the enemy, attacking vulnerable war machines and ambushing exposed units.

These secretive and highly-trained agents of Clan Eshin are masters in the art of stealth and deception. Gutter runners rely on surprise and stealth to kill and survive. Wearing no armour, they are shrouded in large

black cloaks that all but conceal them from sight when still. Most gutter runners carry various throwing weapons and long stabbing knives, and their weapons are often coated in deadly poison.

Gutter Runners are nimble and quick; they would have to be to have survived their apprenticeship in the ranks of Clan Eshin's Night Runners. They are elite skirmishers and scouts, second only to Eshin's Assassins in the art of stealth and speed. Their attacks are quick and effective, frustrating their enemies as the Gutter Runners appear, attack, and vanish just as quickly in a rash of smoke or a splash of shadow. Because of their ability to bend and contort their pliable bodies with a speed and dexterity unachievable by man, Gutter Runners have no need for encumbering armour – they simply dodge the blows of their foes. A unit is often lead by a Deathrunner – the term used for the most promising assassin-adept.

*While the town of Mironia slept, the fog rose from the Blighted Marshes and engulfed the Tilean village. The lanterns of the Night Watch were all but lost in the thickening mist and the hourly tolling of the "All's-well" sounded muffled and distant. The men of the patrolling night watch were wary, for the fog seemed sinister and wholly unnatural, but only the soft lapping of the canal waters and the damp dripping of condensed moisture could be heard.*

*None marked the furtive scuffling of clawed feet across the cobblestones. Many of the town's patrol were already missing when some sixth sense caused Capitano Rizzilo to spin around. Behind him, outlined in the fog, were dozens of black-clad and shadowy figures. Underneath their cowls, verminous eyes reflected crimson in the flickering light. The clash of steel that followed was brief, but enough to raise the alarm.*

*As the clanging warnings rang out they were, in turn, answered by a discordant clamour from the surrounding fog. Abandoning all pretence of stealth, a chittering horde rose up and advanced into Mironia. So it was that the soldiers and townsfolk awoke to find themselves under full-fledged attack. A wall of rune-marked shields stretched across the narrow streets. Doors and shuttered windows were smashed as man, woman and child were pulled screaming from their homes. Near the garrisons, resistance was fiercest. Behind make-shift barricades the surging tide of ratmen was, for a time, stemmed. It was there that the green-tipped flames erupted and eldritch chain-lightnings flashed across the sky.*

*By morning every citizen, like the fog, had disappeared. Only smoking ruins remained and these too, in time, would be claimed by the rising swampland.*







Gutter Runners are used to soften up enemy armies before a battle begins. Night raids, arson attacks, and contaminated water supplies are all favourite covert tactics of these stealth troops. Gutter Runners are skilled at infiltrating behind enemy lines, scouting ahead of the main Skaven force and biding in a position that will allow them to jump out at the right moment to ambush vulnerable units. On the battlefield, Gutter Runners are often tasked with the elimination of enemy war machines, ambushing exposed flanks or picking off vulnerable units. The Gutter Runners use a variety of weapons and poisons to accomplish their missions, but it is their ability to appear out of nowhere that makes them so formidable. They are masters of stealth and can nimbly creep up on even the wariest of opponents. On occasion Gutter Runners will use a Warp-grinder Weapon Team so that they can surface in the centre of an enemy's battleline to cause maximum disruption.

#### THE BLACKCLAWS

*The Blackclaws are a top-trained unit of Gutter Runners. Led by Vroll the Claw, the Blackclaws coat their weapons and throwing stars with the vilest of warp-poisons. While they do not normally work for Clan Pestilens – who are notoriously unlikely to spend warptokens or make alliances – the cooperation recently ordered by the Council of Thirteen cannot be openly disobeyed. During this uneasy alliance, the Blackclaws secretly plant Clan Pestilens' diseased contrivances to help destroy such places as Tilea, far off Ind and Lustria.*

"Gutter Runners are strong-sneaky Night Runners. They slip behind enemy lines, and kill-kill."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer

In addition to hiring themselves out to perform sinister deeds for the Warlord clans, Gutter Runners work on behalf of the Council of Thirteen. Across the globe, furtive bands of Gutter Runners spy, instigate warfare between surface dwellers (or rival clans) and commit acts of sabotage. Under the orders of the Lords of Decay, Gutter Runners have stolen or destroyed the recorded history of Skaven attacks from the great libraries of the Empire, searched for ways to penetrate the Emerald Gates of Ulthuan, and sought out the locations of all the remaining descendants of the dreaded Von Carstein Vampires. An unprecedented amount of secret knowledge flows into Skavenblight, as the Council of Thirteen mulls over each report, forever seeking to stay one step ahead of their many foes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	6
Deathrunner	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	2	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Eshin).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ambushers, Dodge (6+), Scouts, Scurry Away!, Skirmishers.

#### EQUIPMENT:

**Snare-Nets:** *Snare-nets are lightweight but strong nets covered in hooks. They are used by Gutter Runners to capture live prisoners or to slow down battle-hardened opponents.*

When it is their turn to attack, roll a D6 for each model armed with Snare-nets. On a 2+, one enemy model in base contact is ensnared and suffers -1 Attack (both rider and mount) for the remainder of the close combat phase.





# ASSASSINS

Skaven Assassins are elite killers in a class of their own. They are the pinnacle of Clan Eshin warriors, the culmination of years of training and countless examples of murder most vile. Some of the most feared Skaven to creep through the Under-Empire belong to this elite group. The few who know of the existence of the black-clad Assassins fear them above all others. Rumours of their cut-throat abilities are whispered in fear: the Clan Eshin devils are invisible and their very shadows are poisonous.

Masters of poison, exceptionally skilled in the arts of hand-to-hand combat, and versed in the ways of stealth and conspiracy, these killers sell their services to any Skaven Warlord who can meet their exorbitant fees. They even offer their services to Humans who ask the right people and who offer the proper compensation.

The Council of Thirteen often employs Eshin's Assassins in their day to day affairs. Maintaining the status quo requires precision that only an Assassin can provide. In effect, the Assassins have been relegated to the status of a secret police force at the beck and call of the Lords of Decay. Clan Eshin is aware of this, and is perhaps a bit too smug within its position of power. So long as they remain useful to the Council, however, the assassins of Clan Eshin are beyond reproach.

If the Lords of Decay decide a Warlord or a Grey Seer is no longer loyal, Assassins of Clan Eshin are set on their trail, maintaining the Council's rule through murder and terror. Assassins are also despatched to slay leaders and champions of opposing armies or to sabotage the defences of towns and cities by poisoning water supplies, setting fires, murdering civic dignitaries, stirring up the rat packs and spreading disease.



Stealth and killing are the study of the Skaven Assassin. All Clan Eshin warriors are trained to perform amazing feats of speed and dexterity. Only those Gutter Runners that excel in their trade are considered for the more intensive training and be indoctrinated into the highest secrets of Eshin's fighting arts. It is then that the secret arts are taught, some of which are ancient techniques studied in the Far East, but many more are unique fighting styles of the ratmen's own devising. They are trained as quick, murderous fighters adept in the use of poisons, garrotes, throwing stars and all manner of exotic weapons as part of their deadly bag of tricks. Most Clan Eshin weapons are forged with warpstone so that they constantly weep a potent corrosive venom.

Many Assassins-in-training are lost as the regimen is gruelling. By the end of his long initiation an Assassin can jump many times his own height – hurtling over obstacles or back-flipping to safety. He can run faster than a galloping horse and climb smooth surfaces with ease. The final tests are death missions assigned by Clan Eshin's ruling council, presided over by Lord Sneek, the leader of the clan and one of the Lords of Decay. After surviving such actions, an Assassin is considered an acknowledged master in the methodology of murder and sabotage.

In motion an Assassin is a blur, able to rain blows upon a foe or pluck arrows out of mid-flight. They can kill with a touch, are masters of countless weapons, and can slip in and out of some of the most heavily guarded strongholds unseen. Skaven Assassins are so adept at hiding in the shadows that many suspect supernatural magic is at work. It is thanks to their fearsome reputation that the Council of Thirteen often employ Eshin Assassins in their day-to-day affairs.

Not all of an Assassin's work happens in isolated darkness. When the Skaven march to war they are sometimes accompanied by Clan Eshin's finest hiding amongst their number. These death-dealing agents pose as a regular rank and file trooper until the moment is right and they have an opportunity to strike at enemy leaders or heroes in the confusion of combat. At this time, they cast off their disguise and leap into the position where they can do the most damage. Fighting with poisoned blades in each paw, an Assassin can unleash a murderous flurry of attacks that is more than capable of striking down an enemy leader. At other times an Assassin will operate on the battlefield alone – turning up to wreak havoc behind enemy lines, setting timed bombs or using poisoned shurikens to slay targets of opportunity.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Master Assassin	6	7	6	4	4	3	9	4	8
Assassin	6	6	5	4	4	2	8	3	7



**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character, Clan Eshin).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Dodge (5+), Hidden, Poisoned Attacks, Scouts, Scurry Away!.

**Sensei:** A Master Assassin may be the Army General. However, he can only pass on his Leadership value to other units if he is not hidden.

### CLAN ESHIN TOOLS OF WAR:

*The mysterious and clandestine Clan Eshin have some tools of war that their agents alone bear into battle.*

#### **Weeping Blades** **30 points**

*Weeping Blades are used by the infamous Clan Eshin. During their manufacture a small amount of warpstone is incorporated into their structure along with certain magic spells known only by the rat-assassins. A Weeping Blade constantly sweats a deadly corrosive venom that can burn through armour and slay with the nearest touch, so that any wound, no matter how superficial, will always prove fatal. Most of these weapons take the form of knives or swords but Clan Eshin also make other weapons with the same deadly properties, such as throwing stars.*

Two hand weapons. All attacks made by Weeping Blades have the Armour Piercing (1), Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3) and Poisoned Attacks special rules.

#### **Warpstone Stars** **20 points**

*These wickedly sharp throwing stars are coated with a deadly warp poison that eats through armour and flesh.*

Throwing weapon. Warpstone Stars have the Armour Piercing (1), Magical Attacks, and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.



#### **Smoke Bombs** **10 points**

*A high-ranking member of Clan Eshin is likely to carry smoke bombs for diversions. Using craftsmanship techniques learned in Cathay and Nippon, these small fragile grenades are filled with an explosive powder that detonates with a flash on impact. When smashed, a dark and almost sentient smoke curls out and attempts to force its way into the lungs of any nearby. An Assassin equipped with these bombs uses them to create a diversion and disappear in a puff of smoke when things are starting to look bad in a fight.*

One per model only. One use only. If a model with Smoke Bombs breaks from combat he can choose to smash the bombs underfoot to slow the victors as they pursue. Before declaring to pursue, announce that the Smoke Bombs are being detonated. Any units pursuing this model roll one D6 less than normal this turn.

#### **Infernal Bomb** **30 points**

*An Infernal Bomb is an explosive device favoured by Clan Eshin for espionage jobs. These iron-clad devices use cogs and gears to delay a blast of hellish energy.*

One per model only. One use only. As long as he is not Hidden, an Assassin can place an Infernal Bomb anywhere along his Movement path during the Remaining Movement phase. Place a marker where the bomb is placed. You may choose to detonate the bomb at the start of any Movement sub-phase by rolling a D6. On a roll of 1, the Infernal Bomb is a dud and does not explode. Perhaps the Warlock Engineers have betrayed you? On a 2+, the bomb will explode; place the large round template centred on the marker. Any model at the template's centre takes a single Strength 10 Hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. Any models touched by the template suffer a Strength 3 hit with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

## ESHIN TRIADS

An Eshin Triad is a unit of three Skaven Assassin Adepts tasked with hunting down and killing vulnerable individuals and even small units. Swift of foot and hidden from sight, the Triads' killing techniques are as emphatic in combat as the rumours suggest.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Assassin Adept	6	5	5	4	4	2	7	2	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Eshin).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Dodge (5+), Poisoned Attacks, Scouts, Scurry Away!, Skirmishers.

"All Clans fear the assassins. They envy-hate them for their power-strength. Assassins kill-kill Skaven and many Man-Things. To the Lords of Decay, the assassins are valuable tools that should not be squandered like hapless Clanrats."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer



# ESHIN SORCERERS

The Sorcerers of Clan Eshin are black magicians who manufacture the enchanted weapons of the Assassins. Though their power is slight compared to the Warlocks of Clan Skryre or the mighty Grey Seer, their black sorcery is still potent.

The Art of the Silent Death was not the only thing Clan Eshin brought back when they returned from Cathay. A few Skaven delved into the black arts of magic. Blending what they already knew of the Warp with the techniques used by Cathayan sorcerers, they developed a new lore, one that serves to enhance their Clan's power and mystique. Eshin Sorcerers are mysterious, rare, and keep to themselves; they are well aware that the Grey Seers brook no competition from other Skaven spellcasters.

Learned from the Cathay sorcerers of the distant east, the Lore of Stealth is used by the ever rare Eshin Sorcerer. These spells are designed to augment the stealth, speed, and strength of the Clan's attack forces, and none are quite sure whether Clan Eshin Skaven's legendary skills have ever been completely mundane. Clan Eshin guards the secrets of this art to ensure that none of the rival Clans learn the answer.

Mysterious techniques and tricks from the distant east enable the Eshin Sorcerer to weave fiendish spells of pain and misdirection. Their magic is focused upon the strategies of deception, concealment and swift death favoured by Clan Eshin. An Eshin Sorcerer is a valuable asset to any army, but one a wise Assassin will keep a wary eye on.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eshin Sorcerer Lord	6	4	4	3	4	3	5	1	6
Eshin Sorcerer	6	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character, Clan Eshin).



**MAGIC:** An Eshin Sorcerer is a Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Stealth.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Poisoned Attacks, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.

*Quirrik glowered angrily at the newcomer, his whiskers quivering at the indignity of being investigated by the Council of Thirteen.*

*"Tassure you, my experiments have been extremely productive, and the warpstone used in their construction has not been wasted-wasted. I find my masters' lack of trust-trust surprising, but if they wish to see what my great-great work has achieved then so be it."*

*The Assassin, Skreek Deathstrike, said nothing but stared intently at the ruler of the Middenheim lair, his head slightly cocked to one side. The Clan Eshin lord flicked his tail with impatience and Quirrik cowered briefly before he remembered he was Chieftain of this lair and theoretically had absolute power. Baring his fangs in a snarl, the Warlock led the way deeper into the tunnels. The walls ahead of them were splashed with greenish light and both Shaven became more excited at the tang of warpstone that hung in the air.*

*As Quirrik scuttled along the corridor, his long claws beating out an intricate tattoo on the bare rock, the sleek Assassin glided past him. After much sniffing and staring about, Skreek leant across Quirrik, his dark eyes staring intently at the Warlock, and pressed a claw into a seemingly ordinary crack in the wall. As the hidden door swung open, revealing five Stormvermin ready to spring, Quirrik started a low, strange hissing - the Shaven equivalent to embarrassed laughter.*

*"My Lord-Lord Skreek, what a find-find! You have just reminded me, there is a quick-quicker way to my laboratory! How resourceful of you to find-find it." The Warlock backed away with his eyes downcast in deference, but as soon as the Assassin passed through the portal, Quirrik raised his head and his eyes glinted evilly as he started concocting his next malicious plan.*

*The Assassin easily slipped out of the small secret corridor, silently stalking past the dark, humming bulk of the Warfire Generator and stood waiting.*

*"What do you think-think? Dead-deadly, kill lots of no-furs, yes?" Quirrik asked as he gazed lovingly at his creation. For the first time since he had arrived, Skreek Deathstrike spoke. His voice was soft and quite melodic for a Skaven, and was barely more than a whisper.*

*"Not what I came to see, Quirrik. Where is the mech-mechanical Rat Ogre? I hope you will not try to hide-hide anything from me..."*

*The Assassin brought himself up to his full height, towering over Quirrik and, just for a second, allowing his black cloak to flow back slightly and reveal the arsenal of weapons carried beneath.*

*Quirrik's nervous hissing filled the air once again and his face was split by an ingratiating grin.*



# PACKMASTERS

Clan Moulder is one of the smallest clans in numbers but controls a large amount of warpstone which it uses to create new and ever more dangerous creatures. The mutated fighting beasts made by Clan Moulder are whipped forward into battle by Packmasters, who are experts in plying the lash in order to guide the truculent beasts. They are Skaven overseers responsible for corralling and controlling the monsters created by the Master Moulders. Skaven Packmasters drive packs of ravening beasts into battle, using whips and intimidation in order to spur their charges forward with sharp stings should they even consider shying from the fray, and drive them into a frenzy of teeth and claws. These beasts include swarms of rats, as well as mutated Giant Rats, driving them into the teeth of their enemies. Others are charged with controlling the dreaded Rat Ogres. Eventually, most Packmasters wind up as meals for their charges.

The specially trained Packmasters are experts at goading their charges – ferocious, half-mad creatures who can turn and attack with no warning. For this reason Packmasters are themselves cagey and fierce warriors or, if they are not, they quickly end up as another meal for their merciless packs. They are often mutated themselves, with spikes growing out of their flesh or extra arms. The Packmasters' intelligence, coupled with their creatures' ferocity, is an extremely dangerous combination on the battlefield. The Packmasters display no fear of the creatures that they control, for to do so is to invite the beasts to turn on them. Even so, no beast is entirely predictable and even a veteran Packmaster runs the constant risk of dying beneath his charges' teeth and claws.



It is common practice for Clan Moulder to sell both beast packs and Packmaster handlers to the highest bidder. In this way Packmasters leave Hell Pit to serve under Warlord clans across the globe. Other clans are sometimes suspicious of this, though the desire to possess packs of specially-trained warbeasts is usually enough to overcome any qualms. Some clans, not fully trusting Clan Moulder, will buy beast packs but insist on supplying their own Packmasters. Goading such creatures into battle is not an exact science, and many clans who attempt their own handling are soon after savaged by their own rat-beasts. Some few clans, notably Clan Krizzor of the Dark Lands, have an affinity for developing their own Packmasters, but none save Clan Moulder produce enough to sell to other clans.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Mixed Unit, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

*Note: Packmasters follow all the rules for Champions.*

## EQUIPMENT:

**Whip:** *The whip is a favoured weapon and beast-driving tool, and Packmasters quickly learn to become experts with the long lash. A Packmaster is adept at using his whip to direct the feral packs, or, when engaged in combat, to snap the weapon at the enemy - attacking over the heads of Giant Rats or between the hulking Rat Ogres. Those that can afford such luxuries may upgrade their whips to something that delivers even more pain.*

A whip gives the wielder +1 Attack and the Fight in Extra Ranks (2) special rule. In addition, they may make supporting attacks equal to their Attack characteristic.

**Things-Catcher:** *These polearms are a staple amongst the beast-handling and creature-catching crowd. It has a large, tong-like head lined on the inside with spikes. Designed to be thrust around the torsos and extremities of foes, these weapons can immobilize creatures of nearly any size. Clan Moulder is the only Skaven clan to use things-catchers on a regular basis though. They are also employed by warbands that are sent to fetch slaves or prisoners.*

Polearm. A Things-catcher gives the wielder the Killing Blow special rule.

"Packmasters tend the beast-things of Clan Moulder. They control-lead Rat Ogres, Giant Rats and other kill-things."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Secr



# MASTER MOULDERS

The things born in Clan Moulder's laboratories frighten even the Grey Seers. Nothing is sacred to these vile Skaven. They blend the parts of hundreds of creatures to create something much better, and stronger, a horror that will safeguard Moulder's place at the top of the pile. The creators of these abominations are the Master Moulders, a rank above the Packmasters.

The practical business of making monsters is one that baffles and appals the human mind, and well it should, for it defies both nature and reason. The Master Moulders are experts in flesh-crafting, and they will readily take the dismembered body parts of disparate creatures and suture them together, replacing organs, bones or entire limbs to make a bigger, more dangerous beast. It is almost unthinkable that such surgeries can succeed, and were it not for the application of warpstone, they surely could not. But shards of evilly glowing warpstone hammered into flesh can cause it to knit together (though the parts come from very different – and sometimes completely unidentifiable – creatures) or grow at an astounding rate. Thus a Rat and an Ogre can be crossbred, with parts of one hacked away and fixed to the other. Such depredations have enabled Clan Moulder to create beasts such as Rat Ogres and Hell Pit Abominations, beasts of war which the Warlord Clans will pay handsomely to have within their armies.

Mutated by many years of exposure to large amounts of warpstone, the Master Moulders are disturbing creatures. They sometimes appear on the battlefield to inspect the impact of their creations and find inspiration on how to make them even more deadly. These burly commanders often personally lead their beasts to battle to better inspect the performance of both pack and Packmaster. Their presence instils a great deal of fear and discipline in their minions, largely on account of their ability to cause even



more severe pain, and even the most powerful Rat Ogres shy away from these vicious Skaven, a clear testament of their great skill at inflicting pain on all living creatures. Many Master Moulders bear unique (if not downright horrific) tools of their trade, such as the things-catcher – a wicked-looking prod with a mechanical grabber.

Commanding the Clan Moulder's hellish legions of twisted flesh are the Master Mutators. These mad Skaven hold the foulest secrets of their craft, trickling the information to the Master Moulders, empowering them with just enough knowledge to protect their Clan while keeping the rest secret to prevent being overthrown. It's not known what abominations can be attributed to the Master Mutators, but some believe that not all of the terrors found in the Old World are by the will of the Changer of Ways. Typically a Master Moulder can't stop tinkering and adjusting the fleshy creations he has grown in vats, bred, and stitched together. Can it function with an additional arm? Will the pincer from a Chaos beast graft on or will it attack itself? How can more growing agents be squeezed out of prisoners to better enrich new creations? The Packmasters claim in hushed tones and with shudders that the Master Mutators' best subjects are themselves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Master Mutator	6	5	3	4	4	3	6	3	7
Master Moulder	6	4	3	4	4	2	5	2	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character, Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, **Strength in Numbers.**

**Beastmaster:** Master Moulders and Master Mutators may join units of Giant Rats or Rat Ogres and act as their handlers following the Mixed Units special rule. All friendly Clan Moulder units within 6" of a Master Moulder or 12" of a Master Mutator roll 3D6 for all Leadership tests and discard the highest dice.

## CLAN MOULDER BEAST-PRODS:

*In addition to the tried tools of the beast handling trade, the whip and the things-catcher, a Master Moulder can wield even more specialised gear.*

### Shock-prod 25 points

*This wicked barbed prod carries a charge that packs a punch powerful enough to get the attention of even a rampaging Rat Ogre.*

Polearm. A Shock-Prod gives the wielder the Lightning Attacks special rule.

### Electro-Whip 25 points

*When cracked, this whip discharges a wicked spark of bright green electricity.*

Whip. An Electro-whip gives the wielder +D3 Attacks rather than 1 as well as the Lightning Attacks special rule.



# GIANT RATS

While countless rats skulk through the sewers of the Old World, there are very few capable of killing grown men without help, but such do exist. While a few of them have crept down from the north, where the Chaos Powers twisted them beyond their natural size, the majority are the result of generations of Skaven breeding experiments designed to combine size, ferocity, and any other traits the foul experimenters of Clan Moulder found desirable. Other Skaven clans frequently purchase them from Clan Moulder, as they are the cheapest war beasts that Moulder has to offer.

Clan Moulder long ago unlocked the secrets of growing, mutating, and surgically augmenting rats. Giant Rats were created by the twisted genius of Clan Moulder selectively breeding the biggest, most aggressive rats and feeding them on warpstone. The Giant Rat is the largest of all ratkind and by far the most dangerous, being up to six feet long with strong limbs, powerful jaws, dirty matted fur and sharp teeth. Clan Moulder has grown these horrible rat-beasts to the size of dogs, retaining their ferocity and everlasting hunger. They're frequently disease carriers and the wounds they inflict have a good chance of becoming infected if not promptly treated. Those that know the most about them in the Empire frequently hold their tongues so as not to be thought mad.

At a distance these creatures might be mistaken for large dogs, but on closer inspection their foul and unnatural disposition is all too clear. Like their smaller cousins, Giant Rats have hairless tails and feet, but unlike their natural brethren, Giant Rats exhibit rampant signs of severe mutation and the diabolic grafting so frequent in Clan Moulder-made beasts. Many Giant Rats have additional heads, sets of extra limbs, multiple tails, or



even more monstrous additions. Spines, spikes, tusk-like incisors, or vast hunches of bony plates can be almost commonplace, while some of the more grotesque creations have exposed ribs, enormous mounds of throbbing buboes, or worse. Giant Rats have even been seen walking upright in parody of man, or gifted with odd technical parts such as wheels or mace-enhanced tails. Regardless of their bewildering variations, all Giant Rats are vicious, wicked, and eternally hungry.

Driven to battle by Packmasters or a Master Moulder, Giant Rats form a seething and snarling mass that seeks to rip, tear, and gnaw at any enemy they can reach. When deployed in number their powerful jaws and wicked sabre-like incisors can bring down far larger prey. Given free rein, the horrid creatures will strip all flesh from their victims. In a matter of moments there will be naught left behind but cracked and gnawed bones. Giant Rats are easy to breed and by far the cheapest beasts on offer from Clan Moulder. Other Skaven clans frequently purchase them from Clan Moulder, and a few packs of Giant Rats are a common sight among their armies. A few clans, notably Clan Mortkin and Clan Carrion, have been known to dye the hides of their Giant Rats, branding clan symbols into the mangy fur in the same way that Skavenslaves are marked.

Giant Rats dwell in the sewers of the Empire's larger cities, amongst other places. The vile Ratmen use them as cheap and expendable shock troops. Giant Rats typically travel in groups of ten or more and prefer to swarm over their prey by sheer weight of numbers. A solitary Giant Rat is far more likely to flee than fight, unless he believes his prey wounded or incapable of fighting back. A determined foe can drive "naturally" occurring giant rats back with small effort, as for all their ferocity, they're still rats, albeit big ones, and easily frightened. Those who've had the unfortunate privilege of fighting the creations of Clan Moulder are not so fortunate. While individual Giant Rats are deadly enough, it is in packs that they truly come into their own. They swarm over an opponent, biting or clawing at any exposed flesh as they madly seek to devour their prey whole. A seething mass of stinking fur and sharp fangs, these creatures can overwhelm even the most disciplined enemies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant Rat	6	3	0	2	2	1	4	1	3
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** War Beast (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** **Fight in Extra Ranks (1), Mixed Unit, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.**

"Yes-yes. Passing troops they can be. No loyalty, of course. Cheap-cheap they are though and when they fall, no one to care, which is useful. They make man-things scared, which is good. They don't die-die easily, which is better."

- Warlord Gnawgloom



# WOLF RATS

Many are the strange and twisted creatures that have been spawned though the warpstone-tainted meddling of Clan Moulder. Many are thankfully rare, while others, such as the twisted Wolf Rats, have bred true and multiplied in the manner of their verminous masters, and when a Skaven slave escapes from its holding pen, it best "quick-quick" as its pursuers will not be far behind, the skittering and scratching of claws behind them not those of their gaolers in furious pursuit, but instead those of the packs of Wolf Rats that many a Skaven clan keeps for such blood-thirsty hunts.

Not even the insidious rat-men themselves know for sure the origins of the ravenous packs of Wolf Rats that are found almost everywhere that the Skaven themselves infest. It is said that in times long ago, Clan Moulder experimented with combining their Skaven blood with that of the great wolves of Kislev. The result was a bloodthirsty monster of such foul temperament that the Master Moulders could hardly contain it, much less train it for war. They managed to wipe out nearly all of the creatures, but despite their best efforts, a few escaped into the tunnels of the Under-Empire. In the intervening years, some escaped altogether, but a few remained behind to hunt their Skaven creators.

These ravenous monsters are neither rat nor wolf, but an aberrant amalgamation of the two, both lean and insatiably hungry. Skaven Wolf Rats are malicious and cunning hunters with an insatiable lust for human flesh. Covered in a thick pelt of grey fur flecked with white, they have shorter legs than their Skaven ancestors, keeping them low to the ground and suggesting that they are always ready to pounce. Their natural gait is to move on four legs, which only makes their ability to clumsily grasp and manipulate objects with their forepaws that much more horrifying. Their bloated wolf sized bodies are disease riddled hulks of sinuous muscle. Their tails are long, pale, and naked of fur, and they have broad rat-like heads filled with sharp yellow canine teeth.



Wolf Rats can be found almost everywhere that the Skaven infest – from the tunnels and sewers that run below the towns and cities of other races, in Skaven nest-lairs, as well as existing freely in the wild. Wolf Rats are kept by the rat men for a myriad of uses, most commonly for guarding their lairs, hunting down creatures for the hideous experiments, and even in times of famine as food, although the Skaven sent in to kill them are just as likely to end up as the Wolf Rat's next meal. The creatures can never be tamed and often break free from the heavy chains used to restrain them, causing havoc throughout the clan's tunnels until they either escape once more into the wild or are hunted down themselves and destroyed.

Skaven often lead packs of these fetid beasts into battle, letting them loose to feast upon the terrified enemy. The Skaven will unleash the slaving Wolf Rat packs ahead of their own troops as, unlike the cowardly Skaven, these beasts will readily charge headlong into an enemy so eager are they to feast upon flesh. The Wolf Rats' voracious appetite means they are usually close to the point of starvation, having killed most of the smaller prey creatures in their pack's territories. Their hunger will send them tearing through the ranks of an enemy unit, their strength being bolstered with each mouthful of blood-soaked flesh they gorge themselves upon. Fearless enough to dash into a hail of arrows, they will pounce and rip out an archer's throat before he has had time to draw his bow for a second shot. Then, tensing back on their long muscular limbs, they will leap hungrily into the ranks behind to take their fill of their bounteous fest laid before them.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Rat	8	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	4

**TROOP TYPE:** War Beast (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Frenzy, Strength in Numbers, Vanguard.

### UPGRADES:

*Wolf Rats are diverse and twisted creatures, prone to mutation and afflicted by their foul appetites.*

**Pox Feeders:** *Due to their diet of diseased carrion, the Wolf Rats' bite can cause hideous infections.*

The unit gains the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

**Warpstone Shard Teeth:** *Some Clan Skryre Warlocks augment their creatures' fangs and claws with warpstone impregnated implants.*

The unit gains the Armour Piercing (1) and Magical Attacks special rules.

**Bloated Mutants:** *Many times the size of their kin, these are swollen brutes with a limitless hunger.*

The Wolf Rats gain +1 Toughness but suffer -1 to their Initiative.



# RAT OGRES

The hulking monstrosities known as Rat Ogres are one of the most successful of Clan Moulder's numberless creations. The pinnacle of the Skaven Clan Moulder's debased "art," Rat Ogres are lethal beasts, unnaturally bred up from a variety of creatures using a combination of Warpstone and carefully applied insanity. The Master Moulders have found the perfect blend of death-dealing creature through a mixture of foul crossbreeding and dark sorcerous surgery in their artificial making, many beasts are literally stitched together, the impossible feat accomplished through the fusing powers of a powerful warpstone-derived balm, the infamous skalm.

Rat Ogres are hybrid abominations of different creatures, melded and cross-bred to form near-unstoppable killing machines. The Rat Ogre combines the speed and ferocity of a Skaven with the sheer brawn of an Ogre. Somehow the desperate hunger of both races has been magnified as well – for the Rat Ogre is truly a ravenous creature, forever seeking to gorge its fill on fresh meat. Many of them may indeed have Ogre blood in their long and varied ancestry, though none but the eldest Master Mutators could say. Certainly, there is a bit of Skaven blood flowing in the veins of these unwholesome creatures, but only Clan Moulder knows what other influences have lent their strength, ferocity, and voraciousness to the clan's Rat Ogres. Though they all share similarities, no two Rat Ogres are physically identical. Mutations bred into the creatures by the Master Moulders give them a variety of different shapes, sizes, and capabilities. They generally appear to be massively over-muscled Skaven standing some ten feet tall at the shoulder, though many of them are grossly misshapen.

Rat Ogres are the most feared of all of the Clan Moulder's mutant beasts. The presence of just one of these beasts is

often enough to deter even the most ambitious rival to a warlord's power. Combined with their undisputed effectiveness in battle, Clan Moulder's ingenious creations are always in high demand from Skaven clans everywhere.

Rat Ogres are regularly subject to radical surgical experiments using Warpstone, which frequently involve amputation, vaguely directed mutations, unnatural grafts of flesh, and the implantation of metal plates or blades fused to their bodies. Some are even surgically modified with implanted weapons, many of them experimental creations of Clan Skryre. The advanced of such monstrosities across the battlefield is accompanied by the screech of tortured metal and the bellow of tortured beasts.

It is in every Moulder's nature to want to improve upon creations that already function well. Occasionally, these attempts to re-engineer a successful experiment manage to succeed. The cream of the Rat Ogre creations in Clan Moulder's possession sport extra limbs, heads, and even minds since Throt the Unclean perfected the practise of transplanting human brains into Rat Ogre bodies.

Particularly large or successfully mutated creatures are known as Master-bred Rat Ogres and they are the most powerful of their bloodthirsty kind. As might be expected, these muscled behemoths vary greatly in form. Some Master Moulders might create multiple-headed monstrosities, while others will breed for sheer muscle bulk, submerging their creations in vats of growth agents for months.

Rat Ogres exist to kill. They are not the cleverest combatants, but their great strength and ability to withstand punishment frequently make up for that failing. Whatever shreds of intelligence that any given Rat Ogre managed to retain from birth will most certainly have been destroyed by the endless tests that the Moulder perform on the beasts. The Rat Ogres' near inability to function without a Moulder handler present is widely suspected, by the other clans and the few scholars with knowledge of such things, to not be an accident. If they were ever to rebel against Clan Moulder, the results would be devastating.



"Our greatest triumphs they are. Advance the Skaven ever on they do. What battles do the Children of the Horned Rat fight of any importance without the favoured children of Clan Moulder? Not one, not one! Man-things fear them more than the toys of Skryre, more than the blades of the Eshin, more than the poxes of Pestilens and fear they should. Toys can break, all stealth thwarted, sickness be overcome, not so easily dismissed are the claws of the Rat Ogres. Wealth they are, yes-yes. The least is worth hundreds of warp tokens, the greatest priceless. The foundations of our great clan! Train them from runtlings, love them one and all we do. We only hurt them to make them strong. Strong and properly... respectful. It would not do for the masterwork to ever turn against the artist, no, not at all."

- Esqueg, Master Mutator



"Rat Ogres much-kill. Tough-strong, but hard to control, only the Packmasters can use them well-good."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer

Each Rat Ogre is subjected to a long series of experiments intended to encourage traits that their creators favour, such as an overwhelming bloodlust and mindless ferocity. They receive training, of a sort, which involves constant deadly duels with Clan Moulder's other foul creations. Therein they learn to follow the guidance of their Packmasters and become used to the rigors of violent combat. They might also gain valuable insight into tactics and strategies, if they did not forget anything too complex after a day or so in their pens.

Only the strongest Rat Ogres survive the terrible conditions that the Packmasters impose upon them from birth, forcing them to compete for food and shelter. Young Rat Ogres are continually forced to fight in "survival of the fittest" style contests where several are tossed into a pit, with only the last one alive being allowed to leave. The ones that survive to maturity are little more than a mass of sinewy muscles and razor sharp claws, moved only by their strong instinct to kill and completely dependent on the Packmasters for guidance.

Their brutal upbringing has served to make Rat Ogres incredibly deadly foes, though they can swiftly become confused or disoriented if their opponents engage in hit and run tactics. Their ability to both withstand and deliver punishment is well known and frequently lamented fact by the foes of the Skaven.

Despite their physical boons, Rat Ogres are barely sentient, being incapable of almost anything except killing and warfare. While the Moulder clan certainly succeeded in creating deadly war beasts, Rat Ogres are arguably flawed creatures, bereft of reason and nearly devoid of sanity. Their unlikely genesis has left them utterly dependent upon their creators for any kind of mental faculty and they are literally incapable of functioning without the direction of another's will. Their small brains are devoted entirely to fighting and bloodshed so in battle units of Rat Ogres are controlled by Clan Moulder Packmasters who direct the monsters and unleash their devastating charges when the time is ripe.

Rat Ogres have been systematically bred for a single purpose: fighting at the command of a Clan Moulder handler. Without a clear set of orders from a handler to direct their efforts, or a commanding Skaven to lead them, they will mill about uncertainly. Rat Ogres operate entirely on instinct, which varies radically from creature to creature. Rat Ogres will attack and attempt to kill anything that harms them, but their behaviour otherwise is highly erratic if they've lost their handler or finished following their last order. Whereas one may proceed to tear into nearby foes another may begin to ceaselessly drool, or lay down for a nap. Some Rat Ogres would wander aimlessly about the battlefield, only stopping to grab a quick snack or to rip the throat from any living thing that was unlucky enough to attract its mercifully short attention.

Reliable information on Rat Ogres is hard to come by, especially since so many citizens of the Empire refuse to acknowledge the existence of the Skaven, much less that they could've had a clawed hand in creating a new breed of life. Their peers generally regard the few scholars that have managed to uncover any useful information on Moulder's creations as mad men. For the few that have knowledge of the Skaven, though, the ongoing existence of Rat Ogres is unusual. The Council of Thirteen is loath to allow any group of such powerful beings to exist in their society that they can exert so little control over. Unless, of course, the Rat Ogres serve another purpose...

In battle a Rat Ogre pack is horrifying to behold. The Rat Ogres become wholly consumed by an insatiable instinct to kill, rip, and tear. A Rat Ogre pack moves with great speed, their misshapen bodies made entirely of straining, bulging muscles, teeth, and claws. The snarling rage of a Rat Ogre pack colliding with an enemy unit resounds across a battlefield, as the towering creatures splinter shields, snap bones, and relentlessly pound any and all opposition.

After battle their Packmasters must move quickly to carefully separate and chain each near mindless brute to keep it from tearing others or even itself asunder. All Rat Ogres bear upon their tortured bodies countless scars not only from their own artificial making, but also numerous battles, the Packmaster's cruel lash, the savage attentions of the rest of the pack and, most disturbingly of all, signs of their own self-destruction. At the height of their rabid fury, Rat Ogres are known to rip and even devour hunks of their own flesh – as if they seek to tear apart what Clan Moulder has so unnaturally stitched together.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rat Ogre	6	3	1	5	4	3	4	3	5
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Monstrous Infantry (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Frenzy, Mixed Unit, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Stupidity.

#### UPGRADES:

**Armoured:** All Rat Ogres in the unit gain medium armour.

**Brain Transplant:** All Rat Ogres in the unit are no longer subject to Stupidity or Frenzy.

**Extra Extremities:** All Rat Ogres in the unit gain +1 Attack.

**Quadrupedal:** All Rat Ogres in the unit gain +1 Movement.

**Resilient:** All Rat Ogres in the unit gain +1 Toughness.

**Trollblooded:** All Rat Ogres in the unit gain the Regeneration (5+) special rule.

"Yes-yes Warlord Krizk - for a treaty-pledge of just 200 Slaves, 12 claws of warptokens, a Breeder and certain alliances and pledges, one of our very-very finest Clan Moulder Rat Ogres can be yours..."

- Clan Moulder Haggler-master



# HELL PIT ABOMINATION

At Hell Pit, the quest to create a beast of monstrous proportions was going poorly – cavern-laboratories were wrecked, vats of mutating agents smashed, legions of Skavenslaves were lost in hideous fashion. As Lord Verminkin, the leader of Clan Moulder, directed the works himself, the repercussions for such failures were bloody and ongoing. It was then that Throt the Unclean returned from his creature-capturing foray into the wastes. The procession was not of manacled slaves, but instead many creaking wagons, which between them bore a single chained beast. At long last one of the pallid and deep-tunnelling Blindwyrms that exist in the depths of the world had been caught.

It was not easy force-feeding such a creature warpstone until the swollen, mutating beast could be cut and grafted. Keeping the Blindwurm alive during the complicated operations proved difficult and several times the great writhing creature had to be resuscitated with jolts of warp lightning. There were many experiments, but only Rat Ogre components had the strength to bond – fother attachments withered or died. So much warpstone was used in the stitching together process that production of other beasts of war fell to nothing. Suspecting plots against their clans, many Warlords began to clamour, sure that treachery was afoot.



Ominous signs preceded the final creation of what has come to be known as the Hell Pit Abomination – Morrslieb was low, the Winds of Magic blew strongly, and storms of impossible proportions raged at the torture-wracked polar caps. The warp lightning accumulators that rose above the surface of Hell Pit whirred with supernatural power as they delivered the final jolt that shocked the now-completed creation alive. The beast rampaged through Hell Pit, slaying Skaven by the hundreds – it was a great success. Throt, rewarded with new breeders, was promised caverns in the innermost circle of the labyrinth that is Hell Pit if he would hunt down more of the invaluable Blindwyrms. Lord Verminkin decreed that more of the creatures must be made immediately...

The Hell Pit Abomination is a living mountain of misshapen flesh. The creature moves in a rippling tide of unnatural spasms, writhing worm-like and using its many limbs to pull and drag its hideous bulk forward. Various mechanical bits, such as wheels, cogs, and fluid-pumps have been grafted into the beast to ensure it moves at optimal speed and that the warpstone mutated growth agents are regularly injected into the beast's hyper-fast metabolism. A multitude of heads dart out of the lumpen mound of muscle and bone at the behemoth's fore. The heads that snake out are all vermin-like, but some glisten hairlessly, like unborn rat monstrosities. Many have eyes, but no few are blind, twisting and craning to catch the scent of prey, hissing and snapping at the air with razor-sharp incisors.

Many foes will flee from the unnatural sight of a Hell Pit Abomination. With a horrifying slither and shamble, the creature propels itself across the battlefield, rearing up to a towering height before it hits the enemy line like a thunderbolt. Vast boulder-sized fists smash aside shield walls and send foes flying, while hungry jaws snap and greedily devour the broken victims. Once in combat the Hell Pit Abomination is relentless, dragging its bulk onwards to crush any in its wake. Hell Pit Abominations are notoriously hard to slay and there are accounts of the beasts visibly healing wounds, re-growing severed limbs and rising from the dead to attack again.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Abomination	*	3	1	6	5	6	4	*	8

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Impact Hits (D6), Random Movement (3D6), Regeneration (4+), Stubborn.

"Fear, stupid man-thing. We make better. Improve-improve. Pain-pain. But, better-better."

- Tichit, Master Moulder



**Shambling Horror:** If two or more 1's or any triples are rolled when the Abomination is making its Random Movement, do not move the Hell Pit Abomination; instead roll a D6 on the Berserk Abomination chart.

### BERSERK ABOMINATION CHART

#### D6 Result

- 1 Grinding Halt.** *The Hell Pit Abomination's transplanted brains balk.*  
The beast does not move this turn.
- 2-5 Blind Fury.** *The Hell Pit Abomination suffers a fit as its multiple brains convulse and fight for control.*  
The model moves the distance rolled in a random direction determined by a scatter dice.
- 6 Fluid Injected!** *The mutated stitched nightmare roars in pain as surges of warped growth juices course through its foul body.*  
The Hell Pit Abomination moves as normal, and will increase its Strength by +1 for the remainder of the game. Further Berserk Abomination rolls of 6 will not increase the beast's profile, but will instead immediately inflict D6 wounds on it.



**Special Close Combat Attacks:** Abominations do not attack in the same way as other creatures. Roll a D6 when it is the Hell Pit Abomination's turn to attack to see what the mutated beast does:

### CLOSE COMBAT ATTACKS CHART

#### D6 Result

- 1-2 Feed:** *The Hell Pit Abomination's many heads distend out of their fleshy tubes, snapping and biting. Razor-sharp incisors the size of a horse's leg slash through the air as the beast seeks prey to eat.*  
All enemy models in base contact suffer an automatic Strength 6 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.
- 3-4 Flailing Fists:** *The multi-headed monstrosity unleashes a flurry of titanic blows with enough force to level a mountainside.*  
The Hell Pit Abomination attacks using the Random Attacks (2D6) special rule.
- 5-6 Avalanche of Flesh:** *The Hell Pit Abomination twists its serpentine mass, rearing to its greatest height before hurling itself upon its prey. What isn't crushed by the sickening bulk is smashed by massive fists.*  
Every enemy model in base contact with the Abomination must pass an Initiative test or suffer an automatic Strength 6 hit. Additionally, the Hell Pit Abomination attacks using the Random Attacks (D6) special rule.

**Too Horrible to Die:** *As the Hell Pit Abomination twitches out its last shuddering death throes there is a chance its unholy and unnatural metabolism restarts one or more of the foul beast's many hearts.*

As soon as the Hell Pit Abomination loses its last Wound, roll a D6 and check the Too Horrible to Die chart. If any of the Hell Pit Abomination's Wounds were lost to Flaming Attacks, the beast is dead and no roll on the chart is allowed.

### TOO HORRIBLE TO DIE CHART

#### D6 Result

- 1-3 Dead.** *The beast gives a final death rattle before going still.*  
The Hell Pit Abomination is dead, dead, dead, never to return.
- 4-5 The Rats Emerge.** *The Hell Pit Abomination's mighty corpse shudders as a mass of rats burst forth. They had lived within the beast, forever gnawing away at the ever-regenerating innards of the Abomination.*  
All units in base contact with the Abomination take 2D6 Strength 2 Hits, representing the rats emerging after the beast's writhing death throes. The Hell Pit Abomination is then removed from play.
- 6 It's Alive!** *With a jolt of unnatural vitality, the Hell Pit Abomination rises anew.*  
The Hell Pit Abomination comes back to life. Roll a D3 to see how many Wounds the creature has recovered.

### UPGRADES:

**Warpstone Spikes:** *Ever curious to see what further mutations will do, some Master Moulders will drive warpstone spikes into a Hell Pit Abomination.*

The Hell Pit Abomination gains the Magic Resistance (1) and Magical Attacks special rule.

### THE MISSING TOWN OF GLUMUND

*The Empire town of Glumund once lay in the shadows of the Grey Mountains. It was a prosperous place, like many of the small market towns that dot the Reikland. Known for its cheese and the plumpness of its livestock, there are none now living that know of Glumund's darker, more ominous past. During the years of the Black Plague, the fertile farmlands were turned into a shanty-camp where the captured citizens of the Empire were driven and collected behind crude stockades, before being herded into tunnels from whence none returned. The many caves that surround the town have long been filled in and the few written records of those black days were lost in the great fires of Altdorf.*

*And so it was a matter of wonder and speculation, not foreboding, when in the Imperial year of 2517 the town of Glumund simply ceased to be. Not a single merchant plied the streets, nor farmer tilled the fields. The citizens disappeared in the night, never to be seen again.*



# STORMFIENDS

The Skaven will plumb the darkest of depths in their experiments to create the ultimate killing machines, not merely from iron and warp-forged metal but by crossbreeding monstrosities and manipulating the flesh of their victims. The insane inventions of the maniacal slave-warpers of Clan Moulder, Stormfiends are Rat Ogres of giant proportions and a surprising, sickening intellect. The Stormfiends are the ultimate expression of this demented obsession, gruesome goliaths created from the mad visions of Throt the Unclean, Master Moulder of Hell Pit. Bred for destruction and armed with the most powerful weapons in the Under-Empire, these brutes are the Skaven's deadliest creations yet.

Rat Ogres are hulking flesh-beasts, stitched together out of component parts assembled or grown by Clan Moulder. They combine great strength and savage ferocity with the speed of a skaven. However, just because they are a successful breed and sold to nearly every Warlord Clan that can afford them do not mean that Clan Moulder is not still tinkering. Indeed, the flesh manufacturers of this clan are never satisfied, but are always seeking ways to make their creations ever more deadly.

In the end, it was Throt the Unclean that hit upon a solution. While others fixated on developing longer claws or grafting multiple arms, Throt set about getting to the root of the matter. Rat Ogres do not lack in brawn or fighting potential: they lack in mental capacity. They are small-minded creatures with a singular instinct to kill. It takes much training from Packmasters to lead them into battle, and even then the brute-beasts are difficult to control. Thus, what Throt attempted to improve was their woefully tiny brains, reasoning that if the beasts were smarter they could be given weapons to use.

The operations were dangerous work, for it is impossible to subdue a Rat Ogre – they are either viciously fighting with all their might or they are dead, with little to nothing in between. Even when they are chain-bound with heavy fetters, it is difficult to do brain work on the Rat Ogres. Worse still, the experiments were abject failures. The more the creature could think, the less violent it became. Throt was all too aware that the sole reason Clan Moulder sold so many Rat Ogres was due to the creatures' mindless aggression. To rob them of their kill-kill mentality was out of the question.

The next step for Throt was a logical one – If he could not make the beast smarter, could he fuse the Packmaster on to the beast itself? Not surprisingly, those Packmasters who were chosen to be permanently stitched into the back of a Rat Ogre, their brains and vital fluids connected, were profoundly unhappy. As these Packmasters now controlled over-muscled hulking mauler-beasts, their dissatisfaction was all too apparent, and these experiments had to be cancelled. As there were no willing volunteers, Throt had little choice but to grow them himself.

Through gruesome and repugnant techniques, Throt grew the required subjects and merged other parts with captives or slaves. The result was a batch of scrawny and

submissive Skaven with unusually large brains. Once permanently integrated into a warpstone-powered harness and rigged with coils and tubes, the Skaven's body would become more and more atrophied. Eventually, if it lived long enough, the Skaven would become little more than a shrivelled husk with an auxiliary brain that could help steer the savage beast with which it was melded.

Early results were astoundingly successful – the Rat Ogres remained ferocious, but they could be briefly controlled by the far more sensible brain-creature hardwired into their backs. Unfortunately, there was a drawback; the Rat Ogres were able to use weapons now, but Clan Moulder quickly found out they had nothing with which to make their new creation any more destructive than its previous iteration had been. The Rat Ogres could wield the enormous clubs or oversized swords taken from defeated Ogre tribes, but it made them no more dangerous than they had been with their own claws, fangs and boulder-like fists. There was only one place in all the Under-Empire where the best weapons available could be found: the warpforges of Clan Skryre.

Meaningful collaboration between the Skaven clans has always been rare, as neither side trusts the other. Even begun with good intentions, such brokered deals never end well, as the temptation to take advantage, swindle, or





somehow cheat has always been an overwhelming urge for any Skaven. However, Clan Moulder's timing could not have been better when Throt arrived in Skavenblight seeking Clan Skryre aid.

Clan Skryre was seeking allies, for Lord Morskittar had long been planning the demise of the Grey Seers. The Lord of Decay considered support for his schemes, especially from the Greater Clans, to be vital. This being the case, Morskittar's orders were to placate the beast-makers as much as possible. As it happened, Ikit Claw of Clan Skryre had been developing several powerful – albeit problematic – new weapons. In between his failed rocket launch attempts, the Chief Warlock had attempted to upgrade the devices of the weapon teams, but each new design proved too difficult for the teams to carry, too weighty for even larger crews to lift or aim.

Although Ikit himself was hardly keen to work with Throt – it was his belief that all those from Clan Moulder stank of offal – the Chief Warlock was anxious to get back in Lord Morskittar's good graces. It was not long before the improved Rat Ogres were being kitted out with the new weapons. Ikit was surly to begin with. However, as each technical problem was overcome, he began to see great advantages. The hulking Rat Ogres could bear heavy weapon loads; a fact that allowed them to carry multiple guns along with the necessary ammunition feeds or warp-generator power sources.

Despite Ikit's misgivings, Throt proved especially adept. Without question, the Master Moulder sawed off bits of arm bone to facilitate the attachment of warp-forged gauntlets, or increased the rate of brain-juice transference to better allow the brain-creature to guide his brawny teammate. It was Throt who suggested an automatic cut-off mechanism on the ratling cannons, for it had proven impossible to get the Rat Ogre or its brainier counterpart to stop firing, resulting in them using up their ammunition in one sustained spray of bullets.

To trial the new weapon-beasts, a handful of them were released into a sealed slave pen. The results were spectacular. The weapons were improved and more deadly than ever. Better still, they were not carried by Skaven, but by hulking brutes that could more easily shrug off enemy arrows. In the few cases where enemies got close enough to attack the newly dubbed Stormfiends, they found themselves mauled, crushed, or battered by club-like weapon barrels.

When the Stormfiends were unveiled before the Warlord Clans, the sight of a Rat Ogre armed with doom-flayer gauntlets and wearing armour full of spinning blades wading through battle was enough for many to place orders immediately. Skaven warlords simply stood agog as they witnessed three ratling cannons borne upon a single Rat Ogre, whirring away to single-handedly halt enemy countercharges. Soon, Clan Skryre and Clan Moulder could not produce the up-gunned weapon-beasts quickly enough, no matter how many Warptokens they overcharged.

Each Stormfiend possesses a monstrous physique capable of ripping Orcs limb from limb and shrugging off grievous injuries. Their bodies are a latticework of scars and stitches, the cobbled together remains of creatures

grown large on warpstone and selected for bulk, brawn and savagery. Their fists are replaced with lethal techno-arcane weapons that could only be managed by beasts of their prodigious strength. It takes two Skaven to carry a single ratling gun, but a Stormfiend can bear three even bigger and nastier ratling cannons. The warpfire projectors, grinderfists and other weapons are similarly fearsome and gigantic. Each Stormfiend is equipped with one of these six deadly weapons – one armed with either windlaunchers or warpfire projectors, another with ratling cannons or grinderfists, and the third with shock gauntlets or doom-flayer gauntlets.

Whether soaking up volleys of arrow fire, clubbing the enemy to death with gigantic metal fists or burning them to a crisp with their arcane weapons, the Stormfiends excel in every aspect of warfare, combining rugged durability and brute strength with the potential to unleash incredible amounts of damage using the crazy weapons of Clan Skryre.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stormfiend	6	4	3	5	4	4	5	4	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Monstrous Infantry (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, **Strength in Numbers.**

#### EQUIPMENT:

Each model in a unit of Stormfiends must be given one of the following weapons. Note that the unit can take the weapons in any combination.

- Doom-flayer gauntlets
- Grinderfists
- Ratling cannons
- Shock gauntlets
- Warpfire projectors
- Windlaunchers

**Doom-Flayer Gauntlets:** *By attaching huge motorised iron balls and whirring blades onto the ends of a Stormfiend's arms, a truly fearsome tunnel-fighter was created. To further protect these close-combat maulers, they bear heavy armour adorned with spinning cleaver-blades.*

Doom-Flayer Gauntlets use the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	As user	+2D3 Attacks, Impact Hits (D3)

**Grinderfists:** *Some of Throt's Stormfiends were adapted to carry warp-grinders, allowing them to create their own tunnels by vaporising soil, rock and roots alike. Once in combat, such a Stormfiend will grind at the foe, disintegrating flesh with ease.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	As user	Magical Attacks, Tunneller, Warp-strike



**Warp-strike:** Rather than attacking normally, a model with this rule inflicts 2D3 Impact Hits at the start of each round of Close Combat.

**Tunneller:** A unit that contains a model with Grinderfists follows the rules for Ambushers. During deployment, but before Scouts are set up, place a tunnel marker anywhere on the battlefield that is not impassable terrain.

When the Stormfiends emerge, roll a scatter dice and an artillery dice. If you roll a hit on the scatter dice, the marker stays in place; if you roll an arrow, move the marker the number of inches indicated by the artillery dice in the direction shown by the arrow. If the marker is moved off the tabletop, the team and its parent unit are considered lost; treat them as casualties. If you roll a misfire, the unit is delayed and you will need to roll the scatter and artillery dice again for them next round.

Once the final position is established, place the Stormfiends so they touch the marker. If the marker is under a friendly unit or impassable terrain, place it next to the closest edge of the unit/terrain. They may face in any direction.

If the marker is under an enemy unit when the Stormfiends emerge, they count as charging. Place the attacking Stormfiends to the front of the enemy unit that is atop the marker.

**Ratling Cannons:** *For pumping out sheer firepower, there is little that can match a Stormfiend equipped with ratling cannons. Three sets of eight-barrelled weapons bedeck this hulking muscle-beast, enabling it to pour forth warp-bullets which riddle entire enemy units with holes.*

Ratling Cannons use the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	4	Armour Piercing (1), Magical Attacks, Multiple Shots (3D6) Hot Warplead

**Hot Warplead:** Ratling Cannons do not suffer any To Hit penalties for firing Multiple Shots.

**Wildfire:** Each To Hit roll result of 1 inflicts one hit on the closest friendly unit in the firing unit's front arc that is within range. If there are no eligible friendly units, then the attack misses.

**Shock Gauntlets:** *For the ultimate in shock assaults, Stormfiends armed with electrified gauntlets were produced by Clan Skryre. Powered by warp generators, it is the heavy armour the beast wears that is the true weapon, for it conducts arcs of warp lightning that wreath the rat ogre's body in crackling energies. Simply being near one of these creatures is enough to sizzle many foes to a burnt crisp.*

Shock Gauntlets use the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	+1	+1 Attack, Impact Hits (D3), Lightning Attacks, Magical Attacks

**Warpfire Projectors:** *Stormfiends armed with warpfire projectors wade into battle shooting arcs of green-black warpfire from their heavy gauntlets. While these great cones of unnatural flame might occasionally miss their target, it is a small price to pay for the devastation even a single shot can wreak upon enemy regiments.*

Each model with Warpfire Projectors fire as a Fire Thrower using the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	5	Double the Death, Flaming Attacks, Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3), Wildly Off-target

**Double the Death:** Any failed To Wound rolls with Warpfire Projectors may be re-rolled.

**Wildly Off-target:** Do not roll on the Black Powder Misfire chart if the warpfire projector misfires. Instead, the weapon inflicts D6 automatic hits on the closest friendly unit in the firing unit's front arc that is within 12". If there are no eligible friendly units, the warpfire projector simply does not fire this turn.



**Windlaunchers:** *Some Stormfiends bear paired windlauncher mortarfists. Mundane armour offers no protection against the vapours released by the poisoned wind globes lobbed into the fray by these weapons. With each shot, a new glass orb filled with gaseous death clicks into position, ready to be fired.*

Each model with Windlaunchers fire as a Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
8-36"	n/a	Ignores Armour saves, Magical Attacks, Plague Wind, Wild Misfire

**Plague Wind:** Models hit by a Plague Wind must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound. Successful tests must be re-rolled.

**Wild Misfire:** Do not roll on the Stone Thrower Misfire chart if the Windlaunchers misfire. Instead, the template for the attack scatters 2D6".



# BROOD HORROR

When the beastmasters of Clan Moulder spawn a pack of Great Pox Rats, there is occasionally one among them who will brutally devour the rest of the brood, growing fat and bloated in both strength and savagery, the twisted forms of its kin still visible as they writhe and claw at their fleshy prison.

Due to the creatures reputation, they are highly prized by their Moulder Masters. The bloated terror that is a Skaven Brood Horror are traded with the wealthier Skaven Clans for many thousands of slaves and warp-tokens for use as a war-mount by especially powerful or ostentatious Skaven warlords. After all, what better way to protect one's position of power than with such a massive and eternally-hungry beast?

At other times, they are goaded into battle to flail and crush the foe beneath their clawed limbs, biting and savaging anything that gets within reach with its razor-sharp teeth.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Horror	8	3	0	5	5	5	4	5	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster (Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Poisoned Attacks.

**Foul Ichor:** *When the Brood Horror dies it collapses in a foul rush of poisonous filth and the half-digested remains of its kin.*

If a Brood Horror is slain, all units in base contact with the Brood Horror suffer 2D6 Strength 2 hits, distributed as shooting attacks.

**UPGRADES:**

**Lash Tail:** The Brood Horror gains +1 Attack.

**Rusted Armour:** The Brood Horror gains medium armour.

**Skryre Claws:** The Brood Horror gains the Armour Piercing (1) and Magical Attacks special rule.

**Pestilent Breath:** The Brood Horror gains a Strength 2 Breath Weapon which Ignores Armour saves.





# WARLOCK ENGINEERS

Skaven are known for many things – disease, mutated monsters, hordes of vermin – but it is their sick blend of honest engineering and Warpstone for which they are most famous. Too many soldiers have lost their lives to a sniper's warplock jezzail; too many villages have been cleansed by clouds of foul poisonous mist; and too many entire towns have been turned to ash by the dreaded warfire cannons. Indeed it is these weapons that give the Skaven one of their greatest edges, and the creation of these tools is owed to the Warlock Engineers – mechanically minded Skaven who toil in the Clan Skryre workshops to devise new and terrible weapons to destroy the weak races on the surface and bring glory to the Ratmen.

The notorious Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre are the artificers of Skaven society, blending arcane sorceries with technology in an insane and mind-boggling mix. For the other races of the world it is hard to differentiate or define where the science stops and the power of magic begins, although such delineation never occurs to Skaven. Warlock Engineers see the two elements as one and the same – machines and sorcery blended together to create impressive killing power.

On the battlefield it is readily apparent that some of the Warlock Engineers are able to channel and cast magic in the traditional ways understood by the races of the world. They harness the energies of the Winds of Magic and channel it to foul Skaven effects. Whether or not this is done with the aid of warped machinery is unknown.



Although they can cast and counter magic, the Warlock Engineers are not nearly as adept at sorcery as the horned Grey Seers. Some Warlock Engineers are unable to cast spells at all, but instead seem wholly absorbed with the building and firing of a variety of mechanical weapons capable of dangerous and unpredictable effects.

Warlock Engineers appear as other Skaven, but it is invariably harder to discern their shapes as they are typically covered in whirling, hissing, clanking contraptions of their own devising. The normally twitchy Skaven energy is partially confined due to the number of wires and attachments that trail behind the Clan Skryre ratmen. There is a frightening tendency towards body-part replacement amongst many Warlock Engineers. This is partly due to limb loss from explosive mechanical mishaps but, disturbingly, much of it is by choice. The endlessly tinkering Engineers are always assured they can 'build a better one' and so eyes, limbs, and more are gleefully replaced with cog-driven mechanical parts. At the heart of most Warlock Engineer upgrades is the driving force behind all Skavendom – the dreaded warpstone. The green-black luminescent stuff is used as a power source, providing potent chaotic energies to many strange and diabolic devices.

Warlock Engineers are the pinnacle of Skaven technomancy, and they often go to war carrying many of their latest devices. This seems to be true for both the sorcerer-rats that can cast magic and those that function along the more traditional engineer role. From handheld weapons such as warplock muskets or poisoned wind globes of devastating potency, to blades powered by crackling warpstone energies, the anarchic arsenal of the Warlock Engineers is both varied and destructive.

They combine well-known weapons, such as warp-blades, with heavy armour and experimental devices. These techno-mages are equipped with complex harnesses that allow them to visualise the ever-mutating winds of magic, so that they can tap into the flow of power and use its energy for their powerful destructive spells. Each Engineer equips his own harness with the devices that he prefers. These warpstone powered machines are carried on the Warlock Engineer's back and are often partially implanted into his body. They pick up and concentrate the energy of the winds of magic through an antenna that is worn by the Skaven scientist on his tail. They also include an eyepiece that allows the Warlock to see the mutable ebbs and flows of the magical energies in the ether. These machinations do not always function flawlessly, however, and many Warlock Engineers have met their doom as the result of an exploding warp power accumulator.

With their goggles, harnesses that seemingly beep, whir, and click of their own accord, and the warp-blades that protrude from the flesh of their arms, Warlock Engineers are an intimidating sight. Individually, they are capable of decimating entire enemy columns with a few short bursts of highly-focused warp energy. So long as their technological components function normally, they bring terror and death to any battle or skirmish in which they participate.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlock Master	5	3	4	3	4	3	4	1	6
Warlock Engineer	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character, Clan Skryre).

**MAGIC:** Warlock Engineers and Warlock Masters are Wizards who can use spells from the Lore of Ruin.

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, *Strength in Numbers*, *Verminous Valour*.

### CLAN SKRYRE GEAR OF WAR:

*The devious Warlock Engineers craft some gear of war that they do not sell, but instead use themselves.*

#### Warlock Optics 20 points

*This warp-enhanced seeing device allows a Warlock Engineer to focus on a foe clearly, even those partially hidden in cover.*

One per model only. A Warlock Engineer equipped with Warlock Optics gains +1 to his Ballistic Skill as well as the Ignores Cover and Sniper special rules.

#### Upgraded Warp-Energy Condenser 10 points

*This rune-inscribed power pack is covered with copper coil wiring, flywheels, and enchanted mechanisms to draw extra energy from the fickle Winds of Magic. The condenser focuses warp energy, further powering the Warlock's weapons.*

One per model only. A Warp-Energy Condenser gives the wearer a +1 bonus when channelling Power dice.

#### Warp-Blades 10 points

*These arcane tools come in the shape of large blades attached to poles or implanted directly into the Warlock's arms, with many wires and cables feeding them the warp energy accumulated by his warp generator. This channels crackling barely-contained energy along the weapon.*

Polearm. Warp-Blades give the bearer +1 to cast the Warp Lightning spell from the Lore of Ruin.

#### Warpmusket 5 points

*A warpmusket is a rifle built along the same lines as the warplack jezzail, although not as long of barrel.*

Handgun. All shots from a Warpmusket are resolved at Strength 5 and have the Magical Attacks and Unstable Ammunition special rules.

#### Warpforged Blade 5 points

*Warpstone powder mixed with steel during the forging process creates a weapon of wicked cutting prowess.*

Hand weapon. A Warpforged Blade gives the wielder the Ignores Armour Saves and Magical Attacks special rules.

"Warlock Engineers have strong technology, better than stunt-things."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer

#### Supercharged Warp-Power Accumulator 5 points

*A Warlock Engineer equipped with a supercharged warp-power accumulator increases the amount of warp energy channelled into any spells that he casts.*

One per model only. A Warp-Power Accumulator allows the bearer to cast spells with one more Power dice than he is normally allowed.

#### Brass Orb 50 points

*A fist-sized metal orb made of interlinking whirling cogs, the Brass Orb is a dangerous device capable of opening a crack in the plane of reality for a split second when thrown, sucking those in its blast vicinity into the twisting Realm of Chaos.*

One per model only. One use only. The bearer can throw the Brass Orb in the Shooting phase. Place the small round template with its centre anywhere within 6" of the character and in his line of sight. The template then scatters D6". Models touched by the template must take an Initiative test or be removed as casualties, with no saves of any kind allowed. This is a Magical Attack. If a 1 is rolled, centre the template on the model throwing the globe.

#### Death Globe 25 points

*This is a poisoned wind globe of an even more potent variety, able to release great volumes of deadly gas.*

One per model only. One use only. Place the small round template with its centre anywhere within 6" of the character and in his line of sight. The template then scatters D6". All models touched by the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with the Ignores Armour Saves and Magical Attacks special rules. If a 1 is rolled, centre the template on the model throwing the globe.

#### Doomrocket 30 points

*Built with secrets stolen from the mysterious east, the Warlock Engineers still seek to improve the propulsion, steering and payload of these devastating weapons.*

One per model only. One use only. A Doomrocket is fired like a Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	5	Slow to Fire

In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Doomrocket Misfire chart.

#### DOOMROCKET MISFIRE CHART

D6	Result:
1	<b>Thoooooom!</b> <i>The rocket blows up prematurely. Place the template over the model that fired the rocket and resolve the blast as normal.</i>
2-5	<b>Stabilising Fin Lost.</b> <i>The rocket wobbles and corkscrews after blast off. The template scatters 3D6" from its original position. Resolve any hits as normal.</i>
6	<b>It's a Dud.</b> <i>The rocket whooshes off and lands, but does not explode. Resolve the shot as normal, but do not place the template. Any model directly below the impact spot suffers a single Strength 5 hit.</i>



# POISONED WIND GLOBADIERS

Among the Clanrats of Clan Skryre, a few are entrusted with devices of import and are trained in the use of their technological devices. The weapons of Clan Skryre are as limitless in their scope as they are dreadful in their menace. Some of the most horrifying are those that kill many enemies with only a little effort. The poison wind globes are one such weapon, and they are dispensed by an elite corps called Globadiers. The Globadiers are trained in the uses of poisons, much like Assassins are. Unlike Eshin's killers, these Skaven instead focus their training upon toxins that can kill many enemies at once. The vapours that swim within poison wind globes are carried on the fickle winds of the battlefield and into the lungs of the enemy and, sometimes, into those of allies as well.

Poisoned wind globes are one of the Clan Skryre's most infamous weapons. A poison wind globe is around the size of a human skull, made from fragile glass or crystal sphere filled with a lethal warystone gas produced by the Warlock Engineers in their secret laboratories at the heart of the Clan Skryre furnaces in the lowest level of the Skaven's tunnels, where sorcery and engineering meet. When the globe is shattered a noxious cloud of yellowish-green vapour billows out to fill the area around it with deadly, choking gas so lethal that mere skin contact can cause severe pain or even death. Breathing the vapours causes lungs to spontaneously fill with bubbling pus – a horrible and nearly instantaneous death.

In an effort to protect themselves against accidental gassing which allows them to breathe these and other poisonous fumes without ill effect, Globadiers wear a complicated rebreathing apparatus upon their backs that consist of metal tubes and bellows, all of which connect to their gas masks. Designed solely for the use of Skaven, these gas masks grant the Globadiers some protection from the gasses that often escape from stray or malfunctioning wind globes, but these are not always effective. Not only do the gas masks protect the Globadiers, but they lend each one a menacing appearance.

## THE VATBACKS

*The Vatbacks are a specialized team of Clan Mors Globadiers under the employ of Warlord Queek. To clear out determined defensive blockades, Clan Mors rely on tunnel-clearing teams of Poisoned Wind Globadiers. None had proven more effective than the claw known as the Vatbacks. Dwarf shieldwalls might be resilient, and dwarf-forged mail might be nigh impenetrable to blade and claw, but the gas-filled globes are stopped by neither. The Vatbacks, with glowing goggles, rasping re-breathers and badly oxidised storage tanks fill enemy warriors with fear – for when the poisoned wind blows, even the mightiest cannot stand.*

Armour offers no protection against poisoned gas, but this does not stop the Globadiers from wearing arcane body armour underneath their robes. Because the gas blisters the lungs and throat of anything that breathes it, it makes it particularly lethal against knights and other tough troops, and they are used in battle to decimate large units. Once their poisonous cargo has been unleashed, they draw their blades and wade into the mass of their writhing victims to cur the throats of those who still claim some semblance of life.

These heinous weapons were first used in the bitter tunnel fighting which took place between Skaven and Dwarfs beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. Clan Skryre was delighted at this new diabolical way to slaughter their foes. The Engineers have tried many methods of delivery. Machines of incredulous complexity and dubious worth have been attempted, but in the end the best method of launching gas attacks into the enemy's ranks have been via the specially trained Globadiers who are experienced in handling and throwing the fragile globes. The Globadiers' distinctive masks are meant to filter out the gas in case a globe is accidentally dropped and shatters.

In battle, individual Globadiers either form small skirmishing units or lurk around near the flanks of Skaven regiments until they have an opportunity to hurl their deadly globes into the enemy's ranks. These Skaven can be devastating on the battlefield – both to themselves and their enemies. The best of these are ushered into the higher secrets of the Warlock Engineers though such promotions are rare.





"The delicate fingers of poison mist that drift across the battlefields of my brothers are birthed from the spheres that Skryre's Globadiers fling. The fumes float with deadly beauty, seeking the lungs of our foes. Taking root within the enemy, the poison turns their breath into blood-froth, and death-death soon follows."

- Skreelin Thurntik, Grey Seer

At times, Globadiers are accompanied by a Poisoned Wind Mortar to boost the unit's firepower. From the relative safety of the shadow of larger regiments, the Globadiers wait for opportunities to dart forwards and lob their deadly missiles. The horrible way in which their weapons work make Poisoned Wind Globadiers priority targets to enemies that have faced such dangers before. Globadiers have no qualms about lobbing their missiles into a swirling melee, displaying a general disregard as to whether their globes strike friendly troops or the enemy. It is not unusual for Globadiers to survive a battle only to be attacked by friendly formations that suffered from errant globes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Bombardier	5	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Skryre).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!, Skirmishers.

**EQUIPMENT:**

**Poisoned Wind Globes:** A Clan Skryre innovation, these small hollow glass spheres contain a noxious gas. When thrown, the sphere shatters, dispersing the poison. Used extensively by Clan Skryre Clan Rats, these weapons are devastating to both Skaven and their enemies.

<b>Range:</b>	<b>Strength:</b>	<b>Special Rules:</b>
6"	n/a	Ignores Armour saves, Magical Attacks, Quick to Fire

Models hit by a Poisoned Wind Globe must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound. On the To Hit roll of a 1, the Globadier hits himself (including when firing into close combat).

**Gas Masks:** When a model with a Gas Mask is forced to take a Toughness test from any weapon source in *Warhammer: Skaven*, they get a +2 bonus for these tests.





# WARPLOCK JEZZAILS

The Warplock Jezzail is a fiendish invention of the Skaven Clan Skryre, possibly the most powerful firearm in the Old World. It is a huge and long-barrelled firearm, more like a small cannon than an ordinary gun. Aided by its tremendous length, the Warplock Jezzail is capable of hitting targets at a distance greater than conventional bow or handgun fire.

The Warplock Jezzail fires a special high velocity bullet made from refined warpstone, the unstable magic rock which gives Skaven their power. When the warpstone strikes its target it explodes with devastating effect and a flash of pyrotechnic colour, destroying armour, cracking stone and pulverizing flesh. It strikes with a force capable of punching through a shield, breastplate, and body of an armoured knight, often shattering units of heavily armoured elite troops before they ever get into battle. Should the glowing green projectile pass through or embed itself in flesh, the damage can be considerable, due, in part, to the highly toxic nature of warpstone. Although moving too quickly to be seen, the bullets fired by a Warplock Jezzail leave behind a faint green streak. It is easy to trace the shots back to their source, ensuring any return missile fire that the enemy can muster will follow. For this reason, what started out as a mere aiming platform

for the long rifle, has turned into a protective pavise designed to shield the vulnerable Jezzail team from incoming arrows, bolts, and bullets.

## LONG-BARRELLED DEATH-BRINGER

*The formidable Warplock Jezzail teams have been a staple of the Clan Skryre arsenal for ages. They were first reported on battlefields not long after the earliest clashes with the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge*

*Mountains. Ambitious Warplock Engineers studied captured Dwarf handguns and, in their own rat-fiend way, further perfected the design. Early models used scavenged parts, but soon the distinctive long-barrelled weapon emerged. Naturally, warpstone played a key role in the new Skaven versions, appearing in the bullet, the firing mechanism (the warplock), and even the gunpowder itself, which is laced with the unnatural substance. The shape and barrel length have improved through the ages, but the weapon remains its same deadly self. Many clans claim the reputation of being the best shot, but legends tell of sharpshooter Natty Buboe of Clan Mon who could reportedly put a shot through the telescope of an onlooking Dwarf Engineer at a distance of well over 7,000 paces. As the story goes, the Dwarfs were too stubborn to admit the Skaven had outranged them, so Dwarf after Dwarf lined up to look through the glass-less scope while Natty racked up a large tally.*





It is rare to find one Jezzail on its own. The Warplock Jezzail is unmistakably a Weapon Team, but unlike the other Clan Skryre portable weapons, the Warplock Jezzails do not individually support infantry, but instead form their own units. They are heavy, awkward weapons, and need a crew of two to be used properly. In battle they are used in batteries, and in ambushes there will usually be two or three mounted at strategic points to give covering fire. Warplock Jezzails are a valuable asset to any Warlord, who will try to position such a formation in a prominent position such as on a hill, cliff, defile or inside a tall building to afford them the greatest possible line of sight where they can volley the foe with fire as they try to manoeuvre into position.

*Throtvile swished his tail nervously. He didn't like this low cloud one bit. If the human army did include flying creatures – as was rumoured – they wouldn't be able to see them coming until the very last minute.*

*He and the four jezzail teams under his command were positioned on top of a rocky hill to the west of the battlefield. On the plain below, he could see the valiant Skaven forces locked in combat with the Bretonnian army. A large regiment of Clanrat warriors had charged right into the middle of the enemy force, and he could see the Warlord's banner bobbing up and down in the fray. To the left of the main conflict, a unit of Stormvermin had engaged a regiment of cavalry. The soft-fleshed human warriors were entirely covered in metal armour – the weaklings – unlike the mighty Stormvermin, who were protected only by their thick black fur.*

*On the right, another, smaller, unit of mounted knights was cantering round towards the base of the hill. Throtvile gave the command to fire and the four jezzails rang out in unison. Waving a paw to clear the foul-smelling smoke he saw that two of the knights were down and the rest had drawn to a confused halt, trying to bring their horses under control. The jezzail crews chattered with excitement as they reloaded and prepared to fire again. Throtvile's whiskers bristled with pride as the next volley of shots downed another knight and the others wheeled round and fled. How he would remember this glorious day! He had single-handedly (well, almost) routed that huge regiment of enemy cavalry and...*

*"For the Lady and the King!" Throtvile was so surprised he nearly dropped his sword. Plummeting down from the clouds in a storm of wings came a fully armoured knight mounted on a brilliant white pegasus. Behind him the jezzail teams shrank back with fear. "Fire, FIRE!" yelled Throtvile, flinging himself to the ground, and clamping his paws over his ears. Too shocked to disobey, the jezzail crews swivelled their guns and fired wildly at the pegasus. There was a succession of deafening explosions and a scream of pain. Throtvile raised his muzzle and looked up nervously. The pegasus lay on the ground, its white hide streaked with blood, one wing torn off. The knight lay motionless on the ground beside it. Emboldened, he scuffled forward, but froze in his tracks when the knight suddenly lurched to his feet, raising his heavy sword into the air. The old Skaven adage 'He who runs away lives to fight another day' flashed through Throtvile's mind, and he turned tail and ran.*

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jezzail Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5
Sharpshooter	5	3	4	3	3	2	4	2	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Skryre).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, *Sniper* (Sharpshooter only).

**EQUIPMENT:**

**Warplock Jezzail:** *The jezzails employed by the Skaven use a distinct "warplock" technology perfected by the Warlock Engineers. The warplock jezzail operates on a principle similar to that of a wheel-lock musket, but small amounts of Warpstone have been worked into both the weapon's metal components and its ammunition. This provides for added barrel strength, allowing a larger measure of Warpstone-fortified powder to be loaded into the weapon.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	6	Armour Piercing (1), Magical Attacks, Move or Fire, Unstable Ammunition

**Pavise:** *This large and cumbersome shield is carried by the front Skaven.*

A Pavise has the following armour profile:

Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
-	+3/4+*	-

\*Only applies to missile attacks in the front arc.





# WEAPON TEAMS

Clan Skryre churn out mountains of materiel every day, more weapons of war than they could ever possibly wield by themselves. A great many of these are cumbersome weapons of destruction intended to be borne by a pair of Skaven known as a weapon team. Whether carried into battle by dedicated Skryre Clanrats or sold to the other Great Clans to be crewed by whichever overconfident fools can be talked into the job, these wonder-weapons can wreak horrible devastation amongst the enemy – at least until their inevitable, often spectacular malfunction.

Clan Skryre has invented a variety of powerful, portable, yet dangerously precarious weapons that accompany the hordes to battle. Teams of two Skaven armed with Ratling Guns and Warpfire Throwers often follow units of Clanrats, supporting them with their lethal firepower.

The weapons that Clan Skryre have created blend magic and technology together to create potent effects that rival Dwarf ingenuity – but not Dwarf craftsmanship. If given a choice between increasing kill-power and protecting their own troops, Skaven engineers will go for the first. Clan Skryre can always train more weapon-operators, but a battle can only be fought once. It takes skill, training, small hands and a great deal of foolhardiness to operate a Skaven weapon properly. All such weapons are prone to misfires, which will often destroy the weapon, its operator and anyone nearby.

Skaven are very protective of their special weapons and will take pains to ensure they do not fall into the enemy's hands – 'enemy' meaning either members of another race or members of another Skaven clan. Devices are often let booby-trapped

or disabled. Also the inherent instability of warpstone makes any of these weapons difficult to operate for someone without the proper training. If a working weapon is lost or captured, Clan Skryre will go to considerable efforts to recover it.

Some of these infernal devices built by Warlock Engineers are unique one-off builds that cannot be replicated (despite repeated attempts). The secrets of the Buzzsaw Bomb that annihilated the Tusk-faced Ogre tribe in the Dark Lands or the Avalanche Cannon that destroyed the town of Gluckmort in Reikland have been lost. But what has made Clan Skryre wealthy is the ability to mass produce and sell Weapon Teams to the greedy and demanding Warlord clans.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Clan Skryre).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!.

**Attached Unit:** A Weapon Team must be deployed at the same time and within 3" of the unit it was bought with. After this the Weapon Team is free to move and counts as a normal unit for all purposes. In addition, they follow the "Look Out Sir!" rules for Shooting at Lone Characters, representing them lurking in obscurity and ducking for the protective cover of the larger unit.





## WARPFIRE THROWER

One of the most feared weapons employed by the Skaven is the warpfire thrower. Another mad innovation by the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre, these "cannons" release a stream of sticky burning gel made from Warpstone that incinerates nearly anything with which it comes into contact. Warpfire sticks to stone, wood, metal and flesh, and burns with an intense heat like nothing else in the world, capable of melting even stone. This volatile material is made by using warpstone in conjunction with other chemicals and magic.

The warpfire thrower is crewed by two Skaven. The first fires the weapon while the second carries the barrels of flammable mixture. It is extremely deadly to both its foes and crew! One crew member carries a fuel vat and the other aims the nozzle. A flip of a switch and powdered warpstone mixes with onrushing chemicals, bursting into unholy flame. The hellish gout can turn an entire formation knights or foot soldiers into a twitching, throbbing pile of smouldering goo in moments. Against creatures vulnerable to fire, the warpfire is particularly devastating. In tunnels and narrow passages, a warpfire thrower is a weapon that's almost impossible to overcome.

Using this devastating weapon brings its own dangers; unfortunately warpfire throwers can also misfire catastrophically, destroying themselves, their crew and any other creatures unlucky enough to be caught in the vicinity in a spectacular explosion, much to the discomfort of anyone nearby!



The Warpfire Thrower fires like a Fire Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	5	Flaming Attacks, Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3), Slow to Fire

In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Warpfire Thrower Misfire chart.

### WARPFIRE THROWER MISFIRE CHART

#### D6 Result

#### 1-2 Whompfff! *The diabolical device explodes.*

Centre of the large round template over the centre of the Weapon Team and resolve damage as normal. After this, the team is destroyed in the lurid mushroom cloud it has created.

#### 3-4 Fuel Leak. *Highly explosive fuel leaks out and ignites.*

The Weapon Team flees in random direction as decided by the scatter dice before exploding. After movement, the device explodes exactly as the Whompfff! result above.

#### 5-6 Pppphht! *Something has been sprayed, but it's not warpfire. For the rest of the battle the Weapon Team smells strongly of the musk of fear.*

With a disappointing fizzle, the Warpfire Thrower fails to fire, but does not explode. The crew may not fire this turn.

*Cackling with glee the Night Goblins surged into the tunnel. The Troll had done its work well, smashing through the tunnel wall under the insistent prodding of the spear-armed grecoskins. Now they could penetrate the Skaven network beneath Karak Varn, and reclaim the tunnels they had lost earlier. Waiting in the tunnel were two Skaven bearing a strange device. The Night Goblins rushed forward screaming their war-cries. The Skaven stood their ground, waiting until the very last moment before unleashing a roiling blast of warpfire that swept through the tunnel, turning the frantic Goblins into wailing torches. The Troll, caught by the gout of warpfire flailed desperately at its burning legs with its hammer. The Greenskins fled. Concealed Skaven warriors leaped from their hiding places to pursue them. The trap had worked, now the offensive could begin. Chittering in triumph, the Skaven rushed into Goblin territory.*



## RATLING GUN

The multi-barrelled whirling death-dealing machine known as the Ratling Gun is a relatively modern invention. Nonetheless it has proven so successful that Clan Skryre simply cannot make enough to satisfy the Greedy demands of the Warlord clans. Powered by warp steam and kicked into gear by the prodigious working of a hand crank, the six barrels of the Ratting Gun spin and whirl, emitting a fusillade of warp-laced bullets that streak through the air, leaving faint greenish traces.

The Ratling Gun is more than capable of producing a true surplus of firepower, if such a thing were possible. A solid burst from a Ratting Gun is more than enough to scythe down a charging unit of Orc Boar Boyz midgallop and can even put a dent into the largest unit of Clanrat warriors (although this is often called 'accidental shooting'). Clanrats refer to units slain by the Ratling Gun as 'teeth-breakers' as the flesh tends to be riddled with dozens of the lumpen glowing bullets.

As is typical of Clan Skryre work, there are a number of different design patterns, including a wheeled variety, one with a small gun shield, a tripod-mounted version, and more besides. The foul device may come in many shapes and sizes, but all are equally deadly and just as likely to malfunction or overheat as the next. Rumours of certain very wealthy Warlord clans deploying entire units made of Ratling Gun Weapon Teams have never been substantiated, although perhaps that is because no one has survived to tell the tale.



The Ratling Gun uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	4	Armour Piercing (1), Magical Attacks, Multiple Shots (*)

**Hot Warplead:** Because of its high rate of fire the Ratling Gun crew does not suffer any penalty for firing Multiple Shots.

Roll an Artillery Dice to determine number of shots fired. After the first Artillery Dice is rolled, you can now decide whether to stop or to roll an additional Artillery Dice, and repeat the process up to a maximum of 3 Artillery Dice. In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Ratling Gun Misfire chart, no further Artillery Dice may be rolled.



### RATLING GUN MISFIRE CHART

#### D6 Result

- 1-2 Slam!** *A high-pitched hissing culminates with a resounding explosion that tears the Weapon Team to shreds in a steaming wet radius.*  
Resolve the shots from the previous Artillery Dice rolled. After this, the Weapon Team is removed from play.
- 3-5 Spins Wildly.** *A major malfunction sends out a blinding cloud of noxious steam, causing the crew to spin around wildly as the gun barrels blaze away.*  
Resolve the shots from the previous Artillery Dice rolled. After this, the Ratling Gun fires D6 shots at all units (roll separately for each one) within 24" that you can draw Line of Sight to in all directions from the Ratling Gun.
- 6 Bbbrrrrrrtt!** *The power pumping the firing mechanism loses pressure.*  
Resolve the shots from the previous Artillery Dice rolled. The last Artillery Dice is ignored.

Skrrrqk furiously worked the crank that spun the rotating barrels of the Railing Gun. His teammate, Trik, had the easier task of aiming and, from the flurried movements of his tail, Skrrrqk could tell the firing was going well. Curse Trik, he'd take all the credit! Despite the ongoing slaughter of the Night Goblins, Skrrrqk reverted back to scheming as to how he could usurp the cushier job.



## DOOM-FLAYER

The Doom-flayer is a motorised iron ball of whirling blades that was first employed during the merciless underground battles against the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Desperate to break through the shield walls of the bearded-things, and unable to get within range to deploy a Warfire Thrower or Poisoned Wind Globadiers, an unknown Clan Skryre Warlock Engineer jury-rigged a heavily armoured attack device. Built from scavenged scrap, broken blades and the steam-powered roto-engine of a recently recovered crashed Dwarf Gyrocopter, the first destructive engine that was destined to evolve into the Doom-flayer was born.

Although the first rudimentary machines did not survive, the idea did. Various incarnations of the killing machine with the spinning, stabbing and slashing blades began to assail the subterranean strongpoints of the Dwarfs. The first crude Doom-flayers were largely Skaven-powered, as the pushing crew generated much of the impetus to spin the belts and cogs that drove the whirling weaponry. The Skaven crew, protected by a scrap-barrier of old shields, metal-reinforced planks, and even the patched-together armour plates of fallen enemies, could just about avoid incoming missile fire and still steer the device to plough into enemy lines. To this rough concept, the Warlock Engineers added the full verminous ingenuity of their wicked race. This of course meant that a warpstone generator provided the real power behind the swirling abattoir. Now the death-dealing apparatus could crash into the foe with hellish

vigour, lopping off limbs, and scything dawn any who dared to stand before it. The great splashes of gore and entrails the device leaves behind it inspire the Clanrats and Stormvermin who advance in its carnage-filled wake. No two Doom-flayers are quite the same, built as they are from an assortment of scavenged scrap. Each Doom-flayer is as unique and as lethally twisted as the Warlock Engineer who created it.

Although the infernal device has never achieved the sheer blood-soaked devastation it wrought in the confined tunnels of the underworld, the Doom-flayer has proven its worth in several surface battles, notably shredding many Imperial soldiers in the tightly confined streets of Nuln during that short-lived, but devastating, invasion of the man-city.

The Doom-flayer uses the following profile:

<u>Range:</u>	<u>Strength:</u>	<u>Special Rules:</u>
Combat	4	Armour Piercing (1)

**Whirling Death:** Instead of attacking normally, the Doom-flayer causes one artillery dice worth of Impact Hits at the start of each close combat phase. In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Doom-flayer Mishap chart.

**The Best Defence:** The mass of whirling blades provides an excellent protective shield, giving the Doom-flayer an armour save of 3+ against all models attacking from the front. The Doom-flayer has only a 5+ armour save against attacks from the flank or rear.



### DOOM-FLAYER MISHAP CHART

#### D6 Result

**1-2 Ba-Blam!** *The warp generator implodes in a rippling radius of multi-coloured death.*  
Place the large round template centred over the Weapon Team. Any models touched by the template suffer a Strength 4 Hit with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. Remove the Doom-flayer from play.

**3-5 ZZZZzap!** *The small and unstable warp generator that powers the Doom-flayer temporarily overloads, sending out a shocking discharge.*

The Doom-flayer and all models in base contact take a Strength 4 Hit with the Lightning Attacks special rule as the device sends out potent shock waves of warp-energy.

**6 Power Failure.** *With a descending thrum, the blades and scythes stop spinning as all power is cut off. The crew look up innocently, acting as if they are not doing anything harmful, certainly not directing the efforts of a chopping death abattoir.*

The Doom-flayer may not attack or use its armour save this turn as the panicked crew scramble to restart their engine of destruction.



## POISONED WIND MORTAR

Clan Skryre has long sought to build a device that can lob poisoned wind globes over a longer distance while being able to advance quickly with the massed infantry. The Poisoned Wind Mortar was the answer. The muzzle-loading tube allows a weightier poisoned wind bomb to be fired to a range greater than a lone Globadier could hope to achieve. Additionally, with some hastily squealed directions from its parent unit, the Poisoned Wind Mortar can fire indirectly. Hurting the enemy without risking one's own hide is always an appealing idea to any Skaven.

As the bulk of the firing apparatus can be strapped upon a crew member's back, the Weapon Team can advance alongside Skaven regiments, pausing momentarily to lob high-arcing shots onto distant foes, before scurrying to stay alongside its parent unit.



The Poisoned Wind Mortar fires like a Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
8-36"	n/a	Ignores Armour Saves, Magical Attacks, Move or Fire, Slow to Fire

**Poisoned Wind:** Models hit by a Poisoned Wind Mortar must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound. Note that Poisoned Wind Mortar crew wear Gas Masks. In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Poisoned Wind Mortar Misfire chart.

"Most precious of all substances, the pulse of our life. If the Horned Rat is our father, then surely, Warpstone is our mother. Its uses are infinite. Like the heart of an endless fire, it is. Even the smallest of pieces will continue to give power indefinitely, allowing many of our devices to become somewhat portable. Warpstone fire can not only consume a substance, but actually change its structure to far more than just 'burned' due to exposure to its holy flames. Weapons made from Warpstone produce their own poison. A Warpstone charm brings real luck, changing what 'was to be' to what 'might have been' with none the wiser. So where does it come from? There are those among the more superstitious of our folk and a few foolish Grey Seers that believe Warpstone is the leavings of the Horned Rat. I subscribe to the secular view – that it is chunks of the dark moon, Morskrit, which has managed to gift us with pieces of its essence. Dangerous it is, to touch Warpstone often. But that's what slaves are for, yes yes?"

- Narshift, Warlock Engineer of Clan Skryre

The first use of Poisoned Wind Globes dates back to the attacks at Karak Varn and the first mention of Warfire Throwers occurs at the fall of the Gate of Jewels in Karak Eight Peaks. The Doomwheel dates back approximately 150 years to the Siege of Alcasta in 2367, where one of the devices was used to break the city gates. The Ratling Gun first appeared after the Warlock Engineers got their ratty hands upon the prototype multiple barrellled rifles of the Empire roughly a hundred years ago.

### MORTAR MISFIRE CHART

#### D6 Result

**1-2 Foomph!** *The bomb explodes prematurely in the tube, enshrouding the area in an instant green fog.*

Place the large round template centred on the Weapon Team and resolve the Hit as normal. The Poisoned Wind Mortar is then removed.

**3-5 Wildly off Target.** *Either the temperamental aiming mechanism has gone haywire or the fume-addled crew have made a major mistake. The template scatters 3D6" from its original position. Resolve any hits as normal.*

**6 Clogged.** *The firing mechanism is clogged with grime, filth, or even a crew member's errant tail.*

No firing may take place this turn while the device is dewed.





## WARP-GRINDER

To tunnel more quickly than typical slave labour, the Skaven deploy specially devised Clan Skryre machines. Some of the massive constructs are larger than the grandest ships of the Empire's navy. These huge devices combine great drills with warp energies to vaporise the broken debris as the machine bores. These rare machines are seldom, if ever, seen, but a portable version can often be found deployed on the battlefield.



The Warp-grinder opens up tunnels. Projectors gleam with warp-energy, pulverising stone and leaving a narrow and smoking passageway in its wake. Small fast-moving units can follow the device, emerging behind enemy lines to cause untold disruption. But it is a perilous trip, as the newly bored tunnels are prone to cave-ins and the machines can suffer catastrophic melt-downs. When the Warp-grinder breaks through the surface, it will stick with the unit that it is attached to, even assisting in close combat. Without the comforting presence of the parent unit, the Weapon Team will flee the battlefield.

The Warp-grinder uses the following profile:

<b>Range:</b>	<b>Strength:</b>	<b>Special Rules:</b>
Combat	4	Impact Hits (D3), Magical Attacks



**Deploying via Tunnel:** A unit with an attached Warp-grinder is not deployed at the beginning of the game.

During deployment, before Scouts are placed, place a tunnel marker anywhere on the battlefield. The unit will then deploy using the Ambushers special rule. When the team emerges, roll a scatter dice and an artillery dice. If you roll a hit on the scatter dice, the marker stays in place; if you roll an arrow, move the marker the number of inches indicated by the artillery dice in the direction shown by the arrow. If the marker is moved off the tabletop, the team and its parent unit are considered lost; treat them as casualties. In case a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Warp-grinder Mishap chart.

Once the final position is established, place the Warpgrinder and its parent unit so both can touch the marker. If the marker is under a friendly unit or impassable terrain, place it next to the closest edge of the unit/terrain. They may face in any direction.

If the marker is under an enemy unit when the Warpgrinder and its parent unit emerges, the Warp-grinder and its parent unit are both considered to have charged. Place the attacking Skaven to the front of the enemy unit that is atop the marker.

Although not designed for combat, the Warp-grinder can still mete out damage with its close-ranged warp-powered blasts. The Warp-grinder fights in close combat using its crew's Initiative, but not their Attack profile. The Warp-grinder is a Warpstone Weapon and inflicts D3 Strength 4 Hits in each Close Combat phase.

### WARP-GRINDER MISHAP CHART

#### D6 Result

#### 1-2 **Cave-in!** *Total collapse!*

The Weapon Team and its parent unit are instantly killed.

#### 3-5 **Partial Collapse.** *The warp generator fizzles out as the Warp-grinder nears the surface.*

Some of the models may claw their way topside, although the Warp-grinder is removed as a casualty. Make a Strength test for each model in the parent unit, if passed the model is placed as normal. Models that fail are removed as casualties. Any models that survive may not move or charge on the turn they emerge after a Partial Collapse. If the models emerge into close combat they have the Always Strikes Last special rule for the remainder of the turn.

#### 6 **Should Have Taken That Left Turn.** *The tunnellers get lost!*

Your opponent places the marker anywhere within 18" of the original position on the table and this is where the Weapon Team and its parent unit emerge. They cannot move or charge on the turn they emerge, as they are too busy blaming each other for the error.



# WARP LIGHTNING CANNON

The most recent addition to Clan Skryre's arsenal is the powerful Warp Lightning Cannon. This bizarre gun was built by the fiendishly clever Warlock Engineers and is powered by a large chunk of raw warpstone, whose unearthly energy is harnessed and channelled along a rune-etched barrel to unleash bright green arcs of destruction. Its magical energy is channelled through a series of lenses that amplify and concentrate it. When the weapon is fired, a bright green bolt of lightning surges from the weapon's muzzle, powerful enough to shatter mountains (at least in theory!). Depending on how much a Warlord is willing to pay Clan Skryre, a Warp Lightning Cannon may be mounted on a wooden carriage or a chassis of finest copper and warpstone-laced iron.

The Warp Lightning Cannon is crewed by two slaves, who provide the muscular power needed to move the gun around, and by a Skryre adept who orders the slaves around and fires the gun. The magical energy of the warpstone powering the gun is also used by the Skryre adept to strengthen the slaves, giving them enough muscle to move and spin around the heavy machine with ease. The unfortunate side effects of this exposure to raw warpstone energy mean that the slaves normally survive for less than a day, just long enough...

When fired, the Warp Lightning Cannon emits a sizzling ball of warp energy and any near the shot are rocked in its wake, fur standing on end, with a sickly green light burnt into their mind's eye. The bolt arcs earthwards, punching through anything in its path and then erupts in a crackling cloud of pure warp lightning. The shot flashes too quickly to follow, but its trail, once it lands on the ground, is easily marked – scorch signs follow its path and anything in the way will have



a gaping hole in the exact shape of the beam. At first glance this puncture is impossibly clean cut, but closer inspection reveals warp energies eating outward from the circle – destroying all matter in the way fire blackens and crumbles paper.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Crew	5	3	3	3	3	-	4	1	5

**TROOP TYPE:** War Machine (Great Cannon, Clan Skryre).

## SPECIAL RULES:

**Warp Lightning Cannon:** The Warp Lightning Cannon uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
72"	Artillery Dice	Lightning Attacks, Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D6)

This is a non-physical attack. In case a Misfire is rolled on the first artillery dice, roll a D6 and consult the Warp Lightning Misfire chart.

The Warp Lightning Cannon fires like the normal cannon, with the following exceptions. A roll of a Misfire on the bounce means that the energy dissipates and no hits at all are suffered. If a number is rolled, centre the small round template where the shot first lands before the bounce, to represent the crackling and exploding ball of energy. The shot then bounces like a normal cannon ball.

All models touched by the template or the bounce suffer a hit at a Strength equal to the result on the Artillery Dice for the bounce roll. Note that only the model under the centre of the template and the bounce itself suffers Multiple Wounds.

The Warp Lightning Cannon cannot fire grapeshot.

## WARP LIGHTNING MISFIRE CHART

### D6 Result

**1-2 Meltdown.** *The machine and its crew explode in a green fireball.*

Remove the entire cannon and wonder suspiciously if it was really a malfunction or if you're being double-crossed.

**3-5 Energy Overload.** *The unfathomable energies send the war machine spinning around before an unusually potent warp lightning shot blasts outwards.*

Roll the scatter dice and turn the cannon to face the direction rolled. Resolve a shot at maximum Strength (10) that emanates from the barrel and travels along the ground in a straight line 4D6" before terminating in a large round template.

**6 Spluttering Fizzle.** *A high-pitched descending whirring can be heard as the energy dissipates.* The cannon cannot fire this turn, but can shoot as normal next turn. Surely the Horned Rat is watching over you...



# DOOMWHEEL

Few devices sum up the blend of science and sorcery, the sheer inhuman ingenuity of the Skaven, than the infernal war engine known as the Doomwheel. At first sight the Doomwheel might seem an oddity, perhaps even comical to opponents that have not faced one before. The Dwarfs, who have suffered many wars against the Skaven, know full well the Doomwheel's measure and will direct every war machine at their disposal to blast the deadly wheel apart before it can churn close enough to pulverise the Dwarf battlelines. Indeed, Dwarf cannons will allow themselves to be overrun by the foe, willingly sacrificing themselves for their hold, in order to get off a single shot at the infernal Skaven device.

The Doomwheel was invented by perhaps the most insanely talented of all Warlock Engineers – the mad genius Ikit Claw, Chief Warlock of Clan Skryre. The Chief Warlock is obsessed with creating the ultimate killing machine, determined one day to outdo his predecessors who enjoyed the easy successes of warfire throwers, jezzails, Screaming Bells and the rest. By harnessing the power of raw warpstone to create energy discharges Ikit Claw has created a terrifying engine of destruction that rolls forward surrounded by a crackling halo of purple warp-lightning. Anything foolish enough to hold its ground before this infernal machine is blasted apart by the warp-lightning or crushed under the Doomwheel itself.



The design is so simple and yet so complex, so utterly Skaven in its inception that it is well beyond the keen of even the top minds of the Imperial School of Engineers in Nuln to comprehend. The rats scampering around inside the Doomwheel's enormous tread mills provide the primary motive power. This, in turn, sparks the warpstone generator, which, if all goes well, powers bolts of lethal warp lightning. If the green or purplish bolts that arc out from the warp-conduits do not slay the foe, then it will be up to the great iron-reinforced wheel to crush all who dare to stand before its creaking but mighty track. At the centre of the contraption sits a Warlock Engineer who pilots the mad creation. Sitting inside the mighty death-dealing artifice of destruction puffs the Warlock Engineer so full of bold reassurance that the otherwise dubious courage of his race is, at least partially, offset. Doubtlessly the wafting fumes from the warpstone generator bolster the Engineer's confidence as well.



The rats inside the wheel are fed stimulant drugs before the battle and driven into an insane frenzy by the lightning flashing and sparking around them. As they tumble over each other the wheel rumbles forward, but the Doomwheel's speed is impossible to control accurately. Sometimes it will roll along more swiftly than a galloping horse, at other times it will virtually halt because the rats are temporarily exhausted. Though it can be said that the warpstone reactor is somewhat unstable and the speed generated by the rats is rather erratic a series of tests using slave-units as targets has yielded impressive results. Now the Clan Skryre Warlock Engineers are building this new wonder weapon as fast as possible.

Of course there are still teething problems that make the Doomwheel dangerously haphazard. These sorts of petty concerns, however, do not overly worry the Warlock Engineers. On the whole they would rather he cobbling together a brand new type of killing machine, than fine-tuning one that more or less works most of the time. For instance, the rat propulsion system of the Doomwheel might, on occasion, produce results that are between disappointing and deeply lethargic. To a Warlock Engineer, whose mind thinks in gears and cogs combined with eldritch incarnations, such flaws are exasperating. Despite being fed stimulants and bathed in the unnatural glow of raw warpstone, the rats seem incapable of reliable service. An Engineer will quickly conclude the problem is just the beasts being wilful.



### DOOMWHEEL BRIGADE

Led by Warlock Engineer Splicer Krxx, the Doomwheel Brigade consists of three monowheeled vehicles. Each has installed a supercharged warp-generator, a newly-tinkered device that promise greater power yields. As chief pilot, Splicer has developed a series of new attack formations – two of which he has proudly named the spearhead and the linecrusher. Between the chaotic nature of the rat-pilots and the potent but volatile fuel source, each of the machines move at such different speeds, and often in such different directions, that none of these ever quite work out.

When it works correctly, the Doomwheel whirs quickly across the battlefield, moving more swiftly than galloping horses. If it is going exceptionally well, the Warlock Engineer will even steer the great wheel towards the enemy. This is ideal, as the powerful warp lightning bolts fire out, blasting the nearest thing to shrivelled blackness, so it is best to be nearer the foe. The Warlock Engineer who pilots the Doomwheel has much to attend to, chiefly ensuring that the warpstone generator isn't overloading or goading the rat propulsion via shock-prod. Sometimes steering is one of the duties that does not take priority. It is not unusual to see one of the enormous wheels ploughing back into its own lines, but random, cruel, and undeserved death is not something new for Skaven. The power to break enemy battlelines or destroy large monsters more than compensates for the odd squashed Clanrat or Skavenslave. Still, wise commanders deploy Doomwheels as far away from themselves as is possible.

These dangerously unpredictable killing machines are the pride and joy of Clan Skryre's Warlock Engineers and a must-have item for any Warlord who has gathered enough warptokens, the Skaven's debased form of currency. For a few warptokens more, Clan Skryre will throw in all sorts of optional extras – anything from an iron-shod wheel and a lavish spoiler, to a pennant bearing the Warlord's personal rune and special lightning generators that create incandescent arcs of any desired colour.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doomwheel	*	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-
Warlock Engineer	-	3	3	3	-	-	4	1	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Chariot (Armour Save 4+, Clan Skryre).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Immunity (Psychology), Larget Target (4), Random Movement (3D6), Terror.

**Loss of Control:** At the end of any phase in which a Doomwheel that is not in close combat or fleeing suffers a Wound, the Skaven player must take a Loss of Control test. Roll a D6 for each wound suffered in that phase. On the roll of one or more 1's, the Doomwheel goes immediately Out of Control (as detailed in the Doomwheel Misfire chart).

**Grind Attack:** At the beginning of each round of combat in which it did not charge, the Doomwheel inflicts D3+1 Impact Hits.

**Zzzzap!** In each friendly Shooting phase, even when engaged in close combat or when fleeing, the Doomwheel automatically unleashes bolts of warp lightning using the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	Artillery Dice	Lightning Attacks, Magical Attacks, Multiple Shots (D3), Multiple Wounds (D3)

Each warp lightning bolt will automatically hit the nearest unit (friend or foe), regardless of line of sight and direction. This is a non-physical attack.

The Warlock Engineer may choose to take a Leadership test in an attempt to stop the Doomwheel from firing. If the test is failed, the machine fires as normal.

Roll an Artillery dice to determine the Strength for the bolts, measuring from the Doomwheel's base. If the closest unit dies from the first bolt, the second bolt hits the next closest unit in range, and so on. If two targets are equidistant, the owning player may choose which unit is struck.

If you roll a misfire result something has gone awry. No more shots are fired this turn and you must immediately roll a D6 and consult the Doomwheel Mishap chart.

### DOOMWHEEL MISHAP CHART

**1-2 Disaster.** *The Doomwbeel suffers a partial meltdown and begins to glow a luminous greenish tint.*

The Doomwheel immediately takes D6 Strength 6 hits and many of the treadmill rats succumb to the toxic leak of power. From now on roll one less D6 for the Doomwheel's movement. If reduced to zero dice the Doomwheel is removed as a casualty.

**3-5 Out of Control.** *The screeching feedback of the warpstone has jammed the sternwheel.*

If the Doomwheel is unengaged, it immediately moves in a random direction determined by the scatter dice. If it hits any unit (friend or foe) the Doomwheel inflicts Impact Hits as normal and counts as charging if the unit is an enemy. In the case of a Doomwheel hitting a friendly unit, resolve Impact Hits immediately after contact and then move the Doomwheel back 1".

**6 Burst of Speed.** *The overheated warpstone reinvigorates the treadmill rats to perform truly inspired wheel-spinning as never before.* The Doomwheel gains the Random Movement (4D6) special rule.



# SKAVEN MOUNTS

Skaven Warlords often seek to augment their fighting prowess and intimidation factor. Riding atop a mutant steed constructed by Clan Moulder or borne upon a War-litter bedecked with clan symbols serves notice of their greatness!

"Manlings will fall! Yes-yes... in time..."

- Man-Flayer, of Clan Mors

## WAR-LITTER

Some Warlords go to battle atop litters borne by slaves and guarded by the strongest Stormvermin available. Such platforms offer protection, extra fighters, and a more elaborate and visible display of the Warlord's power. There is a satisfying pomp about being carried around that appeals to a certain kind of Warlord. Even better if the platform is bedecked with clan trophies, the skulls of enemies and relics of defeated rivals. Some clans use palanquins in emulation of the awe inspired by the Grey Seers on their Screaming Bells, while others are simply copying the Dwarf tendency to fight atop shields borne by bodyguards.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War-litter	5	4	3	4	-	-	5	4	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

*Note: A War-litter should be placed on a 40x40mm base, and adds +4 to the Unit Strength of any model mounted on them.*



## GREAT POX RAT

To engorge a Giant Rat to even further mass and obesity requires a Master Moulder of extraordinary talents, and the right blend of growth agents and hide-grafts. Great Pox Rats are abhorrent, bloated vermin the size of a large pony, only much wider. They are covered with mangy fur overtaken by patches of poxes and dripping lesions. A Great Pox Rat's filth-encrusted mouth is filled with needle-sharp teeth, sabre-like incisors, and yet-to-be-discovered diseases. Once astride the heavily bloated Great Pox Rat a Warlord can rightfully twitch his tail in pride, for surely none would be so foolish as to challenge such a mighty personage?

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Pox Rat	7	3	0	4	4	1	5	2	2

**TROOP TYPE:** War Beast.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Poisoned Attacks.

**Skittering:** A model mounted on a Great Pox Rat is treated as an Infantry model for the purpose of 'Look Out, Sir!'.



## RAT OGRE BONEBREAKER

The Rat Ogre Bonebreaker is one of Clan Moulder's specially engineered variant breeds. The Bonebreaker strain is created by taking an augmented Rat Ogre and submerging the stitched monstrosity in a vat of growth agents for months. It takes thousands of slaves dying horrible deaths to produce enough growing juices to fin the vat, but that is easily offset by the asking price for the muscle-bound behemoths. When it emerges from its enforced chemical immersion the Bonebreaker is a prodigiously proportioned Rat Ogre, so bulked out that its upper body is hunched over, straining to contain such massed brawn. A braced platform, strapped or bolted onto the creature's back, allows a Warlord to ride atop a Rat Ogre Bonebreaker. When mounted atop such a beast a Warlord becomes pride swollen and behaves more arrogantly than ever.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bonebreaker	6	4	3	5	5	3	3	4	5

**TROOP TYPE:** Monstrous Beast.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!.



# THANQUOL & BONERIPPER

## Favoured agent of the Council of Thirteen

Thanquol is a Grey Seer of great distinction, a particularly favoured agent of the Council of Thirteen. He is cunning and exceptionally dangerous, with a peculiar gift for avoiding death and inspiring fear in his fellow Skaven, characteristics that are very useful for a successful career. In traditional Skaven fashion he clawed his way up the order of Grey Seers over the bodies of his opponents, entering the order as a novice and eventually consuming his mentor. Of course, the ambitious Thanquol tends to use this influence to improve his own standing and to enforce his own secret ploys, manipulating and 'misunderstanding' the orders of the Council when he can exploit the situation in his favour. In every deed and every action, Thanquol has but one goal: how he can exploit the situation to best serve his own needs.

Like every Skaven, Thanquol is a self-serving, ambitious opportunist – however, no other can match the Grey Seer's good fortune. Over time Thanquol has sustained his frantic pace and powerful magics through the copious use of warpstone. The vivid, if twisted, visions that race through Thanquol's warp-addled mind have given the Grey Seer more than usual insight, always probing for different angles or new benefits to be gained. Whether it is precognition or the blessing of the Horned Rat, the Grey Seer has an uncanny sixth sense that allows him to land feet first no matter what. This sixth sense has caused Thanquol to alter plans at the last minute, or urged him to jump twitchily for no tangible reason. In the past, such hasty re-directions has allowed his armies to avoid ambushes, or point him in the direction of undiscovered treasures. Although



erratic, this sudden instinct has saved Thanquol's life on more than one occasion. However, the misfortunes (or well-aimed shots) that Thanquol avoids invariably strike down someone nearby.

Not all of Thanquol's last-minute masterplans has worked out. In fact, few – if any – of his ideas panned out according to their initial design. His constant tinkering and meddling invariably leave the original plan so altered that no-one, least of all Thanquol, is entirely sure what is supposed to happen next. However, as Thanquol is a powerful mage, and also incredibly lucky, the Council of Thirteen has learned that the end results are as often as not better than expected. That so many of Thanquol's assignments go so disastrously wrong is not, as he has so often assured the Council, anything like his fault.

Indeed, for many years, Thanquol has managed to profit from his high standing with the Council of Thirteen – so much so that his horned peers can only look on with envy. The Grey Seer has a knack for wheedling himself into prime position to be rewarded with many – more tangible – assets. Chief amongst these prizes is his Rat Ogre bodyguard, Boneripper or, more properly, a series of Rat Ogre bodyguards named Boneripper – for none of them has lived for very long. Each one has been larger and more mechanically enhanced parts than the last, although no few has used re-animated pieces of their former namesakes as well.

Richly rewarded as he is, Thanquol can afford more and more warpstone. Securing a steady supply of that precious commodity has become a prime goal of his missions. The twisted, prophetic visions that the warpstone grants the Grey Seer has always paid off. There is a downside, however, as Thanquol had become completely addicted to the dangerous substance. Other Skaven has found that even a nibble of pure warpstone has horrific consequences, but no matter how much Thanquol ingests, he never seems troubled by it. He can grind down large nuggets, boosting his powers hundredfold with no disastrous effects.

Over missions beyond counting Thanquol has commanded armies, sought information or artefacts, supported furtive Clan Eshin activities, and attempted to fan insurrection amongst the enemies of the Skaven. Thanquol has been despatched all over the Old World on Council business, even travelling as far as the South Lands, Lustria and the holdings of Clan Eshin in the almost legendary Far Cathay. Thanquol has led a number of Skaven armies into battle against humans, Orcs, Elves, Dwarfs, Undead and Chaos with equal cunning. Though Thanquol is often victorious his glory is only bought at a high price in Skaven dead. Naturally



a minor detail like this doesn't bother Thanquol or the Council of Thirteen in the least.

All Grey Seers have a particular field of expertise and Thanquol has chosen to study humans, which of all the races in the Old World, he finds most interesting and easiest to corrupt. From Tilea to the northern boundaries of the Empire, Thanquol has an extensive knowledge of the man-things' languages and history and has spent much time seeking the best ways to manipulate such creatures. Thanquol has had much success corrupting and bribing many individuals, building a nefarious network of informers and agents in many of the major human cities.

Thanquol has almost stolen secret plans, almost collapsed Dwarfholds, almost started civil wars, and almost succeeded any number of times. His schemes and the full-scale assaults he has led against the nations of the Old World have caused much death and destruction, but recently his plots seem to fail with an alarming regularity. The reason for this, apart from Skaven treachery of course, have been two notorious figures; the mighty Dwarf Slayer Gotrek Gurnisson and his human companion, Felix Jaeger. These two have repeatedly found themselves in the way of the Grey Seer's plans. Up to now they have managed to ruin his schemes and lived to tell the tale. The irritating way in which these two adventurers have escaped death at the hands of Thanquol's minions again and again is

beginning to have a detrimental effect on the nerves of the Grey Seer, but Thanquol does not desist. It is only a matter of time before Thanquol's superior genius devises a method cruel enough to avenge the indignities suffered at the hands of those fools. Surely a wizard of his superior intellect will eventually prevail on such lowly opponents, and then he will march unopposed to ultimate power!

Of late, Thanquol's devious plans have encountered a series of setbacks, although by the blessing of the Horned Rat, even these calamities seem to fall in favour of the Grey Seer. In the year 2499 Thanquol gave the order to attack the human city of Nuln after Felix Jaeger and Gotrek Gurnisson exposed his plot to spark a civil war in the Empire. In spite of Thanquol's best efforts to kill them, Felix and Gotrek survived and rallied the citizens of Nuln to drive the Skaven out of the city. Half the city was destroyed, along with the entire Warlord clan assigned to execute his military plan. That Clan Skab had been a threat to the Council of Thirteen was unbeknownst to Thanquol at the time, but the cunning Grey Seer quickly claimed credit and exploited the situation to his advantage. What most Skaven remember is that Thanquol smashed a treacherous clan and not that he failed in his main mission with severe losses. Now Thanquol continually plots the demise of the pair in ever more excessive and agonising ways, but so far the heroes have evaded every elaborate trap and ambush he has laid for them.





	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thanquol	5	3	3	3	4	3	6	1	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**MAGIC:** Thanquol is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin and/or Lore of Plague. In addition, he knows the *Curse of the Horned Rat* spell.

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, **Strength in Numbers**, **Verminous Valour**.

**Warpstone Addiction:** *Thanquol is addicted to warpstone and has been known to liberally use the raw Chaos matter, revelling in the visions of carnage and bloodshed it sends dancing through his brain. While this has unhinged his sanity, it does also have its advantages. Thanquol can absorb quantities of the precious stuff with few side effects save for occasional eye-bulging facial twitches or a suspicion that his own whiskers are following him.*

When casting a spell, if Thanquol rolls a 1 with any power dice generated by a Warpstone Token, he can re-roll the dice. The second result will cause a wound on a roll of 1 or a 2.

**Blessing of the Horned Rat:** *Thanquol undoubtedly bears the blessing of the Horned Rat. Innumerable times his precognitive powers or have warned him of some impending danger or some sixth sense has made him change his plans for no tangible reason and so saved his life. However, the misfortunes which Thanquol avoids invariably strike down someone else nearby. Perhaps this is why the other Skaven fear Thanquol so much...*

Thanquol has the Ward Save (4+) special rule. For every wound Thanquol saves, one friendly model within 6" (owning player's choice) takes a wound instead. Normal saves apply. If no friendly model is within 6" the Wound fails to deflect anywhere and is ignored.

"Ahh, man-things. Fools, fools all. Perhaps their lack of fur makes their brain go cold and soft-soft? Easily bought they are. Believe whatever you tell them, they do, if shiny-shiny gold is in it for them. When they fight, which is seldom for they are all cowards, their idiot leaders march to the front, eschewing the traditional proper place towards the rear of the line where they can better survey the whole battle and thus make the best decisions on how to win or lead a retreat, not that you will ever need to run from man-things. Their pale furless skin will not even slow a Skaven blade. I can tell you for true, man-things are weak. What of dwarf-things you ask? Always-always avoid orange furred dwarf things or die-die you will, and that right quick-quick."

- Grey Seer Thanquol

## MAGIC ITEMS:

### Amulet of the Horned One (Talisman)

*It is not clear from where the Amulet of the Horned One came. Some claim it is a gift from the Horned One himself, and its history supports this view. It is said that the Amulet first appeared around the neck of the dreaded Scrench, a Seer Lord of no small skill. For as long as he wore it, he could survive the worst treacheries, recovering from knife wounds, spells, and even poisoning. One day, though, when confronted by a group of his students, he prepared to destroy them all when the Amulet vanished from around his neck. Fearing he had lost the favour of the Horned Rat, he tried to flee but fell to the wicked knives of his former apprentices. Since Scrench's death, the Amulet of the Horned One has changed hands many times, and most recently hangs from the neck of the infamous Grey Seer Thanquol himself. The pure warpstone talisman worn by Thanquol is a powerful defensive item as well as a badge of office.*

As long as Thanquol has at least a single Wound remaining, at the beginning of each of his turns, Thanquol can use the amulet to heal himself. On a roll of 5+, Thanquol regains a single Wound.

### Staff of the Horned One (Arcane Item)

*This long staff is made of blackened wood and capped with a Warpstone symbol of the Lord of Decay. Believed to be the symbol of authority of the first Grey Seer, it has a long and colourful history, having changed hands dozens of times since its creation. The Grey Seer Thanquol came into possession of this Staff early in his career after murdering his mentor and teacher. It marks him out as one who speaks for the Horned Rat.*

The Staff of the Horned One gives Thanquol an additional spell.

## BONERIPPER

The Council hailed Thanquol's battle in Nuln as a great success. The Warlord clan eliminated in the fighting had planned rebellion against the Council and half of Nuln was destroyed in the battle – an excellent trade in their eyes. In recognition of his (somewhat modified) successes and as a gesture of reconciliation for past discrepancies, Thanquol has been given a very special gift by the Council of Thirteen – a mutant Rat Ogre bodyguard which he has named Boneripper in memory of his previous bodyguard which met a premature end at the hands of Gotrek. Over the years Thanquol has not been lucky with bodyguards, losing many in a variety of horrible ways. The Warlock Engineers hired Clan Eshin adepts to retrieve the remains of Thanquol's first Rat Ogre bodyguard, from a museum in Nuln. They repaired the damage done to the creature's bones by Gotrek Gurnisson's rune-axe and used them as the frame for a powerful mechanical construct. Animated by Clan Skryre's dark sorcery, Boneripper has been reborn as a mindless, warpstone-powered killing machine, ready to obey Thanquol's orders.



The latest Boneripper is akin to all Rat Ogres, only greater in every respect: more muscle-bound, bestial, and absolutely hostile towards everyone save Thanquol and its creator. He is also outfitted with the latest and most devastating weaponry. Thus, when Thanquol met his 'improved' Boneripper, the beast bore a warfire thrower upon each of its four arms – enough firepower to immolate entire enemy regiments. For closer encounters, warp braziers can be affixed – wrecking balls of burning warpstone that struck with the impact of falling meteors.

Despite his callous and self-centred ways, Thanquol has always been fond of his Bonerippers. This was not so much an emotional attachment as it was the simple relief of knowing that he is watched over by a sturdy and loyal, albeit mindless, bodyguard. Naturally, with his protector now grown huge and better armed than ever, Thanquol's appreciation has likewise increased. The new Boneripper is so large that the Grey Seer can scramble up its back, using it as a monstrous mount of sorts.

Thanquol and Boneripper make a fearsome duo, the arcane might of the Grey Seer complementing the savage brawn of the giant Rat Ogre. While some may have pointed out that Thanquol's blessings are merely down to good fortune, the Grey Seer himself claims that, this time, his genius cannot be denied. It is possible that all cower before him because of his towering Rat Ogre – but Thanquol knows it simply to be his rightful due. With Boneripper's sturdy, if mindless, help, and his own twitchy, yet invaluable, paranoia, Thanquol once again seeks to serve the Lords of Decay (and himself, of course) to the best of his abilities.

*Thanquol paced. The plan was not going well. Surely, thought Thanquol, he was the most potent of mage-rats, the most exalted of the Council's agents. Why then, did the Lords of Decay keep sending him inferiors to work with? Warlord Skrich of Clan Krik had jeopardised the task of destroying Citadelle La Bond. True, Thanquol had promised the drawbridges would be down, but that had been the fault of those worthless Gutter Runners.*

*Yes, the poison Thanquol bought for them turned out to be so watered down as to be safely drinkable, but he had saved many warptokens. Thanquol gnawed his pale, rubbery tail, recalling how the Duke had counterattacked, sending the Clanrats fleeing. The fool Assassin should have already slain that mauling! Of course Thanquol had reassigned the Assassin to kill several upstart Skaven in his own ranks, a mission from which the Clan Eshin agent never returned. Such failures could only be devious sabotage! But who, thought Thanquol, would dare match wits with so mighty a personage as himself? The hidden foe must be dangerous indeed.*

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Boneripper	6	3	1	5	5	4	1	4	10
Boneripper Mk II	6	3	1	6	5	5	1	5	10

**TROOP TYPE:** Monstrous Infantry (Boneripper), Monster (Boneripper Mk II).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Unbreakable.

**Bodyguard of Thanquol:** If, at the start of any friendly turn, Boneripper is not within 12" of Thanquol, then he is programmed to shut down. While shut down, Boneripper cannot do anything at all, and in combat he will be hit automatically and will not strike back. If the game ends while Boneripper is shut down, he counts as a casualty. If Thanquol is slain or flees off the table, Boneripper is removed as a casualty as well.

**Warpfire Thrower:** Boneripper may fire one Warpfire Thrower each turn, while Boneripper Mk II can fire two Warpfire Throwers each turn. These attacks are completely resolved one at a time, and may be directed at different targets if desired. Because Boneripper Mk II has four Warpfire Throwers, he may re-roll all failed rolls To Wound with them.

Each Warpfire Thrower fires like a Fire Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	5	Flaming Attacks, Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3), Slow to Fire

In case a Misfire is rolled, Boneripper suffers a Wound with no saves allowed.



## UPGRADES:

**Warpfire Braziers:** Thanquol's latest Boneripper can switch out his warpfire projectors for something more suited to close combat; warpfire braziers. Trailing green flame like some sickened meteor, these enormous wrecking balls allow Boneripper to pulverise stone or smash through armour with ease.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	+1	Flaming Attacks, Magical Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3), Warp-fumes

**Warp-fumes:** At the beginning of any Close Combat phase all models in base contact (friend or foe) with Boneripper Mk II must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single wound with the Ignores Armour Saves and Magical Attacks special rules. All Clan Pestilens models gain a +1 bonus for these tests. Because Boneripper Mk II has four Warpfire Braziers, he may re-roll all failed rolls To Wound with them.



# QUEEK HEADTAKER

## Right Claw of Clan Mors

Warlord Queek Headtaker is the personal champion and right claw to Warlord Gnawdwell, grand ruler of Clan Mors and member of the Council of Thirteen. Warlord Gnawdwell has groomed Queek as his lieutenant since his birthing, supplying him with the best armour and weapons, protecting him from the other Lords of Decay and staging attempted assassinations to keep Queek on his toes. That Queek has risen so high in arguably the most powerful Warlord clan is a credit to the terrible violence he unleashes on any in his way. Queek's vicious streak and vitriolic temper, along with his immense ego, are legendary amongst Skaven, who regard such traits as greatly admirable.

The majority of Queek's exploits have been in the tunnels, lairs, and abandoned Dwarfholds beneath the surface of the world. The Warlord's fame grows as word of his bloody deeds spreads through the Under-Empire. Queek is feared by the Goblins and respected by the Orc tribes. Dwarfs have great hatred for Queek, whose name appears regularly in the Book of Grudges. Warlord Queek has led several armies into battle against the Dwarf strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains and against the notorious Night Goblin Warlord Skarsnik, who holds the upper levels of Karak Eight Peaks in an iron grip.

By sheer audacity, Queek claimed a mighty prize from the scavenge-hoard – Dwarf Gouger, a weapon forged during the beginning of the war with the beardedthings. Lost for centuries, Dwarf Gouger was recovered deep

in the Night Goblin lairs near the ruins of Karak Drazh. At the time Queek was a mere Chieftain, but it was widely believed that he led the attacks that claimed the darksome hole for Clan Mors. In fact, it hadn't been Queek, but he claimed it had been with conviction and slew any who denied him, and was therefore granted first scavenge rights. So it was that the wicked maul, ideal for punching through steel plate, once more became the bane of the Dwarfs. Queek has perfected a furious windmill style of attack, fighting simultaneously with Dwarf Gouger and a barbed sword – slashing, puncturing, and snapping with his razor-sharp teeth.

Queek has enjoyed considerable success in these forays to date, most notably in the Battle of the North Stair where he led Clan Mors warriors in a surprise raid on the unprepared Night Goblin guards through an old sewer outlet. The Clanrats quickly swarmed over the surprised Goblins, killing most of them and enslaving the rest. Warlord Queek personally slew the Night Goblin chief, shattering the Goblins' resistance and enhancing his own fearsome reputation in the process. Queek's vitriolic temper and immense ego are well known amongst the Skaven and greatly admired.

Although his scarlet-armoured Stormvermin often accompany him, Warlord Queek takes pleasure in personally dispatching enemy leaders. Supremely confident of his own considerable abilities, and brave

### SKA BLOODTAIL

*Ska Bloodtail of Clan Mors is the right paw of Queek Headtaker and the lieutenant of Queek's elite, the Red Guard. He is referenced as dim-witted, brutish and stupid. However he is capable, loyal and fearless by Skaven standards. Although his unmatched loyalty is by far his most defining feature, he has stood unflinching before one of the chosen of the Horned Rat, the Grey Seer, Razzel to protect Queek from malicious magic. Taken a dagger in the heart to save Queek from a Clan Rictus ambush led by Toskitt, without thinking of his own well being, Ska has also diligently shoved his warlord out of cave inns, consequently exposing himself to the rubble. More important yet, he is still alive to protect his superior. He is what every Skaven wants in a lackey, but sorely lacks. Despite this Ska Bloodtail is probably the only Skaven, in the entirety of the under-empire that has the strength of arm to commands Queek's respect, the loyalty to ensure his trust and meekness to survive in his position as the underling of Queek Headtaker.*







beyond any Skaven measure, Queek goes out of his way to find worthy opponents to challenge in hand-to-hand combat. In his arrogance Queek carries the severed heads of his latest opponents on a trophy rack to remind followers – and Warlord Gnawdwell – of the fighting prowess of the almighty Warlord Queek, the Headtaker, the Dwarf-smiter. Adorned upon spikes in Queek's collection are Krug Ironhand of Karak Drazh, Ikit Slash of Fester Spike, the bones of Goblin Warboss Drokskar, and the hands of Baron Albrecht Kraus of Averland. He has been the target of countless assassination attempts by rival Warlords and jealous members of his own Clan, but Queek seems to have an uncanny ability to survive these encounters and exact his brutal revenge.

Warlord Gnawdwell relies on Queek, dispatching him to break enemy lines, storm defenses, and bring victory to Clan Mors. At the same time Warlord Gnawdwell continues to hire Assassins to slay the Headtaker. All of this non-stop violence keeps Queek on his toes; too busy to scheme for Gnawdwell's ruling position.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Queek Headtaker	5	7	6	4	4	3	7	4	8

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, **Strength in Numbers**, **Hatred (Dwarfs, Orcs & Goblins)**.

**Trophy Heads:** Queek must issue or accept challenges whenever possible. When fighting in a challenge, Queek gains +1 To Hit and To Wound.

**The Red Guard:** *It takes a fierce Skaven to survive the underground slaughterways of the City of Pillars. To join the most elite claw-units of all Clan Mors, a Skaven has to possess extraordinary strength, agility and martial prowess. Queek Headtaker personally takes part in the selection and training of his elite Red Guard Stormvermin. He keeps ten claws of these troops, each a hundred strong, as his personal force of bodyguards. They are given the best arms, armour and feeding of all the troops under his command. In battle, the Red Guard serve dutifully well as Queek's honour guard, or as the spiked fist of his assault force.*

Queek must always be accompanied by his Red Guard, and may join no other unit. The Red Guard are a unit of Stormvermin with an additional +1 Strength. Queek must deploy with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

### MAGIC ITEMS:

#### Dwarf-Gouger (Magic Weapon)

*Dwarf-Gouger is a wicked Skaven weapon dating back to their early history when the Skaven battled relentlessly against the Dwarfs in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Its curved blade is deeply etched with twisted markings of epithets and curses against the Dwarfish race, and each engraving is filled with the dried blood of countless stout folk. Against Dwarfs, it inflicts horrendous wounds, and it is capable of slicing through the finest armour with ease.*

Two hand weapons. Attacks with this weapon have the Ignores Armour saves special rule. In addition, against Dwarfs, it always wounds on a 2+.

#### Warpstone Armour (Magic Armour)

*Queek often wears magical armour made of metal mixed with powdered warpstone during the forging process. Wrought within the great warpforges underneath Skavenblight, this armour radiates a poisonous aura. It is inscribed with runes to draw the malign influence of the Horned Rat around the wearer. Enemies who strike the armour are in turn blasted with its evil power.*

Heavy armour. For each successful armour save made in close combat, the armour inflicts a Strength 5 hit against the enemy that struck the blow.

#### The Foul Pendant (Talisman)

*Gifts from the Council of Thirteen to their most dedicated and accomplished followers, Foul Pendants often switch hands soon after they are awarded. They are tokens in the form of a simple rat skull strung upon an iron chain. Sickly green smoke radiates from this rat-skull token. This solidifies before incoming attacks; returning to smoke once more when the blow is deflected.*

The Foul Pendant gives Queek the Ward Save (5+) special rule.

"Kill-Kill!"

- Warlord Queek Headtaker



# SKREECH VERMINKING

## The Rat King

Amongst the Children of the Horned Rat there was a legend that one day, the thirteen-headed one would rise. It was said that this Rat King would usher in a new era, bringing closer the day when the Great Horned One would come forth and the entire world would be made into a nest-lair of ruination. This mythical figure would prove to be Skreech Verminking, mightiest of the Verminlords.

Verminking's tale began long ago, in a different age of the world. After the defeat of Nagash of Cripple peak, the Skaven grew strong and proliferated. Deep they tunnelled under the worlds Edge Mountains, establishing many lair-nests. In Nagash's absence, the Skaven had been poised to claim swathes of the surface world, and the Horned Rat was pleased. Yet his pride soon turned to wrath, as petty rivalries and internal strife bled all momentum from the Skaven's progress.

In anger, the Skaven deity plucked up each of the Lords of Decay, placing them in a dark hole within his realm. There they were rejoined with the members of their Council who had been killed by Nagash's spell – for the Horned Rat had debated about how to reward these supplicants. How long the Lords of Decay remained in that pit was unknown, for time

passes strangely in all the corners of that shadowy limbo. In that hellish pit, there was nothing to sustain the fallen Lords of Decay except the scraps of failed plots thrown to them by the Horned Rat. So, day after day, year after year, the disgraced Lords of Decay could do nothing but gnaw upon missed opportunities, point claws at one another, and bicker.

In the end, the Horned Rat relented. Besides, he was fond of his children, flaws and all, and since then no single Council had surpassed the deeds of that banished group. With an enormous claw, the Horned Rat drew forth his errant congregants. What emerged from out of that pit, however, was not twelve Lords of Decay, but a single entity - a hideous amalgamation of the entire Council of Thirteen. Twisted and tail-locked, they were now one, squirming creature. The Horned Rat looked over the creation he had wrought and deemed it would not quite do. With a searing bolt of black lightning, the rat god formed the twisted shape into a form more pleasing to him – that of a Verminlord – and with a final, vomitous belch, he anointed it with a portion of his own godly power. Horns still sprouting and twisting, the Verminlord rose from this baptism of filth, and thus was Skreech Verminking born.

Verminking was a Verminlord like no other. He incorporated within his being the stealth of Clan Eshin, the arcane talents of the grey seers, the technological insight of Clan Skryre, the flesh-crafting skills of Clan Moulder, and the warrior ambition of the Warlord Clans. Although Clan Pestilens had not yet been formed at the time of Nagash's fall, the forebears of their founders were upon that Council of Thirteen, and they too now resided within Skreech's twisted body. In this manner, Verminking bore great knowledge of disease, along with a burning zeal to spread that corruption in the name of the Horned Rat.

At long last, after so much time in the black pit, Verminking was free. He glared into the mortal realm, scratching at the ever thinning walls that separated the shadowy realm of ruin from the world of mortals.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skreech Verminking	8	8	4	6	6	6	10	5	8

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster (Special Character).

**MAGIC:** Skreech Verminking is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin, Lore of Plague and/or Lore of Stealth. In addition, he knows the *Curse of the Horned Rat* spell.

**SPECIAL RULES:** **Daemonic.**

**Master of Ruin:** Skreech Verminking re-rolls failed casting attempts when attempting to cast *Curse of the Horned Rat*.

**Ruinous Arsenal:** Skreech Verminking is armed with two Magic Weapons: a Doom Glaive and a Plaguereaper (see Verminlords). At the start of each Close Combat phase, you must declare which weapon he is going to use for that turn.



# NURGLITCH

## Arch-Plaguelord of Clan Pestilens

Nurglitch was the first of the Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens, and was responsible not only for their ascension as a clan and their seat on the Council of Thirteen, but also for the corruption that gnarls their bodies and marks their souls.

Nurglitch is accompanied by his attendant, Bilios, and rides atop the gigantic mutant rat Nurglitch simply calls Pox. So great is the aura of vileness around Nurglitch that he causes great fear in his foes. Such is his passion for all things putrid that Nurglitch is not only constantly hateful of all enemies, but also is perpetually in a state of frenzy that inspires others to do the same as well.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nurglitch	5	6	3	4	5	3	5	3	7
Bilios	5	3	3	3	-	-	3	2	6
Pox	7	3	0	4	4	1	5	2	2

**TROOP TYPE:** Cavalry (Special Character, Clan Pestilens).

**MAGIC:** Nurglitch is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Terror.



**The Passion of the Putrid:** Nurglitch and Bilios are subject to Frenzy and Hatred. Such is the inspirational effect Nurglitch has on his army that no Clan Pestilens units will lose their Frenzy whilst Nurglitch is still alive.

**Scion of Corruption:** The Plague Lord is so favoured by his vile god that he has a Ward Save (5+). In addition, neither Nurglitch nor any unit he joins will ever suffer wounds from spells cast from the Lore of Plague or Lore of Nurgle. Furthermore, they automatically pass the test for the effects of plague censors.

**The Grim Ague:** Nurglitch carries the Grim Ague, a horrible disease that permeates even the air that he breathes.

Any non-Clan Pestilens unit within 6" of Nurglitch suffer -1 to their Weapon Skill. Furthermore, any such model in base contact with Nurglitch at the end of any close combat phase automatically takes a Strength 4 hit with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule that counts towards combat resolution.



### MAGIC ITEMS:

#### Blade of Nurglitch (Magic Weapon)

*The Blade of Corruption has long been a treasured artefact from the days when Clan Pestilens haunted the lands of Lustria. A vile weapon, it has a long wavy edge and drips a foul green fluid from its rip. The Skaven whisper that this weapon was forged in the earliest days of Skaven history and was cooled in the blood of Slann. Blessed by the special ointments of the Plaguelord, this blade is filth-encrusted. Even a scratch from such a rusty weapon can turn into instant infection.*

Enemy models lose 1 point of Toughness from their profile for each Wound they suffer from this blade.

#### Bubonic Sceptre (Arcane Item)

*This unremarkable-looking sceptre throbs with the essence of every disease indigenous to Lustria. The Bubonic Sceptre can be used to inflict vile contagions on Nurglitch's enemies.*

Bound Spell, power level 5. The Bubonic Sceptre contains a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18". Roll a D6 for every model in the unit. For every roll of a 6, that unit suffers a wound with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.



# LORD SKROLK

## Plaguelord of Clan Pestilens

Lord Skrolk is one of the Plaguelords, the rulers of Clan Pestilens, a favoured devotee of the Horned Rat and the prime agent under the direct command of the Arch-Plaguelord Nurglitch, he-who-is-tenth on the Council. Corrupted and bloated, Lord Skrolk's flesh hangs in rotting tatters over his bones, and his eyes are oozing, empty sockets. It was the sight of the radiant corruption of the Arch-Plaguelord that caused Skrolk to claw out his own eyes, as he wished to see no other vision to obscure that last glimpse of perfection. But the Horned Rat provides... despite empty sockets, Skrolk moves assuredly and claims a magical sight that sees in vivid hues of decay. Now diabolic vitality bums through his limbs and by the blessing of the Horned Rat he sees the world again, but only as the purples and greens of corruption and decay. Despite his seeming blindness Skrolk's reflexes are amazing. He can snatch a fly out of the air – or rather, he could if any flies were able to enter the aura that emanates from his loathsome hide. Insects literally drop dead from the noxious fumes surrounding Skrolk, and only extreme devotees can abide his presence. The noisome diseases which

cling to Skrolk's putrescent body is so vilely potent that only his brother Plague Monks can approach him in relative safety.

Lord Skrolk is very old and unutterably evil. By the blessing of the Horned Rat, he has lived many times the span of even the most long-lived of his foul kind, has and unleashed unspeakable woes upon the world of men. Rather than weakening with age, Lord Skrolk is possessed with a diabolic vitality that belies the years and the heaped diseases he carries. That Lord Skrolk walks the world is an affront to nature and a sign of the power of the Great Horned Rat. Plants wither and die where Skrolk treads and the very air about him seems to congeal and darken, as if stained by his baleful presence. Indeed, Skrolk is bent and gnarled under the weight of countless corruptions. The flesh that is not hidden by his tattered shroud is leathery and covered in a layer of dripping buboes. Even worse, the mysterious hunching growths framed by the robes promise something still more virulent. Each new pox only toughens the aged Plague Monk, who has himself





become a disease that walks. His knowledge of the virulent diseases of Clan Pestilens is beyond compare, and he has unleashed many noisome plagues across the known world, ravaging civilisations and wiping out entire settlements.

At the beginning of his life Skrolk was a simple Plague Monk but his devotion to the Hornet Rat drew him up the long struggle for power which eventually led him to Skavenblight to offer his services to Nurglitch, the seventh Arch-Plaguelord. Nurglitch-who-is-seventh set him many long and arduous trials, including traversing the insanely dangerous Blindwyrms Labyrinth beneath Clan Pestilens' hold in Lustria. Success came to Skrolk in all things.

In battle Lord Skrolk leads from the front so he can unleash his rabid fury. Lord Skrolk is a powerful warrior well capable of slaying any challengers to his position as the Arch-Plaguelord's favoured agent. Most fearsome of his weapons is the Rod of Corruption, a dreadful rod of spiderwood which can slay with a single touch. He also bears one of the sacred volumes of the Liber Bubonicus or Book of Woe, a magical tome which contains the secrets of every disease and plague in the world. Lord Skrolk has spent long centuries drawing together the alchemical and occult knowledge hidden in its pages to make himself into a potent sorcerer steeped in the ways of death and decay.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord Skrolk	5	6	4	4	5	3	6	4	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character, Clan Pestilens).



**MAGIC:** Skrolk is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

**SPECIAL RULES:** **Frenzy, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Terror.**

**Aura of Pestilence:** Any models in base contact with Lord Skrolk suffer -1 on all of their To Hit rolls. All Clan Pestilens models are immune to such effects.

**MAGIC ITEMS:**

**Rod of Corruption (Magic Weapon)**

*The Rod of Corruption is a dreadful staff of spiderwood, iron-capped with spikes and covered in writhing runes of power. Many censers hang from its chains, wafting foul vapours. It seethes with the foul energies of pestilence and corruption, and for any creature other than Lord Skrolk to wield it would mean certain death.*

Plague Censer. Models hit by the rod must pass a single Toughness test (regardless of the number of hits) or instantly decay and die with no saves of any kind allowed. If the victim passes the Toughness test, roll To Wound as normal.

**The Liber Bubonicus (Arcane Item)**

*This foul book is inscribed with the clandestine lores of corrupt magic, and contains the secrets of every pestilence and plague in the world. Every disease created and every foul experiment must be marked down in the Liber Bubonicus, the Book of Woe. This is the collected wisdom of Clan Pestilens, a manifesto of corruption and plague since the clan's emergence in the Lustrian jungles. Each Plague Deacon must track and record the many developed strains of death - both their composition and their effect on the living. Each of the different sects or orders of Plague Monks keep their own Book of Woe, updated daily by a Plague Priest, a devotee who has long studied the poisonous volume. Each vile tome is key to all Clan Pestilens rituals and its loss would be unbearable to an order of Plague Monks. Once every 13 full turns of Morrslieb, all Plague Priests must travel to the Southlands to the hidden temple-capital of Clan Pestilens and present their book to Arch Plaguelord Nurglitch. Thus are new diseases recorded in the master Book of Woe, a tome so dangerous that few can abide its presence and live.*

Bound Spell (power level 5). The Liber Bubonicus contains a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". When cast, roll a D6 to see the effect:

**D6 Result**

**1 Squeaking, Squealing Nonsense.** No effect.

**2-4 A Withering Pox.** Each model in the unit suffers a Strength 1 hit with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

**5-6 Death Plague.** Each model in the unit suffers a Strength 2 hit with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.



# DEATHMASTER SNIKCH

## Chief Assassin of Clan Eshin

The Skaven adepts of Clan Eshin have been responsible for countless murders and killings throughout the years all over the Known World. Their tracks are almost impossible to follow, and their perfectly executed assassinations occur even in the most seemingly protected of places. Amongst these elite assassins there is one who is feared above all, and even other high ranking Skaven Master Assassins quake at his name: Deathmaster Snikch.

Deathmaster Snikch is the infamous Chief Assassin of Clan Eshin and prime agent of Lord Sneek, Lord of Decay and Nightlord of Clan Eshin. He is the most feared and successful Skaven assassin of all time. His infamy is only exceeded by the mystery which surrounds his whereabouts at any particular time. Lord Sneek ensures that this is the case – as long as no one knows the location of his chief assassin no one can feel safe. The mere mention of the Deathmaster causes the musky smell of fear to rise from the Skaven masses, for no one is safe from his reach, no matter where they are or how well protected. Deathmaster Snikch has appeared all over the Old World at one time or another, seldom being seen.

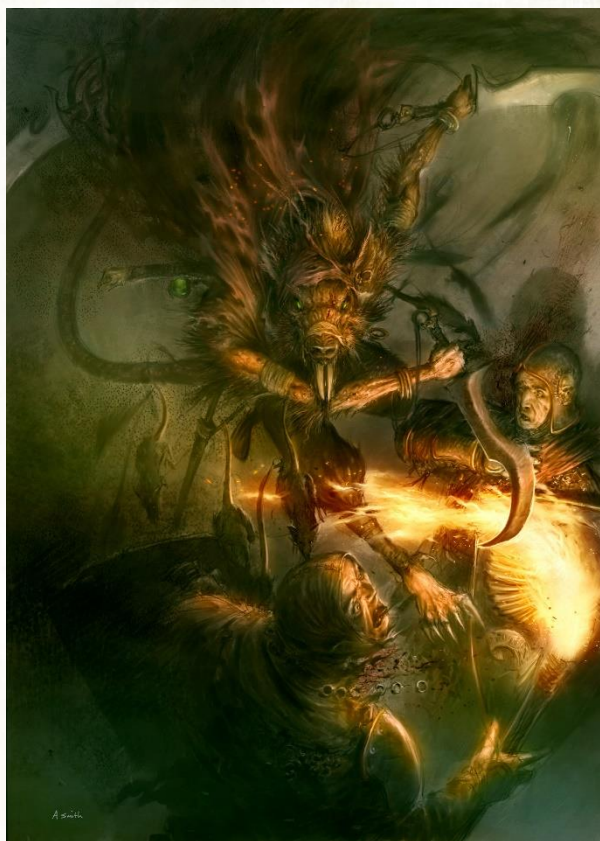
Shrouded in legend, Deathmaster Snikch is a figure of dread speculation, a rumour of sudden death. The mere thought of Clan Eshin's most deadly killer causes Warlords to squint at shadows. Speculation of Snikch's

deeds or whereabouts runs up and down the Underway. This suits Lord Sneek. As long as no one knows Snikch's real location, then no clan can feel safe. The ramifications of such mystique are always considered by Clan Eshin and the Council of Thirteen. Once deployed, Deathmaster Snikch does not fail, but the list of targets grows more quickly than even this perfect killer can eliminate them.

His shadowy presence is often felt, though almost never seen, and the number of Clan Warlords who have fallen beneath his weeping blades are countless. Innumerable assassinations all across the Old World and beyond have been attributed to him. An almost supernatural figure, Snikch strikes from the darkness before disappearing once more, the only evidence of his passing being his distinctive symbol traced in blood beside the decapitated heads of his victims. Warlord Sskut of Murkpit had his neatly removed head stacked atop 100 heads from his Stormvermin bodyguard. When Southlands Clan Festerlingus began selling their own mutated mix of Giant Rat and alligator, it was Snikch's mark that was scrawled over the mutators' bodies. Such rituals are enacted when the Nightlord wants to seed terror, an example to those that cross Clan Eshin or the Council.

Of course such gory rituals are only enacted when the Nightlord feels that an example should be made, usually to other defiant Skaven. In the lands of men, Elves and Dwarfs it is harder still to divine the Deathmaster's presence, save perhaps by effect and implication only. For example, the bizarre deaths of Frederick Hasselhoffen and his entire household during the Emperor's Grand Ball in Altdorf have never been explained to this day. And the fate of the Celestial Wizard Heinrich Frisen, found flayed in his observatory tower with the door still locked from the inside, left city watch officials mystified. Many muttered about daemons but the truly erudite know that daemons seldom leave so few clues.

Many numbers of high-ranking Empire officials have been found brutally murdered, often within earshot of their personal guard. There seems to be no defence against the masterful assassins responsible for these executions – the captain-marshal of the Knights of the Everlasting Light, Dreherborg, was found with his throat slit in his bedchambers, despite being located in the highest spire of the order's heavily guarded castle. His door and windows were heavily locked, and the only feasible entrance to the room was above a sheer cliff of nearly five hundred feet. Often the elite guards of these high-ranking individuals are found slain along with their lords, many not even having time to draw their weapons. Such killings have made many within the Empire become increasingly paranoid and fearful,





for it would seem that these assassins can strike anywhere and anytime. The Emperor himself is much troubled by these assassinations, with so many foreign ambassadors within the borders of his empire, including High Elves, Dwarfs and Bretonnians, he fears what would happen should any of those under his protection meet with an untimely end.

In recent years, many of the most baffling and awe-inspiring killings have been attributed to the feared Deathmaster. The mysterious slaying of the Dwarf Lord Dolthorden, found locked within his chamber with his throat slit, despite his near impenetrable stronghold teeming with his bodyguard of Hammerers, was said to have been the work of the Deathmaster.

Some say that he dwelt within the halls of the Dwarf hold Karaz-a-Karak for an entire winter, preying relentlessly upon the inhabitants. As much as the Dwarfs searched their most ancient and well defended of holds, they never could find the silent assassin. Many a noble Dwarf joined the Slayer cult in dishonour as the Deathmaster continually evaded capture and circumvented even the most vigilant of guards to strike his lethal blows. High King Thorgrim lost two of his sons and his daughter to the blades of

Snikch, so it is said, and yet the unseen assassin was barely glimpsed by the Dwarfs. None were more angered, frustrated and grief-stricken by this than the High King, and to make things worse, he knew not what name to add to the famed Great Book of Grudges other than the name Gorakthag-throk, which translates roughly as 'murder-daemon of darkness'. He ordered the gates of Karaz-a-Karak sealed, locking the assassin in with the Dwarfs, for he believed that none could remain hidden indefinitely. This was proven wrong however, when it was discovered that one of the many cunningly hidden secret entrances to the hold had been opened from the inside and its guards slain, each one found with a throwing star embedded in the neck.

Other stories attributed to the Deathmaster in recent years involve the killing of the famed Grail Knight Boragild of L'Anguille, a noble knight and victor of countless wars who was beloved across the entirety of Bretonnia. This epitome of knightly honour had his spine severed as he prayed, sending the entire nation into mourning.

The Deathmaster has been unleashed upon the world above but it is harder to divine his presence. Almost assuredly the fate of the Celestial Wizard Heinrich

A small, black-clad shape emerged from the still water of the moat without stirring a ripple. The figure skittered up the muddy embankment and drew near the towering wall, beady eyes glinting from deep within its cowl. Crouching momentarily, the small black figure leapt up the sheer stone wall and began scampering up the vertical face, moving swiftly, using the merest cracks as handholds. The clouded night sky parted for a moment, and moonlight shone brightly; and the dark figure froze, blending into the stonework. As soon as the clouds covered the moon once more, it continued its rapid ascent.

Easily a 150 feet above the ground, the dark figure paused just below the battlements. A guard walked along the wall, his boots scuffing. The stench of man-thing filled the killer's nostrils, and its whiskers twitched. The guard let out a loud yawn and passed just above the figure clinging to the wall.

Scampering silently over the battlements, the Skaven crept up behind the guard and clamped a furred hand over his mouth, in the same movement slipping a knife into his back, severing his spine instantly.

Leaving the body where it fell, the Skaven assassin shimmied down the inside of the wall before dropping to the ground inside the fortress. Moving swiftly, it rounded a corner and came face to face with another guard. Without pausing, the assassin's hand flashed out and the man fell to his knees even as the Skaven raced past him, blood gurgling from his throat as his hands clutched in futility at the throwing star embedded in his neck.

Scampering up another sheer wall in the space of a single breath, the Skaven climbed onto the rooftops and began running swiftly along the steeply angled slate surface that was slick with rain. Reaching the edge, the assassin leapt, effortlessly clearing the 20 foot gap and continuing on towards the large circular dome of the temple, positioned in the centre of the fortress-compound. Pausing on the edge of the high building, the assassin peered intently through the night. Below him, on the third level of the temple opposite, he could see his target through a glassed window, talking to an aide.

Without a second thought, the Skaven assassin launched itself off the building, arms outstretched before it. Smashing through the window opposite, the assassin rolled neatly on the carpeted floor and rose in a fighting crouch with three blades readied - one in each hand and a third clasped in its tail hovering menacingly behind its head, ready to lash out.

The knight-captain and his aide were still recoiling in shock as the assassin lunged forward, moving too fast for the eye to follow. The Skaven hurled one of the knives as it closed on the knight, and the young aide fell silently to the floor, the knife embedded to the hilt in his eye socket. The knight swung a gauntleted fist at the assassin as it approached, but the assassin ducked beneath the blow and rose within the knight's guard, ramming a knife up into his throat.

Ripping the blade free, the assassin turned without a sound and ran to the broken window. Without a backwards glance, Deathmaster Snikch leapt out into the darkness. Minutes later shouts were heard throughout the fortress, and armed guards rushed through the night. The Deathmaster, however, had disappeared into the dark.



Frisen, found flayed in his still-locked observatory tower, was the work of Snikch. Some speculated about Daemons, but the truly erudite know Daemons seldom leave so few clues. The Dwarf Lord Dromgar, brother to King Belegar of Karak Eight Peaks, was slain in a heavily fortified stronghold. That Dromgar is still missing his head points strongly to the ultimate killer. While a master of murder, it is likely that Snikch is also behind many of the ratmen's most devious acts of sabotage. The Great Fire of Lothorn, the bombing of the Imperial Navy in the Reiksport, and the destruction of Dwarf Engineer Thornik Thorson's Iron Cog-dragon on the eve of the Battle of the Bitter Peaks – who knows how many of the world's disasters are the work of Snikch? What other horrors the Deathmaster has perpetrated? How many ships have sunk or foundered with mysterious leaks or severed rigging, how many towns have been consumed by fire or pestilence released from the sewers below?

The Deathmaster was instrumental in the sudden rise of the Warlord Clan Mors and in the pre-eminence of Clan Skryre. Nevertheless, the rumours around Skavenblight speak of the arrogance of the Lord of Decay Morskittar, the leader of Clan Skryre. It has reached new heights with the Clan's rise to power. Apparently this has displeased Lord Sneek, the Lord of Decay and Nightlord of Clan Eshin - and master of Snikch. The Deathmaster has recently been conducting a series of assassinations to remind Clan Skryre of the power of Clan Eshin.

Amongst the higher echelons of Clan Eshin it is believed that in recent years the Deathmaster has been far to the east, in Cathay and Nippon, where he first learnt his deadly craft. There he continued to master the finer points of his grisly trade. Many even believe that having learnt all he could, he slew his ancient teacher, a common practice amongst Clan Eshin once a student overtakes the master in competency.

Any appearance by this masterful assassin is much feared, but to make matters worse, he has not returned from the Far East alone; he brings with him his Triad adepts – assassins personally trained by Snikch who work in closely bonded teams of three.

Exactly what role the Deathmaster and his Triads will play is as yet undetermined. It is known that the Deathmaster has met with Throt the Unclean of Clan Moulder, and negotiated the purchase of one of the largest and most fearsome mutated creations ever spawned by the Master Mutators. What Clan Eshin intends with this immense burrowing creature is unknown. Some believe that Clan Eshin has forged a pact with the forces of Chaos, and that when the time comes they will be ready to act to the Empire's detriment.

Deathmaster Snikch is preternaturally quick and agile to the point where he can pluck speeding arrows out of the air. Whether this is due to his extraordinary training or some controlled mutation is unknown. The members

of Clan Eshin regard Deathmaster Snikch with reverence and fear, as the greatest assassin the Clan has ever seen.

On the battlefield Deathmaster Snikch is a shadow, able to appear at will. He stalks his victims concealed beneath the magical Cloak of Shadows, its ensorcelled power strong enough to make a mockery of the most intricate defences. His multiple Weeping Blades, including one held in his whip-like tail, weave a deadly steel blur. It is the last thing many leaders see before joining the countless warlords, princes, and notables who have already fallen before the matchless assassin. What the Deathmaster's next mission is to be nobody yet knows. One thing is for sure, if the Deathmaster himself seeks the death of anyone in the Old World, then their demise almost certainly guaranteed. Where the stealthy tread of Deathmaster Snikch falls, no prince or warlord is safe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Deathmaster Snikch	6	8	6	4	4	3	10	5	8

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character, Clan Eshin).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Dodge (5+), Hidden, Poisoned Attacks, Scouts, Scurry Away!, Sensei, Verminous Valour.

#### MAGIC ITEMS:

##### **Bands of Power (Enchanted Item)**

*The Bands of Power are two metal vambraces set with warpstone shards. Magical power coils lazily around the bands until it is summoned forth by ancient invocation, enabling the Deathmaster to fight with incredible strength.*

Bound Spell (power level 4). The Bands of Power contain an **augment** spell that can be cast on Snikch himself. If cast, Snikch will double his Strength until the start of his next Magic phase.

##### **The Cloak of Shadows (Talisman)**

*The Cloak of Shadows is made with secret skills known only to Clan Eshin. Woven from the hair of Clan Eshin murder victims and spider silk, this long black cloak casts a pall over its wearer. Though ancient, the Cloak of Shadows has survived countless wars and attempts to kill its wearer. Stranger still, even though it has been cut, burned, and nearly incinerated, it always repairs itself. Some Skaven believe that the Cloak grows with each kill made by an Assassin. This wretched cloak is foul with the stench of enchantment, weaving shadows of darkness around its wearer that conceals and silences him perfectly.*

Enemy units cannot charge or target Snikch with missile attacks or spells if they are more than 12" away from him. Within 12", he can only be charged or targeted by first rolling a 4+. If the test is failed, the unit may choose a new target as normal. This item has no effect as long as Snikch is Hidden.



# THROT THE UNCLEAN

## Master Mutator of Clan Moulder

The twisted and corpulent Throt the Unclean is of the most powerful and influential members of Clan Moulder, and has exploited that success to position himself as one of the nine Lords of Hell Pit. Throt's rise to power has been marked by an ability to create and lead to battle any number of bloodthirsty creatures, along with a knack for capturing new beasts on which to experiment. Whether it is obtaining Blindwyrms, discovering applications for Trollspleen, or cultivating the best "growing juices" to increase the size of Rat Ogres, few can match the deeds of Throt. His rise through the ranks of Clan Moulder has been carefully watched by the agents of Lord Verminkin, though whether he intends to reward or destroy him remains to be seen.

Throt is one of the oldest living Skaven within Clan Moulder, second only to the Clan's mysterious and ancient Lord of Decay, sitting on the Council of Thirteen. Having lived through several centuries, Throt's lifespan has been extended far beyond its natural course, seemingly indefinitely, by the manipulating effects of warpstone he has been exposed to. Much of Clan Moulder is connected through the bloodline of Throt, for he has spawned literally hundreds of offspring, and they in turn have birthed countless litters. The ranks of Clan Moulder include so many generations of Throt's offspring that he has become something of a patriarch amongst the wealthy clan. Of course, as is the Skaven way, this bloodline conveys no hint of loyalty from his underlings, and he has slain countless numbers of his brood for plotting against him or for posing a threat to his position. His power within the clan has often been undermined by his wary superiors sabotaging his experiments and scheming against him.

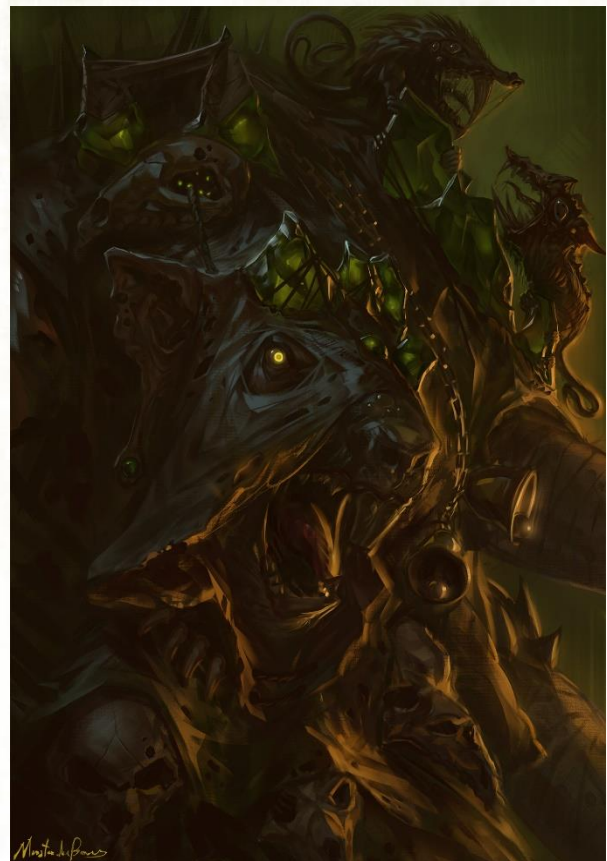
As a result of his excessive contact with the pure warpstone he uses in his mad experiments, Throt has mutated over the years, in mind as well as body. Throt is a fearsome fighter renowned for his fantastic strength, which is so great that he is capable of pinning the strongest Rat Ogre to the ground by the neck using his wickedly spiked creature-killer. As well as his steel-hard muscles, Throt has been blessed with the mutation of a third arm since his birthing that sprouts out of his bloated but powerful frame, and has learned to wield a sword and a man-catcher together with deadly skill.

The effects of a lifetime's work with warpstone can be seen, as great spines of bone have sprouted from his back and his body rages with barely-controlled power as warpstone courses through his veins, suffusing him with prodigious strength and unnatural recuperative powers. His left eye, torn from its socket in a struggle with a rival many years in the past, has been replaced with a shard of glowing warpstone crudely hammered into place, feeding its baleful influence directly into Throt's fevered brain.

The outlawed Tilean scholar, Don Lupo Pirielli, who reportedly encountered Throt the Unclean while journeying to the north of the city of Praag, wrote that the

rat-man seemed almost impervious to harm, and indeed was able to ignore wounds that would have killed any other creature: "And I did see a mighty blow dealt to the foul, bloated creature from one of my bodyguards, a man of particularly stout arm. The blade did pass deeply into the rat-man's gut, but before my very eyes the wound did close, and cease to flow with blood. I fled, pursued for weeks by rabid rats the size of hounds..." The writings of Pirielli have been almost universally condemned, and are generally perceived as the ravings of a man bereft of his mind.

However, the physical strength, longevity and powers of healing that Throt possesses come at a price. The power flowing through him ravages his body, consuming tissue and muscle at an alarming rate. Over many self-developmental experiments, Throt has radically sped up his metabolism and now grows ravenously hungry after exertion. Throt requires constant sustenance and must always gorge himself on all manner of food to keep this unnatural energy from consuming him, and he is beset by an incessant hunger that knows no bounds. The maddening hunger ceaselessly torments him. Where he goes he always carries several pouches stuffed with all manner of vile creatures that bulge and squirm which Throt uses as foodstuffs. He gluttonously crams tremendous amounts of food into his eternally unsatisfied gut. It is the Black Hunger, only worse. Eating more than four times his own body weight daily, Throt maintains such a pace to avoid being ravaged by his own warp-





enhanced constitution. Surly at the best of times, when deprived of food (meaning the instant he stops chewing) Throt becomes mindlessly ferocious. His followers fear to anger the mad Master Mutator, for he has consumed many who have roused his wrath.

Utterly consumed with his disturbing research, Throt has long since lost whatever hint of sanity he once had. His waking hours are filled with his twisted studies, and the depths of his domain echo with the cacophony of tortured cries from the living abominations dwelling there, the horrid results of his unnatural experiments. Cross-breeding all manner of creatures and utilising the mutating effects of warpstone, Throt is ever seeking to create more destructive creatures to set on his enemies and trade with other clans. In his sleep, his corrupted mind is filled with demented dreams, his mind plunging ever deeper within his insane delirium.

Throt has risen steadily through the ranks of Clan Moulder to his position of authority, and his name is feared amongst all the clans. His escalating power is primarily a result of his mad genius, for his skill at creating the twisted creatures of Clan Moulder is prodigious, with no other Master Moulder approaching his insane brilliance in this field.

His superiors and peers quickly realised his talents and sought to murder the upstart. The Lord of Decay quickly intercepted these attempts, punishing those who sought Throt's downfall, making his favour known. Nevertheless, since that time countless assassination attempts have been made on Throt. None has proved successful for Throt has survived even the most grievous of wounds and risen to strike down his would-be murderers. Having involuntarily ingested the most potent of Clan Eshin poisons, he suffered little noticeable effect other than an itching rash. He once survived twenty-three stab wounds, suffered when his Stormvermin betrayed him and plotted his downfall. On one occasion he was practically ripped in half when a 'faulty' portcullis within Skavenblight dropped on him. He dragged his wounded body away from the scene, and within days appeared completely healed.

Over the years, as countless generations of Skaven broods have birthed and perished, Throt has gained more and more influence within the clan. As his power has risen, his reason has steadily declined. This only seems to aid his creative work, and he continues to breed increasingly powerful and disturbing monstrosities. His services are much sought after by the other clans, for it is recognised that those Rat Ogres created under his eye are notably more fierce, incorporating as they do various mechanical attachments and mutations.

In the dark depths of Hell Pit lies the laboratory of Throt, constantly echoing with cries torn from the throats of the living abominations that are Throt's experiments. For every 'successful' creation that Throt breeds, there are countless others that scream in constant pain at their living torture, and are incapable of being used in battle or for any other useful purpose. The Master Mutator, who seems oblivious to their piteous cries, keeps these failed experiments as pets, or sets them loose in the tunnels surrounding his laboratory as a deterrent to those who would interrupt his work.



He works feverishly in his laboratories, rows of bell jars filled with unmentionable organs reflecting crackling warp lightning from hissing copper coils. It was he who created the Flayerkin – fusions of Man, Skaven and metal – and he who creates the scurrying Throtlings who infest the corridors around his laboratory, their bizarre forms united in nothing more than name. Throt has even perfected the process of transplanting minds, albeit at a great cost in raw materials. Strangely, Throt curses the day he pioneered that operation, for the combination of a fierce human intellect and the body of a twelve foot killing machine has proved unexpectedly potent and Lord Verminkin has ordered the production of dozens more.

Constantly dreaming up new ways of creating even more disturbing and dangerous beasts, Throt has travelled widely beneath the Old World and far beyond, searching for new creatures to operate upon. While the vicious battles of Albion raged, he was travelling in the depths of the jungles of Lustria, working alongside the monks of Clan Pestilens that he has formed a tense agreement with. Incorporating the Plague Monks' knowledge of disease and corruption into his own disturbed creations, Throt has created a mutated form of rat-creature, one that is born into the world already carrying a range of fast-acting and lethal contagions, including the lethal choking-froth fever which he has begun to breed within the Skaven underworld. It is said that Throt himself has contracted this disease, though he seems immune to the effects.

There is some speculation as to whether this immunity is a result of his warpstone-enhanced constitution, or some



antidote that is supplied to Throt by the Plague Monks. Some whispers within Skavenblight say that the monks of Clan Pestilens tried to blackmail Throt to gain some control over Clan Moulder. It seemed that Throt came to some form of agreement with the Plague Monks, breeding a new strain of beast to the specifications of the Plague Lords that was perfectly adapted to hunting and killing the cold-blooded creatures dwelling in the hot jungles in exchange for the knowledge of how to create his own antidote.

Throt's latest obsession is his most ambitious project yet, inspired by witnessing some of the immense creatures dwelling within the tropical jungles of Lustria. His fevered, insanely brilliant mind is now consumed with creating a monstrous rat-creature, mutated out of all proportion so that it will tower over even the largest of Rat Ogres.

In recent months, Throt has perceived that the warpstone pervading his realm has grown increasingly potent, glowing brighter as if the entire area was becoming awash in surging waves of energy. Rather than using this newly potent warpstone in smaller quantities, Throt has been using the same amount as he normally would for his experiments, resulting in a spate of bizarre and disturbing mutations that would never otherwise have been possible.

While Throt was engrossed in his experiments, the Black Orc warlord Grimgor Ironhide began a rampage of destruction, heading directly for Hell Pit. Angered that his studies were interrupted, Throt sent many of his twisted creations with the Clanrats of Clan Moulder to combat this threat. As these assaults against the advancing Ore horde were again and again repelled, Throt became increasingly furious, anger and outrage filling his black soul. Gathering around him the most diabolic and disturbing of his recent creations, creatures that had never previously been seen outside his laboratory, Throt determined to destroy this Orc warlord once and for all. Clanrats quaked in fear at the abominations that stalked at their side to combat the threat of the Orcs, but before the enraged Throt came across Grimgor, the Orc warboss turned away from his path towards Hell Pit and vacated the subterranean runnels riddling the land.

Denied the hated target for his rage and spoiling for a fight, Throt turned his attention southwards, towards the lands of the Empire. Reported sightings of mutated rat-like creatures have begun to escalate in the slums of the northern Empire cities, coinciding with an alarming rise in missing people. Thus far however, the city guard have failed to see these reports as anything more than 'fantasies of delusion.' Still, the unexplained disappearances continue, and reports of horrific abominations lurking in the sewers continue to increase.

Throt is active in advancing Clan Moulder's status and it is not unusual to find Throt, accompanied by packs of war-beasts, joining many Skaven battles. When Throt personally joins the fight he wields Creature-killer, a modified things-catcher of his own design that can grab and throttle even beasts the size of a Rat Ogre. Additionally Throt carries a special whip made from Minotaur-hide and cured in Troll digestive juices. Even the hunchbacked and mutated things that scuttle throughout the warrens of Hell Pit fear its stinging pain.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Throt the Unclean	5	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character, Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Fear, Regeneration (4+), Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

**Master Controller:** *Throt holds his position of authority within Clan Moulder through a mixture of fear, respect and brute strength. Skaven cringe under his crazed gaze, and fear the touch of his accursed whip.*

Throt has the Beastmaster special rule (see Master Mutators). In addition, unless he already is the Army General, all Clan Moulder units (except Characters) treat him as having the Inspiring Presence ability.

**Ravenging Hunger:** *Throt is consumed with constant hunger and if he does not feed frequently, his overactive system will run rampant through him, eating him away from within.*

At the start of each of his turns, Throt must pass a Toughness test or start to eat one model in base contact of your choosing. This model suffers 1 Wound which Ignores Armour Saves and does not allow Ward Saves. If this is not possible, Throt will suffer 1 Wound with no saves allowed.



#### MAGIC ITEMS:

*Note: As Throt has three arms, he may use both his magic weapons at the same time.*

#### Creature-killer (Magic Weapon)

*The Creature-killer is an iron collar on a long pole, a special implement designed by Throt himself which he uses to capture and kill all manner of foul creatures to be used in his twisted experiments. The collar is ringed with spring-loaded spikes and can be slipped over an enemy's head, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.*

Things-catcher. The Creature-killer gives Throt the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

#### Whip of Domination (Magic Weapon)

*The whip of Throt the Unclean is rightly feared amongst his clan, and his skill with it is unparalleled. He wields the Dominator in his third hand, alongside the Creature-killer.*

Whip. This whip gives Throt +1 Attacks in addition to his normal attacks. Any enemy unit that takes an unsaved wound from the Whip of Domination suffers a -2 penalty to its Leadership for the remainder of the player turn.



# IKIT CLAW

## Chief Warlock of Clan Skryre

Ikit Claw is the Chief Warlock of Clan Skryre, second within the clan only to the venerable Lord Morskittar himself. His skills at moulding tech-science and sorcery are unparalleled within all of Clan Skryre, his insanely brilliant mind constantly coming up with new and bizarre weapons of destruction. Ikit Claw has had much of his body enhanced with warpstone-powered mechanics of his own design, including a powerful claw incorporating a potent warfire projector. The Chief Warlock has been enjoying his position of pre-eminence within Clan Skryre, which continues to grow in power. His most recent creation is the warp-lightning cannon, a potent weapon that focuses the power of a powerful chunk of warpstone into a devastating bolt of corrupting energy.

Ikit Claw is one of the most powerful sorcerers in the Old World, and he has dedicated his long life to the study of all forms of magery including the spells of men, Elves and Orcs. He has taken Clan Skryre's mix of science and sorcery to new levels of complexity and depravity. Entire legions of Skavenslaves have been blasted to bits in the name of Ikit's experimental new weapons, a small price for the sheer power and killing might that Ikit has added to Clan Skryre's deadly arsenal.

Over the decades prior to the second Skaven civil war Ikit Claw travelled secretly to the far flung corners of the Under-Empire. In his quest for knowledge, Ikit has



travelled the world, stealing secrets from the ancient human mystics of Cathay, rifled the buried vaults of Vorshgar in the northern wastes of Naggaroth, risked the wrath of Clan Pestilens by journeying through the steaming jungles of Lustria studying the dimension-spanning machines which have stood there since the beginning of time, and toiling for years alongside the cruel Forgemasters of far off Zharr- Naggrund.

From his great journeying Ikit Claw drew together an encyclopaedic knowledge of the spells of the civilised races. When he returned to Skavenblight Ikit Claw found his master and the other Lords of Decay teetering on the brink of civil war after the failure of Clan Pestilens' Red Pox in Bretonnia. Ikit found the warpforges of Clan Skryre woefully under-developed. It would take centuries to fully implement his grandiose changes. It was during the great Civil War that Ikit seized his opportunity.

Lord Morskittar had withdrawn to the Clan Skryre quarter of Skavenblight and was waiting for the inevitable collapse. Ikit Claw hastened to his side and stood ready. As the newly assigned lead emissary of Lord Morskittar, the ruler of Clan Skryre, Ikit Claw ordered massive warpforges, and unrivalled armouries to be gnawed into the stone beneath Skavenblight.

Infernal devices and diabolical weapons were soon being assembled on a level hitherto undreamt. Sure enough, Clan Pestilens made an attempt to seize the council chamber and fighting spilled over into Skavenblight.

When the time was ripe Lord Morskittar sent Ikit Claw to lead the Warlock Engineers to the temple, ostensibly to restore order. Ikit Claw's spells were unstoppable and he

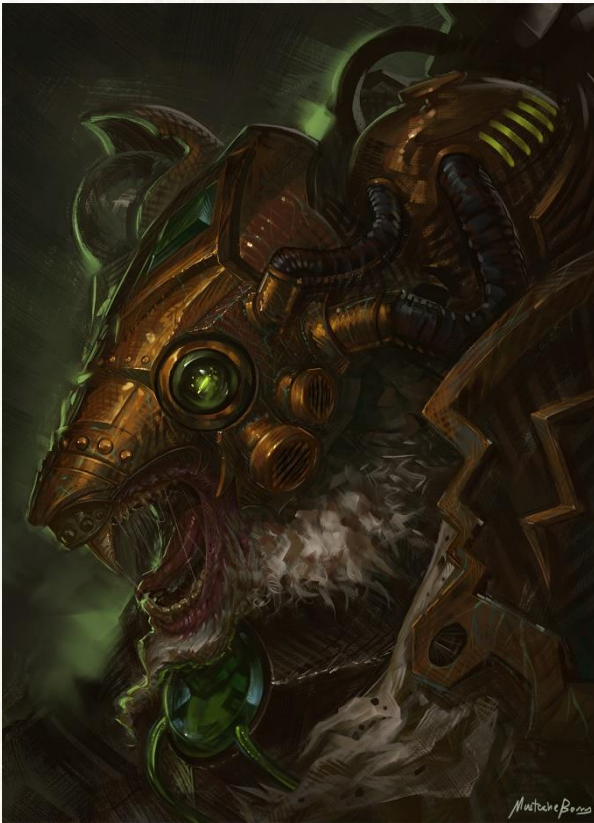
"It is the will of Lord Morskittar; master of Clan Skryre and Lord of Decay, that before this moon grows full the clan-forges must complete the following weapons for Ikit Claw: five hundred vials filled with the poison wind two hundred jezzails with fifty shots of warpstone each, ten claws of warfire throwers, and three great Doomwheels.

Succeed in this and the Clan will reward you with two warp tokens for each weapon, and a Rat Ogre bodyguard for every Warlock Engineer. Fail, and you shall be sold to Clan Moulder to be experimented on for the further glory of the Horned Rat.

It is I, Ikit Claw of Clan Skryre, who have ordered this on the thirteenth day of the third moon. Hail Morskittar; the most-favoured of the Horned One, all glory to the Horned Rat, the Father of Skaven."

- A Message to the Clan Skryre Engineers. The recipients of the message disappeared without a trace on the first day of the new moon.





swept the temple precincts clear of the battling factions with fiery blasts and hails of dark blades. Clan Skryre seized the temple in an unshakeable grip and Lord Morskittar emerged to declare himself ruler of Skavenblight. However, by this time internecine fighting had spread throughout the Under-Empire and no-one was listening to even the mighty Lords of Decay any more.

Lord Morskittar ruled most of Skavenblight for several centuries, driving out the other clans from the lower tunnels and the other quarters of the city. Ikit Claw was his most trusted servant during this time, overseeing the great works of science and sorcery which Lord Morskittar set into motion. It was from these great experiments that Ikit Claw sensed the rising tide of Dark Magic that preceded the great Chaos incursion before anyone else in the Under-Empire. So it was that Lord Morskittar was prepared when the Grey Seers declared their intention to invoke the Horned Rat and end the war.

Like all the members of Clan Skryre he constantly tinkers and experiments with new weapons and devices, delighting in anything which brings harm to the foe. Latest amongst his many inventions is the Doomwheel, a terrifying engine of destruction which has smashed its way through the serried ranks of Dwarf, Orc and human regiments with brutal precision. Ikit Claw also bears Stormdaemon, a hellish weapon he created in his own warpstone forges deep in the Under-City.

Ikit's face and arm were badly burned in a failed experiment that exploded and mangled his body long ago. He has constructed an intricate mask to cover his mutilated and hairless skull and a cunningly-made exoskeleton with a claw of iron, crystal and brass to give strength to his withered left arm. The claw contains several of his more successful inventions including a small warpfire projector. The iron contraption is run by a

warp generator, a masterpiece of engineering that siphons the Winds of Magic to power its devilish inventions. Whirring cogs hiss and vent steam as the Chief Warlock moves, clanking like a fully armoured knight.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ikit Claw	5	5	3	5	4	3	3	2	7

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character, Clan Skryre).

**MAGIC:** Ikit Claw is a Level 4 Wizard who can use the spells from the Lore of Ruin (except *Curse of the Horned Rat*).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, *Strength in Numbers*, *Verminous Valour*.

#### MAGIC ITEMS:

##### **Storm Daemon (Magic Weapon)**

*Storm-daemon is warpstone powered tall halberd-like weapon created by the Warlock Engineers. It is wrapped with coils of copper wire, set with glowing chunks of warpstone and crackling with barely contained energies as it draws power from the warp generator to hurl dark bolts of warp lightning.*

Polearm. Attacks with this weapon have the Lightning Attacks special rule. In addition, the Storm Daemon can project bolts of dark lightning from its tip. Storm Daemon contains a Bound Spell (power level 6). This is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes an artillery dice worth of Strength 5 hits with the Lightning Attacks special rule. In the case of a misfire, no shots are fired, but instead, roll a D6 and consult the Storm Daemon Misfire Chart.

#### STORM DAEMON MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 ZZZzark!** *Storm Daemon overloads.*  
Ikit Claw and every model in base contact with him suffer a Strength 5 hit.
- 3-5 Disruption.** *Minor malfunctions and cursed tangles.*  
Ikit may not cast spells for the rest of this Skaven Magic phase while he sorts his power cables out.
- 6 Full Power.** *The warp generator absorbs untold power for Ikit's use.*  
Ikit may immediately add D3 power dice to the pool for the current Magic phase.

##### **Iron Frame (Magic Armour)**

*A mighty iron frame gives Ikit his exceptional Strength.*

Medium armour. The suit gives Ikit the Ward Save (5+) special rule, as well as +2 to his Strength value (already included in his profile). Once per game, Ikit can fire the warpfire projector housed in the device. This is Strength 5 Breath Weapon attack with the Flaming Attacks, Magcal Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.



# TRETCH CRAVENTAIL

## Chieftain of Clan Rictus

Over many battles and countless acts of treachery, chieftain Tretch Craventail of Clan Rictus has proven himself a master of guile. Even for a Skaven, who expect duplicitous tactics, it is widely admitted that Tretch has a knack for fighting dirty. Indeed, Tretch's repertoire of underhanded skills and his famously good luck has led to a number of legendary deeds.

Tretch began his rise from anonymity when his clawpack was leading a long line of chained Night Goblins back to Crookback Mountain. Ostensibly the Clawleader had chosen Tretch to carry key items of the scavenged loot as a reward for his idea to spike the Goblin's fungus beer, but it is more likely Tretch was chosen because he was deemed too scrawny to usurp the clawpack. This proved untrue as Tretch used a small keg of distilled Mad Cap mushrooms, the stuff that turns Goblins into deranged, spinning lunatics, to great effect. With impeccable timing, Tretch turned his line of slaves into whirling death-dealers just as the Clawleaders and Chieftains were convening to argue over which tunnel to take. The effect of multiple Fanatics chained to each other and attempting to twirl madly in a packed tunnel was spectacularly bloody. After that incident the clawpack needed a new leader and Tretch was the first to scurry into the gap.



Since those days, Tretch has led countless ambushes and proven himself a master survivor. It was Tretch that found the hidden path to attack the flank of the Dwarf gunline at the Battle of Black Crag. It was Tretch who led the raid that tunneled beneath the camp of mighty Black Orc Warlord Dagbad and stole every single Goblin out from underneath the Scourge of the Dark Lands. Tretch was the only Skaven to escape the sinking of the Imperial Galleon captured on the River Aver. The detractors that jealously eye Tretch's rapid rise begin to get tail-twitchingly excited when they see Tretch's Clawpack flee the battle, wreathed in the fireball of a Weapon Team malfunction, or mauled by enemy formations. However, time after time, Tretch reappears, having left his doomed brethren and popped up elsewhere to accomplish some notable feat.

Recently Tretch assumed the Clan Rictus title of Grand Chieftain of the Deep Warrens by disguising himself as a stalactite and dropping from the cavern ceiling to slice the previous Chieftain in two. Now with a small army at his command, he has mustered night raids on Empire towns and warpstone scavenges in the Dark Lands. Tretch's deeply resentful superiors often assign the Chieftain to impossible tasks or suicide missions. Yet each time Tretch escapes and returns to coveted reward. It can truly be said that Tretch has a sense for victory and a muzzle for knowing when to leave a fight.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tretch Craventail	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** *Scurry Away!*, *Strength in Numbers*, *Verminous Valour*.

**Tretch's Raiders:** Tretch can choose one unit of Clanrats or Stormvermin in your army to deploy as Ambushers as long as they do not have a Weapon Team. If so, Tretch must deploy with this unit. In addition, he and his unit re-roll all failed To Hit rolls when attacking in the flank or rear.

**Stay Here, I'll Get Help!:** Once per friendly turn, at the start of any phase, Tretch can leave any unit he is with and make move of 2D6" as if it was the Remaining Moves phase.

**MAGIC ITEM:**

**Lucky Skullhelm (Magic Armour)**

*Tretch wears the skull of a defeated rival as a good luck charm.*

The Skullhelm gives Tretch +1 to his armour save and a Ward save (4+). In addition, once per game he can re-roll a dice roll. The re-roll can be one of his To Hit, To Wound, armour or Ward save, Leadership test, or a Stay Here, I'll Get Help! roll.





# SKWEEL GNAWTOOTH

## Packmaster of Hell Pit

A Packmaster must learn when to ply the lash, how to control infighting, and how far beasts can be pushed before they'll turn. None are better attuned to their foul creations than Skweel Gnawtooth, the most successful Packmaster in Hell Pit.

Skweel was a runt – a death warrant amongst Skaven litters. In the daily competition to live, however, Skweel could count on unlikely allies to aid his undersized cause. His comrades were not Skaven, but common rats. Skweel had a natural affinity with beasts and was often accompanied by a rippling horde of vermin. It wasn't long before the Master Moulders took note of the dread Skweel commanded amongst his fellows, as any who stood in his way disappeared into the tunnels, pulled into the darkness by rat hordes. When Skweel was given a chance in the great pens with the larger beasts, he was not mauled, as are most newcomers. Instead, from that day on, Skweel was trained to become a Packmaster – a task he took to with zeal.

The majority of Packmasters drive their charges but Skweel seems to guide creatures, rather than simply lashing them forward. To Skweel, Giant Rats and Rat Ogres are not barely controlled feral beasts, but trained animals eager to do their master's bidding. After a successful hunt, it is not unknown for the brutes to present Skweel with choice pieces to feed upon. Even new breeds buckle under Skweel's commands. Wolf



Rats, Hyper-gland Rat Ogres, specially bred siege-beasts, all are bent to Skweel's will. Only the mindless Hell Pit Abominations seem immune to Skweel's mastery.

Skweel's ability to control dangerous packs makes him invaluable. Lord Verminkin will only release Skweel's services to the highest bidder, and only for a limited time. Skweel has led sniffer-beasts hunting rogue Assassins, packs of Black-rage enhanced Rat Ogres, aiding Clan Mors in the Dark Lands, and a Tunnelling Gnawbeast into a Dwarf stronghold, but Skweel always returns to Hell Pit, ready for his next assignment.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skweel Gnawtooth	6	5	3	4	4	2	6	2	6
Gutsnagger	6	3	0	2	-	-	-	2	-

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character, Clan Moulder).

**SPECIAL RULES:** **Mixed Unit, Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.**

**Exceptional Pack:** If you include Skweel Gnawtooth in your army, you must also include a unit of Giant Rats that he must join. After deploying Skweel into his unit, roll a D6 and consult the chart below to determine the pack's special attributes. The effects are for the entire pack but do not affect Skweel, Packmasters or Master Moulders. Skweel will never leave his special pack and may never join another unit.

### D6 Result

**1-2 Poisoned Attacks.** *Adding venom glands is a Clan Moulder favourite.*

All the pack's attacks have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

**3-4 Additional Attacks.** *Extra arms, mechanical attachments, or just extra viciousness make for a ferocious pack.*

Each pack creature has +1 Attack.

**5-6 Regenerate.** *These loathsome creatures seem to grow new limbs as quickly as they can be lopped off.*

The pack creatures have the Regeneration (4+) special rule.

### MAGIC ITEM:

#### Warp-lash (Magic Weapon)

*Skweel bears a wicked warpstone-studded lash.*

Whip. Warp-lash gives Skweel the Armour Piercing (1) and Multiple Wounds (2) special rules.







# THE LORE OF RUIN

*Vermin Magic, Warpmanancy, Horned Rat's Lore*

## MUSK OF FEAR (Lore Attribute)

*As the Lore of Ruin siphons the Winds of Magic, an unholy despair takes hold of the surface-dwellers. The rats lurk in the shadows...*

Whenever a spell from the Lore of Ruin is cast, all enemy units within 6" of the caster suffer -1 to their Leadership (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the caster's next magic phase.

### WARP LIGHTNING (Signature spell) Cast on 8+

*The Skaven raises its arms and intones some shrill enchantments, summoning a cursed energy that crackles around him. With a triumphant scream, the sorcerer points its flesh claw forward and casts bolts of greenish-black lightning towards his enemies.*

*Warp Lightning* is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes D6 Strength 5 hits with the Lightning Attacks special rule. If the number of hits rolled is a natural 1, then the caster suffers a Strength 5 hit instead of the target. The caster can choose to increase the power of this spell to cause 2D6 Strength 5 hits instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

### 1. HOWLING WARPGALE Cast on 7+

*The caster gestures twitchingly to the skies and fierce hurricane gales begin to build until it swirls around the entire battlefield, making flight impossible.*

*Howling Warpgale* is cast on the wizard itself. Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, no units within 18" of the caster may use the Fly special rule, and all non-magical missile attacks suffer -1 To Hit. The caster can choose to increase the power of this spell to affect all units within 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

### 2. DEATH FRENZY Cast on 8+

*Gesticulating wildly the caster gifts a unit with a rabid and frothing urge to kill and consume the foe. The caster fills his allies with a horrible ravenous hunger, causing foam to fleck their mouths and their eyes to roll madly in their head.*

*Death Frenzy* is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The target unit will immediately be affected by the Frenzy special rule. If the wizard casts this spell on a unit that already has the Frenzy special rule, the unit will be subject to Death Frenzy, giving them 2 extra attacks rather than the normal 1 from Frenzy. Units that are Death Frenzied suffer D6 automatic Wounds with the Ignores Armour save special rule at the end of each friendly turn. A unit that is Death Frenzied will go back to having normal Frenzy once they lose a round of close combat.

### 3. WARPSTORM Cast on 10+

*Clouds roil overhead angrily discharging greenish-black bolts of warp lightning.*

*Warpstorm* is a **direct damage** spell that targets all units within 12". Roll a D6 for each unit within range, including units in close combat. On a 4+, enemy units suffer D6 Strength 5 hits with the Lightning Attacks special rule. Friendly units are only affected on a 6.

### 4. FLENSING RUIN Cast on 10+

*Green ribbons of warp-energy tear the flesh from the target's bones.*

*Flensing Ruin* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 12" that targets a single model (even a character in a unit). The target suffers D3 Strength 6 Hits with the Lightning Attacks special rule. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 24" instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

### 5. SCORCH Cast on 13+

*The Skaven Sorcerer thrusts his paws into the ground while chittering fiery incantations, summoning a gout of flame to blast out of the earth.*

*Scorch* is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 24" – it then scatters D6". All models underneath the template suffer a Flaming Strength 4 hit. Any unit that suffers an unsaved wound must take a Panic test. The caster can choose to increase the power of this spell to use the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 16+ and the template scatters 2D6" rather than D6".

### 6. CRACKS CALL Cast on 14+

*The sorcerer bows and touches the soil. A rift appears on it, growing and moving forward towards his enemies like a lightning bolt. With the arcane incantation invoked, the Skaven ends by stamping his horrible pinkish rat-like foot, causing the very ground to split asunder.*

*Cracks Call* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 4D6". Trace a straight line from the base of the caster the number of inches rolled. All models in its path must pass an Initiative test to leap out of the way, or be removed as casualties with no saves except Magic Resistance allowed. Instead of taking an Initiative test, War Machines and Chariots must instead roll a 5+ or be destroyed. A building (or single section of a multi-part building) affected by the spell will collapse on a roll of 5+. If the building collapses, any models garrisoning it must pass an Initiative test, or be removed as a casualty with no armour save allowed. Any survivors are placed outside the building, as described for a unit abandoning a building. Then replace the building with an area of dangerous terrain of equal size. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell by doubling the result of the 4D6" rolled. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 17+.



# THE LORE OF PLAGUE

*Plague Magic, Pestilent Prayers, Pox-tongue*

## PLAGUE RASH (Lore Attribute)

*Itchy, nasty buboes are spread as the spells of Plague are cast, infecting the enemy troops with sickness.*

Whenever a spell from the Lore of Plague is cast, all enemy units within 6" of the caster suffer -1 to their Movement and Initiative (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the caster's next magic phase.

**PESTILENT BREATH (Signature Spell)** Cast on 5+  
*Uttering horrible phrases the Skaven Sorcerer belches forth an impossibly foul cloud.*

*Pestilent Breath* is a **direct damage** spell. The caster makes a Strength 2 Breath Weapon Attack with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule. This may be cast in close combat, following the normal rules for Breath Weapons. The caster can choose to increase the strength of the spell to 3. If they do so, the casting value of the spell is increased to 8+.

**1. BLESS WITH FILTH** Cast on 8+  
*A foul mist wraps around the weapons of a nearby unit and the weapons begin to drip with toxic filth.*

*Bless with Filth* is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target gets the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If the unit already has Poisoned Attacks, the warriors will also cause an automatic wound on a To Hit roll of 6+. The caster can choose to increase the range of the spell to 24". If they do so, the casting value of the spell is increased to 11+.

**2. VERMINTIDE** Cast on 8+  
*The caster summons a mass of voracious rats to swarm over and attack his foes. The caster invokes and many rats answer the call...*

*Vermintide* is a **magical vortex** that uses the large template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates the direction in which the Vermintide will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll 4D6". Any model touched by the template takes a Strength 2 hit. After this, the rats disperse and spell disappears. This spell may also be cast in close combat, in which case it causes 3D6 Strength 2 hits on a single enemy unit in base contact with the caster.

**3. WEeping WORLD SORES** Cast on 9+  
*At the caster's wretched word, the world itself begins to bubble and boil with toxic pus.*

*Weeping World Sores* is a **direct damage** with a range of 24". Place the small template anywhere within this range – it scatters D6". All models touched by the template suffer a Strength 2 Hit with the Ignores Armour save special rule. The caster can choose to increase the power of this spell to use the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+ and the template scatters 2D6" rather than D6".

**4. WITHER** Cast on 11+  
*Chanting passages from the Liber Bubonicus, the Wizard casts a spell of wasting, shrinking sickness.*

*Wither* is a **hex** spell with a range of 12". The target suffers -1 to their Toughness for the remainder of the game. This can be cast multiple times on the same target and the effects are cumulative. The caster can choose to increase the range of the spell to 24". If they do so, the casting value of the spell is increased to 14+.

**5. CLOUD OF CORRUPTION** Cast on 12+  
*The caster releases a stinking blast of diseased fury.*

*Cloud of Corruption* is a **direct damage** spell that targets all units within 12". Roll a D6 for each unit (friend or foe), even if they are in close combat. Enemy units are affected on a 2+, friendly units are affected on a 4+, and models from Clan Pestilens (friend or foe) are affected on a roll of 5+. Each unit that is affected suffers D6 Strength 5 hits with the Ignores Armour save special rule. Roll separately for each unit.

**6. PLAGUE** Cast on 15+  
*The caster unleashes a disease from the Book of Woe.*

*Plague* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18" that may even be cast on enemies in close combat. Each model in the targeted unit must pass a Toughness test or suffer one Wound with the Ignores Armour save special rule. If cast on a unit engaged in close combat, all units involved in the fight (friend and foe) will be affected. After working out the effects of the spell and removing casualties, roll a D6 and consult the chart below and continue to apply the results until the spell ends or there are no targets within range.

### D6 Result

- 1** The spell backfires and the opponent can decide to end the spell or choose any one unit within 12" of a unit affected by the spell during this Magic phase and "pass it on" as per the 5-6 result below. The unit selected suffers as above.
- 2-4** The spell ends.
- 5-6** The casting player can decide to end the spell or pass it to another target within 12" of a unit affected by the spell during this Magic phase. The unit selected suffers as above. Units cannot be affected twice by this spell in the same Magic phase.



# THE LORE OF STEALTH

## TOXIC RAIN (Lore Attribute)

*A poisonous cloud hangs indefinitely above the battlefield, raining down a fine spray of lethal toxins that corrode the enemy's armour while also mildly sedating them.*

Whenever a spell from the Lore of Stealth is cast, all enemy units within 6" of the caster suffer a -1 penalty to their armour saves until the start of the caster's next magic phase.

### SKITTERLEAP (Signature Spell) Cast on 5+

*With a "Bamf!" the Skaven Sorcerer disappears in a puff of sulphurous smoke to reappear elsewhere on the battlefield.*

*Skitterleap* is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target model (which must be an Infantry character) may immediately be placed anywhere on battlefield within 24" of the caster, but at least 1" away from enemy models. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 24" instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 8+.

### 1. WARP STARS Cast on 5+

*Defily conjured and swiftly flung, the Skaven's fiendish Warp throwing-stars are, like all their weird scientific advancements, explicitly designed to cause maximum death.*

*Warp Stars* is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes D3 Strength 5 hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. The caster can choose to increase the power of this spell to cause D6 hits instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

### 2. STICKYPAWS Cast on 6+

*The sorcerer grants his allies the ability to walk or crawl upon walls and terrain with ease.*

*Stickypaws* is an **augment** spell with a range of 24" that can be cast on an Infantry unit. The target unit ignores Dangerous and Impassable Terrain (note that it may not end its move within 1" of it as normal) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

### 3. ARMOUR OF DARKNESS Cast on 9+

*The sorcerer solidifies the shadows around their body. In addition to making them harder to see, this shadow armour also protects them from harm.*

*Armour of Darkness* is an **augment** spell that is cast on the Wizard itself. Until the start of the caster's next turn, all missile fire directed at him or his unit suffer -1 To Hit. In addition, the unit adds +1 to their armour save. The caster can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 6". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 18+.

### 4. SWIFTSCAMPER Cast on 9+

*The sorcerer grants his allies the ability move at an increased rate.*

*Swiftscamper* is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The target unit doubles its Movement rate (to a maximum of 10) and can re-roll their Charge, Flee and Pursuit results until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 18+.

### 5. BLACK WHIRLWIND Cast on 10+

*The sorcerer causes a putrid whirlwind of vile smoke and stinging ashes to erupt around the target.*

*Black Whirlwind* is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 24" – it then scatters D6". All models underneath the template suffer a Strength 3 hit. The unit then suffers -1 to their Weapon Skill, Ballistics Skill and Initiative until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to increase the power of this spell to use the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+ and the template scatters 2D6" rather than D6".

### 6. VEIL OF SHADOWS Cast on 11+

*This pulsing, shadowy vortex barges into the target enemy, pushing them from the Wizard's path with a blast of magical energy.*

Remains in Play. *Veil of Shadows* is a **magical vortex** that uses the large template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates the direction in which the Veil of Shadows will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by 3. Any model touched by the template takes a Strength 3 hit, and the unit will count as being Disrupted for the remainder of the turn.

If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster and roll a scatter dice and a D6. The template moves the number of inches equal to the result of the D6, in the direction shown on the scatter dice (if you roll a Hit!, use the little arrow shown on the Hit! symbol). In either event, in subsequent turns, the Veil of Shadows travels in a random direction and moves a number of inches equal to the roll on an artillery dice. If a misfire is rolled in subsequent turns, the Veil of Shadows is removed.



# TOOLS OF SUPREMACY

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most destructive artefacts of the Skaven that pose a great threat to any who oppose the Children of the Horned Rat. In fact, the items are often dangerous to any who dare to wield the weapon as well. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

**FELLBLADE** 85 points  
**Magic Weapon**

*In the dim days of Skaven history, the Ratmen waged war against Nagash. To aid in their efforts to destroy this vile Necromancer, they forged this wicked sword, blending Gromril stolen from Karak Azgal with Warpstone. Incantations of doom were heaped upon the cursed blade. Death itself was bound to its cutting edge and any with eldritch sight can see the aura of power and ruin that surrounds the wicked creation. The result of their horrid labours was this long-bladed sword. Its blade is carved with baleful runes of doom and destruction. The weapon exudes power and malice, and those Skaven who use this weapon in battle are almost always consumed by the sword's hate. So deadly is the Fellblade that even its wielder will eventually succumb to its effects.*

Warlord only. This foul sword gives the bearer Strength 10 and the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule, and successful ward saves taken against wounds inflicted by the bearer in close combat must be re-rolled. Roll a D6 at the end of each of the wielder's turns; on a 3+ there is no effect. On a roll of 1-2 the wielder suffers 1 wound with no armour save allowed.



**BLADE OF CORRUPTION** 35 points  
**Magic Weapon**

*The Blade of Corruption has long been a treasured artefact from the days when Clan Pestilens haunted the lands of Lustria. The Skaven whisper that this weapon was forged in the earliest days of Skaven history and was cooled in the blood of Slann. This sword has been left for 13 days in the dreaded Cauldron of One Thousand Poxes. A vile weapon, it has a long wavy edge and drips a foul green fluid from its tip. Seething with the foul energies of pestilence, this blade, wielded by the favourite disciples of the Horned Rat brings corruption and death to those unfortunate enough to be struck by it.*

The wielder of this sword always wounds on at least a 3+, regardless of the enemy's Toughness. For each wound suffered (after saves), the enemy model must pass a Toughness test or suffer an additional Wound, with no saves allowed.

**DWARF SLAYER** 35 points  
**Magic Weapon**

*The Dwarf Slayer is an ancient blade fashioned by the Skaven when they battled against the Dwarfs for control of the World's Edge Mountains. Against Dwarfs, it inflicts horrendous wounds. Its curved blade is deeply etched with epithets and curses against the Dwarfish race, and each engraving is filled with the dried blood of countless stout folk.*

All attacks made with this weapon are resolved at +1 Strength and have the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule. Against all models from Warhammer: Dwarfs, all hits have the Armour Piercing (1) special rule and the wielder may re-roll all failed rolls To Wound.

**RUST ARMOUR** 25 points  
**Magic Armour**

*Many suits of Dwarf-forged gromril have fallen into the clutches of the Skaven. These mastercrafted pieces of plate are often recrafted to make a patchwork protection with other pieces of scavenged armour. This is an ancient, decaying suit of armour, held together with the power of dark sorcery.*

Medium armour. The first time the wearer is wounded by a Strength high enough to completely cancel his armour save, or is not permitted an armour save for any reason, the Wound is discounted, but the armour is completely destroyed.



**WARPSTONE AMULET** 30 points  
**Talisman**

*The Warpstone Amulet radiates disharmony, hostility and confusion, so that anyone who attacks its bearer becomes dazed and bewildered.*

The Amulet confers to the bearer the Ward save (4+) special rule. At the end of each of your turns, roll a D6. On the result of 1, the character succumbs to the mutating power of the warpstone and suffers a Wound with no saves allowed.



## WARPSROLL

25 points

### Arcane Item

*Warp scrolls are powerful magic items inscribed upon the hide of living creatures using a special ink made from warpstone and the blood of an enemy slain through treachery. The ink causes agony and eventual death, but to be fully effective the hide must be flayed from the creature while it is still alive, and then cured using finely ground warpstone powder. When the potent spell upon the warp scroll is cast its victims suffer rapid and irreversible aging, shrivelling and dying in seconds. As their words are read aloud, the parchment crumbles to dust.*

One use only. Bound spell (power level 6). The Warp scroll contains a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". It inflicts a Strength 3 Hit on all models in the unit. If the unit suffers any casualties from the spell, they must also take a Panic test.



## SKAVENBREW

30 points

### Enchanted Item

*Skavenbrew is a bubbling concoction of warpstone dust, rare marsh herbs, mutant fungi and blood milked from all manner of foul creatures, used to improve the fighting abilities of slaves and clanrat warriors. The leader of a Skaven regiment will often carry a flask of Skavenbrew that he can give to his troops before going into battle. The effects of the brew are unpredictable: some steel the drinker to fearsome danger or instil him with killing fury; others drive the drinker into a frenzy of activity so strenuous that he eventually drops dead of exhaustion.*

One use only. At the start of the game, a character carrying Skavenbrew can force a single unit of Clanrats or Stormvermin in base contact to guzzle the vile liquid. Skavenbrew only affects the unit, but no character models would be so unwise as to drink the potion. Roll a D6 and consult the table below:

#### D6 Result

- 1 Gone Bad.** The unit takes D6 Strength 3 automatic hits with the Ignores Armour save special rule. The Skavenbrew has no additional effect.
- 2-3 Inspired Hatred.** The unit is subject to Hatred.
- 4-5 Frenzied.** The unit is subject to Frenzy.
- 6 Rabid.** The unit's metabolism is driven hyperactive, ramping up to a feverish pitch. The unit is subject to both Frenzy and Hatred. At the start of Skaven player's subsequent turns, the unit will take D6 automatic wounds as some of the ratmen collapse, hearts or brains bursting with fury.

## SKALM

45 points

### Enchanted Item

*Skalm is a tar-like, foul smelling substance that Skaven smear on wounds and stumps to 'fix-quick' serious wounds and increase the rate of healing. It contains warpstone powder which burns and mutates the flesh around the wound leaving ugly twisted scars. Enough of the substance is even rumoured to prolong a Skaven's life - perhaps explaining the unnatural longevity of the current members of the Council of Thirteen. Only the strongest Skaven use Skalm... the weak are torn apart and devoured by their kin.*

One use only. Skalm can be used at the beginning of any phase in either player's turn. The bearer recovers all Wounds suffered up to that point in the battle.



## SACRED STANDARD OF THE HORNED RAT

75 points

### Magic Standard

*The Sacred Standard is a ragged banner of flayed skin carried at the head of the Skaven army. Rendered in pigments distilled from blood and warpstone, this hide banner has become a tapestry of dread and evil. The runes seem to twist and move so that it can be read, in any language - "Gaze into the eyes of the Great Horned Rat and despair". No one can behold this ghastly symbol of death without a sense of foreboding.*

All enemy units within 12" of this banner suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership and enemy units in base contact with the bearer of this banner must re-roll any successful Leadership tests.

## STORM BANNER

50 points

### Magic Standard

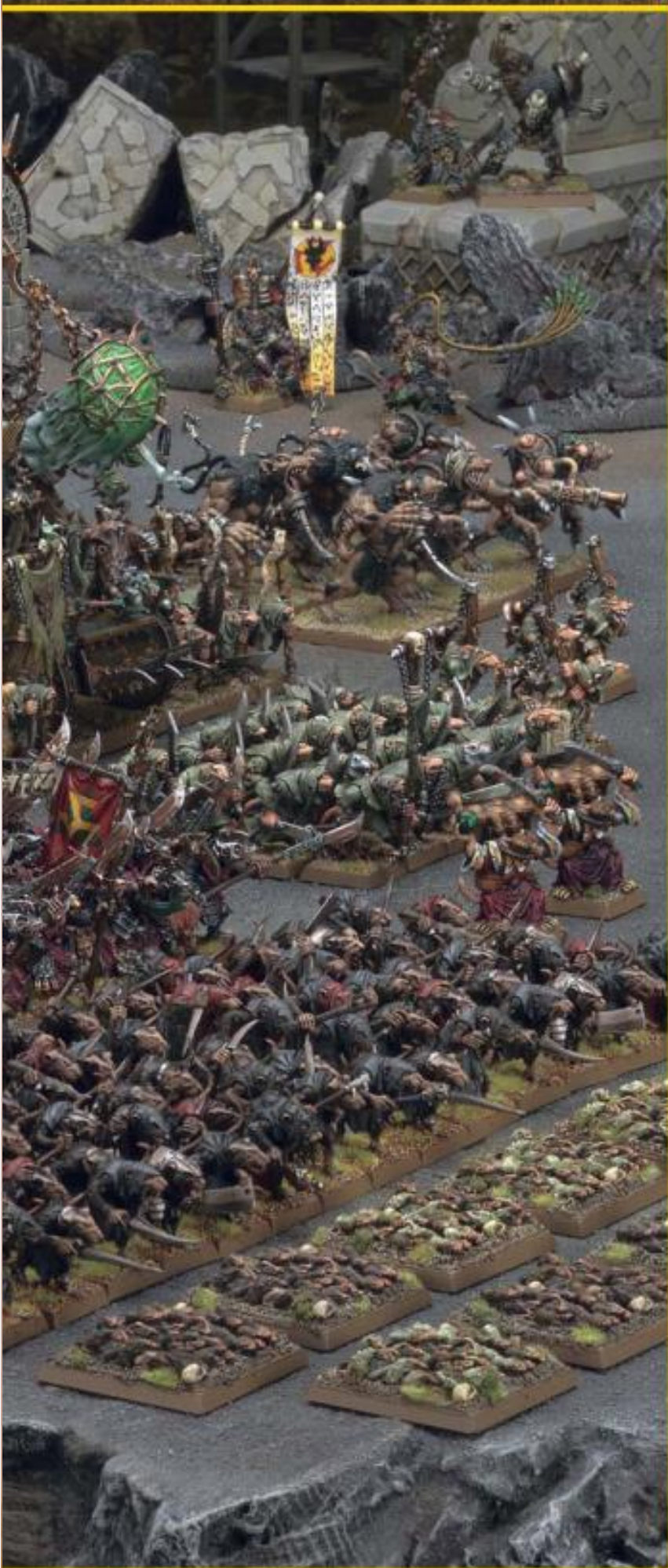
*This ancient and tattered banner has the power to wrack the sky with storms, tearing the heavens apart with its fury.*

One use only. The banner can be activated at the beginning of any player's turn. Within 24" of the banner, no model may use the Fly special rule and units are at -2 to be Hit with non-magical missile attacks. All non-magical missile attacks that do not use Ballistics Skill to hit need to roll a 4+ on a D6 before they can attempt to fire if they are within 24" of the banner. Roll a D6 at the beginning of each following player turn - the effects of the banner will end on a D6 roll of 4+.









# SKAVEN ARMY LIST

*When the multitudinous Skaven march to battle, it is rarely ever a single clan, but instead a verminous conglomeration, an anarchic confederation of ratmen. This great rat-host will stream endlessly out of the tunnels from the dark underneath, forming a battleline that stretches and darkens the horizon. Numberless regiments from many different Warlord clans mass up, each ranking beneath a different foul symbol emblazoned on a tattered hide banner. What supports each horde depends on what the Warlords could buy, barter or steal. Some Warlords come equipped with a vast arsenal of destructive engines of war that tower to the skies and crackle with dire sorcerous energies. Others scuttle forward with a filthy tide of mutated warbeasts loping at their centre. The vanguard of an army might consist of stealth troops trained by Clan Eshin to move at speed to secure the high ground or slip around the sides to harass the enemy's flanks.*

*This section of the book helps you turn your collection of Skaven miniatures into an army of foul vermin-kin, ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during your games of Warhammer.*



## USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

## UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

## ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

CLANRATS											5 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	Infantry	
Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5	Infantry	
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5	Infantry (Clan Skryre)	

**Unit Size:** 20+

**Special Rules:**

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Number

**Equipment:**

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

*Note: You may not have more of any other type of Core Unit than you have units of Clanrats.*

**Options:**

- May upgrade one Clanrat to a Clawleader.....10 points
- May upgrade one Clanrat to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Clanrat to a standard bearer.....10 points
  - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be armed with spears.....1 point per model
- The unit may be accompanied by one of the following:
  - Warpfire Thrower.....65 points
  - Ratling Gun.....60 points
  - Poisoned Wind Mortar.....60 points
  - Doom-flayer.....35 points

- Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).
- Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).
- Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
- Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.
- Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.
- Special Rules.** Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.
- Options.** This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.





# LORDS

## THANQUOL & BONERIPPER

320 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Thanquol	5	3	3	3	4	3	6	1	7	Infantry (Special Character)
Boneripper	6	3	1	5	5	4	1	4	10	Monstrous Infantry
Boneripper Mk II	6	3	1	6	5	5	1	5	10	Monster

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Warpstone Tokens (D6+2)

### Magic Items (Thanquol):

- Amulet of the Horned One
- Staff of the Horned One

### Special Rules (Thanquol):

- Blessing of the Horned Rat
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour
- Warpstone Addiction

### Special Rules (Boneripper):

- Bodyguard of Thanquol
- Unbreakable
- Warpfire Thrower

### Note:

- Thanquol must choose one of the following:
  - Be accompanied by Boneripper.....160 points
  - Be mounted on Boneripper Mk II.....265 points
- May exchange Warpfire Thrower for Warpfire Braziers.....free

**Magic:** Thanquol is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin and/or Lore of Plague. In addition, he knows the *Curse of the Horned Rat* spell.

## SKREECH VERMINKING

470 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skreech Verminking	8	8	4	6	6	6	10	5	8	Monster (Special Character)

### Magic Items:

- Doom Glaive
- Plaguereaper

### Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Master of Ruin
- Ruinous Arsenal

### Magic:

Skreech Verminking is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin, Lore of Plague and/or Lore of Stealth. In addition, he knows the *Curse of the Horned Rat* spell.

## QUEEK HEADTAKER

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Queek Headtaker	5	7	6	4	4	3	7	4	8	Infantry (Special Character)

### Magic Items:

- Dwarf-Gouger
- Warpstone Armour
- The Foul Pendant

### Special Rules:

- Hatred (Dwarfs, Orcs & Goblins)
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Trophy Heads

### Note:

If Queek is taken, then you must include at least one unit of Stormvermin in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Core Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to the Red Guard for 2 points per model.

## NURGLITCH

415 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Nurglitch	5	6	3	4	5	3	5	3	7	Cavalry (Special Character, Clan Pestilens)
Bilios	5	3	3	3	-	-	3	2	6	-
Pox	6	3	0	4	4	1	5	2	2	-

### Equipment (Bilios):

- Plague Censer

### Magic Items:

- Blade of Nurglitch
- Bubonic Sceptre

### Mount:

- Pox (Great Pox Rat)

### Special Rules:

- The Grim Ague
- The Passion of the Putrid
- Scion of Corruption
- Scurry Away!
- Skittering
- Strength in Numbers
- Terror

### Magic:

Nurglitch is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.



# LORDS

## LORD SKROLK

385 points

### Profile

Lord Skrolk

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
5 6 4 4 5 3 6 4 7

### Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character, Clan Pestilens)

### Magic Items:

- Rod of Corruption
- The Liber Bubonicus

### Special Rules:

- Aura of Pestilence
- Frenzy
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Terror

### Magic:

Lord Skrolk is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

## THROT THE UNCLEAN

185 points

### Profile

Throt the Unclean

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
5 6 3 4 4 3 6 4 7

### Troop Type

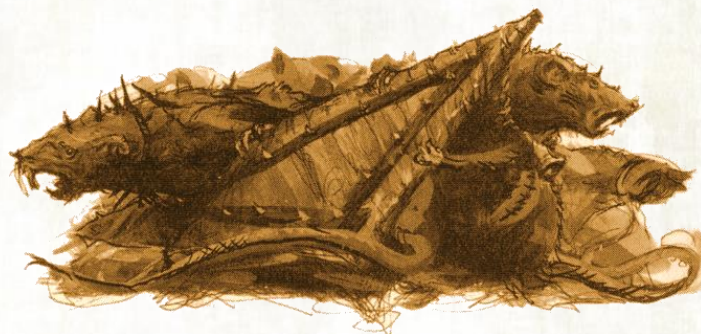
Infantry (Special Character, Clan Moulder)

### Magic Items:

- Creature-killer
- Whip of Domination

### Special Rules:

- Fear
- Master Controller
- Ravening Hunger
- Regeneration (4+)
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers



## IKIT CLAW

310 points

### Profile

Ikit Claw

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
5 5 3 5 4 3 3 2 7

### Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character, Clan Skryre)

### Magic Items:

- Storm Daemon
- Iron Frame

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Magic:

Ikit Claw is a Level 4 Wizard who can use the spells from the Lore of Ruin.

## DEATHMASTER SNIKCH

280 points

### Profile

Deathmaster Snikch

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
6 8 6 4 4 3 10 5 8

### Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character, Clan Eshin)

### Equipment:

- Weeping Blades
- Warpstars

### Magic Items:

- The Cloak of Shadows
- Bands of Power

### Special Rules:

- Dodge (5+)
- Hidden
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scurry Away!
- Scouts





# LORDS

## GREY SEER

220 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grey Seer	5	3	3	3	4	3	5	1	6	Infantry (Character)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- D3 Warpstone Tokens

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Magic:

A Grey Seer is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin and/or Lore of Plague. He may use a combination of spells from both Lores.

### Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
  - War-litter.....10 points
  - Screaming Bell.....200 points
- May take up to 5 Warpstone Tokens.....10 points per token
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points



## WARLORD

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warlord	5	6	4	4	4	3	7	4	7	Infantry (Character)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
  - Polearm.....8 points
  - Great weapon.....8 points
- May take a Warplock pistol.....6 points
- May upgrade to heavy armour.....3 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May have a Rat Hound Bodyguard.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
  - War-litter.....10 points
  - Great Pox Rat.....20 points
  - Rat Ogre Bonebreaker.....75 points
  - Brood Horror.....150 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points



## VERMINLORD

450 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Verminlord	8	8	4	6	6	6	10	5	8	Monster (Character)

### Equipment:

- Doom-glaive

### Special Rules:

- Daemonic

### Magic:

A Verminlord is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Ruin and/or Lore of Plague. A Warpseer and Warbringer uses spells from the Lore of Ruin, a Deceiver uses spells from the Lore of Stealth and a Corruptor uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

### Options:

- May be upgraded into one of the following:
  - Warpseer.....50 points
  - Deceiver.....25 points
  - Corruptor.....5 points
  - Warbringer.....25 points



# LORDS

## PLAGUELORD

190 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plaguelord	5	5	3	4	5	3	6	3	7	Infantry (Character, Clan Pestilens)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon

### Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

### Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
  - Great weapon.....6 points
  - Flail.....6 points
  - Plague censer.....18 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
  - Great Pox Rat.....20 points
  - Plague Furnace.....150 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

### Magic:

A Plaguelord is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

## MASTER ASSASSIN

155 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Master Assassin	6	7	6	4	4	3	9	4	8	Infantry (Character, Clan Eshin)

### Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing weapon

### Special Rules:

- Dodge (5+)
- Hidden
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scurry Away!
- Sensei
- Scouts

### Options:

- May take a blowpipe.....5 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May take Clan Eshin Tools of War and/or magic items up to a total of.....100 points

## ESHIN SORCERER LORD

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Eshin Sorcerer Lord	6	4	4	3	4	3	5	1	6	Infantry (Character, Clan Eshin)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon

### Special Rules:

- Poisoned Attacks
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Options:

- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

### Magic:

An Eshin Sorcerer Lord is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Stealth.





# LORDS

## MASTER MUTATOR

90 points

### Profile

Master Mutator

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
6 5 3 4 4 3 6 3 7

### Troop Type

Infantry (Character, Clan Moulder)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

### Special Rules:

- Beastmaster
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

### Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
  - Great weapon.....6 points
  - Whip.....6 points
  - Things-catcher.....18 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
  - Great Pox Rat.....30 points
  - Rat Ogre Bonebreaker.....75 points
  - Brood Horror.....150 points
- May take Clan Moulder Beast-Prods and/or magic items up to a total of.....100 points



## WARLOCK MASTER

160 points

### Profile

Warlock Master

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
5 3 4 3 4 3 4 1 6

### Troop Type

Infantry (Character, Clan Skryre)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Options:

- May be armed with any of the following:
  - Polearm.....2 points
  - Warlock pistol.....5 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May take up to 5 Warpstone Tokens.....10 points per token
- May take Clan Skryre Gear of War and/or magic items up to a total of.....100 points

### Magic:

A Warlock Master is a Level 3 Wizard who can use the spells from the Lore of Ruin.





# HEROES

## TRETCH CRAVENTAIL

110 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tretch Craventail	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6	Infantry (Special Character)

### Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Medium armour
- Tail weapon

### Magic Items:

- Lucky Skullhelm

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Stay Here, I'll Get Help!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour
- Tretch's Raiders

## SKWEEL GNAWTOOTH

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skweel Gnawtooth	6	5	3	4	4	2	6	2	6	Infantry (Special Character, Clan Moulder)
Gutsnagger	6	3	0	2	-	-	-	2	-	-

### Equipment:

- Light armour

### Magic Items:

- Warp-lash

### Special Rules:

- Exceptional Pack
- Mixed Unit
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour



## CHIEFTAIN

45 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chieftain	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6	Infantry (Character)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
  - Polearm.....6 points
  - Great weapon.....6 points
- May take a Warlock pistol.....5 points
- May upgrade to heavy armour.....2 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May have a Rat Hound Bodyguard.....3 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

## ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Chieftain in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit. However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items up to a total of 25 points.

## MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
War-litter	5	4	3	4	-	-	5	4	5	Infantry
Great Pox Rat	7	3	0	4	4	1	5	2	2	War Beast
Rat Ogre Bonebreaker	6	4	3	5	5	3	3	4	5	Monstrous Beast
Brood Horror	8	3	0	5	5	5	4	5	6	Monster

### Special Rules:

- *Great Pox Rat*: Poisoned Attacks, Skittering.
- *War-litter*: Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.
- *Rat Ogre Bonebreaker*: Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.
- *Brood Horror*: Foul Ichor, Poisoned Attacks.



# HEROES

## PLAGUE PRIEST

95 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plague Priest	5	4	3	4	5	2	5	2	6	Infantry (Character, Clan Pestilens)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon

### Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

### Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
  - Great weapon.....4 points
  - Flail.....4 points
  - Plague censer.....12 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
  - Great Pox Rat.....20 points
  - Plague Furnace.....150 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

### Magic:

A Plague Priest is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Plague.

## ASSASSIN

110 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Assassin	6	6	5	4	4	2	8	3	7	Infantry (Character, Clan Eshin)

### Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing weapon

### Special Rules:

- Dodge (5+)
- Hidden
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scurry Away!
- Scouts

### Options:

- May take a blowpipe.....5 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May take Clan Eshin Tools of War and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points

## ESHIN SORCERER

75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Eshin Sorcerer	6	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	5	Infantry (Character, Clan Eshin)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon

### Special Rules:

- Poisoned Attacks
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

### Magic:

An Eshin Sorcerer is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Stealth.





# HEROES

## MASTER MOULDER

35 points

### Profile

Master Moulder

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
6 4 3 4 4 2 5 2 6

### Troop Type

Infantry (Character, Clan Moulder)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

### Special Rules:

- Beastmaster
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

### Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
  - Great weapon.....4 points
  - Whip.....4 points
  - Things-catcher.....12 points
- May have a tail weapon.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
  - Great Pox Rat.....20 points
  - Rat Ogre Bonebreaker.....75 points
- May take Clan Moulder Beast-Pros and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points



## WARLOCK ENGINEER

65 points

### Profile

Warlock Engineer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld  
5 3 3 3 3 2 4 1 5

### Troop Type

Infantry (Character, Clan Skryre)

### Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

### Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

### Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be armed with any of the following:
  - Polearm.....2 points
  - Warlock pistol.....5 points
- May have a tail weapon.....5 points
- May take up to 3 Warpstone Tokens.....10 points per token
- May take Clan Skryre Gear of War and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points

### Magic:

A Warlock Master is a Level 1 Wizard who can use the spells from the Lore of Ruin.





# HEROES

## SCREAMING BELL

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Screaming Bell	5	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-	Shrine
Rat Ogre	-	3	-	5	-	-	4	3	-	-

**Crew:** 1 Rat Ogre

**Equipment (Crew):**

- Claws

**Special Rules:**

- Altar of the Horned Rat
- Fear
- Large Target (5)
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Ward save (4+)

## PLAGUE FURNACE

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plague Furnace	5	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-	Shrine
Plague Monk	-	3	-	3	-	-	4	1	-	-

**Crew:** 3 Plague Monks

**Equipment (Crew):**

- Two hand weapons

**Special Rules:**

- Altar of the Horned Rat
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Large Target (5)
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Billowing Death
- Wrecker Attack





# CORE UNITS

## CLANRATS

5 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	Infantry
Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5	Infantry

**Unit Size:** 20+

**Special Rules:**

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Number

**Equipment:**

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

*Note: You may not have more of any other type of Core Unit than you have units of Clanrats.*

**Options:**

- May upgrade one Clanrat to a Clawleader.....10 points
- May upgrade one Clanrat to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Clanrat to a standard bearer.....10 points
  - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be armed with spears.....1 point per model
- The unit may be accompanied by one of the following:
  - Warpfire Thrower.....65 points
  - Ratling Gun.....60 points
  - Poisoned Wind Mortar.....60 points
  - Doom-flayer.....35 points

## STORMVERMIN

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stormvermin	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	1	6	Infantry
Fangleader	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	2	6	Infantry

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Special Rules:**

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

**Equipment:**

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour



**Options:**

- May upgrade one Stormvermin to a Fangleader.....10 points
- May upgrade one Stormvermin to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Stormvermin to a standard bearer.....10 points
  - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take polearms.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may carry shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to heavy armour....1 point per model
- The unit may be accompanied by one of the following:
  - Warpfire Thrower.....65 points
  - Poisoned Wind Mortar.....60 points
  - Ratling Gun.....60 points
  - Doom-flayer.....35 points

## SKAVENSLAVES

2 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	2	Infantry
Pawleader	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	2	2	Infantry

**Unit Size:** 20+

**Special Rules:**

- Cornered Rats
- Expendable
- Life is Cheap
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

**Equipment:**

- Hand weapon

**Options:**

- May upgrade one Skavenslave to a Pawleader.....5 points
- May upgrade one Skavenslave to a musician.....5 points
- The unit may be armed with one of the following:
  - Spears.....1/2 point per model
  - Slings.....1/2 point per model
  - Polearms.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may carry shields.....1/2 point per model

## WEAPON TEAM

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5	Infantry (Clan Skryre)

**Unit Size:** 1

**Special Rules:**

- Attached Unit
- Scurry Away!

**Equipment:**

- Hand weapon





# CORE UNITS

## PLAGUE MONKS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	Infantry (Clan Pestilens)
Plague Deacon	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5	Infantry (Clan Pestilens)

*Note: If your army General is a Clan Pestilens Character, the requirement to take Clan Rats does not apply.*

**Unit Size:** 20+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment:**

- Two hand weapons

- Frenzy
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

- May upgrade one Plague Monk to a Plague Deacon.....10 points
- May upgrade one Plague Monk to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Plague Monk to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May take a magic standard up to.....25 points

## NIGHT RUNNERS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Runner	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	5	Infantry (Clan Eshin)
Nightleader	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	2	5	Infantry (Clan Eshin)

*Note: If your army General is a Clan Eshin Character, the requirement to take Clan Rats does not apply.*

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment:**

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing weapon

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Vanguard

- May upgrade one Night Runner to a Nightleader.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with slings.....1 point per model
- The unit may be accompanied by a Warp-grinder.....30 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....free



## GIANT RATS

2 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant Rat	6	3	0	2	2	1	4	1	3	War Beast (Clan Moulder)
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	Infantry (Clan Moulder)

*Note: If your army General is a Clan Moulder Character, the requirement to take Clan Rats does not apply.*

**Unit Size:** 5+ Giants Rats

**Special Rules:**

**Note**

**Equipment (Packmaster):**

- Hand weapon
- Whip
- Light armour

- Fight in Extra Ranks (1)
- Mixed Unit
- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

- You must add 1 Packmaster for every 5 Giant Rats in the unit.....10 points per model

## RAT SWARMS

25 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	1	1	8	4	8	3	Swarm

**Unit Size:** 2-10



# SPECIAL UNITS

## GUTTER RUNNERS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	6	Infantry (Clan Eshin)
Deathrunner	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	2	6	Infantry (Clan Eshin)

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment:**

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing weapon

- Ambushers
- Dodge (6+)
- Scurry Away!
- Scouts
- Skirmishers

- May upgrade one Gutter Runner to a Deathrunner.....10 points
- The entire unit may have Poisoned Attacks.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may be armed with snare-nets.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may be armed with slings.....2 points per model
- The unit may be accompanied by a Warp-grinder.....20 points

## PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Censer Bearer	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	Infantry (Clan Pestilens)
Plague Chanter	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5	Infantry (Clan Pestilens)

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment:**

- Plague censer

- Frenzy
- Hatred
- Scurry Away!
- Skirmishers

- May upgrade one Censer Bearer to a Plague Chanter.....10 points

## PLAGUE RATS

30 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plague Rats	6	3	0	1	1	8	4	8	3	Swarm (Clan Pestilens)

**Unit Size:** 2-10

**Special Rules:**

- Poisoned Attacks

## WOLF RATS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wolf Rat	8	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	4	War Beast (Clan Moulder)

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

- Frenzy
- Strength in Numbers
- Vanguard

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Pox Feeders.....1 point per model
  - Warpstone Shard Teeth.....1 point per model
  - Bloated Mutants.....2 points per model

## RAT OGRES

33 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rat Ogre	6	3	1	5	4	3	4	3	5	Monstrous Infantry (Clan Moulder)
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	Infantry (Clan Moulder)

**Unit Size:** 2+ Rat Ogres

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment**

**(Packmaster):**

- Hand weapon
- Whip
- Light armour

- Scurry Away!
- Mixed Unit
- Frenzy
- Strength in Numbers
- Stupidity

- You must add 1 Packmaster for every 2 Rat Ogres in the unit.....10 points per model
- All Rat Ogres in the unit may choose two of the following:
  - Brain Transplant.....3 points per model
  - Extra Extremities.....3 points per model
  - Quadrupedal.....3 points per model
  - Armoured.....6 points per model
  - Resilient.....6 points per model
  - Trollblooded.....6 points per model



# SPECIAL UNITS

## WARPLOCK JEZZAILS

20 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Jezzail Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5	Infantry (Clan Skryre)
Sharpshooter	5	3	4	3	3	2	4	2	5	Infantry (Clan Skryre)

**Unit Size:** 3+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

- Scurry Away!

- May upgrade one Jezzail Team to a Sharpshooter Team.....20 points

**Equipment:**

- Sniper (Sharpshooter only)

- Hand weapon
- Jezzail
- Pavise

## POISONED WIND GLOBADIERS

9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	Infantry (Clan Skryre)
Bombardier	5	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	5	Infantry (Clan Skryre)

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

- Scurry Away!
- Skirmishers

- May upgrade one Globadier to a Bombardier.....10 points
- The unit may be accompanied by a Poisoned Wind Mortar.....60 points

**Equipment:**

- Hand weapon
- Poisoned Wind Globes
- Gas mask
- Light armour





# RARE UNITS

## ESHIN TRIAD

105 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Assassin Adept	6	5	5	4	4	2	7	2	7	Infantry (Clan Eshin)

**Unit Size:** 3

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment:**

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing weapon

- Dodge (5+)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scurry Away!
- Scouts
- Skirmishers

- The entire unit may have a tail weapons.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may may take Smoke Bombs....5 points per model

## BROOD HORROR

150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Brood Horror	8	3	0	5	5	5	4	5	6	Monster (Clan Moulder)

**Unit Size:** 1

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

- Foul Ichor
- Poisoned Attacks

- The Brood Horror may take any of the following:

- Lash Tail.....15 points
- Rusted Armour.....10 points
- Skryre Claws.....10 points
- Pestilent Breath.....25 points

## HELL PIT ABOMINATION

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hell Pit Abomination	*	3	1	6	5	6	4	*	8	Monster (Clan Moulder)

**Unit Size:** 1

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

- Impact Hits (D6)
- Random Movement (3D6)
- Regeneration (4+)
- Shambling Horror

- Special Close Combat Attacks
- Stubborn
- Too Horrible to Die

- May take Warpstone Spikes.....10 points

## STORMFIENDS

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stormfiend	6	4	3	5	4	4	5	4	7	Monstrous Infantry (Clan Moulder)

**Unit Size:** 3+

**Special Rules:**

**Options:**

**Equipment:**

- Medium armour

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

- All models in the unit must pick one of the following (different models may have different weapons):

- Warfire Projectors.....60 points per model
- Windlaunchers.....50 points per model
- Ratling Cannons.....35 points per model
- Grinderfists.....25 points per model
- Shock Gauntlets.....20 points per model
- Doom-flayer Gauntlets.....15 points per model

## PLAGUECLAW CATAPULT

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plagueclaw Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower, Clan Pestilens)
Plague Monk Crew	5	3	3	3	4	-	3	1	5	-

**Unit Size:** 1 Plagueclaw Catapult and 3 crew

**Equipment (Crew):**

**Special Rules:**

- Hand weapon

- Frenzy
- Plagueclaw Catapult



# RARE UNITS

## WARP LIGHTNING CANNON

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warp Lightning Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Great Cannon, Clan Skryre)
Crew	5	3	3	3	3	-	4	1	5	-

**Unit Size:** 1 Warp Lightning Cannon and 3 crew.

**Equipment (Crew):**

- Hand weapon

**Special Rules:**

- Warp Lightning Cannon



## DOOMWHEEL

160 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Doomwheel	*	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 4+, Clan Skryre)
Warlock Engineer	-	3	3	3	-	-	4	1	7	-

**Unit Size:** 1

**Crew:** 1 Warlock Engineer

**Equipment (Crew):**

- Hand weapon

**Equipment (Doomwheel):**

- Scythed wheels

**Special Rules:**

- Grind Attack
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Large Target (4)
- Loss of Control
- Random Movement (3D6)
- Terror
- Zzzzap!





# SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Deathmaster Snikch	6	8	6	4	4	3	10	5	8	In
Eshin Sorcerer Lord	6	4	4	3	4	3	5	1	6	In
Grey Seer	5	3	3	3	4	3	5	1	6	In
Ikit Claw	5	5	3	5	4	3	3	2	7	In
Nurglelitch	5	6	3	4	5	3	5	3	7	Ca
- Bilios	5	3	3	3	-	-	3	2	6	-
- Pox	7	3	0	4	4	1	5	2	2	-
Master Assassin	6	7	6	4	4	3	9	4	8	In
Master Mutator	6	6	3	4	4	3	6	3	7	In
Plaguelord	5	5	3	4	5	3	6	3	7	In
Queek Headtaker	5	7	6	4	4	3	7	4	8	In
Lord Skrolk	5	6	4	4	5	3	6	4	7	In
Skreech Verminking	8	8	4	6	6	6	10	5	8	Mo
Thanquol	5	3	3	3	4	3	6	1	7	In
- Boneripper	6	3	1	5	5	4	1	4	10	MI
- Boneripper Mk II	6	3	1	6	5	5	1	5	10	Mo
Throt the Unclean	5	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	7	In
Warlock Master	5	3	4	3	4	3	4	1	6	In
Warlord	5	6	4	4	4	3	7	4	7	In
Vermينlord	8	8	4	6	6	6	10	5	8	Mo

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Assassin	6	6	5	4	4	2	8	3	7	In
Chieftain	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6	In
Eshin Sorcerer	6	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	5	In
Master Moulder	6	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	6	In
Plague Priest	5	4	3	4	5	2	5	2	6	In
Skweel Gnawtooth	6	5	3	4	4	2	6	2	6	In
- Gutsnagger	6	3	0	2	-	-	2	-	-	-
Tretch Craventail	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6	In
Warlock Engineer	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	1	5	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	In
- Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5	In
Giant Rat	6	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	3	WB
- Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	-
Night Runner	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	5	In
- Nightleader	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	2	5	In
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	In
- Plague Deacon	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5	In
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	1	1	8	4	8	3	Sw
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	2	In
- Pawleader	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	2	2	In
Stormvermin	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	1	6	In
- Fangleader	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	2	6	In
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Censer Bearer	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	In
- Plague Chanter	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5	In
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	6	In
- Deathrunner	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	2	6	In
Jezzail Team	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	5	In
- Sharpshooter	5	3	4	3	3	2	4	2	5	In
Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	In
- Bombardier	5	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	5	In
Plague Rats	6	3	0	1	1	8	4	8	3	Sw
Rat Ogre	6	3	1	5	4	3	4	3	5	MI
- Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	-
Wolf Rat	8	4	0	3	3	1	4	1	4	WB

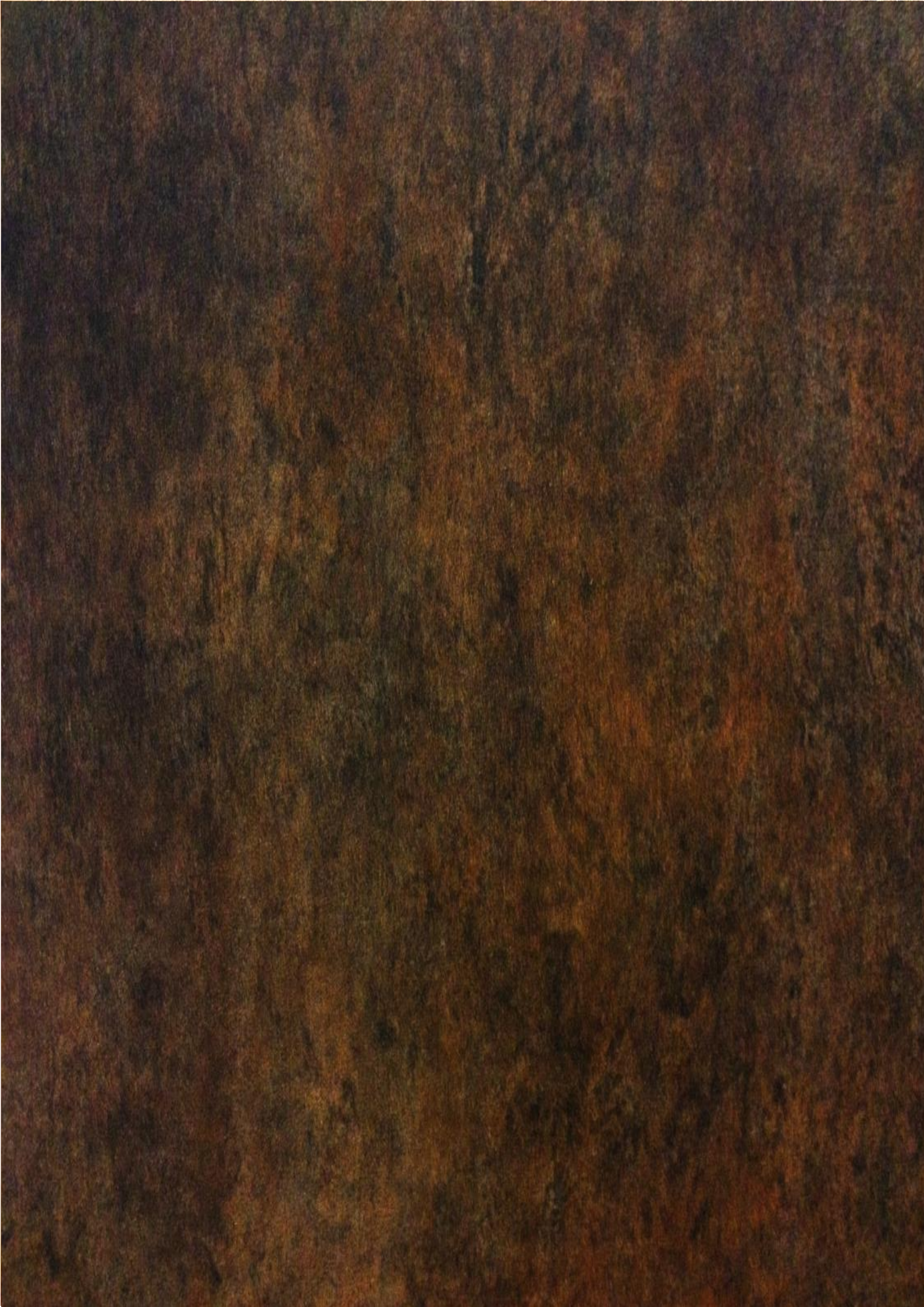
RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Assassin Adept	6	5	5	4	4	2	7	2	7	In
Brood Horror	8	4	0	5	5	5	4	5	6	Mo
Doomwheel	3	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Warlock Engineer	-	3	3	3	-	-	4	1	7	-
Hell Pit Abomination	*	3	1	6	5	6	4	*	8	Mo
Plagueclaw Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	5	3	3	3	4	-	3	1	5	-
Stormfiend	6	4	3	5	4	4	5	4	7	MI
Warp Lightning Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	5	3	3	3	3	-	4	1	5	-

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Brood Horror	8	3	0	5	5	5	4	5	6	Mo
Great Pox Rat	7	3	0	4	4	1	5	2	2	WB
Plague Furnace	5	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-	Sh
- Plague Monk	-	3	-	5	-	-	4	3	-	-
Rat Ogre Bonebreaker	6	4	3	5	5	3	3	4	5	MB
Screaming Bell	5	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-	Sh
- Rat Ogre	-	3	-	5	-	-	4	3	-	-
War-litter	5	4	3	4	-	-	5	4	5	In

**Troop Type Key:** In = *Infantry*, WB = *War Beast*, Ca = *Cavalry*, MI = *Monstrous Infantry*, MB = *Monstrous Beast*, MC = *Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo = *Monster*, Ch = *Chariot*, Sw = *Swarms*, Un = *Unique*, WM = *War Machine*.



















## SKAVEN

The vile and malevolent Skaven gnaw through the roots of the Old World like a malignant cancer. Their Under-Empire spreads ever outward from its sprawling capital of ancient evil, Skavenblight. Seething hordes of vicious rat-men lie waiting to bring the final apocalypse upon the unsuspecting realms of men. Through the ancient and evil Lords of Decay the Horned Rat himself, dark god of the Skaven race, cynically guides his children to their ultimate destiny of complete mastery of the entire world!

### Inside you will find:

- A Bestiary describing every unit, monster, hero and war machine in your army.
- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
- A section that details the Children of the Horned Rat, their culture and their history.

*Warhammer: Skaven is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book in the series describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.*

A supplement for

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The Game of Fantasy Battles