

WARHAMMER

BEASTMEN



WARHAMMER ARMIES





BEASTMEN



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.33

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Special Thanks To: All the players that have contributed with feedback and ideas.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Warhammer: Beastmen, your definite guide to the unruly and foul beasts of the forests. This book provides all the information you'll require to collect and play with a Beastmen army in games of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT BEASTMEN?

From out of the dark and twisted forests of the Old World come the Cloven Ones, uncounted hordes of braying creatures of horn, hoof, muscle and hate. The Beastmen are the true Children of Chaos. Grotesque hybrids of fierce animal and primitive human, these horned and stinking warrior-beasts infest the blighted forests that cover the Old World. Their savage tribes explode from the depths of the haunted woods to wage bitter war against the civilised races. So profound is the Beastmen's hatred of order and reason that they seek to drag the world kicking and screaming into a barbaric and primal age.



A fully arrayed Beastman army is a splendid spectacle. It is quite intimidating for any opponent to face across the tabletop, for not only is it numerous but it includes lots of terrifying monsters from the deep woods. Beastmen units can also attack from ambush, surrounding the enemy army and herding it towards the storm of jagged blades, sharpened horns and gouging tusks that forms the main Beastman battleline.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer army books are split into sections, each of which deals with different aspects of the titular army. *Warhammer: Beastmen* contains:

- **The Cloven Ones.** This describes the origins of the bestial servants of the Dark Gods, the lands they dwell in, the worship of their gods and other insights into this twisted, chaotic group of creatures.
- **The Wild Herd.** Each and every troop type in the Beastman 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 Spoils of the Herd Stones – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Beastmen Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Wild Herd 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.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Beastmen* contains everything you need to play the game with your army, there are other books and updates to be found. For the other books in the series and the latest rules updates, visit:

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com







THE CLOVEN ONES

Deep within the dark and twisted forests dwell countless horrifying and deadly creatures – tainted beasts warped by Chaos. The Beastmen are a plague on the civilised races, preying on the weak and striking without warning in a rampage of killing and destruction before disappearing into the protective darkness of the wilderness. All manner of mutated and blood-hungry creatures join these raids – towering, nightmarish beasts whose whole existence centres on the rush of blood that comes during the slaughter.

Beastmen are unruly, coarse and foul. Their obscene and thuggish behaviour is about as degenerate and disgusting as it is possible to get. When the Beastmen go to war it is with truly evil intent. They seek to slaughter the civilised races like cattle, burn down and shatter their buildings, and stomp the remains into the ground with their cloven hooves until there is nothing left but devastation and ruin.

THE BEASTMEN

In the dark forests of the Old World dwell the favoured Children of Chaos: foul and unholy things that hate the world and hide from the honest light of day. They serve no mortal master, but belong heart and soul to the Dark Gods of Chaos. Men call these creatures Beastmen for they are part-human and part-beast, their twisted bodies a blasphemy of nature. They have horns upon their bestial heads, claws and cloven hooves adorn their limbs. Beastmen are wild and brutish creatures that care little for other beings and despise the race of Men above all else. They are cruel and brutal creatures who brawl and fight amongst themselves when not venting their hatred against mankind.

Beastmen are not natural creatures; they first came into existence when the polar gateway of the Old Ones collapsed, showering the world with corrupting warpstone. It worked a dreadful change on many of the ancestors of Men, causing severe mutations, and the descendants of the foul beasts born from that catastrophe still plague the dark places of the world.

Neither fully man nor fully animal, Beastmen willingly embrace their heritage of Chaos – they have the intelligence of a man, but employ it with the base cunning of a wild animal. To the people of the Empire, it is a deadly combination, for the Beastmen utterly despise the Humans who they can never be, filled with self-loathing that turns to aggressive hatred.

Malformed, base and evil, the Beastmen hate all natural and wholesome creatures. They are wild and crude creatures of animal lusts and an unpredictable, violent temperament. They have long, ridged horns with which to gore their foes, and the legs of cattle and goats with which to stamp the bodies of their victims into the mulch. Their slavering mouths are filled with long, wolf-like fangs perfect for tearing flesh from bone, and their robust, heavily-muscled frames are perfectly suited to sating the murderous desires that gleam in their blood-red eyes.

Shunned and abhorred by every other race, the Beastmen are bitter creatures, driven by animal rages and a highly destructive instinct. They do not seek conquest or glory, they fight only to bring ruin to others, to sow destruction and discord and bring other races to their knees.

The urges of this primitive race know no bounds, and the Beastmen indulge themselves by enacting their basest instincts whenever they please. Above all other emotions, though, they despise the race of Mankind. It is Mankind that seeks to tame the wild places of the world, to build upon lands that belong to the beasts, to impose order where there should rightfully be chaos. For this, the Beastmen believe, the race of men must pay with their lives. The precious works of the humans must be cast down and trampled into the dirt until nothing is left.

The leaders of the Beastman race still believe the Old World is rightfully theirs. They enforce their right to rule over weaker creatures with shocking acts of extreme violence, for Beastman society, if it can be referred to as such, has always favoured the strong. Even the grand armies of the civilised races will never truly overthrow them, for the children of Chaos are not only strong of arm and terrible of aspect, but also more numerous than the stars in the sky. The fact that other civilizations exist at all fills the Beastmen with rage beyond measure. Red-hot hatred festers in their savage minds for the prideful races that believe they can bend the forests to their will. Even the lowliest Beastman is aflame with a burning desire to twist and rend the clean, soft limbs of Man, to rip his skin from his fleshy body, to snap his bones and drink deep of the bloody marrow within.

CIVILISATION BESIEGED

When the armies of the Beastmen surge forth from the shadow-shrouded forests, they do so to tear down civilisation until all is anarchy and misrule. With ever-increasing frequency the braying warherds of the Beastmen boil out of the darkness – more vital in nature than the races of Elf and Dwarf, more bloodthirsty than the nations of Mankind, and fiercer than the Skaven that scurry beneath the earth. When the armies of the Cloven Ones go to war, the civilised world shudders with the memory of that which has gone before and will inevitably come again.





Beastmen hordes are extremely dangerous in battle; a ferocious horde of brutish warriors, great lumbering chariots, packs of slavering Chaos Hounds and bands of larger beasts eagerly tear apart any enemies that dare to stand in their way. The Beastmen pour from their forests in endless masses, stretching across the horizon. Often the horde breaks quickly into warring factions, for the Beastmen are Children of Chaos and so order is an alien concept to them. In battle they combine ferocity with a savage lack of discipline, fighting and battling amongst themselves in their eagerness to get at the enemy. The raging power of Chaos has given them a ferocious vitality which makes them shrug off ghastly wounds and carry on fighting regardless of the consequences. Even the Orcs are comparatively vulnerable to damage compared to the awesome vitality of the Beastmen.

These creatures are the most numerous of the beasts of Chaos. Their numbers can only be guessed at, but many scholars fear that they outnumber Mankind. They pose an unavoidable threat to travellers on forest roads and to small villages and farmsteads. Often homes or hamlets are raided in the night, their inhabitants slain, buildings burned down and animals carried away to be consumed by the Beastmen. Beastmen hordes, called war herds by the creatures themselves, are extremely dangerous in battle; a ferocious mass of brutish warriors and great lumbering chariots eagerly tear apart any enemies that dare to stand in their way. Towering above the Beastmen come bellowing Minotaurs, while feral Centigors lop through the woods around them. Often the horde breaks quickly into warring factions, for Beastmen are Children of Chaos and organisation and order is a concept which is alien to them. Only the very strongest Beastlords with a will of iron can hold together their hordes for long enough to pose a serious threat to Men, Elves, Dwarfs or Orcs and Goblins, but when this happens the mortal lands are in dire peril.

Only by dragging the world kicking and screaming into an age of blood and violence can the Beastmen claim back their inheritance. Only by tearing down and burning the trappings of civilisation can the Cloven Ones satiate their hatred for the people of the Old World. The Beastmen live for the day when they will trample the pompous leaders of the other races under cloven hooves, smear their pretentious statues with stinking dung, and set their cherished citadels of learning aflame until all is once again base and foul. The nations of Man, Dwarf and Elf take refuge in the dubious safety of their fortress-cities, but the Beastmen cannot be held at bay forever, for with every passing century the power of Chaos waxes ever stronger. Sooner or later, every dam is burst by the torrent, every road becomes overgrown, and every tower crumbles to rubble. It is then the Beastmen shall take back what is rightfully theirs.

For the folk of the Empire, Beastmen are an omnipresent threat. Much of the land governed by the Elector Counts is blanketed in dark, forbidding forests where the Beastmen lurk. They are an uncomfortable reminder of the animal savagery that lurks in the darkest recesses of men's hearts. When pushed to the point of desperation and faced with starvation, terror, or death, humans are not so unlike their bestial adversaries. Beastmen are also a dark harbinger of the fate that await the people of the Empire, should the powers of Chaos claim dominion over the world.

Another particularly hated foes of the Beastmen are the Wood Elves. Unbeknown to most races, a secret war is constantly waged between the Elven folk of Loren and the bestial hordes. They battle for possession of the sacred groves, where magic gathers in large amounts. The Wood Elves secure these places with waystones to absorb the magical energy, while the Beastmen erect their crude herdstones to syphon the corrupting power from the landscape and spill it across the world.

THE HORNS OF WAR

The Empire of Man perceives the Beastmen as unruly beings with the wit only to rend, tear and slaughter. Unfortunately for them, this is a deadly untruth, for none underestimate the Beastmen and live to tell of it. When the Beastmen march against their foes, it is not as mere raiding parties, but as heavily armed battalions united by their terrible hunger for war. Their hooves churn the ground to muck as they bear down upon their victims. As their armies scour the land, the air fills with a maddening cacophony of barking, braying, and howling, punctuated by the blare of twisted horns and the boom of war drums fashioned from gnarled trees and human remains.

At the head of each army strides a lord of the Beastkin, fearsome in stature and possessed of an animal cunning. Having proved himself strongest of the warherd, the rank masses of the tribes follow these Beastlords instinctively. Armoured Bestigor accompany him to the battlefield, twisted Bray-shamans whisper their counsel to him, and hordes of goat-legged Gors, hungry to commit all manner of atrocities, follow in his wake.

Yet the armies of the Beastmen are as varied in form as any of the scions of Chaos. Equine Centigors gallop around the flanks of the enemy armies, their drunken and violent lusts inflamed by the prospect of claiming the first kill, whilst malicious and nimble Ungors melt through the forests ahead to cut off the foe's escape. Ramshackle chariots hurtle across the battlefield, pulled by heavily-muscled Tuskgor or even a bristle-backed Razorgor drawn from its lair with offerings of raw human flesh.

The shock troops of the brayherds are Minotaurs, bull-headed giants whose hybrid anatomies have been grossly swollen by the touch of Chaos. Led by the largest of their number – the blood-obsessed

Doombulls – whole tribes of Minotaurs stampede towards the enemy battleline, bellowing with unrestrained battlelust, their horned heads lowered as they charge into the foe with bone-crunching force. The orgy of gore-drunk feasting that inevitably follows such charges is even more sickening than the violence of the kill itself.

The number of Minotaurs slaughtering their way across the Old World is currently at an unprecedented level, and the legend of Taurox, the Brass Bull, is spreading like wildfire – a monstrous blade-horned giant of living metal who never rests in his quest to kill. Entire armies of Minotaurs now converge upon the city of Talabheim in the heart of the Great Forest, though none bar the Bray-Shamans that accompany them truly know the reason why.

THE MONSTROUS HORDE

Behind the Gors, Ungors and Minotaurs of the horde come ever larger and more terrifying beasts, creatures from the realms of horror bound to the cause of the Beastmen by stooped Bray-Shamans. Cyclopean monstrosities known as Cygors lumber into the fray, crushing lesser beings beneath hooves as wide as tree trunks, seeking out the bright aura of wizards in order to slake their unnatural thirst for the souls of the gifted. Gibbering Jabberslythes spurt hissing bile as they flap and crawl from their lairs, their features so hideous that to look upon them is to lose one's mind forever. Waves of insanity wrack the enemy battlelines as the unnatural beasts advance.

When the tribes unite under the greatest of Beadsords the ground shakes at the Brayherd's passing, for with such a grand muster come all manner of strange and forgotten beasts. Obscene fusions of hag-tree and gigantic mutant shriek from dozens of mouths as they snatch up their prey in their poisonous tendrils. Cleaver-armed giants roar with pure bloodgreed as they storm towards the foe, saliva drooling in thick ropes from their freakish maws. Temples are levelled and crenellated keeps brought crashing down by living mountains of muscle and horn, goaded into battle by the chanting Beastmen that are packed into crude howdahs upon their backs. Quill-spined brutes from the northern forests thunder out of the night to smash apart iron gates and portcullises in one unstoppable charge. The skies turn black with flocks of harpies and carrion birds that gather for the bloody feast to come, scattering and screaming as older, fouler things flap through the skies towards the banquet below. There is no end to the menagerie of terrors that pours from the shadowed heart of the woods.

And yet even the most titanic beast of the deep forest is little threat compared to the wrath of the Beastherd itself, a rage that becomes ever stronger should the Beastmen suffer defeat. The Cloven Ones are the doom of civilisation incarnate, an inexhaustible army of monsters that will butcher, defile and burn all in their path until they have scoured all evidence of order and sanity from the Old World.

THE DARK OMEN

The Bray-Shaman Malagor, also known as the Dark Omen, has a reputation as the portent of disaster. During the midsummer of 2522, every household across the entire province of Ostland awoke to find a member of each family missing and a pile of bloody bones in front of the hearth. In outrage, the troops of the realm rode out into the forests to find the culprits, the flickering light of their torches seeming to lend life to the gnarled forest. Instead they found a horde of Beastmen ten thousand strong. Battle was joined, and countless warriors died from each side in the first hour, but the Beastmen proved expert in the art of ambush. Worse still, Malagor set fire to the tinder-dry forest with a great spell. As Empire soldier and Beastman fought each other amongst the flames, the battle-scape appeared as a vision of hell. The Empire troop broke and ran from the woods, the laughter of Malagor echoing in their ears.

Wilhelm hung his head and pushed his long fringe of wet hair from his eyes once again. His feet were sore, his toes were wet and cold from the sodden mud of the road, and he was ready to drop. In his left hand he held the reins of the stubborn pack mule he had been leading for the past week. One foot in front of the other, he plodded along the road behind the rest of the group, too tired, wet and bored to even bother avoiding the larger puddles. This was a million leagues from what he imagined he would be doing right now. He had left home full of excitement, imagining the adventures he would have on the road, the riches he would find in Mordheim and the famous deeds that he would achieve. Never in his dreams did he imagine himself walking for a week through the rain, leading a stupid mule that seemed intent on making his life a misery, towards a place that never seemed to arrive.

Wondering if he had made a horrible mistake in joining the small band of Reikland warriors, Wilhelm let his gaze wander over the rest of the party. Pieter, the leader of this little band, rode at the front of the group on the back of a powerful warhorse. That steed had looked so mighty and noble when they had rode into his village, but now it too was merely another tired and wet, miserable creature. Still, Pieter held his noble head high, ignoring the foul weather as if it were below him. At his side walked the massive warrior Brock, his huge greatsword strapped over his bull-like shoulders. How the big veteran had laughed when Wilhelm struggled to lift that titanic weapon the previous night.

Behind the pair of seasoned warriors was the wagon, where five other trained warriors rode, somewhat protected from the weather by a faded leather canopy. The wagon was pulled by a pair of horses, their heads hanging wearily as they trudged through the clinging mud.

The wheels of the wagon carved deep furrows in the road, and Wilhelm stumbled suddenly into one of them. A strong hand grabbed him by the shoulder, steadyng him.

'Steady lad. We will be stopping soon,' said a deep voice from behind him.

Wilhelm nodded his thanks to the stern warrior Mikhel, embarrassed to have shown his weakness in front of the tall Reiklander.

The mule Wilhelm was leading whinnied suddenly, pulling its head sharply to one side, nearly ripping Wilhelm's shoulder from its socket.

'Whoa, boy!' he called. He had almost had enough of the animal's behaviour.

'To arms!'

The scream cut through Wilhelm's thoughts. He looked up to see the draught horses that pulled the wagon rearing up in fear, while a warrior tried desperately to hold them in check. The sudden crack of a pistol firing ripped through the air, and Wilhelm saw Pieter circling his warhorse, smoke rising from his discharged weapon. The noble warband leader swiftly drew and fired a second pistol into an enemy that Wilhelm couldn't yet see.

The mule suddenly pulled again at the reins wrapped around Wilhelm's hand, and he was jerked from his feet. As he pushed himself up from the ground, he caught his first glimpse of the enemy. A dark, shaggy shape leapt from the undergrowth at the side of the road, launching itself towards him with an unnatural, inhuman gait. The creature had a bestial, goat-like head, complete with an impressive set of curving horns, and in its hands it held a massive, rusting axe. Its eyes were wide, like those of an enraged bull, and its wide spread mouth exposed yellowing, tusk-like teeth. His first thought was that this was a merely a mask, a hideous and terrifying mask, but in an instant he knew this was not so. This was one of the feared Beastmen of the deep forest, a creature he had only heard of in tales told by ageing soldiers around the campfire.

Pushing himself to his feet, Wilhelm drew his shortsword and raised it just in time to block the attack of the Beastman, a wild overhead blow. The force of the strike dropped Wilhelm to his knees, and he knew the next attack would be the end of him. It never came, for a heavy sword-blade suddenly chopped into the side of the creature's neck, spraying a fountain of dark red blood. Wilhelm was dragged to his feet by the tall warrior Mikhel, who then leapt forwards to aid the other Reiklanders as more of the Beastmen leapt from their ambush. The air was filled with shouts, bestial roars and growling, and horses screaming in terror.

Breaking into a run to follow, Wilhelm only made it three steps before a heavy weight hit him from behind, and he dropped into the mud once again, shouting in pain. Half rolling, he looked up into the slavering jaws of a gigantic, hulking hound that was all fur and brute muscle and intent on him as its prey. Crying out in fear, Wilhelm stabbed his short sword into the beast's massive chest as it closed on him, pulling his face away from the fearful beast. Pulling the sword out, he stabbed again, and then pushed the dying, twitching weight away from him.

Rising, he saw Pieter's warhorse fall, pulled down to the ground by a pair of malevolent

Beastmen. Pieter leapt from his falling steed and rolled smoothly as he landed, his pistols now replaced by a rapier and a dagger. The wagon itself was suddenly hurled onto its side, throwing luggage and men clear as a huge shape burst from the trees and smashed fully into the heavy carriage. Standing fully nine feet tall, the Minotaur snorted, steam puffing from its nostrils as it surveyed the carnage.

In horrified shock, Wilhelm watched as smaller Beastmen leapt around the mayhem, savagely cutting down the Reiklanders with axes as they tried to rise. The immense Minotaur leapt upon the fallen horse of Pieter, its jaws closing around its neck. The mighty warrior Brock appeared, swinging his mighty greatsword down in a fluid arc. It cut deeply into the shaggy shoulders of the stooping Minotaur, a blow that would have cut a man in two. The beast merely raised itself from its meal, blood and gore dripping from its face, and lashed out with its great cleaver-like weapon. The blow hacked into Brock's neck, near severing his head from his shoulders. Wilhelm was petrified, rooted to the spot.

A creature bounded over the felled wagon. It was a hideous blend of Beastman and what looked like a shaggy ox, a beastman's upper body where the horse's neck and head should have been. Its face was contorted into a growl, and thick strands of drool hung from its thick lips. Its glazed eyes suddenly registered Wilhelm's presence, and with a roar, it launched into a gallop.

Wilhelm ran. He turned off the road, and plunged into the trees, stumbling and falling oversaturated, rotting logs. He knew then that he would never reach Mordheim that he never should have left home at all. His breathing was ragged as he staggered through the dark trees, branches and twigs lashing at his face. He risked a glance behind him, and saw the hideous creature whooping as it closed on him. A barbed spear was held in its hands, and it thrust the cruel weapon forwards as it reached its prey.

The spear smashed deeply into the human boy's lower back, and he dropped instantly, his spine severed. The Centigor paused for a moment, and pulled a flagon from its harness-belt. It swayed slightly as it drank deeply, uncaring of the ale that spilled over its face and fur. Then, it turned and launched itself back towards the road. It did not wishing to miss the end of the slaughter.

And once that was finished, the feast would begin...



THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

The Beastmen live by the base laws of nature, twisted beyond recognition by the taint of Chaos. Domination is enforced with bloody violence, and every Beastman quickly learns his place under the heel of the warherd's chieftain. Beastmen are wild and crude creatures of animal lusts and vitriolic temperament. They are truly repugnant to behold, let alone to smell, for they are a twisted reflection of the base and barbaric aspects of nature.

Creatures of violence and destruction, they are as unreasoning and deadly as the hurricane that tears apart the village, the plague that ravages the lands or the blight that kills the harvest. And yet the Beastmen are far worse, for they have little to do with the natural order of things. The carnage and despair they spread across the land is not part of the eternal cycle of life and death but a malevolent and deliberate attempt to tear down and despoil everything of beauty, peace or sanctity, replacing it with filth and ruin. Even when gathered in their torrid encampments the Beastmen can be seen brawling, shouting, rutting, drinking or filling their hairy bellies with raw flesh, for they are vital and virile creatures that are never truly still.

While other followers of Chaos may be gifted with all manner of manifestations of their patrons' favour upon their path to damnation, the Beastmen crawl from the unclean wombs of the woods with a form perfectly suited to their horrid nature. They have long, ridged horns with which to gore their foes, and the legs of



cattle and goats with which to trample the bodies of their victims. Their matted hair is encrusted with blood and dung, a haven for fat ticks and colonies of fleas that keep the Beastmen in a constant state of agitation. Their drool-filled mouths are filled with sharp, wolf-like fangs for tearing the flesh of their prey, and their muscular, sweat-slicked bodies are ideally suited to the murderous desires that gleam in their blood-red eyes.

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

Bitterness and spite simmers in the heart of every Beastman; it takes little more than a few well-chosen words to spur a Gor into a frenzy of unrestrained rage. The sounds of distant battle will cause a Beastman to prick up his tufted ears in an instant; a fight or duel upon a woodland path will invariably bring dozens of Beastmen from all about in a very short space of time.

Above all, though, it is the trappings of progress and civilisation that fan the embers of hatred burning within each Beastman's breast. A mere glimpse of bright colours, especially the colour red, will often be enough to get a Beastman's pulse racing with bloodlust. The sight of a proud flag or coat of arms, a pristine uniform or a magnificent statue elicits a powerful reaction in the Beastmen, for the things of order are anathema to the Children of Chaos. All caution is put aside in a desperate attempt to tear down and befoul the offending article, to stomp it into the mud, smear it with dung or rip it to pieces and chew on the remains.

Woe betide those who take pride in such symbols of authority and order, for their end will invariably be messy, painful and humiliating. Though Beastmen find it far easier to destroy than to create they can be terribly inventive in the punishments they inflict upon their captives, and they have a sick and ribald sense of humour that leads to truly stomach-churning atrocities enacted upon those they can catch.

No Beastman is truly content unless visiting some manner of violence upon a hapless victim. The only tools they use are the tools of war, and even then they aren't too fussy. They arm themselves with crude blades and axes that they call 'man-cleavers,' mostly cobbled together from the spoils of war, for not even the nimble-fingered Ungor can truly master the skills of the smith. The warherds lack the resplendent weapons and baroque armour of the human servants of

the Chaos Gods, for the Beastmen already belong to the Ruinous Powers and the gods have no need to bargain such trinkets in exchange for their souls. This only serves to increase the jealous ire that the Beastmen have for their human contemporaries. Nonetheless, the Beastmen excel at raiding, pillaging and corpse-robbing even when they are not marching to war. Because of this they are never short of battered weapons and ragged suits of armour, albeit ones encrusted with clotted gore and riddled with rust. Such lack of quality is only a minor setback to the Beastmen, who compensate with sheer brute strength and determination.

Beastmen wear little clothing, but often dress in the fur of their defeated rivals. They usually carry the skulls of their vanquished enemies as these are thought to bring good luck. While most Beastmen have dark brown skin and fur, black-furred or even albino Beastmen are not unknown.

Beastmen wear heavy armlets and necklaces which serve as armour as well as decoration. Apart from the most primitive clubs and wooden shields, the Beastmen make few weapons. It is not the nature of Chaos to create, but to destroy.

Much like packs of wolves or lions, Beastmen are accomplished hunters, but this has far more to do with the warherd's innate ability to surround and entrap their prey than stealth or caution. In fact, all Beastmen are loud and impatient, and worse still they stink to high heaven; a rank combination of rotting blood, days-old vomit, stale sweat, dung and woodsmoke. Hygiene is a foreign concept to the Beastmen. They scent-mark and defecate upon every landmark they pass without hesitation, and after a victory celebration will collapse in a drunken stupor in low burrows, crude ditches and even steaming piles of night-soil, for they know not shame or disgust.

The robust constitution of the Cloven Ones allows them to live upon the most meagre or unpleasant of diets. They prefer great chunks of meat above all but, unlike their larger Minotaur brethren, they do not care if it is fresh or if it is infested and maggot-ridden. Beastmen are cannibals who gorge themselves upon the corpses of their own kind without hesitation, entrails, hair, horns, hooves and all, and believe that to do so is to inherit the strength of the victim. This diet of dead meat is supplemented with grubs, hairy-legged spiders, poisonous centipedes, plump blowflies, and other vermin, as well as the occasional lost child or lone woodsman. It could be said that Beastmen are hunter-gatherers, though they mainly gather the body parts strewn around the place after a particularly vicious hunt. Human flesh is a delicacy to Beastmen, and rivals have been known to fight to the death over a single human arm or leg.

Of all the creatures of Chaos, Beastmen have an especially close relationship with Morrlieb, the Chaos Moon. Whenever Morrlieb is fullest in the sky the



Beastmen will hold night-long, sprawling orgies where they indulge every base lust and bloodthirsty deed they can think of. Much blood is shed, much captured wine and beer is drunk, and many new beast-spawn are conceived, ensuring the cycle of twisted and unholy life is perpetuated. Though it is rumoured that the witches and heretics of the Old World join the Beastmen in these frightening and confusing bacchanales, none have ever been able to say for certain, for to stumble upon a camp of blood-drunk Beastmen celebrating under the unclean light of Morrlieb is to plunge into hell itself.

THE REWARDS OF RUIN

Those Beastmen who do great and terrible deeds in the name of their bloodthirsty deities sometimes earn physical rewards for their service. Such gifts commonly exaggerate the bestial form of the recipient, making him all the more deadly a predator and proving his right to lead beyond doubt. Spectacular twisting horns grow from the warrior's brow, hands sprout long razored talons that bleed poison, teeth enlarge into vicious swords of bone, skin secretes acidic mucous and hair clogs into art impenetrable hide. Still stranger transmutations include bodies of living flame, fangstudded appendages that grow from the recipient's gut, coal-black skin that draws in the dark shadows, limbs that end in the gnashing heads of the bearer's victims, bodies that swell into monstrously obese shapes, and a thousand other sickening forms besides. In most cases, it is the chieftain of each tribe who is blessed with such rewards, for it is through his will and his hatred that the warherd acts, though it is not unheard of for a Bray-Shaman to bear the favour of the Chaos Gods should he bring about the downfall of a powerful foe.

THE UNNATURAL ORDER

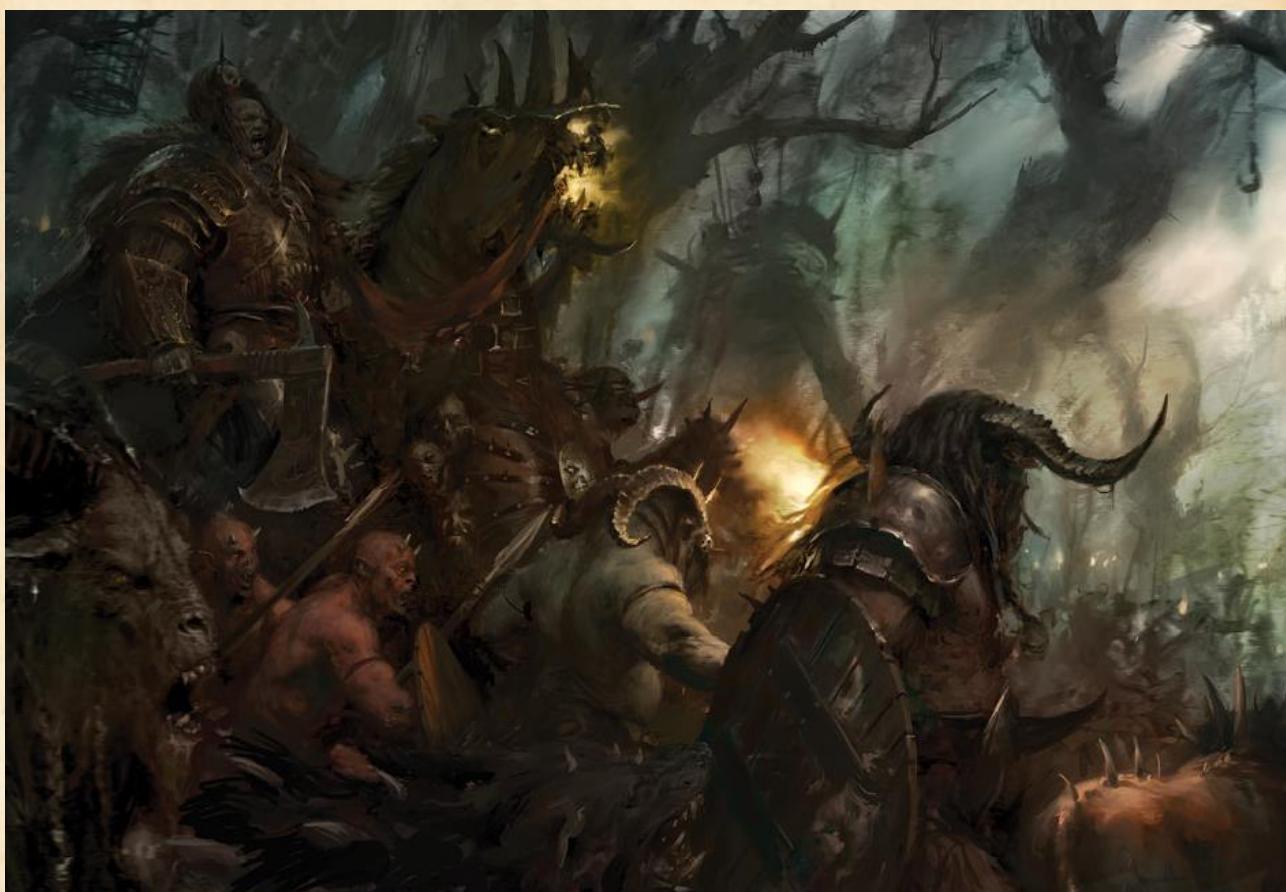
The Beastmen live in savage bands called warherds, consisting of anything from several dozen to many thousands of murderous individuals. Though they may walk upright and speak, the Beastmen are as close to animals as they are to men, and so the strongest prevail while the weak perish. Violence simmers beneath the surface of every exchange, each Beastman seeking every opportunity to enforce his superiority. Should any show weakness he will suffer for it, and his position within the warherd will be diminished. Hence each warherd is led by the strongest amongst them, a Beastman marked by the favour of the Chaos Gods. This mighty Beast Lord is the master of his pack, and to maintain his position he has to continually fight off challenges from young power-hungry Gors. He makes his banner from the pelts of those he ha' defeated, so that his standard becomes a gory record of his conquests.

The warherd's chieftain occupies the apex of tribal authority. It is his absolute right to rule as he pleases provided that he has the strength to back it up. The chieftain is the master of his pack, but his supremacy is anything but uncontested. To maintain his position he has to continually fight off challenges from powerhungry Gors and Bestigors. He makes a totem from the pelts of those he has defeated to prove his right to rule, so that his standard becomes a gory record of his conquests. One day, though, a challenger will come who is stronger and more vital than the current incumbent, and then the chieftain's own hide will hang bleeding in the wind from the challenger's totem.

Beastmen fight amongst themselves continuously, each Beast Lord vying with its rivals for the favour of the Chaos Gods. When the armies of Chaos gather, the warbands stop fighting and assemble for war. They are drawn together at the great meeting places marked by huge stone slabs called herdstones. There are many such meeting places amongst the dark glades of the forest. It is here that the forces of Chaos gather: Beastmen, Minotaurs, and their ilk, in readiness for battle. The herdstones pulse with dark magic and are covered with evil runes proclaiming the end of the world and the triumph of the Chaos Gods.

The vast bulk of the warherd consists of Gors. These Beastmen form the main strength of the tribe when it is gathered under the chieftain's harsh authority on the field of battle. At the bottom of the tribal order are the Ungors. These creatures are not considered proper Beastmen by the rest of the warherd, for their horns are nowhere near as impressive as those of the Gors. They are twisted creatures that combine the worst qualities of man and beast.

The Ungors wait for battle for a chance to defy their station in life. Of all the Beastmen, a Man taken captive by a warherd should fear the Ungors the most, for while a Gor might grant him a swift and bloody end, the Ungors will torture him for as long as his body clings to life. Alongside the Gors live the Minotaur tribes. These are the mightiest of all Beastmen – hulking bull-headed monsters whose all-consuming bloodgreed drives them to terrifying acts of slaughter.



The lesser breeds are called Bray and these are rarely seen in battle. They have only tiny horns, or no horns at all, and sometimes even have human heads. Even the Ungors look down on these pathetic creatures, mocking them and bullying them at every opportunity. Brays rarely live for long, being the last to gain food and always the furthest from the warmth of their encampments. Brays take their name from the braying, whinnying, whooping cacophony they make when they band together to eat or kill. Though these wretches are amongst the weakest and most worthless, it's not unheard of for a Bray to use his cunning and bravery to assume control over a herd. Such occasions are brief, as the Bray must constantly fight off challengers to his rule.

Beastmen are often joined by mutant humans of similar appearance, and it is from these ranks of outcasts that many Bray are descended. A human who becomes a Beastmen as a result of mutation is known as a Turnskin, the lowest rank amongst their kind and akin to 'slave'. Turnskins are Beastmen who were born fully Human, but at some point in their lives, they warped into a new form. There's a slight distinction between the common Mutant and the Turnskin, largely because the latter develops a total physical change rather than gaining some isolated or strange mutation.

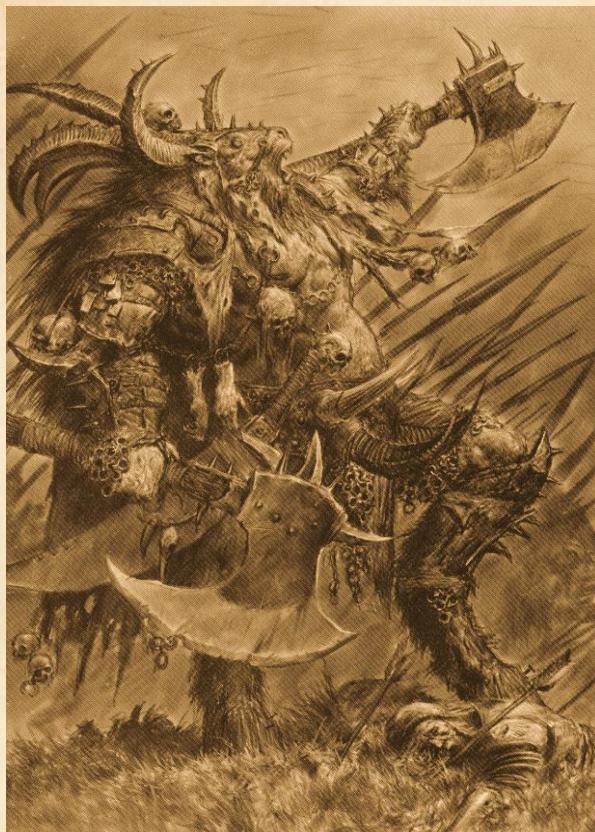
The life of a Turnskin is misery. Caught between the world of Men and the world of Chaos, and welcome in neither, they cannot remain with their former kind and must flee into the wilderness to find others like themselves. But the Beastmen see Turnskins as things less than Brays, regarding them as weak and worthless, only allowing them to run with their Warherds because they add, however little, to their strength.

Throughout the lands of the Empire and northwards, it is not uncommon for healthy Human parents to produce a Mutant child. Some try to conceal their baby's deformities, but most feel such shame that they give them up to the forests and rivers, abandoning them to die from hunger or exposure. The Beastmen are keen for the whimper of these lost children. Such foundlings are always adopted and reared with the rest of the herd, since the Beastmen regard these infants as gifts from their Gods.

These Mutants are called Gaves or Gave Children. As they grow, they often become Gors, Ungors, or even Brays, but the rest of the herd do not apply the same stigma that they do others of their kind since they are holy (or, rather, unholy) gifts, and any Gave can rise high in Beastman society.

These rude and uncouth beasts are not alone in their kingdom of darkness. All manner of crawling and slithering creatures keep their evil company. Human mutant brigands find refuge here too, bitter-hearted renegades whose spirits have been blackened by the touch of Chaos.

It is only the sheer, animal domination of the chieftain that binds the unruly masses of the Beastmen into an



army instead of a raiding force. Yet even upon the field of battle his position can be challenged, sometimes turning a defeat into a victory by the timely replacement of a weak leader with one determined to prove his newly won dominance.

SUCCESSION IN A WARHERD

When the Warherd's leader dies, it is a time of great upheaval. Beastmen aren't concerned with the circumstances of the death—murder, combat, or becoming a Chaos Spawn, it doesn't matter. When a Beastman chieftain is slain in battle, all of his followers mark his passing with raucous feasting with dancing and debauchery around an ancient herdstone. If the dead chieftain is particularly renowned, many warherds may come to the feast to attend in his honour and a great brayherd is held.

At the feast the chieftain's corpse is eaten by the most loyal followers, leaving the mast tender and choicest bits for the eldest and the most-favoured retainers. The new chieftain consumes his predecessor's heart, gulping it down in one bite to the roars and wild chanting of the others. The Beastmen believe a warrior's essence is in his heart, and by devouring the heart of an old Beastlord, the wisdom and power passes on to his successor. The Ungors, on the other hand, will be lucky if they get to chew on a finger.

The Champion's Feast is a great tradition among the herds, so they are careful to recover the body of fallen leaders. Should the body be utterly destroyed, or otherwise unrecoverable, it is viewed as a bad omen worthy enough to consult the Warherd's Bray-Shaman for guidance.



Shortly after the leader's death, there's a conflict among the most powerful members, always involving a fight, to see who has the right to lead. In cases where there are several potential leaders, the Warherd may splinter into smaller Warherds and go their separate ways.

Most Warherds carry banners, proclaiming the name of their Beastlord and a list of his deeds. These are always borne into battle, serving as a rallying point and a symbol of the herd's strength and might, all scribbled in the runes of the Dark Tongue. Most banners are made of skin flayed from Human captives, though some might be scavenged from other Human banners, old sheets, and so on. When a Beastlord falls, his replacement burns the entire banner except for a scrap that he incorporates into his new banner. As a result, many Beastmen banners flutter with dozens of patches, some of which date back to the time of Magnus or even earlier.

ENCAMPMENTS

Beastmen build crude, temporary campsites from which to raid the surrounding areas, usually picking dark and dense parts of the forest that are near to trade routes or villages. Not stupid creatures, the Beastmen will only stay in the one place for a short space of time before moving on to find another suitable campsite so as to avoid detection and retribution. Beastmen warbands will often roam for a hundred miles before setting up camp again, battling other Beastmen for the best raiding grounds.

The campsites themselves are crude affairs, often consisting of little more than a large central bonfire surrounded by a mass of roughly hewn animal skins.

Sometimes other skins, often still matted with gore, will be held up by sticks and branches to form makeshift tents. The more powerful Beastmen, such as the Minotaurs and the Bestigor, take up the positions closest to the fire and closest to the food.

The smaller Ungors are pushed to the extreme outskirts of the ring, and it has been known in winter for many of the weaker runts to perish. Hounds prowl around the edges of the campsite, fighting over discarded bones and often preying on the smallest Beastmen. In other camps, hounds and hideously mutated Spawn, their bulk covered in matted fur, are kept in rough pens of sharpened stakes where they are taunted and starved until set loose in battle.

The treetops all around the encampment are haunted by Harpies, twisted beings that from a distance appear as winged and shapely human women. These creatures follow the tribe wherever it goes, attracted by the remains of sacrificed victims scattered about the encampment. They squabble constantly for the choicest pickings of the food the Beastmen discard. To stumble upon a Beastman camp is not only to witness a cacophonous vision of hell in full flow, but also to consign oneself to a grisly and extremely unpleasant death.

Caves serve the Warherd well so long as they are near a good supply of running water and offer a good view of the surrounding woods. They follow their food, so once they exhaust an area of fauna and people, they move on to some other camp. Their constant movement puts them into contact with other Beastmen, and battles between them are quite common.

After a particularly successful raid, the Beastherd will typically celebrate through the night, parading around the fireplace drunkenly, feasting on captives and enjoying the spoils of their victory. By noon the following day, the herd will have abandoned its camp and moved on, discarding anything that cannot easily be carried.

HERDSTONES

Campsites are often set up around the sacred herdstones that are scattered through the dark forests. Sometimes referred to as the Chaos Heart, herdstones are sacred to the Beastmen, and all manner of offerings are left there to appease and earn the favour of the gods; weapons, armour, the banners of vanquished foes and the corpses of mutilated enemies can all be found piled around the base of these stones.

The herdstones are always erected in places of magical significance, usually over one of the baleful meteors that brought the Beastmen into being all those ages ago. They are well hidden and there are almost always Beastmen warherds and Minotaur tribes nearby. About each herdstone is to be found great piles of offerings, rusting weapons and armour taken from long-defeated enemies. The floor of the clearing in which the herdstone stands is often strewn with an ankledeep

carpet of bones, the remains of the captives taken in battle and sacrificed by the Bray-Shamans to the dark glory of the Ruinous Powers.

Most herdstones are located far from human settlements, for no such settlement founded near one has survived more than a single season. They are often hidden in the darkest and most inaccessible parts of the forests, deep within caves or on mountain tops. Any intrusion within a hundred leagues of a herdstone will cause every warherd in the region to descend upon the intruder with unrelenting wrath. Sometimes, particularly powerful Minotaurs take up the role of the keepers of the herdstones, becoming the fearful guardians of these most sacred Beastmen shrines.

To gather the warbands, a raging signal fire is lit in the centre of the herdstone circle. Often, Shamans throw mind-altering herbs upon the blaze, sending up great swathes of strangely coloured smoke curling into the sky. This fire is stoked with wood and carrion, and left to burn for days on end. Over the following nights,

Herman Schmidt was a simple man, with simple hopes and dreams. He worked on the edges of the Drakwald as a Charcoal-Burner. One day, while he and his companions collected deadwood, a group of Beastmen gushed forth from the trees. The Burners didn't stand a chance, and were killed, all except for Schmidt. Somehow, he managed to skewer a Bray, causing its blood to spray all over him. The corpse of the Beastman fell on top of Schmidt, concealing him from the rest of the attackers, but exposing him to the foul energies of Chaos.

When the Beastmen finished butchering the Charcoal-Burners, they moved on to raid a nearby village. Herman pulled himself free from the dead Bray and fled into the forest to hide until the danger passed. As the days rolled by, Schmidt felt something odd growing inside of him. Visions of carnage danced through his dreams, and he suffered from a keening hunger to eat Human flesh. A week vanished in a haze of feverish fantasies, and he sampled the choice bits of his own skin. He didn't care when the first mutation appeared; in fact, he loved it, stroked it, caressed it. When a new growth took shape in his flesh, he laughed. Then another grew, and another, and then another, until his bloated form could no longer move for all the sacks of viscous fluids and reaching tentacles.

Schmidt went mad during his stay in the forest. And, as the months rolled by, he lost more and more of himself. So gone was he that when the Beastmen returned, they caressed and petted him, welcoming him into their herd. But, alas, Schmidt couldn't move his prodigious bulk. With the last kernel of Humanity left to him, he called out with his many mouths to beg the Gods to take him, to lift him from the horror of his fate. And the Gods answered his prayers, reshaping him into something new... something horrific.

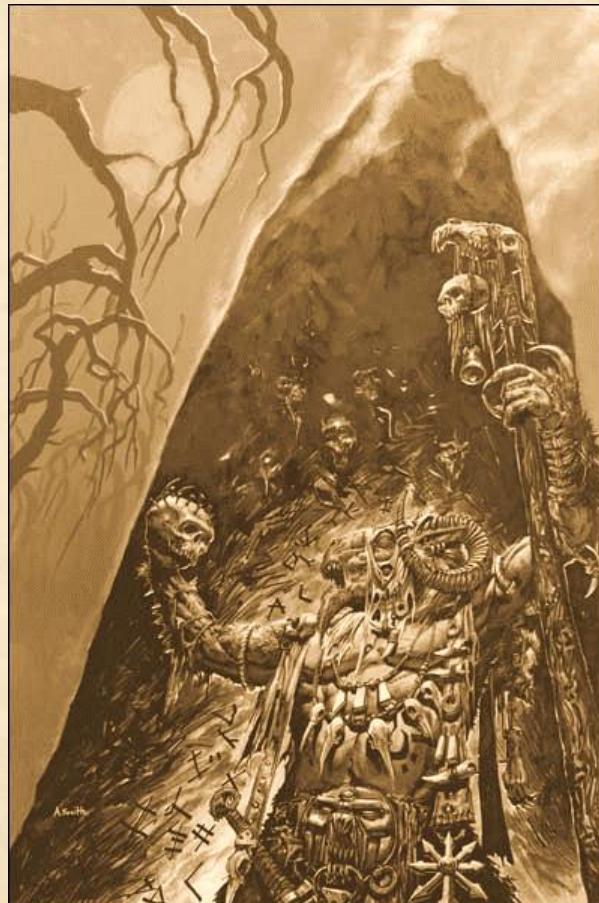
He became a Spawn of Chaos.

other Beastmen will slowly gather at the sacred stones, attracted by the fire and the smell of burning fat; each arriving chieftain scratches his name or mark onto the central stone in the crude Beastman version of the Dark Tongue, known simply as the Beast Tongue, and his warband sets up camp.

It is at the herdstones that most of the important celebrations and festivals of the Beastmen take place. They are the rallying points where warbands can meet and join together without fighting breaking out instantly. They are also the place for feasting, most importantly the ritualistic Champion's Feast, where the flesh of slain chieftains is consumed by the herd.

Herdstones are integral to Beastman beliefs, serving as mustering points for Warherds. The stones are usually rock outcroppings or old monoliths. Often hidden in a cave or a remote vale, the secrecy of a Herdstone is integral to the spiritual beliefs of the Beastmen. Many Herdstones uncovered in the wilderness are surrounded by bones, charred wood, and dung. The smoke-stained rock normally has the symbol or rune of the Beastman who put it there.

To the Beastmen, the most sacred of all the dark places of the woodlands are the monolithic herdstones. These are the meeting grounds of the Beastmen, and take the form of dire and forbidding standing stones. These are often immensely ancient, hewn or even grown from fallen meteors into twisted mouths, skulls and spires that hurt the eye, decorated with the runes of Chaos, the Dark Tongue.



THE GAZE OF THE DARK GODS

In pursuing their endless hunt some Beastmen commit such acts of savagery and bloodshed that the attentions of the distant deities known as the Gods of Chaos are turned their way. Ordinarily the Ruinous Powers pay little heed to the deeds of the Beastmen, knowing that the Children of Chaos will enact their will regardless of any gifts or rewards offered. The Beastmen are at once utterly in thrall to the magnificence of Chaos, and totally free of any constraints upon their thoughts and actions. They do as they please and, so doing, serve Chaos with every shred of their being.

Though they do not truly comprehend it, the Beastmen are a vital part of the Ruinous Powers' eternal quest to subsume the world in a roiling, turbulent tide of unreasoning change and constant war. It is the Beastmen that tear down the elegant Elven waystones that hold the power of Chaos in check and replace them with herdstones – primitive shrines to the fell gods. It is the Beastmen that hunt down and kill those who would otherwise remain out of the reach of the Chaos Gods. So it is that the Cloven Ones remain at the forefront of the war against order and light.

KEEPING THE BEASTMEN AT BAY

For many Old Worlders, the threat of Beastmen is a part of everyday life. The looming possibility of a Beastman attack is something that can happen at any time and without provocation. After several generations of such paranoid living, many Old Worlders have developed ways to appease the Beastmen. Certainly, some seem to work, but who can really say, for when they fail, no one is left alive to strike the method from the list.



In the most desperate villages, Old Wonders must resort to terrible means to stave off the Beastmen attacks. One of worst examples of this rakes the form of a lottery. Once a year, each family draws lots to see who shall be the next sacrifice. The unlucky family must give one of their number to the Beastmen. The sacrifice is then led into the woods and tied to the bone tree (so named for the pile of old bones left at its base). Once secure, the elder makes eight incisions in the victim's flesh to spread the scent of blood. While the victim is torn apart by whatever denizens that just so happen to come upon the sacrifice, the rest of the village constructs effigies of the Beastmen using straw, bits of cloth, and rotting gourds. At sunset, when the screams echo from the trees, the people toss the effigies into a bonfire to ward away the Beastmen for another year.

THE BEAST TONGUE

The Beast Tongue, also known as Dark Tongue or Dark Speech, is a ritual language and the only tongue in which the true mysteries of Chaos can properly be expressed. The language is rich in words and phrases that express the mystical and arcane complexity of Chaos. It is the language used by daemons when they enter the material world, as well as the basis of the languages spoken by the many mortal followers of Chaos, including the Beastmen.

This is the tale Gorsqualor inscribed upon my monolith, chiselled upon the Sulphurous Stone with the eye-tooth of the dragon Gorgand whom I slew. The abandoned me in the forest, I was a child marked by Nurgle, a beast they said and beast I was. My own kind found me and protected me. I learned the ways of Nurgle.

I set forth to do the Plague Lord's work, I was home for Nurgle's mites. My little friends went with me everywhere. I slew many and bestowed the rot on many more. Then I found Nurgle's gift beneath a stone – a Daemon blade of unsurpassed rust. Its tarnish was wonderful to behold and it slew well for Nurgle.

Many were my furred and horned companions. I was their lord upon the borderlands. We were the wasters of villages, the pestilence followed in our wake. My hours grew long in the service of Nurgle. Then the Plague Lord blessed A my body burned like living sulphur. I fumed and all feared me.

My strength waxed great. To the wastes I went. I slew many weakling creatures there. Nurgle sent a mighty mollusc to follow and seven hounds of Chaos to bark before me. The wastes were littered with corpses on our account. Great Nurgle rewarded me with aspect of maggot and creatures flocked to do my bidding.

We spread decay and raised the stench high. I fell for Nurgle's honour. The foe slew me, but failed to end me because now my bones, gnawed clean by my brethren, lie in the black pit beneath. I dwell in Nurgle's grave realm, and sweet decay is my rest.

The core of the Dark Tongue is a collection of root words, heavily endowed with meaning. The root word is altered by the addition of prefixes and suffixes to bring out the various potential meanings held within the root. Yet more meanings are yielded from the root by mutation of the root itself. It can be a highly complex language, but equally it can be spoken in a very simple manner. Although it is convenient for mortals to attach basic meanings to each word, in reality they are imbued with far greater and deeper significance to the daemons themselves; each word encompasses a myriad of associated meanings and concepts, as well as holding a power in themselves. The sorcerers worshipping Chaos have begun to tap the power of the Dark Tongue, but only the most powerful will even have an inkling at the potential power that is contained within it. Few mortals can unlock all the secrets within the language, nor do they need to in order to communicate effectively. The Chaos Warriors and Marauders of the far north all speak their own debased tribal variations of the Dark Tongue.

Communication is possible between the different tribes, as almost all worshippers of Chaos can communicate with each other no matter what dialect they speak, although it might be difficult and slow. Beastmen can only form many of the sounds of the Dark Tongue with difficulty, and other sounds are impossible for them to pronounce with their fangfilled, bestial mouths. They use a crude mix of brutish sounds together with the Dark Tongue and the regional languages of the Old World to form a language commonly called the Beast Tongue. To an outsider, this bastardised language sounds little more than a braying jumble of noise, a cacophony of growls, bleats and guttural howls. Indeed, their language is not at all subtle, and some of them do not have the power of speech at all. This language sounds more like noise

than a sophisticated tongue, being not much more than an indescribable muttering and grumbling. However, they are intelligent creatures, and even the most base of them can understand speech, though they themselves might only be able communicate using grunts and growls. The Beast Tongue is an unnatural sounding language that Men cannot speak – when Beastmen and the Human followers of Chaos meet, they communicate using a mix of basic Dark Tongue, Beast Tongue, body language and signals to convey their meanings.

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

This is the typical type of sentence that a Wargor might scratch onto the central herdstone at a Brayherd gathering. It states simply "*Ghaar-Gor, Khorne, 5 and 10 warriors*". This would indicate that the Wargor Ghaar-Gor, Champion of Khorne and his warband that numbered either 50 or 15 (the language tends to be unspecific about numbers and is written using different conventions by different herds) camped at the stones.

The Beastmen use a simplified form of the phonetic runes used in Dark Tongue to mark Herdstanes or to leave messages for other members of their herd. These are always crude for Beastmen lack the precision needed to write dearly. Most Beastmen use their bodily wastes instead, finding the experience far more rewarding than taking the time to scribble something on a rock.



TOMAS WANDERER

Owt in shaden wodespan, dwelt the murdrus beaste,
Vittaling on the sack-for-homes, gorge-laden with his feaste,
Stalking 'twen the leafen glade, preying pon the weake,
Glutting the hardy and the poor, e'en dinning on the meake.

And noth there was, that brave the woodie,
Noth amidste the sword-handy and the goode,
'cept a gallanting Knacht from far Breton,
Who trot a-quest to lay sword on.

And kinder Tomas Wanderer, 'nored his mother's tonge,
For Tomas he listened nither, much so for kinder yonge.
He hitched up sweepstik ponie, waving woden sworde,
And sleeked out to the wodespan, footesteppling Breton Lord.

The snilvin Foole pranced at the bridge, and cry cackle at the boye,
Go sleekin not with Beast of Teeth, not slithblood with some toy.
But he was the Fool and none to mind, and Tomas heeded not,
Slug saddleshrag on destrier and westered at the trot.

Yonge Tomas spired the girthen oake and tarried there a while,
Then 'stead of casting back again, Tom rid another mile.
He cleft the black leaf shaberry and swaydin blood-daubed vine.
Carefree took forth his knapper-foode and fettered there to dine.

The wodecutman found Tomas there, thrice spanned him 'round the ear
"Be fangs and claws for you, my ked, if sunfall shrouds you here"
With axehaft brunting younge man's hide, the wodesman bade Tom home.
But Tomas mere a squallsome ked, and so he bide to roam.

Onnerin and inneron, through garbled hole and threshy twine,
Tomas goaded stick-horse on, as ruddy sun wed pale moonshine,
And there aminst the sprickly bushe, he spied the lairing of the brute,
Stepped out brightly 'pon his steed, thru' graping branch and scraping root.

And there hale-eyed the spiten Beast, all goried horns and slives and fangs.
Yet brisky Tomas ventured on, he couched no dread, nor homeward pangs.
Though brave Knact bidden to the grave, with woden sworde aloft
Plucky Tom brandished at the Beast, who marred him with a scoff.

"What mires you here, younge smoothskinborn?
Did you mother about me warn?"
"I have no fear!" Tom cried aloud,
Horsing forward 'til Beast he growled.

"I shall wolfe you flesh and snap your bones,
Skrind your folkland burne their homes.
For mocking ked to dare my rage,
Your jibe it traps me like a cage.
The unclaimed ones must dread my kinde,
Can never squander fear behind."

So Tomas Wanderer was no more, who never did no goode,
So remember poor Tomas, and roam not in the woodie.

Nursery tale of the Empire, often sung to the tune of 'Drakwald's Lament'.

THE FOUR GREAT GODS OF CHAOS

There are four great Chaos gods, four brothers in darkness who rule the infernal region known as the Realm of Chaos. This is not a material realm but a place without physical or temporal boundaries, a vast formless limbo that exists beyond the light of any sun or star. From their vantage point beyond space and time, the Chaos gods ponder the feeble antics of mortals much as a man might study a nest of ants.

They watch the progress of one tiny creature until the struggles of a more interesting individual captures their attention. Occasionally, their gaze is drawn elsewhere, perhaps to another world or some other godly concern, and for a while mortals are left to pursue their own ends in their own fashion. Such is the nature of the gods, for they are as whimsical in their favour as they are in their anger, and their plans are beyond mortal comprehension. The four gods are known throughout the world by many names, and their shapes vary, but no matter what their name or appearance, they are the Four Great Gods of Chaos.



KHORNE is the Blood God, the god of battle, the angry god whose bellows of insatiable rage echo throughout time and space. He sits upon a mighty throne of brass atop a vast mound of skulls. A sea of splintered bones extends infinitely in all directions from him, the remains of those slain by his conquering champions. Khorne is a god of warriors, and his gaze is drawn towards battles. He shows favour to those who fight for what they desire: to great warriors, and to mighty war leaders. Khorne respects strength, courage and martial skill.



SLAANESH is the youngest of the Chaos gods and is known as the Dark Prince. Of all the Dark Gods, he alone is divinely beautiful. Slaanesh is seductive as only an immortal can be, disarming in his innocence, utterly beguiling in his manner. He is drawn to mortals possessed of physical beauty and charm. All the sensual pleasures of art, music and companionship fascinate Slaanesh. He is master of luxury and indulgence, of cruel passions and hidden vices, and of the terrible temptations that only a god can offer.



TZEENTCH is the Great Sorcerer, the god of magic and master of the mutable time stream. He is known as the Changer of the Ways, the one who directs the fate of the universe. Tzeentch guides unwitting mortals along paths destined to increase his own power, though they may never realise their part in his plan. Only Tzeentch can see the trails of potential futures weaving forward in time like multi-coloured threads. Tzeentch's plans reach past temporal bounds, and can carry through untold centuries. For what is a mere hundred years to a god who existed before the dawn of time and will exist long after the world is no more?



NURGLE is the Great Lord of Decay who presides over physical corruption and morbidity. Disease and putrefaction attract him like a fly to a rotted corpse. It is the lives of lepers and the sorrows of the sick that fascinate him most. For his amusement he devises foul contagions which he inflicts upon the world. Many of the most horrible diseases are the creations of Nurgle, including the nauseating Red Pox and, most disgusting of all, Nurgle's Rot.

ORIGINS OF THE BEASTMEN

THE REALM OF CHAOS

The Old World is saturated with the mutating power of magic. It leaks through the inter-dimensional gate in the far north, creating and sustaining the violent and surreal land known as the Realm of Chaos. From there it permeates the entire world, perverting and transforming everything it touches into horrible new forms. This power is strongest in the immediate area around the shattered gateway. Further away, the power of the mutating magic weakens as the distance from the gate increases.

The far north of the Old World is home to many strange creatures distorted by the power of Chaos. All manner of shapeless beasts and unrecognisable monstrosities can be found in these regions; heinous things with horribly bloated bodies that writhe with tentacles, creatures whose maws dribble and gape in their unending hunger for blood, and other beasts of every conceivable, terrifying form stalk the lands searching for the weak and feeble. These monsters depend upon the strength of the local magical field to survive. Fortunately, they cannot wander too far south, for the power of Chaos becomes too weak to sustain them and they perish.

The Beastmen have no such limitations. Though born of Chaos, they are native to the forests and the whole of the Old World is their hunting ground. They wander at will, waging war upon who they please, and their

endless hunt is as unrelenting as it is merciless. For the power of the Beastmen comes not from the fickle lens of Magic, but from muscle, fang and the savage spirit within.

Other creatures of this kind include the fearsome Minotaurs, vast bull-headed monsters that often ally with Beastmen, and the horse-like Centigors. All these creatures, and more besides, are called the Children of Chaos. They are marked with mutations and their evil souls belong indisputably to the Chaos gods.

THE CHILDREN OF CHAOS

Beastmen willingly embrace their heritage of Chaos. Though they have the intelligence of a man and the base cunning of a wild animal, Beastmen lack even a shred of nobility or compassion, for since the birth of their race they have belonged body and soul to the Ruinous Powers.

The Beastmen carve out their lairs in the twisted forests of the Old World, but they are not creatures of nature. In fact, they have very little in common with anything wholesome or natural. They are a twisted product of Chaos; vile, aberrant parodies of Man and beast alike, but far more vigorous and powerful than either. The Cloven Ones, as they call themselves, belong to Chaos as fully and completely as a shark belongs to water, for they were born from the great catastrophe that irrevocably tainted the world with darkness.



The Beastmen came into being many thousands of years ago, when Chaos was first unleashed into the world and all that was normal and whole was washed away in a wave of tortured unreason. Legend tells of an elder race of beings, known only as the Old Ones, who shaped the world in a way pleasing to them and brought the first of the young races to pre-eminence. In their marvellous silver ships came the Old Ones who changed the Warhammer world for their own, mysterious reasons.

The Old Ones travelled by means of inter-dimensional gateways, spanning the vast distances between stars in a matter of moments. On the other side of their gateways lay another realm, an unimaginably vast alternate dimension that connected all points in the material universe.

It was, and still is, a realm consisting purely of energy, generated by the emotions and thoughts of the creatures of the real universe. This parallel dimension is not an empty void but is inhabited by entities of cosmic power. These are known as the daemons and gods of Chaos, and would prove to be the undoing of the Old Ones.

Then came the event that changed history in a single, terrible day. It was the collapse of the gateway that floated above the north pole that led to the creation of the world as it is today. The gate is now a tear in the fabric of reality, a great ring of darkness edged by arcane machinery covered with runes of unimaginable potency. At some terrible point in the distant past a catastrophe caused the gateway to crash down to earth. The natural flow of power was disrupted and the world was covered in a descending cloud of mutating warpstone dust, bringing about the birth of many monstrous and terrible creatures, twisted by the corrupting touch of Chaos. History does not record why, but what is known is that this allowed the stuff of Chaos to flow across the veils of space and time into the world at large.

When the gateway to the stars collapsed it created a portal to a dimension where the unspeakable creatures of Chaos dwell. They emerged through the gateway and challenged the order of the Old Ones. It is believed that the Old Ones perished in the conflict, fighting a hopeless battle against the might of Chaos.

It was a catastrophe beyond measure. Millions of innocent souls were lost in an instant, sucked into the void and replaced with entities far fouler. The surface of the world writhed and bled like a wounded beast.

From the skies came pulsing comets of wyrdling stone, contrails of unlight flaring in their wake as they plummeted toward the untamed forests. The lands were pounded and punished as if by the fists of the gods themselves. Huge chunks of solidified Chaos energy, thrown from the collapsing dimensional gates, set afire the skies. They crashed into the world like meteors, felling endless tracts of forest and burying themselves inside massive craters of scorched earth.



With each impact, the land was infected further by the raw stuff of Chaos. Its insidious taint worked outward into the fertile soil, suckled upon by the roots of ancient trees and seeping into the air breathed by the nomads and the beasts that populated the lands.

As Chaos permeated all, the forests stirred, writhing with malign energies. Weird calls echoed from the trees as the woods thrashed with rampant growth. Strange and terrible processes were enacted in that dank, boiling cauldron of fecundity. The primitives of the region and the beasts of the forest were somehow mated, their terrible offspring born and mated again, generation after generation coming into being, indiscriminately reproducing and eventually dying in an uncontrolled and rapid procession. Thus was the race of the Beastmen born into the world.

The disaster irrevocably damaged the world. The inheritance of the Old Ones and all their works fell into ruin. All things were changed forever, and a multitude of monstrous creatures came into existence, but worse was the spiritual corruption wrought upon the survivors.

Since that time, Beastmen have thrived upon the edges of the civilised world, growing strong on their diet of unending battle. They have multiplied throughout the Old World, having impossible numbers in the far north, in the dark forests of the Empire, and the wilderness of Kislev. So terrible are these creatures that even the more removed lands, like Estalia and Tilea fear that one day the hordes of Beastmen will rise up and conquer them.

"From the darkling woods they come,
On cloven hoof and twisted claw
The beastmen they are called, these ones;
Less than human, yet also something more."

— *The Strange Tale of Doctor Malfeasant*

The nature of Chaos is neither good nor evil, it simply mirrors the survivalist emotions of the intelligent beings in the real universe. Thus the predatory entities of Chaos, be they gods or daemons, exist because living things generate these emotions. So when the human mind turns to petty and evil thoughts, the powers of the Chaos gods grow and coalesce into hideous forms shaped by lust, greed, anger and fear.

THE LONG WAR

For thousands of years the Beastmen and their nightbred kin ruled the forests, preying upon the scattered bands of men as wolves upon sheep. Then a man came bearing a golden hammer that was the bane of all enemies, and united the human tribes, challenging the Beastmen for dominance of the lands. This warrior elevated Mankind from a collection of loosely organised tribesmen into the massive empire it is today.

The time before this man is regarded by the Beastmen both as a part-remembered dream and as a legend. The Beastmen's rituals are full of references to a time when they ruled the lands unchallenged, and a time when they shall rule again. To the Cloven Ones, the War of the Hammer heralded an age of bitterness and strife in which Mankind rose to undeserved and stolen power.

The Beastmen of today hate Mankind with a deep loathing born of uncounted centuries of battle. They seek a return to that primeval age when Man was little more than a food-creature, and the Beastmen the true masters of the world.

For Mankind's part, the Beastmen soon became creatures of horror and superstition, embodying and confirming their deepest fears of what might lurk in the forests of the Old World. It is said in the legends of Bretonnia that the Beastmen looked out from under the forest eaves, spying upon Man and in so doing knew their own impurity, while some scholars of the Empire hold that the beasts are jealous and resentful of Man's ingenuity and cleanliness of limb. Whatever the case, all men know that the Beastmen harbour a bitter hatred for humanity. This enmity goes far beyond jealousy or spite. It is not just Man that the Beastmen despise so, but his civilisation, his works and his gods.

As the society of Man has grown more refined, and his advancements increasingly wondrous, so the Beastmen have come to loathe him all the more. To the citizens of the Empire, Bretonnia and the other nations of the Old World, the Beastmen have come to represent creatures from a half-remembered age of nightmare.

Men deceive themselves that the danger has passed; that they are safe in their walled towns, that their steel and gunpowder, wizards' arts and engineers' creations will hold at bay the lowly beast-things that haunt the woodlands. Men tell themselves that the creatures of the forest are disorganised and incapable of fielding armies that can threaten their crenellated, high-walled cities. They are quite wrong. To underestimate the Beastmen is a fatal mistake. The Cloven Ones are creatures of violence and conflict, and they are far more cunning than the Empire believes. Worse still, the more noble and haughty the foe, the more the Beastmen are driven to prove their own supremacy by casting him down from his lofty pedestal and trampling his body beneath blood-encrusted, filthy hooves.

Though the Beastmen have no formal method of recording the passage of years, they know that the cities of Mankind are new and recent compared to the elder lands in which the Beastmen roam. Even the lowliest Ungor knows that Mankind once cowered in terror of the forest and the creatures that dwelled within it, daring not to venture into the eaves of the woods. Yet stone fortresses and castles now blight the lands from end to end in defiance of the dominion of Chaos. So advanced is the industry of man and the organisation of his empire that keeps and watchtowers are built even in the midst of the Beastmen's territory. And yet the Beastmen know that such structures are temporary at best, and all that Man has built will one day come crashing down at the Beastmen's hands. Only then will the lands once more belong to the Cloven Ones, and only then will Mankind be returned to his proper place in the order of things – prey, and nothing more.



CARNAGE IN THE FOREST

Heavy rain whipped at the dark canopy of leaves, accompanied by a rumble of thunder. The torrent muffled all other sound as Raargha picked his way through the wet leaves that matted the forest floor, his warherd spread out on either side of him.

Rendtooth, Raargha's oldest Bray-shaman, was a few dozen paces ahead, barely visible in the gloom of the wood. He stood beside a great tree, whose gnarled roots rose up yards from the ground in great twisting loops, the cavities beneath filled with skulls, shattered weapons and other trophies. Using a sharp stone embedded in his braystaff. Rendtooth was carving a design into the thick bark of the tree, the wound trickling with bloodlike sap.

"The smoothskin-born, they come," Rendtooth told the Beastlord as he stopped close by, hesitant to approach too closely, the magic in the air prickling his fur. "Cattle they bring, and mead and children. Morning sunwards, not far, not far at all."

"Good," snarled Raargha, motioning to Hurgha and Skor to join him. The bulky Wargor, Hurgha, padded quickly between the large boles of the forest's heart and placed a reverential hand on the tree-shrine before crouching indifference before his leader. Skor, smaller but brasher than Hurgha, strutted at the front of his herd, casually nodding to Rendtooth before spraying his scent on the sacred tree.

Amongst the hag tree's contorted branches were more trophies of battle, and Raargha took three strides to the Chaos heart and reached up, pulling his battle standard from the mess and thrusting it towards Hurgha.

"You take my banner, and with Skor you wait to snap trap," he told them, waving his free arm in a circle to the south. "Take your hounds, Huargha, and keep them close."

Both the Gors nodded in acceptance of their orders and exchanged narrow-eyed looks with one another. Their competition was good. Raargha knew, and they would fight to outdo each other to please him. As long as they kept to the plan, he did not care. They raced off ahead of the main herd to prepare their ambush.

A few minutes later Raargha and his warriors were bounding through the forest towards the new human settlement. The rain had ceased and the breeze brought the scent of peat fires.

Raargha stopped suddenly. Nostrils flaring, eyes wide.

There was something else on the wind, almost indiscernible from the smoke-stench, but sickly sweet to his senses. He drew his massive axe free from the belt across his back and sniffed again. It was unmistakable.

Elf-scent.



THE ENDLESS HUNT

The Beastmen build no cities, for order and construction are anathema to them. They roam far and wide, following the scent of fresh meat and hunting to death whatever wanders into the ancient 'blood-grounds' that the Beastmen patrol.

The Old World is the territory and the hunting ground of the Beastmen, lands they regard and refer to as their blood-grounds. It has always been so, since the coming of Chaos in a distant and legendary age. The Beastmen are tough and strong, for they must compete with the unimaginable horrors that haunt the woods. Beneath the dark forest canopy, the Beastmen are often the prey of yet more disturbing creatures.

Though the Beastmen dwell within the forests, they rarely stay in one location for long. Instead, they move from place to place along ancient paths within the territory of each warherd, occasionally encroaching upon the domains of other tribes. Though no sane man can make sense of it, there is sometimes a pattern to these movements – sudden changes in direction, or an uncanny coordination between disparate warbands, that hint at a far grander plan.

When a halt is called, the Beastmen establish temporary sites from which to launch their merciless invasions of the surrounding areas, and where they will hold their bloodthirsty celebrations afterwards. They usually stay in the one place only for a short time before moving on to find another suitable site in their hunting grounds. Beastmen warbands will often roam for hundreds of miles before setting up camp again, frequently battling other Beastmen for the choicest spots.

THE BEAST-PATHS

The vast forests of the Old World are crossed by a spider's web of paths only the Beastmen know. Where these paths cross, there is to be found a site that is in some way significant to the Cloven Ones. These beastpaths are located deep in the forests, far from the towns and highways of Man, yet they are far from hidden. Though native to the deep woods, the Beastmen are not naturally creatures of concealment and guile. When passing through the dense woodlands they simply barge their way through the foliage and trample flat the undergrowth. Over millennia of use, the beast-paths have become deep ruts in the ground, strewn with the bones of the enemy and other detritus.

So dense is the undergrowth that grows on the embankments, the chances are that no human tracker or huntsman seeking a beast-path would find one other than by pure happenstance. Any huntsman who did stumble upon a beast-path would be extremely wise to turn and flee, for a warherd might be travelling the path and his own bones may soon be added to those discarded upon it.

Occasionally, two Beastmen warherds will run into one another whilst travelling in opposite directions along a beast-path. In such cases, the chieftains of each tribe will barge their way to the fore and meet in the centre of the pathway to decide which tribe will stand aside and allow the other to pass. Amidst much bravado and exaggerated strutting, the chieftains will engage in vulgar displays of power until one either stands aside or, far more likely, the two come to blows. The ensuing combat will consist of the two chieftains clashing horns and headbutting each other until one is knocked unconscious and the winner determined. The winner's tribe will then pass along the beast-path, the grinning Gors only pausing to relieve themselves upon the prostrate form of the defeated chieftain.

THE DARK FOREST

Most of the cities, towns and villages scattered throughout the Empire are located along its mighty waterways. Few roads penetrate far into the deep forest, and those that exist must be maintained constantly lest the woods reclaim the land Man has cleared. So thick is the forest canopy that a traveller could walk for weeks without seeing the sun. Even a well-trodden or paved path will entirely disappear as first undergrowth, then questing roots creep from the treeline like thieves in the night to undo what Man has wrought. Only a fool would venture far from the safety of a town or fortress, for the darkness beneath those gnarled branches is the domain of the Beastmen.

The sprawling forests of the Old World are scattered with dark places into which no wholesome creature wanders. Monoliths known as herdstones, around which the brayherds gather, are each linked to the next by the hidden paths known only to the Beastmen. There are a multitude of other equally noisome places, including the haunted barrows of long dead warrior-kings, torrid living shrines to Chaos, huge and ancient hag trees hung with the remains of the brave, foulsmelling labyrinths that house gibbering Jabberslythes, and places that at first appear normal but lead into dimensions of illusion and madness. The Beastmen rejoice in all such places, gathering there to praise the Dark Gods. The warherd's raucous braying can be heard for countless miles all around, as can the screams of those sacrificed upon the bloody altars and unholy ground.

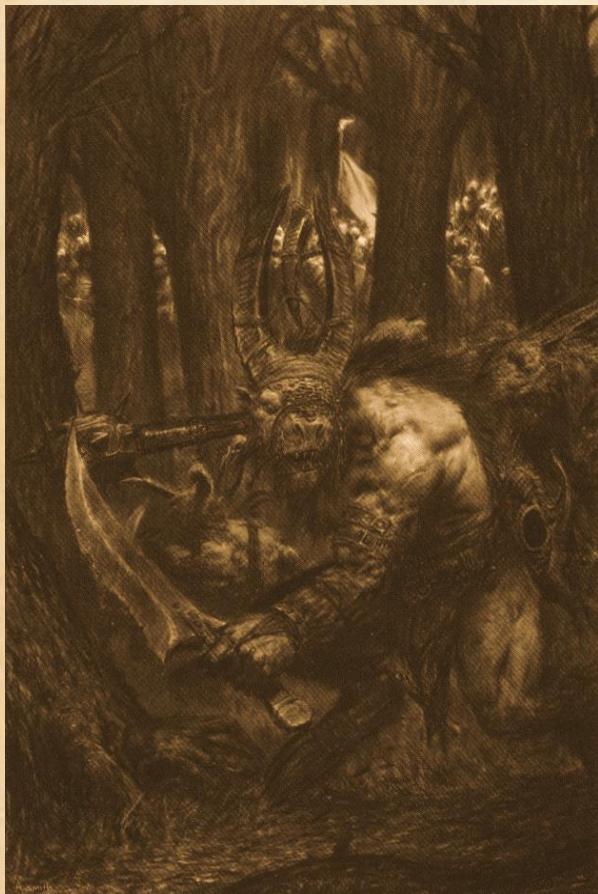
On nights when Morrlieb waxes full, it is as if every Beastman in the forest is braying, bellowing, barking and cavorting in some feral ritual. At such times, the entire forest resonates to the harsh chanting led by the Bray-Shamans. The warherds' pyres rage high above the trees, and a miasma born of unclean concoctions and the stink of burning flesh creeps across the lands, touching the unquiet dreams of Men and turning them into nightmares.

HUNTING THE BLOOD-GROUNDS

Every single creature within the Beastmen's bloodgrounds is prey, whether it flees as do the Goblins, evades as do the Wood Elves, or fights back as do the Men. Even the act of marching to war is akin to the hunt, of tracking or stalking the prey. Battle itself is like unto the act of a predator running down its prey, or the clash of rivals fighting to the last to determine the right to leadership and territorial dominance.

The Beastmen that lurk within the Forest of Shadows, for example, are constantly at war with others who would shelter in its darkness. Every new day the warherds clash with Forest Goblins, human bandits and the shambling hordes of rotten corpses raised by reclusive Necromancers who hide from prying eyes in the woods. Because of this, the warherds of the Forest of Shadows, though fewer in number, are amongst the strongest and most belligerent in the entire Old World.

When their strength waxes and they dominate their rivals within the Forest of Shadows, they make war upon foes outside of it. It is then that the lands of Men truly know the raw strength of the Beastmen. Occasionally, the warherds of the Forest of Shadows have fought such successful wars against the others that dwell there that their enemies have been driven out of the forest to plague the lands all about. Such was the case when the warherd of Ul-Ruk the Redhom launched a genocidal war against the Forest Goblins of the Bitter-Eye Tribe. The war lasted three entire seasons, culminating in the remains of the Forest Goblin horde being driven from the woods straight



towards the Empire town of Ferlangen. The defenders of the town had barely time to muster before being overrun with screaming greenskins. Sensing weakness, the pursuing Beastmen crashed into those Men who had survived the wave of Forest Goblins, hacking down the last of their number and putting the town to the torch.

Less common a foe than the Forest Goblins are the Wood Elves, who are held in contempt by the Beastmen race for their love of stealth over strength. Most clashes between the two races are fought on the verges of the supernatural forest of Athel Loren, east of Bretonnia.

Unbeknowest to most races, a secret war is constantly waged between the Elven folk of Athel Loren and the bestial hordes. To the Beastmen, the Wood Elves are yet another foe competing for land, to be taught their place in the world at the sharp end of horn and blade. They battle for possession of the sacred groves, where magic gathers in large amounts. The Wood Elves secure these places with waystones to absorb the magical energy, while the Beastmen erect their crude herdstones to siphon the corrupting power from the landscape and spill it across the world.



Conversely, the Wood Elves hate the Children of Chaos with a burning passion, for the Beastmen are the opposite of all they stand for. When the two races encounter one another, a raging battle occurs. Should the Beastmen prevail they take perverse delight in chasing the Elves down with packs of specially trained hounds. A Beastman that catches and eats a Wood Elf earns the honorific 'Fey-killer' and little else, for the Beastmen find Elf flesh stringy and unsatisfying, with barely enough meat on the bone to feed an Ungor.

After a successful attack, a warherd will celebrate through the night, parading drunkenly around the fire, feasting on captives and glutting themselves on the spoils of victory. These celebrations resonate throughout the forests and are often audible in the towns of Men. On those nights when the Bray-Shamans enact the foulest of their rituals by the light of Morrslieb, the Chaos Moon, the darkness is split by fearful screams and hideous chanting. No watchman will stray far from the light on such nights, for to wander into the shadows is to give oneself to the creatures that lurk in the dark.

By noon the following day, the herd will have moved on, leaving destruction and devastation in their wake. Should any man summon the courage to investigate the cause of the previous night's disturbances, he may find a clearing dominated by smoking ashes, but he would do well to avoid examining too closely the grisly detritus scattered about the defiled woodland glade.

'Sire, we're now half a day's ride from border.'

Hearing his servant, the duke raised his hand, and the hunting party brought their sweating horses to a halt.

'You were brought up in this forest, weren't you?' the duke asked his tracker.

'Yes, sire,' replied the man. 'My father and I used to spend weeks hunting round here. That must have been – twenty years ago now. The forest was different then, more... normal. No ordinary trappers would dare risk this place now.'

The duke swung off his horse and stared ahead into the trees. Before them, the ground rose sharply. The great deciduous trees were starting to thin out, giving way to the conifers and shrubs of the mountains.

'If the dogs can still follow the scent we'll ride for another hour, and if we haven't caught up with him by then, we'll turn home,' he declared. 'We can't risk spending the night here, it's too dangerous.'

The tracker held the duke's stirrup while he mounted, then the hunting party spurred their tired horses up the rocky slope, the dogs baying before them.

Mund the minotaur stumbled to a halt and leant over, trying to catch his breath. The duke's men had been chasing him for three days now; and while they'd been able to commandeer fresh horses, he'd had to rely on his stamina. He was very tired now, coming to the end of his strength.

He'd headed into the mountains, hoping that the winding, stony trails would slow down the horses. The influence of chaos was stronger there – if they persevered, the hunters could well become the hunted.

Then he heard the dogs. He hadn't thought the duke would risk coming so far. There was no alternative but to continue. If he left the path, they would have to dismount and go on foot. He worked his way up the stony slope, grabbing onto bushes to keep his balance.

He finally hauled himself to the top of the slope and spent a few minutes simply lying on the ground, panting. The steep climb had taken a lot out of him, and he realised, with sure fatalism, that he no longer had the strength to run.

Standing up, he found himself at the top of a vertiginous cliff. Far beneath him lay a great round lake, sparkling green in the cold afternoon sun. The cliff edge was flat, there was nowhere he could make a stand. He bent down and picked up a rock and waited for the dogs to come.

The duke's men toiled up the slope on foot after the minotaur. The dogs were barking more and more, a sure sign they had nearly run down their quarry. The handlers released them, and they eagerly raced ahead, leaping and weaving round the stones and bushes. The first to reach the top of the slope, a huge black-spotted bitch, saw the waiting minotaur and charged him. She was not quick enough. The minotaur hurled the rock with unnerring accuracy and smashed her skull. The bitch was dead as she fell to the ground. The remaining dogs cautiously spread out to surround the minotaur, and started closing on him.

The hunting party breasted the slope to find the minotaur silhouetted on the cliff top against the pale-yellow sky. Dead and dying dogs lay heaped around him. Minotaur blood seeped from his wounds, and dog's blood dripped from his horns. The duke drew his sword, the men drew their bows, and they advanced.

The minotaur backed right up to the edge of the cliff, till he could feel the emptiness beneath him. Giving a great bellow of despair and rage, he flung himself out into the air. The men raced forward to the cliff and watched the black speck of the minotaur's body spiralling downwards, until it finally met the water, and disappeared in a tiny flash of white.

Water, blackness, green, then the swathe of unconsciousness. Strange voices swam by his head, then darted away. They were speaking to him, but he couldn't understand what they were saying. Images brushed the edge of his understanding: he saw a glowing black stone, a curtain of water...

When Mund opened his eyes the first thing he saw was the cliff towering above him, it seemed impossibly high. His body was cold and wet, and ached from the pain of many wounds, fresh and old.

The green lake stretched out in front of him, little ruffles of movement occasionally disturbing its glassy surface. To his right, it spread out and became lost in trees. To his left the water butted

against a rock face, where a tall waterfall spewed its waters into the lake. The rushing whiteness of the waterfall pulled at something in his memory.

Curious, he wandered along the shore of the lake until he came to the rock face. There was no obvious way to traverse it, and the overhang made it too difficult to approach from above. That gave him no option but to swim. He lowered himself carefully into the ice-cold water, and waded over the slippery lake bottom to the wall. Holding onto the rock face with one hand, he started to pull himself through the water to the waterfall.

He had to swim under the waterfall itself, and emerged coughing and spluttering on the other side. He found himself in a small round cave, dimly lit by light filtering through the waterfall. In the centre of the cave lay a round stone, glowing with darkness. It seemed to be calling to him. He grasped the stone firmly in his massive arms, and lifted it up.

Waves of heat and cold flowed down his arms, his body and his legs, followed by pinprick flashes of pain. White sound reverberated through his brain, exploded out of his ears, his nose, his mouth. He shook his head from side to side in agony, and tried to drop the stone, but couldn't.

'Mund, Mund!' cried the white noise in his head, the sound blowing his mind apart. 'You lack the courage, Mund, you lack the faith! We must find another Champion!'

The stone wrenched itself from his arms and thudded onto the wet sand. Mund clasped his hands over his head as ripples of change swept over his body. His bones grew, pulling out into new shapes, bending, twisting, muscles and tendons stretching with them. Where his skin couldn't accommodate his altered shape, it tore apart. New limbs sprouted from his chest, and he fell to the floor, unable to balance on two legs any more. The sight and pain of his writhing body was far worse than the agony of the stone.

The chaos pain seared all intelligence and reason from his mind, and he became a beast in form as well as spirit. Mund the Chaos Spawn raised his head and howled with horror and despair.



THE CALL TO BATTLE

Under normal circumstances, rival Warherds have little loyalty to one another, battling each other as much as they do Humans and other races, be it over disputed territory, booty or just for the sake of it!. Conflicts spark over territory disputes, loot, or no reason at all. From time to time, the Warherds unite to oppose a common threat or when the powers of Chaos join for one of the dreaded Incursions and gather at a Herdstone to consult the wisdom of the Bray-Shamans. Such meetings are called Brayherds.

It is the ambition of every Beastman chieftain to dominate the forests so thoroughly that all other warherds will do his bidding. A chieftain that wishes to unite the tribes against Mankind must first prove his right to do so, by brutal, ritual combat against his rivals.

"And then, the Beastmen were upon us – breaking apart our cannons like they were matchwood. As you can imagine, we ran, lest the disgusting mass consumed us. Only Sigmar knows how we made it to safety, but some were not so nimble in their escape, and paid – screaming – with their lives."

*Martin Fortberg, Chief Powderjack
at the Imperial Gunnery School, Nuln*

CALLING THE BRAYHERD

The brayherd is a mustering of all of the warherds in a given region. Each brayherd is called by a chieftain who, with his blood up and his ire roused, determines that the herds must be gathered and war must be brought to the lands of Man. The chieftain, being a surly, rancorous creature, will have plotted a mighty vengeance to visit upon his foe, and calculated according to his instinctive, animalistic nature how best to achieve his deadly goals.

A chieftain does not foster his dreams of conquest and cruelty alone, for he will be counselled all the while by his Bray-Shaman. The Bray-Shaman will consult the portents and divine the will of the Chaos Gods, until he believes the time is right to call the brayherd. It is upon the word of the chieftain that the brayherd is called, but none would do so were it not for the affirmation of a Bray-Shaman's counsel, for Beastmen are creatures of superstition who only truly fear the wrath of the gods.

The calling of the brayherd starts with the building of a massive pyre, often made of the dried bones of sacrificial offerings or from timber torn from the shrines of Man's gods. He piles on green wood, Brays, and captives, using the scent of charring meat to attract the roaming Warherds. Onto the fire the Bray-Shaman casts a noxious preparation of leaves, lichens and weeds imbued with the ancient magic of the deep woods. Coiling mists aglow with evil creep out from the fire to twist and turn along the forest paths. The vapours inflame the rotten hearts of the Beastmen with

bloodlust and draw them to the site of the brayherd. To this magical summons is added the strident bellowing of the chieftain that would call the brayherd, his hoarse cries resounding through the night. As the numbers of Beastmen at the site increase, so the forests echo with their unruly braying and the chanting of the shamans. One after another each chieftain steps into the clearing, making his presence known. If the calling is taking place at a herdstone or similar structure, the chieftain will carve his mark into its surface, so that his coming might be known to all for years to come.

CALL OF THE DOOMBULL

It is not only Wargors and Beastlords that call the brayherd – sometimes the dread Minotaurs known as Doombulls will do so instead. Whereas a chieftain will have plotted and schemed and taken counsel from his shaman, a Minotaur will simply be responding to a deep-seated urge to destroy. A ravenous hunger – known as the bloodgreed – comes upon them, and they bellow a deafening war cry that raises an echo in every Beastman that hears it.

Sometimes a shaman will attempt to guide the actions of a Doombull, but Minotaurs being simple creatures, his counsel must be suitably blunt and to the point. In all likelihood, simply informing the Doombull of the location of a large amount of 'meat' (Men, Dwarfs, or maybe Elves) will be sufficient to bring on the bloodgreed. This is dangerous for the shaman, for he could be caught up in the general anarchy as scores of Minotaurs stampede to war. Fortunately, the Minotaurs believe it is bad luck to kill a Bray-Shaman, though accidents do of course still happen.

Ambitious shamans may attempt to control a Doombull instead of merely offering counsel. Some even go so far as to possess the body of a Doombull, using it to call the brayherd and lead a full scale invasion. This is disapproved of by the other Bray-Shamans, for when discovered it does great damage to their ability to guide events according to their plans. A Doombull that discovers it has been manipulated in such a manner will be driven into a rage, and seek revenge against the offending shaman, his anger overcoming the ingrained proscription against harming such a creature. In the case of the Doombull Kha'Rak Stoneheart, the spiritbond was discovered almost instantly. Yet before the shaman's spirit could break free, the Doombull took his vengeance, smashing the Bray-Shaman's recumbent body to a pulp. The shaman was thereafter trapped in Kha'Rak's mind, and now both war constantly to assert their dominance over Kha'Rak's body, the towering Doombull as likely to stand firm and unleash dark magics upon his foe as he is to charge headlong into combat.

THE CHALLENGE

Once the Beastmen have gathered in great numbers, the caller of the brayherd demands that the assembled chieftains submit to his will and follow him to war. The chieftain will explain why he has gathered them, which usually involves a plan to fight somebody, whether it is the hated Men, Dwarfs or some other foe. Often the chieftain is guided by a portent or dream of his warband's shaman, and thus he is doing the bidding of the Chaos gods themselves. The Champion must convince the other herds of his plan and reasons. The other Champions weigh his words and must decide whether they will join his cause. While the Champions converse, the rest of the Beastmen enjoy a raucous celebration of feasting, fighting, and drinking. Bray-Shamans regale the herds with tales of famous battles and events significant to the Beastmen race.

Once all agree to take part in the attack, there is a grand battle between the Champions called a Gorfight. Inevitably, another will challenge the caller's right to lead the brayherd, and a ritual combat will ensue. Each Champion has his hands tied behind his back and must defeat all of his rivals using only his horns. Hence, only Gors usually participate. When Ungors participate, the others gang up to crush him first. The contest takes place in a ring around the Herdstone, and all the other Beastmen press in to watch. Spectators can strike out with fists and dubs at anyone who comes too close to the edge – many Gors have been swallowed by the press of mutated flesh, trampled and beaten to

death by an overenthusiastic audience. If the combatants are mismatched, the challenge is over very quickly, for no quarter is sought or given. At that point, the victor will deliver the killing blow and before the defeated chieftain has breathed his last breath, rip open his ribcage and draw forth the still-beating heart from within. There ensues a gory spectacle in which the corpse is flayed by the victor, the skin to be added to his banner. Occasionally, another challenger steps forward - it is not unknown for a succession of challenges to be fought. In the end, there is only one winner – the last one standing. When at last the victor is determined, there being no more chieftains willing or able to challenge the present incumbent, the assembled Bray-Shamans will announce that the matter is decided and declare the victor the Beastlord. He will now lead the Beastmen horde. If the plan of the Beastlord serves the cause of Chaos, the Minotaurs guarding the herdstones will join the horde as well, lending their formidable aid to the Beastmen army.

Sometimes the gathered Bray-Shamans will fail to agree that the victor of the challenge has the blessings of the Dark Gods to lead the brayherd. They may disagree on the meanings of certain portents read in the entrails of their foul-smelling offerings, or they may declare that those portents are entirely against the victor and another must be found. The challenge begins all over again, until a Beastlord who is able to demonstrate the blessings of the Dark Gods is victorious.



SHAMANIC CHALLENGE

On occasion, it will be a shaman, rather than a chieftain, that unites the warherds and unleashes an invasion upon the enemies of their kind. This is unusual, but will generally come about when a shaman is gifted or touched in some way by the power of Chaos. The Great Bray-Shaman Gallak Beast-Eye, for example, was lifted into the night sky within a nimbus of black lightning at the culmination of a ritual in a booming voice not his own, Beast-Eye declared war upon the rulers of Ostermark, and no chieftain dared challenge his right to gather and lead the brayherd. Beast-Eye's twenty-thousand-strong horde surged from the Dead Wood, the Bray-Shaman at its head, and cut a swathe through the towns on the upper reaches of the Talabec, putting thousands to death in grisly mass sacrifices before turning south and attacking the haunted land of Sylvania.

Should one Bray-Shaman call the brayherd and another challenge him, the two will fight a ritual challenge. The shamans do not engage in physical combat themselves.

Instead they send their spirits questing into the surrounding forests to possess the mind of the largest and fiercest beasts they can find. The resulting combat is fought before the herdstone, often destroying the camp and much of the surrounding forest in the process.

FELL RITUALS

The instant the Beastlord is acknowledged, the assembled Beastmen erupt into a frenzy of action. Led by chanting, shrieking Bray-Shamans, the Beastmen perform the ugliest, basest acts imaginable. Captives are dragged forth and sacrificed before the herdstones, their wailing, the taste of their fear and the scent of their butchered flesh attracting Minotaurs who wolf down their remains in bloody gulps. The forests resound to the screams of enemy soldiers bound to the herdstones by their own viscera, such that Men for leagues in every direction tremble and pray to their gods that it is not their town the savage hordes will descend upon when dawn finally arrives.

As daylight nears, the rituals climax. From the shrouded treeline the atonal droning of warhorns sounds, accompanied by the dolorous, arhythmic pounding of mighty drums made from the flayed skins of defeated foes. Soon, massed figures emerge from the mists and the horde becomes visible in all its terrible glory.

THE HORDE RISES

The tactics employed by the Beastmen are not the practiced drills of many other races, but the inherent guile of a pack of wild animals stalking and encircling its prey. They sense weakness and smell fear, surging forward for the kill and falling upon their prey in an orgy of butchery.

The coming of the horde is always presaged by a cacophonous braying. As if to amplify their already deafening war cries, the Beastmen employ war horns fashioned from the tusks of forest creatures or the horns of slain rivals. They carry a bewildering array of

banners adorned with the heads of fallen enemies and daubed with the crude runes that identify each herd. Such banners are used to increase the Beastmen's own stature, ensuring that even distant enemies can see the dominance and strength of the bearers.

At the centre of the horde as it surges forward are heavily armoured, elite Bestigors. Equipped with huge axes taken from the treasures stacked at the base of each herdstone, these Beastmen hack into the enemy as farmers scythe down wheat. The Bestigors will fight to the death to take the banners of their foe, trampling enemy standards into the mud as the bulk of the horde comes on in their bloody wake. All the while, Gors and Ungors stalk through the undergrowth to encircle and hem in the enemy battleline, moving into the most advantageous positions before springing horribly effective ambushes upon the flanks and rear of the enemy army. Many a gunnery or archer battalion has believed itself safe behind sharpened stakes and defensible positions only to find that the Beastmen had them surrounded from the start.

Alongside the warherd comes the Minotaurs, driven to such extremes of violence by the scent of blood they cannot wait until the day is won to feast upon their victims – they gorge themselves on the flesh of their dying foes even as battle rages all around. The beasts of the wild come too. Above the battlefield ragged flocks of Harpies screech and squabble over the remains of the dead. Twisted Chaos Spawn thrash and writhe as the raw power of Chaos surges through their veins.

Even larger creatures accompany the horde; terrifying Cygors, rot-clad Giants of the forests, and bloated, betentacled things that lurk within the forest bogs and can swallow whole a dozen men in a single gulp. When the herds form up for battle, it is not as small, ragged bands but as fully armed and battle-ready armies united by the will of the chieftain. The sight is sufficient to strike terror into even the bravest warriors, for such a menagerie of horrors can consume all before it.



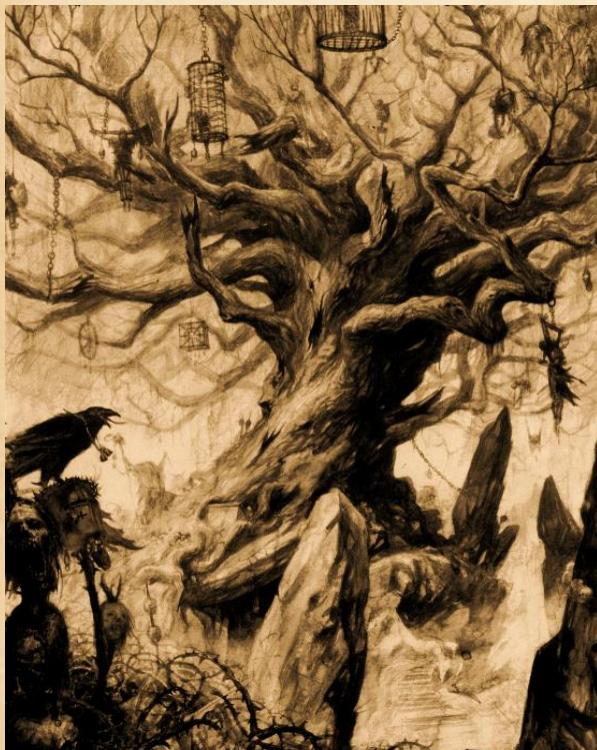


THE REALMS OF THE BEAST

Beastmen infest the forests, the wastelands, and the wildernesses of all the lands where they can remain hidden from the eyes of civilised races. Though most common in the Drakwald and the Forest of Shadows, they exist in growing numbers in the lands of the south, in chivalrous Bretonnia and the bright lands of Tilea, and far to the east across the Mountains of Mourn, the ancient forests and desolate foothills harbour hidden Beastmen lairs.. These populous creatures dwell even beyond the Old World, polluting the lands of Cathay, Ind and Nippon and across the great ocean to the massive forests west of Naggaroth. Wherever Mankind has walked, Beastmen can be found.

Fully half of the lands of the Empire and of Bretonnia are swathed in dense forest, into which sane Men fear to intrude. They know that the woodlands crawl with Chaos-spawned things and are infested with uncounted hordes of Beastmen.

The region known as the Old World is vast beyond imagining, and swathed in an ocean of wild, untamed forest. The Cloven Ones lay claim to all these lands, even those where the trees have been felled, for they have ever been the Beastmen's territory to hunt. Only the forests of Loren and Laurelorn are beyond their claim, for the time being at least. Where Men and other creatures stray into their blood-grounds the Beastmen surge from the forests in mighty brayherds, united by the animal will of a savage Beastlord. The towns and castles of the Old World are mere temporary structures to the Beastmen, built by interlopers. One day all will be cast down, no stone will be left upon another, and the intruders will all be slaughtered.



THE DWELLERS IN THE WOODS

As befits a race created by Chaos, the tribes exhibit great variety, often due to the nature of the bloodgrounds in which they hunt. The warherds that roam the wooded foothills of the Middle Mountains, for example, are very different from those of the forests further south. In addition to thousands of tribes of Beastmen, the foothills are home to large numbers of nomadic, horse-bodied Centigors. Too clumsy and ill-coordinated to live comfortably amongst the densely-packed forests, the Centigors are quite at home amidst the more scattered woods of the rolling foothills. From this region the Centigors descend to join the warherds when war comes, and to barter with them for weapons and ale, which they cannot create for themselves.

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

There is one tribe of the Middle Mountains that has become so adept at breaking in large beasts that they are accompanied to battle by great, lumbering warfiends while Ungor Raiders range ahead to identify the warherd's next target. Thanks to its use of such mounts, the Herd of the Jagged Horn travels further afield than most other tribes. Its warriors normally dismount to face the enemy on the field of battle, for when the savagery of battle descends upon a warherd, its beasts are practically uncontrollable.

The greatest tribe ever to have dominated the region around the Middle Mountains was the warherd of Gorthor the Beastlord. This mighty leader was fated to lead one of the most devastating wars against the Empire the Beastmen have ever unleashed, slaying millions and decimating two entire provinces. Gorthor was said to be touched by the Ruinous Powers, and his powers were such that even the beasts of the sky and the field joined his horde. Gorthor and his warherd went to war upon chariots drawn by the largest and most aggressive of Tuskgors and Razorgors, ensuring Gorthor's elite was first amongst his massive horde to reach the enemy. To this day, the descendants of Gorthor's warherd go to war almost exclusively upon the backs of hurtling, ramshackle chariots.

"If we run, they will claw us into the dirt and their hounds will gnaw the gristle from our bones. If we surrender, they will bind and bleed us, and Minotaurs will feast on our flesh. If we fight, they will hack and rip and bite and butcher, and they will swallow our still-beating hearts. So many deaths. Which will we choose?"

— *Blind Nowl, the Seer of Parravon*

THE TOUCH OF CHAOS

In the very heartland of the Empire is to be found the Drakwald Forest. It is one of the most ancient woods in the Old World, and has been a dark nest of Chaos beasts, Goblins and other foul creatures since before the fall of the Elven and Dwarf civilisations. The Elves attribute this to large deposits of warpstone deep within the forest, left after the polar gates collapsed. Whatever the cause, it is one of the most hostile regions of the Empire, and only large armed bands can travel there in relative safety. The Empire's efforts to control the population have met with little success, and the herds are becoming more aggressive in their ventures beyond the trees, harassing farmsteads and outposts along its borders.

The warherds that abide within the cursed forest appear especially touched by the dark power of Chaos, for the Drakwald harbours a great many veins of wyrdling stone beneath the forest mulch. Mutation is rife amongst the ranks of those that dwell there. The Bestigors sport the most impressive horns and the Chaos Warhounds the longest and sharpest fangs. The warherds of the Drakwald are accompanied by great numbers of bestial Chaos Spawn. Such creatures might once have been mighty chieftains or perhaps shamans that drew too deeply of the Winds of Magic, only to be twisted into grotesque new forms by their uncaring masters. When war comes and the herds gather, the Spawn answer the call along with the other Beastmen, shambling and thrashing from their forest lairs in response to some long-forgotten instinct.

Of all the tribes of the Drakwald, it is the Skrinderkin Herd that is most famous for the number of Chaos Spawn that joins it in battle. These repugnant, bladelimbed creatures share the same skin, fur and horn colouration as the tribe's Gors, so must presumably remained with their kin rather than fleeing or being driven off when Chaos overcame their bodies. Indeed, one of these Spawn must once have born the chieftain's own banner to war, for it still brandishes high a ragged flag, its shaft fused into distended claw, while it bellows a deafening, slack-jawed war cry.

Despite its location, the wars fought in and around this blasted forest of the Drakwald are not only against the Men of the Empire, for the Beastmen often encounter Skaven intruding upon their territory. The ratmen seek the numerous fragments of warpstone littered about the region. The Skaven maintain a network of tunnels said to stretch to every corner of the globe, and many of these surface in the depths of the Drakwald. The Beastmen of the region are ever watchful for signs of the Skaven's activities. The first indication of a Skaven incursion might be a massive subsidence of the forest floor, through which entire trees or rock formations will fall. At such times, mighty armies of Beastmen and Skaven clash, sometimes within earshot of the cities of Men, the defenders stationed on the walls filled with dread at the mysterious, blood-curdling sounds of war echoing from the forest, or seemingly from below their feet.

There are those warherds within the Drakwald that have taken the fight directly to the Skaven. The most infamous of these is the warherd of Ghorroz Burrow-Gorger. After many years of war in the dark, rootinfested tunnels beneath the Drakwald, the Burrow-Gorgers have mastered the tactic of starving scores of ravening Chaos Warhounds and driving them into the Skaven's lairs. As the ratmen emerge fleeing from their warrens in terror, the Bestigors cut them down with mighty axes before collapsing the tunnel entrances on any survivors.

THE BLACK DEEPS

Far to the south is the region known to Man as the Black Mountains, a range of peaks swathed with a thousand-mile long belt of forest through which even the Beastmen travel with caution. These forests, sometimes called the Black Deeps, are haunted by the largest arachnids to be found anywhere in the Old World. The woods are choked thick with their webs. The outskirts of the forests are home to the spiderring Forest Goblins, for whom the Beastmen of the region harbour a deep and lasting contempt.

The Beastmen that live in these dark woods have long ago adapted to the unique environment, for those unable to avoid or defeat the giant hunting spiders of the region soon perish. Many of these, such as the Shadowgor Warherd, sport fur as dark as the surrounding woods, have acute hearing and have actually developed limited immunity to the spiders' venom. Some bear weapons made from serrated spider limbs, coated with poison brewed from the creature's blood and cursed by the spells of the Bray-Shamans.

THE SACKING OF REINHOLD

Wargor Urktar stamped the ground and shook his head; his hot breath turning to white steam as it hit the chill morning air. Urktar was impatient.

He and his warband had spent the night in the burning remains of the man-village of Reinhold. Though the town's name meant little to him, his gut was filled with manflesh and his Gors had taken what weapons and goods these weaklings had owned. It was time to leave and join up with Khazrak's herd. Urktar growled and kicked a scorched skull across the trampled grass, causing a sitting group of Ungor to flinch as the bone shattered against a low wall nearby. As if summoned by his anger, the sharp rapport of human lead-throwers cut through the morning air.

His warband jumped to their cloven feet, weapons in hand and ready for another fight. Half of his herd was already among the still-smoking ruins by the time he saw the gleaming steel helmet of the mounted captain shouting orders to his brightly-dressed troops. Urktar thought of how nice the man's head will look on his banner. With a terrifying bellow, Urktar charged into the village.



NUMBERS UNCOUNTED

The Beastmen of the Reikwald are especially virile, and for some unknown reason reproduce at a far greater rate than the warherds of other regions. Indeed, the forests echo to disturbing calls, mingled with the cries of those foolish enough to intrude upon the Beastmen's realm. The woodlands are, in places, teeming with Beastmen, and each herd must compete with the next for domination of the hunting grounds.

The Ungors in particular are especially numerous, so much so that there exist entire tribes of the smaller Beastmen. These tribes contain a great many changelings and turnskins; Beastmen born of human parents that have been driven out of their own societies and later fled to the woodlands. Although such peculiar creatures would have little chance of attaining a position of strength amongst the Gors, they often come to dominate tribes of Ungors, leading them in endless, bitter wars against the humans that cast them out. The population of a town overrun by Ungors will be put to death in the most horrifying manner possible, the inhuman creatures inflicting ever more severe tortures upon the flesh of their enemies.

Conversely, the woodlands of the north-west of the Empire that border the bleak wastes around Marienburg are almost devoid of Men and other prey animals. Many of the tribes of this region make extensive use of chariots, for their blood-grounds extend hundreds of miles across the plains to the distant sea. Any Men who would cross the open wastes must be ever vigilant for the fast moving, chariot-riding warherds. These have been known to encircle and entrap entire armies, cutting down the cornered foe with cruel blades and dragging others behind their chariots to be sacrificed before the herdstones.

HONOUR DEFILED

In the north of Bretonnia lies the Forest of Arden. It is claimed by the Beastmen of that region that they grow larger and fiercer than others of their kind. There is truth to this boast, and it is certainly the case that the warherds of the region contain a disproportionate number of Bestigors. These elite Beastmen band together and actively seek out the mightiest of foes against which they can prove themselves. Even in times of relative inaction these Bestigors are continuously engaged in bloody battle-rituals against one another, honing their skills, building their strength and weeding out those not tough enough to survive. When such warherds go to war, even the flower of Bretonnia's knighthood thinks twice about engaging them.

The chronicles of Bretonnia recount many occasions when the warherds of the Forest of Arden have risen up from their dark abode and made war upon the surrounding lands. It is at times like this that the knightly lords of Bretonnia must ride out to meet the

THE ENEMY WITHIN

The nobles of the Empire maintain many isolated hunting lodges in the woodlands of the Reikwald, and forbid common men from hunting there. It is rumoured that hidden away in these lodges, covens of these nobles and ladies of the court engage in forbidden worship of the Ruinous Powers and cavort with the Beastmen around raging pyres when Morrlieb is full. Such fraternisation may eventually extend to acts of outright treachery. Many are the times a walled town's gate has been unbarred in the middle of the night, allowing a Beastman horde to overrun defenders who believed themselves safely tucked away from the horrors of the forests.

THE WARHERD OF KHOROK MANRIPPER
There is a warherd native to the southern depths of the Forest of Arden in Bretonnia that has become infamous throughout the entire region and is hunted by scores of Knights Errant. A mighty Bestigor called Khorok Manripper once came face to face in battle with a noble Bretonnian Knight who wore a set of ornate antlers atop his shining helmet. The knight's horns were larger than Khorok's own, sending the Bestigor into a terrible rage. Khorok and the knight fought one another in single combat and although the Man fought bravely, he could only hold back the Bestigor's relentless assault for so long.

Striking the deathblow, Khorok beheaded the Man, and brandished high his decapitated head. His rotten heart consumed by indignation, Khorok snapped the antlers from the knight's battered helm and later on, after the battle was won, bound them to his own horns. Soon, the entire tribe had taken to bearing Bretonnian symbols and banners in crude mockery of everything that the Knights of fair Bretonnia hold dear.

seething hordes swarming across their estates, only to see their finest warriors dragged from their mounts and ripped to pieces by clawed, screaming Beastmen. Many times, the Beastmen have defeated the Bretonnian armies in the field, forcing their foes to retreat to the temporary safety of their mighty castles. Even then, they are not safe. The shamans call forth the largest beasts of the woods – the berserker Ghorgons, lumbering Cygors or rank forest-shambler – to assail the fortress. When there are mighty citadel gates to be battered down, teams of Beastmen steal forth in the night and mount the skull of a gargantuan Ramhorn upon the portal.

The Bray-Shamans then summon another of these dim-witted but immensely powerful beasts who, seeing the horns of what it takes to be a rival, charge into the citadel gates with such unstoppable force that they are splintered into kindling, allowing the Beastmen horde to surge through in its wake. Fortunately for the men of Bretonnia, successful instances of harnessing a Ramhorn are rare, for were they more common, the fair lands of Bretonnia would have been trampled beneath the hooves of the brayherds many centuries ago.

BLACK FIRE PASS

The vast majority of Beastmen warherds travel around their own blood-grounds, unleashing devastating wars upon enemies they consider intruders upon the lands. Within these regions, no enemy is immune from attack, no matter how entrenched. There are some warherds, however, that stay within a much smaller territory, knowing that fresh meat will come to them. The warherds of the south, for example, are a curse upon any who would navigate Black Fire Pass.

This wide valley provides a route from the southern Empire to the lands to the south-west, such as Tilea and Estalia, as well as being part of the perilous trade routes to the far east. Not only that, but it is also an ancient invasion route used by the greenskins of the Badlands and a host of other fell races from the Land of the Dead and the Dark Lands. Though the Beastmen are a constant threat to any who travel the pass, it is when entire armies of their foes attempt to traverse what the Beastmen regard as their own territory that the warherds gather in enormous numbers. On numerous occasions, an army has fought its way to Black Fire Pass, defeating numerous enemies along the way, only to find the pass choked with countless thousands of Beastmen.



THE MINOTAUR TRIBES

Of all the woodlands of the Old World, the Forest of Shadows is home to the largest concentration of Minotaurs. These gore-drunk beasts are so numerous in that they form entire tribes united under powerful Gorebulls and Doombulls. Such tribes contain scant numbers of Bestigors, for few lesser Beastmen will ever grow mighty enough to challenge a Minotaur lord for leadership of a tribe. The Minotaur tribes may be attended by hundreds of Ungors, however, who scrape and fawn around the huge Minotaurs, stealing scraps of flesh from the ground all the while. In battle the Ungors range ahead of the Minotaurs, taunting enemies they have no chance of beating in honest combat. When such enemies give chase, the Ungors flee back towards the Minotaurs, evil grins upon their twisted faces. The slaughter that ensues is truly horrifying.

When a Doombull calls the Beastmen herds to war, none can be in any doubt that a terrible bloodbath will ensue. At such a time the monstrous lord's craving for carnage becomes infectious. Each Minotaur tribe in the area instinctively joins the stampede. Every Wargor feels the palpable rise in bloodlust within his own warband and is wise to follow suit, lest a younger, more aggressive Beastman challenge his supremacy. The other beasts of the forests are caught up in the rampage too – Harpies, Razorgors and the towering Ghorgons are all consumed with the desperate urge to rip, tear and feast.

THE HEART OF THE DARK

The Forest of Shadows encompasses most of Ostland and Nordland and is the darkest and one of the most dangerous Forests in the Empire. Home to bands of Beastmen and a few Goblins, the creatures here are the



descendants of those who fought in the Great War Against Chaos. Ostlanders mount regular expeditions to uncover their lairs but have little to show for their efforts, since not even the boldest patrol would remain in the gloomy woods after dark.

There is a place referred to in hushed tones by the Cloven Ones as the Heart of the Dark. The exact location of this place is never spoken of but the Bray-Shamans claim that all beast-paths ultimately lead toward it. Many Beastmen undergo a pilgrimage of sorts, following the secret ways until they eventually reach their destination.

The sun never rises over the Heart of the Dark. At its centre is the mightiest herdstone in the whole of the world, resonating with malignant power. Bray-Shamans chain themselves to its pitted surface, the better to absorb the raw energy and receive visions from the gods (or else devolve into mutated Spawn).

At the herdstone's base is a twisted mass of huge roots resembling the spilled guts of a Sky-Titan. In amongst the roots is a network of stinking tunnels populated not only by Beastmen, but also other, nameless things. Hideous rites are enacted in these terrible depths, and each full moon a thousand captives are fed into a gaping, gnashing maw at the very foundation of the herdstone.

This horrendous meal seems to re-energise the fell monolith and its warping magic reaches out hundreds of leagues into the forest about. The ancient trees twist

THE KALKENGARD LARDER

A well-known tale in the townships around the Forest of Shadows concerns a Minotaur known to the Beastmen as Ragush of the Bloody Horn. This particular Doombull is a monstrous giant even amongst his kind, and he has become a legend amongst man and beast alike throughout the region. Ragush is known for his acts of supreme barbarity, the most infamous of which was perpetrated at the town of Kalkengard. Here the Doombull gathered a mighty horde of Beastmen, including hundreds of Minotaurs, each armed with a pair of jagged cleavers. In a single night of bloodshed the warherd destroyed the town, tore down its buildings and slaughtered or burnt all of its defenders. So many of the population were slain that not even Ragush and his kind could consume them all in a single night. Having glutted himself on the choicest meat, the Doombull ordered the remaining corpses to be hung upside down from the trees and rock spires all around the town, forming not only a grisly monument to the Doombulls prowess but also a larder to which Ragush and his followers could return whenever the taste for flesh came upon them. Ever since that day the grounds around the remnants of the town have been known as the Kalkengard Larder, and some say that not all of the meat hanging from the trees is yet dead.

and move into strange forms, encroaching on roads and towns. Men suffer evil dreams. Priests are plagued with temptation. Every beast feels a primal urge to kill and destroy, and the Cloven Ones march to war.

TROLL COUNTRY

North of the mortal realm Kislev, past the lawless taiga, lies the Troll Country. This is the outermost realm of Chaos, the furthest part of the world touched by the shadow of the Dark Gods. No mortal lord claims kingship over this land; here Chaos warbands strive for ascendancy over each other.

The Troll Country is a wild place littered with the rusting engines of war and the bones of the dead. Here, many of Chaos' creations roam, such as Chimeras, Minotaurs, Ogres, Beastmen, and Trolls which are far more dangerous than their southern kindred – horrifying monsters mutated by the seething energy of Chaos, fighting amongst each other for the scarce resources and the love for battle. When the Realm of Chaos expands, it is in the Troll Country that the armies of Chaos muster. The followers of the four Dark Gods gather around gruesome monoliths erected in honour of their foul masters. Beastmen emerge from the forests guided by the visions of their Bray-Shaman, while Chaos Champions bring their unruly hosts. The Chaos Sorcerers take control over the beasts, sending them forth to work their evil in the Old World. The Troll Country, then, is a terrifying land, utterly condemned to the warping nature of Chaos.



Efforts to tame this barren land have all failed. Sometimes Kislevite patrols, by the direct order of the Tzar or Tzarina, will ride here to challenge the warbands and slay all the Trolls they find in an effort to control the populations. But such exercises are ultimately futile, for the hordes of Chaos are numerous, and slaying a mere few hundred individuals is but a drop in this ocean of foulness. It is here that the armies of Chaos assemble when the Winds of Magic blow from the north and the tide of Chaos rises. The followers of the four Dark Gods gather around gruesome monoliths erected in honour of their masters. Beastmen emerge from the forests, guided by the visions of their shamans. Champions of Chaos bring their warbands to battle, and Chaos Sorcerers harness hordes of monsters to their will.

BEASTMEN OUTSIDE THE OLD WORLD

When most people of the Old World think of Beastmen, they imagine the savage creatures of the great forests of the Empire, especially in the Drakwald and the Forest of Shadows where it is at its darkest and most impenetrable. They think of monsters that bear the shape of Men crossed with cattle or goats or vermin. And as long as they do not travel far from the Old World, there is no reason for them to believe that things are otherwise elsewhere.

However, it would be wrong to assume that the power of Chaos is as uniform and predictable as to mould its children into the same shape the world over. Chaos is, by its very nature, inconsistent and malleable and, just as it has an effect on the world it passes over, the world in turn influences Chaos. Beastmen exist in many places besides the Old World and invariably display characteristics that reflect their habitat and the fears and legends of other inhabitants of the land.

Whether this is more attributable to the beasts influencing local folklore, or the power of Chaos shaping its creatures into the forms most suited to spread terror amongst the population, it is hard to say: both forces are at work and grow as they feed upon each other. Certainly in the Empire, devils and daemons are often depicted as cowering, bestial creatures with the features of goats, and it is no coincidence that the Beastmen of the forests match this image so well.

Over time, the expectations and beliefs, the dreams and nightmares of the people shape the power of Chaos as it flows from the north. This power touches the land and creatures, which absorb the altered energy. These mutant things in turn serve to confirm the very fears which created them.

Some of the eastern tribes of the Norse hold that their warriors must take the head of a huge, white-furred behemoth they call the Ymir or Jeti as a rite of passage to manhood. The Dwarfs of the northern hold Krakarak tell similar stories of titanic white-furred monsters,

and though they are reckoned a strange folk by their southern cousins there seems little reason to doubt their claims.

For the Norsemen, these monsters fulfil an important role in the passage all men must undertake if they hope to be recognised as warriors in their tribe. These young hopefuls brave the swirling snow and freezing winds to track down and face these beasts in combat. If they return with its head, they are accorded as a special place in their tribe – those who don't, don't return at all.

Far across the Wastes to the west lies the land called Naggaroth, the realm of the Dark Elves. Many creatures inhabit the Blackspines, from harpies through to mighty manticores and chimeras. As well as these, a strange breed of scaled biped can sometimes be seen in the caves and crevasses. About the height of an elf and covered head to foot in craggy scales, these creatures are primitive, and war amongst themselves with their stone axes and clubs.

On occasion, when times are hard or when the call of Chaos from the north grows strong, they descend from the peaks to raid Dark Elf settlements and join with the armies of Chaos, and their numbers are such that it takes great military might to repel them. Travellers from the east bring stories of man-shaped beasts as equally removed from humanity as the creatures of the Drakwald. Spice merchants from Ind have spun tales of creatures with heads of the giant hunting cats they call tigers, which dwell in the dense jungles at the interior of their land. The people of Ind regard these as noble

but fickle beings, as likely to fight off attackers of an Indish village as raze it to the ground. Their motives are unfathomable, but offerings of meat and rice are left in the hope of appeasing them.

In the Old World very little is known of the mysterious wilderness beyond Araby, which is known simply as the Southlands. It is known to the most erudite of Old World scholars that as well as Humans the Southlands are home to species of large apes, animals which closely resemble primitive humanoids. Some of these are highly organised and intelligent, and use tools, weapons and cunning in attacks on the other inhabitants of the jungles. When the Lizardmen or Goblins pursue them, they vanish into the canopies of the great rainforests. At what point the ape ends and the Beastman begins is never clear, and the uncertainty of whether a creature is staring back at the traveller with animal curiosity or savage Chaosbred malice makes the jungles even more treacherous and disconcerting.

Some, all, or none of these creatures may be the Children of Chaos, or else an obscure species in their own right – or they may be simply figments of the imaginations of excitable travellers, the inventions of bored rumour-mongers. Who can say how many of the ancestors of the strange creatures of today fell victim to the warping powers of the Winds of Magic?

Ultimately, though, these creatures' origins may be irrelevant. For most ordinary people, concerns over how they arrived are rather less urgent than those of how to deal with them.



THE DAYS OF WRATH

The Beastmen are creatures consumed by hatred for all other races, and wage a constant war against them – a war that escalates with every passing day.

THE SEED OF HATE

The Beastmen's long war has raged year in and year out since the disparate tribes of Men united under Sigmar. Prior to that time the Beastmen were the undisputed masters of their realm, and all creatures within it were their prey. It is to this state that the Beastmen would return the world.

By way of black coercion and riotous demagoguery the Bray-Shamans subtly and deliberately guide the warherds, and by extension the entire race, along a twisting path towards an apocalyptic time when every Beastman in the Old World will rise as one. Then, the civilisation of Mankind will be cast down and ground beneath uncounted cloven feet.

The greatest and the most terrible of all the Bray-Shamans is the beast known as Malagor. Hailed as the Dark Omen, Malagor travels widely from warherd to warherd, whispering his insidious, evil counsel to the chieftains and accompanying them to battle against Mankind. Man has learned to fear Malagor as a devil without equal, and even the merest sign of his presence can send the defenders of a town into the cold embrace of terror, robbing their will to fight.

When Malagor takes to the battlefield, the direst of blasphemies are sure to be enacted upon those who dare to face him. It was Malagor who ripped in two the state colours of the army of Averland; who cast down the statue of Sigmar Ascendant from atop the greatest temple in Altdorf, crushing the congregation; who drenched a hundred maddened Flagellants in oil and set them afire in the Church of Grunberg, burning down

the building along with half of the town; who caused the waters of the Stir to flood and boil as the Knights Griffon forded it near Wurtbad, cooking each within his armour.

Having defeated his enemies on the field of battle, Malagor calls forth great, shambling, vine-swathed Forest Giants. These he compels to pound Man's towns to dust so that no trace of artifice or hated civilization presence remains. Before the next moon rises, twisted and thorny vegetation has crawled forth and reclaimed the land where once proud temples and soaring castle walls stood. Recently, Malagor has been offering his fell counsel to the mighty chieftain Khazrak the One-eye, a dire portent indeed for all of the Men of the Drakwald and indeed far beyond.

THE BEAST RISES

While the shamans stoke the fires of hatred, it is the chieftains who enact the dark purpose of the Beastmen. It is within the savage hearts of these beasts that the will and the power to unite the warherds lie. It is the Beastlords who challenge the leaders of the civilized races for possession of the world, engaging them in battle as a predator fighting a rival for dominance of a hunting ground.

Of all the chieftains that lead the warherds, by far the greatest scourge upon Mankind is Khazrak the One-eye. Since taking control of his warherd, Khazrak has roamed the Drakwald terrorising human towns, keeps and even cities. There are towns in the Drakwald that Khazrak has destroyed so utterly that the forest has entirely reclaimed the land, roads that once led to bustling settlements now petering off into the undergrowth without explanation. It is said that the Emperor's cartographers can scarcely keep up with the devastation Khazrak is wreaking across the Drakwald, their maps rendered obsolete as more and more towns are destroyed.

In the Reikwald, the Beastmen glare jealously from the eaves of the forest, plotting the downfall of the hated, mighty-walled city of Altdorf that rises so high above the trees. Mankind believes he is safe in the environs of the city, and each year the farmers of the surrounding lands fell more trees and clear the forest back yet further. But the chieftains of the warherds of the Reikwald are merely biding their time, launching devastating assaults upon the outlying settlements in order to weaken the lands of Man and terrorise his peoples. On occasion, an especially bold Beastlord has united the warherds of the Reikwald and led them against the city itself. Although the Beastmen have yet to succeed in overrunning Altdorf, the Bray-Shamans believe that it is only a matter of time before the city is surrounded, cut off and eventually starved into submission by the numerous warherds of the region.



THE HARBINGER

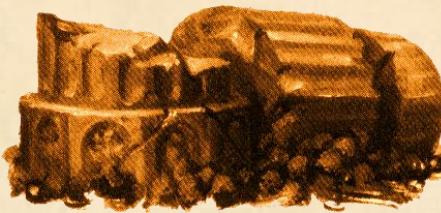
It was in the Reikwald that the Ripper-Horn tribes committed a blasphemy that cost the lives of uncounted humans from the settlements west of Bögenhafen along the lower Reik. A previously unknown Bray-Shaman heralded as the 'Harbinger of the Beast' appeared one night before a gathering of the tribes' shamans. Claiming he could impart upon the shamans the power to defeat Mankind once and for all, the Harbinger presided over a ceremony so powerful and extensive that it shattered the herdstone before which it was enacted. In its place there appeared a darkly glowing portal through which a thousand ravening fiends exploded, slaying the shamans but heeding the commands of the Harbinger.

The Harbinger then gathered the Ripper-Horn tribes and initiated three days and three nights of slaughter. As dawn came on the fourth day the Daemons faded and disappeared, yet it is said that periodically the Harbinger of the Beast returns and in trade for the lives of seven shamans of the Ripper-Horn tribes, unleashes the Daemons of the Realm of Chaos upon the Men of the Empire.



THE BRASS BULL

It is not just the warherds of the Gors and Ungors that are rising up in greater numbers than ever before. All across Talabecland there spread legends of a giant bullheaded fiend with a body of living brass. It is told that this monstrous warrior marches at the head of a column of armoured Minotaurs fully a mile long, and that whenever the scent of flesh is carried upon the wind, the column breaks into a stampede. The tales are corroborated by sentries across the Old World who have seen the forests scarred and torn down by the Minotaur army's rampage as it passes below. Outriders following this trail of devastation on the swiftest of horses have reported its passage through and over market towns, armoured barracks, Flagellant camps, sacred temples and riverside wharfs, leaving nothing but ruin and great smears of blood that extend out of the other side of each site for many leagues. Of the inhabitants of these unfortunate locales there is invariably no sign other than the odd scattered boot or broken sword. Most disturbing of all, the outriders swear that the Brass Bull's army is heading directly for Talabheim, and growing larger with each passing week.



THE NIGHT OF THE MAD

In the south of the Reikwald is to be found the town of Frederheim, a once-prosperous settlement dominated by a massive, walled sanatorium that is maintained by the followers of the human goddess Shallya. The Beastmen of the surrounding woods harboured a special hatred for the rearing walls of the Frederheim Hospice, and plotted its downfall for many seasons.

One midwinter, a Bray-Shaman called Skull-Gave cast a terrible spell as the Chaos Moon waxed in the night sky. The shaman's braying echoed across the lands, penetrating the nightmares of every Man for miles about. The lunatics of the sanatorium were stirred into a frenzy by the disturbing words, and turned upon their keepers. At that very moment, a Beastman horde ten-thousand-strong burst from the benighted forest and overran Frederheim, slaying its defenders and feasting upon their corpses beneath the gibbous Chaos Moon.

It is said that the inmates of the Sanatorium welcomed the Beastmen as saviours, rushing to embrace them in gratitude for their freedom. Most were butchered by the blood mad Gors, but others, those who imitated the Beastmen and fell to devouring the corpses of their keepers, were allowed to live. It is said that amongst the Ungors of the Reikwald there still run ragged lunatics who crave the taste of flesh as much as any Minotaur.

THE DARK NIGHT OF KARAK HIRN

In a time before the memory of any Beastman that lives in the spider-haunted Black Deeps, there occurred a peculiar battle the tale of which has been told by uncounted generations. The story concerns the Wargor known as Skarr Black-Horn and his warherd, who one grey morn hunted a wooded pass in search of an enemy upon which to enact their cruel hatred.

It is told that the morning mists still clung to the trees when the Black-Horn was granted his desire. Looking down from his vantage point atop a craggy outcrop, the Wargor spied a milelong caravan of over a hundred wagons snaking its way towards him. Each wagon was guarded by a company of stout Dwarfs. The Wargor knew little of this foe, for most of his wars he had fought against Men and Goblins, but he knew all about ale. His mouth watered in anticipation of washing down the gristly flesh of these foes with great draughts of the intoxicating liquid.

The Dwarf guards fought like warrior kings in the defence of their cargo, but as the last died with Black-Horn's serrated cleaver lodged in his skull, the scene changed from one of savage battle to unruly celebration. Black-Horn selected the largest of the barrels, one as large as a herdstone it is told, and raised

it above his head. In minutes, the Wargor had drained the entire barrel, which he flung to the rocky ground, shattering it into uncounted splinters. Loosing a resounding belch that echoed amidst the crags all about, Black-Horn allowed his warherd to claim their share of the remaining barrels.

As impressive a spectacle as this might have been, it was what occurred next that seared Skarr Black-Horn's name into history. Driven into a berserker rage by the potent Dwarfen brew, the warherd of Black-Horn rampaged drunkenly up the mountain pass, far beyond the territory into which a lone warherd would normally attack. By evening, the Beastmen had reached the foothills about the Dwarfen stronghold of Karak Hirn, and there they commenced a night of bloody slaughter. In a single night, the Dwarfs' holdings all about Karak Hirn were reduced to ashes, their ancestral lands trampled and burnt and their finest warriors laid low by the rampaging Beastmen.

Drunken Bestigors competed with one another to shatter the mighty stone statues of ancient Dwarfen lords that lined the mountain roadways, using only their horns. The Gors took hundreds of decapitated heads to bear aloft on their savage totems, tying them by the beards to the branches of hag trees, and making war horns of precious heirloom drinking horns.





The Ungors, unused to the effects of such strong and intoxicating liquor, unleashed terrible wickedness that night. Many fought with one another to claim the horned helmets of any Dwarf they could kill, thereby gaining some drunkenly imagined status within the warherd.

The Dwarfs were utterly unprepared for the slaughter unleashed upon their settlements, the clansmen slain, the livestock butchered, the ancient buildings ruined. As the black sky turned to grey and dawn approached, refugees from the outlying mountain communities flooded to the safety of Karak driven before the thousands-strong horde of drunken, marauding Beastmen.

It is said that Skarr Black-Horn and his warriors awoke the next morn, even more dishevelled than normal, the hateful sun glaring painfully down upon them. They found themselves before the very gates of Karak Him, bleary heads ringing to the sounds of its defenders mustering for what the Dwarfs must have feared would be a prolonged siege by a mighty horde.

Knowing, even if the details alluded him, that the previous night's work had been plenty to earn the favour of the Dark Gods, Black-Horn ordered his warherd to return back down the mountain pass to the Black Deep, noting with darkhearted satisfaction the devastation wrought upon the lands of the Dwarfs.

And so the deeds of Skarr Black-Horn are told by the warherds south of the Black Mountains, and who can naysay them? Only the Dwarfs of Karak Him know the true extent of what occurred that night, the entire saga recorded in detail for all time within the crumbling pages of the Great Book of Grudges.

THE BLASPHEMY OF BLOOD-GORGE

The Beastmen instinctively know that blasphemy is the dark reflection of reverence, and that to defile the image or shrine of a god is to rob that entity of power. It is the wish of the Ruinous Powers, and therefore the innate desire of the Beastmen themselves, to diminish and ultimately destroy the weakling gods of man. These feeble deities do not deserve their place in the heavens next to the old and primal gods of Chaos.

Upon a windswept heath before the mighty Forest of Arden is to be found a blasphemy most pleasing to the Chaos Gods. For many years, the warherds dwelling in the forest had suffered the presence of a powerful and devout sorceress, a Damsel residing in a fortified retreat near the forest's edge. Many warherds had assailed her sanctuary, only to be repulsed by the magics of the Damsel and the spears of her loyal retainers, or else driven off as valiant knights rode to the she-witch's rescue. And so it was that a Beastlord named Kloven Blood-Gorge gathered a great brayherd, and embarked upon the campaign that would earn him the bitter enmity of every knight in Bretonnia.

Kloven's shamans summoned flocks of Harpies, foul-winged creatures of the air. Bound to Kloven's will, the Harpies swept through the night, swooping down upon the sentries manning the high walls of the sanctuary. As the sentries were dragged screaming from the walls, the sanctuary's defenders mustered to repel the attackers, rushing up stone steps to face this terrible new foe. At that moment the night was rent by the deafening bellow of a gargantuan Ghorgon at full charge, followed a moment later by the ear-splitting report of the sanctuary's gates splintering apart. Within minutes, Kloven's Gors were flooding the sanctuary. Soon every building within was aflame.

The defenders put up a spirited defence, but had been caught unawares. The spells of the sorceress slew dozens of Beastmen, but it was not enough, and the defenders were overwhelmed. The survivors were bound and carried back to the forest. A tall, stone statue of the she-witch's goddess stood at the altar of the now-burning chapel. This the Harpies carried off, a hundred of their number straining to lift it into the night air and bear it towards the forest.

It was several days before the Men came, as Kloven had known they would. Countless knights crested the rise and came to a halt half a league from the forest. What had caused them to halt was the statue itself smeared in filth, its serene countenance disfigured beneath a horned crown of twisted branches and the bones of the captives. Seeing this blasphemy, a great cry went up from the knights. Ranks became disordered as Men bellowed their outrage at one another and their unseen foe. Just then Kloven Blood-Gorge stepped out from the forest's edge, and with him countless numbers of his followers. Behind Kloven stood a hundred elite Bestigor, snorting and stamping in their barely restrained eagerness to set about the killing. Stretching out to either side were the massed Gors, their crude braying and the droning of their war horns drowning out all other sound. Amongst the horde there strode frenzied, four-armed Ghorgons, each restrained from charging headlong only by the will of Kloven Blood-Gorge.

Seeing their quarry, the knights roared and spurred their mounts forward as one. Kloven bellowed in answer and the horde surged forward in a great mass. Fired as each Man was by rage and bitterness, the knights fought not as an army, but as individuals, each vowing to be the one to claim vengeance. The warherd



of Kloven Blood-Gorge fought with the single-minded determination instilled in them by the power of their leader. Though the knights ran down scores of Beastmen as their charge hit home, the Beastmen eventually dragged their foes to the ground, unhorsing them and hacking them to ragged chunks in the mud.

The battle raged from midday until the setting of the sun, and by day's end the Bestigors held aloft a dozen of the Men's banners, no longer bright and proud but befouled and tattered. As the last of the knights' underlings fled the field, Kloven regarded a scene of unsurpassed slaughter and knew he had done well.

The defiled statue has stood ever since, a dread mockery of all that the Bretonnians hold dear. Many have come to cast it down, and all have died at the hands of the Beastmen. Of the sorceress, nothing was ever heard again, though one thing is for sure her own tale did not have a pleasant ending.

THE PLACE OF BLOOD

The shamans of the warherds of the Drakwald tell a great many tales of a time when the Beastmen first encountered another offspring of the Dark Gods – the Skaven, man-rats that walk upon two legs and crave above all else warpstone, the solid essence of Chaos itself. That first battle was but the opening in a war that rages to this very day.

The tale is recounted when the warherds of the Drakwald gather in a clearing divided by a mighty chasm, known as the Place of Blood. The clearing, it is said, was once dominated by a herdstone so proud and magnificent that its jagged form reared above the canopy to pierce the very clouds. One night, the Bray-Shamans were preparing to sacrifice a screeching, blackfurred creature that the Beastlord Magok the Stone-Horn had brought down with a well-placed axe throw. As the ritual neared its climax and the offering was at hand, a terrible moaning went up from the ground. Suddenly the herdstone lurched sideways. Surely the Children of Chaos must have displeased the Dark Gods greatly.

The Stone-Horn stepped towards the herdstone of the Place of Blood, a deep growl building in his throat. As he neared the stone, it trembled and then lurched, and fell through the earth in an instant. Magok the Stone-Horn found himself standing at the very edge of a wide, gaping precipice, his grim-set features lit from below by the sickly green luminescence that pulsed and writhed from its depths.

Magok the Stone-Horn's heart was consumed with a black rage that the Place of Blood should have been defiled in such a manner, for it was holy in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers. Magok saw that the creature whose blood and entrails the Bray-Shamans had been about to offer up the Dark Gods had gnawed through its bonds and had escaped into the dark, yawning chasm. The herds gathered about the hole, glowering bitterly into its actinic depths.



A great discordance rose up, the sound of every verminous thing that crawls beneath the roots of the world screeching a challenge in unison. The herds sent up their own savage war cry in answer. Magok the Stone-Horn took up his great, serrated axe and leaped from the lip of the ragged chasm, plummeting into the green-lit depths, a terrible bellow offury echoing upwards to inflame the burning hatred in the breast of every Beastman that heard it. As one, the warherd of Magok the Stone-Horn followed their chieftain into that great glowing wound in the earth.

The shamans tell many different stories of what followed, though all of them agree that of the Beastmen who threw themselves into that hellish chasm, barely a handful returned, and Magok the Stone-Horn was not amongst their number.

One of these stories tells of the battle Magok fought against a hunchbacked creature with ragged white fur and eyes aglow with red balefire. Seeing in this opponent one truly deserving of his wrath, Magok cleaved a bloody path through a hundred and more lowly rat-warriors before charging the red-eyed sorcerer. The battle that followed, it is told, saw the Stone-Horn match his savagery against the twisted magics of the rat-leader, each proving the equal of the other, until finally Magok's axe clove in two his opponent's staff. With that blow, it is said that the rat-creature's powers fled from his body, and the next cut the Skaven leader in half from brow to loin.

Other tales describe all manner of foul rat-like creatures infesting a dark labyrinth of freshly dug tunnels. The Beastmen discovered masses of rat-slaves labouring to drag forth great, glowing chunks of wyrdling rock from the base of the herdstone. They butchered every last one of them. Even as the ratmen

fought, the tales say, they gnawed upon glowing chunks of the stone. Twisting mutations wracked their stinking bodies with hideous deformities that turned even the weakest of the rat creatures into chittering beasts of tooth and claw. But as the Beastmen fed on those they had slain, they too began to warp and change. They knew then that the favour of the gods was truly with them, and the slaughter started anew.

The Beastmen also discovered hugely obese and pallid monstrosities, blind and hairless, yet possessed of multiple scything claws as capable of cutting rock as opening the Beastmen's guts. The Minotaurs of the tribe sought these creatures out for their meat, bending almost double to pass down cramped passages and engage in brutal melee in the darkness. The Bray-Shamans tell that despite swallowing whole scores of Beastmen in their gaping, slavering maws, the pale burrow-creatures were sent screaming back to whatever hell had spawned them, or else butchered, chewed and swallowed down into the Minotaurs' rancid gullets.

More and more Beastman chieftains led their tribes from miles about in the forest to descend into the darkness, and so the fighting continued in the depths of the earth for a full year. Not one of the vermin emerged again from the chasm they had opened beneath the herdstone of the Place of Blood, nor have they done so to this day.

These and many more tales of the war against the Skaven are told beneath the Chaos Moon as the herds gather to remember the fearless Beastlord Magok the Stone-Horn. At the height of the gathering, the assembled Beastmen pick up their crude axes and man-cleavers and descend into the chasm to slay and burn just as the Stone-Horn tribe did in ages past. In this way the Beastmen of the Drakwald ensure the war against the Skaven never truly ends.

THE EMPIRE OF THE BEAST

If the Old World could be glimpsed from above, it would appear much as an ocean of forest dotted with specks of flickering light. The cities of Men are little more than lonely islands rising out of this untamed sea, their nations nothing more than scattered archipelagos. Surrounding each city, town and village is an impenetrable mass of ancient and gnarled forest, within which uncounted horrors lurk. To stray even a short distance from the few roads that cross the forest is to invite death at the hands and teeth of any one of the myriad of nameless things that call it home. Most dangerous of all of these denizens are the Beastmen, for the Children of Chaos do not simply wait for their prey to wander into the benighted woodlands – they emerge from the forests and seek out their enemies, no matter how tall the walls behind which they hide.

So much of the Empire of Man is swathed in forest, and so many Beastmen dwell within that realm, that it could be considered a nation within a nation. When the Beastmen rise up and invade the lands of Men, they do so not as an army that must fight its way across a defended border, but as one already surrounding its foe's last redoubts. The Empire must garrison every single village, town and city and patrol every road and river, for otherwise the warherds of the forest will strike where and when they please, plunging their blades directly into the heart of the Empire.

VALLEY OF THE DAMNED

In a deep Dailey in the depths of the Ostwald there lies the ivy-choked remains of a settlement that was once home to several thousand humans. The town had stood for many centuries, its people believing they could keep the Cloven Ones at bay by leaving offerings at the forest edge. With each full moon, they slaughtered a herd of cattle, and left the carcasses for the Beastmen. Those nights the forest echoed with the sounds of tearing meat and crunching bones, but the townsfolk considered themselves spared, for another month at least.

And then, a terrible malady struck, and the town's cattle sickened and died. The full moon came, and the people had no offerings to make except the carcasses of rats. Cowering in their cellars, the townsfolk shook in terror as the forest resounded to angry roars. The next morning, the people discovered their homes covered with blasphemous sigils daubed in stinking dung. The people understood instantly that their offering had been unworthy.

With no animals to offer up, the town's elders knew they would have to make a sacrifice of a different kind. At first it was criminals, and when the gaol was empty it was the sick. When the infirmary was empty, the townsfolk drew lots. Some went nobly, others did not but as the months turned to years the town became a morose, lonely place, its population dwindling with each full moon.

Finally, the townsfolk could give no more. The full moon came, and for the first time no offering was left. The militia took up arms to stand against whatever might befall the town. As night fell, the Beastmen finally came. Thousands of beasts surged from the trees, each a towering mountain of ruddy flesh, made strong and vigorous by the diet of manflesh. The militia fought bravely, yet they were doomed. When the dawn finally came the town was in flames and all of its people were slaughtered. Their carcasses were the very last offering to the dark creatures that haunt the forests.

SLAUGHTER AT GRIMMINHAGEN

The Drakwald harbours uncounted numbers of warherds, the chieftains of each vying for the position of Beastlord and the opportunity to unite all of the Beastmen in the region and rise up as one against the hated Men. Many are the names invoked by the Bray-Shamans; Kartok Great-horn, the Doombull Urgorgoth and the Beastlord Graktar. In recent years, another name has come to be invoked before the herdstones of the Drakwald. That name is Khazrak One-eye.

The deed that saw Khazrak rise to power is known to the Men of the region as the Battle of Grimminhagen. The armies of Middenheim had been persecuting the warherds of the northern Drakwald for several seasons, and a number of chieftains had attempted to unite the brayherd in order to attack back. Yet Middenheim

dwells aloft upon the Ulricsberg plateau, one of the most defensible cities in the Empire. Thousands of Beastmen lost their lives in futile attacks against it. Khazrak bided his time, seeing that these Men would be defeated not through brute force alone, but through animal cunning too.

And so Khazrak launched a series of attacks against the less fortified towns of the Drakwald, burning them to the ground, slaughtering thousands of the Emperor's subjects and turning many more into refugees. Khazrak's herds committed such atrocities that the Men had no choice but to seek vengeance. It was only a matter of weeks before Khazrak's plan came to fruition.

Khazrak gathered a brayherd of ten thousand Beastmen and attacked the fortress of Sternhauer Keep. Yet he ordered his horde to withdraw as soon as he received word from his scouts that Men were coming to relieve the keep's defenders. Khazrak split his horde into two armies. He led the first one north, through the dark forest to a place near the road along which the army of Men would be hemmed in by rocky, overgrown crags. The second Beastmen horde Khazrak sent to a place several leagues south, where the road crossed a ford over a wide forest river.

Even as his army mustered on the reverse of the hill overlooking the road, Khazrak saw the human army approaching in a long column, led by a phalanx of armoured knights. It was the army of Middenheim, outside of the safety of their fortifications, come to relieve their fellows at Sternhauer Keep. The Beastlord saw the enemy army was many thousands strong. He felt instantly the bestial desire of his Gors to be up and charging with animalistic wrath. Yet Khazrak cast his eye back at his army, exerting his control over the herds with a low, animal growl. A hundred knights passed below, and regiment after regiment off foot soldiers followed. Still Khazrak enforced his will and his army waited, straining at the leash but obedient to the Beastlord nonetheless.



And then, as the last regiments passed by on the road below, Khazrak heard a great braying war cry from further down the road. He knew that the vanguard of the army of Menhad reached the other half of his horde. The Gors had succumbed to their bestial nature, as Khazrak had known they would, and had charged forward into the open ground before the ford and were even now tearing into the army of Middenheim. Bellowing his own war cry, Khazrak leaped down from the rocks onto the road, landing mere yards behind the column's rearguard regiment. An instant later, his army landed behind him with the thunderous report of several thousand pairs of hooves slamming in to the ground. Within moments the Beastmen were charging the startled Men, cutting into the disorganised regiment with savage abandon.

The battle that followed saw the army from Middenheim utterly defeated. The hundred yards or so of open land cut back on either side of the road became a Mood-soaked killing ground. The knights had scant time or even room to bring a charge to bear. Darting Ungors cut their horses from under them before the mighty two-handed axes of the Bestigors hacked into the flailing knights. Khazrak's horde drove through the human's rearguard, cutting men down with frenzied barbarity, the time for low cunning now past. So complete was the slaughter that the two hordes of Beastmen came face to face having slaughtered their way through the entire human army, and so hot was their blood that they near fell upon one another in their lust for battle. It is said that only Khazrak's animal dominance, and the threat of his vicious whip Scourge, stayed the hand of the Beastmen and averted the kin-slaying.

Looking upon the bloody work he had done, Khazrak waded through the broken, bloody corpses of hundreds of men and horses and lifted from the ground a stained, ragged flag. This he knew to be the magical banner carried by the armoured knights who had led the army. Khazrak knew that such things were of value to Men, and so he ordered it carried away from that place of slaughter to be planted before one of the sacred herdstones in the depths of the Drakwald. Such a thing would do great honour to Chaos, and serve as a mocking taunt to all that Men held dear.

Khazrak has since become a figure of awe to the Beastmen and dread to Men, and his name has spread far and wide. Amongst the Beastmen of the Drakwald his name is invoked by the Bray-Shamans when the herds gather, and his influence has increased greatly. Word has also spread amongst Men, who have come to revile the Beastlord for his defilement of their banner and the slaughter of so many of their kin. Many expeditions have been dispatched into the depths of the forest, Men hoping to recover the standard even though it resides before a dark fane guarded by the most gigantic of beasts. None have returned, each serving only to provide more offerings to the Dark Gods, and more glory to the name of Khazrak the One-eye.

With each passing month, Khazrak's attacks become more devastating, as more and more of the warherds of the Drakwald, and even beyond, rally to his call. If his victories continue in such a manner, soon Khazrak will have united every warherd in the Old World. It is then that the doom of Man must surely come.



AMBUSH ON THE ELSTERWELD ROAD

Thunder pealed across blackened skies as rain fell in heavy sheets, ceaselessly battering the dense, dark canopy of the Drakwald Forest and muffling all other sounds with a cacophony of noise. Even the shelter provided by these ancient trees could not prevent the rain turning the narrow trails through the forest into viscous rivers of mud and filth, which sucked unremittingly at the wheels of the carts that slowly trudged over them. From behind thebole of a gnarled oak, Borzhar growled, and stared down in the gully at the passing caravan, steaming breath dissipating in the damp air as he waited for Graktar's signal. He looked round at his Gors and Ungors, and his growl grew louder as his excitement increased.

Everything had to go well – Bray-shaman Darkgave had foreseen the imminent rise of a true champion. Khazrak Foe-rider had been given the task of attacking the caravan from the rear, losing the opportunity to claim the best of the spoils, and Borzhar knew that this was Graktar's way of giving him the chance to prove himself. He must not fail the Beastlord.

The rain had left the caravan guards miserable, sodden and cold, their hoods drawn over their heads as they stumbled alongside the wagons, unaware of the impending ambush.

The gloom restricted their vision, the rain masked both the sounds and scent of the beast herd, and the heavy casks and kegs toted in the wagons made swift progress impossible.

"Few men. Much wine and mead. Much manflesh!" growled Borzhar to those around him, shaking his heavy blade and baring his teeth. "Make good party later."

Before a reply could come a thunderous crash of lightning rang out, only a split second before the first cries of alarm rose up from the soldiers in the gully below. Borzhar looked to the rear of the column to see a horde of Gor and Ungor crash through the undergrowth and throw themselves upon the unsuspecting defenders. Khazrak's assault was too soon!

The flat note of a horn rang out somewhere to the right of Borzhar's right, immediately followed by further cries of dismay and clashing of weapons. Graktar had moved and the battle was fully joined.

Barking a war cry as he leapt through the ferns and down the slippery bank, Borzhar exhorted his herd into action, the stench of blood and fear keen in his flaring nostrils. The horse before him rose up, trying to shy away from the charging Beastmen, but before it could drag the wagon aside, Borzhar hacked away its right foreleg and watched it tumble into the mud. A young guardsman leapt down from the cart and raised his spear in defence, his hands shaking, the spear point dancing crazily before Borzhar's gaze.

Throwing a feint to the left, Borzhar watched the boy shift his balance and then charged forward, knocking the spear shaft aside with his horns and swinging his own blade low and wide, catching his opponent across the thigh. The guardsman fell, shrieking in agony as blood fountained from the severed artery, his scream cut short a second later as the next blow crushed his skull.

Turning back to the fight Borzhar looked down the ranks to see the herd led by Khazrak mopping up the last of their foe, while several soldiers still stood firm against his own Ungors. Time was running out, his chance for glory ebbing away; he had to take risks to win Graktar's approval.

With a terrifying roar Borzhar leapt into the fray, pushing aside a squealing Ungor as he slashed wildly at one of the remaining soldiers. This time it was he that fell for the feint; the spearman pulled his thrust and then quickly hammered home a second attack, the spearhead scraping across the Beastman's bony skull and carving a gory furrow through his flesh. As hot blood ran into his eyes, a red mist of rage descended upon Borzhar and he began to swing his heavy weapon wildly and viciously, caring little where his blows landed, braying madly and angrily. One of his own hapless Ungors felt Borzhar's blade bite into his back, a guardsman parried a second frenzied thrust and a spear shaft shattered under another blow. Still the defenders stood firm and, as Borzhar felt his heart hammering wildly and his strength seeping away, he caught sight of Graktar moving into the fray from his right. The Beastlord's presence turned the fight in his favour and as Graktar cut down the last of the defenders, Borzhar knew that he had failed to win the day as he had hoped.

As if the gods themselves were mocking his failure, a victorious cry from the rear of the captured wagon train drew his attention back to Khazrak, who now stood atop one of the carts, holding aloft a massive cask of wine. Standing beside him was the Bray-shaman Darkgave, who looked up at the Foe-render with a nod of approval. Borzhar snarled angrily – what had seemed to be an impatient charge had become the Foe-raider's own triumph. Borzhar heard Graktar curse loudly, before echoing Khazrak's victory cry with one of his own.

"We have them! Tonight we feast on manflesh and drink wine!" yelled the Beastlord. As one, the beast herd hollered and screamed their triumph in anticipation of the celebration to come.



THE RAVAGES OF GORTHOR

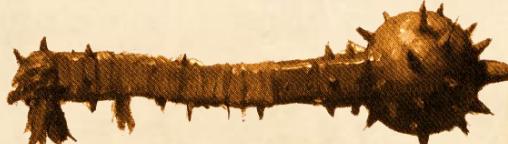
Many are the chieftains that have risen to power over the Beastmen, uniting warherds from across the forests and launching devastating invasions against the hated lands of Man. The names of many of these Beastlords live on, hewn into the rock of the herdstones by the Beastmen, recorded in the annals of the Empire's history, or lamented in the chronicles and tapestries of Bretonnia. There are those Beastlords of such potent savagery that their invasions have threatened to bring even the greatest of nations to their very knees. The names of such individuals are roared by the Beastmen with animalistic power when they gather about the herdstones, and they strike fear into the heart of the lands of Men. The most well-known of these is Gorthor, whose name in the Dark Tongue means 'cruel'.

Gorthor rose to power in the Middle Mountains when the armies of the human nations of the Old World were engaged in Crusades against the far-off lands of Araby. Gorthor was a nigh unstoppable warrior, yet there was something of the shaman about him too. He was possessed of an apocalyptic vision of a world in which the lands of men were trampled under the hooves of the Beastmen, the skies above were turned Mack with smoke from burning cities, and the air filled with woeful lamentations. Gorthor not only possessed this vision, but the sheer, animal ferocity to instil it in others of his kind, and so he soon became a great leader of Beastmen and a prophet of Chaos. At first many challenged him, and the Bray-Shamans say that the tally of those he defeated in the challenge rose so high that they abandoned the count. In time, Gorthor's reputation spread, and no more would come to challenge him again.



After a particularly violent kill, Gorthor would sometimes fall into a trance and commune with the Chaos Powers. Afterwards he would preach to the assembled herds that the spread of Man deeply offended the Chaos Gods. Only by destroying every human settlement in the land could the Ruinous Powers be properly appeased.

Gorthor travelled from herdstone to herdstone, gathering ever more Beastmen under his banner. To a Beastman the warherds followed him, and each vowed before their unholy gods to follow him to the death. Soon he commanded a horde of uncounted thousands. Gorthor set his army to work. For many months they prepared, building crude chariots, luring flocks of Harpies with corpses so that they followed his hordes, and gathering the Chaos beasts that roamed the Middle Mountains. Finally, Gorthor was ready for war.



THE PILLAGING OF OSTLAND

Like an unrelenting storm, the Beastman horde broke upon the unsuspecting humans of the lands about the Middle Mountains, those that Men called Ostland and Hochland. This time Beastmen did not come to plunder or pillage. They came to destroy the northern provinces once and for all.

Ostland was the first to suffer the wrath of Gorthor and his horde. Sweeping eastwards down from the Middle Mountains, the horde stretched from one horizon to the other. At its head was Gorthor himself, riding upon his chariot, his own warherd similarly mounted. Razorgors the size of mammoths parted the horde before them and made the ground quake with their tread. Amongst the swarming Gors there strode thick-set Minotaurs, the promise of fresh meat sending them into a terrible frenzy. Even larger than the Minotaurs were whole packs of soul-eating Cygors and the berserker giants known as Ghorgons, summoned to join the horde by the magics of Gorthor's Bray-Shamans. These, and other, indefinable gargantuan creatures waded through the horde, towering above it such that a man would see their coming from far away and know that his doom was at hand.

Gorthor left a trail of destruction in his wake. Such was the terror inspired by Gorthor and his horde that Men claimed he was a Daemon lord given form. Men, women and children were butchered without mercy. Towns and castles were razed to the ground, and pillars of smoke scored the skies. No army that stood before the horde achieved anything more than providing the Minotaurs with yet more fresh meat to gulp down, and the Harpies and Warhounds uncounted bones to gnaw.



Each night, the Beastmen feasted on fat chunks of raw flesh and drank great drafts of human blood. The unruly chanting of millions of Gors rolled across the land, striking terror into the hearts of those whose homes lay before the horde. It seemed that Gorthor was determined to finish Mankind once and for all. After each battle the mighty Beastlord always spared a single man, who was fated to carry the news to others and spread panic in the face of the oncoming armies.

Leaving Ostland devastated in his wake, the skies behind him wreathed in black smoke and filled with Harpies quarrelling over the last scraps of meat, Gorthor led the ravening herds south, into the province of Hochland.

With a braying war cry that echoed from the distant Middle Mountains, Gorthor ordered his horde to charge. With an answering roar of his own, the Black Orc warlord spurred his own army forward. In an instant, the two hordes smashed together. There was no strategy to the battle, no finesse; both armies sought nothing more than to grind the other to pulp through brute strength and sheer numbers. As the two hordes melded into a raging morass of flesh and steel, both war leaders came face to face at the epicentre of the swirling storm of bloodshed.

The Black Orc Warlord towered over even the mighty Gorthor, yet the Beastlord knew with utter conviction that the power of the Dark Gods was his. Even as Gorthor invoked the forbidden names of the Chaos Gods, the Black Orc bellowed to its own, crude deities, and the duel began.

It is said that none dared near the ensuing combat, for even to approach it was to risk dismemberment or trampling under iron-shod boot or sharpened hoof. Every blow that was struck would have cleaved a lesser foe in two, yet despite the score of wounds Gorthor inflicted on the Black Orc, the growling brute came on. And then, Gorthor was struck by another fleeting vision – this was not simply another enemy that he fought. It was a challenger, one who sought to usurp his position as the deliverer of Mankind's extinction. Fuelled by the same strength that had ensured his supremacy in the warherds, Gorthor redoubled his assault. He gripped his huge spear in both hands,

BATTLE WITH THE BLACK ORCS

And yet, before the Middle Mountains had even receded from view behind his horde, Gorthor found his path blocked by another foe. This time, it was not an army of Men that stood before him, but a mighty horde of Black Orcs, each taller and broader than a full-grown Gor and armoured in black plate. Gorthor was granted a revelation by the Chaos Gods, and knew that the massive Orc Warlord facing him sought to deny his right to despoil the lands of the Old World. Gorthor must prove himself against this enemy before the gods would allow him to continue.



bringing it around in a wide arc that struck the mighty Black Orc hard in the side of its ugly head. The spear entered its pointed ear, spitting its skull as it passed out of the other side. The Black Orc roared in denial of Gorthor's victory before its eyes crossed and it sank to its knees, pitching onto the muddy ground. Gorthor stomped the corpse flat.

Seeing their Warlord slain in such a manner, the remainder of the Orc horde fell into anarchy and confusion. The Beastmen, however, were spurred on by Gorthor's victory and, emboldened by their leader's cries of triumph, cut the Ores down until not one of the greenskins remained alive upon the field of battle.

SIEGE OF HERGIG

The battle against the Black Orcs gave the humans valuable time in which to gather their forces. The Elector Count of Ostland sent what forces he had remaining to join with the defenders of Hochland, in the hope that the combined force would somehow be enough to halt their foe. But the Ostlanders were attacked and defeated by a band of Beastmen who had been ordered by Gorthor to watch the roads from the east, for he was granted a vision that revealed a trap closing around him. Knowing that his flank was now unchallenged, Gorthor took the horde further south, cutting a trail of devastation across Hochland. His destination was soon clear: Gorthor was marching against Hergig, the capital of Hochland itself.

Meanwhile, the armies of Hochland were marshalled under the Elector Count Mikael Ludendorf. A ruthless man who ruled his province with an iron fist, Ludendorf was feared rather than admired by his men. During those dark days it was perhaps better to have a merciless leader to match the savagery of Gorthor.

With so many of Mikael's elite warriors away fighting in the Crusades, the forces of Hochland lacked heavy cavalry and elite infantry. The defenders knew they had no hope of matching Gorthor's horde on the open field of battle. Ludendorf ignored the pleas of his subjects to save the countryside from the ravages of the Beastmen, and instead busied himself with strengthening the defences of the provincial capital. The defenders were divided into two contingents. The first group, mostly mounted Pistoliars and Outriders, were to fight a rearguard against the horde. The other half were to prepare the defences of Hergig. The Count supervised the preparations personally. Under his watchful gaze the men and women of Hergig slaved with little sleep or food. Many died of exhaustion and those who tried to flee were executed as traitors.

The hunting grounds around Hergig were filled with cunning traps and snares. Outlying wells were poisoned and livestock brought into the city; those animals that could not be sheltered were butchered and burnt so that the Beastmen could not use them for food. The forests around Hergig were torched to create a

killing ground for archers. Iron cooking pots, plowshares and the bells of the shrines were melted down and used to make weapons.

When Gorthor's horde arrived, they found the preparations complete. It took the Beastmen three weeks of unremitting fighting to break through the fiendish defences the Men had prepared. Meanwhile the workshops and forges of Hergig burned red hot as smiths and engineers laboured to make even more war engines and weapons.

Frustrated with the stubborn resistance of the humans, Gorthor promised his herds that he would let them have the entire population of the city to feast upon as soon as it was taken. He would take none for himself save the head of his rival, Count Mikael. The Beastmen redoubled their efforts in barbarous anticipation of the victory and the feast it would bring.

So it was that on one terrible night, twenty-two days after the siege had begun, the gates of Hergig splintered before the battering ram charge of a dozen barn-sized Razorgors. The horde poured into the city after them as a flood breaching a dam. The braying herds sought out the defenders wherever they were to be found, making little or no distinction between soldiers and citizens. In no time at all, many of the buildings within the walls were ablaze and the fighting boiled down to a series of savage, running battles in which individual townhouses became bastions and open streets became killing grounds.

Slavering Chaos Warhounds fought the Count's hunting dogs, and Harpies engaged in bitter aerial

melee against noble hunting birds and elite griffon riders. The air soon became full of terrifying shrieks and cries as hawks, eagles, falcons and griffons snapped and ripped the flesh of their hideous foes.

Far below, resistance collapsed before the terrifying stampede of the Minotaurs. The Greatswords of Hochland were the only warriors with the courage to face them. A handful of Minotaurs were hamstrung by the warriors' double-handed blades, before their skulls were split in turn by the gigantic axes of the bull-headed creatures. Tuskgor Chariots rode down the brave but perhaps foolish spearmen who stood resolute before them. Masses of Gors overran the entrenched war engines of the city and butchered the crew, even though hundreds of Beastmen were blasted apart or mowed down in the process.

Hochland Marksmen shot at the Beastmen leaders from hidden windows high above the streets, but Harpies pulled them from their hideaways and tore them apart. Priests of Ulric and Sigmar tried to outdo each other by attacking the Beastmen with ever-greater displays of holy wrath, but the Bray-Shamans rallied the warherds and drove them ever onwards.

For three days and three nights the battle raged on, with no quarter being asked for, or given. In the end the Beastmen finally drove most of the defenders out of the city's south gate, and slaughtered those who remained. They were victorious but their casualties were horrendous. At least half of the horde was either dead or seriously wounded. Most of their chariots were crushed by stones thrown from the walls or broken in the savage street battles.



With only a handful of troops left, Count Mikael withdrew to his palace. He ordered the archers on the walls to shoot with flaming arrows, and soon every building not already set ablaze by the Beastmen was burning at the hands of the defenders. Hundreds of Beastmen, along with many civilians hiding in the cellars and attics, were roasted alive. The Count appeared not to care – there was no place in his city for those who would not fight.

When his councillor suggested surrender, Mikael flew into a rage. He sent the man to Gorthor, saying that he was more a Beastman than a true son of Hochland. Gorthor offered the man freedom if he betrayed his lord and let the Beastmen into the palace. The councillor, loyal to his liege lord to the last, refused and was eaten alive by Gorthor himself.

The Beastmen could already taste the victory feast of man flesh, the scent of burning meat thick in the air, while the defenders knew their time was up. Both sides prepared for one last, great battle. After many days of preparation, Gorthor's entire horde had mustered before the gates of the Count's palace. The city's central square and the streets all about were packed with Beastmen, while Cygors and Ghorgons reared above the buildings, smashing apart the flimsy structures in their hunger for the meat of their foes.

Then, as the sun rose, the battle took on a new and dramatic turn. The earth suddenly began to shake under the heavy hooves of warhorses. Knights of the Order of the Blazing Sun galloped through the streets of Hergig. They had returned from Araby and, upon hearing of the Beastman army threatening the hinterland of the Empire, immediately rode to the aid of the defenders of Hochland.

The knights rode into the rear of the seething Beastman horde. These men were veterans of the wars of Araby, and led by their Grand Master Heinrich, they crushed warherd after warherd with their long lances and hungry swords. In an attempt to meet the new threat, Gorthor ordered his retinues to turn to face the newcomers. Seizing his chance, Mikael led his own reserves to battle. The Beastmen were caught between the hammer and the anvil and Gorthor knew that his cause was doomed unless he acted swiftly.

Standing atop the ruins of a shattered statue of a long-dead Emperor, surrounded by a hundred of his Bestigor, Gorthor raised his arms to the storm-wracked skies. He bellowed to the Chaos Powers to guide him while the battle raged all around, howling incantations in the Dark Tongue of Chaos. Knowing then that the gaze of the Dark Gods was upon him, he ordered his Bestigors to get him as close to Count Mikael as possible. The brutal Beastmen cut a red swathe through the battle until the Beastlord saw the Elector Count resplendent in his ancestral armour. Gorthor stepped forward and challenged Count Mikael to single combat. Dismissing the pleas of his captains, the Count accepted.

For almost an hour the two fought on the great palace steps. Both the enemy armies paused, near exhaustion, waiting for the outcome of duel – the Beastmen braying and barking with bloodlust, the Men silent, anxious and desperate. It seemed that the Elector Count would surely fall before the fury of the gigantic Beastlord, yet time and again he somehow parried Gorthor's incessant attacks. Then Gorthor struck such a heavy blow that the Count's shield was splintered and his ancient armour rent in two. Gorthor's spear pierced the Count's body, the Beastlord putting all of his strength into lifting the spear high into the air even as the transfixed Mikael slid down its length. At the very instant of Gorthor's victory, the Count's Runefang, his magic blade of office, swept around almost of its own accord and plunged itself into Gorthor's chest. It seemed that the blessed blade hungrily drank the blood of the monstrous Beastman.

Gorthor the Beastlord and Count Mikael of Hochland died together that instant, each the equal of the other in the judgement of the gods they served. The Beastmen, who had believed their leader invincible, fell back in disarray and scattered into the surrounding countryside. Though many chieftains tried to rally the horde, not one was the equal of Gorthor, and none could arrest its flight. The Men of Hochland were too tired to give chase.

Hochland and Ostland were ultimately to recover, but only slowly, and vast areas around the Middle Mountains were never reclaimed. They remain the domains of the Beastmen, leagues of forest dotted with the ruins of villages and towns shattered and demolished by the Cloven Ones, overgrown and hidden by the trees. Men will not go near these lost settlements, fearing the memory of evil times.

When Men gather and tell the tales of the ravages of Gorthor, they shudder with fear, hoping against hope that the Beastmen will never rise again. But they know in their hearts that within the dark forests of the Empire the Beastmen breed and multiply, and that every year new Beastlords rise up from amongst the herds. One of them will eventually gather the Beastmen warherds together again. Then, the kings and priests of the world will tremble once more before the fury of the Cloven Ones.

"Some'll try to tell ya that the savage nature of the Beastmen is what makes 'em so 'ard to kill. An' they've got a point, in their fashion. But, I'd wager that the time to get really wary of the Beastmen is when they've got organized. When a bunch of the l'il ones charge ya, you can count on 'em bein' wild and uncoordinated. A well-trained unit can withstand that. Keepin' in formation and watchin' yer linemate's back is what soldierin's all about. But when you combine the murderous fury of a Beastman with organization, that's when they get really dangerous. Some of the larger ones'll even get in parades of ranks."

– Albrecht, Mercenary



A YEAR OF BLOOD AND FIRE

This chronology was compiled by the reckoning of the Imperial Mage Emeritus Wilhelm Vosterlich, who famously followed the trail of devastation left by the Grand Brayherd of Gorthor and painstakingly recreated its progress.

1519

Erntzeit (Harvest Month)

The Knightly Orders of the Crystal Lance, the Blazing Sun and the Golden Sword ride out from Solland, Ostland and Talabecland alongside the province's most celebrated commanders. They head south on a great crusade to crush the forces of the Araby deserts, unaware of the plight that is about to befall their homelands.



1520

Mitterfrühl (Spring Equinox)

Gorthor is visited by a vision of the world afire, a burning forest reaching into the skies, each tree trunk a plume of smoke borne from the ruins of mankind's onceproud settlements.

Pflugzeit (Plough Month)

Gorthor gathers his warherd. Imparting his vision into those about him at the sharp end of his blade, Gorthor bids his Bray-Shamans summon all of the warherds across the Middle Mountains into a brayherd large enough to consume the lands of men. His unholy fervour proves infectious, and word spreads far and wide of the coming invasion. The ground is forever tainted by the construction of a ragged city of Beastmen encampments.



Sigmarzeit (Sigmar Month)

Gorthor is challenged in single combat by a succession of Beastlords who believe it is their destiny to lead the warherds to battle. The first he defeats with his bare hands. The second he guts upon his horns. The third and fourth he beats to death with a branch torn from a nearby tree. Only when the fifth challenger steps up to demand right of rule does Gorthor pick up his spear. Over thirty more challenges ensue, but Gorthor is victorious in every one.

Sommerzeit (Summer Month)

His leadership proven beyond a doubt, Gorthor puts his army to work gathering the beasts of the Middle Mountains and building chariots for them to pull to battle.

Sonstill (Summer Solstice)

Judging by the runes carved in the 'Sunstone' in the wilderness of Ostland, Gorthor launched his invasion under the midsummer sun. The assembled horde blackens the horizon, Gorthor at its head.

Vorgeheim (Fore-mystery)

The vast brayherd spills into the territory of Bogri Eight-Eyes, a Forest Goblin warlord who at the time had a stranglehold over much of the Middle Mountains. Bogri offers the services of his many armies in the hope of a share of the spoils, but Gorthor refuses with contempt, and leads a warherd entirely consisting of chariots into the heart of the Forest Goblin horde. Armies of Spider Riders charge the Tuskgor and Razorgor Chariots of Gorthor's vanguard but are swept aside. Gorthor himself charges Bogri's gigantic arachnid mount, driving his chariot straight into the creature's heart and piercing the skull of its master with a single thrust of his spear. The Forest Goblins are culled mercilessly and the brayherd's rampage continues.

Geheimnistag (Mystery Day)

The bodies of Gorthor's enemies are heaped high and burnt as sacrifices to the Gods of Chaos. At the stroke of midnight, the orgiastic revels reach their peak, and the ground shakes to the tread of approaching Cygor. Thousands of Beastmen lapse into a hallucinogenic fugue wherein the true vision of Gorthor is burnt into their minds. Later that night before the fires have dimmed a clutch of Jabberslythes and Chaos Spawn shamble from the woods to accompany Gorthor's armies.

Nachgeheim (After-Mystery)

Blessed by the Ruinous Powers, the invasion begins in earnest. Town after town and countless settlements are burnt to the ground. Gorthor crushes the armies and

garrisons of the enemy one after another, always sparing one man the better to sow tales of terror. Before long the name of Gorthor resounds across the Empire, reviled as a Daemon given bestial form.

Erntzeit (Harvest Month)

Ostland is systematically ravaged. The Beastlord leaves it devastated in his wake, the skies filled with smoke and the land strewn with corpses that are squabbled over by flocks of Harpies. Many hundreds of Gors are elevated to the status of Bestigor as they grow larger and better equipped on the spoils of their prey. A harvest of sorts is taken, but it is mankind who falls like wheat and the Beastmen who reap the rewards.

Mittherbst (Less-Growth)

Under the full red harvest moon of the equinox, the stolen banners of Ostland are smeared with filth and burnt one by one by their captors in a great ritual.

Brauzeit (Brew Month)

Gorthor's invasion crosses the border into Hochland, yet before the Middle Mountains have even receded from view, the Waaagh! of the Black Orc Grolk Headbiter stands in the Beastmen's path. Battle is joined, and Gorthor duels the hulking Grolk in the epicentre of a storm of violence. The titanic duel ends with Gorthor plunging his spear, Impaler, into one side of the Black Orc's head and out of the other, and the Orcs are put to rout.

Kaldezeit (Chill Month)

Meanwhile, the tattered remnants of the Ostland state troops join forces with those of Hochland against the encroaching invasion. Every citizen is pressed into service, giving their all to reinforce and prepare the towns and cities of the province in order to repel the Beastman invaders. It is not enough. Hochland is torn apart until all that is left standing is the vast walled city of Hergig.

Ulriczeit (Ulric's Month)

The Outriders and Pistoliers of Hochland fight a rearguard action against the Beastman horde in a series of hit-and-run attacks that buy their comrades time to fortify and prepare. They score a number of small victories before falling prey to the cunning ambushes of Ungor Raiders and the Gor herds that followed in their wake. Before long the horde descends upon Hergig, the capital city of Hochland, to find the human city's preparations are complete. The siege begins, and the death toll spirals ever higher as battle is joined once more. It takes three weeks of unremitting fighting before Gorthor's horde breaks through the outer defences.

Mondstill (World Still)

Winter Solstice. 22 days after the siege begins, the inner gates of Hergig are splintered apart by the charge of a dozen barn-sized Razorgor. The horde pours in like a river breaching a dam, and the slaughter begins anew.

Vorhexen (Fore-Witching)

For three days and three nights the battle in the streets of Hergig rages until the gutters run red with the blood of man and beast. Elector Count Mikael Ludendorf withdraws into his palace, and orders the rest of Hergig to be set ablaze with flaming arrows to deny the Beastmen their prize. The Beastmen are on the verge of victory when the Knightly Orders that had rode out into Araby almost a year hence return. They thunder through the streets and butcher herd after herd of Beastmen.

Meanwhile, at the gates of the palace, Gorthor calls out Mikael to duel, and incredibly the embittered and rage-filled Elector Count marches out to meet him. The duel rages, around them the armies of man and beast poised on the edge of exhaustion. To the amazement of all around, Mikael appears to be holding his own. Then Impaler strikes true, and Gorthor lifts the Elector Count high in the air for all to see. Just as the Beastlord's horned head is thrown back to bellow in triumph, the Elector Count's Runefang whistles through the air and plunges itself into Gorthor's chest. The duellists die together in that instant, and with their leader's demise the resolve of the Beastmen collapses. The warherds flee, leaving the ruins of Hergig far behind.

Since that day men have whispered the name of Gorthor in hushed tones, for the legend of his rampage is still told. It is as if saving his name aloud will hasten the day when the Cloven Ones rise again, for that day will assuredly come and the kingdom of man will once again tremble before the might of the Beastmen.

Although the potent Dwarf ale they had looted and consumed last night had slowed his reactions, Gorebellow Guttslag was still on his hooves before his warband were awake.

In the distance he could make out the sounds and knew that many chariots were thundering his way. To wake his stupefied horde Gorebellow threw back his bestial head and brayed!

By the time the Beastmen were all active the size of the approaching host was evident. The sound of many rumbling chariots and marching hooves carried on the morning's breeze.

"By Plague and Decay, you will defend the stone!" growled the massive beast to his retinue, invoking the Dark Gods and hinting at the punishment for failure. Bestigor gripped their halberds tight, the Gor bickered amongst themselves and the hulking Minotaurs closed ranks in front of the herdstone.

Gorebellow's brow wrinkled beneath his massive horns. The wind also carried the stench of Beastmen. "What is this?" he paused, "Some human trick?"

"Hold!" was his cry, the sound so guttural that all obeyed.

From between the trees of the Drakwald and into Gorebellow's clearing burst the legendary Gorthor and his swarm of Beastman Chariots. As they slowed and the mighty Beastlord called a halt, the air filled with the dust stirred by Tuskgor hooves and the odour of bard-driven beasts of Chaos.

"Join me and crush the world. Stand against me and be scattered to the winds!"

THE BATTLE OF STERNBURG

The year 2517 was a dark one for the people dwelling within the Drakwald Forest. Towns and villages were regularly being attacked by the foul denizens of the woods, and an air of fear pervaded the land. Beastmen war-herds roamed the land. Beastmen war-hunters roamed the cloying forests, slaying hunters and wood-cutters, leaving their bodies mutilated and strung up in the trees.

Jagerhausen and Arenburg had already been sacked that year, and countless smaller settlements burnt to the ground, their entire populations butchered. The Drakwald had always been a dangerous place, but in that year more caravans and travelers had been attacked than in the previous five years added together. People were frightened, and even their livestock rested uneasily at night. Countless devotions were made to Ulric and Taal for protection, but still the attacks came.

Many hundreds of families living in isolated areas packed up their belongings and began along the road towards Middenheim, hoping to seek refuge within the great city walls. This in turn caused more problems, as the city streets became packed with desperate people. Crime and sickness rose dramatically, and the city's jails were filled to overflowing, no matter how tightly they packed the criminals into their tiny cells. Many frightened and destitute people were turned away, and a sprawling shanty town sprang up outside the city, clinging to the base of the mountainous walls.

As the raids became increasingly common, rumours began to spread as to what or who was behind them. While raids from the Beastmen have always plagued the Drakwald, these latest attacks seemed more deadly somehow, and certainly more frequent.

Packs of enormous, feral, man-killing hounds roamed the woods, and it was the belief that they were being directed to attack certain places, that they were not merely attacking at random. Booming horns could be heard echoing through the trees, and many believed that a new and great Beastlord had come to rule the Beastmen of the Drakwald.

The village of Sternburg was a small community the depths of the Drakwald Forest. It was positioned some forty miles South-west of Middenheim, just off the Middensweg road that passes through Upper Spite. In the days following the sacking Jagerhausen to the east, the people of the village were filled with terror. As each night fell, they locked and bolted doors and windows, and many the nights in prayer.

They believed that the attacks of the creatures sometimes presaged the morning before by some sort of sign – a signal that the village was doomed. So it was in Jagerhausen, where grinning death's head skulls were spitted before the guildhall. Indeed, some smaller villages were abandoned as soon as they experienced such an omen, which was possibly the intent of the warnings.

Each morning the villagers of Sternburg emerged warily expecting any number of horrors to have been visited on their village during the night.

One morn, they awoke in horror to find their worst fear confirmed: their few cattle and goats had been slaughtered – torn limb from limb as if by some wild creature. The butchered livestock lay where they had been slain and mutilated, throats and stomachs opened by cruel blades or claws. One goat, its head missing, been hurled atop the roof of the village smithy during the night. This was the final straw for many of the villagers, who feared that this must surely be a sign of impending doom.

Some villagers fled, hoping to travel north along the Middensweg road towards Upper Spite. Some intended to travel from there to Middenheim itself. Others, fearing that the villages of Upper Spite

and Arenburg were not safe, fled in desperation through the dense forest to the west towards the supposed safety of Jagerkeep. The trader Alher, who had made that journey once before, pleaded with them against this reckless flight, but in their hysteria, the families would not listen. Those that attempted this desperate run were never heard from again, and the night was filled with roars and the echoes of hunting horns. Those who remained in the village cowered within their homes.

Of all the people in the village, only the cobbler Wilhelm kept his wits. Though a timid and stuttering man, he had the sense of mind to borrow a powerful dray-horse from his neighbour and ride south down the Middensweg, hoping to run into one of the patrols that had begun to march the road at the command of Boris Todbringer, the Elector Count of Middenheim. Alone, Wilhelm rode through the afternoon and into the evening, his heart sinking as night fell. He saw nothing on the road; neither animal, bird nor man. Close to the brink of despair, he topped a rise in the road and saw a campfire burning just off to the road.

Guiding his steed toward the blaze, he came across a small patrol of state troops setting up camp for the night. They were on the road to Middenheim, escorting a team of handgummers and a mortar to the great city. Pleading with the leader of the patrol force, Captain Karlrich, the cobbler managed to convince them to march through the night to the village. The soldiers gratefully broke camp, thinking of the tavern in Sternburg, its comfortable beds and accommodating wenches. As the patrol readied itself to march, Karlrich gave Matrud a sigil of Middenheim, and bade him to continue down the road. His patrol had passed some Knights Templar of Ulric, the famed Knights of the White Wolf, on their day's march. He ordered Matrud to travel as fast as possible to seek the aid of the knights. Fearful, for he had never travelled so far from Sternburg, Matrud travelled on into the night.

Turning off the Middensweg road just before midnight, the soldiers under Captain Karlrich could hear horns echoing in the distance. As they neared the village, it seemed that the sounds were drawing ever closer, each resounding blast nearer than the last. Believing that the attack on the village was about to be launched, the patrol hurried on. As they entered Sternburg, the darkness resounded with the bray of horns echoing all around. To their horror, they saw that they were too late: the village had already been attacked. Doors and windows had been torn from their hinges or broken down, and bodies were strewn about the mud. There were no signs of life within Sternburg. Shouting to his men, Karirich ordered them into a defensive formation. The mortar crew unlimbered their war machine from its harness, quickly stabling their horses in the nearby Blue Beast Inn. Forming up in the middle of the village, the soldiers eyed the surrounding darkness suspiciously: the horn blasts seemed to have stopped, leaving the night eerily quiet.

Abruptly, the silence was ripped apart by a blood-curdling roar. Moments later, the first enemy could be seen, launching itself from the forest, a pair of weapons hefted in its hands as it ran at the men. Great curving horns sprouted from its brow, and its face was a twisted into a snarl.

Other figures appeared from the trees, bursting from the forest all around the village, and pounded towards the soldiers. Karlrich shouted his commands, and powder was hastily loaded into the gaping barrel of the mortar. Handguns were raised as still more Beastmen poured from the trees, and the first volley was fired with an ear-shattering boom. Smoke rolled from the handguns as swathes of Beastmen fell to the firing. Still more leapt over their fallen brethren, closing the distance with unnatural speed. Drawing his sword, Karlrich prayed that the White Wolves would arrive soon, and pledged that he would die fighting if need be...





THE WILD HERD

The Beastmen's vicious raids strike without warning and they are intent only on mayhem and slaughter. Their bestial appearance belies the cunning intelligence of the Beastmen, and their ambushes are enacted with brutal swiftness. They concentrate on closing with their foes and rending them limb from limb, and it is in close combat that they excel. The Beastmen rampage towards the foe in great and unruly hordes and are backed by such fearsome creatures as Minotaurs, savage Centigors and the horrendously powerful Ghorgon.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters, and war machines used by a Beastman 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 Beastmen 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 Beastmen units, and these are detailed here.



PRIMAL FURY

Goaded on by their chieftains and shamans, and enraged by the presence of intruders on their bloodgrounds, the Beastmen become consumed by a savage fury, tearing apart the hated foe.

At the beginning of each round of close combat, each engaged unit with the Primal Fury special rule must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, that unit gains the Hatred special rule until the end of the close combat phase. In addition, if they passed the Leadership test and rolled a double, they also gain the Frenzy special rule until the end of the close combat phase.

BEASTMEN AMBUSH

Endowed with the cunning of the hunting pack, Beastmen are adept at encircling the enemy army and attacking from an unexpected direction.

Beastmen add +1 to any rolls to determine whether or not they enter the table using the Ambushers special rule.

UNRULY

Beastmen Gors and Ungors are ill-disciplined and struggle to keep their rage in check, lest their headstrong nature gets the better of them.

All models with this special rule follow the Berserk Rage rules from Frenzy. In addition, if they are forced to charge as a result of a failed Berserk Rage test, they may re-roll failed charge distance results.

MARK OF CHAOS

The creatures of Chaos are not merely beasts of savage mind and brute strength, though even if they were they would be threat enough. What makes them even more dangerous is their place in the fold of the Dark Powers. Some Beastmen are granted gifts by the god they take as their own patron, while others simply revel in the anarchy of Chaos in its purest form. Whichever is the case, with the favour given them by their gods, the Beasts of Chaos become ten times as foul and ten times as dangerous.

Many characters and regiments in the Beastmen army have, or can purchase, one of the four Marks of Chaos detailed to the right. Your General and Battle Standard Bearer must have the same Mark (if one is chosen). Models with different Marks treat each other as Suspicious Allies. However, models with the Mark of Khorne and Slaanesh, or Tzeentch and Nurgle, treat each other as Desperate Allies, respectively.

Mark of Khorne: The unit is subject to Frenzy.

Mark of Nurgle: Models with this Mark add +1 to their Toughness but suffer -1 to their Initiative.

Mark of Slaanesh: The unit gains the Immunity (Psychology) and Stubborn special rules.

Mark of Tzeentch: The unit gains the Ward save (6+), special rule. In addition, a Wizard with the Mark of Tzeentch re-rolls any channelling dice rolls of a 1.



BEASTLORDS

Leaders of the Raucous Host

Beastmen champions are the undisputed leaders of the Warherd. Whilst most are Gors, some champions are drawn from the ranks of Ungors, or even mutants, though such lucky Beastmen spend most of their time fighting off those Beastmen who contest the claim.

The Gors are the larger and stronger of the beastmen, but among their numbers the mightiest are called wargors. All beastmen are warriors, but the Wargors are truly masters of warfare. On the battlefield, a Wargor is a seething force of violence, bloodshed, and butchery. As a badge of their station, Wargors may adorn their horns with metal rings and tips of sharp steel or carry the severed heads of conquered foes as a grisly testament to their prowess. Where they wade into the fray, bringing their savage strength to bear on the enemy, victory follows.

More than just expert fighters, Wargors are ruthless and savage leaders. Rare is the beastman mighty enough to command both loyalty and obedience among his unruly herd. No Gor or Ungor dare cross a Wargor. The price for such insolence is a swift and bloody death. A beastman army with a Wargor at its head is a far deadlier force, for the chaos and disarray that typically undermine the beastmen's effectiveness all but disappear under the stern and unforgiving authority of a Wargor.

Wargors are the leaders of the warherds, but they give no regard to the concerns of their tribe. They care not how their underlings are fed or how disputes are settled. The only thing the Wargors concern themselves with is battle. Day and night they brood and plot the myriad ways they will enact their race's hatred of Man, the violence they will wreak upon his flesh and the defilement they will heap upon his temples.

The greatest of Wargors may rise still further, dominating not only their own warherds, but those of other Chieftains too. Such an individual is known as a Beastlord, and will be possessed of a singular, apocalyptic vision, consumed by utter hatred for Man and all his works. He will be counselled by the greatest of Bray-Shamans, who see in him the will of the Dark Gods embodied. It is these Beastlords that gather the tribes and make constant war upon Mankind. It is they who plan the raids on settlements and ambushes on caravans, who settle disputes and keep lesser Beastmen in line with strength of arm. A powerful Beastlord is rightly feared both by his own kind and by other creatures, for his warband will be large, savage and elusive; a deadly scourge on the settlements and travelling parties of Men.

"Yes, we resemble beasts. Yes, we are savage. Neither of those things makes us stupid. That often comes as a surprise to Humans. Invariably it is the last thing that ever surprises them."

— Beastlord Grakkle, as translated from the Beast Tongue
by Keldar Mouth-of-Chen

The Beastlords of the warherds are hairy, musclebound brutes possessed of a raw and savage might. They carry themselves with swaggering confidence, revelling in their own superiority over lesser beasts. Their thick, hairy skulls are crowned with magnificent sets of horns as sharp and hard as any blade, and their robust and heavily-thewed bodies are covered with scar tissue and crudely rendered tattoos. Many Beastmen champions bear a reward or Gift of Chaos, setting them apart from the rest of the herd. The threat of violence is implicit in their every gesture. Upon the battlefield a Beastlord is a force of untold destruction, gouging and butchering with horn, blade and claw.

Upon the field of battle the Beastlords lead the warherd from the front, usually accompanied by a retinue of Bestigors. Experts in single combat, they seek out the leaders of the enemy armies, taking brutal satisfaction in smashing the warriors of lesser races into the dirt and taking their heads as grisly trophies. By slaying the leaders of the foe the Beastlords not only prove their supremacy over the civilised races but also gain the notice of the Dark Gods themselves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beastlord	5	6	3	5	5	3	5	4	9
Wargor	5	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Primal Fury.



BRAY-SHAMANS

Speakers of Darkling Counsel

The shamans of the Beastmen race are vile to behold, their filthy bodies covered in matted fur into which all manner of crude fetishes and grim charms are woven. Their twisted features are often covered in a ragged hood and they bear heavy braystaffs hung with bones, shells and skulls, with pieces of stone and metal imbedded into its length, as both brutal weapons and the symbol of their position in the warherd. Bray-Shamans occupy a unique niche in the brutal and bitter world of the Beastmen. They have no need to defend themselves from other members of their tribe, for none would dare assault them. So powerful are the Shamans held to be, and so favoured by the Powers of Chaos, that harming a Shaman is one of the few things that even the brutish Beastmen fear to do – the wrath of Chaos will be unleashed upon the killer of a Shaman, and no Gor or Ungor is fool enough to risk the anger of the gods. Not even the mightiest Beastlord would harm a Bray-Shaman, for they speak the will of the Dark Gods, and those that defy the gods pay the highest price of all.

The Shamans of the Beastmen are figures held in respect and awe by their brethren. Even the most powerful Beastmen chief must be wary of the abilities of the Shamans, for they alone amongst the Brayherd have magical powers. These powers are not learned from books or tutors, as they are by less favoured races; the Shamans can command the Winds of Magic by instinct, shaping the forces of Chaos into an expression of their will as naturally as a lesser being might form words and sentences or other beasts know how to hunt or howl at the moon. It is a natural trait that they have and they do not learn the art of spellcasting through study like other sorcerers or wizards.

Bray-Shamans are born into magic, and wield it with an instinctive ease. A palpable miasma of fell sorcery surrounds them, and when their wrath is roused reality itself is distorted and maimed. Tree roots twist and writhe at their passing, the undergrowth boils with unholy life and repugnant parasites scurry at their feet. It is said that the Bray-Shamans can take the form of the beasts of the wild wood, the better to spy upon Mankind. Countless are the tales of death and war presaged by visitations of evil-eyed crows, owls or foxes. Many superstitions regarding such beasts grip the hearts of men, particularly in the most far-flung townships and military outposts.

HUNTED

Hans gripped his sister's hand whilst he fled. Branches whipped at his face, snagged his clothes, and clawed at his skin. His sister's sobbing carried over his laborious breathing. Up and down the rolling forest floor the pair ran, stumbling, stopping, weeping, running. Something followed.

They were lost in the Drakwald, the cursed forest of the Empire. It wasn't safe to ride through these woods with a legion of Imperials, let alone for a pair of children to become lost beneath its shadowy canopy. Death hovered around them, caressing their flushed cheeks with the promise of pain and suffering. Fear impelled them. Hans knew all too well what lay behind them, and he wasn't about to let them take his sister.

The ground rose ahead where the trees thinned. Wood smoke and something like charred flesh wafted in the cool autumnal air. His sister fell again. Damn! He stopped to help her up and risked a glance back the way they had come. There. And there. And there and there and there! Forms. Foul, vile things. Horrid things, hungry things, vicious, vile Beastmen. Hans knew then it was futile. The creatures slipped free from the shadows, the melting darkness revealing animalistic heads of goats, bulls, and rams perched atop hairy, though Human, bodies. They moved like wolves, graceful and confident. And though they had the eyes of men, there was no mercy there. One loosed a quiet, hissing laugh, chuckling as it drew its cleaver-like sword.

Hans pulled his knife, thrusting his sister behind him. If they wanted meat, they'd bleed for it. He sank into a crouch, readying for the attack, but stopped, his heart breaking when he heard the shrill scream of his sister coming from behind. He knew then, she was dead... and so was he.



Bray-shamans are very important to the warbands. Not only do the most powerful amongst them use their magic to attack the enemy in battle, but they are also said to be able to spirit-walk within the Realm of Chaos, communing with daemons and even with the Powers of Chaos themselves. From these mystical journeys and their dreams and visions, the Shamans divine augurs and interpret omens of things to come.

As the Beastlords are the embodiment of their race's hatred for man, so the Bray-Shamans embody the loathing of his gods. To blaspheme the deities of man is to do ultimate honour to Chaos, and the Bray-Shamans enact such defilement as the greatest of their rituals. The most blessed of all are those who have counselled their chieftains to wage unending war upon the Empire, and in so doing have burned to the ground the temples of the gods of Man. To the Bray-Shamans, the ultimate act of worship is to slay Man's priests upon their own altars, to defecate upon their holy ground and to trample their sacred artefacts beneath the cloven feet of the warherd.

Once the warherds are gathered into a mighty brayherd, the Bray-Shamans will lead the Beastmen in a frenzied ritual celebration, their discordant bellowing audible for many miles around. They invoke the power of the Dark Gods, and infuse the assembled herds with bestial vigour. Blood sacrifices are made and the gizzards and hearts of captives are offered to the skies as the Beastmen thrash and convulse around the herdstone. All manner of unspeakable excesses are committed before the ritual reaches its climax and the horde explodes out of the forests to ravage the lands of the Old World.



Chaos magic is highly destructive, drawing upon the winds of Death and Shadows more than any other. Those truly gifted in the magical arts, those whose patron powers have bestowed gifts of knowledge and strength upon them, can further mould the Winds of Magic in more elaborate fashions.



The Bray-shamans of Nurgle use magic to pervert and corrupt all things natural around them, inflicting hideous diseases that cannot be cured. They can twist the bodies of their opponents and cause delirium in their foes, as well as blighting the crops of men and causing their livestock to perish. More subtle are the practitioners of the lore of Slaanesh. Suggestion, mindaltering illusions and spells of domination are their weapons, and these Bray-shamans can even blind others to the presence of Beastmen living in their midst. Most powerful and feared of all are the dread Bray-shamans of Tzeentch. All the knowledge of the world is theirs to be had, giving them sorcerous powers unequalled by even the most accomplished sorcerers of other gods. Tzeentch Bray-shamans can channel the raw colours of magic, unleashing mutating flames, ripping apart the enemy with blazes of iridescent power.

When the Beastmen go to war, the Bray-Shamans wield their powers to wreak terrible devastation upon the foe, their coruscating magic transforming soldiers into hideous new forms, summoning the creatures of the forest – both large and small – to bite and rend, or driving enemy mounts to buck their riders to the ground, to gore and trample their masters.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Bray-Shaman	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8
Bray-Shaman	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Bray-Shaman is a Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild. A Bray-Shaman with the Mark of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh must use the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle, or the Lore of Slaanesh, respectively.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

"Amongst his herd, the Bray-Shaman alone is free from challenges to his authority. The Bray-Shamans are believed to be favored by their profane gods, and their ability to harness the power of Chaos seems to belie this. Thus, any attempt to harm a Bray-Shaman is equated with an attack upon the gods themselves. In this way, a Bray-Shaman is afforded a level of authority that none of other members of the herd are granted."

- Excerpt from *Travels Among Beastmen*, by Doctor Aldrisch Tuchmar, University of Altdorf

GORS

To the fearful eyes of the outside world all Beastmen appear the same – an unruly mass of flesh, fur and teeth. In their ignorance they can discern no distinguishing characteristics that mark out one type from another. The most common type of Beastman is the Gor. Large, powerful, and numerous, they form the spine of any herd. Their appearance varies, but all combine bestial features with those of a man. The base form of the Beastmen, and that possessed by the vast majority of the Gors, is the head and legs of a goat and the upper torso of a man, albeit a particularly hairy and malodorous one. They have the savage fangs of wolves with which to tear great chunks of flesh from their foes, and muscular and robust (if flea-ridden) bodies well suited to acting out their primal urges.

As creatures of Chaos, however, the Beastmen display almost infinite variation in their twisted anatomies. Some have the horns or head of cattle rather than goats, while others possess antlers, serrated blades or even stranger mutations sprouting from their heads. It is not unknown for Beastmen to have the head of a sheep, horse or insect, extra limbs, eye stalks, lashing tails, or any other conceivable alteration of the humanoid form. Amongst a society so wholly Chaotic, the line between mutant and Chaos Spawn is fine and often crossed.

One thing all true Beastmen have in common is their horns, without which they cannot be considered real Gors. A gor prides himself on his large, prominent horns, for these are a symbol of status as a true beastman in the eyes of his peers. Indeed, the gors with the finest sets of horns in the herd are often the most powerful and cunning. Gors often colour their horns with dyes or blood before they set out on a raid or



march to battle. This serves not only to strike terror in the hearts of their enemies but also to inspire awe among their herd-mates.

A Beastman who possesses a fine set of horns and no other mutations is said to be a 'True-horn', or 'True-gor,' and it is these who are the strongest and most intelligent of all Gors. In Beastman society, horns are the ultimate mark of rank and power, and their leaders are always those with the largest and most spectacular sets. Before going into battle, the Beastmen will often sharpen their horns, or daub them with crude dye or hot blood to make them seem even more savage and fearsome.

To face a horde of Gors is to face anarchy and mayhem. Rowdy and undisciplined, they bray, bark and bawl an unceasing cacophony that fills the hearts of Men with dread. Nonetheless, Gors are capable of taking to the battlefield in more or less ordered formations, a fact that many an enemy general has failed to understand until it is too late. Roving groups of Gors band into tight units that march beneath banners made from the flayed hides of their foes, while others bear the captured flags of defeated enemies, tattered and smeared with blood and dung. The Gors' raucous, bloodthirsty braying is accompanied by the atonal drones of crude pipes and horns in deliberate mockery of the bright clarion calls of the Empire's proud regimental musicians.

And yet for all their appearance of disorder, Gors are not completely without subtlety of tactics. In the same way as a hunting pack of wolves, the army instinctively tries to encircle the foe. Bands of Gors flank wide, stalking through the undergrowth, animal senses keenly aware of the smell and racket of the enemy regiments. The Gors are not especially stealthy, but can stay hidden well enough within the trees. Few foes can maintain their nerve in the face of a deafening, intimidating horde of Gors, let alone when more of them burst from the trees having completely circumvented war machine emplacements, outflanked the disciplined battleline, and cut off any chance of escape for routing soldiers.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Forest Strider, Primal Fury, Unruly.

"The Beastmen seem to have an inherent and almost instinctive knowledge of the herd's hierarchy. It goes beyond mere dominance. For, in large herds, there would be so much conflict it would serve to be impossible for them to do anything but fight amongst themselves if there were such rampant challenges for leadership. Rather, it seems as though the Beastmen accept and recognize dominance on a visceral level. Could it be based on visual or scent cues? My observations say that it likely is. For example, the smaller horned Beastmen instinctively treat their larger-horned brethren with deference."

- Excerpt from Travels Among Beastmen, by Doctor Aldrisch Tuchmar, University of Altdorf

BESTIGORS

The best warriors chosen by the Beastlord from amongst the warband will band together into one horde. The toughest and meanest of the Beastmen footsoldiers are known as Bestigors. As well as being stronger, they tend to be more disciplined, forming more organised ranks in battle than their quarrelsome lesser brethren, and restrain themselves from their more disruptive excesses. Because of their size and ferocity the Bestigors carve out a privileged position within the warherd, constantly enforcing their superiority upon the Gors and Ungors with random acts of excessive violence. This is a high honour, and the Bestigors pledge to fight to the death for the Beastlord.

Bestigors will be equipped with weapons and armour stored in the treasure trove of the herdstone. They typically carry massive, double handed axes, crude in construction but large and heavy enough to split a man in two from shoulder to waist with a single swing. They wear solid, heavy plates of armour and chainmail, usually scavenged from the civilised races and beaten with fist and hoof until they fit the Bestigors' misshapen and stinking anatomies, and cover their faces with hoods, often made of chainmail. This they adorn with all manner of grisly trophies taken from those that have put up a fight before being cut into pieces. Because Bestigors have the pick of the arms and armour laid before the herdstones, it is not unheard of for a band of Bestigors to look almost like a coherent force upon the battlefield.

Bestigors form the chieftain's inner circle of retainers and enforcers, but their garrulous and aggressive nature compels them to strive for ever greater dominance amongst the tribe. The chieftain must be ever watchful for signs of a likely



challenge amongst the Bestigors. Sometimes such a sign is manifested physically; a Bestigor's horns growing larger or more impressive, for example. Sometimes the first sign of rebellion will be when the Bestigor bellows a challenge and swings his axe at the chieftain's head. Any chieftain worthy of the title will detect such signs early and deal with the potential rival before he comes fully into his strength, though plenty miss the portent and find themselves the main course of an impromptu feast.

Brutality and violence simmer in the Bestigors, just below the surface but ready to explode outwards in a savage display of animal power at any moment. Bestigor frequently engage in head-butting competitions that leave them addled but ready for bloodshed. One expression of the Bestigors' constant desire to prove their innate superiority is shown in their acts of desecration and defilement. Such deeds take many forms, from the ritual devouring of prisoners of war to the despoiling of the sacred banners and religious icons of their foes. When such an icon is captured in battle, the Bestigors will befoil it and hold it on high, so that the rest of the warherd might look upon their deeds and know that the Bestigors are truly blessed in the eyes of the Dark Gods.

Most often the Bestigors will slam into the front of an enemy army where lesser Beastmen might not hold their nerve, while the other Gors and Ungors charge forward in unruly packs. The most favoured of all Bestigor may even bear the Mark of one of the Great Powers, for, as Children of Chaos, the Beastmen areclose to their gods. Bestigor marked in this way are called Khorngors, Tzaangors, Pestigors or Slaangors after the Chaos Gods, and are amongst the most obscene creatures in the dark corners of the Old World.

In battle, the Bestigors form a solid, armoured mass of muscle and iron that charges forward with a terrifying momentum. They seek out the elite troops of the enemy army, who inherently challenge their dominant status. Then they wield their huge axes much as executioner's blades, hewing their foe limb from limb and trampling his broken body into the mud beneath their unshod hooves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	7
Gouge-horn	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Devastating Charge, Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

Despoilers: Each enemy standard bearer that is removed due to the Last Stand rule by a unit of Bestigors adds +1 to their future Combat Resolution. If the unit flees for any reason, they will lose this bonus.

"Chaos strong. Gors strong. Humans, Elves, Dwarfs – weak, weak, weak. We win. We fight, we kill, one day we win. One day soon. You – if you lucky, we eat you, make you into part of us, make you better than you are now. See this arm? Strong. Stronger than you, stronger than any of you, stronger than all of you. Once this arm weak, like you. I eat many of your kind, now strong, strong, strong."

— Karzog, Bestigor, member of Gorthor's Herd

UNGORS

Ungors (meaning "not-quite right Gors" or "other Gors," in the Beastman tongue) are not as strong, tough, intelligent or robust of frame as the Gors, but they more than make up for it in sheer malevolence. Ungors are equal in size to men, and typically feature the hooves and heads of goats. They are physically smaller than other Beastmen and their horns are less impressive and less numerous. While Gors may have long and spectacular horns as deadly as any sword, Ungors usually have short prongs or horn buds sprouting from their skulls, not recognisable as those of a goat or any other type acknowledged by the Gors. Because of this they are not considered to be 'proper' Beastmen by the Gors. Some particularly unfortunate Ungors have no horns at all and, even among this lesser caste, are looked upon with suspicion and distrust. The race of Mankind on the other hand does not draw such distinctions. To them the Ungors are just as horrible, horns or no, for they are all twisted abberations of nature that live to murder and despoil all that is good and wholesome.

Ungors are the lowest caste in beastmen society, serving as workers, foot soldiers, and resentful victims to the brutish whims and bullying of their larger brethren. Unless the Ungor has a spectacular rack of horns, his fate is one condemned to subservience by the Gors. In the rough pits that serve as homes for the Beastmen they gather furthest from the fire and must



constantly fight one another for what scraps of food they can scavenge, often resorting to stealing from the tribe's Warhounds, eating wriggling grubs and insects, sucking the marrow from bones or cannibalising those who fall to the constant internecine fighting of their race. As a consequence of their lowly status in the tribe, Ungors are extremely cruel and spiteful creatures, taking out their bitterness on foes, captives or wild animals that fall into their clutches. They are possessed of a tireless drive to take their vengeance upon the world that spawned them, and though not as powerful as the Gors, they have a wiry strength that means they are still more than a match for the humans for whom they have such a vitriolic hatred.



Ungors are considerably more dextrous than their fellows, their sinewy hands able to carve runes, build wooden structures, and fix and bind the weaponry of their clumsier Gor brethren. So it is that the Ungor fulfil a vital niche in the society of the tribe, for without them, the Gor would soon be bereft of weaponry. Most Ungors take to the field in large herds, arming themselves with stout spears with which to impale their prey, and carrying crude shields to protect their grotesque potbellied bodies. In battle Unsugors are bullied into a semblance of order by the largest of their number, known as Halffhorns, who seek a position in the battleline from which they can enact the most pain and suffering upon the foe.

Ungors are extremely cruel and spiteful creatures, taking out their jealousy of the Gors on foes in battle, captives, Brays or anything else incapable of putting up much of a fight. In battle the Ungors join the Gors in unruly herds, charging towards the enemy with thoughts only of rending them apart. The Gors always push their way to the front of a fight, and so the Ungors jab between their larger cousins with their crude spears.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungor	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Halffhorn	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Forest Strider, Primal Fury, Unruly.

"Every army's got its fodder, an' the Beastmen ain't no different. You'll see them shove the lit'l uns to the fore of the lines when they march to battle. Some of 'em don't even got proper 'orns! It'd be almost comical if the wee creatures weren't every bit as bloodthirsty and malicious as their larger kin."

- Albrecht, Mercenary

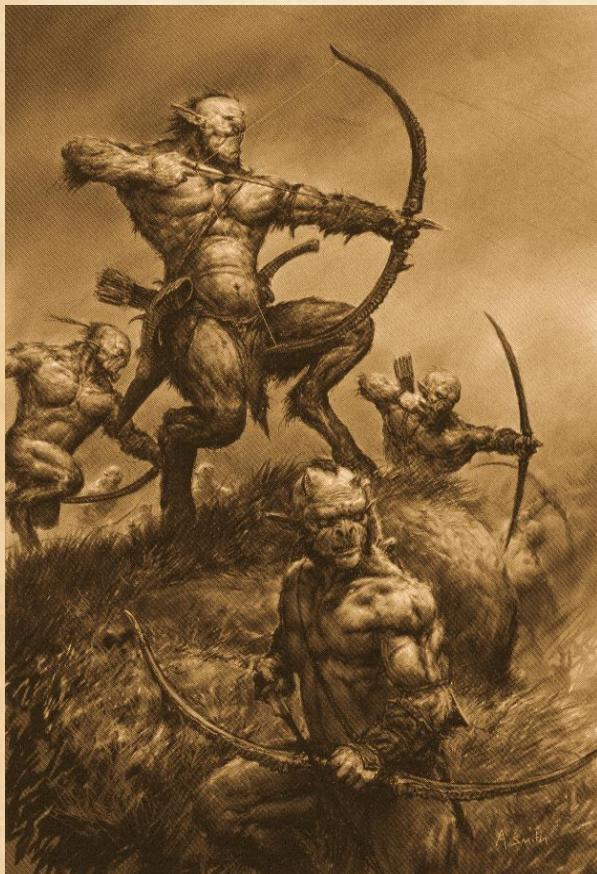
UNGOR RAIDERS

Ungor Raiders are those Ungors tasked with the role of hunting out enemies for the warherds to prey upon. They have knowledge of the wilderness that is unsurpassed by even the most intelligent Gor, and it is they who sow the seeds of mayhem that soon blossom into full-blown destruction as the rest of the warherd falls upon their victims.

Bands of Ungor Raiders range ahead of the warherd as it travels through the lands, sending runners back and forth to ensure the main body of the Beastman army can bring its might to bear. It is the information brought by the Ungor Raiders that enables the warherds to encircle and trap the foe, to launch ambushes from hidden paths and moss-choked vales, and to cut off the escape routes of those that believe there is still a route to safety.

In the course of their scouting duties, the Ungor Raiders often locate small, isolated settlements before the rest of the warherd arrives. In such instances, the Raider Halfhorn will weigh up the likelihood of the Raiders being able to take on the target alone, and if he decides it is worth the risk he will lead the attack.

It will be his hope that his Raiders can overwhelm the isolated foe and carry off food and captives before any delay is noted by the Beastman chieftain. If successful, the Raiders will burn and pillage everything they can



find. They then carry their prisoners off with them, taking dark delight in tormenting their unfortunate playthings unto death. Of course, should the warherd's chieftain discover that the Raiders have dallied overlong in such distractions from the main business of waging war, brutal punishments will be meted out that often leave many of the Ungor Raiders dead in the dirt. Still, such is the sadistic and jealous ire the Ungor have for all other species that more often than not they judge it well worth the cost.

In battle the Ungor Raiders range far ahead of the bulk of the warherd in order to disrupt the enemy's battlelines, draw out charges or reveal the location of hidden warriors. While the Raiders have no comprehension of formal tactics, they make a very efficient skirmish screen, charging enemy gun lines or firing volleys from their crudely-fashioned short bows before fleeing back to safety through the bands of Gors that follow behind.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungor Raider	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Raider Halfhorn	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Forest Strider, Primal Fury, Skirmishers, Unruly.

Thunder rolled in the distance, though the sky above was clear as and blue. As the rumbling grew louder, Sergeant Zimmer shouted, "Cavalry! Set the Pikes!"

Very soon, the reverberating hoof beats had grown into a relentless dirge. The Sergeant had selected this area for their camp because the crater had its own natural bulwarks. Between the high earthworks surrounding the crater and thick forest keeping one side of it free from possible attackers, it had seemed to be a naturally defensible position. But the bowl-shaped depression created an unforeseen problem: echoes made it impossible to determine from which direction the sound was coming.

Thinking there was no way that any cavalry commander in his right mind that would risk taking his men through the woods to the north. Sergeant Zimmer set the Pikemen facing south.

The tree line to the north vomited scores of men on horseback. But these were no men. The horses were part of them. Rather, they were part horse. It was hard to tell where the man began and the horse ended.

Frantically trying to readjust his deployment to meet the threat Zimmer bellowed, "Sigmar's hammer, they're Beastmen! Aim for their legs, lads! Aim for their legs! They's ain't got no armour down there!"

MUTANTS

It is true that many Beastmen are born to apparently ordinary Humans in the Empire, but in fact the Beastmen of the forests breed virulently too. Around the edges of the civilised world, and deep within the most ancient woodlands, the taint of Chaos is strong. Here whole new Beastmen armies are born, live, and often die fighting against each other before they ever pose a threat to the stability of the Empire; but those who survive always emerge eventually, stronger than ever before.

No scholar can say with certainty where a Mutant ends and a Beastman begins. There is no absolute dividing line between Human and Mutant, or between Mutant and Beastman, or between Beastman and Daemon; rather, there is a spectrum of taint. The Old World and particularly the surrounding countries are all affected by the Gates of Chaos deep within the Wastes, and some scholars support the near-heretical belief that almost every Human is tainted by Chaos, even if only a little. As a general rule, Beastmen all have obvious mutations that render them more animal-like in appearance; "true" Beastmen, also known as Gors, always have horns of some kind.

Children born with obvious mutations are either hidden away by their parents, abandoned in forests (where many of them come to the attentions of Beastmen clans, either as prey or as brothers), or killed by the superstitious or divine. Many people develop mutations much later in life, perhaps because they always carried the taint, perhaps because they became exposed to warpstone or some other source of Chaotic energy. If they are capable of concealing their mutations, they will doubtless do so, allowing them to function almost as though they were normal members of society. Those with obvious physical changes that manage to not be killed immediately usually end up joining other groups of Mutants, or occasionally a particularly lenient Beastmen warband.



Of those Mutants who remain a part of normal Old World life, hiding their true nature from friends, family and neighbours alike, many are horrified by what they are, or have become. Often they make every effort to lead normal lives, denying the taint of Chaos, convinced they are normal in every other respect than their one physical peculiarity. Others, though, revel in their newfound status as Mutants, seeking out and joining Chaos cults then working from within the Empire to corrupt it. The number of Mutants among the ranks of major nobles, heads of merchant houses and guilds, and even priests of the approved Gods, is unknown, but it would be no surprise to find secret warped Chaos cultists in the highest chambers of Imperial power.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mutant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Mutant Leader	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Expendable.

Chaos Mutations: Roll a D6 at the start of the game to determine which mutation is the most prominent for the remainder of the game.

D6 Mutation Result:

- 1 **Animalistic Legs:** The unit gains +1 Movement.
- 2 **Hulking:** The unit gains +1 Strength.
- 3 **Grossly Fat:** The unit gains +1 Toughness.
- 4 **Scales:** The unit gains the Natural Armour (6+) special rule.
- 5 **Tentacle-like Arms:** The unit gains +1 Attack.
- 6 **Pincer Hand:** The unit gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

A GIVING
Magda looked down at the wriggling bundle in her arms. Revulsion warred with pity. It squirmed, and a fleshy appendage slipped free from the swaddling cloth. Her gnarled fingers adjusted the wrappings, covering the offending flesh. If she saw the thing again, she might go mad.

She knew she should drown the thing. It was an abomination. It was her duty. But she'd already drowned a dozen babies in her long career as midwife, and she knew, deep down, another murder just wasn't in her. She couldn't do it.

A sigh slipped from her lips as she saw the phantom images of malformed faces, sparkling eyes, the very memories of innocent children she had killed, who were somehow undeserving of life because of some cruel joke played by the Gods.

The baby cried. She looked around. No one. An empty field at the edge of the wood. The world was purple with the coming dawn. All still slept, tucked away in their beds, ignorant of Magda's crime.

There. Ahead. Movement. The time is now. With trembling hands, she laid the bawling infant on a bed of pine needles. She removed the cloth lest her crime be revealed, and saw the pink flesh of an otherwise hale and healthy babe except for the tentacle growing from its neck. The child looked up at her, its newborn eyes searching out for the warmth stolen from it. It cried louder. The rustling approached. With a sob, Magda fled, the wail of the afflicted echoing in her ears.

CHAOS WARHOUNDS

Haunting the darkest forests are massive hounds, twisted by the warping powers of Chaos. These Warhounds are ranging and hunting in packs of six to twelve. Their red, evilly glinting eyes peer from the treeline, and saliva pools upon the litter-strewn ground as they taste the air for the scent of their next victim. Many a lone patrolman travelling in the woods at night has shivered at the sound of baleful howling in the distance, only to be confronted by the low growling of the pack that has crept up behind him whilst he was distracted.

Drawn to the lure of fresh meat, Warhounds often prowl around Beastmen encampments, stealing scraps of food and searching for lone or vulnerable creatures to attack. These slinking predators have an innate connection with the Beastmen of the forests, and freely wander through the filthy and bone-strewn encampments that serve as lairs for each warherd. Gradually the Warhounds become as much a part of the herd as any Gor. Some Beastmen deliberately rear these vicious attack beasts from pups, training them for battle, though they can never be truly tamed. Through all manner of cruel mistreatments the Warhounds are conditioned to display particular characteristics, such as aggression and speed - not that they need much encouragement.

When a warherd discovers intruders onto their bloodgrounds that are too weak or too few to require the calling of an entire brayherd, they often launch a great hunt. Horns are sounded and the tribe crashes through the undergrowth in pursuit, with the Warhounds out in front, snapping and snarling at the heels of the unfortunate prey. On such occasions the Beastmen make no attempt to encircle the foe, for they enjoy the chase too much. Rather, they drive their quarry for miles, deeper and deeper into the forest, running them to exhaustion, hounding them into the dirt. Should the intruders try to escape the Warhounds by climbing a tree or sheltering in a ruined building it is not long before the Beastmen handlers catch up and take their sport, forcing the prey back into the open with arrows or fire. Then the Warhounds will close in and rip their victims apart in a spray of gore, while the rest of the tribe barks and howls in victory.

In the days before the warherd launches a full invasion, the hounds that live upon the tribe's periphery are caught with nets and lashed to stout trees. When the Beastmen muster for an attack, these hounds lope alongside them, drawn by the promise of fresh meat. For weeks before a fight, the hounds are penned up, starved and taunted so that when they are unleashed on the foe they are crazed, snarling killer desperate for the tang of raw flesh. Only the largest and meanest hounds survive this treatment. This is a natural extension of a society where only the strongest

survive which are more wolf than dog, and they hunger for flesh and blood - Warhounds even eat the runts of their own litters without a moment's hesitation.

Originally the mutated descendants of bloodhounds and forest wolves, the Warhound's desperate hunger for human flesh owes little to nature and everything to Chaos. Many have the intelligence of the Gors they accompany to war and, for them; war is a time of feasting. The tainted lands that serve as their hunting grounds change these beasts in body as well as mind, and many are made all the more hideous by mutations such as horns, tusks and spines. Some are even stranger of aspect, having human limbs or faces, the tails of scorpions, stone-hard scales, tentacles in place of horns or bladed tongues that can shoot out and impale those nearby.

Regardless of form, Warhounds are all vicious killers and their harsh baying is a sure warning of a slaughter to come. They bound across the battlefield at an alarming speed, so that a Handgunner will have scant moments to take his shot and no hope of reloading before powerful claws rake him to the ground and knife-like fangs close around his throat.

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

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Vanguard.



"A seething, roaring, stinking mass of hair and muscle, sprinting and bounding towards us..."

-The Trial of Helmut Eisner

MINOTAURS

Minotaurs are massive bull-headed monstrosities that constantly hunger for hot blood and red meat. They are believed to be an offshoot race of Beastmen. Often growing to twice the height of a man and far greater in muscular bulk, their thick-skulled heads are broad and ugly, and their sharp horns can eviscerate with a single thrust. Many have the cloven-hoofed hindquarters of a beast and other deformities of the body that the touch of Chaos brings. Though they are less intelligent than Beastmen, they are unnaturally strong and powerful, and make formidable warriors.

Minotaurs are possessed of a terrible hunger for flesh, particularly the flesh of man. Yet it is not the gnawing hunger a mortal feels when deprived of sustenance, but a deep thirst for the unholy exhilaration the Minotaurs experience when they consume the flesh of their enemies. In this state they join with the power of the Chaos Gods and share in a part of their glory.

Minotaurs live in the deepest parts of the forests - the most secluded parts of all, where even Beastmen are afraid to go. They live in warbands led by Bloodkine, each of which raids and hunts over a constantly shifting territory, moving from encampment to encampment in pursuit of game animals and enemies. Each warband fights other Minotaur Warbands, or other Chaos Warbands, to further the reputation of its own Champion in the eyes of the Chaos Powers.



As well as forming distinctive Minotaur warbands, Minotaurs also appear as followers in the warherds of Beastmen. Individual Minotaurs, or small groups, readily join the retinues of other champions of Chaos following the death of their own champion. Similarly, Bloodkine sometimes attract followers from other races, notably from amongst Beastmen. Chaos Warbands tend to be pretty mixed affairs, and the Minotaur Warband is no exception.

Because Minotaurs live in the least hospitable parts of the forests they will attract all sorts of unusual followers from among the native inhabitants, including large powerful creatures such as Trolls and Giants.



Minotaurs speak only rarely, although they certainly have the ability to talk. When they do have occasion to. They speak the Dark Tongue with a slow, lowing voice. Minotaurs have an uncanny way of understanding the gestures and expressions of others of their kind, making speech largely unnecessary. Minotaurs only bellow and roar like fighting bulls in the heat of battle. At other times they rely on a sense of innate understanding based on mutual familiarity.

Gathering in loose tribes ruled over by the strongest of their number, the Minotaurs live a nomadic existence, and they go wherever the scent of blood is strongest. Attracted by raw flesh and steaming gore, they often gravitate to the herdstones where the Beastmen make their unholy offerings to the Dark Gods. During the most hideous of rituals, scores of sacrifices are made in savage offerings led by the Bray-Shamans, sending the Minotaurs into a frenzy which only the blood of yet more victims can sate. Even a glimpse of the colour red is sometimes enough to rouse the greed of a Minotaur tribe, for it reminds them of the glories of blood-mad gluttony.

Beastmen know Minotaurs as the Guardians of the Chaos Heart by which they mean the most holy shrines of Chaos and the tombs of fallen champions. Minotaurs know the secret locations of Chaos Shrines located in the least accessible parts of the forests and mountains. Almost no creatures other than the Minotaurs have ever visited one of these secret places. Even Beastmen, the favoured Children of Chaos, avoid Chaos Shrines unless they are feeling very brave indeed.

A Chaos Shrine can appear in almost any form, such as a dark temple to Chaos, a huge monolith, a giant cave, or an unnaturally vast and ancient tree. What they have in common is that they are places built upon or around a large fragment of warpstone. Warpstone is the raw matter of Chaos, a black light absorbing rock that smoulders with magical energy. When the warp gates over the world's poles collapsed thousands of years ago, much of this raw stuff of Chaos was sucked into the material universe. Large pieces of Chaos matter solidified under the pressure of reality and became chunks of warpstone. Chaos is the raw material of magic, so warpstone is a colossally potent source of magical energy and a focal point for Chaos.

Here the Minotaurs pile all of their trophies, including the weapons, armour and skulls of defeated foes in praise of the Chaos gods, often in such quantities that the mounds of rusting treasure and foetid remains obscure the shrines they are actually guarding completely. Because of this, Minotaurs are held in a strange reverence by Beastmen, who are at once in awe and fear of the favour that the Minotaurs receive from their gods.

Chaos Shrines play a very important part in Minotaur society. A Minotaur can only become a Champion by going to one of the secret places and embracing and lifting the warpstone housed there. The Powers of Chaos and their daemonic minions can communicate through the stone while the Minotaur holds it in his arms. Such close physical contact with warpstone sends fiery spear-pricks of agony through the Minotaur's flesh. This is a test of faith and courage. If the Minotaur fails the test he is instantly turned into a Chaos Spawn as mutations flow over his body and his flesh melts into new and horrible shapes. If he passes the test the Minotaur becomes a Champion of Chaos, the Mark of Chaos is given to him, and contact with the warpstone brands the glowing black rune of his Patron into his skin.

Once a Champion has been accepted, he is expected to protect the Chaos Shrine where he received the Mark of Chaos. Booty captured in battle is brought to the shrine and displayed inside as a testament to his loyalty and achievements. His deeds are portrayed on the inner walls of the shrine and heroically described in Chaos Runes. So long as the Champion lives and protects the shrine he will be its only Champion - the warpstone only glows dully and cannot confer the Mark of Chaos to another would-be Champion.

Minotaurs have no Shamans or other Wizards. Warbands can attract Beastman Shamans or Human Wizards as followers, but Minotaurs themselves are only ever warriors. Because of this, Minotaurs are somewhat suspicious of magic and prefer to place their trust in cold steel and brute strength. Minotaur Champions and their followers believe strongly in the power of their own shrine to protect them from the malign influences of

MINOTAURS AND THE BOVIGORS

The Beastmen Gors known as Bovigors are very similar to Minotaurs in appearance, although they are of course much smaller. They have the same bovine horns as Minotaurs. And often have the heads of cattle much like Minotaurs. The Bovigors look up to them as big brothers and protectors. A Bovigor will sometimes seek out a Minotaur band and join his retinue. It is quite common for whole groups of Bovigors to do this if their own Champion is slain.

Minotaurs also recognise this kinship between themselves and Bovigors, referring to them affectionately as little brothers and little calves.

Minotaur warbands and warbands led by a Bovigor Champion will rarely fight if they meet by chance, but will hold a truce to discuss their differences, only resorting to combat if no other option presents itself.

Minotaurs are more likely to form alliances with Bovigors than with any other kind of Beastmen. Sometimes a Minotaur Champion will even allow a Bovigor to enter his Chaos Shrine and witness for himself the dark glowing warpstone inside.

"We is strong. Strong like the mountains. Strong like the tide. Great Ones know this, like well our strength so they set us to guarding the special places. Holy places. Prey comes to us there. Mostly not worthy prey, but still tasty. The little ones call on us to make war for them and sometimes we do. But they also fear us and that is good. They should fear us. Their blood smells good, too."

— Kartush, Minotaur

harmful sorcery. In this they are quite correct, for the power of warpstone is strong and the bond forged between a Minotaur Champion and Chaos endows the Champion with a certain amount of magical resilience.

When called to war, the Minotaurs reach into the piles of weapons and armour heaped in offering before the herdstones, equipping themselves with the largest and most formidable weapons they can find. These weapons were laid before the herdstones in celebration of victory, their erstwhile owners slain upon some forgotten battlefield. In amongst the rusted blades can sometimes be found those once carried by the warriors of long-lost empires, crafted using methods and metals no longer known to any of the peoples of the world, fragments of tarnished armour that might have been made for the guards of long dead, forgotten kings. In truth, a Minotaur is capable of tearing a warhorse apart with its bare teeth and cares not for the heritage of such items, but these tools of war make them even deadlier still.

Though normally ponderous and slow-witted, battle turns Minotaurs into raging bulls and the scent of blood drives them to violent excess. This is the blood greed and it is Chaos' blessing upon the whole Minotaur race. The scent of gore in their flaring nostrils drives them wild and they bellow their hunger for all to hear. They charge with a thundering impact, horns lowered to impale, then strike blow after blow against their hapless enemy. Once their victims have been hacked apart the Minotaurs slake their thirst by tearing at raw flesh with their gore-encrusted nails and gulping down great hunks of steaming meat and the blood of the dying even whilst the battle rages on around them. It is this blood greed which makes Minotaurs so dangerous to fight.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Minotaur	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	7
Bloodkine	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (1).

Bloodgreed: *Minotaurs and their kin become more and more frenzied the more victims they slaughter and devour.*

If a model with Bloodgreed is on the winning side in a round of close combat it immediately gains the Frenzy special rule. If already Frenzied, then each time it is on the winning side of a round of close combat, the model gains an +1 Attack, up to a maximum of +3. These bonus Attacks are lost if the model loses its Frenzy. However, models with Bloodgreed cannot use their Swiftstride rule when pursuing and overrunning.

DOOMBULLS

The Bloodcallers, Fathers of Rage

Not every Minotaur is destined for a life of guardianship. The greatest among them catch the eye of the Chaos Powers. These are favoured just like Human champions of Chaos, exalted in the eyes of their fellows and given one of the Great Marks of Chaos. These Minotaurs are called Doombulls and they are dangerous in the extreme. Doombulls often rise to lead entire armies of Chaos followers.

"I hear it always. The sweet, sweet song of blood. Oftimes I must use Tchar's gifts to scorch the meat, which destroys some flavour. Always more, though. The feast never ends."

— Liliog, Tzaanbull

Doombulls are the strongest and most ferocious of their kind, towering bull-headed and cloven-hoofed beasts almost as broad as they are tall. Little more intelligent than their Minotaur kin, they are instead set above others of their kind by the sheer animal intensity of their hunger for flesh, and their inherent ability to invoke this intense bloodlust in others.



As with human Champions, a Doombull may swear allegiance to a single Chaos god, or worship them all with equal fervour, and this is often reflected in their appearance. Doombulls of Khorne, sometimes called Bloodbulls or Khornebulls, often have red-tinged flesh and fur, and their horns are sheathed in heavy brass. The Plaguebulls of Nurgle are fetid, bloated creatures, with gargantuan stomachs filled with corpse gas, and ridden with poxes and boils. Slaanbulls, who worship the god of extravagance Slaanesh, decorate their bodies with many gory trophies, and jewellery looted from others is hammered into their bare flesh and hung on their horns. Most bizarre are the Tzaanbulls, dedicated to the Lord of Magic, Tzeentch. Their brightly patterned skin, wreaths of twisting horns and an aura of crackling Chaos energy mark them out from others of their kind.

When Morrslieb is full in the sky, the Doombulls roar out a bellowing call that resounds around the forest for many miles, attracting yet more Minotaurs and invoking the bloodgreed that runs through all of their kind. Soon the forest will echo to the thunder of gargantuan hooves as Minotaurs gather by the hundred at the herdstone, pawing the ground in their haste to trample and crush. It is not only Minotaurs who heed the call of the bloodgreed, for sometimes the Beastmen themselves will be swept up in the rush of primal instinct to fight and to feed. As bands of Minotaurs crash through the trees towards the settlements and fortifications of the civilised races, so groups of Gors and other Beastmen follow in their wake, consumed by the desire to wolf down the hot flesh of their enemies.

Though no master of strategy or battle doctrine, a Doombull is capable of leadership, of a sort. It is he that bellows the raw will of the Dark Ones, triggering a terrifying stampede that can only end when the horde's unnatural thirst is quenched with the blood of Man. As the Doombull's army smashes its way through the dark woods, the undergrowth is flattened and trees toppled

"There was a sign there, that my eye could not, would not, discern. It twisted beneath vision, seeking to overflow where it had been carved into the surface of the rock, through from another angle, it moved not at all. The guardian of the sign, its keeper and slave was a bull-man, a Minotaur, who sought to prevent the unworthy from crossing beyond the threshold. Why he had been chosen for the duty, I cannot say. His fervour perhaps. Yet, it seemed fitting to me that a Minotaur should guard the entrance to that twisted maze for somewhere in my thoughts I knew, or have not yet learned, that there is a connection between the two. Regardless, he let my bodiless form pass him by unopposed, but only when he snorted the air of my passage and found no scent of blood."

— *Liber Malefic. The Book of Chaos Foreseen*
by Marius Hollseher

all around. This is a truly horrifying sight for the occupants of any settlement in its path, for it spells certain and violent death. Yet even forewarned by the cacophony of the stampede's approach, the defenders of such fortifications are truly doomed, for the Doombull and his Minotaurs will be upon them in short order and their escape route is almost always barred by the gross mass of the warherd.

Consumed by bloodgreed, the Minotaurs lay waste to their prey in an orgy of slaughter, smashing through barricades and buildings alike to get at the still-living weaklings that cower within. The Doombull at the head of the hewed army lowers his head and charges at full speed towards the leader of the enemy army, gouging his horns deep into the foe and maiming everything within reach with his axe. When all is laid waste the Doombull gorges himself on the choicest of prey while his followers fight over the corpse-harvest at their feet. As the last scraps are gobbled down and the steaming blood seeps into the earth, the raging wrath of the horde begins to subside. The beasts slink back to the deep forest, the Minotaurs returning to their lairs to slumber and digest until the bloodletting begins again. The Empire of Man is fortunate that such incursions only last as long as the bloodgreed is upon the Minotaurs, for otherwise the stampede might never end.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doombull	6	6	3	6	5	5	5	5	8
Gorebull	6	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	7

"Stamp and trample! Gore and crush!"

- Bhorgos Gorehorn, Doombull

TROOP TYPE: Monstous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Bloodgreed, Impact Hits (D3).

Slaughterer's Call: Any unit accompanied by a frenzied Doombull or Gorebull is also subject to Frenzy.



Garn roared with anger as he crashed through the forest, his broad Minotaur horns smashing the branches aside and scattering leaves in his wake. The Chaos titan had been defiled? The shrine, his shrine which it was his sacred duty to protect, had been desecrated. He cursed himself as a fool to leave the shrine unguarded even for a moment, for allowing himself to be distracted by the Beastmen's feigned retreat. Overcome with bloodlust, he had gorged himself on the flesh of a weakling he had trampled, unaware that its compatriots were doubling back to renew their attack on the shrine.

Bursting from the cover of the glade's edge he saw that the door had been broken down and pulled front their hinges. It was only a small shrine, built from blocks of stone now hidden under a dense growth of moss and clinging ivy. Thick, oily smoke billowed from the narrow silt windows high in the walls, tiny wisps of grey seeped through the pitched stone-clad roof. Red anger overcame him, and he charged towards the broken door, bounding up the low steps. He could hear the bestial waif of one of the Beastmen inside, and answered with his own bellowing challenge.

As he burst into the shrine, the Beastman swung round to confront him. Its eyes were panic stricken and its thick tongue hung loose and slavering out of its mouth. The fallen bodies of the other Beastmen lay all around it, some with burnt and blackened fur, others were gashed and bleeding from gaping wounds. Many of the corpses were still burning, staining the air with a foul-smelling odour of charred fur. Garn the Minotaur, Guardian of the Shrine, caught the Beastman by its wattled throat and crushed it to a pulp. The creature's neck slackened and its horned head lolled over, the creature's eyes frozen in an expression of glassy horror. He released his grip and the Beastman fell heavily onto the floor, its twisted head resting incongruously upon its chest.

Garn peered through the smoke and saw that the sacred images of Chaos stood untouched upon their altar. He could see that some of the other objects were scattered over the floor: the gold mixing bowls, the painted skulls of fallen enemies, the dark knives and golden cups, but these were mere ornaments compared to the sacred images themselves. The raiders were inexplicably dead and the shrine unharmed. Garn offered a silent prayer of thanks. A low rumbling noise like laughter came from the dark recesses behind the altar. Garn froze with fear. There was a slap and a crack from somewhere near his feet. He looked down and saw that the head of the Beastman he had just killed had turned to face him. Its eyes were dead and the neck slack and pulped as before, but the creature's jaws worked clumsily round its thick, protruding tongue. From that ruin came the most gentle and seductive voice that Garn had ever heard.

"Aah, Garn, did you think us so very helpless?" it said.

The head dropped lifelessly to the creature's chest and the laughter faded slowly back into the shadows.

TUSKGOR CHARIOTS

Particularly powerful Beastmen chiefs may be fortunate enough to own chariots. The chariots of the Beastmen are ramshackle constructions, built from heavy pieces of lumber scavenged from the ruins of Man's buildings. They are roughly nailed together with huge spikes; even the largest chariot shows no sign of craftsmanship or finesse. This matters little, however, because the brute strength and ferocity of the evil-tempered beasts that draw these chariots far outmatches that of mere horses, and the sheer weight of the chariot is enough to inflict terrible damage in its own right. Should the chariot shatter at the point of impact the crew care little, for they will have ridden down great swathes of the enemy in the process.

The Beastmen's chariots are most commonly drawn by Tuskgors, as they are known. They are a grotesque combination of a great boar and a mighty ram, often betraying signs of other, less identifiable heritage. These savage creatures retain the cunning of their kind, but are entirely animalistic in appearance. Their heads are festooned with multiple razor-sharp tusks, jutting out at odd angles to rend and tear anyone unfortunate enough to be caught up in their path. Anyone 'lucky' enough to survive the goring of a Tuskgor charge is likely to wind up trampled under the beast's hooves and its several hundred pounds of porcine flesh.

Tuskgors have a legendary temper and are difficult to control. Luckily for them, their Beastman masters are just as ill-tempered and hungry for battle. Once angered, a



Tuskgor is nearly impossible to stop. They will shrug off all but the most devastating wounds, sustained by their own boundless rage and animalistic instincts.

These are the pugnacious and stubborn war beasts of the Beastmen, foul-smelling and hunchbacked animals from whose flea-infested forms sprout malformed tusks and horns with drooling maws. Crude, obese beasts, their skin is so thick and fur so matted that arrows or crossbow bolts can barely penetrate their gnarled hide. The Beastmen use these creatures as guards or as dray animals to pull their chariots into battle.

Tuskgors are not natural creatures but creations of Chaos, and an unnatural vigour burns in their veins. They are tracked and captured by the Beastmen in the deep woods in a frantic and violent chase. It often takes the brute strength of a Minotaur to hold a Tuskgor long enough to bind it, and the axes of the Bestigor to stop the Minotaur eating the Tuskgor once the process is complete. Such an undertaking is fraught with danger, for Tuskgors are vicious creatures, yet with the aid of a Bray-Shaman's art and a lot of muscle, one might be subdued long enough to serve the warherd.

The Beastmen use Tuskgors in a number of different ways. Some are used as beasts of burden, carting off plunder and bound captives from the battlefield. The strongest of the Tuskgors are tethered in pairs and used to pull the warherd's crude chariots, manned either by a Bestigor and his Gor driver or perhaps the chieftain himself. In battle, Tuskgor chariots surge towards the enemy at breakneck speed, driving through the ranks of the foe with unstoppable force and scattering them as the Beastmen and Tuskgors strike out with hooves, horns and blades. Those chariots that survive the battle more-or-less intact are used to carry off the largest items of plunder, and have been observed leading long lines of chained captives off into the forests, never to be seen again. The fate of these captives is dire indeed, for those who are not sacrificed form the main course of the victory feast.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
Gor	5	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+)

SPECIAL RULES: Primal Fury.

"I've seen a Tuskgor with wounds so grave that you could see its innards poking through great rents in its hide. Yet the beast kept thrashing its razor-sharp tusks and bowling over troops with its monstrous bulk. The beast simply was too stupid to know that it was dead."

— Goruuk, Tuskgor chariot driver

RAZORGORS

The porcine horror known as the Razorgor is a foul mannered, rank smelling and utterly repulsive creature of Chaos. Razorgors are massive cousins of the Tuskgor, mountains of mutated muscle and hair that are deadly in the extreme. As with all children of Chaos, Razorgor are disfigured by hideous mutations, but they generally have the aspect of a nightmarish, gigantic boar covered in vicious spines, coarse hair and boasting lethally sharp tusks and fangs. Though Razorgors are voracious omnivores, they prefer a diet of fresh meat, and Beastmen are their natural prey. Still, such is their appetite and fearsome metabolism that they are able to gobble down a knight in full plate mail and his barded horse in a matter of seconds. Such is the beast's bloodily-minded temperament that it will fight and kill almost any creature it comes across, ravenously consuming the flesh of its victim with gluttonous delight. It is a widely held belief by the tribes of the woods that Razorgor have two natural states: a digestive torpor that sets in after they have gorged themselves, and blind, unthinking rage, which is by far the more common of the two..

When a particularly large Razorgor is encountered in the forests, a warherd's Chieftain will attempt to break its will as proof of his right to lead the warherd. Many Chieftains have been gored to death whilst attempting to hunt down a Razorgor, yet not to even attempt to do so is to invite a challenge by a disgusted follower. The act of breaking the Razorgor is usually achieved by the Chieftain repeatedly beating the great hairy beast over the head with a large spiked club whilst somehow avoiding being impaled upon its many razor-sharp tusks. Upon his victory over a particularly intimidating beast, a Chieftain will order a solid and impressive chariot built for it to draw. This he will ride into battle with savage pride, the chariot and the beast that pulls it a tangible sign of his favour in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers. Some chieftains harness Razorgor by even more unusual means –



it is said that the infamous Beastlord Urgor Twinfist raised his barn-sized 'pet', Guttgouge, on the flesh of his rivals from the day of its birth.

Once every decade or so a particularly powerful Beastlord will manage to harness several Razorgors at once. These are herded into a loose pack and sent headlong into the enemy ranks. Razorgor have beady eyes and poor vision, but when they catch sight of the enemy they are nigh uncontrollable. A charging Razorgor can flatten a tree or careen through a chapel wall when roused. The mess one of these snorting monstrosities at full charge can make of even the stoutest shieldwall is truly sickening. Thick-skinned and pig-headed, Razorgors are not exactly intelligent, however, their low cunning and brute strength makes them an invaluable addition to any army seeking some raw, if foully mutated, muscle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Razorgor	7	3	0	5	5	3	2	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (D3), Natural Armour (6+).

Thunderous Charge: A Razorgor has the Strength Bonus (1) special rule in turns when it charges.

RAZORGOR CHARIOTS

Sometimes, Razorgors are used individually to pull chariots manned by the largest Bestigors. Regardless of who rides them, Razorgor chariots cannot truly be steered or directed – in fact all too often the crew can do little more than hold on tight as the chariot careens toward the foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Razorgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
Gor	5	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Razorgor	7	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Impact Hits (D6+2), Primal Fury, Thunderous Charge.

Near the Drakwald forest it is possible to hear many tales about large and fearsome Razorgors. One particular beast halted all traffic along the Old Forest Road, devouring entire regiments before finally being brought down by a patrol that sensibly hauled a cannon with them. On a different occasion, a trio of Razorgors gained notoriety for their stampede through the town of Glumhof, a rampage that left many dead, several buildings flattened and a trail of bloody hoof prints.

Most famous of all is the legend of Gribbleback, and enormous Razorgor with a hunched mass of iron-hard muscle and bone sprouting out of its wart-covered back. That Razorgor has destroyed caravans, patrols and even a contingent of Reiksguard Knights sent to free the land from its predations. Aldebrand Ludenhof, the Elector Count of Hochland, has offered a large sum of gold to any who bring him ol'Gribbleback's head, but none have, as of yet, succeeded.

CENTIGORS

Centigors are Beastmen who, through some exposure to the warping powers of Chaos, are a disturbing cross between four-legged creatures, such as horses and oxen, and the bipedal beasts of Chaos, merged together by the warping powers of Chaos in ages past. They possess the hindquarters and forelegs of their quadruped ancestors, granting them great speed and strength, but the upper body of a humanoid with which they wield brutal weapons. Strong, vital and crude, these beast-centaurs are powerful creatures. However, they are not especially agile, and while they have great strength they lack the dexterity to manipulate objects with any skill or control. Centigors are bitter and spiteful, resenting their clumsy, awkward nature, and harbour a deep jealousy of creatures whose minds and bodies are better matched. This resentment engenders unpredictable behaviour, rage, and merciless hatred, especially towards Humans.

Centigors live mainly on the northern and eastern reaches of the forests of the Old World, where the trees reluctantly yield to sparse grasslands of the Northern Wastes. The wooded foothills of the Middle Mountains are also home to a large concentration of the creatures, a dangerous menace in the heart of the Empire, and they have been seen as far south as Wissenland. They are nomadic, without settlements or even encampments of any kind, finding what little protection they need in the lee of cliffs and natural rock shelters.

Centigors are wanderers and brigands who acquire everything they need by pillage and robbery, preying upon the wagon trains of traders and the few settlers that try to scratch a living from those barren lands. They make nothing of their own, but steal everything they need from other races, sometimes taking slaves to heat iron or stitch leather. The Centigors has a brutality of mind which matches the clumsy power of their bodies. They are vulgar snarling creatures, little more than beasts, with a brute cunning rather than considered intelligence. Their thick tongues can barely articulate speech, their voices are slow and growling, and their words often degenerate into howls of rage.

When the brayherds are summoned it is not uncommon for Centigors to heed the call along with the Beastmen. While the chieftains enact the ritual of scribing their runes upon the



herdstone, the barbaric Centigor chiefs can only defecate at the stone's base to record their attendance. While the Beastmen chieftains observe the rituals of the brayherd, the Centigor strut and swagger about the clearing with vulgar bravado, swilling looted wine by the skinful and making outrageous boasts about their own vigour. Fortunately, the Beastmen largely ignore such displays, accepting them as part of the Centigors' nature.

Despite – or perhaps because of – their drunkenness, the Centigors play one very important role in the world of the Beastmen. They are often used as the messengers of the Bray-Shamans, yet the messages they deliver are imparted to them when they are extremely drunk, and delivered in the same fashion. The Centigors have no real knowledge of the messages they carry. It is said that when delivering such messages, the Centigors speak in a voice other than their own. Sometimes the voice is that of the Bray-Shaman that imparted the message, but at other times a dread voice, swathed in the screams of the damned, comes from somewhere else entirely.

Centigors will fight for anything they need or desire. They have a great craving for ale and wine, for which they will break into a well-defended stockade or attack the most heavily escorted wagon train. When they get their hands on alcohol they gulp down gallons at a time, becoming drunken and violent and often fighting amongst themselves. Before a battle they drink bucketfuls of strong ale and become excited and aggressive, so that their tempers can only be quelled by deeds of the most bloodthirsty kind.

As the sun rises and the warherds march from the herdstone to make war upon man, the Centigors rouse themselves from their drunken stupors, taking up the weapons of the Beastmen and galloping to war beside them. Even as battle is joined they guzzle copious amounts of liquor, the effects driving them to extremes of violence and cruelty.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Centigor	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Gorehoof	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

Drunken: *Centigors are inclined to drink vast quantities of noxious beer and looted wine and spirits before battle, working themselves up into a drunken frenzy. While this makes them heedless of danger, and can turn them into berserk fighters, it can also severely incapacitate them.*

Roll a D6 for each Centigor unit at the beginning of each of their turns and consult the table below to see the effects of their rampant alcoholism until the start of their next turn:

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 1-2 | Drunken Stupor: The unit is subject to the Stupidity special rule. |
| 3-4 | Drunken Frenzy: The unit is subject to the Frenzy special rule. |
| 5-6 | Drunken Bravado: The unit is subject to the Stubborn special rule. |

HARPIES

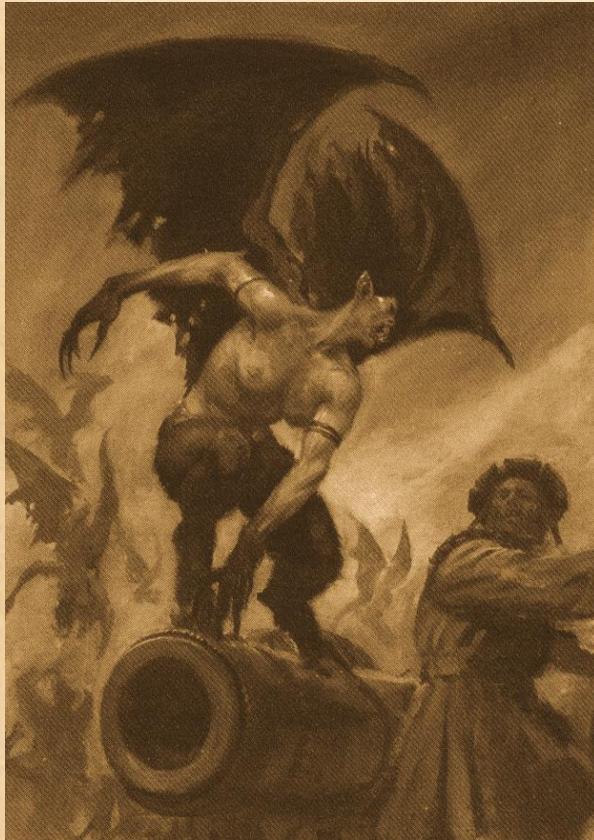
Harpies are particularly loathsome Children of Chaos, winged creatures with a body that is a parody of that of a human woman. From a distance they may appear lithe and shapely, even darkly alluring, yet as they close their true nature becomes clear. A Harpy's face is distorted and twisted, nothing of humanity or intelligence in its eyes, only instinctive cruelty. Its lips are not those of a woman, but are twisted and leering, pulled back to reveal needle-like teeth dripping with blood and saliva. The creature's limbs are not soft or shapely, but hard and possessed of steel-like tendons that lend it preternatural speed and agility.

"I looked up into the sky and there I saw my doom, lithesome yet dread. What creatures were these? How many tortures would I endure before peace was mine? A thousand wretched forms united only by a hatred that never ends. Malign and savage to the last, they brim with bitterness for the works of Man."

— Bestiarie Malificent

Most commonly Harpies live in the caves of the Northern Wastes and the Troll Country, but often the woods around Beastman encampments are infested with nests of Harpies. It is as if the creatures are drawn by the same forces that compel the Beastmen to congregate and slaughter captives before the sacred places of the Dark Gods. As the Beastmen enact their hidden rituals, the Harpies glare jealous and restless from the branches above, awaiting the hours when the Beastmen will slumber having spent themselves in their excesses. The Harpies then descend to pick over the bones of the Bray-Shamans' sacrificial victims, squabbling with one another over whatever morsels they can steal.

Harpies are vicious and spiteful, displaying only the meaning glimmerings of intelligence and, even then, only malicious, purpose. Innately cowardly creatures, Harpies band together in



great sky-borne flocks, which roam high above the mountainsides and valleys in search of prey defenceless enough to risk attacking.

Harpies care little where their next meal comes from and will as happily steal eggs from a Great Eagle's nest as raid farmstead for cattle, isolated villages for the old and infirm or battlefields for meagre scraps of flesh from spent corpses. This is not the say harpies will not attack larger or better-armed creatures than themselves, but it can take many hours for the flock to work up sufficient courage to put themselves at risk. If the flock considers the advantage of numbers to be on their side, they will descend to the fray, screeching and howling as their claws tear at the beleaguered foe. Yet there is no loyalty in such a fight – should a Harpy be slain in the battle, its fellow will devour it as surely as they will the enemy.

At no time are Harpies more dangerous than when Morrslieb burns fully in the sky. Under the tainted moon's eldritch, Harpies are wilder and more vicious than at any other time of the year, and far more likely to brave dangers in their perpetual search for food. Mountain villages and trade caravans double their watches when Morrslieb is full, lest their loved ones and chattel are spirited away on a cackling wind.

Filth and well-picked bones are piled beneath a Harpy's foul roost, yet those brave enough to scavenge can sometimes find cast-off treasures – for Harpies value only meat and leave the rest to fall where it may.

Harpies are scavengers and opportunists who prey upon the sick, weary, battle-worn and dying. Bestial and savage creatures, they perch impatiently amongst the trees as the Beastman horde musters, descending from the gnarled branches as the enemy approaches. As battle is joined, they flock in large, ragged groups over the battlefield, waiting for the chance to dive down upon those too weak or wounded to defend themselves.

There is no order or leader amongst Harpies, no more than amongst the most savage of beasts. Their screeching cries cleave the air and cast a shadow of dread on those below. Old Worlders consider a flight of Harpies a terrible ill omen, especially if it is in sight of a town, village or farmstead. And with good reason – for the warherds are never far behind.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Harpy	5	3	0	3	3	1	5	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Expendable, Fly.

There is a legend amongst the peoples of north-eastern Bretonnia that warns of the dark beauty of the Harpy. It is said that those of impure blood, perhaps the siblings of one born with the sign of the Beast or the descendant of a precious captive who somehow escaped enslavement by the creatures, are irrevocably drawn to the sight of encircling flocks of Harpies.

As the flock descends on his fellows, the individual stands entranced and immobile, unable to tear his eyes from the sight of them even as they tear his compatriots' limb from limb and feast upon their entrails.

At the last, so the legend warns, the beguiled one will be carried away to the Harpies' eyries, there to serve as a plaything for the creatures until such time as they should grow bored, or hungry.

CHAOS TROLLS

Ordinary Trolls – if such things could be said to be ordinary – are horrifying creatures. Massive, twisted parodies of the human form, they are ugly monstrosities possessed of enormous strength. They have the barest minimum of intelligence, and the ability to heal injury almost as fast as it can be inflicted that, together with their natural resilience, can make them almost indestructible. Much taller than even a Beastlord, even a single Troll is a deadly foe and capable of rending a soldier limb from limb - when they gather in packs to feed. Trolls can be counted amongst the most dangerous creatures in the Old World.

Trolls are a scourge. Massive, twisted parodies of Humans, they possess enormous strength, bottomless appetites, and disgusting habits. Trolls are greatly feared because of their unthinking ferocity and indiscriminate appetite. They can and will eat anything – flesh and bone, wood, rocks, hits of metal. The stomach of a Troll contains some of the most powerful acids known in the Old World, and its digestive juices are highly valued by alchemists and wizards.

The other unusual and perhaps best known characteristic of Trolls is that their flesh is able to regrow almost as quickly as it is damaged. If a Troll's clawed hand is severed a fresh one will grow from the stump. You have to cause a great deal of damage to a Troll to stop it regenerating. The only thing that Trolls cannot survive is fire. If they are burnt they cannot regenerate, so fire is the greatest ally of the Troll fighter.



Chaos Trolls are even more fearsome, stench-laden, and ugly than their normal counterparts. All Trolls have been affected by Chaos to some extent, as their species is the result of thousands of years of warping influence from the corrupting power of the north. Those that are sometimes seen accompanying warbands of Beastmen, however, have been altered by the power of Chaos more directly. They sport all manner of mutations, making them even more hideous than their common cousins, and the power of the Winds of Magic stokes their natural aggression and strength, turning them from mere monsters into some of the most terrible beasts in the armies of Chaos. The Troll's ability to shrug off wounds, along with its prodigious physical strength and its corrosive vomit, are all enhanced by its exposure to Chaos.

Trolls prefer to attack with their clubs or natural weapons, but if need be they will "soften up" an armoured target with a dose of vomit before laying in with the club. A group of Trolls will work together reasonably well, concentrating their devastating attacks against one or a small group of targets, but only until the first enemy is dead. At that point it is typical that at least one Troll will get distracted, starting to eat the corpse, which often distracts the others and causes a fight to break out as the Trolls squabble over the choicest morsels of meat.

Chaos Trolls are no smarter than their brethren, but due to their fearsome reputation, they are sometimes recruited by Beastmen Warherds as shock troops, although it is doubtful whether they really understand what is going on. Left to their own devices, the chances are the Trolls will go wild or become soporific, but if led by a more intelligent creature they can prove dangerous foes. Defenders will often scatter like leaves in the wind when confronted with the horrible visage of a Chaos Troll. They sometimes join Beastmen Warbands willingly as warfare offers many opportunities to feed on the living and the dead. However, few Warbands accept these creatures because they are unstable and unreliable; each breath of the Winds of Magic stokes the fires of their hate.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (6+), Regeneration (4+), Stupidity.

Troll Vomit: Instead of attacking normally, the whole unit can choose to vomit on the enemy. Each model inflicts one automatic Strength 5 hit with no Armour saves allowed.

"Chaos Trolls are highly honoured in the eyes of the Changer of the Ways, for rarely does any creature combine mutation with such natural size, power, and sheer vitality. Yes, a Chaos Giant may be larger, but a Chaos Troll is so brim-full of life and energy as to be almost impossible to kill. Knock it down, and it comes back stronger and angrier than ever. Much like Chaos itself."

– Drakar Neth Shyish, the Fist of Chen

CHAOS SPAWN

Some amongst the Children of Chaos are bestowed with an abundance of the Dark Ones' gifts, becoming a creature whose bodily form epitomises nightmare and unreason. Such a creature might once have been a great Chieftain who called upon the favour of the Dark Gods one time too many. It might have been a Bray-Shaman who drew too deep of the power of Chaos, his form blasted beyond recognition by the raw power of magic. It may even have been one who strayed too close to Morghur, Master of Skulls, whose aura of transmogrification changes all. In some cases, the creature might simply have been born that way, in all likelihood slaughtering its beast-mother in the process.

A creature visited by too many gifts of the Dark Gods inevitably succumbs to madness and mutation, and becomes a Chaos Spawn. Amongst the inhuman Beastmen, the line between heavy mutation and spawndom is a fine one, and most warherds accept these bloated, writhing, slavering creatures into their ranks as fellow Children of Chaos. They are allowed to exist at the periphery of the warherd, surviving on scraps, incautious Ungors, the dung of Tuskgors or whatever they can catch in the surrounding woods.

Once the first mutation takes hold, the wretch faces the inevitable dissolution of his mind and will, becoming something less and more than mortal. The fate that awaits nearly all surviving mutants is to become a Chaos Spawn, a gibbering abomination existing only to serve the whims of its infernal masters. Some Beastmen manage to stave off this doom for a time, committing great and terrible deeds to gather the Rewards and Gifts of Chaos. But, for most, the fate of becoming a Chaos Spawn lies at the end of their dark and horrible road. The fate of a Spawn is to die, either on the field of battle by axe or sword, torn apart in the wilds by even more savage creatures, or literally ripped asunder by the Chaos energy that continues to course through its twisted body.



Chaos Spawn lose what little remained of their original forms, becoming a shifting mass of tentacles and eyes. A rare few retain just enough of their original forms to become truly horrific. Upon the moment of devolution, the subject is wracked with agonising pangs as his body ripples and undulates. The pain is so great it destroys the mind, erasing nearly every memory, all emotion, and the capability of forming a coherent thought, leaving behind an unreasoning husk of flesh and sinew.

In appearance, these creatures vary widely. Some appear as the man who walks as a beast – a once-humanoid form that has sprouted and burst into an obscene and monstrous anatomy, mutated almost beyond recognition. The eyes of the original creature peer out, a glint of its former personality barely perceptible amidst the fleshy ruin. Others appear more as the beast who walks as a man – a twisted parody of humanity moulded from the hairy, lumpen body of a forest creature. Regardless of particulars, Chaos Spawn are creatures of unspeakable horror, their twisted bodies sporting an impossible array of spines, eyes and mouths. Some have the heads of overgrown insects, while others have skin that exudes poisonous slime. Some, due perhaps to the locations in which they lair, appear to be a part of the forest itself, their constantly mutating bodies having been joined with the rotten limbs of dead trees, their skin covered in dank moss.

When the warherd goes to battle, the Chaos Spawn come shambling from their lairs. The Beastmen have no control over a Spawn's actions, and it will behave in a largely unpredictable manner. The Spawn will move towards the enemy and crash flailing into his ranks; teeth, claws, and tentacles tearing men limb from limb in a shower of blood and ruination. Mindless and utterly beyond reason, Chaos spawn relentlessly attack anything in their way, the blows of their enemies merely a strange relief to the endless insanity that is their miserable existence.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Spawn	*	3	0	4	5	3	2	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: *Random Movement (2D6), *Random Attacks (D6+1), Unbreakable.

UPGRADES:

Spawn of Nurgle: A Spawn of Nurgle has the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Spawn of Slaanesh: A Spawn of Slaanesh gain +2 to its Initiative.

Spawn of Khorne: A Spawn of Khorne has +1 Strength.

Spawn of Tzeentch: A Spawn of Tzeentch has a Strength 3 Breath Weapon that has the Flaming Attacks special rule.

"Then came one they called Gibberkin.
No fouler thing have I ever witnessed."

– Khargar of the Tribe of the Bloody Axe

PREYTON

Preytons are a savage and hateful breed of creature that haunts the forested lands of Bretonnia. So renowned is their ferocity that sighting of Preytons will draw knights from many miles around, seeking to prove their valour by slaying the beasts.

Mighty and winged creatures of Chaos, hybrid in form like the Chimera, Preytons bear upon their vaguely equine heads a pair of blackened and serrated antlers which have caused foolhardy knights to mistake them for majestic Great Stags, much to their error. The beasts, possessed of a dark cunning, will lure such knights into the depths of the forest before revealing their blood red eyes and rows of savage fangs when they leap forth from ambush to rend and tear their prey. Only there, where there is little chance of escape, will it finally reveal its deadly form and attack the unsuspecting warrior.

The hides of Preytons are torn and mutilated, their fur hanging lank and in many places sloughed away to be replaced by ragged feathers or scales. Their forelegs and body resemble a dark and twisted stag, while their hindquarters sprout clawed, leonine paws and monstrous wings like those of a terrible black eagle.

While their appearance is truly vile, it is the legendary malice of the Preyton that makes them particularly dangerous. Corpses mauled beyond recognition and tracts of forest befouled and trampled betray their presence, the savage creature often discarding the torn ruin of their victims to rot, killing out of pure hatred rather than hunger.



Little is known of their origins, but dark legend has it that this terrible hatred was born long ago when Beastmen Shamans created them in horrific rituals, enslaving and corrupting Great Stags before sacrifice-strewn herdstones. Bereft of their once noble nature Preytons now know only an all-encompassing hatred for that which they have lost, driving them to rend and kill with terrible malice. Even their own wounds bring them a twisted sense of satisfaction; instinctively realizing that only in death will their torment end.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Preyton	6	4	0	4	4	3	5	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Forest Strider, Impact Hits (D3).

Consuming Hatred: *The Preyton despises itself almost as much as its foe.*

A Preyton has the Hatred special rule. Any wounds it suffers during close combat are included in its player's own Combat result score as well as that of their opponent's.

Endless Malice: Should a Preyton be on the winning side of a close combat then in order to pursue its foe it must first pass a Leadership test. If this test is failed then it will not pursue and instead remains stationary whilst it rends and tears at the fallen. Enemy units within 12" and with line of sight to the Preyton must take a Panic test in the face of the beast's horrific display.

UPGRADES:

Insane Bloodlust: *The Preyton's boundless hate drives it into a fury in combat.*

The Preyton gains the Frenzy special rule.

Forest Stalker: *Many Preyton become adept hunters in their forested killing grounds.*

The Preyton gains the Ambushers special rule.

Filth-Encrusted Scales: The Preyton gains the Natural Armour (5+) special rule.

Entry 286
Sir Merovech of Couronne, Questing Knight; Known as 'Merovech the Black' after the bloody Estalian Chevauchee of the year 1538:

—Sable, a Preyton Segreant, argent and flaunches gules. Use of the Preyton as a heraldic charge allowed despite its debased nature with the example of Sir Corbus's arms bearing a Preyton rampant, matriculated in 876.

*Extracted from –
An Ordinary of Arms containing Register of Arms
and Bearing of Bretonnia.*

COCKATRICE

The Cockatrice is a fearsome creature resembling a large winged lizard with the crested head and legs of a rooster. Its squat, strong body is covered with scales and feathers. Powerful leathery wings propel it through the sky, from where it swoops down upon its enemy and rends them apart with its sharp claws. The Cockatrice's head has a fierce beak and is covered with ugly red wattles, which make it look both bizarre and frightening, being an unnatural amalgam of distinctly different creatures, which suggests the influence of Chaos on these creatures' origins. Their lairs, surrounded by the pecked-apart corpses of beasts many times larger than themselves, would seem to indicate that they have some sort of advantage over sizeable prey.

"Even the mightiest of creatures must fear the Cockatrice, for its gaze means certain death."

— *Bonnaudo, famed Bretonnian explorer*

The Cockatrice is an unsettling and repulsive creature that seldom emerges from its lair. Some say that this is due to the enthusiasm with which Bretonnian Knights hunt and slay them – even the stupidest creature can make out the intentions of a Knight Errant at full flood, and Cockatrices are, if anything, more intelligent than most knights.



In truth, the Cockatrice is not a bold fighter and prefers to lurk around the fringes of a battlefield where it can safely feast on the dead and dying. Despite the beast's inclination for self-preservation, only a very foolish warrior will corner a Cockatrice. When the beast is desperate, it goes berserk, shrieking and clawing at all who approach it with a maddened ferocity that more than compensates for its innate cowardice.

Whilst the cockatrice is not so physically fearsome as many other monsters, it has a curious ability that makes it the equal of even the mightiest Dragon. The Cockatrice can petrify foes with its magical gaze, literally turning them to stone with a glance unless they can evade its sorcerous stare. This ability makes the Cockatrice a deadly opponent, for a warrior must try to vanquish the beast without even setting sight upon it. Even a glimpse of the Cockatrice's visage is enough of a view to prove deadly.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cockatrice	4	4	5	4	4	3	6	4	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Natural Armour (4+).

Petrifying Gaze: Petrifying Gaze is a magical shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	4	Heroic Killing Blow, Ignores Armour Saves, Magical Attacks, Multiple Shots (2)

Hits from the Petrifying Gaze only work against units with Line of Sight to the Cockatrice. When rolling To Wound with this Shooting attack, substitute the target's Toughness with its Initiative value.

"We'd been wanderin' through the woods for days an' Leo an' I we're fairly starvin'. We'd resigned ourselves to another night of mealy hard tack when I heard some squawking comin' from the bushes ahead. It sounded like the rustlin' of a turkey or maybe even a partridge. My mouth began waterin' at the thought of some fresh-roasted fowl. So Leo agreed he would flush the game out an' I, bein' the better shot, would put a crossbow bolt through whatever tasty treat came flyin' out. Something that looked like plucked chicken jumped up out of the bush and pecked poor Leo in the eye. He fell to the ground with a thud, as unmovin' as a statue. I got the shot off though and the thing screeched as it died. Shame about Leo, but the beast was pretty scrawny. I doubt it would 'ave fed the both of us, anyway."

— *Martin Schreckels, Farrier*

DRAGON OGRES

The fabled Dragon Ogre, at a cursory glance, appears to be a composite creature, similar to Centigors with the lower half similar to some great reptile, hence the Dragon component of their name. It has four powerful legs that end in sharp, black, curving claws. The trunk, while scaly, is a pale pink, spotted with green blobs. It grows thick fur to protect its tender places. A long, spiked tail whips about it, presumably to drive off the flies that seem to be drawn to their stink. The other half of their form is the head, arms, and torso of some Daemonic man. The forelimbs of a Dragon Ogre have hands which can grasp weapons and fashion armour. Their heads are brutish and Ogre-like, with massive jaws and large spiny teeth. Only in the loosest meaning is there anything akin to an Ogre in the appearance – at most it can be attributed to the size. Instead, it has strong reptilian features, a maw filled with fangs, and red slits for eyes. Some wear helmets and armoured plates decorated with icons of Chaos, and their axes can easily lop a man in two.

Dragon Ogres are said to be amongst the most ancient of all the world's living creatures, having walked the earth when the Gate of Heaven still remained intact. According to legend they are the enemies of the great drakes that lived under the volcanic mountains of the world. It is said they preyed on Mankind long before the Chaos gateways unleashed their curse upon the world. Known in the Dark Tongue by a multitude of names, including Shartaks, Sharunocks and Garthors, the Dragon Ogres are beings of mystery even to the warriors they fight alongside. The Beastmen and cultists of the Dark Gods call them by a variety of other names as well, for they play a part in many legends of those who follow Chaos.



The Dragon Ogre race's incredible longevity, as with almost all things supernatural, is the work of the Gods of Chaos. Legends claim these rare beasts are kin to Dragons. Aeons ago the elders of their race made a pact with the Ruinous Powers, embracing damnation in order to save themselves from a slow decline into extinction. They were given eternal life, and in return, the entire Dragon Ogre race put themselves at the command of the Dark Gods. Since that day the Dragon Ogres have carved their names across the ages as immortals who can only die in battle, living legends that rouse themselves only in the name of destruction. At least such are the legends, culled from the records of the ancients of Lustria and reported by bold explorers amongst the fallen ruins of that land and its strange cold-blooded people. In any event, the Dragon Ogres are uncommon, only emerging when called by the Dark Gods to wage war against Mankind.

When forks of lightning sunder the night sky and the roar of thunder booms through the peaks, the elders of the north whisper that the Dragon Ogres are waking. They tell their superstitious kin of enormous scaled monsters that fight each other on the crests of the World's Edge Mountains, their prize an eternity of warfare. The tribespeople believe that were a traveler to take shelter from the storm in some cave or hollow high in the peaks, they would see the battling creatures silhouetted against the raging storm. The more sceptical believe that Dragon Ogres are creatures that live only in the world of legend, a bloodline from a

"Of all the creatures of this world, they are the eldest, predating even the mighty Dragons. The first of their kind to draw breath was Krakanrok the Black, who arose from a primordial swamp over a thousand years before the Old Ones found this sphere. I have not had the honour of meeting him, but I'm reliably told that each of his foreclaws is as large as a warhorse and when he takes a full breath, all within a hundred paces fall unconscious due to the lack of air, as it is all sucked into his titanic lungs. There has never been a new Shartak born since the dawn on which they successfully bargained for their 'immortality' with the Gods. The very lighting that fuels their bodies has rendered them infertile. Knowing my Lord as much as any mortal can, I suspect he deemed it a grand jest, forcing them to trade one sort of longevity for another, but I digress. What is important to know is that they are ancient beyond Human reckoning and their wisdom is vast. Even as they dream down the long ages, their spirits wander learning much of the world. When they finally rise at the thunder's call, they are often amazingly well informed of current events before being told. My fourth tutor, a being I honour before all others save one, was a Shaggoth named Tirsoknaia. He told me that his people hold their dreams to be their reality and regard the brief years they are forced to stay awake as their dreams. They are capable of committing horrifying deeds and legendary feats without hesitation as they go about our world, for the rest of us are deemed to be mere figments of their imagination."

– Dr. Athren Abolas, Facilitator of Change

more primeval age that now lies dormant. And dormant they lie, though in the fury of the storm, the Dragon Ogres come to life once more.

Though they have lived for an age, Dragon Ogres slumber in deep caves throughout the northern reaches of the World's Edge Mountains, awakened only by the thunder caused by the largest storms. Dragon Ogres spend much of their time asleep, as they find the sun's warmth soporific. They believe that the thunder is the Chaos Gods summoning them to war and according to their ancient pact those that are awakened by a storm rise and prepare for battle.

On cold winter nights terrible storms assail the mountains of the northern Old World. When the air itself crackles, the Dragon Ogres that slumber under the mountains stir as their dreaming minds hear echoed in the thunder the roar of the Chaos Gods calling them to task, and come to life. They believe that the thunder is the Chaos Gods summoning them to war and according to their ancient pact those that are awakened by a storm rise and prepare for battle. The louder the thunder and more ferocious the tempest, the more Dragon Ogres rise from their deathly slumber. A small storm may wake many Dragon Ogres, but only a storm of immense power can stir the oldest and most powerful of these beasts. Beneath the mountain peaks of the north there may be creatures that have not awoken for hundreds or even thousands of years.

As lightning bolts pour out of the skies, the Dragon Ogres answer the call to war. They scale mountain and glacier with their iron-hard claws, hacking at each other with ancient axes and battling to reach the highest eryes and peaks from which to absorb lightning strikes. They do this in order to bathe in lightning,

rejoicing in the raw forces of nature as they raise their weapons to the skies, for it is the storm that invigorates them and extend their lives for another century or so, and fills them with deadly energy for the coming battle. Travellers, having taken shelter in some cave or hollow, might see the battling creatures silhouetted against the raging night by lightning flashes.

Once stirred, the Dragon Ogres descend from their reclusive mountain homes or from their hidden lairs in the Chaos Wastes to lead Warbands of Beastmen into battle. Such instances are thankfully rare. As fierce as they are, Dragon Ogres are loath to lay down their ancient lives and will retreat if a battle is going against them. Though they will bow before their infernal masters, they refuse to serve Daemons lest they risk their immortal soul.

The Dragon Ogres look forward to a time when their eternal bondage will end with the destruction of the world by Chaos. Amid the lightning and thunder of the apocalypse they believe their entire race will awake, and even dead Dragon Ogres will rise from their graves. Until then, these creatures bring death to the enemies of Chaos in preparation for the End Times, hewing bodies with every sweep of their blades and swipe of their monstrous claws.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Ogre	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	3	8
Shartak	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Immunity (Lightning Attacks), Natural Armour (5+), Sentient.**



DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOTHS

It is believed the only way a Dragon Ogre can die is through death in battle, and so long as they can draw lightning into their aged forms, they can refresh themselves, sustaining their lives indefinitely. The older the Dragon Ogre, the larger and more powerful it grows, and so the most ancient of this race are enormous beasts of incredible power.

Dragon Ogre Shagoths are living legends of carnage and devastation. Truly gigantic and as old as the mountains themselves, the Shagoths are perhaps the most ancient of monsters to inhabit the world. They are the same creatures that bartered with the Chaos Gods before the dawn of Man; beings that have bargained with divinity, and not only survived, but also been granted immortality in return. For their own inscrutable reasons, the Dark Gods still hold true to their ancient promise – many of the Shagoths that march to war in the armies of Chaos are over six thousand years old.

A Shaggoth is a towering mountain of muscle and rage, reinforced by the power of the raging storm. Its quadrupedal lower half is like unto that of a dragon; steel of sinew and sharp of talon, and clad in a shimmering coat of scales harder than any metal. A Shaggoth's rugged torso is broad and muscular, and its heavily-thewed arms are as thick as tree trunks. From its bestial head flows a mane of snow-matted hair so thick that frost-spires clamber and chatter within. Clad in scraps of armour that carry the patina of centuries, a Shaggoth goes to war carrying a vast axe that would take a dozen men to lift, and all who stand before them are slain with blade and claw. When its wrath is raised, lightning crackles within the Shaggoth's eyes and mouth, and thunder rumbles in its throat. The eldest and most primal Dragon Ogre Shagoths are truly titanic. As a Dragon Ogre ages it

becomes ever larger, continuing to increase in size as the centuries pass by. As long as there is lightning to refresh its body and revitalise its mind, there is no limit to its size. It is thought that only death in battle can destroy a Dragon Ogre, for otherwise they will survive until the end of time.

Alive before the Elves had mastered the written word, before the first greenskins crawled out of their caves, perhaps even before the Old Ones themselves visited the world, the oldest Shagoths have persisted and grown larger with their corruption. During the Great War against Chaos, there are rumours that these beasts towered over the forest canopy and even the towers of ill-fated Praag. Such is the horror of the Shagoths that the sire of the Dragon Ogre race, Krakanrok the Black, is said to be the size of a mountain.

Only the mightiest of thunderstorms can awaken a Dragon Ogre Shaggoth, and it is fortunate for the Old World that such ferocious tempests are rare. However, with each passing year the storm clouds grow a little blacker, and legend has it that when the End Times come, a storm will break of such apocalyptic magnitude that even Krakanrok the Black will emerge from his ten-thousand-year slumber when the earth is spilt apart by the lightning and broken by the thunder to lead his people in the final battle to visit his fury upon the world. Tales like this are surely exaggerated, but illustrate the sheer terror that these mighty, and exceedingly rare, creatures cause in their foes.

Fiercely independent, a Shaggoth will not swear fealty to a daemonic master, for he is in thrall to the gods themselves and believes that to bind himself to a Daemon will risk what remains of his soul. Still, Shagoths are intelligent and cunning in their own fashion, and when called they keep their part of the bargain with the Ruinous Powers by visiting destruction upon the enemies of Chaos. So it is that Shagoths will leave their mountain realms and head south into the Old World when the forces of disorder are on the march, legends springing up in their wake.

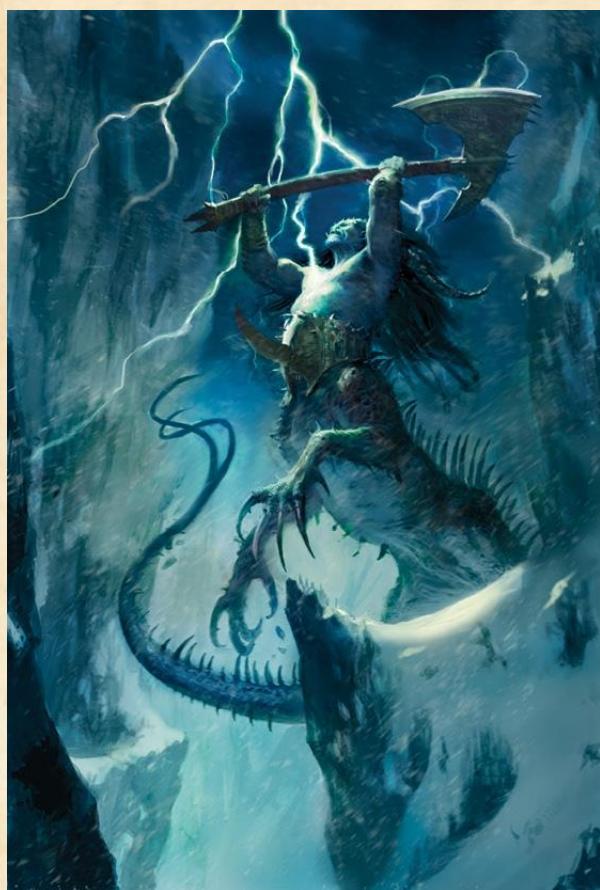
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shaggoth	7	6	3	6	6	6	4	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Lightning Attacks, Psychology), Natural Armour (5+), Sentient.

"Another age turns and once more, the world is hung in the balance. Once again, my brethren must fight and die for a cause that means little to us. Long ago we made our decision and there is no changing it. But the long years have worn me, as the tide shatters the shore, and sometimes I grow weary of the endless battle. What is more, I now wonder if it truly was our decision. I've seen enough to know how manipulative the Architect of Fate can be. I suppose it matters not. In truth, the only time I truly feel alive is when I face a foe capable of killing me."

– Enrinsorga, Dragon Ogre Shaggoth



GHORGONS

When the Beastmen go to war they are accompanied by sickening fiends that have grown to impossible dimensions on a diet of raw flesh and warping magic. The Ghorgon is such a beast, a many-limbed, ox-headed slaughterer possessed of an urgent need to devour and destroy. A near-mythical creature even amongst the warherds themselves, it is well that these bloodbrutes' are so rare, for even one Ghorgon can consume an entire Beastman tribe in a single frenzied and terrifying night. Ghorgons are the ultimate carnivores, driven to devour anything they can catch – the meatier the better.

Monsters of the deepest woods, Ghorgons are relentless gluttons that seek to slaughter and consume any flesh they can find. Beastmen believe that to consume a creature's raw flesh is to absorb its power and the Ghorgons are the ultimate embodiment of this brutal maxim.

It is thought amongst the Bray-Shamans that the Ghorgons began life as the largest Minotaurs in their tribe, warrior-lords who chose gluttony over leadership. Cannibals all, each has devoured his lesser kin in a vile feast, and hence the accumulated bloodlust that built in their hearts has reached a fever pitch that consumes them in turn. All Beastmen know that to subsist upon lean, muscled flesh is to grow strong, and to inherit the power of those upon which you feed. The Ghorgons embody this belief. The vile creatures have gorged so much that they have grown tall and broad beyond measure, towering to the height of Giants, and sprouting many limbs and mouths to aid their endless feasting upon the meat of the Minotaurs, and hence they are the strongest of all the denizens of the dark woods.

Such is the monstrous vileness of these creatures that they must surely have consumed the tainted as well as the true. Some whisper that it is not just tonne upon tonne of raw flesh the Ghorgons consume, but also the baleful, glowing shards of wyrdling stone that nestle in the cankerous depths of the blighted forests. Perhaps the nature of the twisted beasts upon which the Ghorgons feast has burgeoned forth in fleshy tribute to the chaos of the deep woods. Either way, Ghorgons bear grotesque mutations that aid them in their eternal quest to wolf down those they catch.

A Ghorgon usually has at least four arms, two typically ending in bony blades like those of axes or cleavers the better to carve the prey, and two ending in great grasping hands so the bloodbrute can shovel the bodies of its victims into its slobbering maw. Some have fanglined mouths in place of their hearts, or are covered head to foot in gnashing jaws that wail and bellow with unholy hunger. Ghorgons have flaring nostrils that twitch and sniff at the scent of blood, able to function equally well be it night or day. So sensitive is a Ghorgon's sense of smell that a careless wanderer in the woods may see two odd-looking tree trunks up ahead, and approach closer, only to find a giant hand thrust down through the forest canopy as the Ghorgon snatches up its unfortunate victim and gobbles him down whole.

"How much flesh can a Ghorgon gorge on?
A Ghorgon gorges on flesh 'til it's gone.
He'd gorge on more, of that you can be sure,
If only he could find more to gorge on."

— Tongue-twister popular amongst woodcutters' children in the Drakwald Forest

It is only the most gifted Shamans who can channel the Ghorgon's insatiable lust for flesh into the ranks of the enemy, but the psychotic displays of violence and destruction that ensue are well worth a few dozen of the warherd in the meantime. During a battle, a Ghorgon wades into a mass of enemies and uses its many arms to grasp, stuff and shovel great goblets of flesh into its multiple maws. In its insatiable lust for food, the Ghorgon has been known to swallow victims whole, the entire body bolted down in a savage display of glutinous delight. Smeared with gore and drooling slather, a Ghorgon can regain new strength from its flesh feast. Yet no matter how much a Ghorgon devours, the hideous beast remains as ravenous as ever.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorgon	7	4	0	6	6	6	3	6	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Bloodgreed, Frenzy, Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.**

Swallow Whole: In addition to its normal attacks, the Ghorgon may make an additional special attack at an Initiative of 1. This attack has the Killing Blow special rule, but To Wound rolls of a 4+ act as Killing Blow attacks, instead of just rolls of 6.

Strength from Flesh: Each time a Ghorgon causes a Killing Blow with its Swallow Whole special rule, it regains 1 Wound that it has lost earlier in the battle.



CYGORS

Occasionally, deep in the forests of the Old World, a tracker will come across a mysterious corridor of devastation smashed through the woodland. It is a path up uprooted trees and trampled undergrowth that is remarkable in two ways – it would take a creature of enormous strength to push through such dense terrain, and even more surprisingly, the trail seems as if it were chosen by a blind man, unable to avoid obstacles, but forced to plough straight through them. And so it is, for these are the tracks left by a Cygor, one of the malformed Giant-like creatures that hunt the arboreal heartlands. They roam the forests, smashing through trees they cannot see and laying waste to anything in their path.

The Cygors are distant cousins of the Minotaurs, but because they hail from the most tainted of all the realms of the Old World, they have diverged greatly from their kin. They are huge, hideously malformed giants, similar in form to Minotaurs, yet each possessed of but a single eye that barely sees the world in the centre of its forehead. Through this eye the Cygor is cursed to see not the material realm that mortals perceive, but the evershifting Winds of Chaos, seeing perfectly the spectrum of arcane power as they blow through and around the indistinct, ghostly shapes that populate their world. Assailed by such visions since birth, Cygors are all quite mad.

Thus, a Cygor will blunder indiscriminately through the material world, unable to catch the prey it so insatiably wants to devour. They hunger constantly, for they can scarcely perceive the prey other Minotaurs might hunt down and devour. While a Cygor will devour his prey with as much, if not more, greed than a Minotaur, the victim's body is a mere vessel for that which the Cygor truly craves – the soul.



Conversely, a Cygor can detect those possessed of magical powers from leagues away, for the souls of these individuals blaze with searing light, and the Cygor desires to consume such sweetmeats above all others. These gigantic, eldritch predators constantly hunt mages, warlocks, and witches, desperate to consume their flesh and thereby ingest the bright soul within.

Cygors are drawn to war by the twisted will of the Dark Gods, taunted by half-seen visions of light planted by the Chaos Powers or by the most powerful of the Bray-Shamans. They unwittingly do the will of the Dark Gods even though they are cursed to an eternity of pain, bitterness and insanity. On the field of battle they will seek out those wielding the powers of magic as a shark drawn to blood. They carry with them the rune-etched remnants of shattered waystones, temples and monoliths, for this is the only unifying material they can truly perceive. These boulder-sized missiles they hurl into the ranks of the foe so they can close with their prey unhindered.

The sheer size and ferocity of a Cygor is terrifying enough to mortal men, but those who know of their terrible hunger fear them above all. The mere presence of a Cygor is often enough to cause enemy wizards to foul the casting of their spells. To the mage a Cygor is unutterably fearsome, for he knows that of all the warriors on the field of battle it is him alone that the Cygor wants to catch up in its gnarled and calloused hands and lift them upwards to that hungry maw, his flesh it wants to tear apart, and his soul it must devour to slake its unending thirst.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cygor	7	2	1	6	5	5	3	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Immunity (Psychology), Magic Resistance (2), Stubborn.**

Ghostsight: When fighting enemy Wizards, models with any sort of magic item or magical attacks, Undead, or creatures with a Ward Save, the Cygor may re-roll any failed To Hit rolls.

Hurl Attack: A Cygor may make a shooting attack each turn as if it were a stone thrower, but there is no minimum range. It may move in the same turn it uses this ability, though it may not march. A Misfire will do a single wound to the Cygor.

Soul-eater: Enemy Wizards within 24" of one or more Cygors must take a Leadership test at the beginning of the Magic phase. If the test is failed, the Wizard has lost his nerve – any spell he fails to reach the attempted casting value of will result in a miscast.

"Shoot it down! For the sake of Sigmar, reload, reload!"

– *Last words of Gunnery Captain Udolf Herzelman*

JABBERSLYTHES

Jabberslythes are amongst the most ancient and foul of all the creatures of the deep forest. They are truly repugnant to look upon, having such grotesque and twisted features that even the clearest pools of water will not offer up their reflection. A sickening fusion of toad, sludge-drake, and many-limbed insect, the Jabberslythe encompasses all that is unwholesome and vile about nature and magnifies it a hundredfold.

Ungainly and clumsy creatures, Jabberslythes have mutated the better to catch agile prey such as the flittering spites that buzz around their lairs or the occasional Ungor who strays too close. They have a thick, sticky proboscis-like tongue that they can shoot out in the blink of an eye, capable of ensnaring and pulling a creature as large as a horse into the Jabberslythe's gaping mouth when it retracts.

The Jabberslythe is always hungry. Attracted to any noise or movement, the Jabberslythe lurks in the undergrowth of the deepest parts of the largest forests, immobile save for great hooded eyes that watch for the slightest twitch. Under their hooded eyes gleams a predatory intelligence, and in place of blood they have stinking, vitriolic bile that spurts out from the slightest wound in great gouts of hissing black fluid, burning anything it touches. Hiding from a jabberslythe is no defence. They have rudimentary wings that allow them short bursts of ungainly flight, their vorpal claws can slice through oak, and they are terribly persistent when prey is in sight. When victims are detected, the Jabberslythe bursts forth, the sight of such a hideous creature stunning its quarry into madness. It will then lollip towards them, scooping up the gibbering foe and devouring them to the sounds of their own manical noises – sounds that to human ears sound much like the laughter of madmen. Those that somehow cling to their sanity must face the Jabberslythe's vorpal claws and the fanged orifice that serves as the creature's mouth. When wounded the foul beast spurts not blood, but an acidic black fluid that burns any it touches – making fighting a Jabberslythe an even deadlier proposition.

But the most horrendous of all the Jabberslythe's weapons is its vile appearance. The Jabberslythe is a creature so unsightly, a monster so disturbing to look upon, that an aura of madness surrounds it. There is something so unearthly and unsettling about these beasts that even to set eyes upon one is to go immediately and permanently insane. To gaze at such a beast is to tempt fate – for many who do have their sanity ripped asunder. It is said that a Jabberslythe is so horrible to view, that even clear pools of water will not offer up a reflection. Those that look upon a Jabberslythe for too long find themselves clawing at their own eyes, crawling in tight circles, babbling nonsense rhymes in a gibberish tongue, shrieking with manic laughter, or even gutting themselves with their own weapons in their desperation to

"We heard it first. Wailing and mewling. Growling and fading. The trees bucked and cried and I thought they tried to pull up their roots and flee from what drew near. Would that we had been so wise.

We saw its approach through the darkened eaves, now crawling in the dirt, now flapping upwards, as if it could not decide if it was snake or sparrow. Then it came into the moonlight and we saw it true. Did we fight? I cannot say. All I recall is clotted fur and an embracing drool. Twisting limbs. Tearing rock. Rotting metal. Melting fingers. The stench of cadavers and burning honey. My eyes screamed, my tongue shook, my knees spewed. It ate my friends and drank my soul. It took my mind I know not where, for it is no longer here with me".

– Interview with sole survivor of Reikwald forest patrol (one hundred men), incarcerated in Frederheim Sanitorium.

escape the nightmarish vision that has seared itself into their brains, forever haunting them. These unfortunates are easy prey for the Jabberslythe, which will lumber towards its hapless victims with acidic drool spilling from the upturned corners of its fang-ridged maw.

The beating of the Beastmen's war drums often serves to draw Jabberslythes from their lairs, for they know that there will be rich pickings indeed at such times. The sounds of braying, shouting or even of celebration can be enough to bring a Jabberslythe the lollip and flapping from its lair, and they are always hungry. For their part, the Beastmen do their best to ignore the Jabberslythes, for even they are not immune to the madness of its curse. Yet even the least experienced Wargor will not drive a Jabberslythe away, for a gifted Bray-Shaman can ensure their erratic and ungainly flight takes them in the direction of the foe and not the warherd. The sight of a disciplined enemy battleline crumbling with terror and insanity as the Jabberslythe goes about its gory business is pleasing to the Beastmen indeed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jabberslythe	8	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Hover, Immunity (Psychology), Poisoned Attacks, Natural Armour (4+).

Aura of Madness: Each enemy unit within 12" of one or more Jabberslythes at the beginning of the Beastmen Magic phase must take a Leadership test. For every point by which a unit fails its test, it suffers a wound which Ignores Armour Saves. This has no effect on units with Immunity (Psychology).

Slythey Tongue: This is a shooting attack with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	5	Poisoned Attacks

Spurting Bile-blood: For every unsaved wound caused on a Jabberslythe in close combat, the attacking unit immediately suffers a randomised Strength 5 hit.



HAG TREES

The essence of Chaos permeates everything. From the portals at the poles it seeps into the Warhammer World, corrupting everything. Nothing and nobody is safe from its tainting touch: man and beast alike are twisted beyond recognition by the ruinous power. Leering faces appear in rock formations, chattering in ancient tongues and uttering unholy words, all the while the very soil convulses and erupts, spewing forth hordes of ravaging daemons. The taint of Chaos halts from nothing and even plants fall victim to its contagious power.

First signs of a manifesting corruption are traits of sentience as the mortal races know them. A wanderer might have the feeling that some of the trees are slowly turning towards him and that their branches are trying to grasp him, resembling bony, skeletal hands. These impressions are not unfounded, for through the touch of Chaos tainted trees gain a measure of sentience, being aware of their surroundings in a way that is new to them. The malicious energy now flowing through them drives them to grab every living being in their vicinity and to strangle the life out of it. Soon a dozen maws and faces will appear all over the trees now rotten and malformed bark, whispering and brambling incomprehensible words.

As the corruption increases the range of motion also does. No nearby being is safe from the ever-vigilant branches. Some of the victims will be fused with the tree itself, giving shape to a twisted abomination, the creatures' flesh and the tree's bark now fused together beyond recognition. Such mutant trees are aptly named Hag Trees, for the initial whispering and muttering has by now turned into a constant wail of bone-chilling curses. If not cut down and burnt to ashes, a Hag Tree will eventually uproot itself if saturated with enough Chaos energy. Roaming the forests for fresh prey, Hag Trees do not distinguish between a follower of Sigmar or a cloven-hoofed Gor. Each new victim is able to nourish the tree for decades to come, while some Hag Trees rely solely on the Winds of Chaos to sustain them.

It is not known if a Hag Tree willingly joins a Warherd for battle or it just happens to stumble into it. Whatever the truth might be, Hag Trees are a terrible sight to behold. They thrash around with flailing, branches and tentacles, while driving the enemy mad with dozens of mouths constantly screaming. There is no pattern or strategy behind their strikes and thrusts and anybody standing against a Hag Tree will be hard pressed to defend itself all the while trying to find a weak spot in its defenses. Some of its victims are not outright slain but devoured instead, causing previous gashes and cuts in the tree's bark to close and hacked off branches to regrow.

"And then, the Beastmen were upon us – breaking apart our cannons like they were matchwood. As you can imagine, we ran, lest the disgusting mass consumed us. Only Sigmar knows how we made it to safety, but some were not so nimble in their escape, and paid – screaming – with their lives."

- Martin Fortberg,
Chief Powderjack at the Imperial Gunnery School, Nuln

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hag Tree	5	3	0	5	6	5	2	*	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Forest Strider, Immunity (Psychology), Random Attacks (D6+2), Natural Armour (3+), Stubborn.

Constant Wailing: *The countless faces on a Hag Tree constantly scream and whimper, having devastating effects on the enemy's morale.*

Enemy units within 6" suffer -1 to their Leadership. This has no effect on units with the Immunity (Psychology) special rule.

Flailing Appendages: *A Hag Tree's crown and branches are in constant movement, trying to strike at and grab everything and everyone within their vicinity.*

A Hag Tree counts as having no Flanks or Rear for the purposes of Combat Resolution.

Regenerative Snacking: *A Hag Tree will grab some of its victims and stuff it into its many mouths and thus nourish itself for some time to come.*

For every model killed in close combat by the Hag Tree, roll a D6. On a 6, the Hag Tree regains one wound previously lost in battle.



MANTICORES

Manticores are ferocious beasts that dwell high in the mountains, usually far from the habitations of Humanity. Few have ever been seen in the Empire, which is doubtless a blessing, for they are voracious predators who constantly hunt not only for sustenance, but also for the pleasure of the kill.

Like many of the world's monsters, Manticores are born amid the swirling energies of the Chaos Wastes. Some still roam the changing lands, although most Manticores fly south to less ruinous climes. So it is that the northern mountain ranges of the world have become the hunting grounds for Manticores beyond counting.

Manticores have the body of a gigantic lion, larger than any of the predators of the mountains. They fly upon wings like those of a huge bat and have whip-like tails. A single strike of this poisoned spur can fell even the toughest warrior. They are adept and devastating fighters, attacking with raking claws and their long sharp teeth. Manticores are a Chaos breed, mutable and terrible with uncountable variations. The mutating power of Chaos ensures that no two Manticores are truly alike. Some have manes of writhing serpents, or have barbed tails like a scorpion's that bear bitter poison strong enough to boil a man's blood in his veins. Others are armoured in iron scales and covered in thorny projections that bleed ceaselessly. However, all Manticores are berserk killers saturated with primal fury and cunning fighters. They are swift to retreat to the relative safety of the air when a battle goes against them.



Manticores are the fiercest, most aggressive creature in the world, and will attack anything that they perceive as food or a threat. Even for creatures of Chaos, Manticores are particularly ferocious, possessed of an innate stubbornness that propels them to fight for their territory against even the most overpowering odds. Occasionally a Hydra, Chimera, Basilisk or other monstrous interloper will stray onto a Manticore's territory, with cataclysmic consequences. Manticore's response always the same; to launch itself roaring into a bloody and brutal conflict from which there can be but a single victor. The valleys and peaks echo to the roars and hisses of the battling monsters, causing avalanches and landslides. The two beasts rend skin and flesh, goring and biting each other with titanic ferocity. The fact that this victor is almost always the Manticore (providing the enemy isn't too much larger), having ripped the head bloodily from its foe, or stabbed it repeatedly with its poisoned tail, stands as harrowing testament to its savagery and determination. The Manticore will then drag the bloodied carcass of its defeated enemy back to its lair, to feast and restore its spent strength.

Oddly perhaps, for such a vicious and ill-tempered beast, the Manticore has become a common heraldic device in the Old World. This is not to say that a great many Manticores are encountered in the lands of Bretonnian, Tilea and Estalia – nor that a great many are slain there. Its prevalence upon shield and banner is merely an indication that many nobles, having heard tales of the beast's legendary battle-prowess and resolve, simply wish to be associated with it. That most such men would run screaming in terror should they encounter a real life Manticore is normally left unspoken. When the Beastmen go to war, the Manticore is often drawn out from its lair through the promise of slaughter, seeing it as an easy way to find prey to sate its hunger for many days to come.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Frenzy, Killing Blow.

UPGRADES:

Rending Fangs: The Manticore gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

Bloodrage: The Manticore gains the Hatred special rule.

Iron-hard Skin: The Manticore gains the Natural Armour (4+) special rule.

Venom Tail: The Manticore gains an additional Attack that has the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

CHAOS GIANTS

Giants are monstrous humanoids with boundless strength and a prodigious appetite for violence, flesh and alcohol. As strung and as tall as ten men, Giants are formidable creatures. The only thing they love more than drinking is killing, so Giants spend their time drinking and fighting, often both at the same rime. Loud, violent, and rather stupid, Giants are capable of destruction on a massive scale when the mood strikes them, smashing foes with fists and crude clubs and crushing them beneath their massive feet.

They are most often encountered in the far north of the world, being fond of cold, rocky dimes. However, some do make the deep forest their home, while others descend from lairs in the Worlds Edge or Middle Mountains to join bands of Beastmen. Those that live in the forest are a particularly vile example of their breed. Their skin is often covered in green and brown mould, fungus and moss, while their long beards are matted and tangled with ivy and creepers.

Giants do not make common cause with the warherds, rather they follow in their wake, joining in with the slaughter and slaking their hunger on cattle and their thirst on looted barrels of ale. Occasionally one of the forest-dwellers might be bound to the will of a shaman by way of his dark arts, and such a beast emerging from the trees, trailing rotting litter, swathed in twisting vines and stinking of rank, woodland decay is enough to fill the superstitious soldiers with heart-stopping horror.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.**

Fall Over: *Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local breweries, which isn't altogether uncommon.*

A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

- If it is beaten in close combat. Test once results are established but before taking a Break test.
- If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
- When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
- If the Giant decides to Jump Up and Down on an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Giant falls over roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Any unit within 4" of the direction the Giant falls suffer 2D6 Strength 6 Hits that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule, distributed as shooting from shooting, though no single models may suffer more than 1 Hit – any excess Hits are ignored. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish) a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground he stands up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn he stands up.

***Giant Special Attacks:** Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatter-brained to have any sort of coherent plan. To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim.

Man-sized Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Infantry, Cavalry, War Beasts or Swarms.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl
- 2 Jump Up and Down
- 3 Pick Up and...
- 4-6 Swing with Club

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, and Shrines with the Towering special rule.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl
- 2-4 Thump with Club
- 5-6 Eadbutt

Swing with Club: The Giant swings its club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant fights using the Random Attacks (2D6) this round.

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience, as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with it actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points or more (if both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw). This result has no effect against Animated Constructs.

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down its club on a single model from the target unit that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D3 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it recovers its weapon.

Eadbutt: The Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting D3 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then it is dazed and loses all of its following attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, it loses those attacks; if it has already attacked, then it loses the next round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before it starts, the Giant must test to determine if it falls over (see previous page). If it falls over, work out where it falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its none-too-nimble feet, the target unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits. Work out damage and saves as usual.

Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if it is able to, assuming that it did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same target until it falls over, the target is destroyed, or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Giant stoops down and grabs a single Character in base contact from the target unit (Giant player's choice). If no character is present in base contact, roll again on the Man-sized Things until you get another result. The Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 Stuff into Bag.** The Giant stuffs the victim into its bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is effectively removed as a casualty and can do nothing whilst in the bag, but if the Giant should be slain, any enemy trapped in its bag are freed at the end of the battle, and no longer counts as casualties.
- 2 Throw Back into Combat.** The victim is hurled into its own unit like a living missile. The victim suffers D3 Strength 6 Hits which Ignores Armour saves, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).
- 3 Hurl.** The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. The victim suffers D3 Strength 6 Hits which Ignores Armour saves, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits (save as normal). Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Giant's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 4 Squash.** This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.
- 5 Eat.** The Giant gobbles its victim up, swallowing it whole. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 6 Pick Another.** The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into its bag or under its shirt (or down its trousers if they're really unlucky). Treat the attack as if the Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result, above, and then choose another victim. Roll again on this table to see what the Giant does with it.

UPGRADES:

Mutant Monstrosity: If the Giant is a Mutant Monstrosity, it has been warped by the power of Chaos, perhaps sprouting extra arms, stone-like skin, multiple heads or any manner of strange mutations.

A Mutant Monstrosity has a Natural Armour (5+) save.

RAMHORNS

A Ramhorn is a gargantuan creature of Chaos, roaming the deepest depths of the Old World's ancient forests, always in search for something to quench its endless hunger. Its voracious appetite drives it to consume every being unfortunate enough to cross its path during bloody rampages, driven by unsaturated cravings for raw flesh - no matter whether it is rotten carrion, living, undead or mutated, everything is devoured.

"You may have felled the trees. You may have built a wall. But these are the blood-grounds of the Beastmen. They will not rest until your homes are ground beneath their hooves and your chewed flesh is rotting in their guts."

— Oskar Rittethof, Veteran Huntsman

It is believed that Ramhorn originally were Razorgors, the same way Ghorgons are a mutated kind of Minotaurs. As long as a Razorgor is not slain by some hero in battle or teared apart and eaten by another, horrible denizen of the Old World's forests, it continues to grow to titanic size, wolfing down everything it encounters. All elements of its undiscriminating diet contribute to a Razorgor's grotesque growth, both the Chaos tainted flesh from other Razorgors and Beastmen, as well as the swords, shields and armor parts of unfortunate Empire patrols. While its hideous hide hardens, massive horns sprout on its ugly head; vicious tusks emerge from gaping maws and razor-sharp spikes are protruding through gnarled skin. As a Razorgor grows into a Ramhorn, its already impressive appetite also increases and the initial hunger turns into a perpetual state of craving flesh, driving the creature into a frenzy on its unending search to quench its insatiable hunger.

Full grown Ramhorns are extremely hard to capture. Unlike a Razorgor, a Chieftain is not enough to subdue the creature to its will. Entire Warbands have perished in fights against a raging Ramhorn, trying not to kill it but instead break its primitive will. Since capturing a fully grown Ramhorn is almost impossible, there are two very distinctive ways for any Chieftain who craves one of these terrible beasts for himself. He either sets out to find and tame a Razorgor – as far as these brutes can be tamed. Upon the accomplishment of such an already difficult task he then tends to the creature with scraps of meat, unlucky Ungors and the flesh of his enemies. In due time the creature will grow into the coveted Ramhorn. Chieftains who lack the time and patience to raise their own beast of destruction may seek to employ the help of a Bray-Shaman to magically impose his will on the beast. This is not easily undertaken, for the frenzied mind of a Ramhorn is only focused on quelling its endless hunger and even for a Great Shaman it is demanding to penetrate the single-minded will of the beast.

A Warherd in the possession of a Ramhorn can count itself among the most powerful forces in the entire region. Its mere presence will ensure neighboring Warbands flogging to the Chieftains banner, further increasing his might – and also serving a secondary purpose. Keeping a

Ramhorn calm means to constantly supply it with fresh meat. This requires enormous amounts of it, and more often than not the leaders of a Warherd rely on the unending supply of Ungors and potential challengers to keep their Ramhorn complacent.

The Beastmen more than readily goad a Ramhorn into battle, for this means that it can feast upon the flesh of their hated enemies and apart from wreaking havoc among them this also is a temporary reprieve from the constant danger of ending as a tasty morsel for the Ramhorn. Hours before battle the Warherd adorns the beast with the shields and banners of their slain enemies, taunting them and raising their own battlelust. In battle, Bestigors and the Warherds Chieftain mount the Ramhorn and harass the enemy from the relative safety of the rampaging monsters back. Sometimes Shamans use the Ramhorn's titanic height to their advantage to get a better vantage point and hurl destructive spells across the battlefield. Temples are levelled and crenellated keeps brought crashing down by living mountains of muscle and horn, goaded into battle by the chanting Beastmen that are packed into crude howdahs upon their backs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ramhorn	8	3	0	6	6	6	1	5	6
Bestigor Crew	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Impact Hits (D6+2), Natural Armour (4+), Primal Fury (Bestigors only), Stubborn, Thunderous Charge (see Razorgors).

As the forests seethe with bestial life and growth, so too they are places of death and corruption. The dank forest floor harbours every conceivable variety of disease and bubbles with festering rankness. Even as the trees, animals and the Beastmen themselves die, so their corpses add to this fetid brew. By the power of the being Man names Nurgle, the Beastmen are enamoured of such foulness, for that which does not kill them makes them stronger.

There are those Beastmen that take great delight in carrying the vile plagues that simmer in the woods and spreading them across the lands of Men, hastening the day when all the works of mortals shall crumble and fall. They invade the domain of Athel Loren just to infect the trees with virulent sickness, making the Wood Elves' very homes poisonous to them.

These creatures are walking hives of pestilence, their rank bodies dripping with foul pus and surrounded by thick swarms of fat-bodied flies, their heavy, jagged weapons encrusted with infectious slime. Their forms are ravaged with decay, yet these Beastmen have become inured to pain and rot, their mortal bodies blessed by the unnatural resilience of Chaos.



GORTHOR THE CRUEL

Beastlord

Gorthor the Cruel was the greatest Beastlord ever to have lived. Over one thousand years ago, during the time of the Crusades, his warband ravaged the forests of the Empire and all but destroyed the provinces of Ostland and Hochland, and his name can still be found on some of the most ancient herdstones across the region. There have been many Beastlords who have united tribes into mighty warherds, but Gorthor was unique among his kind, for he possessed one thing that all others have lacked: he had vision, and the sheer animalistic will to sear it into the minds his followers.

Gorthor was convinced that the gods had selected him as their emissary, that he was destined to control the forests in their name. Though he had no true magical powers, he had something of the shaman about him, often falling into seizures or visited by nightmare visions of the future. Such was his fervour in battle, he would sometimes be surrounded by coronas of dark energy, which would protect him or strike out at his foes, a sure sign to other Beastmen that the gods truly favoured him. With great strength of arm and cunning, he fought his way through the ranks of Gors to become a chieftain, but his sheer intensity never left him, growing in strength to match his ever increasing power. Before long he had united all the tribes of the Middle Mountains under his banner, and most chieftains would have been satisfied with far less, but not Gorthor: his purpose was to destroy the entire world in the name of Chaos. He gathered forces and magical artefacts the like of which no Beastman had ever seen. He slew the Orc warlord, Gugrud Gutripes, and took the Greenskin's magic spear, Impaler. He challenged and killed Kerranarash the Doombull, claiming the Skull of Mugrar from the Minotaur's shrine. Ogres, Trolls, Giants, and even mighty Dragon Ogres all flocked to join his warherd, drawn by some unknown instinct the gathering power of Chaos in the heart of the Middle Mountains.

When Gorthor left the Middle Mountains it was at the head of the largest horde of beasts ever seen. Gorthor rode in a mighty chariot driven by his trusted retainer Bagrar, ensuring that all his followers could see him, and that he would be the first to shed the blood of the foe. Gorthor's own warherd thundered along beside him in chariots of their own pulled by all manner of vicious and unsightly monstrosities bound to Gorthor's will, and behind them swarmed a seething ocean of horns and hatred.

"Horn and hoof; power is there. Not feeble smoothskin, clumsy greenskin, wicked elf-swine. Gor is strong. Gor is true. Gor shall kill all, slay all for the gods!"

— Beastlord Gorthor

When Gorthor unleashed hell upon the Old World, the Empire was totally unprepared. Many knights and warriors were absent, fighting in the Crusades in Araby and Estalia, and as Gorthor's warherd surged out of the mountains, town after town was razed to the ground by the unstoppable horde. Rather than simply raiding the towns, Gorthor's purpose was total destruction, and his warband slaughtered every man, woman and child they found, save one from each town who would be spared to spread panic amongst neighbouring settlements.

Leaving Ostland devastated in his wake, Gorthor continued on his rampage into the smaller province of Hochland. It was well for the Empire that the state was ruled by Count Mikael, a man as ruthless as he was brave, unpopular with his people but prepared to do anything to stop the Beastlord. To public outrage the Count spent the time he had before Gorthor's arrival strengthening the defences of Hergig, Hochland's capital, rather than riding to the aid of the towns in the path of Gorthor's advance. By the time Gorthor's army reached the city, the defences were in place, a maze of walls, trenches and stakes stood between the horde and Hergig's gates. It took the Beastmen three weeks of bloody slaughter to break through the Count's ingenious defences, with the defenders raining arrows, boiling water, burning oil, rocks and flaming torches down on them at every step.



Frustrated by the resistance of the Men and their leader, Gorthor promised his warriors all of the spoils, asking nothing for himself but the head of the Count. The Beastmen doubled their efforts, and on the twentysecond day of the siege the gates of Hergig finally splintered under the Beastmen's rams. But still the Men fought on. Count Mikael forbade his archers from carrying quivers, ordering them to drive their arrows into the ground so that they would not give an inch to the Beastmen. He equipped the most able men with all of the available weapons and armour, sending the old and infirm to the front lines to delay and tire the enemy. He had the wives and children of his soldiers carry food and water to the front lines, ensuring that no thought of retreat entered the men's minds.

But the hordes of Gorthor were innumerable, and the defenders were cut down in droves. The Count's castle had been under siege for weeks when the battle finally turned. Freshly back from the Crusades, the recently-founded Knights of the Blazing Sun, having heard that Hergig was under attack, had ridden straight for the city and ploughed into the rear of the Chaos army, their lances and swords cutting a bloody path through the unprepared Beastmen. Count Mikael seized his chance. Leading his personal bodyguard, he burst forth from the castle and carved into the scattered warherd.

Gorthor realised he had to take action or all would be lost. Chanting wildly, magical energy lashing out in all directions, he hacked his way through the melee until he stood before Count Mikael, and with a roar engaged him in single combat. But Mikael possessed a magical amulet which protected him from Gorthor's halo of dark power, and the generals fought for nearly two hours, their magical weapons drawing blood at every stroke. Finally, the killing blow was struck: the Count's Runefang overcame the magic of Impaler, smashing the spear in two, and dealt the Beastlord a mortal blow. With the death of their general the horde fled to the forests with the Knights of the Blazing Sun in pursuit, though Count Mikael died of his horrific injuries barely minutes after his victory.

Gorthor's warherd had left a permanent scar on the north of the Empire. Millions of the cursed Men were killed and two entire provinces were brought to their knees. Hochland and Ostland were not fully rebuilt for decades, and though a thousand years have passed since his death, his name is still used to curse enemies and frighten wayward children. Even in times of peace the forests are regarded by the people with great fear and superstition. And amongst Beastmen, his memory remains. It is said that one day another Beastlord with the might and vision of Gorthor will emerge and once more the thrones of the world will tremble before the Children of Chaos.

Centuries after Gorthor's death the Middle Mountains are still home to some of the most savage tribes in all the land. No army of Man dare enter the range, so terrible is the legacy of Gorthor the Beastlord.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorthor	5	7	3	5	5	3	5	5	9
Bagrar	5	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

The Favoured of Chaos: Gorthor bears the *Mark of the Gods*. He is blessed by all four of the great powers of Chaos.

Gorthor must be the Army General. Gorthor, and any unit he joins, may re-roll failed Psychology and Break tests.

Bagrar the Tamer: Bagrar is Gorthor's loyal charioteer, expert at taming and driving the Tuskgors to full effect.

If Gorthor is mounted on a Chariot, he may re-roll all Fleeing and Pursuit distance rolls. If Gorthor is on foot, Bagrar is not included in the game.

Scion of the Dark Gods: Though Gorthor does not have the spiritual powers of a Beastmen Shaman, he has an indestructible belief in the Chaos gods. He often suffers from vivid dreams and nightmares that his Shamans interprets as visions granted from the gods. Even in the heat of battle he sometimes becomes enshrouded in dark magic energy as he chants indecipherable mantras to the gods, and seemingly without his control this can lash out to smite or confound his enemies. For other Beastmen there is no surer sign that Gorthor is truly beloved of the Chaos gods.

At the start of each friendly Magic phase, randomly generate a spell from the Lore of Death. Gorthor may use this spell during this Magic phase as a Bound Spell, with a Power Level equal to half the casting value of the spell, rounding up. Gorthor may not exchange the result for the first spell from the same lore, as a Wizard normally could.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Impaler (Magic Weapon)

Impaler is a monstrous spear, with brutal barbs placed on iron rings along its entire length. It skewers Gorthor's foes through and through, and when pulled free, it rends flesh and gouges bone, mangling its victim beyond recognition.

Spear. The Impaler gives Gorthor the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If Gorthor rolls any doubles or triples of successful rolls To Hit, these attacks automatically Wound.

Skull of Mugrar (Enchanted Item)

Mounted upon Gorthor's chariot is the skull of the Lord of Minotaurs, Mugrar. The magic of the skull ensures the chariot strikes with a thunderous momentum, and it is enchanted with a powerful spell that curses those who would attack its carrier.

Chariot only. When rolling for the chariot's impact hits, the Skull of Mugrar allows an extra dice to be rolled, and the highest result to be chosen. In addition, it gives Gorthor the Immunity (Multiple Wounds) special rule.

Cloak of the Beastlord (Talisman)

Alone amongst Beastmen, Gorthor does not fear the curse on slaying a Bray-Shaman for he knows that his favour amongst the gods is greater even than theirs. Made from the hides of those shamans he killed on his ride to power, the Cloak of the Beastlord gives Gorthor the power of iron command over his hordes.

The Cloak gives Gorthor a Ward save equal to the Strength of the attack that hit him. For example, a Strength 3 hit would grant a Ward save (3+), a Strength 5 hit would grant a Ward save (5+), etc. Against Attacks that do not have a Strength value, it provides a Ward Save (6+). In addition, his Inspiring Presence rule is increased to 18".

KHAZRACK

The One-eye

Possessing a ruthless cunning far above that of his bestial kin, Khazrak the One-eye is the most dangerous and powerful Beastlord of the Drakwald. It is he who has plagued the castles and towns of the region for several years, attacking without warning and then slipping away into the shadows, leaving no trail to follow.

Though he has now far surpassed his former chieftain in strength and skill, it was from Beastlord Graktar that the young Khazrak learned the ways of Beastmen warfare. Following Graktar on innumerable raids, he learned how to quell the unruly spirit of the herd and devise simple but effective battle plans. He watched and listened as he participated in attacks on caravans and raids on isolated settlements. All the while, Khazrak dreamed of one day usurping power from Graktar and taking control of the warherd himself. Yet Khazrak is unlike most Beastmen, with a patient and thoughtful mind at odds with the normal headstrong nature of his kind. He bided his time, watching as more foolhardy challengers were crushed beneath Graktar's hooves, or ripped apart on his horns, and he studied his leader's fighting style and waited for the right moment.

It was after an ambush on a Human caravan during which Graktar was wounded, that Khazrak made his move. Noticing that Graktar was bleeding heavily, Khazrak



challenged him for leadership and, after a lengthy fight, tore off one of his foe's horns with his bare hands. Rather than kill Graktar, Khazrak banished him from the warband – the one-horned Graktar was laughed out of the brayherd and never seen again, though rumour has it that he still lives and yearns for the day when he can avenge his defeat. Khazrak keeps Graktar's horn as a trophy, and the resounding note it sounds when blown has often been the signal that dooms unwary travellers.

Since then, Khazrak's warband has roamed the Drakwald Forest terrorising Human settlements and travellers, and never before has a Beastmen leader proven so elusive for hunting parties. Khazrak has a unique ability to control and harness the unruly spirit of the herd and devise simple but effective battle plans. Khazrak's warband roams the Drakwald terrorising the townships and roads, and never before has a Beastman leader proven so elusive to retribution. No one is spared in Khazrak's attacks, his superbly trained Warhounds chasing down the few who manage to escape the warherd itself.

On the rare occasions that he is discovered, Khazrak has always defeated his pursuers, be they state troops, White Wolf Templars, or mercenaries out to collect the massive bounty offered for proof of Khazrak's death. On several occasions the Elector Count Boris Todbringer of Middenheim has led the hunt, and once trapped Khazrak near the village of Elsterweld. Khazrak lost his eye to the Man's Runefang in the ensuing battle, but was saved from death when the fierce varhound Redmaw, attacked the Count's horse, allowing Khazrak to escape. Khazrak's eye has never fully healed, and continually weeps blood and pus.

Such a handicap would usually prove fatal in the brutal culture of the Beastmen but Khazrak's wound actually made him all the more fierce and careful, and he vowed to take his revenge. For many months he plotted and schemed, and then only when the perfect opportunity presented itself did he put his plan into action. With a series of daring ambushes, he lured the Count and his army towards Norderingen. Doubling back overnight, Khazrak and his warband waited for Todbringer and his force to start breaking camp just outside the village, and then attacked. Khazrak fought his way through the

As the battle raged around him, Johann Gensher, Knight of the White Wolf, spied the infamous Khazrak the One-Eye in the middle of the Chaos Hound pack. His head filled with the vision of the Count's reward as he rushed forward, his warhammer aloft, ready to strike the Beastman down. But Khazrak ducked under his wild swing and grasped the harness of Johann's warhorse. In a show of unrivalled power Khazrak hoisted the horse above his head, and threw it to the ground. As the Knight struggled to his feet, the great barbed whip of Khazrak curled around his neck and ripped it open, leaving behind only red ruin.

soldiers of Middenheim to confront the Elector. He threw him from his horse, pinned him to the ground, and with slow deliberation, gouged out one of his eyes with the tip of a horn. Just as with Craktar, Khazrak allowed his foe to live, and some believe that he actually enjoys matching his wits against Todbringer, seeing it as a challenge to his skills.

The Elector has since increased the bounty for Khazrak's death to ten thousand gold crowns. He almost caught Khazrak again a few months later, but the Beastlord slipped away. However, Count Todbringer made a point of slaying the hound Redmaw and hanging its remains up on the walls of Middenheim, and Khazrak is now devising a way to repay this affront to his pride.

Even the massive reward offered by the Count has not improved his hunters' fortunes, and those few bounty killers who return from the Drakwald always do so empty-handed. Khazrak remains a dire threat to the entire north of the Empire, and his raids are covering a wider area with each passing year, as more and more towns and villages fall victim to his elaborate and devastating ambushes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Khazrak	5	7	1	5	5	3	5	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

Bestial Cunning: *Khazrak is the most cunning Beastman to have lived, and his warband is highly experienced at carrying out his ambush plans.*

All units using the Ambushers special rule in the same army as Khazrak may choose to re-roll the dice to see when they enter play.

Packmaster: *Khazrak is an expert at raising Warhounds of Chaos, and his hounds are far more dependable than those of inferior trainers.*

All Warhounds in an army led by Khazrak have Ld6 and the Ambushers special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Scourge (Magic Weapon)

Scourge is a lethal whip, wrapped in the bitter curses of many generations of Bray-Shamans. Its cruel barbs lash out in wide arcs and can tear out great chunks of flesh, causing the victim tremendous agony.

Additional hand weapon. Each enemy model in base contact with Khazrak gives him an additional Attack. This has no effect in a challenge.

The Dark Mail (Magic Armour)

This suit of chainmail was forged in the distant past by an unknown smith, but its creator must surely have bad connections with the Dark Powers, for it has the ability to counter the fanciful enchantments and magics of enemy weapons.

The Dark Mail confers a 2+ armour save. In addition, it negates the power of any magic or runic weapons carried by models in base contact – treat them as ordinary non-magical weapons of their type.

The great green orb of Monslieb hung low in the firmament like the belly of a pregnant hag. Beneath its lambent and eerie glow, a small force of warriors waited nervously for dawn. The three-hundred strong Wissenbeich Svartzhelms shuffled and stamped to keep out the chill of the early morning frost. Their proud banners hung limply and their breath fogged in the still damp air. Eyes darted across the mist-shrouded eaves of the haunted forest ahead. Ever since the moon had risen, all manner of disturbing noises had been emanating from the treeline.

The Beasts were abroad that night. Less than an hour ago the soldiers of Wissenbeich had tracked a band of unruly. Half-drunk Beastmen to this point. The Svartzhelms, veteran Halberdiers all, were more than capable of dealing with sporadic groups of Beastmen raiders should it come to it.

Captain Heinrig slugged back a mouthful of cheap Estalian port from a wineskin. He could see a glow upon the horizon, not the glow of a burning township this time, but the slow onset of dawn. He signalled his herald to approach, giving the order to advance so they could finish the hunt.

A horn sounded, but it was brash, deep and alien, like nothing fashioned by human hands. A moment passed. Then the Beastman army came out of the mists. It was a vision of a nightmare made real and set free upon the world. Brayin, bellowing, screaming, the Cloven Ones poured from the forests and kept on coming: a gnashing, seething mass of muscle, hair and pure, unadulterated hatred. They were almost clambering over each other in their haste to rend and tear and gorge. In their midst marched extravagantly horned beast-things, war-chanting as they brandished totems made of stolen skin. Moonlight glinted from jagged blade and murderous eye as the horned savages came on and on. Leading the warherd were armoured champions and sorcerous, primitive shamans, fell magicks driving their warriors to even greater heights of fury.

A great roar went up from a thousand ragged throats as a gigantic four-armed fiend smashed its way through the forest towards them, all gaping mouths and great grasping hands. As if in answer to the call, a terrifying bellow came from the west. Bursting from the treeline came a dozen hulking Minotaurs, living juggernauts of dense flesh, snorting and champing with bloodlust as they charged headlong towards the Wissenbeich ranks with the unstoppable momentum of a Steam Tank. In their wake came even more grotesque monsters, as much hellspawn as creatures of the forest, shrieking in dim-wined rage. The ground shook to the thunder of countless hooves as the army of beasts closed in from all sides.

The Wissenbeich veterans stood agape, their guts turning to ice. Captain Heinrig glanced at the path that led back to the town walls, and saw yet more of the unclean brutes blocking their retreat. There was no escape. The Beast-horde opened its jaws and roared.

MORGHUR

The Shadowgave, Master of Skulls

Born almost three centuries ago, the creature known as Morghur was far from a human child. With tooth and horn, he ripped his mother apart in his gory entrance to the world, while her features mutated horribly. Her distraught husband reached forwards to strangle the twisted abomination, yet as his hands touched the foul creature. His body also was wracked with hideous mutation.

Days later, when a group of travelling players arrived at the small community on the outskirts of the dark Forest of Arden, they found it in absolute chaos. Recorded in the tragic Bretonnian poem 'Requiem', it is said that men crawled around in the mud like animals, their hands turned to hooves and limbs twisted and rearranged. The livestock walked around on hind legs, speaking in unfathomable tongues as they devoured each other.

In the following decades, a shadow touched the Forest of Arden. At its rotting heart, the trees contorted and twisted. It is said that their cries of anguish can be heard on the wind, and their skeletal-like limbs scratch and lash out at any who intrude into their mournful world. Parents scare their misbehaving young with tales of a mad creature that shambles tirelessly through the trees at night, turning harmless animals into rabid killers and torturing the trees, forcing them against their will to invade the lands of men and steal naughty children from their beds. Little do they know how true the tales are.

Having crawled into the forest as a misshapen and deadly babe, Morghur lives deep within a cave, hidden in one of the darkest groves. The dank stone walls of his cave flow like water in his presence, constantly reforming to mirror the dark visions that plague him. At all times, Morghur's mind is filled with images of destruction, fire and desolation. Burning hatred simmers within his heart, and he is consumed with the desire to make his waking-dreams become reality - to rip down civilisation in all its forms, to shatter order wherever it is found and to change the world constantly and randomly. As he walks the forest, everything in his presence is irrevocably changed. Grass turns black and grows in strange patterns beneath his hooves, streams begin to flow backwards and animals mutate horribly.

Beastmen revere Morghur, believing that his spirit walked the world before the birth of their race: the incarnation of disorder and chaotic. They set out from thousands of miles away to stand in his presence, drawn to him by urges they do not question: a tainted pilgrimage that often destroys them. Only the strongest-willed survive such an encounter, though their minds are usually shattered and plagued by visions ever after. The bodies of most are wracked by fatal change. Those few that do live on with minds intact return to their warherds where they are regarded with awe and respect, and invariably rise to become powerful Wargors and Beastlords.

The Shamans claim that if the physical body of Morghur is cut down, his spirit is reborn elsewhere. Indeed,

creatures of similar description have been recorded all across the known world, and darkness and taint has always followed in his wake. The Elves know this being as Cyanathair, the Corrupter, and amongst the Dwarfs he is the Cor-Dum.

Legends of the Empire claim that in ages long past this being made the Drakwald Forest the dark and twisted place it is today, where Morghur was known as the Shadow-Gave. Nevertheless, the only one to perhaps understand the true horror and revulsion that is Morghur is Ariel of the Wood Elves. It is she alone who truly perceives the black and expansive essence of Morghur, too powerful a spirit to be contained in a single physical form. A silent, unseen war rages in the dark forests between the Wood Elves and the Beastmen. As Ariel seeks a way to destroy Morghur forever, while with every passing year ever more Beastmen are drawn to his distorted realm.

Morghur shuffles insanely through the dark forests of the Old World with his collection of skulls, sometimes lurching quickly into a hobbling run, other times wandering aimlessly in circles. Morghur's twisted, cunning mind is filled with images of ruination and flame, as the world of order and progress is ripped asunder and destroyed utterly. He strives to make his visions become reality, and has a deep ingrained hatred of civilisation and all things ordered.



Morghur	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	5	6	3	4	5	3	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Primal Fury, Random Movement (2D6), Unbreakable.

The Hordes of Morghur: When Morghur rouses himself to fight, his rage and hatred spreads like a cancer through the forest, attracting other Beastmen to his side. His disruptive presence makes the Beastmen even more unruly than normal, and he revels in the chaos he spreads.

A Beastmen army containing Morghur must re-roll all successful Unruly tests.

The Beast-Roar: Morghur is able to emit a piercing, unearthly and warping roar that resounds through the forests, drawing the Beastmen to his call.

All friendly Beastmen models within 12" of Morghur may re-roll failed Rally Tests.

The Taint: Morghur's mere presence warps and tortures the land around him. Trees contort and writhe when he is near, and faces push out of the twisted limbs and trunks, opening their mouths in silent screams of anguish.

If Morghur is within 12" of a forest, all enemy units even partially within that forest suffer -1 to their Leadership.

Aura of Transmutation: Morghur's mutating spirit leaks out from him, changing the world around him. Bolts and arrows fired at him turn into birds, bats or frogs, spells into showers of warm blood, and cannonballs into puffs of smoke, while an enemy soldier might be transformed into a twisting mass of tentacles, a puddle of black jelly, or a pile of fish.

Morghur cannot be harmed in any way by missile attacks or spells, unless the model which is the source of the attack is within 12" of him. Furthermore, at the beginning of each round of close combat, all enemy models in base contact take a Strength 3 hit with no armour save allowed.

Spirit-essence of Chaos: Everywhere Morghur travels, there follows a tide of Chaos. Morghur's expansive spirit is too large to be contained within physical form, and it affects all but the most strong-willed of living things. Beastmen mutate into vile, twisted new shapes, turning to follow Morghur in his cavalcade of unreason. The creatures are mutated horribly, their skin splitting open as their bones and muscles grow in random fashion, often merging two or more beings into a single, horrific new Spawn.

At the beginning of your Magic phase, all units within 8" of Morghur must pass a Leadership test or suffer D6 Strength 4 Hits which Ignores Armour Saves. If one or more Wounds are inflicted, you may place a Chaos Spawn within 3" of the spot vacated, provided there is space, and you have the appropriate model available. When the Spawn appears it must be placed more than 1" away from other models.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Skull-Weave (Enchanted Item)

The skulls woven into Morghur's hair and horns gibber and screech constantly. While this is regarded with awe and respectful fear by the Beastmen, it evokes terror and mind-numbing horror in all others who encounter Morghur, often sending them insane, condemned to bear the horrific chatter for the rest of their lives.

Morghur causes Terror. Any model attempting to attack Morghur in close combat suffers -1 to Hit.

Bray-Staff of Morghur & the Stones of the Skull Cave (Arcane Item)

The twisted braystaff of Morghur is a potent talisman of Chaotic power when combined with the power of the Stones of the Skull Cave, and it writhes constantly as if a living thing. These two items together make the winds of Chaos ever more unstable and dangerous, and can turn the deadly winds against those attempting to manipulate its powerful essence.

If any Wizard (friend or foe) within 12" of Morghur rolls a 6 when rolling on the Mischief table, then the unfortunate Wizard is instantly turned into a Chaos Spawn under the control of the Beastmen player, and the rolled result on the Mischief table is ignored. The Spawn has as many wounds as the Wizard did when he Mischief. If you do not have a Spawn model to replace the Wizard then he simply counts as slain. If the Wizard is within an enemy unit, follow the same rules described under the Spirit-Essence of Chaos, above. This newly created unit does not award Victory points. In addition, Morghur generates two Dispel dice to be added to the Beastmen player's Dispel dice pool.



MALAGOR, THE DARK OMEN

Crowfather, Despoiler of the Sacred, Harbinger of Disaster

On the coldest and most desolate mornings, the citizens of the Old World creep out of their snow-shrouded dwellings to see mysterious cloven footprints that walk up to their doors, atop their buildings, and even through the walls of their homesteads. Omens of disaster crop up everywhere; milk turns to blood, calves are born with two heads, and the clouds above form homed and leering skulls. On days such as these there rises a great wailing, for these are the signs of Malagor himself, and where the Crowfather treads, utter mayhem and destruction is not far behind.

"Tear down their totems, befoul their colours! Kill the kings and burn the priests! Into the mud with them, break their skulls and eat their hearts!"

— *Malagor, the Dark Omen*

The Beastmen believe that Malagor is the doom of Mankind personified. He is a figure of nightmare across the entire Great Forest, revered by the Beastmen but feared above all by superstitious men. To man, Malagor is a harbinger of the downfall of all they hold dear. Vilified by the cult of Sigmar as the epitome of sin due to his many blasphemies, a sighting of Malagor is the most terrifying portent of all. He is the winged fiend that will rise from the benighted forests and challenge the gods of Man. He is the devil rendered in woodcut in ancient tomes kept under lock and key lest the terrible secrets within blast the sanity of any who read them.



From the moment of his birth, it was obvious that Malagor was blessed by the Dark Gods, for he was possessed of a pair of feathered pinions as black as the night. Though Malagor is a Bray-Shaman, he does not reserve his counsel to any single chieftain. Instead, his whisperings steer the course of the entire Beastman race, visiting the herdstones and Chaos shrines across the Great Forest and enacting rituals so blasphemous that even the other Bray-Shamans dare not voice them. When the Beastmen rise up and invade the lands of Men with Malagor at their head, the temples are torn down and put to flame. Malagor desires nothing less than to cast down the human gods and goddesses, to slaughter their priests and priestesses upon their own altars, to devour their flesh and drink their blood in vile mockery of their most holy sacraments.

To the enemies of the Beastmen, the sight of Malagor swooping from the smoke-wreathed skies amongst countless thousands of carrion birds is a portent of terrible and immediate disaster. The presence of Malagor has caused stout defenders to abandon otherwise impregnable walls and the mightiest of warriors to fall to their knees in the mud in abject defeat.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Malagor	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Malagor is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Fly, Primal Fury.

Something Wicked This Way Comes: Enemy units within 6" of Malagor may not use their General's Inspiring Presence special rule.

Unholy Power: Malagor has a dread agenda given unto him by the Dark Gods themselves, and every spell Malagor casts brings his unholy mission that much closer to fruition. For every spell Malagor casts that is not dispelled he gets a cumulative +1 on subsequent casting attempts for the rest of the Magic phase.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Icons of Vilification (Enchanted Item)

Malagor bears all manner of symbols of blasphemy, from the broken bodies of Warrior Priests to soiled scraps of Mankind's most holy texts. These icons inspire Malagor's followers to ever greater acts of desecration.

All friendly units within 6" of Malagor may re-roll failed Primal Fury tests.

Their walls will fall. Their faith will fail. Their flesh will tear.

— *Malagor, the Dark Omen*

TAUROX, THE BRASS BULL

Slaughterhorn, Bloodbeast, The Brazen One

Taurox the Brass Bull is an unstoppable force; a roaring, snorting engine of destruction virtually impervious to physical harm. Cast in the form of a grotesquely muscled Doombull, Taurox looms over his followers, a mountain of living brass with curving, bladed horns and a gnashing metal maw that constantly drools with gore.

The Brass Bull was not always a metallic monstrosity. Once a fearsome chieftain of the Minotaur tribes, Taurox enforced his brutal will upon the lesser beasts of the forest by felling any creature who dared meet his stern gaze and then devouring them alive. The Brass Bull was merciless beyond measure, and the ground at his feet was ever wet with the freshly spilled blood of friend and foe alike.

So it was that one night an emissary of the fell powers crawled into the mortal realm from the devastated remains of one of Taurox's rivals. The hell-borne nightmare was sinewy and crimson-skinned, coiled with unholy energy, and it met Taurox's gaze with its hollow black eyes. This proved to be a costly mistake. Before it could utter a single syllable in its dark tongue, Taurox grabbed it by its wattled throat and bit off its head. There was a moment's silence, then a violent thrashing as Taurox spasmed and shook, seized by a vision of a world awash with blood and afloat with corpses. Taurox roared and screamed, biting and clawing at himself in his convulsions before taking up his axes and slaying every one of his tribe one by one.

But he did not stop there. For a year and a day, Taurox raged across the lands in a blind rampage, killing every living thing he could find. Tribes of Beastmen, covens of witches, nomadic Strigany caravans, mercenary Ogres, Empire patrols, proud knights, two-headed Giants, all fell to Taurox's boundless wrath. When he came upon the vale of Lietberg he killed so many citizens that a river of blood was born at his feet. Exhausted, Taurox collapsed in the crimson stream, and he would have died then and there, for his energies were completely spent. But the dark ones had uses for him still.

Under a scarlet moon, Taurox was reborn. He rose up and bellowed his defiance, blood cascading from his now-brazen frame, for the gods had rewarded his fell deeds with a body of shining metal. No more would he tire, no more would he have a moment's respite from the rage that consumed him. Taurox drank deep of the gory river he had made, and the blood sluiced and boiled inside his brass body, giving him unholy vitality. Clashing his rune-enscribed axes together in savage pride, Taurox set off once more and began the slaughter anew. This time he did not stop, and the Brass Bull will not stop until he is somehow put in the grave once and for all.

"All around me, they are talking, whispering. Put out their eyes, pluck out their filthy tongues, still they talk, always taunting. Braying in the fields, they plot, they approach in the night, drawing always nearer. They come!"

— Ravings of 'Mad' Schwalz, the idiot of Sternburg

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Taurox	6	6	3	6	6	5	5	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Bloodgreed, Frenzy, Impact Hits (D3+1), Slaughterer's Call.**

Brass Body: *Taurox is a towering beast of impossibly hard metal skin. But his transformation was imperfect, because to spite a Daemon always carries consequence. Upon the throat of the Brass Bull is an area of flesh that may yield to a sword-thrust both bold and true.*

Taurox has a 1+ armour save. However, if an attack rolls a '6' To Hit and then a '6' To Wound then Taurox will be slain outright if he fails his saving throw.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Rune-tortured Axes (Magic Weapon)
The runes on Taurox's axes burn with dire sorcery.

Two hand weapons. Attacks with these weapons have the Ignore Armour Saves and Flaming Attacks special rules.



GHORROS WARHOOF

Sire of a Thousand Young

Ghorros Warhoof is a gnarled, ancient Centigor who is forever fighting, rutting or getting drunk. His unnaturally long life has spanned many centuries and he has slaughtered his way through countless wars without succumbing to his injuries. Not a single minute of his impressive lifespan has been spent idle, for the Warhoof is possessed of an unholy vitality, a virile and boundless energy that is matched only by the depths of his carnal urges. Amongst the strongest of these is a lust for violence and battle. It is a rare moon indeed that does not see Ghorros go to war.



It is commonly said that Ghorros Warhoof is the father of a thousand young, and yet that still does not do his exploits justice. A menagerie of twisted terrors that cover the Old World from one end to the other share his bloodline. Ghorros frequently boasts about his adventures; indeed it is very difficult to get him to stop. Amongst his many claims is the fathering of the entire Centigor race. He maintains that every one of that mismatched and drunken clan can be traced back to his lineage. Few have the nerve to gainsay him, for in his cups the Warhoof has a terrible and violent temper, and he is rarely sober.



None can deny that Ghorros has a very great number of Centigor sons and acolytes, all fanatically devoted to their gnarled but undeniably potent leader. He gallops into battle surrounded by the largest and most fearsome of his four-legged progeny, and every one of them would readily give their lives for the sake of their infamous sire.

But it is not just Centigor that owe a familial debt to Ghorros, for he is anything but discerning. Amongst his hordes come all manner of nameless beasts and halfbreeds, and regardless of their size, barbarism or ferocity, they all pay respect to the Warhoof when he is nearby. An army blessed by the leadership of the Warhoof is strong indeed, for his presence unites the disparate creatures of the dark woods on a deep and primal level.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorros	8	5	3	5	4	2	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Drunken, Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

The Sons of Ghorros: Ghorros must be deployed with a unit of Centigors, and may not leave it. His Centigor unit is comprised of his most able sons and has +1 Weapon Skill. Such is his kin's devotion that Ghorros can always use the 'Look Out, Sir!' rule, provided there is at least one other Centigor in his unit still alive.

Father of Beasts: Almost every tribe or warband in the shadow of the Middle Mountains contains a few dozen of Ghorros' many thousand relatives, and he is something of a legend amongst his people.

Should Ghorros be killed, all Beastmen units in the army receive a +1 bonus to their Leadership when taking Primal Fury tests.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Mansmasher (Magic Weapon)

In battle Ghorros wields a great spiked club, every bit as blunt and unsubtle as its owner. Though crude, the Mansmasher bears the blessings of dozens of Bray-Shamans, and it has been soaked in the blood of ancient dynasties.

The Mansmasher gives Ghorros the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Skull of the Unicorn Lord (Talisman)

Atop his scalp Ghorros wears the broken skull of Arsil, the Prince of Unicorns, who had an unfortunate encounter with Ghorros in a moonlit glade many centuries ago. It still harbours some of the protective magic of its former owner.

The Skull gives Ghorros Magic Resistance (2). However, such is their desire to avenge the Unicorn Lord that all units in Warhammer: Wood Elves have the Hatred special rule against Ghorros and his unit.

MOLOKH SLUGTONGUE

The Famine-Fiend, the Barren One, Lord of the Black Harvest

The repulsive creature known as Molokh Slugtongue is anathema to cultivated life and natural harmony. Everything Mankind does to harness nature, every act of order intended to trammel the chaos of the wild, can be undone by a single gesture from Slugtongue's blackened claw. Slugtongue is the cold talon of winter incarnate, and famine follows in his wake.

Stalking across the lands of Man like a black, hobbled crow, Slugtongue turns the most fecund and fertile valleys into barren and freezing wastes crawling with poisonous vermin. At first glance, Slugtongue could be mistaken for a death-devil, for his head is little more than a leering, bovine skull and his emaciated body is covered with liver-spots and coarse, white hair. Yet on closer inspection Slugtongue teems with life, albeit of the basest kind – he is host to colonies of fat black lice, hopping fleas, bloated tics, wriggling worms and stinkbodied cockroaches that infest every dank crevice of his wretched frame. Centipedes crawl from his empty eye sockets and slugs spill from gaps in his rotten teeth when Slugtongue croaks his pronouncements of slow but inevitable doom. Worse still, he is surrounded by an aura of numbing cold, his stinking breath coalescing in ever more disturbing shapes and his tattered robes hung with jagged icicles of filthy and unimaginable fluid.



As repugnant as Slugtongue is at first-hand, the signs of his passing are just as disturbing. With a single whispered phrase, he can unleash the power of blight upon the land and those that defend it. Ravenous living hurricanes of skull-headed locusts whip and tear across the crop-fields, reducing them to shocking ruin in seconds. Rivers of virgin meltwater turn to bile at the sound of his gurgling, phlegm-choked laughter. With a single word, the skies fill with writhing clouds of transparent maggots that rain down into freshwater lakes like a living hail. Storehouses full of golden corn and sheafs of barley are opened to reveal nothing more than rotting black sludge, and barrels of fine ale yield nothing more than a thick gruel of infected spittle.

Each of these vile transformations is pleasing to Slugtongue, for he knows that those on the brink of starvation are soon driven to acts of foolhardiness. It is not long before those living under the dark blight of his presence marshal their armies in their desperate need to lift the curse that ravages their lands. But those who follow Slugtongue are ready for them, knowing full well that war follows famine as surely as winter follows autumn. When the armies of the starving and frightened march to confront Slugtongue they are met by hordes of well-fed, hot-tempered and battle-ready Beastmen who descend upon them from every direction. It is not long before these bestial armies are hacking apart and trampling the weakened fools that dare stand against Slugtongue's curse, whilst mocking laughter drifts upon the rot-scented winds.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slugtongue	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Slugtongue is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Primal Fury, Regeneration (4+).

Curse of the Famine-fiend: *Not even magical creatures can escape the veil of famine that Slugtongue draws across the land.*

Immediately after deployment, each enemy unit within 36" of Slugtongue must roll once on the table below.

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1 | No effect: The unit resists Slugtongue's blight. |
| 2-5 | Crippling weakness: The unit suffers D3 wounds which Ignores Armour saves. |
| 6 | Starvation, body and soul: The unit suffers D6 wounds which Ignores Armour saves. |

MOONCLAW, SON OF MORRSLIEB

The Lunatic Prince, Child of the Gravid Orb

The creature known as Moonclaw was not born of mortal creatures, but instead hurled from the pale belly of Morrslieb when it was at its most bloated. Though at first glance he could be mistaken for a particularly hideous Beastman, Moonclaw is not of this world. For Moonclaw is utterly and irrevocably insane, his actions as random as they are lethal.

Upon the Geheimnisnacht when Moonclaw came unto the world, Morrslieb hung low and full in the firmament like the belly of a pregnant hag. The forests resounded to the orgiastic feasting of the Beastmen tribes. At the stroke of the witching hour, a blazing, horned comet seared across the skies. It briefly traced a green scar across the heavens before hammering through the clouds and slamming into the sacred grove at the base of the Barren Hills. A wave of green-black force flattened the forest for miles around. Nothing survived the disastrous impact save Moonclaw himself, who stepped steaming from the cracked remains of an egg-shaped lump of purest warpstone, his glistening fur slicked to his body by nameless fluids. Thus did Moonclaw step from the wyrdling substance of his lunar mother into the Old World.



Since that day Moonclaw has wandered the lands in a daze, speaking glottal syllables in a backwards tongue. His glowing, goat-slit eyes seem to see into another realm, and his erratic gestures leave doppelganger traces in the air. Wherever the Beastmen witness the lambent green-black flames that lick around Moonclaw they fall to their knees in worship.

When Morrslieb is nearest the earth, Moonclaw's power waxes full. It is then that Moonclaw summons the strange two-headed beast, Umbralok, that serves as his steed, and rides at the head of a great army. On these nights he seeks out the waystones that dot the Old World, edifices older than the race of man. Moonclaw desires nothing so much as to see these flung down and defiled so that the dark power they stem may flow out into the world. So it is that Moonclaw leads his followers against the civilised races, his twisted and mutated form crackling with barely contained power atop his fiendish steed. Few can tolerate the wave of madness that precedes Moonclaw on these most eldritch of nights, let alone stand resolute when jagged shards of lunar rock hurtle out of the skies to annihilate any who earn Moonclaw's displeasure.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Moonclaw	5	3	3	4	4	2	3	3	7
Umbralok	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Moonclaw is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Shadow or Lore of the Wild.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Magic Resistance (2), Primal Fury, Ward save (5+).

Wave of Insanity: Every enemy unit within 12" of Moonclaw must take a Stupidity test at the start of their turn.

Unholy Zenith: At the beginning of the game, secretly roll a D3 and record the number. In the turn that corresponds to this number, Morrslieb is full. For the entire duration of that turn Moonclaw has a +2 bonus to his casting rolls. Furthermore, to represent his ability to call down a shower of warpstone meteors, he may make D3 shooting attacks resolved as if he were a stone thrower for that turn only (even if he moved or marched during the Movement phase). Any results of a misfire cause a single wound upon Moonclaw that cannot be saved by any means.

UNGROL FOUR-HORN

Blackheart, Hornstheif, the Spurned One

Ungrol Four-horn is a being consumed with bitterness and spite. There is no more hateful a creature in the Old World, for he has been cast out of the ranks of both man and beast. Such was the scale of his transgressions that he has become something of a legend, and to this day he leads as a self-styled beggar king, marching at the head of a ragtag army of outcasts, mutants, and heretics who have nowhere else to run.

Ungrol was born with two heads, each of which was possessed of a singular ugliness. The mewling beast was greeted with utter revulsion by his human parents, and so Ungrol was cast out into the woods to die. But he subsisted on a diet of grubs and roots until he was strong enough to hunt and kill. Ungrol eventually found his way to the Manbright tribe, where he joined the ranks of the Ungar. Though he had only the most rudimentary horn-buds, the fact Ungrol had two heads was remarkable enough that he was tolerated as a Beastman. But still Ungrol had not found peace. The other Ungors were jealous of his mutation, and the Gors mocked him and beat him for having such small horns. Every day was a new set of demeaning and horrible trials for the creature they mockingly called four-horn.

One dark night, covered in bruises and bleeding from a dozen wounds, Ungrol could take no more. His tribekin were snoring loudly after a drunken feast which Ungrol was not allowed to attend. He took up a great rock and, approaching the largest of the sleeping figures, bashed his chieftain's brains out. The Bray-Shaman was next, throttled by Ungrol's sinewy hands. Ungrol carved off the magnificent horns of the two tribal leaders with his jagged knife, strapping the chieftain's horns to one of his heads and those of the Bray-Shaman to the other. Resplendent with his new sets of headgear, Ungrol capered in the moonlight, gazing with manic glee at his shadow and singing 'Fourhorn, four-horn!' over and over again.

Now to kill a chieftain outside of a challenge is bad enough, but to kill a Bray-Shaman is the gravest sin of all. When the tribe found the atrocities Ungrol had committed they chased him for a night and a day, but Ungrol was ever sly, and he evaded their pursuit in a labyrinth of dark caves. He still dwells there to this day, consumed by enmity and jealous ire.

Over the years Ungrol's legend has spread, and through channelling his vast reservoir of hatred he has come to be a warrior of some repute. Many Ungors have joined his cause and he now commands a great army of mutants, outcasts and monsters that raid the lands of men, taking out their hatred upon any they can catch and keeping their human captives like cattle in the dank depths of the Labyrinth of the Spurned.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungrol	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Forest Strider, Primal Fury.

Bruised and Bitter: Ungrol must deploy with a unit of Ungors, and may never leave it. Ungrol and his unit may re-roll failed Primal Fury tests when in combat against units from the Empire, Bretonnia and Beastmen army books. However, Ungrol's unit may not use the Army General's Leadership, and no other characters may join the unit.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Stolen Crowns (Enchanted Item)

Ungrol's 'horns' still contain a residue of their former owners' power, meaning that he can often be found bickering with himself or speaking the dark tongues of magic.

Take a Leadership test for Ungrol at the beginning of each of his turns. If he passes the test, he gains +2 Weapon Skill and +1 Strength until the start of his next turn. If he fails he is treated as a Level 1 Wizard instead – randomly generate a spell from the Lore of the Wild each time.



LORE OF THE WILD

PRIMAL ONSLAUGHT (Lore Attribute)

With a guttural roar that shakes the roots of the world, the Bray-shaman feeds the rage of the beasts around him.

If a spell from the Lore of the Wild is cast, all friendly units with the Primal Fury special rule within 6" may roll an additional dice for their Primal Fury tests in the ensuing close combat phase and discard the highest dice.

BESTIAL SURGE (Signature Spell) Cast on 7+

The shaman inflames the Beastmen's uncontrollable urge to rend the foe limb from limb, causing them to surge forward in a roaring, bellowing mass.

Bestial Surge is an **augment** spell that affects all non-fleeing friendly units within 6". If cast, all units will immediately make a move straight forward following the rules for Random Movement (D6+1). The Wizard can choose to instead have their spell affect all friendly units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

1. VILETIDE Cast on 5+

This spell calls to the creeping things that nest in the decaying undergrowth, creating a vile wave of spiders, centipedes and slug-beetles that swarm over the foe.

Viletide is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that inflicts 5D6 Strength 1 hits. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 48". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 8+.

2. DEVOLVE Cast on 8+

Delving into his enemies' minds, the shaman magnifies the savage and animalistic parts of their psyche until they are no more than growling beasts.

Devolve is a **hex** spell that affects all enemy units within 12". All effected enemy units must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit suffers a number of wounds equal to the amount the test was failed by with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. The Wizard can choose to instead have their spell affect all enemy units within 24". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

3. BRAY-SCREAM Cast on 8+

This spell unleashes a howling roar of such intensity that mashes brains and bursts eyeballs.

Bray-Scream is an **augment** spell that can be cast on the Wizard itself. The model immediately makes a Strength 3 Breath Weapon attack with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. The Wizard can choose to instead have the spell be resolved at Strength 4. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

4. TRAITOR-KIN

Cast on 10+

Calling out to the war-beasts of the enemy, the shaman drives a red-hot spear of wrath into the wild hearts of the enemy's mounts, causing them to turn upon those who dared tame them with bit, bridle and spur.

Traitor-kin is a **hex** spell that affects all enemy Cavalry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, ridden Monsters or units with the Mixed Unit special rule within 12". All affected models will suffer a number of hits equal to the Attacks characteristics of their mount/carriage animal. Any armour save bonuses for the beast's Natural Armour, bardings and the like, have no effect.

5. MANTLE OF GHOROK

Cast on 10+

Ghorok was a legendary Minotaur, ferocious as a storm. His spirit-mantle is terrible but dangerous to the bearer.

Mantle of Ghorok is an **augment** spell with a range of 12" that can be cast on a friendly Character, including the Wizard itself. The model gains +D6 Strength and +D6 Attacks (both to a maximum of 10) until the start of the caster's next magic phase. Additionally, if one or more 6s are rolled, the model also suffers a Strength 5 Hit with no saves of any kind possible.

6. SAVAGE DOMINION

Cast on 15+

The shaman sends his mind winging into the wilds and possesses the largest creature he can find, storming back onto the battlefield with a vengeance.

Savage Dominion is an **augment** spell that is cast on the Wizard itself. The Wizard may summon one of the following Monsters: Ghorgon, Jabberslythe or Chaos Giant. Immediately place a model representing the beast, with its base touching any table edge. This model is effectively part of the Beastman army from that moment on. Every time the beast suffers a wound, the Wizard that summoned it must make a Toughness test. If this is failed, the Wizard takes a wound too, with no saves of any kind possible. If the Wizard is killed, the beast wanders back into the forest and is immediately removed from play (it counts as being killed for the purposes of victory conditions etc.). Note that the beast cannot be voluntarily dismissed by the Wizard, or dispelled by the enemy in following rounds. In addition, only one monster may be summoned by the same Wizard at any one time.

LORE OF TZEENTCH

The Lore of Change

BLUE FIRE OF TZEENTCH

(Signature Spell)

As the wizard twists his hands in the air, the bodies of his enemies are consumed with coruscating blue flames.

Blue Fire of Tzeentch is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes D6 Strength D6+1 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of the spell to 48". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 8+.

1. PANDEMONIUM

Cast on 6+

The wizard reaches his thought into the minds of his victims, tormenting them with subtle whispers that stoke the fires of mistrust and treachery. They suffer from terrible confusion, and when they speak it is in the unintelligible tongue of Daemons.

Pandemonium is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target unit must use the lowest Leadership value in the unit (instead of the highest as would normally be the case) and cannot benefit from the Inspiring Presence or Hold Your Ground! Special rules. This spell has no effect on units with Immunity (Psychology). The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to affect all enemy units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

2. PINK FIRE OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 8+

A roiling tide of iridescent energy flows from the caster's hand, enveloping his foes in a cone of magical flame.

Pink Fire of Tzeentch is a **direct damage** spell. Place the teardrop-shaped template with its narrow end touching the front of the Wizard's base and the large end aimed at the target. Roll 2D6 and move the template directly forwards the number of inches indicated. All models underneath the template suffer a Strength D6+1 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule (roll once for the Strength and use that value for all hits).

3. BOLT OF CHANGE

Cast on 8+

The wizard hurls a single devastating bolt of energy that blasts through the ranks of the enemy, wracking their bodies with sickening and uncontrollable mutations.

Bolt of Change is a **magic missile** with a range of 24". It inflicts a single Strength D6+4 hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3), Ignores Armour Saves and Flaming Attacks special rules, and then penetrates ranks in the same manner as a shot from a bolt thrower.

BOON OF MAGIC (Lore Attribute)

Tzeentch is the Master of Magic and he rewards sorcerers who breathe deep of the Winds of Magic with a boon of sorcerous power.

When a spell from the Lore of Tzeentch is successfully cast, make a note of how many power dice results were a 6. After resolving the spell's effect(s), you immediately add a single power dice to your army's pool for each result of a 6 that was rolled to cast the spell.

4. GLEAN MAGIC

Cast on 8+

The caster steals sorceries from his adversary's mind.

Glean Magic is a **hex** spell that targets a single enemy Wizard within 18". The caster and the target both roll a D6 and add their Wizard level to the score. If the target's total is higher than the caster's, nothing happens. Otherwise, the target suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule, loses one Wizard level (to a minimum of 0) and forgets one randomly determined spell (this cannot be a bound spell). If the caster does not already know this spell, they immediately gains it and can cast it just like any of his other spells. When casting a stolen spell, always substitute its lore attribute with the Lore of Tzeentch's lore attribute.

5. TREASON OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 14+

A subtle whisper in the minds of the enemy temporarily persuades warriors to change their allegiance and attack their comrades.

Treason of Tzeentch is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". All models in the unit immediately makes one close combat attack against the unit itself. Roll To Hit, To Wound and take saves as normal. The caster may choose which of the unit's weapons is used for these attacks, though any Parry save does not apply, and neither does any special rules that only applies in the first round of close combat. This spell has no effect on units with Immunity (Psychology), Characters, Monsters or mounts.

6. INFERNAL GATEWAY

Cast on 16+

The wizard opens a portal to the dread Realm of Chaos, a magical tear in the mortal plane that sucks those nearby to certain oblivion.

Infernal Gateway is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". The target suffers 2D6 Strength 2D6 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. Roll for the Strength first. If an 11 or 12 is rolled when determining the spell's Strength value, the hits are resolved at Strength 10, and the unit suffers 3D6 hits rather than 2D6.



LORE OF NURGLE

Gifts of the Plagued One

STREAM OF CORRUPTION

(Signature Spell)

The caster's maw distends wide like a serpent before spewing forth a noxious stream of disease and filth that chokes and suffocates the foes nearest to him.

Stream of Corruption is a **direct damage** spell. Place the teardrop-shaped template with its narrow end touching the front of the Wizard's base and the large end over the target. All models underneath the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

1. MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

Cast on 5+

The caster's followers effuse a ghastly odour; a bowel-loosening smell that induces crippling bouts of violent vomiting in nearby foes.

Miasma of Pestilence is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, all enemy units in base contact with the target unit reduce their Weapon Skill and Initiative by 1 (to a minimum of 1). The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell that instead reduces the Weapon Skill and Initiative of all enemy units in base contact with the target unit by D3 (roll once and apply the result to all affected enemies). If they do so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. BLADES OF PUTREFACTION

Cast on 8+

The wizard blesses weapons to ooze with the choicest of Nurgle's foul contagions.

Blades of Putrefaction is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's close combat attacks gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If a model targeted by this spell already has Poisoned Attacks, its Attacks wound the target automatically on a To Hit roll of 5 as well as 6.

3. CURSE OF THE LEPER

Cast on 10+

As the caster speaks, his followers are blessed with virulent resilience, whilst his enemies watch in horror as their limbs wither and drop off.

Curse of the Leper can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) within 18". If cast on a friendly unit, Curse of the Leper is an **augment** spell that increases the target unit's Toughness by D3 (to a maximum of 10) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If Curse of the Leper is cast on an enemy unit, it is a **hex** spell that reduces the target unit's Toughness by D3 (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

BLOATED WITH DISEASE (Lore Attribute)

Nurgle is the Lord of Decay and he blesses those who spread plague in his name by bloating their bodies with foul vitality.

When a spell from the Lore of Nurgle is successfully cast, roll a D6 after resolving the spell's effect(s). On the roll of a 6, the Wizard's Wounds are increased by 1 for the remainder of the game.

4. RANCID VISITATIONS

Cast on 10+

As the wizard reaches out, his enemies are seized by a terrible affliction that blackens their flesh and rots their organs to mulch.

Rancid Visitations is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that inflicts D6 Strength 5 hits. The target unit must then immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer a further D6 Strength 5 hits. The target must keep testing its Toughness in this manner until a test is passed, or the target is removed as a casualty.

5. FLESHY A BUNDANCE

Cast on 11+

The wizard generously gifts the fortunate recipient with a growth spurt of the most repulsive kind. Great wobbling mounds of grey-green fat spill out to seal wounds moments after they are formed.

Fleshy Abundance is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target has the Regeneration (5+) special rule. If the target already has the Regeneration special rule, it instead gains +1 to all Regeneration saving throws (to a maximum of 2+) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 18". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 22+.

6. PLAGUE WIND

Cast on 15+

The wizard summons forth a maelstrom of maggots, bile and blight-ridden fluids to eat away his enemy's skin, flesh and soul.

Remains in play. *Plague Wind* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates the direction in which the Plague Wind will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by the caster's Wizard level. If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster instead and roll a scatter dice; the template moves a number of inches equal to the caster's Wizard level, in the direction shown by the scatter dice (if you roll a Hit!, the template remains where it is). Any model touched by the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single automatic Wound, with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

In subsequent turns, the Plague Wind travels in a random direction and moves a number of inches equal to the roll of an artillery dice (if a misfire is rolled, the Plague Wind dissipates and is removed). The Wizard can infuse Plague Wind with more power, so that it uses the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 25+.

LORE OF SLAANESH

The Lore of Pleasure and Pain

LASH OF SLAANESH

(Signature Spell)

A long tongue-like whip of energy erupts from the caster's forehead and slashes into the ranks of his enemies.

Lash of Slaanesh is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Extend a straight line 24" in length, within the caster's forward arc and directly from his base. Any model whose base falls under the line (determined as for a bouncing cannonball) suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. Any unit that suffers a casualty from this spell may not march in its next Movement phase.

1. ACQUIESCENCE

Cast on 7+

With an almost lackadaisical gesture, the wizard engulfs his foe with a haze of broken dreams and unattainable desires.

Acquiescence is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit is subject to the Always Strikes Last and Random Movement (D6) special rules until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 48". If they do, the casting value is increased to 8+.

2. PAVANE OF SLAANESH

Cast on 8+

The caster whistles the tune to one of the darkling dances of Slaanesh, causing his foe to jerk spasmodically until bones snap.

Pavane of Slaanesh is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 12" that targets a single enemy model (even a character in a unit). If successfully cast, the target must pass a Psychology test on 3D6. If failed, the target suffers 1 Wounds which Ignores Armour saves for every point they failed the Leadership test by.

3. HYSTERICAL FRENZY

Cast on 8+

The caster's victims are engulfed by a torrent of unreasoning emotions, causing them to claw at themselves with excruciating pain and blissful rapture.

Remains in play. *Hysterical Frenzy* can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) within 24". If cast on a friendly unit, *Hysterical Frenzy* is an **augment** spell. If *Hysterical Frenzy* is cast on an enemy unit, it is a **hex** spell. For the duration of the spell, the target gains the Frenzy special rule (which is not lost if the unit is defeated in close combat). If the target unit already has the Frenzy special rule, that Frenzy grants +2 Attacks instead of just +1. In addition, for the duration of the spell, the target of *Hysterical Frenzy* suffers D6 Strength 3 hits at the end of each of the caster's Magic phases.

BLISS IN TORMENT (Lore Attribute)

Slaanesh is the Prince of Pain who gifts those that inflict torture and despair with a delectable infusion of unholy power.

When a spell from the Lore of Slaanesh is successfully cast, roll a D6, plus one D6 for each unsaved Wound caused by the spell (if any). For each result of a 6 rolled, the Wizard's Weapon Skill, Initiative and Attacks are increased by 1 until the start of his next Magic phase.

4. SLICING SHARDS

Cast on 10+

The wizard licks his wrists and a cloud of razor-sharp darts bursts from his hands, flensing the minds, bodies and souls of his foes.

Slicing Shards is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that inflicts D6 Strength 4 hits with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. The target must then immediately pass a Psychology test at their own, unmodified Leadership, or suffer a further D6 Strength 4 hits with the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. The target must keep testing its Leadership in this manner until a test is passed, or the target is removed as a casualty.

5. PHANTASMAGORIA

Cast on 10+

With a complex sign, the wizard summons illusory creatures who flit and broil across the battlefield, their dark promises of fulfilment seducing and bewildering the hapless foe.

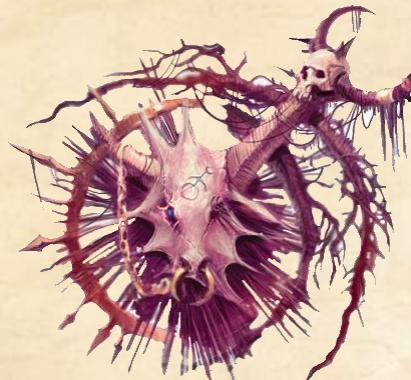
Phantasmagoria is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target unit must roll an additional D6 whenever it takes a Leadership test, discarding the lowest result rolled. The caster can choose to have this spell target all enemy units within 24". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 20+.

6. CACOPHONIC CHOIR

Cast on 12+

The wizard screams an ear-piercing chorus that tortures the souls and shatters the sanity of those who would stand in his path.

Cacophonic Choir is a **hex** spell with a range of 12". The target unit takes 2D6 hits that wound on a 4+ with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. If at least one unsaved Wound is caused, the target unit is subject to the Always Strikes Last and Random Movement (D6) special rules until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have the spell target all enemy units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 24+.



GIFTS OF CHAOS

Beastmen gain the notice, and thus the favour, of the Dark Gods by the excesses of their savage and blasphemous deeds. Being the true Children of Chaos, these gifts often take the form of some gross exaggeration of their bestial traits.

Beastmen characters may be given Gifts of Chaos. Each gift may only be chosen once per army. Note that gifts are not magic items, and are therefore unaffected by effects that damage or neutralise magic items.

CROWN OF HORNS 40 points

A Beastman that sprouts an excessively sharp, large or twisted set of horns is often acknowledged as the warberd's chieftain without a challenge; so obvious are the Dark Gods' blessings. Such an individual is supremely confident in his position at the pinnacle of the warberd.

General only. The model and any unit they are with have the Stubborn special rule.

SLUG-SKIN 20 points

This gift of the Chaos Gods causes the recipient's skin to ooze a constant aura of vile, toxic corruption.

Enemy models in base contact with the model at the start of any round of close combat suffer a Strength 3 hit before any blows are struck.

MANY-LIMBED FIEND 15 points

The Beastman has sprouted additional arms, allowing him to unleash yet more carnage upon the battlefield.

The model may make a bonus attack in addition to his normal attacks. This bonus attack is always at the model's basic Strength and is never augmented by equipment or magic weapons.

GNARLED HIDE 15 points

The Beastman's skin has encysted, forming a layer of crusty natural armour as tough as chainmail.

The model gains the Natural Armour (5+) special rule.

"Powerful was its stature, tall and curving were its horns, and filled with hatred and cunning were its eyes, glowing in the night. It lashed about with a barbed whip, the touch of which cut and tore. With a roar, it pointed, and a pack of nightmare dog-beasts turned their feral attention towards me. Alas, I wished to stand and fight, yet my cowardly steed ran, and I was carried away, borne unwillingly upon its back. Could this fell Beast have been the one behind the constant raids? I know not."

— Markus Renkler, noble son assigned as squire and pistolier to the house of Middenheim. Later discharged and sent home in disgrace for cowardice.

GOUGE-TUSKS 10 points

The Beastman's lower incisors have grown into sharp or excessively large tusks.

The model gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

RUNE OF THE TRUE BEAST 10 points

The bearer was born with a rare and potent rune marked on his flesh, a sigil of pure savagery that marks the individual out as nothing more than a ravenous mass of muscle and fangs. Even the strongest beast will cower before the unbridled ferocity of this raging predator.

Ridden monsters, monsters, the steeds pulling chariots, cavalry mounts and swarms suffer -1 To Hit the model bearing the Rune of the True Beast in close combat, although their riders may attack as normal.

UNCANNY SENSES 5 points

The Dark Gods have gifted the Beastman with acute senses, additional eyes or even an extra bead, granting it unnaturally fast reactions.

The model has +1 Initiative.

SHADOW-HIDE 5 points

The bearer's ebon fur appears to absorb light and draw the shadows about it as a cloak of shadows.

Model on foot only. Enemy models targeting the character with missile attacks suffer a -1 To Hit modifier.





ARTISTS CHAMPION
PRINTS & DRAWINGS

SPOILS OF THE HERDSTONES

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most iconic and powerful magical artefacts used by the Beastmen. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

AXES OF KHORGOR

60 points

Magic Weapon

One of the greatest Champions of the Beastmen ever to walk the Old World was a vicious brute named Khorgor. A vile thing, it's said he butchered hundreds of Humans. So wanton was he in his killing, he decorated his horns with the entrails of the dead. Whilst a great warrior in his own right, he was aided by a pair of blasphemous axes that could hew through armour and flesh with ease. So powerful was he when armed with these axes, no other Beastman could stand against him. But as with all things, Khorgor passed from this world, his body consumed by his followers, and ownership of these terrible weapons changed hands many times, moving from successor to successor, passed down through the centuries. His half-sentient axes became trophies that have been fiercely fought over by the warherds ever since. These Axes are identical, with have wooden hafts stained with sweat, grime, and old blood. Each axe head is shaped like a crescent moon and attaches to the haft at the midpoint of the blade. Though obviously old, the blades are incredibly sharp and reflect all light as red.

Two hand weapons. The bearer may re-roll all failed rolls To Hit and To Wound in close combat. In addition, he gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

THE BLACK MAUL

50 points

Magic Weapon

This large-hafted weapon ends in a spiked head. Stained black from having bathed in the blood of thousands of victims slain on the field of battle, it seems alive with violence. The spirit of the heavy, unsubtle weapon hungers for blood, and any who carries this weapon for long finds their thoughts ever drifting towards carnage and bloodshed, and eventually find themselves obeying the weapon's longings. The Black Maul is an old weapon, believed to have been wielded by either an ancient Beastman Warlord or perhaps by some primitive Human in ages past. What is known is that the weapon defies all attempts to destroy it. Neither fire, acid, nor consecration by a Priest of Sigmar has had any success. So, to contain its evil, a monastery in Reikland buried it in a vault. However, after the place was sacked by Beastmen, the weapon went missing once more.

The Black Maul adds +2 to the bearer's Strength and gives him the Frenzy special rule. In addition, the weapon ignores any rules that would otherwise destroy the weapon.

STONECRUSHER MACE

35 points

Magic Weapon

This massive, heavy club is ringed with bands of cursed iron, and carries enchantments of shattering and destruction. A great blunt weapon with an iron beast-head at its tip, the Stonecrusher Mace has become a symbol of the Beast men's eternal desire to unmake that which Man has made, and to cast down his civilisation so that no stone is left standing upon another. Though it lacks an edge with which to penetrate armour, those struck by it find their bones turn to powder under the sheer brute force of the blow. Even castle gates have fallen to this weapon in its long and bloody history.

Great weapon. The Mace always wounds on a 2+. Armour saves are taken using the wielder's normal Strength. Against Buildings, Chariots, Shrines and War Machines, the wielder has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

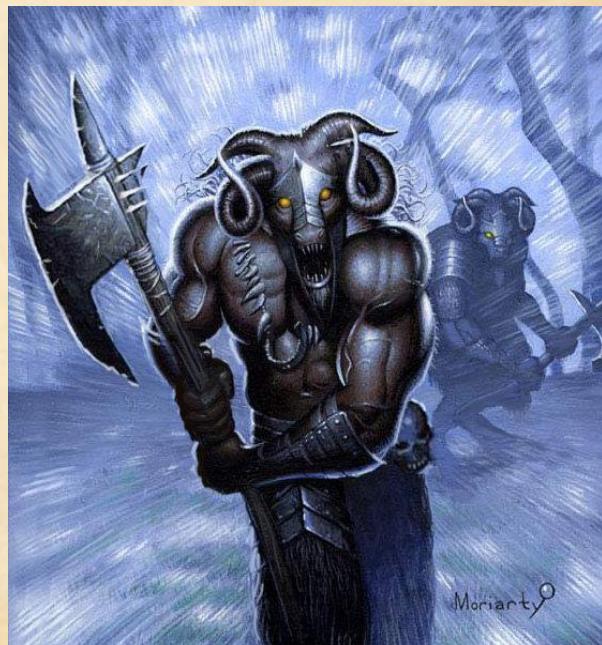
GREAT FANG

35 points

Magic Weapon

This pale sword is crude but sharp. It is clearly made from something other than steel, perhaps bone or ivory. Torn from the maw of a monstrous Shaggoth, it was sharpened by Bray-Shamans for generations until it gained a razor edge. Marked with blasphemous runes of the Beast Tongue, it's noted for its ability to sheer through armour, bone, and flesh.

The wielder of Great Fang gain +1 To Wound, and enemies must re-roll successful Armour saves.



FUR OF SHARRGU

40 points

Magic Armour

This hide is a filthy mess of matted and stinking fur. The Beastmen waste nothing. When a Chaos Spawn dies, they butcher it for meat. The larger the spawn, the more flesh it provides. On occasion, these beasts are far greater and more powerful, thanks to the burden of countless corruptions, and they gain a name for themselves for the destruction they deal. Such was the case of Sharrgu. An enormous Spawn, it was the great despoiler. When the towering beast-spawn known as Sharggu was slain, its hide was roughly cut and ripped from its body to make a heavy, shaggy cloak. It was said that Sharggu was impervious to arrows and javelins hurled against it, and so it was believed that the fur could make a champion invulnerable to missiles.

This Fur gives the wearer a 4+ armour save against missile attacks, as well the Ward save (5+) special rule.

RAMHORN HELM

15 points

Magic Armour

This ornate headdress has two great curving ram horns that spiral and tighten around the wearer's own horns, allowing the bearer to deliver a devastating headbutt to any enemy that lowers his guard.

6+ armour save. For every armour save the wearer passes, the bearer may immediately make a bonus attack at his basic Strength.

CHALICE OF DARK RAIN

35 points

Arcane Item

Made from the skull of a geomancer, when filled with soil the Chalice of Dark Rain can summon a deluge of mud that ruins the bright uniforms of the foe and fouls their delicate machineries of war.

One use only. At the beginning of the enemy Shooting phase, the bearer can summon a storm of mud and worms with which to blind his enemies. For the rest of the phase, all enemy missile units are at -1 To Hit. Weapons or attacks that do not use Ballistic Skill may only fire on the roll of a 4+.

SHARD OF THE HERD STONE

50 points

Arcane Item

A sliver of strangely glowing stone, the shard is cast to the ground and an instant later a mighty, fagged herdstone will burst from the writhing soil.

After deployment zones have been agreed, but before the armies have been deployed, place an appropriate terrain piece to represent the herdstone in your deployment zone, no more than 3" in diameter. At the start of your Magic phase, each friendly Bray-Shaman or Great Bray-Shaman within 6" of the herdstone generates an additional power dice.

THE DARK HEART

30 points

Enchanted Item

This fist-sized dark red gemstone pulses with scarcely-contained power and throws beams of crimson light in all directions. The Dark Heart is aptly named for a Beastman Warlord who tore it from the chest of an Elven Wizard before the Coming of Sigmar. So violent was the Elf's death that Khorne crystallised the heart and filled it with the Beastman's wrath. Now the item is in the possession of one of the rampaging Warherds still active in the wake of the recent war, though which one none can say. Those under the influence of its power are filled with a longing to kill, and will charge recklessly at the foe, filled with hatefuelled invigoration.

The character and any unit led by him adds +D3" to their charge move. Roll after declaring charges – if the charge is failed, the models move their normal failed charge distance.

THE BEAST BANNER

60 points

Magic Standard

This ancient banner is stitched together from pieces of hide hewn from literally hundreds of defeated enemies. Only the flayed skins of the most powerful foes are honoured in such a manner, for the Beastmen believe that they themselves have become imbued with the powers of these defeated enemies.

The bearer and any unit he has joined have a +1 bonus to their Strength.







BEASTMEN ARMY LIST

The bulk of the Beastman army is a noisy, barbarous horde driven into a state of frothing fury by the towering chieftains that lead them.

The Beastmen rank and file comprises large, sturdy blocks of goat-legged Gors, supported by smaller units of Ungors with hearts as black as midnight. Amidst this braying horde of muscle and temper stride all manner of war-beasts drawn by the promise of carnage – ravenous, flesh-crazed Minotaurs, eldritch Cygors, raging berserkers called Ghorgons and still fouler things from the depths of the forests. A plethora of other units, from elite Bestigors to bone-crushing Tuskgor Chariots, give you a multitude of ways to unleash the fury of the warherds upon your cowering victims.

This section of the book helps you turn your collection of Beastmen miniatures into an army of feral monsters, 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:

GORS

Profile

Gor

Foe-render

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	7
5	4	3	3	4	1	3	2	7

8 points per model

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Forest Strider
- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Gor to a Foe-render.....10 points
- May upgrade one Gor to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Gor to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with additional hand weapons.....free
- The entire unit may be armed with throwing axes.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....free

1. Name. The name by which the unit or character is identified.

2. 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).

3. Troop Type. Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'monstrous cavalry' and so on).

4. Points value. Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.

5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.



To the Beastmen, the god that Man calls Khorne is the granter of the savage hatred that drives them forward to battle. It is the murderous jealousy that demands a Bestigor stand and challenge the chieftain of his tribe, and the strength that delivers the killing blow. There are those Beastmen who have entirely given themselves over to this single aspect of their bestial nature. These savage berserkers daub their muscular bodies with the clotted blood of their foes. They adorn their scarred shields and bloodstained banners with the skulls of those they have defeated in battle. Their hair is matted and so thirsty are they for battle that their snorting, fanged maws run with a constant stream of saliva.

Most terrible of all, there sometimes rise entire warherds of such beasts, consumed by unthinking rage as they hack though their enemies with frightening ease.

LORDS

GORTHOR, THE BEASTLORD

300 points

Profile
Gorthor
Bagrар

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	7	3	5	5	3	5	5	9
5	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	7

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear (Bagrар only)

Magic Items:

- The Impaler
- Skull of Mugrар
- Cloak of the Beastlord

Special Rules:

- Bagrар the Tamer
- The Favoured of Chaos
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury
- Scion of the Dark Gods

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following (replacing the crew):
 - Tuskgor Chariot.....110 points
 - Razorgor Chariot.....140 points

KHAZRAK ONE-EYE

250 points

Profile
Khazrak

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	7	1	5	5	3	5	4	9

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Scourge
- The Dark Mail

Special Rules:

- Bestial Cunning
- Forest Strider
- Packmaster
- Primal Fury



MORGHUR

335 points

Profile
Morghur

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	6	3	4	5	3	4	3	8

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Bray-Staff of Morghur & the Stones of the Skull Cave
- Skull-Weave

Special Rules:

- Aura of Transmutation
- The Beast-Roar
- Forest Strider
- The Hordes of Morghur
- Primal Fury

- Random Movement (2D6)
- Spirit-essence of Chaos
- The Taint
- Unbreakable

MALAGOR, THE DARK OMEN

340 points

Profile
Malagor

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Icons of Vilification

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury
- Something Wicked This Way Comes
- Unholy Power

Magic:

Malagor is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild.

TAUROX, THE BRASS BULL

310 points

Profile
Taurox

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	6	3	6	6	5	5	5	8

Troop Type
Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Rune-tortured Axes

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Brass Body
- Impact Hits (D3+1)
- Slaughterer's Call

"They blend cunning and spite with a savage bestial fury: half man, half beast, yet wholly the servants of Chaos."

— Heiros Ghule, Quillmaster of the Drakwald

LORDS

BEASTLORD

145 points

Profile

Beastlord

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	6	3	5	5	3	5	4	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury



Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 3 points
 - Great weapon 8 points
- May take throwing axes 3 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour 3 points
- May take a shield 3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Tuskgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 110 points
 - Ramhorn (replacing one of the crew) 225 points
- May have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Khorne 15 points
 - Mark of Nurgle 20 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh 10 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch 15 points
- May take Gifts of Chaos and/or magic items up to a total of 100 points

GREAT BRAY-SHAMAN

200 points

Profile

Great Bray-Shaman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury

Magic:

A Great Bray-Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild. A Great Bray-Shaman with the Mark of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh must use the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle, or the Lore of Slaanesh, respectively.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard 35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Tuskgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 110 points
 - Ramhorn (replacing one of the crew) 225 points
- May have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Nurgle 20 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh 10 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch 20 points
- May take Gifts of Chaos and/or magic items up to a total of 100 points

DOOMBULL

235 points

Profile

Doombull

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	6	3	6	5	5	5	5	8

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Impact Hits (D3)
- Slaughterer's Call

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 5 points
 - Great weapon 10 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour 5 points
- May take a shield 5 points
- May have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Khorne 15 points
 - Mark of Nurgle 20 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh 10 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch 15 points
- May take Gifts of Chaos and/or magic items up to a total of 100 points

HEROES

GHORROS WARHOOF

155 points

Profile
Ghorros

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
8	5	3	5	4	2	3	4	8

Troop Type
Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:
 • Hand weapon
 • Light armour

Magic Items:
 • Mansmasher
 • Skull of the Unicorn Lord

Special Rules:
 • Drunken
 • Father of Beasts
 • Forest Strider
 • Primal Fury
 • The Sons of Ghorros

MOLOKH SLUGTONGUE

190 points

Profile
Slugtongue

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
 • Hand weapon

Special Rules:
 • Curse of the Famine-fiend
 • Forest Strider
 • Poisoned Attacks
 • Primal Fury
 • Regeneration (4+)

Magic:

Slugtongue is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild.

MOONCLAW, SON OF MORRSLIEB

200 points

Profile
Moonclaw
Umbralok

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	3	3	4	4	2	3	3	7
7	3	0	4	4	1	3	3	-

Troop Type
Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:
 • Hand weapon

Mount:
 • Umbralok

Special Rules:
 • Forest Strider
 • Magic Resistance (2)
 • Primal Fury
 • Ward save (5+)
 • Wave of Insanity
 • Unholy Zenith

Magic:

Moonclaw is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Shadow or Lore of the Wild.

UNGROL FOUR-HORN

70 points

Profile
Ungrol

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
 • Two hand weapons

Special Rules:
 • Ambushers
 • Bruised and Bitter
 • Forest Strider
 • Primal Fury



THE CHALLENGE
Rakgor sized up his challenger. The other Gor, a younger but extremely fit Foerender stamped his cloven hooves on the soft, loamy ground and bellowed. The creature's steaming breath reeked of raw meat and wine. Knotted muscles moved like thick ropes beneath the young beast's scarred flesh. The Gor shook his matted mane of dark hair and screamed again, shaking his crude axe at Rakgor.

Rakgor couldn't help a throaty chortle. This fledgling had barely survived his previous combat with Urktor, his predecessor and leader of the herd.

He could easily see the freshly made scar that had put out the Gor's eye, creased his face and crossed his chest and belly. As the Gor snarled in rage, Rakgor could see that the pink crease of his wound looked as if it might split open. Rakgor, leader of his herd for twenty winters, stood and his warband jumped to their feet with him, bleating curses and oaths. None of the enemy would be spared. Their blood will water the earth and the Dark Gods will be sated. Rakgor wouldn't have it any other way.

HEROES

WARGOR

Profile
Wargor

85 points

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 2 points
 - Great weapon 6 points
- May take throwing axes 2 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour 2 points
- May take a shield 2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Tuskgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 110 points
- May have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Khorne 15 points
 - Mark of Nurgle 20 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh 10 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch 15 points
- May take Gifts of Chaos and/or magic items up to a total of 50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Wargor or Gorebull in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner (no points limit). A model carrying a magic standard cannot carry any other magic items.

BRAY-SHAMAN

Profile
Bray-Shaman

75 points

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury

Magic:

A Bray-Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Wild. A Bray-Shaman with the Mark of Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh must use the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle, or the Lore of Slaanesh, respectively.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard 35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Tuskgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot (replacing the Bestigor) 110 points
- May have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Nurgle 20 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh 10 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch 20 points
- May take Gifts of Chaos and/or magic items up to a total of 50 points

GOREBULL

Profile
Gorebull

160 points

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
6	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	7	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon 4 points
 - Great weapon 8 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour 4 points
- May take a shield 4 points
- May have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Khorne 15 points
 - Mark of Nurgle 20 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh 10 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch 15 points
- May take Gifts of Chaos and/or magic items up to a total of 50 points

CORE UNITS

GORS

8 points per model

Profile

Gor

Foe-render

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	7	Infantry
5	4	3	3	4	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury
- Unruly

Options:

- May upgrade one Gor to a Foe-render.....10 points
- May upgrade one Gor to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Gor to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with additional hand weapons.....free
- The entire unit may be armed with throwing axes.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....free

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

UNGORS

4 points per model

Profile

Ungor

Halfhorn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury
- Unruly

Options:

- May upgrade one Ungor to a Halfhorn.....10 points
- May upgrade one Ungor to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Ungor to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with spears.....1 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

UNGOR RAIDERS

6 points per model

Profile

Ungor Raider

Raider Halfhorn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
5	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury
- Skirmishers
- Unruly

Options:

- May upgrade one Ungor Raider to a Raider Halfhorn.....10 points
- May upgrade one Ungor Raider to a musician.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace short bows with javelins and shields.....1 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Short bow

MUTANTS

3 points per model

Profile

Mutant

Mutant Leader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 20+

Special Rules:

- Chaos Mutations
- Expendable

Options:

- May upgrade one Mutant to a Mutant Leader.....10 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

CORE UNITS

TUSKGOR CHARIOT

80 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 4+)
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	-
Gor	5	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	-
Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Great weapon (Bestigor only)
- Spear (Gor only)

Crew: 1 Bestigor & 1 Gor

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury (Bestigor & Gor only)

Drawn by: 2 Tuskgors



The dark forests in which the Beastmen dwell are ever changing and growing, driven by the god that Man calls Tzeentch. The endless variety to be found amongst the savage beasts of the forest is granted by this power. It is the same being that takes the essential features of the beast – horns, tusks, teeth and muscle – and twists and distorts them into weapons far stronger than any blade forged by Man, Elf or Dwarf. The particular blessings of this god are evident in those Beastmen that sport mighty horns twisted into all manner of complex, yet razor-sharp forms and in those whose skin and fur is resplendent with unique or outlandish markings and patterns.

CHAOS WARHOUNDS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast

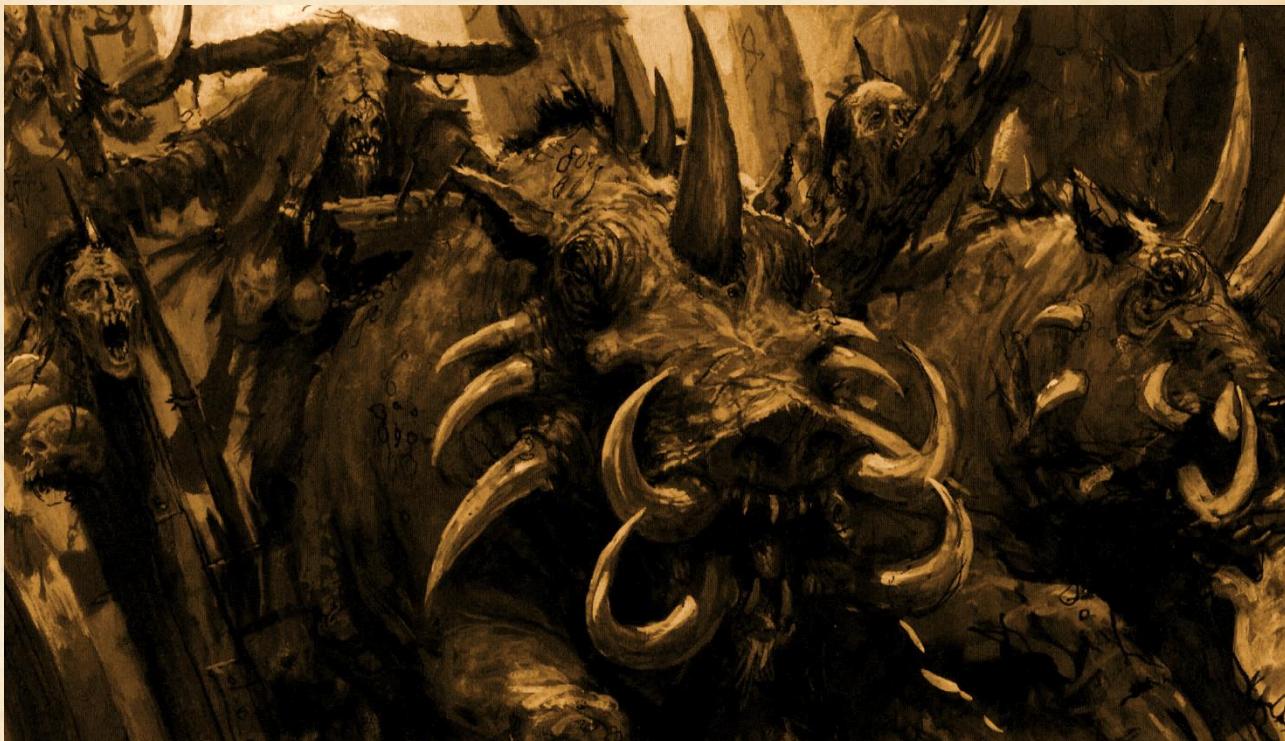
Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Forest Strider
- Vanguard
- Teeth and claws

Options:

- The unit may be upgraded with one of the following:
 - Poisoned Attacks.....1 point per model
 - Natural Armour (6+).....1 point per model



SPECIAL UNITS

BESTIGORS

11 points per model

Profile

Bestigor

Gouge-horn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	7	Infantry
5	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Despoilers
- Devastating Charge
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield
- Light armour

Options:

- May upgrade one Bestigor to a Gouge-horn.....10 points
- May upgrade one Bestigor to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Bestigor to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may swap shields for one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....free
 - Great weapons.....1 point per model
 - Halberds.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Khorne.....2 points per model
 - Mark of Nurgle.....2,5 points per model
 - Mark of Slaanesh.....2 points per model
 - Mark of Tzeentch.....1,5 points per model

"And in that time of darkness,
Man became Beast,
And Beast became Man."

MINOTAURS

36 points per model

Profile

Minotaur

Bloodkine

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Impact Hits (1)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May upgrade one Minotaur to a Bloodkine.....10 points
- May upgrade one Minotaur to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Minotaur to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points per model
 - Great weapon.....6 points per model
 - Shield.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may have one of the following Marks:
 - Mark of Khorne.....6 points per model
 - Mark of Nurgle.....6 points per model
 - Mark of Slaanesh.....6 points per model
 - Mark of Tzeentch.....4,5 points per model

"The Beastmen: they consume order
and spit out Chaos in its place."

CENTIGORS

18 points per model

Profile

Centigor

Gorehoof

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
8	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Cavalry
8	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	7	Cavalry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Drunken
- Forest Strider
- Primal Fury

Equipment:

- Spear
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Centigor to a Gorehoof.....10 points
- May upgrade one Centigor to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Centigor to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may replace their spears and shields with great weapons.....free
- The entire unit may be armed with throwing axes.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....2 points per model

SPECIAL UNITS

RAZORGORS

45 points per model

Profile

Razorgor

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
7	3	0	5	5	3	2	3	6

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+ **Equipment:**

- Tusks, hooves and a bad attitude (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Impact Hits (D3)
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Thunderous Charge

RAZORGOR CHARIOTS

110 points

Profile

Razorgor Chariot

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
5	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
5	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
7	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour save 4+)

Crew: 1 Bestigor & 1 Gor

Equipment:

- Great weapon (Bestigor only)
 - Spear (Gor only)
- Drawn by:** 1 Razorgor

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Impact Hits (D6+2)
- Primal Fury (Bestigor & Gor only)
- Thunderous Charge

HARPIES

11 points per model

Profile

Harpy

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	3	0	3	3	1	5	2	6

Troop Type

Infantry

Unit Size: 5+ **Equipment:**

- Claws (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Expendable
- Fly

CHAOS TROLLS

40 points per model

Profile

Chaos Troll

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	6

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+ **Special Rules:**

- Natural Armour (6+)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Stupidity
- Troll Vomit

Options:

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model
- The entire unit may take light armour.....3 points per model

CHAOS SPAWN

40 points

Profile

Chaos Spawn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
*	3	0	4	5	3	2	*	10

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast

Note: You may take 1-2 Chaos Spawn as a single Special choice.

Unit Size: 1 **Equipment:**

- Tentacles, claws & teeth (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- *Random Movement (2D6)
- *Random Attacks (D6+1)
- Unbreakable

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - Spawn of Khorne.....15 points
 - Spawn of Nurgle.....10 points
 - Spawn of Slaanesh.....20 points
 - Spawn of Tzeentch.....20 points

SPECIAL UNITS

PREYTON

Profile
Preyton

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	0	4	4	3	5	3	6

Troop Type
Monstrous Beast

80 points

Unit Size: 1 **Equipment:**

- Wicked horns and teeth (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Consuming Hatred
- Endless Malice
- Fly
- Impact Hits (D3)

Options:

- May take any of the following:
 - Insane Bloodlust.....15 points
 - Forest Stalker.....10 points
 - Filth-Encrusted Scales.....10 points

COCKATRICE

Profile
Cockatrice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	4	5	4	4	3	6	4	6

Troop Type
Monstrous Beast

95 points

Unit Size: 1 **Equipment:**

- Claws and beak (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Petrifying Gaze

"Really the only question is: what gets to eat you?"
— Oskar Rittelhof, Veteran Huntsman



RARE UNITS

DRAGON OGRES

55 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dragon Ogre	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	3	8	Monstrous Beast
Dragon Ogre Shartak	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	4	8	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Immunity (Lightning Attacks)
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Sentient

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- One Dragon Ogre may be upgraded to a Dragon Ogre Shartak.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....4 points per model
 - Halberds.....4 points per model
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model

DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOTH

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dragon Ogre Shaggoth	7	6	3	6	6	6	4	5	9	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Immunity (Lightning Attacks, Psychology)
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Sentient

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....10 points
 - Great weapon.....15 points

GHORGON

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ghorgon	7	4	0	6	6	6	3	6	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Cleaver-limbs (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Frenzy
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Strength from Flesh
- Stubborn
- Swallow Whole

CYGOR

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cygor	7	2	1	6	5	5	3	5	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Massively oversized claws and horns (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Ghostsight
- Hurl Attack
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Soul-eater
- Stubborn

MANTICORE

150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Frenzy
- Killing Blow

Options:

- May take any of the following:
 - Rending Fangs.....10 points
 - Bloodrage.....15 points
 - Iron-hard Skin.....12 points
 - Venom Tail.....20 points

RARE UNITS

JABBERSLYTHE

175 points

Profile
Jabberslythe

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
8	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	9	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Biting jaw and catching claw
(hand weapon)

"The Jabberslythe is a loathsome beast, though rumours that even once slain, the beast's hideous appearance can slay a maiden that looks upon it are probably false. Still, who but an unhappily married man would dare such a chance?"

— *The Duke of Artois*

Special Rules:

- Aura of Madness
- Hover
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Slythey Tongue
- Spurting Bile-blood

CHAOS GIANT

200 points

Profile
Chaos Giant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Large club and bad breath
(hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Stubborn

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Mutant Monstrosity..12 points

HAG TREE

200 points

Profile
Hag Tree

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	3	0	5	6	5	2	*	7	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Flailing Appendages
(hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Constant Wailing
- Flailing Appendages
- Flammable
- Immunity (Psychology)

- Natural Armour (3+)
- Random Attacks (D6+2)
- Regenerative Snacking
- Stubborn

RAMHORN

225 points

Profile
Ramhorn
Bestigor Crew

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
8	3	0	6	6	6	1	5	6	Monster
-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Great weapon

Crew: 4 Bestigors

Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Impact Hits (D6+2)
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Primal Fury (Bestigors only)
- Stubborn
- Thunderous Charge

"The hellish, slavering Beastmen warherds are the very embodiment of darkness itself – the Realm of Chaos made manifest."

- Petrus Staveheart, Official Scribe of the Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar



SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Beastlord	5	6	3	5	5	3	5	4	9	In
Doombull	6	6	3	6	5	5	5	5	8	MI
Gorthor	5	7	3	5	5	3	5	5	9	In
- Bagrar	5	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	7	-
Great Bray-Shaman	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8	In
Khazrak	5	7	1	5	5	3	5	4	9	In
Malagor	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8	In
Morghur	5	6	3	4	5	3	4	3	8	In
Taurox	6	6	3	6	6	5	5	5	8	MI

HEROS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bray-Shaman	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7	In
Ghorros	8	5	3	5	4	2	3	4	8	WB
Gorebull	6	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	7	MI
Moonclaw	5	3	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	Ca
- Umbralok	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	3	6	-
Slugtongue	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7	In
Ungrol	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	In
Wargor	5	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB
Gor	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	7	In
- Foe-render	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	7	In
Mutant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Mutant Leader	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	In
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Bestigor	5	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	Ca
- Gor	5	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	-
- Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-	-
Ungor	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Halfhorn	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	In
Ungor Raider	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Raider Halfhorn	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	In

One fell night when dark Morrslieb leered fat in the sky, Heinrich's body came to resemble that which festered in his soul like a rotting wound, an unhealed scar. Every beast in the village whickered and shrieked in fear that night, but Heinrich's screams were loudest of all, for Morrslieb's caress is not gentle.

Under the pallid moon his skull cracked and his eyes rolled. Hair sprouted and jaw gnashed, legs swelled, snapping and grinding and gristle-cracking loud enough to wake a corpse. New joints and muscles buckled and stung, bloodslick horns forced from black-thatched crown, toes gummed and hardened into flesh-ridged hooves. A long braying laugh tore its way from Heinrich's wattled throat as his hairy face lengthened into a biting maw, thick with teeth to grind and pierce.

The-thing-that-was-once-Heinrich gathered its black blades to its thatched chest and ran, ran on bone-splintered legs into the depths of the forest.

— *The Transformation of Heinrich Oncemann*

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	7	In
- Gouge-horn	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	7	In
Centigor	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Ca
- Gorehoof	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	7	Ca
Chaos Spawn	*	3	0	4	5	3	2	*	10	MB
Chaos Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	6	MI
Cockatrice	4	4	5	4	4	3	6	4	6	MB
Harpy	5	3	0	3	3	1	5	2	6	In
Minotaur	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	7	MI
- Bloodkine	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	7	MI
Preyton	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	6	MB
Razorgor	7	3	0	5	5	3	2	3	6	MB
Razorgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Bestigor	5	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	-
- Gor	5	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	-
- Razorgor	7	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	-

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chaos Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Mo
Cygor	7	2	1	6	5	5	3	5	8	Mo
Dragon Ogre	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	3	8	MB
- Dragon Ogre Shartak	7	4	2	5	5	4	2	4	8	MB
Dragon Ogre Shaggoth	7	6	0	6	6	6	4	5	9	Mo
Ghorgon	7	4	0	6	6	6	3	6	10	Mo
Ramhorn	8	3	0	6	6	6	1	5	6	Mo
- Bestigor Crew	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	-
Hag Tree	5	3	0	5	6	5	2	*	7	Mo
Jabberslythe	8	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	9	Mo

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.









BEASTMEN

Deep within the dark heart of the most twisted and dangerous forests of the Old World dwell the countless hordes of the Beastmen, true children of Chaos. Preying on the weak and striking without warning, the Beastmen are a plague on the civilised world, murdering and slaughtering with abandon before disappearing back into the forests. They desire nothing less than to grind Man's temples to dust, to cast down his gods, to tear his body limb from limb and to unmake all that has been built upon the lands.

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 Chaos, their culture and their history.

Warhammer: Beastmen is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book in the series describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.