

WARHAMMER

DWARFS



WARHAMMER ARMIES







DWARFS



by Mathias Eliasson
v.1.11





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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Warhammer: Dwarfs, your indispensable guide to the most tenacious warriors of the world. This book provides all the information you'll require to collect and play with a Dwarf army in games of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT DWARFS?

From their fortress strongholds in and below the snow-capped mountains, the Dwarfs look out upon a world they once ruled. Many millennia of war and invasion have embittered the Dwarfs, forging them into a race of hardened warriors. Now they seek to reclaim what was once their own. They miss no opportunity to record a grudge and will go to any lengths to settle old scores with the edge of an axe.

A Dwarf army is a formidable sight, with ranks of bearded and heavily armoured warriors, their shields and banners identifying clans, guilds and gods. The doughty steel-clad infantry are supported by powerful engines of war, machinery of destruction that no foe can match. While Dwarfs are unwilling to cast magic, they have learned to inscribe runes that can bind eldritch forces, allowing them to create weapons and armour of legend. Full of grim determination, when Dwarfs join battle, there is no retreat, only victory or death.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS:

Warhammer: Dwarfs contains the following sections:

- **Masters of Steel and Stone.** This section describes the history of the Dwarfs, from the times when their Ancestor Gods walked amongst them to the battles

they wage today to reclaim their ancient kingdom from the foul enemies of their race. It includes a descriptive account of their mountain strongholds, including a map, and details of their most famous battles.

- **The Vengeful Throng.** Each and every troop type in the Dwarf army is examined here. You will find a full description of each unit alongside complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Ancient Heirlooms, magical artefacts your characters can use, and Runic Items – unique rules that allow you to customise magic items for use in your games.

- **Dwarfs Army List.** This section takes all of the characters, troops, and war machines from the Vengeful Throng section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are categorised as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare choices, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Dwarfs* 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







MASTERS OF STEEL AND STONE

Forged in battle and tempered with blood and loss, the Dwarfs remain defiant and unbowed. They have grown as stubborn and unyielding as the mountains in which they dwell.

The history of the Dwarfs tells a story of unremitting war and of countless tragedies suffered. Yet they are not worn down by hardships, but say rather that each battle and tribulation has served to further steel the resolve of an indomitable race. This is the saga of those times, and a chronicle of the many grudges the Dwarfs now bear.

Know that one day, all those who owe these blood debts will pay in full.

Be assured of that.

THE DWARFS

The Dwarfs are an ancient race, and the lands they claim as their own lie at the edge of the so-called civilised lands of Men. There, rising high above the world in an endless series of jagged peaks, stand the Worlds Edge Mountains. Beneath those snow-covered pinnacles, the Dwarfs have dug into the bedrock of the world, carving out mines and halls into their kingdom, which they call the Karaz Ankor, meaning either 'the Everlasting Realm' or 'the mountain realm' as the Dwarf word for mountain and extreme durability are the same. There, towering peaks are crowned with lookout towers, impenetrable gates are wrought into the mountainsides and hidden entrances are hewn where they are least expected, secreted in tumbling chasms, behind waterfalls or fashioned to blend seamlessly into rugged cliff faces.

From these formidable strongholds, the Dwarf armies, known as throngs, march forth to do battle. The Worlds Edge Mountains are a harsh and unforgiving environment where avalanches and freezing winds that can strip the hide off a grizzle-bear are not considered the main threats. It is a rocky realm where monsters hunt amongst the peaks, and the passes are the main paths for invading armies. Living tides of Orcs and Goblins sweep the lands, while from the east stomp Ogre armies seeking to prey upon the weak. To the north are barbarian tribes of Men who draw upon the Dark Gods for unnatural powers. Only by dint of their stubborn vigilance and sturdy axe work have the Dwarfs endured.



In a bygone era, the Dwarfs once dominated the Old World. While the race of Man was naught more than fur-clad savages using stone tools, the bright shieldwalls of the Dwarfs marched across the continent, an implacable steel-clad advance. They were driven by an endless quest for precious minerals, for Dwarfs lust after gold and gems, and their mining expeditions spread to distant lands. In those days even the poorest of holds could boast of riches beyond the wealthiest kings of other races. That Golden Age is now long gone. However, woe betide anyone who dares speak of this decline within earshot of a Dwarf, for they remain a proud people and even the slightest remark or insult (real or perceived) can goad them into fury. It is perhaps because of their obstinate pride that the Dwarfs refuse to openly admit that their culture is slowly creeping towards its nadir. Inwardly, they know that they are a doomed race. This gives them a uniquely dour outlook upon the world, perhaps explaining their great fondness for drowning their sorrows in tankard after tankard of ale.

Durgrim Redmane cast an eye over the crowd, ignoring the snores of the weak-headed who had already succumbed to the ale.

"Course," he declared to those still conscious, "the real test of a Dwarf's mettle is in battle. Like as not some of you young 'uns have been called up by the Thanes to fight, like all Dwarfs are sworn to do. Aye, that's a sight and a half - seeing the ranks of the Hold arrayed for war, their fine armour and wellforged weapons gleaming in the lamplight."

He sighed deeply at the thought before taking another tremendous gulp of beer from the horn in his calloused hand.

"Still, back in the old days, there were armies the likes of which you've never seen, and even the shortbeards like you soft 'uns were hardened warriors. Utterly loyal, they was, not come and go as you please like some folk I could mention. Sturdy fighters, respectful of their Thanes and King, sworn to lay down their lives in the defence of the Hold, staunch in the face of the greatest dangers. Stand fast against anything they would; nary a dragon or a great daemon would cause them to raise an eyebrow, and perish the cur who thought of saving his own life before protecting his kinsmen."

Redmane downed the remainder of his ale and wiped the froth from his beard on his sleeve.

"Like a well-crafted mail shirt a Dwarf army is, each warrior an iron-hard link, knitted together by duty, respect and loyalty. And, like a mail shirt, never a blow shall pass them as long as all the links remain strong."

He looked accusingly at the assembled youngsters.

"No weak links here, I hope..."

There was a cry of disapproval and proclamations of courage rang from the low rafters of the tavern and set the shields on the wall to shaking.

"That's what I thought."



The Dwarfs remember their friends and their enemies equally well. They stick to their word, even when honouring a pledge leads them to war, and as a consequence are a greatly valued ally. Dwarfs do not forget grudges, indeed they harbour them, and there is no word for forgiveness in their language. Once someone has made an enemy of a Dwarf, they have made a foe that will last their lifetime and the lives of their descendants as well. For this reason it is quite common for a throng to fall upon a settlement centuries after the offending event. Though a grudge may be something as small as a monetary debt or long-postponed drinking contest, more often than not the stony-faced armies of the Dwarfs seek cold revenge for evil deeds perpetrated by the long-dead ancestors of their hapless victims.

Dwarfs record any slight or transgression against them, and each stronghold has its own Book of Grudges. They do this so each affront can, in the course of time, be waged. Within Karaz-a-Karak, the capital of the Dwarf realm and seat of the High King, resides the Dammaz Kron, the Great Book of Grudges. That its creation dates back to the Dwarfs' first ancestors speaks of how deeply grudge-bearing is ingrained into the Dwarf psyche. Given that their history is rife with bloody battles, tragedies and invasions suffered, there is a lengthy backlog of wrongdoing against their kind, a legacy of unrequited vengeance inherited from their fathers and, in turn, from their ancestors of old.

The Dwarfs have been waging war for over 4,000 years. Theirs is a sorrowful tale of a once great empire which has slowly been worn down by the constant struggle against Goblins, Skaven and other foul races. Over the course of many centuries they have fought with a grim determination to defend their realm. It is a bitter struggle against a foe whose numbers never seem to dwindle, and many of their magnificent Holds have fallen into the hands of their enemies. It is not

uncommon to hear a Dwarf wistfully recall the great glories of the past, observing bitterly that nothing the Dwarfs do in this day and age can compare to the majesty of what once was. Still they fight on, for such is the courage and resolve of these brave warriors that one day they truly believe that their empire will be great again.

In these dark times the Dwarfs are a bastion of honour, strength and courage in a world assailed by Chaos. Though the Dwarfs might be a pale shadow of what they once were, they endure like the very mountains in which their realm sits. There are still many chapters to be written in their history, many deeds of heroism to be wrought, many battles to be fought, 'til the sun sets and the last entry in the Great Book of Grudges is written...

STUBBORNESS GIVEN FORM

Dwarfs are shorter and stouter than Men, and are known for their broad shoulders, beards and stamina. They are immensely strong and resilient, wide in the girth, with big thick hands and broad feet. They consider humans and elves to be gangling weaklings liable to be blown over in a decent breeze. Dwarfs are ideally adapted to cope with demanding physical work, and can dig or tunnel for hours without tiring. They have no fear of darkness or of confined spaces, allowing them to fight at full effect even in the most claustrophobic mine or labyrinth, and their eyesight is piercingly sharp even in the gloom of the halls that yawn beneath the earth. Their extreme physical endurance also enables them to carry heavy loads without any notable loss in speed. As well as being physically robust they are also mentally tough. To say that a Dwarf knows his own mind is something of an understatement. An army of Dwarfs can march along the hazardous reaches of the Underway for days without food or sleep, subsisting merely on nourishing Dwarf ale and fierce pride in their own relentless nature.





Dwarfs are very set in their ways and extremely determined. They are supremely confident in the virtues and values of their civilisation, and are openly scornful of the achievements of other 'less accomplished' races. This combination of physical and mental durability makes Dwarfs very steadfast fighters. They will often fight to the last rather than admit defeat, and rarely run away even if the situation appears hopeless.

The most defining characteristic of Dwarfs is a gruff and stubborn nature. The Dwarfs' innate obstinacy is the stuff of legends and countless tales speak of both the great fortunes and the tragedies of this epic resolve. Positive accounts of the Dwarfs' tenacity speak of perseverance against all odds, a refusal to ever willingly accept defeat. Other sagas tell of dogged loyalty – of Dwarfs holding true to their word, honouring oaths despite cast dangers or the passage of centuries. It is this same fierce determination that drives Dwarf craftsmen to attain the pinnacles of engineering and architectural wonder that they realise through sweat and sheer perseverance.

Yet the adamancy of the Dwarfs has oft proven to be the very cause of their downfall. Indeed, their unforgiving nature has led the Dwarfs to fight horrific and bloody wars. By taking slight at the least provocation or by refusing to back down, the Dwarf race has lost countless allies, and begun untold battles in which they had little chance of surviving. Even in their unmatched feats of work, the belligerent streak of Dwarfs causes problems – their fabled intolerance of flaws means that upon perceiving the slightest defect, they will set about any amount of pain staking labour to rectify matters to their complete satisfaction. If this means wrecking all progress and starting over, then so be it.

Though they would never admit it, Dwarfs have several vices and flaws. All Dwarfs love smoking pipeweed and drinking strong alcohol in the company of their



peers until they are rosy of cheek ruddy of nose. They are also fond of a good grumble, especially when aimed at those younger than themselves. Each of the lords of the Dwarfs is possessed of deep wisdom, an incredible skill-at-arms, a true an abiding charisma, plus the ability to drink several barrels of premium-strength ale before his stones wander into dubious territory and his eyes begin to look in different directions.



A FIRE UNDIMMED

Although many of their ancient strongholds now lie in ruin and have become the lairs of evil creatures, the glories of their past are not forgotten by the Dwarf race. Kept alive through unflagging memory, the sagas of foregone days can still be heard, sung now in the half-empty halls of the surviving mountain fortresses. Yet these are not the dirges of a defeated race, and their tunes tug upon the Dwarfs, stirring within them a fierce warrior's pride. Within the stony heart of every Dwarf there resides a deep-set and burning desire to strike out the grudges of old, to rise again to a just rulership of the land, and most of all, to reclaim what once was their own.

The current Dwarf High King has called the Dwarfs to battle, urging all the holds and clans of the Karaz Ankor to march out of their mountain fortresses and begin a war of reclamation. He is Thorgrim Grudgebearer, so named because he has sworn a mighty oath to avenge every wrong done to his people. Bold words, soon backed by bold deeds.



Thorgrim is obsessed with obstinately settling one ancient grudge after another. Borne to war upon the ancient Throne of Power, Thorgrim leads his glorious armies to battle, thousands of booted feet stomping resolutely along the winding passes and roads of the Old World in search of vengeance. In the last few moons alone, Thorgrim and the throngs of Karaz-a-Karak have avenged the Massacre of Ratspike Plain, taken their due of a thousand Imperial crowns from the treasure chests of the famous Ogre paymaster Bloodyguts, and beaten the undead minions of the Strigoi vampire Velethrex back into the grave in payment for past wrongs.

BY AXE AND HAMMER, IT WILL BE DONE

Heeding their High King, the Dwarfs flexed their mailed fist, marching forth to battle, for even thus diminished, they are still a mighty power in the world. On the battlefield, the Dwarfs are known for their stubborn courage. Ages of warfare have forged the Dwarfs into a hardy and grim race of warriors. What they lack in numbers is more than compensated for by martial prowess and sheer determination, to say nothing of the matchless quality of their arms and armour. Dwarfs fight as heavy infantry, eschewing cavalry, for it is not their way to ride upon beasts. In truth, the rugged mountains they call home are not conducive to cavalry, and regardless, a Dwarf is too short of stature to ride upon a horse, although they are far too proud to admit it. Instead, Dwarfs fight on foot, as is proper and as they have always done. Each warrior is clad in finely crafted mail and is armed with a superbly forged axe, hammer or mattock, which they can wield to deadly effect.

"I call you out, Magnus, son of Megnin, son of Murbad! Gather your armies if you can, for your head is mine to hew from its neck, just as your grandsire took my father's hand a century hence today!"

Thrundil Barrelbeard, settling an old debt

Dwarfs are technologically inventive, having developed advanced engineering, pioneered the use of black powder and deciphered the secrets of steam power. This knowledge manifests itself upon the battlefield in the form of engines of war. There are older designs, such as the time-honoured catapults and bolt throwers, along with the first cannons used in the Old World. To this devastating arsenal, Dwarfs have added newer and still stranger devices. Now being built in the workshops beneath the mountains are flame-spewing cannons, multi-barrelled field guns, and flying machines that bring death from above. Only their own conservatism slows the pace of new development, yet even so Dwarfs can field more machineries of destruction than any other army, whole batteries capable of bombarding a foe into bloody pulp.



Should a foe survive being blasted by cannonballs and sheets of fire, they must weather the bolts and bullets shot by Dwarf crossbows and handguns. Thus thinned and bloodied, the enemy must then confront the Dwarf shieldwall. There, faced with axe, hammer and red-hot vengeance, few stand for long. And many foes down the ages have learned that pleading to Dwarfs for mercy is a lost cause – they are easy to offend, and the only reparations they accept are paid in blood. There are few things in the world that frighten a Dwarf – and none they would admit to – so their enemies had best be prepared for a long, hard fight, for a Dwarf army will often stand and fight to the death rather than retreat and concede defeat.





Dwarf warriors of all stripes generally prefer to fight in the manner of their ancestors – both boots firmly planted upon the ground, chest puffed out, master-crafted weapon in hand and the interlocking shields of their brothers-in-arms stretching away to either side. This goes doubly for the veterans of the Dwarf armies; the Longbeards of the main battle line, the Hammerers that act as the King's bodyguard, and the Ironbreakers that fight each day to keep the tunnels clear of Goblin and Skaven infestation. Clad in the heaviest of armour, the elite infantry of the Dwarfs can stand resolute in the face of appalling odds. There is no invading force in the world that has not broken itself upon a Dwarf shield wall like a wave crashing against a cliff, scattered and driven back by an unyielding bulwark of metal, muscle and warlike temper.

Perhaps most baffling to other races are the Dwarfs known as Slayers. These individuals have undertaken a vow to die in battle, for to Dwarfs, pride is a matter of life and death. Those who have taken the Slayer's Oath shave their heads, save for a distinctive crest dyed bright orange. Of all their race, only the Slayers go to war unarmoured, but they are such fierce fighters that many fail in their pledge; that is, they do not fall in battle, but emerge victorious. Thus, the Slayer must hunt a greater doom, seeking ever more powerful foes.

Like the most majestic of mountain peaks, the Everlasting Realm has weathered each storm, enduring ages of battering and besiegement by foes unending. Yet, both mountain and the race of Dwarfs still stand, proud and defiant. The long saga of war and treachery that is the Dwarfs' history has left a bitter legacy. But, as High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer has avowed, the time for endurance is over; a new era is dawning, and the time for vengeance has begun.



AGE, WEALTH AND SKILL

Dwarfs are a grim and exceptionally proud people. They are sparing with their praise and often disparaging about the achievements of other races. Dwarfs respect three things above all others: age, wealth and skill. Of course, a Dwarf will always carefully explain how his race is the oldest of all, how his ancestors earned unimaginable wealth, and how the Dwarfs are the most skilled builders and smiths in the world. This is not boasting, it is just setting the record straight.

Wisdom of the Ages

Above all things, Dwarfs value age most highly, for age is a measure of wisdom and with it comes wealth and skill, and upon such tenets is Dwarf society founded. Unless slain in battle, or laid low by mishap, Dwarfs live to a great age. A Dwarf's age can be readily deduced by the length and colour of his beard. The oldest and wisest Dwarfs have silver beards many yards long. These are worn wrapped round the Dwarf's belly but can still trail behind him if they are really long. They are usually bound into metal-tipped plaits or elaborate braids. In many of the more war-torn holds, a long and heavily bladed beard is considered a weapon in its own right, sufficient to slice open a Goblin's throat with a contemptuous toss of the head. The relative length and fullness of a Dwarf's beard indicates how old, and therefore wise, he is. Hence, Dwarfs are immensely proud of their beards and never cut or trim them. Whatever they are doing, if Dwarfs are in any doubt as to how to proceed, they look to the Dwarf with the longest beard to tell them what to do. This is invariably the wisest solution.

This respect for age extends to all aspects of Dwarf culture, where ancient workmanship is held up as an example of achievement. Dwarfs have a great reverence for old things, valuing them for their memories and associations. When a skilled Dwarf smith dies his work lives after him and forms a tangible connection to the past. The preservation and continuing use of some ancient device or construction is a form of respect and veneration for its creator. All Dwarf master craftsmen are adept at re-forging ancient weapons or incorporating ancient relics into their new works time and time again so that their blades are the same iron that was wielded over a thousand years ago.

Wealth Beyond Counting

The second thing that Dwarfs respect is wealth. They are an industrious race and work hard for their riches and possessions. Hoarding wealth is a great passion amongst them, and no Dwarf feels secure unless he has a substantial hoard is heaped high enough for him to sit on that he can pass on to his descendants. Every Dwarf family has its own horde, its own treasures and heirlooms, which represent its store of wealth. Dwarfs do not keep valuables in a bank. Indeed, the idea of giving their gold to someone else to look after would make a Dwarf go weak at the knees. Dwarfs like to have their treasure to hand, where they know where it



is, but suitably well hidden from the world at large. To this end the Dwarfs have developed many useful runes of concealment. They are also uncommonly good at making hidden doors, secret passages, and impossible to find drawers or compartments. Of an evening, just before the family retires, a popular Dwarf pastime is that of counting the family's money in front of the fire. Having spent a few happy hours fondling their wealth, the Dwarf family retires to bed satisfied, knowing that they can sleep peacefully with their treasure safely hidden away.

When a Dwarf dies his possessions are divided amongst his family and so are passed on from generation to generation. A family's treasure is held very dear as it is both a source of wealth and a link between the living and the dead. Rumours of this wealth have driven ambitious armies to the gates of the Dwarf strongholds, where most of their bones still lie. But not all attackers have failed, and some Dwarf strongholds have fallen to the Orcs and Goblins, their hoards lost or scattered across the world.

LOVE OF GOLD

Dwarfs are attracted to these bleak places by hidden mineral wealth and especially gold. Dwarfs are utterly besotted with gold. They are also quite enthusiastic about gemstones and other rare and precious metals – but most of all they love gold! Dwarfs sing songs about gold, dig through solid rock to find gold, and spend endless happy hours counting the gold they possess. There are hundreds of different Dwarfish words for gold and new ones are being coined all the time. A Dwarf who finds himself in the presence of large amounts of the yellow shiny stuff can easily go 'gold crazy'. Such an individual may become insanely violent, even going so far as to attack his friends and family who he believes to be "after me gold". Given this strong materialistic streak it is not surprising that Dwarfs are such keen traders and merchants. They are always willing to do business with other races – though only on cash terms – gold always acceptable.

The hoards of some ancient Dwarf lords were of legendary proportions. Even today, the riches of the remaining Dwarf strongholds are a great attraction to Orcs, Goblins and other would-be conquerors, but the Dwarfs are extremely tough and their strongholds have mostly withstood the test of time. Nevertheless, over the millennia several great and proud strongholds have fallen to Orcs and other invaders: their populations dispersed and slain, and their hoards of gold and artefacts broken up and scattered across the world.

Veneration of Craft

The third cornerstone of Dwarf values is their superb craftsmanship. All Dwarfs take pride in their work, whether it is making a tunnel, or carving some tiny gem. They are uncannily good at making small, intricate things, and everything they do is accomplished in a painstaking and thoughtful manner. They stoically take immense pleasure in well-constructed things. Dwarfs hate to see rough or shoddy work, and everything they make is always built to last. By contrast, the Dwarf word for 'shoddiness' can also translate as man-made – a damning criticism of the short-sighted human propensity to craft ephemeral items. Respectful of metal and stone, Dwarfs look down upon those who use perishable materials such as wood and clay.

To Dwarfs, the preservation and continuing use of a device is a form of respect and veneration for its creator. Thus, marvelling at the awe-inspiring craft that carved the magnificent pillars within a Dwarfford can be likened to a form of worship. After all, by doing so, they are paying tribute to the Ancestor Gods who first gave rise to the race of Dwarfs. Works from the days when Grungni, Grimmir, Valaya and the lesser pantheon walked amongst their people are treasured beyond all other riches, but precious few remain, and rarer still are those items directly associated with the Ancestor Gods themselves. Dwarfs will travel thousands of miles to visit a destination where such things reside – such as the Shrine of Grimmir at Karak





Kadrin, or the Stone of Grungni standing along the Silver Road. Dwarfs, Runesmiths in particular, still seek to locate the missing items of their legends, such as the famous Hammer of Grungni, or the rune-covered Dolmens of the Gods – the fabled portals from which the Ancestor Gods first stepped from out of the living mountains and, it is said, from which they will one day return.

Of all the races of the world, it is the Dwarfs who excel most at the creation of artefacts. Each of the great holds is essentially an armoured network built around deep seams of rare and precious metals or even a vein of the priceless metal known to the Dwarfs as gromril. Rare gems and diamonds are the playthings of the Dwarfs, who decorate their finest creations with a king's ransom of jewels and purest gold. The legendary riches of these Dwarf holds are the main reason why they are constantly defended against the avaricious armies that surround them. The Dwarfs expertly extract the purest of materials from the belly of the world, distilling and alloying them, working and reworking, hammering and polishing their precious bounty in multi-chambered forge chasms until it meets their exacting requirements. Only then do the Dwarfs begin the lengthy and laborious task of creating a new work of art, for their proud society will settle for nothing less. Enormous metal pistons and bellows wheeze and hiss in counterpoint to the constant ring of hundreds of hammers; vast cogs clank and plumes of fire roar, each forge-alcove illuminated by the flames of the furnace and the cherry red glow of masterpieces in the making. Every torc, handgun or cannon is wrought to the highest of standards and painstakingly maintained over the passage of the centuries.

The pinnacle of Dwarf skill is reserved for the forging of weapons of war. The heroes of their realm carry at their sides perfectly balanced hammers and ever-sharp axes bound with magical runes of strength and destruction. Dwarfs are expert craftsmen renowned for making magic weapons, armour and all kinds of other artefacts. The magic is put into a weapon or other item by means of one or more powerful runes. Only Runesmiths are able to forge rune weapons which are handed down within Dwarf clans for generations, and

are often entombed with their owners. Such weapons are highly sought after by both Dwarfs and other races the world over, and Dwarfs often set out on expeditions to reclaim weapons ransacked from the tombs of their ancestors. In recent years the Dwarfs have reverently taken the legendary weapons of the Ancestor Gods from their treasure vaults, each capable of felling a Giant with a single blow.

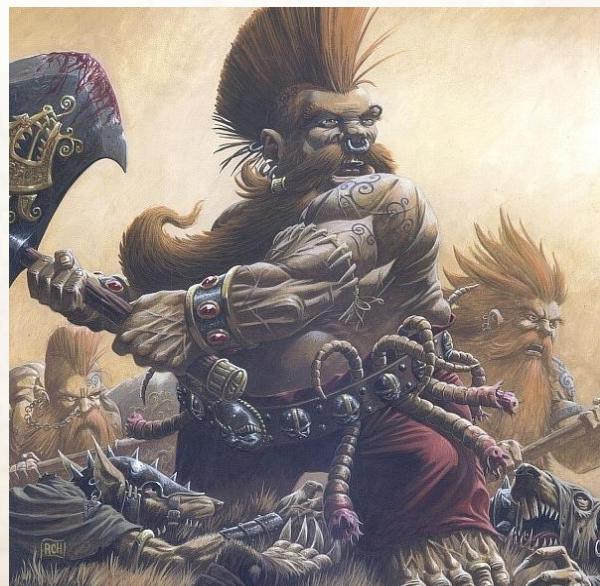
The Elves of Ulthuan maintain that it is the Dwarf love for things of beauty that is their gravest weakness, at best an obsession that blinds them to reason, and at worst a dangerous avarice. The Dwarfs counter that the Elves are merely jealous of their masterful skills, and those who have seen the runic weapons of the Dwarfs in action will maintain that they are quite right.

Keeping Your Oath

Another characteristic of Dwarfs is that they always keep their word. Dwarfs have a very rigid sense of pride and honour. If a Dwarf makes a deal he will remember it and keep to it, even if it costs him dearly to do so. Dwarfs take matters of oaths and bargains very seriously indeed. A Dwarf will honour the word of an ancestor even if it was made centuries before. In turn, Dwarfs expect others to keep their word, and look to the families of oathbreakers for recompense.

A Dwarf who is unable for some reason to keep a bargain he has made will suffer considerable anguish and loss of face. Often the shame will prove too much to bear, and he will abandon his family to wander in the mountains, or become a wild Troll Slayer, vowed to destroy himself in heroic combat.

It is the worst possible insult to break faith with a Dwarf; it is also a serious mistake. A broken bond will be remembered forever, leading to determined acts of vengeance and vendettas which may last for centuries. Great breaches of faith against the Dwarf people are recorded in a massive tome known as the Great Book of Grudges, a huge tome carefully maintained by the stronghold's Dwarf Lord and constantly updated. No





dealings are entered into with anybody without prior reference to this book, which almost amounts to a chronicle of Dwarf history. It is part of Dwarf folklore and many Dwarfs know by heart its fiery accounts of great wrongs done to their ancestors.

Although very determined and matter-of-fact in their daily lives, once a Dwarf snaps his whole life collapses like a mighty tree blown down in the wind. It is because they take such matters so seriously that they rarely forgive acts of betrayal or disloyalty. In fact, if there's one thing a Dwarf can do better than anything else it is bear a grudge! The Dwarfs have never forgiven the High Elves for starting the ancient war between their two races. Even though Dwarfs and Elves now enjoy comparatively friendly relations, it is unlikely that the Dwarfs will ever trust them completely again.

DWARF SOCIETY

Dwarfs are the greatest miners and tunnellers in the world, delving deep beneath their mountain homes for metals, precious stones and the mineral wealth buried there. From this raw material they make all kinds of precious objects, including weapons and armour, marvellous vessels, and jewels worked with incredible skill. Beneath each Dwarf stronghold there exists a labyrinth of caverns and tunnels created and enlarged over centuries as the Dwarfs dug ever deeper in search of new riches.

Dwarfs are supremely skilled craftsmen and take great pride in everything they do. It is almost impossible for a Dwarf to hurry his work, and no Dwarf could ever bring himself to produce something slipshod or cheap. Whether it be forging weapons and armour, the construction of fortifications or the mechanical inventions of the famed Engineers Guild, the ingenuity and technical ability of Dwarfs is unsurpassed anywhere in the Old World. No other race, not even the great craftsmen of the High Elves, can rival the care and skill of the Dwarfs.



Dwarfs obtain all they really need by trading raw materials and artefacts with their neighbouring peoples. A few basic crops are grown within the walls of the Dwarf strongholds and hardy livestock graze on the high pastures. Good land is scarce in the mountains and Dwarfs are not great farmers, although they are enthusiastic hunters, able to find meat and fur even in the highest peaks. Grain and fruit are brought into the mountains by merchants and exchanged in the strongholds for metalwork and gold. If trade routes are cut by war and the strongholds are besieged, the dour Dwarfs tighten their belts and dine on Dwarf bread, a tough bread baked from a mixture of wild grain and pulverised rock, made almost palatable when washed down with good Dwarf ale! Indeed, Dwarf ale is so nourishing that Dwarfs can survive for weeks on this alone. Every stronghold has a great store of barrels and takes great pride in the efficacy and unique flavour of its ale.

Each Dwarfhold is a self-contained economy. Most are at the centre of a network of smaller, subordinate holds that operate their own mines, farms and workshops. A vigorous trade exists between these holds and the great hold to which they owe allegiance. A more controlled trade goes on with other holds and with the outside world in general. The Empire, Tilea, Estalia and Bretonnia are all eager customers for Dwarf goods and Tilean merchants frequently act as middle-men ensuring that some exchange still goes on between Elves and Dwarfs despite both sides' antipathy towards each other.

The demand for Dwarf trade goods will never be sated. The Dwarfs are the finest artisans in the world and craft goods that are both elegant and robustly functional. The Dwarfs do not simply mass-produce, however. No true Dwarf could ever tolerate doing anything but his best work. Consequently, the supply of trade goods is kept relatively low, which has the fortunate effect of keeping the prices high.





There is little that the Dwarfs actually want for, partially because they maintain a stubborn disdain for other races' produce, and partially because, with the odd exception, Dwarfs have little use for fripperies and luxuries. The Dwarf population is relatively small and it is easy enough for them to provide for themselves by farming upland meadows, terraced fields within the boundary of the holds, fishing both surface and subterranean rivers and herding hardy mountain goats. This fare, while adequate, is less than exciting, so is augmented by trade. Particular attention is paid to different strains of hops and barley as the Dwarf palate demands a wide variety of ales and the brewer's craft is highly regarded.

As the proceeds of their industry are considerable and their expenses relatively slight, Dwarfs are able to indulge their natural tendency towards hoarding. They are also aggressive hagglers who will always seek to get the best side of a deal. Whilst this gives the Dwarf realm immense reserves of gold and gems, their reluctance to spend any of it diminishes its strategic value. Moreover, it helps to explain why Orcs and Goblins are willing to risk so much when attacking Dwarfholds. Even allowing for the fact that the choicest treasures will be cunningly concealed in vaults protected by traps of the greatest ingenuity, the loot that can be gained from a fallen hold is a prize unparalleled. It is no wonder that Orc Bosses spend the lives of their followers so generously in pursuit of such a prize.

CLANS

Dwarfs have very long memories when it comes to ties of blood, and they take their family obligations extremely seriously. A wrong done to a Dwarf is a wrong done to his whole family; an insult not only to the living but to his ancestors and yet unborn

descendants. Dwarfs are also very possessive, not the least about land and territory. The Dwarf lands are divided into many clan territories, the homelands of Dwarf clans. A clan is an extended family, a group of Dwarfs who can trace their ancestry to a common ancestor who may have originally settled a certain valley, built a particular stronghold or excavated a specific mine in halcyon ancient days. When the original clans formed, different households came together and swore allegiance to one another, naming their leaders as kings. Many of these same clans continue today, and new ones have branched off after disputes or overcrowding.

Social hierarchy among Dwarfs is based upon their clan affiliation, and prestige within a clan is determined by age, skill, and honour, as well as wealth and breeding. Most clans are tightly knit kinship groups associated with a single hold. Many Dwarfs undertake their clan's traditional profession and strive to outperform the craftsmen or labourers from other clans with fierce, but good natured, rivalry. A Dwarf's loyalty goes first to his king, then to his kinfolk, and finally to other Dwarfs. Outsiders rarely win a Dwarf's trust, but if they do, they will find no better ally.

A Dwarf clan typically lives, works and goes to war together. The many families of Dwarfs that comprise a clan share a common homeland, but may live elsewhere. Indeed, their homeland may have long since been destroyed, but the clan still maintains its sense of identity and dreams of one day returning to rebuild its ancestral home. Their clan's history is a source of great pride to Dwarfs, and all individuals can readily trace their lineage back to ancient times. It is in Dwarfs' nature to show extreme reverence to the past, venerating their ancestors and place of origin. Each generation keeps old traditions alive through singing

DWARF SHIPPING

Just as they still do for the Empire today, the great rivers of the Old World provided the Dwarfs with their main means of moving shipments from their holds in the mountains to the elven colonies amongst the forests to the west. The earliest Dwarf boats were simple designs, rowed by a series of sweeps down each side, each crewed by a Dwarf. As contact between the Dwarfs and Elves grew, the Dwarfs learned more of ship design and sailing, and adapted it in their own unique way. For much of the earliest period of trading, 'grubarks', were used. This vessel used an ingenious yet simple gearing system to allow a handful of Dwarfs to operate a whole bank of sweeps. It was at this time that the first paddle ships began to appear on the rivers, the true precursors to Dwarf vessels of this day. These were 'ghazan-harbarks'.

Not only on the rivers did the Dwarfs ply their trade. In the northern Badlands, the hold of Barak Varr grew from strength to strength. Built into cliffs overlooking the sea, Barak Varr has a vast cave to act as a natural harbour, and it is to here that many of the elven ships from the far west and distant orient came with their goods. Buoyed by this mercantile wealth, Barak Varr grew rapidly, and many Dwarfs there, of perhaps a more outgoing and cosmopolitan nature than many of their kind, began to experiment with sea-going vessels of their own. Dwarfs have never been overly fond of sails, although some ships used rotary sails as a means of power, much like the windmills found in the Wastelands and elsewhere across the Empire.

The advent of steam power for the Dwarfs was to revolutionise ship-building forever. This led to the construction of heavier-than-water ships, such as the ironclads and dreadnoughts that can occasionally be seen in Marienburg and sometimes as far up the Reik as Altdorf. Powered by coal and coke, these marvels of engineering hold closely-guarded secrets that the College of Engineers would dearly love to examine and replicate. Most are based upon an evolution of the paddlewheel design seen in the ghazan-harbarks, though a few enterprising souls have tried using powered oars much in the same fashion as the original grubarks. There are even rumours of some Dwarf vessels being able to submerge completely for a short length of time, much like the frost whales of the Sea of Claws.



the long sagas of remembrance, elaborately rebuilding and repairing ancestral tombs and the cherished maintenance of relics from elder days. A clan member will also remember any grudges or debts his forefathers may have accrued. A wrong done to a Dwarf is a wrong done to his whole family, an insult not only to the living relatives, but also to his ancestors and as yet unborn descendants. Like heirlooms, grudges are passed down to each generation, and in every Dwarf's heart, there burns a fiery thirst to avenge ancient wrongs.

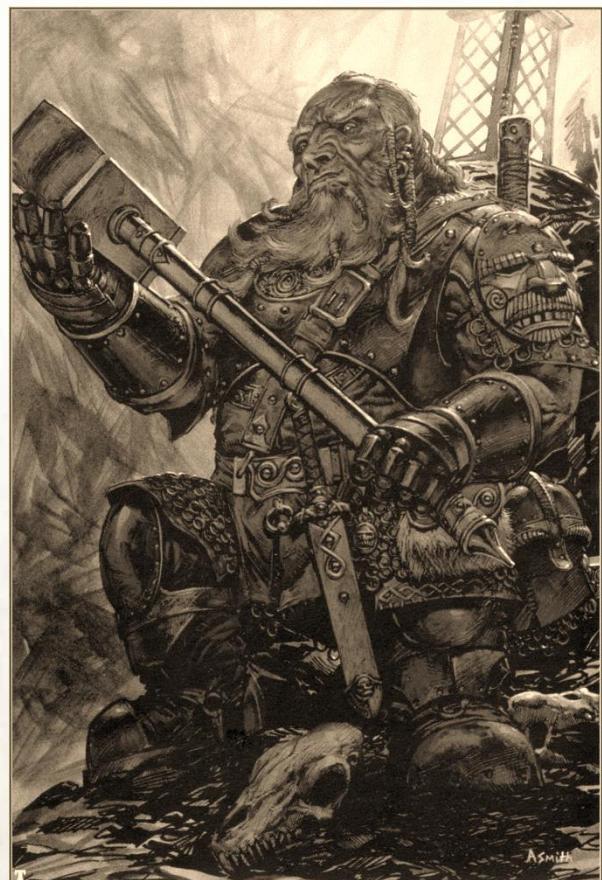
Some of the clans practice unique skills which they carefully guard from the outside world and even from other clans. In effect, the many craftsguilds which teach the secrets of Dwarf craftsmanship are also clans which trace their ancestry to an ancient craftsman. This natural tendency to keep skills within the family means that professions are hereditary, with young Dwarfs inheriting the skills and roles of their fathers. Dwarfs belonging to the craftsguilds have a clan homeland just like other Dwarfs, but because their skills are in such wide demand they are scattered thinly across the Dwarf realms and in the human lands where Dwarfs have settled. Only rarely do the craftsguilds meet to celebrate the achievements of their ancestors in song, and toast the accomplishments of the living with foaming ale.

Most Dwarfs practice a trade, but as war is common, each clan readily forms into one or more regiments, ready for battle. Thus, though they might be gem-cutters, stonemasons or miners, when enemies arise, they don heavy mail and take up weapons. It is customary for members of such regiments to display colours and symbols from their clan and/or stronghold – not a uniform, as such, but rather a reflection of the pride those individuals take in their common bond. After thousands of years of warfare, many clans have been wiped out or driven far from their homelands, their original holds lost or destroyed. In this way, surviving strongholds now house not just their

founders, but also Dwarfs from many different clans. These displaced clans pledge fealty to a new king, swearing oaths to fight for their adopted stronghold. However, no matter where a clan re-settles, or how long they remain with a new hold, they maintain a strong sense of their unique identity and harbour hopes of one day reclaiming their ancestral homes.

The complex web of bonds which has been made between clans, guilds and strongholds over the millennia means that the Dwarfs always show great solidarity in the face of outsiders and enemies. As a result of these traditions, the great Dwarf Empire of the past still exists in spirit if not in physical reality.

Each Dwarf Hold is home to many clans – the larger Karaks, such as Karaz-a-Karak, have over a hundred different ones living within their halls. The richest clans can obviously afford the best weapons and armour for their warriors, their extensive treasures and armouries can be opened up in times of war so that they can field the most impressive and skilled warriors. Of all the clans, that of the Hold's King is invariably the richest, as he takes a tax of all the money made by the other clans. When the King's clan goes to war, he is able to draw on his large wealth to equip the best warriors of the Hold with the finest wargear, and in times of great need may even hire in mercenaries to defend the Hold. Also, the King can assemble all of his bodyguard, the Hammerers. The greatest army in the Dwarf empire is that of the High King of Karaz-a-Karak, and it is said that the ground trembles when this mighty host marches to war.





The Hearth

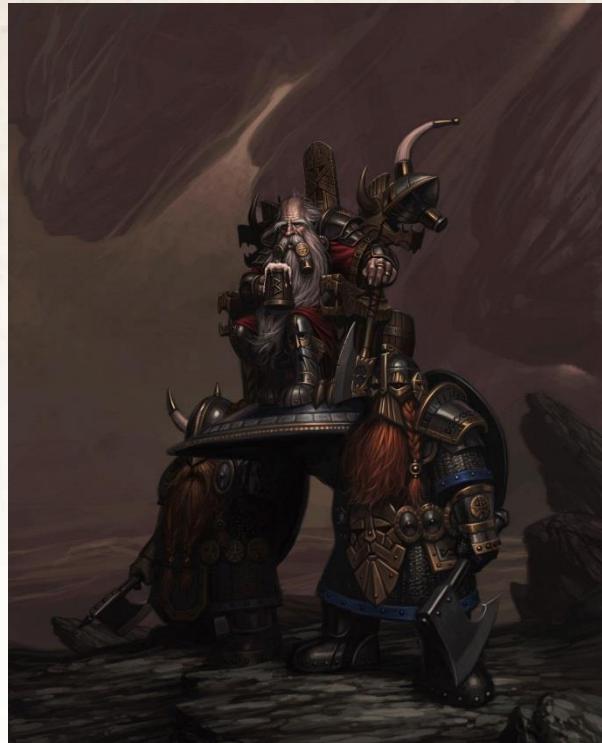
The basic family unit within a Dwarf clan is known as a hearth, comprising many generations, from mewling younglings to the venerable, centuries old patriarch. Most of the family members are uncles, brothers, or nephews, for Dwarf men outnumber women folk ten to one. However, the hearthwife dominates family affairs, keeping order within the living chambers and raising strong sons.

Although she might only produce one or two younglings each century, she can live a long time and potentially raise a large family. A father's duty is to raise his sons as honourable members of his clan, and teach them the ways of axe and shield. A son's duty is to follow his father's profession, honour his ancestors, and increase the family's treasure hoard.

Hearthwives are a rare commodity and a husband will pay a hand some dowry to his bride's clan. A bride's dowry is determined by weighing her on the nuptial scales and so parents traditionally fatten their daughter before her wedding. A prospective husband must be able to wrap his beard around his bride's waist to prove he is worthy of her, so only richer and older Dwarfs are able to marry and start their own hearth. Such is her value that a widowed hearthwife is often married to her brother in law to keep her in the family.

The Royal Clan

The most prestigious Dwarfs in a hold belong to the royal clan of the king and his kinfolk. Most kings can trace a line to the most ancient ancestors and their lineage is carefully recorded in their hold's Hall of



Deeds. It is vital that a worthy heir, preferably the eldest son, succeed the king. If fortune dictates otherwise, a throne never remains empty for long. A noble from another hold may be invited to take the crown or another clan within the hold may be elevated to royal status, with its leader becoming king.

Only if a royal line is extinguished (or, very rarely, disgraced) will it be changed. In such an event, there are several possibilities. A thane or prince from another bold may be invited to become king or another high-ranking clan may become the royal clan. Exactly what happens is decided in council by the thanes of the hold, with considerable wrangling from the guilds and the most influential clans.

Younger princes are expected to serve their hold as battle commanders. Proud of this duty, they would never usurp their older brother. The king's uncles, cousins, and nephews are known as thanes, and are also valiant leaders in times of war. Their blood ties to the king earn them great respect from their subordinates.

Dwarfs are not fond of titles and like to keep such things simple. Apart from the king, and his direct heirs, the princes, nobles are referred to as thanes, even if related to royalty. Thanes may hold offices, but these are not hereditary. Each swears an oath of allegiance to the king and holds his office at the king's whim.

A Dwarf queen has the vital role of bearing the king's heirs, though if her husband dies childless, she might rule until a suitable heir is found. Queens have sometimes led warriors into battle and proved valiant defenders of their hold. Should a king have a daughter, she provides a means of maintaining an alliance with another hold through diplomatic marriage, though the king naturally bemoans the dowry he must pay.





Clan Hierarchy

Dwarfholds seem at first sight to have a social structure similar to human society. This is not surprising given that the Dwarfs helped inspire and shape the fledgling Empire. However, the distinctions between the social classes are based as much on honour and skill as they are on pure wealth, creating some subtle differences.

Not all clans are considered equal, and Dwarf society is strictly regimented. Below the royal clan, the hold's most influential clans boast an association with the great guilds the Engineers, Runesmiths, Goldsmiths, and so on. These clans are almost always associated with the great guilds, membership of which is often limited to members of those clans that originally formed the guild centuries ago. Next highest in the social order are Dwarfs who belong to respectable clans and dwelt within established holds. They may be members of the less prestigious local guilds or may earn a living as labourers such as hrunki or skrundi, which is considered an honourable profession among Dwarfs. The lesser clans form the backbone of the hold's industry and provide warriors for its defence, but have little political influence. Social snobbery between clans is rare; a hard working Dwarf is admired whatever his status.

The majority of Dwarf clans are respectable and live in or near well-established holds. Higher up in the hierarchy are those clans that show a mastery at a craft or are extremely rich. At the apex of a hold are clans with royal ties – the nobility of the Dwarfs, the highest of which is the king of the hold and his family. The greatest of the kings can trace their lines unbroken to the Ancestor Gods - and it is from these clans that the High King is chosen. Only if a royal line is extinguished (or disgraced) will it change. In such an event, a relative from the same clan might be invited to claim kingship or a thane from a related high-ranking clan might be raised to establish a new line of lords. The exact action is decided in council by the thanes of the hold, and is subject to wrangling from the guilds and the most influential of clans.

Each clan is ruled by a thane, normally its wealthiest member. Equal in status to the thanes of royal blood, he is similarly expected to be a great war leader, though he also has duties to the welfare of his clan. The oldest and most experienced thanes serve on the Council of Elders, a position earned by the length and whiteness of their beards. All longbeards enjoy the utmost distinction, whatever their clan, though they have a reputation for grumbling how much worse things have become since the days of their youth.

A number of unfortunate clans descend from the survivors of the catastrophic fall of the Dwarf holds during the Time of Woes. Most holdless clans-Dwarfs dwell in settlements at the edge of the Karaz Ankor or eke out a living in human towns, but a few lead an itinerant lifestyle trading from hold to hold. Although they may be respectable workers, the loss of their Karak has stained their honour, and clans that retain

their holds look down upon them. Such clans' reputations are not besmirched, but without roots, they are regarded as untrustworthy. All Dwarfs should have a hold and those that wander are regarded as being unconventional and therefore unreliable. Dwarfs from such clans are frequently traders, working in the cities of the Empire or travelling from hold to hold as necessity demands. A tiny minority of holdless can trace their lineage to the royal clans of the lost holds and dream of reconquering their ancestral halls to regain their kingly status.

The lowest ranks in Dwarf society are those clans that have been disgraced in some way, despised by other Dwarfs. They are banned from joining guilds and are often outcast from a hold. They are few in number, as most Dwarfs strive to lead honourable lives. A Dwarf's dishonour can ruin his family's reputation for generations and there are many outcasts who continue to bear the burden of an ancestor's misdeeds even as they seek to restore their honour. Among these is Clan Growlsh, infamous drinkers who failed in their oath to protect then High King Alrik Deathdealer's daughter. Outcasts are unwelcome in any hold and must make their own way. Some persevere in the wilderness, living rugged lives as prospectors or rangers, others leave the mountains to work in human realms, but most perish, overcome by ancient foes before they can restore their honour.

When the call comes to muster, clans will form Warrior, Quarreller and Thunderer regiments under their own leader. The more affluent the clan, the more embellished their wargear will be. All Dwarf weaponry and armour is of excellent quality and even a minor clan will only send warriors to war properly harnessed.





GUILDS

Dwarfs are possessive, and to help guard the secrecy of their most skilled crafts, the Dwarfs have created guilds – artisan clans that trace their ancestry to a single master of old. Thus, to be born into the Clan of Morgrim, better known as the Runesmiths Guild, is to be destined, in some fashion, to be involved in the arcane study of working metal and magic into mighty runes of power.

Dwarf society is predicated on guilds, and many long-established professions have them. Of the numerous Dwarf clans that inhabit a hold, many of them will be expert craftsmen in some field and thus belong to the guilds associated with their given profession. A clan that practices a given profession will probably be affiliated to the guild. Some guilds ensure that only the clans that formed the guild are allowed to practice that trade (the practice is known as baren umbari – literally barring trade) to deny latecomers access to an established enterprise.

Guilds set out rules for member clans to follow. Dwarfs attach considerable importance to having a recognised trade or craft so are normally willing to obey guild rules. A council, comprising all the guild's masters, is responsible for enforcing the rules and regulating the guild. This keeps skills within a clan, although as their talents are in high demand, guild members tend to be thinly spread across many strongholds. Each guild has all manner of secret handshakes and unusual rituals that allow them to identify other members that they have never met before. These guilds form a small, but authoritative faction in Dwarf society.

Each guild member must pay an annual tithe to his guild and faces an arduous path, often a century or two of hard toil, from apprentice to journeyman before he can be admitted to the esteemed company of guild masters. Dwarfs who fail to impress their superiors remain lowly underlings until they can prove their skill.



A Dwarf who strays from the rigid traditions of guild law is usually expelled from the guild and exiled from his clan. Expulsion from a guild is a serious dishonour. Failure to exile an expelled guild member from a clan can bring the same punishment down on the clan. In wartime, it is customary for members of clan regiments to display guild insignia on their banners and shields; this is not a uniform, merely a reflection of the pride that individual warriors take in their guild.

Of all the guilds, it is the craftguilds that are the most highly respected and who enjoy a high pecking order in Dwarf hierarchy. Goldsmiths, brewmasters, weaponsmiths, Runesmiths, jewelersmiths, stonemasons, miners and engineers (one of the most powerful and highly respected craft guilds, whose principal shrine is at Zhufbar) are some of the most esteemed – only members of the royal clan are ranked higher. Each guild will set out the standards and practices that are to be followed by an initiate of the guild. Apprentices are taken on in varying frequency according to the craft being undertaken – runesmith apprentices are much rarer than that of weaponsmiths, for instance. Through journeyman and eventually to master, a Dwarf will learn and become an expert in his trade. Expulsion from any guild is a very serious matter and each and every guild has a unique method of punishing those who fall short of the standards required or who fail to observe tradition.



The Guild of Engineers

The Engineer's Guild is one of the most important and powerful guilds in the Everlasting Realm, which many claim was founded by Grungni. The guild's powerbase is in Zhufbar, but it wields considerable influence within every Karak. Though all Dwarfs are expert craftsmen, it is those of the Engineers Guild that are the most gifted weaponsmiths. The steam driven and clockwork technologies that power the Dwarfs' strongholds and the potent black powder weaponry that strengthens their armies were all developed by the Engineers' Guild. Their inventions include the multi barrelled organ gun, the flame cannon, the grudge throw trebuchet, and the gyrocopter. Recent innovations include the war zeppelin and mechanical battle engines fashioned in the likeness of the Ancestor Gods.

Dwarfs are a stolid and tradition-minded people, inclined to trust to the wisdom of their ancestors and their aged longbeards rather than any new ideas or innovation. Their traditionalism carries through to everything Dwarfs do, including their engineering, and perhaps as a result Dwarfs are the finest engineers in the world – just ask any Dwarf. The superlative craftsmanship of the Dwarfs results in machines that not only can perform near-miraculous feats, but do so with unequalled reliability. Before a Dwarf engineer submits his new design for consideration by his fellows, he makes damn sure it works!





The Guild must constantly strive to balance the traditions and conservatism of Dwarf culture with the inventive genius of its members. It attempts to regulate the most inventive of Dwarfs, ensuring that everything they make is based on proven, reliable engineering principles. This is sadly a losing battle as Dwarf Engineers are constantly striving to make a lasting contribution to Dwarf society, to create an invention that will ensure his name is remembered forever. As a consequence, some are tempted to press through their new designs before they are properly tested and refined, or to pursue avenues of research disapproved of by their elders. This makes relations between the guild and its most illustrious guild members more than a little strained. A young engineer whose ideas are stifled by tradition might develop his new-fangled machine in secret, but if discovered must undergo the embarrassing ‘trouser leg’ ceremony before being ejected from the guild. Virtually every Engineer visionary has at some point been expelled from the guild, only to be readmitted later when their invention finally wins acceptance. This may, of course, be long after their deaths. In the meantime, exile and derision is the anvil on which many a true Engineer is shaped. Of course, plenty of Dwarfs who only thought of themselves as visionary have been expelled, too. Over recent times they have become infamous for their runaway successes. To truly understand why, one must first understand the dilemma facing the Dwarf race.

Dwarfs value tradition and protocol, and have a deep-seated mistrust of anything new and unproven. After all, what good is a weapon if it can let its wielder down at a critical moment? Sadly, every decade the Dwarf empire dwindles a little more, and more beleaguered holds fall to the evil armies that roam the mountain passes. Such is the Dwarf race’s plight that the luxuries of circumspection and caution are often put aside in favour of more drastic solutions.

Truth be told, despite the misgivings of the more traditional engineers, the modern experimental approach has led to some serious advancements in Dwarf military science. From the Engineers Guild has sprung not only the blackpowder weapon, painstakingly perfected in the form of Dwarf handguns and rune-enscribed cannons, but also advancements on traditional ballistic weapons. These include double-sprung metal crossbows, mechanical bolt-launching artillery pieces, cantilevered stone throwers and even stranger and more potent machineries of war. It was the Engineers Guild that pioneered the Gyrocopter, a vital tool in the communications network of the surviving holds, the Flame Cannon, inspired by the fire-breathing beasts of the high peaks, and the multi-barrelled Organ Gun, possessed of the firepower of a small battery of cannons in its own right. The latest contraptions to have been unveiled by rogue Engineers include war zeppelins bristling with guns, steam-powered war engines forged in the likeness of Dwarf Ancestor Gods, and the hissing, furnace-hearted beasts beloved of the Engineers of Karak Hirn. The older Dwarfs like to grumble into their beards that these are merely the



indulgent creations of foolhardy younglings with ideas too big for their boots, but just maybe these new machineries of war are precisely what the Dwarfs need to halt the decline of their race and restore their ancestral lands to their rightful glory.

The Engineers Guild is separate from the clans of a Hold and is able to muster an army of its own. Often this force is used for forays across the mountains to other Holds, or to accompany trade convoys to the towns of Men, guarding valuable Dwarf inventions and artefacts, or the gold paid for them. As you might expect, the Guild has access to many war engines and blackpowder weapons, and a Guild Expedition relies heavily upon this massed firepower. One of the greatest Guild expeditions took place three hundred years ago when Guild master ‘Wondergun’ Thorkesson took fifteen wagons of weapons to Marienburg, all the way across the Empire. They fought jealous Imperial lords, roving bandits, Beastmen warbands and marauding Orcs and Goblins. They lost only one wagon – it was carrying handgun ammunition which they were forced to expend along the way.

Many of the inventions created by members of the Engineer’s Guild are practical, every-day sorts of items: pumps to clear water from mineshafts, steam-powered drilling devices, complex systems to draw a cage up a vertical shaft. Dwarfs can become quite well-respected and honoured for creating such devices, as the benefits to Dwarfen quality of life can be enormous.

But somehow, there’s just not that much glory in devising a new sort of chimney flue or a way to heat water. Many engineers – the sort most likely to take up an adventuring life, certainly – hunger for something more exciting. They want to make something showy – an invincible steam-powered warship, or a firearm that can shoot a dragon out of the sky.





In any case, creating anything new is a long and laborious process for Dwarfs. First, if the engineer is to have any hope of his invention being accepted by his fellows, he must demonstrate that he has a masterful understanding of the principles of engineering – especially those principles established and espoused by the longbeards of the Guild. Since Dwarfs respect age, wealth, and skill above all else, a prospective inventor would do well to ensure that he is wellstocked with all three before presenting his inventions.

When he is ready (or often, long before he's really ready), an engineer will set about designing and constructing his new invention. If he is lucky enough to have a close relationship with other engineers, he may show his plans to a few close friends and solicit their advice. More often, this is done in extreme secrecy, lest another engineer steal his idea.

Once the plans are complete, the engineer builds his first prototype, potentially modifying his plans as he goes. Again, this prototype is likely subject of great secrecy...and it almost certainly will not meet the very high standards of a Dwarf's pride. Likely, the engineer will return to his plans, applying the lessons learned from his failed prototype to build a new one...and so on, and so on.

Once the device is perfect, it can be presented to the Engineer's Guild for consideration... which is usually where things start to go terribly wrong. The longbeards of the Engineer's Guild are infamously critical and inclined to believe that anything new is, by dint of its newness, inferior to the way things were done when they were young. They're likely to poke, prod, mistreat, and manhandle the proposed invention,



finding fault when pieces come off in their hands after only a little bit of twisting and pulling, or accusing the device or being "too rigid" if pieces don't come off! When it comes time to actually display the device in action, they're even more critical. The slightest irregularity in performance or perceived flaw in design is pounced upon by the senior engineers. Even a device that works perfectly will have its underlying principles or concept questioned. "A device for traveling rapidly up and down between deeps? What's wrong with taking the stairs, then? In my day, we took the stairs!"

Still, as unbearably irascible as the Engineer's Guild can be, these high standards are not without their purpose. No device that can't survive a week-long grumble from a few dozen longbeards can be expected to hold up over even a scant few centuries of use in a Dwarf karak. Better any flaws be discovered now, they reason, than innocent Dwarfs be injured or worse during the device's normal operation!

If flaws are found, as they almost always are, the senior engineers aren't without mercy. They expect the device's inventor to take the wisdom and criticism of his elders to heart and return to the drawing board. In a few decades, he might even come back with an improved, perfected version of the rejected device, and the process can begin again!

If, in the considered opinion of the Engineer's Guild, the device is genuinely without flaws and performs a valuable service for Dwarfkind, then the device and its creator are both celebrated (which normally involves drinking copious amounts of Dwarf beer).

Plans are disseminated and the technique for building the device is taught to a host of younger engineers... who naturally will consider their own ways of improving it. And so the cycle continues, as the once-revolutionary engineer finds himself fighting against modifications to his own design.

The Guild of Goldsmiths

Every Dwarf craves gold with inexplicable lust. However, they consider only items of master craftsmanship worthy enough to join their treasure pile. An individual who simply piles rude ingots or vulgar coins upon his hoard is considered extremely uncouth by his fellow Dwarfs.

The Guild of Goldsmiths comprises the greatest of Dwarf artisans, many of whom can spend decades or even centuries creating their masterpieces. A Dwarf's social standing is not only measured by the size of his treasure hoard, but also by the names of the craftsmen who have worked the artefacts within it. The most famous gold smiths are renowned throughout the Karaz Ankor and the greatest among them are sought out by the Karak kings. Once a Dwarf king acquires a master goldsmith's services, he keeps him virtually imprisoned in his workshop, well-guarded against any attempts by a rival king to coax him away with a better offer of employment.



The Miners' Guild

Over half of a Karak's adult population might be involved in the mining profession and several Dwarf clans are solely comprised of miners. Thus, the Miners' Guild is an extremely important institution within all Dwarf strongholds. Many miners rely on picks and shovels, as did their forefathers before them, but innovations such as steam hammers and rock drills have recently improved efficiency, though much to the distaste of elder Dwarfs. Gold is the most desired prize. Gromril, a metal harder than steel, is highly sought after as well and can be found only in scarce seams below the Worlds Edge Mountains. Iron ore, however, is the most important resource as it is vital to the operation of the weapon forges and workshops.

Companies of miners are invaluable in times of war for their ability to undermine enemy fortifications. They are also employed to tunnel beneath the battlefield, breaking the surface behind enemy lines to threaten their rear ranks.

The Weaponsmiths & Armourers Guild

Numerous guilds are dedicated to the forging of weapons and armour. As each adult male Dwarf is expected to gird himself for war, these guilds are greatly valued. The best weaponsmiths and armourers forge durable items that are not only of the highest practical quality, but also decorated with solid but intricate designs, often dazzlingly bejewelled or trimmed with gold or silver. The most impenetrable armour and sharpest weapons are fashioned from gromril for the wealthiest Dwarfs or elites such as Ironbreakers.

Dwarfs favour axes and hammers above other weapons; those with a preference for missile weapons

use crossbows or blackpowder weapons such as handguns or pistols. When girding for war, most Dwarfs clad themselves in chainmail or plate armour, for, unlike the less sturdy races, they are unencumbered by heavy weight. Their helms are often horned or winged, and some go to battle wearing a full face mask bearing the stylised likeness of an ancestor. Their shields are usually round, brightly coloured, and emblazoned with gold or silver insignia, often the badge of their clan or guild.

The Carpenters Guild

In latter centuries the Dwarfs have taken to making most of their goods and arms entirely from smelted steel, brass and gold. Yet in ages past they fashioned items from wood-like men and Elves, and through careful lacquering and care, the oldest Dwarf heirlooms still have wooden parts. Most of the wood lumbered from a hold's overground realm is used to make charcoal for fires, but there is one tree that the Dwarfs value as much as metal. This is the wutroth, known variously as ironbark, stonetrunk or mountain oak.

The wutroth is not the tallest of trees, but its trunk and boles are exceptionally broad. It grows incredibly slowly, and only at the highest altitudes. To preserve itself against the wind and cold it has a very thick bark, which is worn smooth by constant mountain gales. Its leaves are small, and its oots form in dense clusters that the Dwarfs' ancestors used to employ as bullets for hunting slings. With each passing season, the wutroth layers on ring after ring of fine new growth, leading to a very dense, heavy wood. Yet for all of its strength, this wood keeps moist for a long time and thus can be shaped like willow or ash into bows, shields, canopies and other curved structures. The greatest wutroth forests were destroyed along with much of the Dwarf realm during the Time of Woes, and Dwarf rangers are constantly on the lookout for isolated groves and small woodlands of this tree. If a grove happens to be found, it is well guarded and the wood is reserved for kingly artefacts.



Dwarfs once used its extremely tough but pliable wood as a durable material in their architecture and artefacts, making the Guild of Carpenters an honoured and wealthy establishment. Today the guild is much diminished, for iron and brass are the preferred building materials of most Dwarfs and wutroth is so rare that it is almost as expensive as gromril. The Carpenters' Guild survives as an elite institution of a few highly specialised individuals, carving wutroth as a status symbol for royalty.





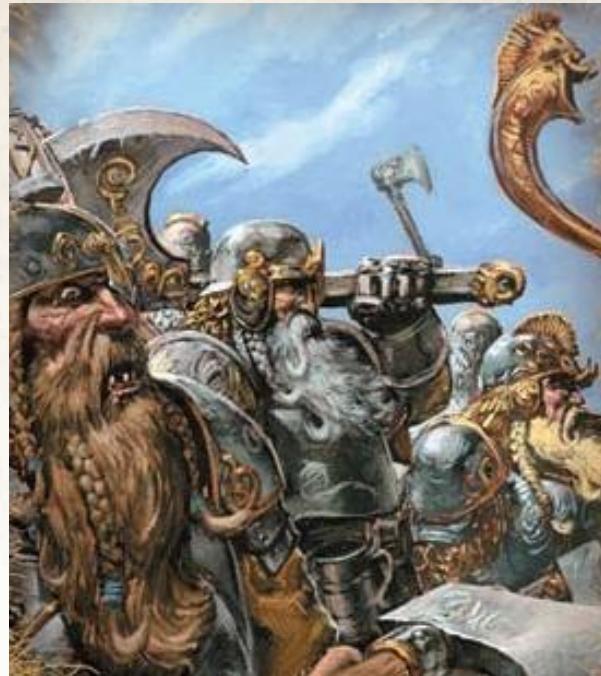
ANATOMY OF A HOLD

Though the Dwarfs live for much of their life underground, and the greater part of their realm is beneath the rock, they do not shun the surface altogether. Indeed, as much as one third of a king's domains may be above ground and far afield.

Such surface structures include not only the gates and gatehouses into the hold, but also a network of other delvings that may only be connected to the hold by overground routes. These incorporate all manner of mines, lookout towers, goat-herding stations, trading posts, breweries, farms, gyrocopter landing stages and ranger outposts.

All of these are considered part of the hold, and regular contact is maintained with them when possible. However, some of these outlying realms may be cut off by war, weather or other circumstance for decades, if not centuries. In these times, expeditions are sent to re-establish communications, often several generations later. Some of these isolated settlements may have been wiped out, others will have grown and will seek nominal independence from their hold: for an appropriate severance payment to the ruling king, of course.

The most obvious outward signs of a Dwarffold are the bastions and skybridges. Walls and watch towers jut from the snowy rock, manned every hour of the day and night, with beacon fires ready to be lit. Often these are linked by covered walkways, reinforced trenches and roads with parapets, so that forces can be moved safely from one place to another. Some are linked by tunnels that never connect with the hold, allowing warriors to redeploy secretly from one tower to the next, yet at no time risk the security of the hold should they be overrun.



The skybridges vary enormously. Some are thin and have no parapet, barely wide enough for a single traveller to cross. Others are broad enough for three carts to move abreast, with high towers along their length. No skybridge has been built for over four thousand years, for they were constructed when Dwarf power was at its height, before the Time of Woes. Many were destroyed in the eruptions and earthquakes, others have been abandoned and have all but collapsed. Those that survive are impressive indeed, soaring from peak to peak across the mountains, spanning valleys many miles wide, some as high as the clouds themselves.



Below its surface, a Dwarffold is divided into a series of descending labyrinthine levels called 'deeps'. These deeps are most usually linked by long stairways, subterranean tunnels and shafts, invariably brazier lit, expertly crafted and adorned with Dwarven mosaics and runic insignia. The most important of these is the royal deep, where the king sits in judgement and entertains the dwarf nobility in his ale hall. The hold's library is also here, preserving ancestral lore.

Less prestigious dwarfs dwell closer to the surface, sleeping and eating in halls ordered by clan and labouring in adjacent workshops to the incessant hammering of metal and hissing of steam. Miners delve in the outermost regions of the hold. The shafts and caverns of older mines form the basis of new corridors and halls, thus slowly expanding the hold. Because the layout of the deeps follows older, abandoned seams of ore, its galleries and chambers seem haphazard to outsiders, and it is easy to become lost without a guide.



Miles below ground, within the lowest deeps, temples honour the gods and the ancestors rest in their tombs. The hold's Book of Grudges is kept in the Hall of Remembering and the Hall of Deeds preserves the memory of past victories. The king's treasure hoard is hidden in the deepest vaults.

Remote areas of the hold are often too dangerous to enter, overrun by greenskins, skaven, or worse. Ironbreakers watch for intruders and cunning rune traps guard the gates leading to the Underway. Above ground, watchtowers protect the overland entrance. Sky bridges, great engineering marvels not replicated since the Time of Woes, stretch from peak to peak, most of them ruined by war. The heavily fortified Great Gate, flanked by ancestor statues a hundred feet tall, is usually situated exhaustingly high up the mountain slopes. Beyond it, visitors might encounter a magnificent audience chamber, though few guests are allowed further entry, for Dwarfs are jealous of sharing their domain.

Dwarfholds possess many gates. The so-called 'Great Gate', singularly the largest of a given hold and that which opens it to the world above, is the most important. I have seen the Great Gate of Karak Norn and it appeared to me much like a gargantuan slab of the mountainside, though ornately carved. I have unearthed several accounts by some traders admitted to certain holds that rituals exist whereby a much smaller ingress can be 'opened' within one of the great gates enabling small groups of visitors to enter the hold without the need to fully open the great gate and leave it vulnerable. There are also secondary entrances into the hold, usually through the subterranean Underway or occasionally on the opposite side of a peak, and these gates, much like the great gate, are well secured and guarded at all times.

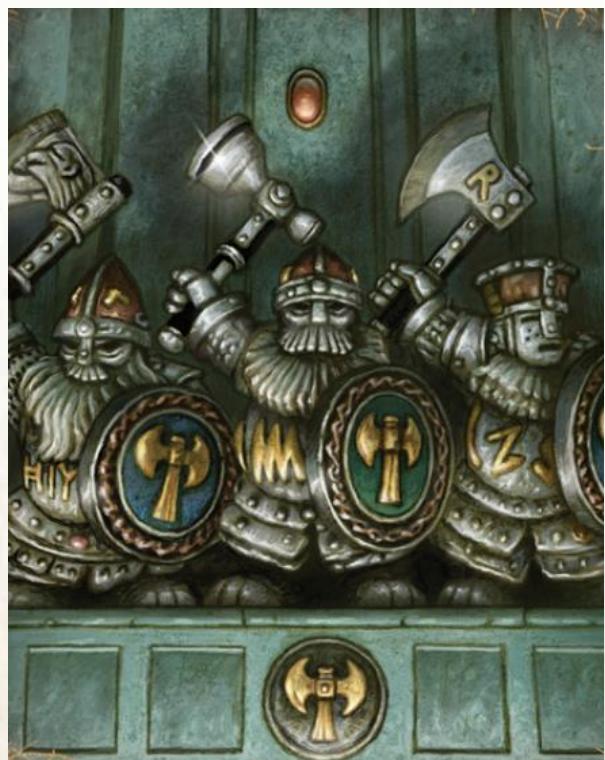
Other, smaller – but still well fortified and heavily guarded – inner gates to a hold are found between deeps and bar open passage to rooms and areas of importance such as the king's chambers, great hall, guild halls and some particularly prestigious clan halls. Of course, Dwarfs also erect protective barriers to guard their treasure vaults and ancestor tombs, many of which are hidden with magical runes and cunning geological trickery.

Wealth and Resources

Dwarf strongholds are self-sufficient weapons, armour, tools, and machines are all produced within their forges and workshops. Specialist goods are traded between Karaks along overland routes or via the Underway. For example, Karak Azul exports its superior armaments throughout the Karaz Ankor, and Zhufbar is a major source of valuable gromril, although the surrounding greenskin tribes render trade extremely dangerous. Caravans are protected below ground by stalwart Ironbreakers and overland by bands of Dwarf rangers. Adept at surviving above ground, rangers are tasked with keeping mountainside settlements and trackways safe from raiders.

Most Dwarfs regard trading goods for profit a demeaning profession and Dwarf traders usually belong to clans without a hold that already suffer from social stigma. Bereft of their ancestral hoard, trading is the only way these unfortunate individuals can survive.

Provisioning the feast halls of a large Karak seems problematic at first glance. The highlands are barren; unfit for both arable farming and pasture. However, the typical Dwarf can subsist off little food and is content with a plain, unfussy diet. Herders maintain flocks of





goats among the peaks for milk and meat while rangers hunt wild mountain animals for fur and flesh. Farmers grow stunted crops of barley and wheat on steep fields within a Karak's walls. The wheatflour is mixed with gravel and baked into rock hard, tasteless, but sustaining, stone bread, while the barley is used to brew strong beer that is incredibly nourishing for Dwarfs but near lethal to anyone else.

However, there are times when a king must provide his folk with a right royal banquet when appropriate, Dwarfs love to celebrate with beer and song and feasting. Metalwork and other crafts are traded to the Empire in exchange for venison, beef, and other foodstuffs that a hold cannot produce itself. Dwarf-made goods fetch a high price among men because of their excellent quality and durability, but the Dwarfs retain their finest artefacts as heirlooms to expand their treasure hoards. Although many Karaks contain immense wealth, Dwarfs prefer counting their gold to spending it, which limits their economic power.

A curious example of Dwarf resourcefulness is their use of the body parts of one of their most fearsome ancestral enemies, the troll. When a troll's corpse is dragged into their hold by a band of courageous hunters, nothing goes to waste. The innards form the main ingredients of 'kuri', a traditional dish spiced

with wild berries, washed down with 'troll brew', an intoxicating beverage with supposedly regenerative properties, traditionally imbibed from tankards fashioned from troll skulls. Tanned troll hide is used to make tough boots, coats, and cloaks, and even the creature's fat acid is utilised by engravers to etch metal.

Dwarf Kings

Each of the major holds (known as Karaks) has its own king. The title of king is a hereditary one within the ruling clan. The title passes from the king to his eldest son upon the king's death. Sometimes, when a king does not have an heir, or his heir is unsuited to rule, another heir must be selected. In this case one of the king's duties is to select and supervise the training of his successor from within his clan. Naturally enough such important decisions are made in conjunction with the Council of Elders. The council is made up of the oldest and wisest Dwarfs in the hold and commands respect accordingly. A king will rarely act against the direct advice of his council although by the same token a council will rarely question the wisdom of a king who has proven his mettle. This makes for a very stable government indeed.

At any time there will be a single High King. Since the time of Gotrek Starbreaker this has normally been the King of Karaz-a-Karak. This is a reflection of its status as the most powerful hold, certainly since the fall of Karak Eight Peaks. The High King nominally commands the allegiance of all the other kings, however, in practice, this is normally a matter of cooperation rather than command as Dwarfs, and particularly Dwarf kings, are proud individuals not accustomed to blind obedience.

There have been examples of Dwarf queens. This has been limited to small holds in the past. In most cases a queen is not a long-term ruler but merely a short-term figurehead until a suitable husband can be found for her. Naturally enough a queen is a fine catch for the right Dwarf so their independent reigns tend to be very brief.

A Dwarf king should be the epitome of honour, a wise and just leader ruling in accordance with tradition and beholden to protect the hold of his ancestors. Few have failed to live up to these expectations. A king's duties include upholding the Karak's laws, settling disputes, sanctioning oaths, and avenging grudges. When a king summons the hold to war, all able bodied male Dwarfs are obligated to heed his call.

The king owns a great deal of territory within his hold, and leases mines, forges, and clan halls to his subjects to generate income. He also enjoys taxation rights over the guilds. The beard tax is a curious levy a Dwarf pays less the longer his beard. A king must be careful not to be too covetous. For example, when King Thagar Goldhoarder of Karak Norn announced a tax on beer, the entire population gathered in the king's hall in stubborn, silent protest until Thagar reluctantly relented.





The High King of Karaz a Karak holds the nominal loyalty of other Dwarf kings, but in reality he is first among equals and relies on persuasion and friendship rather than command. However, because he is a direct descendant of Grungni, the chief Ancestor God, his fellow kings usually follow his lead out of respect for his lineage.

Kings and Wealth

In a Dwarfholt, territory – amongst other factors – is often proportionate to status, and as his domain it is the king who has the most. Clan halls, forges, even mines are all effectively 'leased' by the king and this is how the income of the royal clan is generated. In addition to land leasing, the hold's king will also place levies upon all of the craft guilds; a request for a proportion of all gold and precious minerals excavated from the mines to be provided to the royal coffers as well as remuneration for pickaxes, helmets and even lanterns. Dowries, too, are subject to royal duty and a king's blessing upon any union is often subject to the amount afforded.

In short, the liege-lord of any hold, by the right of tradition, is entitled to tribute from any and all trade, land usage and the mining of any and all precious minerals. No Dwarf is free from such tolls, there is even a taxation on beards (this is proportionate to length but, in this case, the longer the beard the lower the tax – some particularly venerable Longbeards are exempt from beard taxes altogether).

Dwarf kings prosecute all taxes with great vigour but one account, transcribed from the Karak Norn Book of Grudges in the Grey Mountains, describes a particularly greedy liege-lord; King Thagar Goldhoarder, and the instigation of a 'beer tax', but was inevitably short-lived. Upon the announcement of the tax an industrial strike was declared, and heavy support lent the way of the Brewmasters' Guild. The 'all stop' was un-precedented as miners, brewers, masons, smiths, engineers, victualers, armourers, artisans, scribes and even goat herders all downed their tools and gathered in the great hall. There they sat in silence, unmoving, and the hold itself became ghostlike, as if emptied overnight. Neither hammers upon anvils nor pick axes against rock sounded in the deeps. Though stubborn, after a day King Thagar became maddened by the utter quietude and finally relented, renegeing on the beer tax and beseeching his kinsmen to take up their tools once more.

Council of Elders

Every hold has a council of elders. They are the wisest and most highly respected Dwarfs, appointed from amongst the many clans, and chief advisors to the king. A queen, should a Dwarf king have one, will have a seat upon the council. Her role is that of moderator rather than being afforded a say in matters of import, such as the appointment and training of an heir to the throne or affairs of war – it is the belief that Dwarf men are less inclined to argue should a woman be present. Should a queen not be present, this task is given to the





matriarch of the hold – the eldest female Dwarf. The other Dwarfs that might be afforded a position on the elder council are the Longbeards of the clan, but only the very oldest or richest – together with any living ancestors, the high priestess of Valaya, the high priest of Grungni, master engineer of the hold, Runelord, chief victualer and king's treasurer, amongst others. The queen (or in her absence the eldest matriarch of the hold) sits in on council meetings to soothe frayed tempers it is believed that Dwarfs are less likely to argue in the presence of a lady.

Though not true of all holds, when discussing matters of great import the council is arranged thusly: the king will sit upon his throne, occupying a central position, while his council is arrayed around him below in a semi-circle as befits Dwarfen tradition. Should no decision be reached, the impasse is resolved by voting. The elders' voting power is proportional to their wealth, with the richest among them casting the most votes. Though the king of a hold is master in all things, it is rare indeed for a liege-lord to go against the will of his entire council, but it is equally true that an elder council will seldom question an edict of their king. For particularly contentious issues, decisions are occasionally made democratically and vote strength is in direct proportion to wealth. There are accounts, in some instances, of a scale being used to decide some particularly weighty debates with each council member afforded a representation of their wealth in weight and the side that the balance favours will be deemed the correct course of action (note, it is usual for the king's measure to be such that it eclipses all of the council's combined).

Provisioning the Throng

When a king of a hold calls a war, he lays down duties upon a number of clans. This may be a single clan, or all of the clans of the hold, or any number in-between, depending upon the size of the undertaking. Each clan is responsible for the mustering and supplying of its own warriors. All Dwarfs are taught axecraft from an early age, and practise their battle skills regularly

against goblins and other intruders. It is thus that the greater proportion of a clan is made up of able-bodied fighters, and from these a due amount will be called to the throng to fight for the thanes and their king. The guilds also are called upon to provide materials and supplies, from cannons to ale to carts. In desperate times when all of a hold is at war, the king may open up the coffers of his treasury to loan gold to clans that are having difficulty raising the necessary wares, at a rate of interest much lower than is usual in such arrangements. Of course, the king is head of a clan too, and so this arrangement is not as one-sided as it may first appear, for he must arm and armour his own warriors, Hammerers and often the Longbeards of the hold at personal expense. A Dwarf army can forage as it marches when necessary, but to operate at its full capacity each throng is accompanied by a supply caravan, protected by warriors from the clan. Such baggage trains are much smaller than those of Human armies, for each warrior in the throng can bear a heavier burden and still march, in comparison to a Human soldier.

Defence of the Hold

Although the Dwarfs are a martial race, skilled in all the arts of war, there are few professional Dwarf soldiers. The majority of Dwarfs are craftsmen and artisans who, when called upon by their clan leader, will organise into regiments to fight for king and hold. Within each clan, the Longbeards form a core of professional warriors, and instruct the others, often while in a tavern. In return, they are released from their more mundane duties to practice their skills. Similarly, the hold's Hammerers form the king's permanent bodyguard and have special responsibilities for guarding the gates of the hold. Ironbreaker regiments are charged with guarding the underground approaches and, like the Hammerers, are perpetually under arms.





Because only a fraction of the available Warriors are on duty at any time, the Dwarfs depend on getting early warning of attacks. Around each hold is a network of fortifications ranging from squat bastions to observation posts on the high peaks, many connected by tunnels both to each other and the hold itself. As an enemy approaches they will find themselves under fire from war machines placed in the bastions, delaying and disrupting their advance. The legendary ingenuity of the Dwarfs is manifest in the variety and sophistication of the outer defences. Finally, the invader will be confronted with the readied defences of the hold itself, which are impervious to anything other than a long siege.

Depending on the circumstances, the king may choose to take the battle to the invaders, perhaps emerging with his mustered throng from hidden gates to strike by surprise. A quick victory is always preferable. The longer the throng is at war, the poorer the hold gets so it suits all concerned to settle things as quickly as is prudent to ensure that the mines and workshops can return to normal. Sometimes a half-throng or quarter-throng will be called. Here only a proportion of each clan's strength is mustered, allowing a longer campaign, knowing that the hold is secure and prosperous.

At times it is necessary for a Dwarf army to be mustered to hold off an enemy force that is attacking the Hold's lands. This defence force is gathered from the outposts and settlements surrounding the Hold to buy time for a suitable army to be raised within the Karak. From distant mines and watchtowers the army assembles, joined by Slayers who hear of the approaching battles. Gyrocopters buzz from hilltop to hilltop taking news of the mustering to the commander of the defence force, and to report back events in the field to the King.



To successfully defend a hold, a king must gather his forces quickly. Watchtowers high up in the mountains provide an early warning against overland attack, as do roving bands of rangers and scouting gyrocopters. A network of fortifications guards the surrounding mountains, which are interconnected by tunnels, while bastions bristling with artillery defend the gateways. Each clan is expected to provide a rota of warriors to man these bulwarks. Below ground, false corridors and labyrinthine tunnels confuse subterranean foes, and rune traps are primed to unleash explosive death on careless intruders. Within the confines of the Underway, a handful of Iron breakers can hold a horde of enemies at bay, immovable in their gromril armour.



The strongholds are almost impregnable and those that have fallen did so only due to natural disaster, enemy subterfuge or overwhelming numbers the attackers had to pay a heavy toll of blood and carnage before they eventually took their prize.

RECKONERS AND THE RECKONER'S LOG

It is the role of a reckoner to mediate grudges between clans and holds, and he travels the length and breadth of the Dwarf empire to do so. He bears a reckoner's log, a record carried by all reckoners – either in the form of a large and cumbersome book or of several stone tablets – of any grudges lodged by and against a particular clan, and the required recompense as dictated by the king of the hold or holds in question, in order to have the grudge annulled. In effect, this log is a balance sheet to ensure that fair remuneration is observed, agreed and provided, and that false claims cannot be made, nor those without royal sanction.

Once a reckoner is satisfied that recompense has been made by any clan or individual with a grudge lodged against them by another he has the authority to expunge that grudge, though then this must be later verified by the relevant king. In annulling a grudge in this way, a reckoner will break the stone tablet upon which the grudge is inscribed. Where it is not practical to do so, he will instead strike out a parchment record. All stone tablets from the reckoner's log are kept, shattered or otherwise and it is the commonly held belief that any Dwarf who is part of a clan that has outstanding business with the reckoners will bear any unshattered tablets around his neck in the Halls of the Ancestors. Thusly they are forever reminded of their unfinished accounts. Only a deed to make amends by one of the so-burdened Dwarf's ancestors will result in the removal of a stone tablet.



THE PANTHEON OF THE ANCESTOR GODS

The gods of the Dwarfs are not otherworldly beings. They are the Dwarfs' ancient ancestors, who founded the great Dwarf empire and established the great clans. Ancient legends suggest that they were carved from the rocks of the first mountains and once walked the earth, protecting the race of Dwarfs when the foul power of Chaos first swept into the world. The Dwarfs believe that their race is descended directly from these ancient ancestors, and they also maintain that the spirits of the ancestors still watch over them, not only guiding their actions but judging their achievements and determining if they are worthy to this very day. But the Dwarfs have other gods too, lesser deities, believed to be the children of the ancestor gods.



Dwarfs do not celebrate their faith publicly, but every clanhold and Dwarf house has a space set aside to honour their particular ancestors, as well as the great Ancestor Gods. In the cities of the Empire, expatriate Dwarfs have built temples to their ancestor gods to allow them to worship as they would back home. These temples are often filled with solemn Dwarfs and many kegs of beer.

The closest thing that Dwarfs have to priests seem to be the master craftsmen known as Runesmiths, who claim to be descended from Morgrim, the son of Grungni. Humans think it arrogant of the Dwarfs to say that they are the direct descendants of a god, but would never raise such a theological dispute before a Dwarf. The Runesmiths jealously guard their secrets, passing them down only to trusted apprentices. They have the ability to harness magical power into runes that they carve on weapons, armour and other items, and the act of crafting a runic item is a sacred act of worship to them.

Dwarf Lorekeepers fulfil a role somewhat akin to priests, maintaining the shrines and records of the Ancestor Gods. However, since all Dwarfs study and revere their ancestors, Dwarf priests do not share the same sort of social role as their human counterparts. Dwarfs value deeds above words, and those whose deeds bring the most honour to their ancestors are those most favoured. Dwarf priests are mediators and law keepers, however, for it is they who preside over judgements of clan traditions and rites.

The Dwarfs attribute all kinds of mighty deeds to their distant ancestors. Although it is hard to believe all the tales, the chances are that they have at least some basis in fact. The most important Dwarf gods are Grungni, Grimnir and Valaya.

Grungni

Grungni is the most important of the ancestor gods and husband of Valaya. He is the god of mining, stoneworking and smiths, and his greatest shrine resides at the hold of Karak Azul, known for its abundant iron reserves, its forges and armouries. It was Grungni who first taught the Dwarfs how to dig minerals from the rock and to shape metal. He is credited with inventing iron and steel, so enabling the Dwarfs to destroy their foes by force of arms. It was also Grungni who first instructed the Dwarfs in the inscribing of magical runes and gave them the tools and the means to defend themselves against their enemies. Chief amongst the credos of Grungni are oath and honour, the bulwark and the rock upon which Dwarf society is founded. In many representations, Grungni is depicted in full chain-mail armour, with a forked beard and wielding a miner's pick – one of his chief symbols. He has a martial aspect too, and in this case he carries Drongrundum (translated as 'Thunderhammer'), an ancient and powerful rune hammer. His greatest shrine is in the stronghold of Karak Azul, which is famous for its armouries and weapon forges. His priests are expert miners and veteran warriors. When a youngling's beard is long enough, he is initiated into adulthood at a shrine of Grungni in a ritual called the Gruntitrogg.



Valaya

Valaya is the goddess of home and healing, and the wife of Grungni. She is the protectress of the homeland and the clan. She is the only Dwarf goddess but is rumoured to be the founder of Karaz-a-Karak and her name is often invoked as a ward against evil sorcery. Indeed, her rune is inscribed upon banners and armour and reputedly acts as proof against harmful magic. Valaya's gift to the Dwarfs was the rune of hearth and hold, echoing the corner stones of her power within Dwarfen society. Valaya invented Dwarf script, and brewed the first Dwarf beer. Valaya was also the defender of her stronghold while Grimnir fought and Grungni dug, so her symbol is the shield. Dwarf women typically follow her example in their own holds.



or houses. Her sons by Grungni Smedrir, and Thungrí are honoured minor deities.

Depictions of Valaya are often simple in nature: she is a Dwarf woman with long braided hair and wears chainmail over purple robes (echoed in the attire of her priestesses, with whom I have had the honour of speaking), and bears the rune-axe. Kradskonti (translated as 'Peacegiver').

Grimnir

Grimnir is the god of warriors and battle for the Dwarfs, also known as Grimnir the Fearless, and the brother of Grungni. He taught the first Dwarfs the art of war, and he is remembered for his deadly axe. He is said to have protected the Dwarf people on their ancient migrations by fighting giants, huge trolls, dragons and bands of marauding Orcs. Grimnir personifies the undaunted courage and fearlessness of the Dwarf race. When Chaos fell upon the world, he shaved off most of his hair and departed to slay the daemons single-handedly.

While the other ancestor gods of the Dwarfs are believed to be waiting in the afterlife. Grimnir is not present, having vanished long ago when legend purports he ventured northward to close the gate of Chaos through which the servants of the Ruinous Powers were spilling forth and infecting the land. In this task he was gifted two runeaxes, crafted by Grungni himself, and rumours persist that said artefacts have been rediscovered, but of the fate of Grimnir nothing is written or at least known to this scholar.

Grimnir is the very embodiment of courage, fearlessness and the warrior spirit of the Dwarfs. He is the patron god of Slayers who paint his rune on their bare flesh, and the great shrine at Karak Kadrin, the Slayer Keep, is dedicated to his honour. Wrath and ruin

are the tenets of Grimnir, somewhat fatalistic in nature but also possessed of a grim and unyielding defiance. He is depicted bare-chested and heavily muscled, much like the slayers who venerate him, covered in ritual scars (which legend holds, at least the ones I am privy to, were inscribed by Grimnir himself with the claw of the mighty dragon, Glammendrung), with a spike of orange hair jutting from an otherwise glaborous scalp. He bears the runeaxe Az-Dreugidum (translated as 'Waraxe of Doom'), his other blade rumoured to have been given to his son, Morgrim.



The Lesser Gods

There are a number of other, lesser, Dwarf gods and their worship is restricted to certain clans and holds. Gazul, the younger brother of Grungni and Grimnir, is the Lord of the Underearth and protector of Dwarf dead. Smednir is the Shaper of Ore and forged many of the rune weapons of the Dwarfs, under the tutelage of his father, Grungni. Thungrí is the Ancestor God of Runesmiths and the younger brother of Smednir, while Morgrim is the Ancestor God of Engineers and son of Grimnir. It was Morgrim that first taught the Dwarfs how to construct war engines and who accompanied Grimnir into the lands of the north but was bidden by his father to return, taking one of his axes with him.





Ancestor Worship

The Dwarfs do not worship the gods as Humans do. They are a down-to-earth folk, and prefer to put their faith, and trust, in things more solid than distant, uncaring deities. For Dwarfs, life is but the first part of existence. Not for them the bleak underworld of Morr. The Dwarfs believe that, upon their death, their souls are pulled down into the earth, to the very roots of the mountains, where they reside in the Halls of the Ancestors. This spiritual home was carved by Grungni, and he settled it with the other Ancestor Gods after his death. All Dwarf souls end up in the Halls of the Ancestors, but where they dwell within those halls depends upon how a Dwarf lived his life.

The greatest Dwarfs – kings and mighty warriors, learned runelords and vaunted smiths – sit close to the head of the great feasting tables, near to the Ancestor Gods. Dwarfs of lesser honour and deeds sit correspondingly further down the table, or at one of the side tables reserved for their clan, hold or guild. Those Dwarfs who have not atoned in life for some shame or misdeed must act as servants in the Halls of the Ancestors, bringing beer and food to those who banquet at the tables. Only when their debt is cancelled are they allowed to take their own seats. Outside the hall, the souls of Slayers fight in a perpetual battle against hordes of goblins. Fallen Slayers rise to join the merriment in the Hall of Ancestors until they are ready to hurl themselves back into the fray.



Outside the feasting hall is a great chamber where the souls of slayers end up. Here, the greatest slayers hold forth with their tales of fighting and war, and an endless tide of goblins streams in to be hacked down. Should a fighter fall, he will reappear in the feasting hall, where he can have a sup of ale and a quick bite to eat before rejoining the endless fighting. Though this may seem a curse to lesser races, to the Dwarfs it is great entertainment to be allowed into this eternal battle.

Dwarfs tend their dead with great care, as they believe that any damage to a corpse will be mirrored by the soul in the afterlife. For some, these battle scars and war wounds are badges of great pride. For others, these disfigurements drive their spirits into the dark dungeons beneath the halls, into lightless caverns untouched by Dwarven hands. Here they wander for eternity, forever seeking to be whole again. A Dwarf should be buried after death and his corpse interred intact missing limbs are replaced with gold or silver counterparts if possible.

Dwarfs consider it undignified to pray for favours from their gods and their priests are merely custodians of the gods' temples and shrines rather than conduits of divine power as in human religion. Honouring the forefathers by celebrating them in story and song as well as protecting the ancestral hoard and family tombs are important religious duties. The Dwarfs do not seek favours from their Ancestor Gods, but instead honour them and pay homage to their deeds and try to emulate their ideals, hoping in return to be made welcome in the Halls of the Ancestors after death. An ancestor may look kindly upon the deeds of his descendants, and will put in a good word for them with Gazul to get them good seats at the tables. If proper respect has been paid to an ancestor's memory, hoard and tomb, this is much

LOSSES IN BATTLE

Dwarfs are hardy folk from birth, not given to disease or easy injury, in battle, though many may be temporarily incapacitated, they recover quickly from their wounds if allowed to recuperate for a few days. Their blood is thick and clots easily, and their bones are exceptionally sturdy and hard to break. By means of this the Dwarfs have survived millennia of battle against all manner of foes. During the outset of the War of Vengeance, it was accepted practice for a throng to begin its retreat once it had sustained one third or more of its number as casualties, taking the wounded with it. However, as the war progressed the fighting became harder and more prolonged, and some throngs even fought to the last Dwarf during the latter stages of the conflict.

As with the mustering of the throng, it is the duty of each clan to look after its warrior-folk, and see to their funerary rites and the treatment of their wounds. Dwarf maidens and priestesses of Valaya are all taught simple but effective techniques of battlecare, and can patch up an injured Dwarf and send him back to the fray in a surprisingly short time.

There are several tales of extraordinary survival, even by Dwarf standards. Thane Damain Firhearth was pierced by seventeen eleven arrows and yet recovered fully and went on to fight at the eighth, ninth and tenth sieges of Tor Alessi. Engineer Alfi Starforger was left for dead with the crew of one of his bolt throwers, having been stabbed twenty-six times with spears, lost his right hand and suffered a grievous wound to his head. A rune-etched mechanical facsimile, created by Alfi himself and Rumsford Thorsti Ironhammer, said to have been capable of even quite delicate manipulation, replaced his hand.



more likely! If not, the Dwarf must stand in the judgement of the Ancestor Gods when he arrives. First a Dwarf is judged by his wealth. Secondly, he is judged by his deeds in battle. Third and lastly, he is judged by his deeds in peace and the achievements in his life. His grudges are weighed against his honourable conduct and he is given a suitable seat at the benches.

He awaits this before the great gate in Gazul's Chamber and the entrance to the Halls, and some Dwarf souls remain in this waiting room forever if their bodies are not properly interred into the earth. If it is impossible to recover a Dwarf's remains, or bury them properly at the time of death, the Dwarfs perform a very secretive ceremony to imbue a personal token of the deceased with his soul. This object effectively becomes his physical form and he can be buried by proxy at a more convenient time.

Ancestor Badges

Dwarfs make a great many decorative pieces, out of gold, silver, bronze and gems. Of these, perhaps the most important are the ancestor badges, carried upon standards, carved into shields, fashioned into helmet designs or worn as brooches and necklaces.

The ancestor badges each depict one of the Dwarfs' antecedents. The most common are those of Grungni, Grimnir and Valaya, as well as some of the minor Ancestor Gods. However, each hold and clan also has its own ancestor badges to commemorate the lives and deeds of famous and lauded kings, thanes, engineers and other Dwarfs of the past. As a bearding grows up he will learn the identification of the various ancestor badges used by his clan, and as he comes of age he will choose those he feels best represent his skills and values. Thus, a learned eye can tell much about a Dwarf and his attitudes from the ancestor badges he wears.

DWARF PASTIMES

Although commonly reserved and reclusive amongst other races, even downright distrustful in the case of Elves, there is evidence to suggest that Dwarfs are a very sociable people when amongst their own.

Feasting

Dwarf pastimes are varied but usually revolve around or culminate in feasting and drinking (in the Khazalid, a rough translation is 'trogg' and 'gororg'). Feast halls, for instance, are fashioned with such a purpose in mind. Dwarf eating habits vary but their known staples are red meat, stews, kuri and stone bread – a granite-like victual that only a Dwarf could chew, let alone eat.

Feasting is an opportunity for the clans of the hold to gather together, eat, drink and make merry, tell stories and sing of great deeds. As such, feast halls are often vast, enabling several hundred Dwarfs to sit together at one time. Seating etiquette is strict and proximity to the royal table is an indication of status. During these occasions the king will be attended by his chief

victualer, who is a chef, brewmaster and head taster in equal measure - it is his responsibility to ensure that the royal table wants for nothing for the duration of the feast.

Drinking

Drinking is the natural accompaniment to feasting and Dwarfs take even greater pleasure in this than the actual feast itself. Indeed, such drinking binges or 'gorog', give rise to all manner of contestation and trials of Dwarfen constitution and alcoholic endurance. After the ale has been flowing for many hours and thoughts turn to days gone by, ancient deeds and grudges unreckoned, a sombre mood descends and the bawdy, light-hearted atmosphere is replaced by dour lamentation.

A Dwarf never thinks so clearly nor as decisively as when he has drunk a copious draught of refreshing Dwarf ale. Indeed. The more he drinks the more decisive and more clear-headed he becomes. It is common knowledge that no Dwarf worth his salt would make any important decision stone cold sober, and the more vital the decision the more ale must be consumed before a conclusion can be reached.

Singing and storytelling

Singing and the recounting of great poetic sagas is very much a part of Dwarven feast culture. Drinking hymns are popular, so much so that it is not uncommon for the Brewers' Guild to have its own chorus line. Four-and-twenty Firkins is one recorded anthem though I have yet to try to sing it - as are The Brewmaster's Girth and Tankard with no End. The Miners' Guild, too, maintains a great singing tradition and there are accounts of rivalry between them and the brewmasters in this regard. Most notable amongst these institutions is the Zhufbar Miners Close Harmony Choir led by Bonin Bullroarer. It was during their infamous 'Tour of Reikland', during which they regaled the populace with ditties such as She Was Only a Halfling's Daughter and Five Hundred Miles from Zhufbar that the infamous Altdorf stampede occurred; an incident in which Bonin





was implicated as being involved – a fact duly noted in the Zhufbar Book of Grudges. Records show, however, that High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer interceded on Bullroarer's behalf and managed to strike out said grudge by getting 1.000 gold pieces from the Burgomeister of Altdorf as recompense for the damage done to Bullroarer's reputation.

Goblin Hunting and other games

When not feasting or drinking, Dwarfs like nothing better than hunting for goblins, which they consider little better than vermin. It is customary for a king to indulge in such a pastime, often taking a small group of warriors and rangers, all armed with crossbows. Ears, teeth and other trophies are collected as proof of a hunter's tally and a wager made on who can accumulate the most.

As well as goblin hunting, Dwarfs are known to indulge in all manner of other games. Drinking contests aside; ox lifting, goat chasing, stone hauling, beard weaving, bellowing, axe throwing, hammer tossing and anvil heaving are all particular favourites. Gold counting - A Dwarf, particularly a king, likes nothing better than counting the vast amounts of gold in his treasure hoard. The process can take several hours, even days, but it is done with painstaking accuracy and deliberation so as to derive as much pleasure from the experience as possible.

Other races do not consider Dwarfs a very musical people. Dwarfs, on the other hand, know what they like. They like raucous singing. They like thumping their hands and pounding their fists rhythmically on the table. Most of all they like their music loud.

In fact, once a Dwarf has a few pints of ale in his belly it is very difficult to stop him singing. When a company of Dwarfs gathers in a traveller's inn then the inevitable always happens. A great deal of ale is drunk and the Dwarfs will sing long into the night. As the evening draws on the songs get louder and increasingly vulgar, for Dwarfs have an earthy sense of humour at best, and are not overly sensitive about the feelings of more delicate folk. Their deep, grating, and bellowing voices are not generally appreciated by the likes of men. Elves have been known to go deathly pale and to quiver pathetically when obliged to listen to a Dwarf in full voice.

During their infamous and now wisely forgotten tour of the Reikland, the Zhufbar Miners Close Harmony Choir drank the entire town of Grunburg dry and caused riots in Wissenburg, Kemperbad and Überseik. Their leader, the huge and extraordinarily obese Bonin Bullroarer, was arrested in Altdorf when his performance panicked some passing horses, leading to the Great Altdorf Stampede. Tension was already high due partly to the Dwarfs' reputation for drunkenness, but also to the incalculable damage done to the Emperor's Window in Sigmar's Temple during Bonin Bullroarer's memorable performance of "She Was Only a Halfling's Daughter".

As Bonin pointed out, it was hardly his fault if shoddy human workmanship had proven unable to stand up to his spirited singing... and the same went for the temple's poorly laid foundations.



DWARF WOMENFOLK

The Dwarfs are fundamentally a patriarchal race. This is due in no small part to the fact that in every generation of Dwarfs, only a small minority are female, a ratio of around one or two girls in every ten births. Dwarf women live longer than the men, on average up to fifty years longer. There are even records of female living ancestors, known as Daughters of Valaya. The bulk of daily work and craft is undertaken by male Dwarfs, while Dwarf women tend to the raising of the children and the running of the household - much like in our own society. It is also possible for a Dwarfhold to be run by a queen, although heavily advised by her cinder council and seen as a stop-gap measure until a suitable husband can be found.

Dwarf women are as strong-willed as their husbands, and no doubt in the running of domestic affairs are a force to be reckoned with. Some Dwarf women may sit on the king's council of elders, but this is something of a rarity. On the whole, a Dwarf woman's standing is based upon the rank of her husband, or former husband in the case of widows. It is the ambition of every proud father for his daughter to marry above his station and thus increase the fortunes of the clan, both literally and metaphorically. This means that a daughter is seen as a blessing from Valaya.

Dwarf marriage rituals are amongst the most closely guarded secrets of their whole culture. The father of the groom pays a dowry to the bride's clan, as womenfolk are rare and thus quite sought after by amorous and ambitious Dwarfs. This dowry is traditionally calculated with a large device, the name of which



roughly translates as 'nuptial scales'. The dowry is derived from the bride-to-be's weight, using an ancient formula based on the wealth of the clan she is from and that of the clan she is marrying into. The logic here is that a plump, healthy bride is worth more than one who is thin and malnourished. For this reason, Dwarf women are considered attractive if round of hip, wide of girth and heavy of bosom. Some Dwarf brides are feasted every day for a month or more before the official weighing in order to increase the dowry to be paid.

Another reason for such behaviour is the 'gartering of the girth'. This ceremony is used by the oldest clans to calculate the suitability of a would-be suitor marrying into the clan. In order to ask for the lady Dwarf's hand in marriage, the suitor must be able to wrap his beard at least once around her waist, thus proving a certain degree of venerability, wisdom and good behaviour.

THE DWARF TONGUE

The high language of the Dwarfs is called Khazalid, and is a very ancient tongue indeed. It is a deeply conservative language that has not changed noticeably in many thousands of years either in its spoken or written 'runic' form. This resistance to change is undoubtedly due to the strong sense of tradition which all Dwarfs possess. The Dwarfs are very proud of their tongue which they rarely speak in the company of other races and never teach to other creatures. To humans it is the 'secret tongue of the Dwarfs', occasionally overheard, but never properly understood, and it is almost unheard of for a member of any other race to master its intricacies.

Dwarfs are extremely resistant to new ideas, especially if those ideas come from other races. The Dwarf language includes very few words of obviously human or elvish origin. By contrast there are many loan words from Khazalid in the tongue of Men. This is most obviously so in the case of words to do with the traditional Dwarfish craftskills of masonry and

smithing, skills which Men learned from the Dwarfs many centuries past. These loans from Khazalid mean that some Dwarf words sound very similar to equivalent human words.

The language of Norsca for example is very greatly influenced by Khazalid. The Dark Tongue (a ritual language used by sorcerers and followers of Chaos) also displays much Khazalid influence. This language in particular borrows words from all other languages, and took many Khazalid words which expressed secret or magical ideas. The borrowed words were of course greatly corrupted. It is likely that the script of the Dark Tongue, known as Chaos runes, may have borrowed and corrupted symbols from Dwarf runes.



Another language influenced by Khazalid is that of the Empire. Together with Norse, these human tongues were influenced because of the trading contact with the Dwarfs lasting many centuries, and because expatriate Dwarf craftsmen lived among these people. Lastly, the Orc language has also been influenced by Khazalid. This is mainly because Goblinoids will take any strong-sounding short word to enrich their crude language, and there are plenty of these in Khazalid. The loan words become very uncouth and debased in the mouths of Orcs and their origin becomes almost unrecognisable.

DWARF NAMES

Dwarfs take great stock in names, each clan and hold keeping long and detailed lists documenting those who live therein. Although there are exceptions, Dwarf names typically follow one of two specific patterns. The first is based on the parent's name (usually the father's) by adding 'sson' or 'sdottir' to the end of the parent's name. Famous examples include Morgrimsson, the son of former High King Morgrim Blackbeard, or Burloksson, the son of Burlok Damminsson (himself, the son of Dammin). The second method is a title describing an especially dominating feature, such as physical appearance, strength, martial ability, talent, skill, profession or demeanour. Examples of this would be Thorgrim Grudgebearer or Helgar Long-Plaits.

It is not uncommon for Dwarfs, over their long lives, to acquire a string of several names. They will begin with a given name, such as Thorg or Balric. This is often followed by the clan he belongs to: so, Thorg of Clan Stonehelm, and perhaps a title earned by deed or characteristic, like Shieldsplitter or Forkbeard. Finally there can be titles or ranks for his clan, guild or duty, such as Thane, Master, or Captain of the Second Deep. So, in full, you might have: Thane Thorg Shieldsplitter of Clan Stonehelm. Outside of formal occasions, any of these could be dropped for convenience.



Of course, some Khazalid words are all too familiar to the Dwarfs' enemies – namely the fearsome battle cries, oaths, and curses of the Dwarfs at war. Of these the most famous is the cry of 'Khazukan Kazakit-ba' or its common shortened form of, 'Khazuk! Khazuk! Khazuk!' which means 'Look out! The Dwarfs are on the warpath'. It is also usual for Dwarfs to call upon their ancestor gods during battle. It is said that the guttural sound of Dwarfs bellowing Grungni's name is enough to make an Elf's knees knock and a Goblin turn a sickly shade of yellow!



The sound of Khazalid is not much like human speech and very unlike the melodious sound of Elvish. Comparisons have been drawn to the rumble of thunder. All Dwarfs have very deep, resonant voices and a tendency to speak more loudly than is strictly necessary. This can make Dwarfs sound rowdy and irascible – which for the most part is a fair reflection of Dwarfish temperament. Khazalid vowel sounds in particular are uncompromisingly precise and heavily accented. Consonants are often spat aggressively or gargled at the back of the throat as if attempting to dislodge a recalcitrant goblet of phlegm. A drinking hall full of loud, drunken Dwarfs sounds like a frightening place even when fists aren't flying – which isn't often.

The vocabulary of Khazalid ably reflects the unique preoccupations of the Dwarf race. There are hundreds of words for different kinds of rock, for passages and tunnels, and most of all for precious metals. Indeed, there are hundreds of words for gold alone, reflecting on its qualities of colour, lustre, purity and hardness. When Dwarfs gather for an evening's drinking, which is most evenings, a popular entertainment is the Gold



Song. During the Gold Song the Dwarfs sing about gold and each drinker sings a verse in turn. Each Dwarf must use a different word for gold when he sings his verse, and any Dwarf who repeats a word already sung or who is unable to think of another word for gold pays a forfeit. As the forfeit is inevitably to buy another round of drinks a Dwarf will often invent a new word for gold rather than admit defeat. If this new word goes unchallenged then he avoids the forfeit and another word for gold is invented.

Dwarfs are noted for their grim demeanour. They weigh their words carefully and employ them sparingly. When a Dwarf says something you can be sure he means it and when he gives you his opinion you can be certain it is well considered. Dwarfs do not change their minds readily or without good reason. A Dwarf will not venture an opinion on anything that he has not considered deeply, and once his mind is made up you can be sure his view will be as immovable as a mountain. Dwarfs don't change their opinions except in the face of overwhelming necessity – and not always then. Many would rather die stubbornly than admit to a mistake that costs them their life! For this reason Dwarfs take oaths and promises very seriously indeed, and this extends to their business affairs even those with other races. In all the Dwarf language the word Unbarakt is the most condemning of all – it means 'oathbreaker'.

Given how seriously Dwarfs treat words their sense of humour tends to be especially unnerving. A common jest takes the form whereby two or more Dwarfs conspire to make another feel deeply uncomfortable by pretending to know something about his circumstances, state of health, or past life that in reality they do not. This can go on for hours, days, or many years and is generally reckoned to be very funny indeed. More commonly a Dwarf might make some provocative statement, wait for another to take offence, and then start a fight. Surprisingly these things tend to end in good humour, much back slapping and mutual congratulations with honour considered to have been satisfied all round.





When the ale is flowing Dwarfs become more garrulous and easy-going. When a company of Dwarfs gather to drink they are prone to bursting into song. Dwarfs have many songs about the mountains, the old days, and about their heroic exploits. As Dwarfs have very deep, gruff voices, this can be more rowdy than tuneful, but this is more than made up for by enthusiasm and volume. In these situations other races can find Dwarfs extremely loud and annoying.

The sounds of the Dwarf language are difficult for men to pronounce and the runic descriptions that follow are as close as it is possible to get. The Dwarf tongue is full of throaty noises like 'ak' and 'ag' and nasal buzzing sounds like 'az' and It is a harsh language which reflects the mountains and the winds, splintering rocks and the sound of hammers on anvils.

The Runic Script

As well as their unique language Dwarfs have their own runic script. The Dwarf runes are extremely ancient, dating back to the time of the Dwarf migrations. They were invented for carving Khazalid onto stone or engraved in metal, hence the runic letters are made up of straight lines which can be easily cut with a chisel. Indeed, Dwarfs hardly ever write on parchment and in ancient times, perhaps never. They prefer to inscribe their books on long, thin scrolls of beaten metal, such as gold or copper. Occasionally leather is used when metal is scarce. The script therefore is scratched or engraved with a fine pointed stylus, and eloquent cursive forms are inappropriate to this type of writing.

The script consists of a core alphabetic script which can be used to express any words, and additional individual runes each of which is a shorthand sign that represents a single word, idea, or name. This means

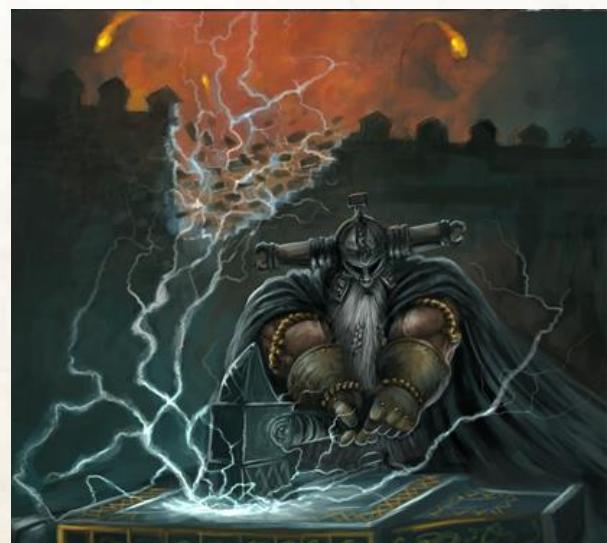
that many words can be written in two forms – though this is only commonly seen with the names of people and places. Magical runes always take this second individual form and for this reason all non-alphabetic runes are regarded as having special significance or power.

As a rule of thumb, a simple text, like a Dwarf 'bond' agreement or a letter might be written on wood in basic alphabet runes. A metal sheet or scroll featuring many magical runes is likely to be an ancient secret text. The great sacred tomes of Karaz-a-Karak, the Book of Remembering and the Book of Grudges, are actually written on thousands of sheets of gold, or gold-copper alloy, beaten as thin as parchment. Some very ancient scrolls in the collections of Runesmiths are even written on dragon hide or troll hide! These may have been written in desperation to record facts, during a siege when metal was scarce.



Runes are usually carved left to right, but can also be carved in alternate rows starting from left to right, the second row right to left, the third left to right and so on. Runes can also be carved vertically from top to bottom, this being a common form for monuments and important carvings. Written forms generally go left to right horizontally.

The core alphabetic runes are called Klinkarhun which means 'chisel runes' and these are the most commonly used and easily recognised. Although the sound of Khazalid does not exactly match the sounds of human speech, the chart shown on the next page gives the closest approximations. The sounds should be pronounced with force and the 'r' and 'kh' sound in particular are made as if enthusiastically clearing the throat, whilst 'z' is always given extra emphasis as in 'buzz'.





In addition to alphabetical runes the Klinkarhun also includes a numeric series as shown below. The Dwarf words for numbers are different depending on what it is they are counting – which can be very confusing – but it all makes sense to the Dwarfs and serves to baffle other races. Dwarfs also count many things in twElves or dozens multiplying up to a gross (twelve twElves or one hundred and forty four), and other things in twenties or scores, as well as counting things in tens in a more conventional manner. There are no words for twenty, thirty, and so forth, rather a Dwarf will say 'six tens and five' and 'three score and seven' – or 'Sizdonun Sak' and 'Dweskorun Set'.

Dwarfs engrave runes on their shields and display them on their banners to denote their clan and family loyalties. Runes are one of the most common shield devices and one of the easiest ways a warrior can proclaim his identity. Runes are also used to write damning curses onto shields or banners, often reminding the warriors of some longstanding grudge that they have the opportunity to avenge. There is also a whole group of special magic runes, runes of great power whose shapes are used by Runesmiths to entrap magic and ensorcel weaponry.

Magic runes are different to ordinary runes in shape and detail, but much of what makes a rune magical is how and when it is engraved. Magic runes trap magical power – their presence binds and holds magic just as a nail holds together two pieces of timber. Most simple Dwarf runes can trap weak amounts of magic if engraved in a special way, but magic runes can entrap much greater power. Such runes include the awesome master runes and certain secret runes known only to Runesmiths of the temples of Grungni, Grimnir and Valaya.

A great magical rune glows dull red or flashes when the weapon is unsheathed in battle. Some runes glow brightly when the weapon touches blood or if they are in the presence of magic. Most runes fade over time as

their magic gradually leaks away, although this may take thousands of years. Some of the oldest and most powerful runes, wrought by the greatest Runesmiths, are still as strong as they were when they were first engraved, thousands of years ago.

Khazalid texts are written by members of the Guild of Runescibes. These know all the secrets of the runes except those belonging only to runesmiths. All runesmiths and priests of the sacred temples and ancestor shrines, and most merchants and craftsmen know how to read and write runic texts to some extent, but only runescibes have mastered more than the alphabetic series and a few others. Runesmiths are invariably also runescibes, and belong to the guild as well as their own select brotherhood. Many ordinary clan Dwarfs are illiterate, but a surprising number can tell the difference between alphabetic and magical runes and thus identify runic artefacts. Many ordinary Dwarf folk can recognise basic words such as a personal name or simple texts used in day to day trading. A great deal of Dwarfen daily life does not require writing at all, which only goes to make the runic script all the more arcane and mysterious to the majority of Dwarfs.

Khazalid – Basic Structure

Whilst Khazalid undoubtedly has a formal grammatical structure it is very hard for an outsider to figure out what it might be. In general Khazalid places the subject before the verb and the object afterwards, but emphasis of pronunciation alone can sometimes determine a word's position within the structure of a sentence. In other cases the importance of a particular word can demand that it be placed first in the sentence. Such words are often placed first out of respect and then again in their proper place later on, for example, 'the King – I went to see the King.' When repeated words are written or carved they commonly appear as individual runes at the start of a sentence and Klinkarhun elsewhere.

It is worth noting that most Dwarf words have several meanings, and the exact meaning often depends upon its context. The way the word ends can also help determine its meaning. The first principle of the Dwarf tongue is that almost all of its words represent solid physical things. There are surprisingly few specific words for abstract concepts. As a result, the same word is often used for two different things, one being a physical object and the other a concept which the Dwarfs perceive as related to it. For example, the root word for 'big-stone' is kar and the most common word for a mountain is karaz – the 'az' ending denoting a single material thing or specific place, and the same word is also used to denote permanence and unyielding. The same root word, kar, is also used to mean enduring in the form 'Karak' – the 'ak' ending denoting an abstract concept such as battle, war or endurance. Thus Karaz-a-Karak, the name of the Dwarf capital, means 'enduring mountain' or literally 'big stony stone place', though the name is more attractively rendered into human speech as Everpeak.



THE LORE OF THE RUNESMITHS

Magic pervades the Warhammer World and permeates all things. It flows into the material realm from beyond the Chaos Wastes as an ever shifting flux of energy. This force can be tapped by those who have learned to perceive it, or by races who are sensitive to its presence.

Elf wizards are able to comprehend the vast spectrum of this magical essence in its entirety, and can channel and manipulate any of the different shades of magic. Men learned their magical lore from the Elves, but lacking their subtle nature, were only able to focus upon one shade of the magical force at a time. Most human wizards devote a lifetime's study to one of the Colleges of Magic in order to be able to master one of the colours of magic. Occasionally, a particularly gifted human wizard can increase his learning to the point where he is able to work with more than one type of magic energy and thus become a High Wizard, but these are rare and talented individuals indeed.

As a race, Dwarfs lack the sensitivity needed to perceive the magical force. It does not flow through them and they are unable to comprehend its subtle shades or feel its vibrations. Dwarfs are far happier dealing with material things that they can work with their skilful hands. In fact, if anything, Dwarfs have an innate resistance to magic – both its effects and the overt corruptions it is known to cause in weaker races. Dwarf legends claim their sturdy origins from rock itself leaves the stuff of Chaos little to find purchase upon. However, this lack of magical lore means that most Dwarfs are wary of its power.

When it comes to the binding of magic into the weapons of war, the Dwarfs have no equal. Theirs is a runic lore, a library of potent sigils that, when properly

A RUNE RITE OF FORGING

Find the heart of the mountain
Take it on the last day of the third moon
Stoke the furnace at midnight
When the ore glows red
Hammer it before the dawn
Bend seven times the white hot metal upon itself
Recite seven times the verse of forging
Quench in the blood of a dragon
Slake red hot in the quicksilver of Karak Ungol
Do this in the name of Haki the ancestor
Temper in the waters of Varn
Hone the blade upon the dragon's horn
On the third moon of the winter carve the rune of slaying
Anoint in the blood of a troll slain on the day of Grungni
Bind the hilt with dragon hide, with the horns inside
Haft the hilt with Azgals gold, bind with azul-metal
Mark the Orc-fang pommel with the sign of Grimmir
Perform the naming rite with ale upon Valaya's altar
The slaying of a troll by night will make the rune glow
For a thousand years.

Incantation sang as rune is struck

wrought, can transform an axe from a simple weapon into an artefact of electrifying potency. Dwarfs have no wizards as such, and instead rely on a few rare individuals who are able to manipulate the magical force in special ways. These Dwarfs are called Runesmiths, an ancient guild of craftsmen who construct elaborate magical devices and weapons inscribed with secret runes. Magical essence pervades all things, and so is naturally present in all the metals, rocks, gems and relics the Dwarfs work with. By using secret runes, the Runesmiths can temper and bind this essence in the fires of the forge and the quenching waters. Depending on the skill of the artisan who forges it, a simple sword can be enchanted to cleave through bedrock, and a suit of gromril plate can bear a rune that makes its wearer's skin literally as tough as stone.

This use of runic magic is the true magical lore of the Dwarfs; they are its sole practitioners and its masters. Even though few of the Dwarf Runesmiths really understand the theory behind what they do, their knowledge of the secret runes and rituals, passed down by word of mouth from the time of the ancestors, guides and enriches their work.

Their magical lore was, they claim, taught to them by the greatest of the Ancestor Gods. Grungni. In the ancient past, Grungni showed the Dwarfs how to trap the power of magic into items they crafted, using runes and long rituals. He taught this skill to a chosen few, who became the first Runesmiths. Once in his life, each Runesmith will choose an apprentice to learn the secrets of the runes, and in this way rune lore is passed from generation to generation.

Like other apprentices, a Runesmith's student will learn the most fundamental facts of runic magic, and over the course of many years, dozens by my reckoning, he will learn to inscribe his own runes, starting with the simplest. Those who are diligent and dedicated will eventually become Runesmiths, and may even go on to create new runes of their own. A Runesmith's power and learning continues to expand throughout his life, and the oldest are known as Runelords. The Runelords know the secrets of the most potent runes, the Master Runes, and can bind the most powerful magic to their will.

To understand how a rune weapon binds magic it is necessary to understand the entire process of its forging. A sword for example, will be wrought by the Runesmith according to a secret lore. This will depend on the intended properties of the sword. The work usually takes place in secret and in darkness. The Runesmith will keep the most important information to himself – such as the shape of the rune and the words of the rune spell to be intoned as the rune is engraved upon the blade. Sometimes an apprentice, usually a blood relative, will be present to observe the technique so that the knowledge can be passed on. Each Runesmith will only pass on his lore to his best apprentice.



The forging process will proceed by stages and may take months or even years to complete. The spell states that certain materials must be obtained from specific places. Some of these will be far away and may even be in enemy hands, which can necessitate perilous expeditions to obtain the materials. Acquiring the various bits of Troll, Orc and Dragon will undoubtedly be a challenge. Such items may be found in a Runesmith's relic chest, or be obtained by a hefty weight of gold in the palm of a Troll Slayer.

Certain parts of the ritual can only be performed at certain times or the whole forging process will be worthless. It is almost certain that a key element of the ritual has been deliberately omitted by the Runesmith who recited this spell (in this case known only because it was hastily and furtively noted down by a watching apprentice). This secret makes it impossible for anyone to mimic the Runesmith's work unless he chooses to reveal it to them. Much rune lore was lost with the fall of the Dwarf strongholds during the Goblin wars. Many Runesmiths fled taking their secrets with them, many others were slain and their secrets perished when they died.

In the ancient days of the Dwarf empire, rune items were commonplace, or so the Dwarfs say. Lanterns that shone without flame, boots that could be walked in for a day without tiring the wearer, packs and bags that could carry the possessions of an entire family; all

these and many other marvels once belonged to the Dwarfs. There are records even of the most humble objects inscribed with runes, including a talc that Snorri Whitebeard owned a runic smoking pipe and wore runic slippers in his bedchambers. Now the secrets of their creation have been lost, and they are highly prized, so that what was once a trinket is now worth a king's ransom. The most ancient and puissant runes can no longer be created and exist on only a few items in the whole of the Dwarf empire; their making has been forgotten and the millennia of wars and invasions has seen the oldest rune items destroyed or stolen.

Most of the rune items found today are articles of armour, and weapons. There are a great many runes whose purpose is to smite enemies and protect the wearer from harm. Some bear the names of their creators, such as Skalf Blackhammer and Stromni Redbeard; others are straightforwardly named for their purpose such as the Rune of Cleaving, the Master Rune of Adamant and the Rune of Fury. Other runes exist, on amulets and talismans, to ward away evil magic, protect the bearer from the fire of a dragon's breath, allow a Dwarf to move unseen, and many other strange abilities. The most highly prized battle standards of the Dwarven throngs are also marked with runes, bound with magic of courage and honour, or resolution and determination.





The greatest of these Runesmiths are known as Runelords, highly respected sages, masters of the forge and keepers of the lore. In days of old, the greatest Runelords forged their items upon magical anvils, known as the Anvils of Doom. Once magic is properly tamed and bound, the Runelords say, it becomes a useful weapon, able to slay those enemies that simple metal cannot touch. Their claims are proven beyond doubt by the mighty Anvils of Doom that the eldest Runelords take to battle, upon which are forged supreme runes that can call down destruction upon the foe. Such is the magic possessed by the Anvils of Doom that only the most venerable and skilled Runelords can unleash their power. Through the magic within an Anvil of Doom, an army can march speedily, the ground can be split asunder or fireballs can be rained down upon the enemy. Most of the anvils were lost along with the holds that housed them, others were destroyed by the power they contained, wrongly released by Runelords who lacked the exact rituals needed to use them safely. Only a handful have survived to this day.

HISTORY OF THE RUNES

During the Time of the Ancestors, it was Grugni, Ancestor god of Mining and Smiths, who first bound the winds of magic into his creations; Grinnir, the Warrior Ancestor God, forged mighty rune axes to fight against the invasion of Chaos, and Valaya captured the power of magic into standards and talismans, binding it to create protective spells and enchantments of strength and courage. Although the Ancestors passed into memory, there were Dwarfs that had learnt the secrets of the runes from the Ancestors. These were the first of the Runesmiths.

Kurgaz, possibly the mightiest Runelord to have lived, forged a number of magical anvils for himself and his fellow Runesmiths. With the magic of the Anvils of Doom Dwarf runecraft flourished. Great treasures like the High King's Throne of Power were crafted, along with mighty weapons and impenetrable suits of armour.

Runelore had now grown to be one of the most valued skills of the Dwarfs. Almost every weapon or trinket that was created had some rune or other upon it. Dwarf records claim that the halls of Karak Eight Peaks glittered with ten thousand rune lanterns that never dimmed, while great statues of the Ancestors stood upon the mountain peaks, imbued with magical sight and auras of protection.

Then came the Time of Woe when the mountain realms of the Dwarfs were torn asunder by volcanoes and earthquakes, heralding the start of the Goblin Wars. As the Holds fell or were conquered much rune lore was lost as Runesmiths died without passing on their skills, their creations buried beneath tumbled halls or stolen by wicked Goblins and Skaven.

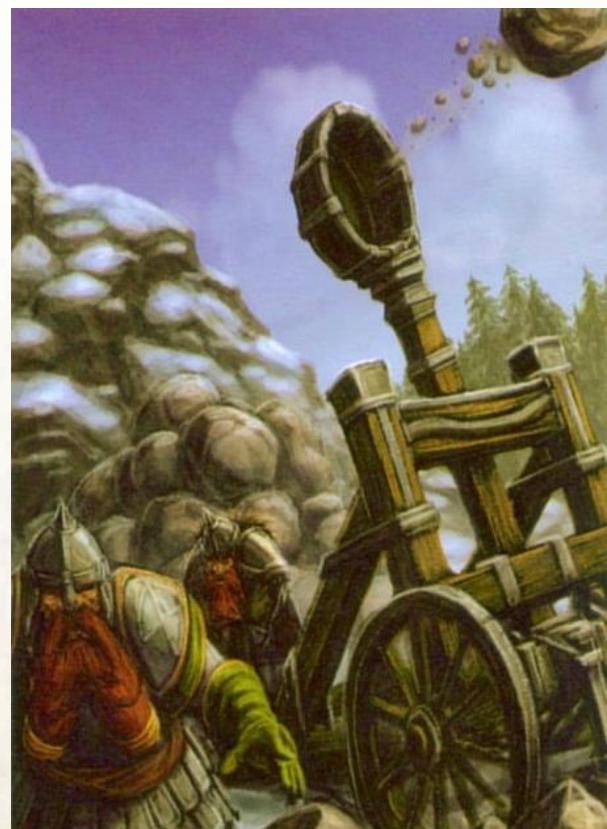
Though there are still potent Runesmiths and Runelords there no longer exists the skill nor the strength to forge the runes of the Ancestors and their first descendants. Those learned in rune lore are now few and far between, with only a handful in each Hold. As such, where once rune items were as common as gold coins, they are now rare and valuable items, even those that were once the most humble of knick-knacks.

DWARF SIEGE TACTICS

Given their competence at engineering and sturdy constitutions, Dwarfs make excellent siege troops. While their holds are designed and constructed in such a way to thwart any besieging force, their armies are well equipped for the besieging of enemy fortifications. Dwarfs do not usually use direct assault against an enemy castle or city, for they are mindful of the waste of lives such bloody battles accrue. Instead, a well-formed timetable of besiegement, reduction and undermining is undertaken.

Firstly, the Dwarfs set up batteries of their great war engines, and with these they target the most formidable defences, such as gatehouses and towers. Counter-battery fire against the besieged forces' war machines is also given priority, so that the next stage of works can begin.

When safe from enemy fire, sappers begin to create earthworks, behind which the defences of the batteries can be strengthened and miners can begin their work. The miners dig beneath the walls of the enemy fortification, using wooden props to support their tunnels. As expert diggers, the miners can carve a tunnel some four hundred paces or more long and still undermine a specific stretch of wall no larger than a half dozen paces across. These sections of wall are surveyed at distance by engineers to locate the areas of greatest weakness, both from natural shoddy build and the effects of the cannons and catapults. The miners will dig their tunnel underneath the chosen wall section. Cutting through soil and rock at speed, and with surprising stealth so that the enemy remains unaware and cannot build a counter-mine.





When the mine reaches its target, it used to be that a fire was set that would burn away the props and collapse the tunnel. In recent centuries, the Dwarfs use black powder explosives known as blasting charges to bring down their tunnel. With its foundations collapsed, the wall will give way under its own weight and create a breach.

While these labours continue, the Dwarfs encircle the settlement and cut off all supply, led by the rangers. Access by river and road is intercepted, and usually guarded by well-armed beardlings as an introduction to battle. The enemy starves from this isolation, which can sometimes last for months on end if the Dwarfs feel no hurry to end the siege – as might be necessary should enemy reinforcements be approaching.

Lastly, once breaches are affected, usually three or four at least, the Dwarfs will begin their assault. Hidden behind great pavises, Thunderers and quarrellers advance into range and pour fire upon the defenders of the breach with handguns and crossbows. Whilst the enemy is pinned back by the volleys of these regiments, the hardiest Dwarf warriors storm the breach, often led by the Hammerers or, more preferably, Ironbreakers. The miners have also continued their labours and will have dug side tunnels or entirely new workings. As the besieged troops rush to defend the gap in their defences, the miners will



break through to the surface and attack from within the castle. Caught between these forces, the garrison is quickly overwhelmed, and Dwarfs show little mercy in such situations. Time and time again has this strategy proved insurmountable to the defenders, and it is now common practice amongst the wisest commanders to surrender with whatever terms are offered upon the moment of the commencement of the first bombardment!

OATHSTONES

Dwarf legend claims that it was during the Battle of Bryndal Vale that King Ironhandson of Karak Varn created the first oathstone. Whilst returning to their hold after the unsuccessful sixth siege of Tor Alessi, the throng of Karak Varn was ambushed upon the road through the Bryndal Vale. As the Dwarfs attempted to retreat north towards their hold, the elf attack grew in strength and threatened to break through the rearguard. The retreat was in danger of becoming a rout, during which the Elves would surely kill or capture a great part of the throng. To forestall this doom, King Ironhandson marched his bodyguard to the fiercest fighting, upon a boulder-strewn ridge near the mouth of the valley. The king chose the highest rock he could find and climbed atop it. In view of all the Dwarfs and Elves, he took his rune axe and carved his personal rune into the granite block. His voice a bellow above the din of fighting, he uttered his immortal oath:

Fight on, brave sons of Grinnir! Here I shall make my stand, proud king of Karak Varn, son of Thorgil Ironhand, grandson of Hraddi Ironhand. With the ancestors as my witnesses. I vow I shall not take one step back from this rock. Like the cliffs of Barak Varr, I shall be the buttress against this Elven wave. Should I fall, remember my words and deeds, and bury me beneath this unyielding stone, for I cannot return to my hearth with honour should I fail. Fight with me, warriors of Grungni! Fight 'till our doom comes upon us!

With this brave act of defiance, the king rallied his wavering warriors, and the Dwarfs set to against the Elves with renewed vigour. The king was true to his oath, and even though he was surrounded and grievously wounded, he fought with every ounce of his strength. The king eventually fell and the Dwarfs were defeated, yet the greater part of the throng managed to escape the now-weary pursuers. In a rare magnanimous act, so impressed were the Elves with the Dwarf king's display that they allowed their prisoners to fulfil their king's oath and bury him under that rock. A dense forest of trees has filled Bryndal Vale, but still the occasional Dwarf party makes the difficult pilgrimage to pay homage at the site of the first oathstone.

The story of King Ironhandson's oath and sacrifice spread quickly through the Dwarf empire and rekindled their lust for battle. The High King commissioned his Runesmiths to create a stone upon which he could stand also, and to inscribe it with silver runes of sturdiness and courage so that his heart would not waver, and with runes of protection to watch over his grave should he fall. Ever since, oathstones have been used by Dwarf lords and kings to signal their intent to die fighting, and they can be found as grim reminders of battles fought long ago across the length and breadth of the Old World.

Wherever a traveller might come across a rune-etched stone, there lie the remains of a great Dwarf lord, protected for eternity by the magic of the oathstone. Some claim that nearly five hundred oathstones dot the slopes of Black Fire Pass, from the time when King Kurgan and Sigmar fought back the orc hordes; a fitting and telling memorial to the lords of the Dwarfs that answered their king's call on that bloody day so many centuries ago.



DWARFS AT WAR

Sagely Advice Given to King Alrik when a Young Dwarf Prince.

"As King, upon your shoulders will fall the task of making war upon the enemies of the Hold. These foes are many and varied, from the numerous barbaric Orcs to the devious Elf folk. There are two reasons to wage war, and two alone. The first is to protect the Hold from invasion and to safekeep its lands and the passage of your subjects among your realm. The second is to restore honour in the Hold, whether it be for an unpaid debt, an oath sworn or to demand reparation from those who have wronged us. These are the only reasons to take up the axe, to don the battle gear of your ancestors. Never must you wage war for personal gain, out of jealousy, spite or other low feelings."

As in all things, war must be done honourably, for though other races may slink and crawl and be treacherous and insincere, only by adhering to the traditions and tenets of your forefathers will you be able to meet them in the Halls of Grimmir when he calls your name. Dishonour your clan and your Hold and there shall be no respite for you, and the dragon's flame will torment you for eternity. Thus did Grimmir speak at the dawn of time, and thus shall it be forever after.

To protect your home and the homes of your subjects, there are many strategies and contingencies of war that you can employ. If the force is inferior, seek them out on the mountainsides, use your knowledge of the hills and rocks and high passes to bring you to an advantage over the enemy, and then await their arrival. Greet them with the roar of cannons and the hail of the crossbow, and bright shall the sun shine on your axes and hammers.

Once you have driven them off, however, be cautious and hold your ground. A rash pursuit may lead you into a disadvantage, where an enemy may lie in wait. Better to hold and repel than to flounder into danger.

If the force arrayed against you is great, then the mountains and your Hold itself are your best weapons. Withdraw within your gates and bastions; there is no shame in saving Dwarf lives, and it is a great crime to have your kin slain because of foolish pride. Our stone walls have endured for generations, neither Man nor Ore nor Elf have breached their defences, and none ever shall. Pour upon their heads the molten metal from the forges, and dash their engines of siege to pieces with rocks and cannon balls. Use the underground paths to strike at their rear, and send discord and fear through their ranks. Destroy their war engines, such as they might have, burn their baggage and scatter their livestock so that they will hunger and thirst and lose the heart for battle. Only when they have scattered should you venture forth, to clear away any stragglers and remove the last vestiges of their presence from your lands, but remember the lesson of due caution, and drive not your army far from your gates lest the enemy unexpectedly gather and relaunch their assault, catching you unawares.

If you must, by dint of oath and duty, wage war upon a foreign land then remember these words well. In comparison to the hordes of Orcs and the teeming masses of mankind, we are few, and to attack them in much force would require you to leave your Hold undefended. This is unforgivable, so when marching to war in others' realms muster what force you must and march with all haste. Win the battle and return to your defence, for others have eyes and ears and will see your brave warriors march forth and hear their boots upon the passes and may decide that you are weak and vulnerable.

Except against an isolated fastness, it is a waste of Dwarf lives to dash your army upon the walls of the enemy, shoddily built as they may seem. Instead, take up a position close to the passes and highways that he must use for commerce and military expedition, so that nothing shall pass. Choose a position that is well defensible and await your enemy's attack. A hill overlooking a town is good, from where your war engines can hurl shot upon his people and force him to show his hand, or the sides of a valley where he must pass his armies through and so must clear your army from its place before he can defend other parts of his kingdom. When he attacks, await him in full force, let him waste his strength upon your armour while you punish him for his assault with crossbow, handgun, stone thrower and flame cannon.

Be wary of your warriors dashing from the cover of your engines and missile fire, for, sturdy as they are, a faster foe will outflank them and come upon the undefended engines, or they shall become surrounded and cut off from aid or retreat.

If your foe be a coward or weakling and does nothing to protect his lands or people from the threat of your force, you have but one option. You must then, and not before, march upon him with your warriors and force him to do battle, beating upon his door with your axes and hammers if need be. In such a force, you must return your engines of war to the Hold, for you must often march hard and far, and these engines will not only slow your warriors but will provide targets for ambush.



Unfettered by defending your engines, your warriors can drive into the heart of the opposing force and bring them to dreadful battle. Seek out the hardest of his units, for they will be no match for you and your veterans, but march as a single army: do not scatter your warriors hither and thither for they should fight as a whole and not be unsupported. Crush his regiments in turn, turning the full force of your army upon them, until they are lying upon the ground or scattered to the hills.

If the enemy surrenders, temper your treatment by their conduct and that of their peoples. If they fought bravely and with honour, as some Men on occasion may do, then you can be lenient and simply demand reparations for the expense of your war. If, like the Grobi and the followers of the dark gods, they are beneath contempt then feel no remorse if you slay them out of hand, for no good can come of sparing them. Elf folk should not be executed, though harsh imprisonment and hardship is well deserved, for on occasion ransom can be demanded from their King for their return, as is right for they still owe us much for what they stole during the War of Vengeance. Others you may fight, and upon your judgement lies this burden, but remember always that Grimmir and your ancestors watch you.

Upon the execution of the battle, return with all speed to your home. Daily not on the field to glorify with prideful triumph, but see to the defence of the Hold. Victory celebrations are permitted, according to ancient ceremony and tradition, but first always observe the proper rites for those who will fight no more, for they shall never again celebrate alongside you until you are ushered to the Hall of Grimmir. Then upon the anvils and in the furnaces must you repair your battle gear, for, though you may win a victory, ever are there fools in this world who will rise to challenge your might again. So fought your father and his father and your forefathers before them, and so fight should you."





The walls rang to the thunderous clanging of hammers on anvils, the scrape of blades on whetstones and the roar of a hundred furnaces. In the ruddy gloom, the Dwarfs toiled wordlessly, sweat beading their heavy brows. The air was dry and hot, yet each laboured in a heavy jerkin, some of them even still wore their mail, and their hands were covered with heavy gauntlets.

"How do they stand the heat?" asked Logan Beckestroff, envoy for the Elector Count of Averland. The gangly manling stood two feet taller than the smith beside him, his ruffed shirt and embroidered doublet a stark contrast to the plain leather apron of the Dwarf.

"They're Dwarfs." Drokki Snorrison replied gruffly in answer, as if that were answer enough. In contrast to his unadorned work clothes, the Dwarf smith's heavy black beard was intricately plaited and bound with gold bands, tucked into his rope belt to keep it out of harm's way. Dark eyes glittered from under a thick mop of black hair as he looked up at Logan.

"Of course," the man murmured diplomatically. "I should have realised."



"This here's the second foundry level," Drokki continued, ignoring the manling's interruption. He had only been showing the envoy the forges and foundries and workshops for two days, but was beginning to suspect that the flighty Man was getting bored. He mentally shrugged - Men had such short memories and attention spans it was best to drum it home. "Here most of the apprentices work, from the clans of the southern tunnels down to the fifteenth level. I'm in charge of this lot of beardless, which is why I'm giving you the show around. I'm getting them to make your swords for you..."

"You are entrusting our swords, which we are paying good gold for and no small amount, to your apprentices?" Logan asked the question lightly out of tact, yet inside he was furious. How could the Count's personal guard expect to perform well with the work of youngsters and journeymen?

"That's right," Drokki replied curtly.

Logan gritted his teeth for a moment before continuing. "For the price we are paying, we expect the highest standards of quality," he looked down at the Dwarf's face and was met by a furious scowl.

"Here now, watch your tongue, manling!" the smith snorted, balling his fists onto his hips. "Them swords'll be better than any manling craft, have no worries about that! If you want swords, you'll get sword work. That's no real test of an

artisan's skill, no it ain't. Any beardless can slap a sword together in a few days, ain't much craftsmanship in that. Anyhows, we ain't going to use them, not for fighting like you strange manlings. No, apprentices practice on swords, then it doesn't matter. Now, if you wanted a proper weapon like a hammer or axe, then you'd get someone like me doing it. But then you'd pay for my time too, we can't have skilled smiths like me messing about making swords, can we?"

Under the smith's withering glare, combined with the faintness in his head caused by the extreme heat, Logan felt weak and helpless. Perhaps he wouldn't mention this part in his report to the Elector Count.

"Well?" the old Dwarf demanded. "You still want them or not? If you don't best says so now, then you only have to pay for the fifty we made so far."

"A fair offer," Logan started but changed his mind as the scowl deepened even further, "but one I fear I cannot accept" he continued smoothly. "We had a deal, a bargain in fact I believe you called it, and we shall stick to our word."

"Right then," Drokki said, lightening his mood. "Now I'll take you down to the mines where we can discuss the timber contract for our props."

As he led the man through the din and inferno, Drokki had to stop himself chuckling. It had been a close run thing. He'd almost lost the deal. But, as his grandfather taught him, never bargain with a Dwarf in his own home.





THE TIME OF THE ANCESTOR GODS

The Dwarfs believe their history begins with the awakening of their firstborn, chief amongst whom were their pantheon of gods; of these, the most important by far are Grungni, Grimmir and Valaya. They believe that the whole of their race is descended directly from these ancient ancestors.

According to Dwarf tradition, these gods were carved by time from the rocks of the mountains, birthed by the stone itself somewhere in the Southlands. Exactly where is a matter of great debate. Some ancient runic scrolls suggest that the legendary Karak Zorn is the place where the first children of the primal Ancestor Gods were born. Rumoured to be rich beyond the dreams of Dwarf kings, Karak Zorn is believed by many to have been overrun millennia ago by the ancient denizens of the nearby South Land jungles. Other early records claim that Karak Zorn was founded (and subsequently lost) by Dwarfs who rebelled against Grungni's decision to migrate northward.



The Time of the Ancestor Gods is shrouded in legend. It was an age of great discovery, and a period when the Dwarf race developed its cultural identity. It was also known as the Long Migration, as the Dwarfs spread north from the mountain ranges of the South Lands into the World's Edge Mountains.

The reason behind the Long Migration is even more obscure. Some sources claim that Grungni had a divine foreknowledge that his people's destiny lay in the mountains far to the north of their birthplace. One early historical epic opens with Grungni receiving a divine premonition of the role the Dwarfs would play in saving the world from the nameless doom to come. Among the wilder speculations of revisionist historians is the proposition that Grungni reached an accord with the mythical Old Ones after an ancient war ended in stalemate.

The first Dwarfs migrated northward from their ancestral homelands in the southern part of the Worlds Edge Mountains. This all happened so long ago that it is impossible to say exactly when the Dwarfs began their journey or how long it took them to reach the lands they now inhabit. Their progress was probably a slow one as they followed veins of ore northwards, mining out the exposed seams and moving onwards in search of gold, iron, gemstones, and workable stone. As they progressed, they left clans scattered throughout the Worlds Edge Mountains.

In their earliest stages, the Dawi, as the Dwarfs call themselves in their own language, were cave-dwellers who fashioned primitive tools from flint and eked out a living in the bleak and inhospitable mountains. Then, as now, the Dwarfs were a hardy folk, and they endured and multiplied despite the hardships. As their numbers grew, they began to migrate northwards, splitting into different clans, many of which were led by a living god.

Many legends are attached to this period, and the Dwarfs attribute mighty deeds to their ancestors – such as the War Against Dragons, an event that created the infamous Black Fire Pass, and the Tale of the Forgefather, Grungni's epic quest to master metal, passing the knowledge of mining, smelting and the forging of iron and steel to his scions. Grungni's wife Valaya taught them how to rework mines and caverns into secure homes, and instructed them in the social values that would ensure the future of the race. Grimmir the Fearless, Grungni's brother, taught them the art of war. In the legends of the migration, Grimmir slew all manner of creatures that threatened the Dwarf race, and commanded their armies in battle. As all of this happened in the dawn of Dwarf history, it is more akin to mythic tale than hard fact, and it is impossible to pinpoint exactly when the Dwarfs reached the lands they now inhabit.

HISTORY OF THE DWARFS

The Dwarf strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains are remnants of the once great Dwarf empire known by the Dwarfs as Karaz Ankor. This means either the 'Everlasting Realm' or the 'Mountain Realm', the Dwarf word for mountain and extreme durability being the same. The great city of Karaz-a-Karak, called Everpeak in the tongue of Men, lay at the centre of this vast empire. The history of the Everlasting Realm is a long saga of war, treachery and betrayal that has left a bitter legacy in the minds of the Dwarf people.

The Dwarfs take greater pride in their history than any other race of the Known World. Every Dwarf can name his ancestors for at least two dozen generations, and every Dwarfhold has kept a detailed chronicle of its history since its founding, along with clan histories and document archives that occupy several extensive chambers. Producing a complete and exhaustive history of the Dwarf race would take generations – to say nothing of the decades of negotiation that would be required to gain access to the records of the more reclusive holds, or the perils of venturing into lost Dwarfholds to recover their archives. Even if it were published, such a work would take up several large buildings, and no human would be able to read it in a single lifetime.



Led by their gods themselves, the Dwarf civilisation soon developed from a stone era into a bold new age. With the iron, and then steel, weapons and armour that Grungni taught them to make, the Dwarfs were able to fight off the terrors of the mountains and expand into new territory. It was Grimmir, the warrior god of the Dwarfs, who staved off Giants, Trolls and marauding Orcs while teaching his charges the arts of battle. It was Valaya, a Dwarf goddess, who showed the wandering Dwarfs the value of strong dwellings and of the importance of bonding and community for the still-developing clans.

As the Dwarfs spread throughout the Worlds Edge Mountains, seeking out new veins of precious metals, they founded a system of strongholds behind them. Each settlement was a small fortified realm centred around a productive mine, a bastion in the rocky wilderness. Most strongholds lay over an especially productive seam or source of precious gems. The largest of these became known as Karaks, the Dwarf word for mountain stronghold, and the glory of these great fortress-cities was fabled. Eventually, the Dwarfs reached the northernmost peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains, a desolate region scattered with the bleached bones of many creatures. They called this cold and barren land Zorn Uzkul, or the Great Skull Land. Here, most Dwarfs turned back, for the harsh region provided a scarcity of mineral wealth, although a few of the boldest clans pushed onwards, some turning west into the Giantshome Mountains into the lands now called Norsca where they settled amongst the cold mountains there, others heading east across the Great Skull Land and daring to enter the Mountains of Mourn. Despite the huge distances involved, the Dwarfhalls remained close-knit, and in constant communication.

Thus was founded the great Dwarf realm, the Karaz Ankor. At its centre lay the great city of Karaz-a-Karak, the Everpeak. For a long while, the widely dispersed clans maintained contact with each other, while each delved more deeply beneath the mountains. Soon, however, they would be separated by a growing storm unlike anything seen before...

THE EVIL UPRIISING

From a tower flanking the gate of Karak Dawr, Brunoth Gromdalgaand looked out along the pass leading to the Hold. He watched patiently for a sign of his kinsmen from Clan Drakkaz who were due to arrive today. As storm clouds began to darken overhead, he caught a glimpse of movement in the skies to the north and, after a moment, recognised it as an approaching gyrocopter. As it neared he saw that it was trailing smoke and steam and wobbled and plunged erratically through the air. After several minutes, Brunoth could hear the broken thudding of its battered engine, and it dipped over the edge of the pass heading towards the ground. With an explosion of splintered wood and twisted metal, it crashed onto the hillside, its rotors tearing free and whistling out in all directions, the chassis tumbling end-over-end down into the pass.

Brunoth gave a shout to his guard and headed for the steps. Rushing down them, he stomped out into the gatehouse and ordered the portal to be opened. As soon as there was barely enough room for him, he squeezed between the gates and ran outside, crossing the ground between the gateway and the smoking wreck of the gyrocopter.

A Dwarf crawled slowly from the wreckage, bleeding from a cut to his forehead, one broken arm trailing uselessly behind him. He looked up and squinted with his one good eye as Brunoth Gromdalgaand approached.

"Woe upon us!" the gyrocopter pilot cried out. "Lord Snobbi will be waylaid!"

"What did you see?" Brunoth demanded, kneeling beside the battered Dwarf and removing his blood-encrusted helmet for him. Wisps of smoke drifted lazily from the pilot's scorched beard, the smell lingering in Brunoth's nose.

"The Throng of Clan Drakkaz is but an hour's march away, but foes are closing in upon them," the engineer explained. "To the east are the men of the foul gods, to the west are the dead who walk. They will be trapped before they reach the gates."

"Have no fear, we shall hold the gates open for them as long as possible," Brunoth assured the dwarf, who nodded with thanks and then promptly passed out.

Brunoth stood and bellowed for his guards to pass the order to muster the army. He would never let it be said that Brunoth Gromdalgaand was found wanting when his kin called upon him.





THE COMING OF CHAOS

According to the account in the Great Book of Grudges, the most ancient Dwarf book of lore, the coming of Chaos rent the earth and sky and tore the very mountains apart. The skies darkened and turbulent winds of multi-coloured magic clouded the air. It was evident that something terrible was occurring. The Dwarfs watched the skies, uncertain as to what was going to happen.

According to the oldest legends, Grungni divined the coming of a great calamity. For centuries he laboured, along with his sons Thungni and Smednir, forging weapons and armour of great power. Grungni and Thungni inscribed them with powerful magical runes, to protect their bearers and make them stronger in battle. The finest armour and most powerful weapons were bestowed upon Grimnir, who was still the greatest warrior of the Dwarf race. The others were distributed to the greatest warriors in each of the Dwarfholds, where many of them are still guarded as clan treasures.

As the time approached for the cataclysm that Grungni had foreseen, he sent messengers to all the Dwarfholds, bearing runestaves inscribed with his personal seal. Grungni's message warned that a great disaster was about to befall the world, which would be forever changed. He exhorted the Dwarfs to delve deeper into the earth, and seal their Holds off from the surface – and from each other – for ten years.

Months later, Chaos swept the world. In the dark beneath the world, the Dwarfs took shelter as the Winds of Magic erupted out of the north and scoured the world. In their wake, the winds left clouds that settled into a layer of fine black warp dust which mutated and corrupted everything it touched. Native animals mutated into abominations, and joined the unspeakable horrors that had entered the world through the collapsing warp gates. The Dwarfs huddled in their mines and caves as everything on the surface was tainted by chaos.

Eventually the dreadful tempest passed and the Dwarfs emerged once more from their underground dwellings into daylight. They found the world had changed. Mutated beasts and rage-filled monstrosities prowled the mountains, but there was something even worse. During the great storm, Daemons had burst forth from the Realm of Chaos, and now they stalked the lands, seeking to slay all they found. It was not long before the mountain strongholds of the Dwarfs were ferociously assailed.

The Daemons quickly found out that the Dwarfs were far from defenceless. Ancient tales tell how Grungni knew that the Dwarfs would need weapons of great power in order to survive and throw back the horrific invaders that would come in the wake of the disaster. He taught his people to inscribe magical runes onto

their weapons and armour – allowing them to stand against the creatures of Chaos that assaulted them. Valaya used her protections to ward off the dark magic of their enemies, dampening their dread powers. It was Grimnir, equipped with two mighty axes and armour harder than the mountains themselves, who launched the counter-attack. From their underground strongholds, the armies of the Dwarfs sallied forth to do battle against the hordes of Chaos. With their blazing warrior god at the fore, the Dwarfs clove a path up and down the mountain range, killing so many of their foe that, for a time, the World's Edge Mountains were clear of Daemons. Grimnir himself pressed the attack, pursuing his enemy with a relentless fury that dimmed only when the last foe was slain. Within years, the Dwarfs eliminated Chaos from the land that was to become the southern Empire. Following the great River Reik (Ruvalk Reyak), the Dwarfs cut a swathe through the Chaos-infested forests until they reached the fertile delta to the north. At the point where the Reik meets the bay, the Dwarfs encountered an Elf settlement,

There are many stories of battles raging for weeks on end as the Dwarfs forced Beastmen, Daemons, and other creatures of Chaos from their lands. In time, most of the Dwarfholds of the World's Edge Mountains were able to re-establish contact with one another, combining their forces to push the Chaos hordes back to the north. However, the Giantshome Mountains and the Mountains of Mourn remained in the grip of Chaos.





THE ORPHANS

The Dwarfs that had crossed the Great Skull Land were not so well defended. Their delvings were nowhere near as deep as the older holds in the Worlds Edge Mountains and no Grimmir, Grungni or Valaya arose to lead them, or at least no heroes have been recorded. The corruption of these Dwarfs into Chaos Dwarfs is a consistent omission in otherwise complete Dwarfen histories. All that is recorded is that around this time the family trees of the most ancient clans were all amended in some way. Clans with ancestors who had gone east were now 'adopted' as orphans by clans that remained behind. Clans whose sons had marched east



no longer recognised that they had kin at all. Although many Dwarfs claim descent from the Ancestor Gods, the disruption caused in clan records at this time makes it very difficult to be sure about lineages dating back beyond this point. The Dwarfs have kept their silence on the Orphan clans and it is still considered a grave insult to even mention the Chaos Dwarfs in their presence.

THE ELVES

Before the catastrophe, the Elves of Ulthuan had begun to explore the world and extend their power. Among several trading colonies they had established was Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, "the Star-Gem of the Sea", where the city of Marienburg now stands. Initially, the colony had escaped the notice of the Chaos hordes, but this could not last. The colony was surrounded, and a massacre was only averted by the arrival of a fleet from Ulthuan, led by the great mage Caledor Dragontamer. The forces of Chaos were thrown back from the walls of the Star-Gem, and by a twist of chance – or fate – Grimmir and the Dwarf Grand Army fell upon their rear before they could regroup. The phrase "washing the Elf walls" is still used in Dwarf epic poetry as a term to describe the bloodiest of slaughters.

It was at this point that the Dwarfs first made contact with the Elves. A fleet of Elven warships, captained by Caledor Dragontamer, had been blown off course after a sea battle with a Chaos fleet. Caledor was a great mage, and he searched the coasts of the Old World, hoping to find clues to the source of the Chaos that was destroying the world. Instead, Caledor encountered a Dwarf army led by Grimmir himself, that had been drawn into the lowlands while pursuing the remnants of the Daemon army and sought to slay the last of them.

It was a pivotal moment in history of both races, as one of the greatest and most subtle High Elf mages of all time met the brutal and mighty incarnate Ancestor God of the Dwarfs. What Grimmir made of the tall and haughty Elf mage is not recorded, nor is what Caledor thought of the tattooed Dwarf warlord. However, both realised that they were not enemies. The matter was settled when a mighty force of Beastmen arrived and was promptly smashed by the combined might of Grimmir's axes and Caledor's spells. The following alliance of Elves and Dwarfs would save the world and then all but destroy these two proud races.

Stories tell how, in the days that followed, Grimmir and Caledor worked through the difficulties of their linguistic and cultural differences to exchange information about their common foe. A formal alliance was concluded, and sealed with an exchange of gifts. Grimmir gave Caledor the rune-amulet Bagdelredner, which the Elves call Teiurmeinn the Protector, and the Elf mage presented the Dwarf warlord with the Crystal of Fire, which is kept to this day in the Great Vault of Karaz-a-Karak. Messengers were sent to the Elf and Dwarf homelands, with news of the alliance.



The War against Chaos raged for years. The Elves battled the invaders in Ulthuan and at sea, while the Dwarfs fought all across the Old World. Unknown to each other, both Caledor and Grimnir were formulating their own plans to defeat Chaos. Little did they realize that fate would bring both plans together simultaneously.

From Caledor, the Dwarfs learned of the great Phoenix King Aenarion and his struggle to free the distant land of Ulthuan from the grip of Chaos. From Grimnir, Caledor learned of the storm from the north that had preceded the coming of Chaos. Caledor realised that a Chaos Gate had opened in the uttermost north, a doorway between this world and the unimaginableemonic realms of Chaos. Now Chaos had a foothold in the world and would quickly overwhelm its inhabitants.

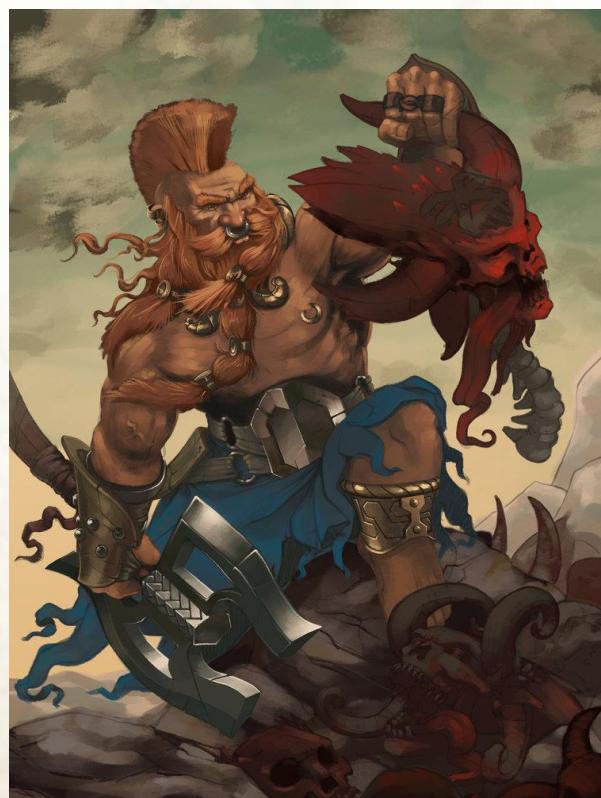
With this information, and their newly formed alliance, Caledor departed, in all likelihood already formulating the plan that would lead to the creation of a mighty vortex to suck the unleashed Chaos power out of the world. Upon Caledor's departure, Grimnir presented him with a runic amulet of sovereign protective power. In return, Caledor gifted the Dwarf with the Crystal of Fire, an artefact that is kept, to this day, in the Great Vault of Karaz-a-Karak.

THE DOOM OF GRIMNIR

The respite won by Grimnir and his armies was hard-won, but its duration was brief. Even as Grimnir headed back to the mountains, the skies grew ominous. Once more, the tide of Chaos rolled over the lands, the Daemon legions and their untold horrors destroying everything in their path. This time, the Daemons attacked in such great numbers that the heroism of Grimnir was not enough, and the Dwarfs were pressed backwards. Unable to hold their ground, the Dwarfs were eventually forced to retreat inside their strongholds. One by one, their mountain fortresses were besieged.

Although they fought valiantly against the tide of Chaos, several holds fell to the unholy onslaught. Having heard Caledor's theory of a Chaos gate, Grimnir decided to take more direct action. Ignoring the advice of Grungni and Valaya, he decided to trek north and close the gate himself, little imagining what cosmic energies he would encounter. Grungni told him he would surely die, but Grimnir snarled that it was worth the risk. The great warrior god ritually shaved his head, save for a single defiant crest of hair that ran from the nape of his neck to his forehead. He gave one of his axes to his eldest son, Morgrim, and departed for the north, chanting his death song. A party of Dwarfs, led by Morgrim, accompanied Grimnir to the edge of the wastes that lay to the north, fighting off many dangers just to reach this region. At the edge of the Chaos Wastes, Grimnir and Morgrim fought a titanic battle that lasted for three days. Grimnir was victorious, and commanded his son to return to the Dwarfs, taking over his role as the protector of their race. Morgrim watched as his father dwindled into the haze of the Chaos Wastes. No Dwarf ever set eyes on him again. There, they at last turned back, watching in awe as Grimnir pressed onwards, his form dwindling into the shimmering haze of that poisoned land.

Grimnir was never seen again, and no one knows what befell this most valiant of Dwarfs. Perhaps he was, at last, pulled down by an army of monsters. One tale affirms he fought his way to the mouth of the Chaos gate and held it against an army of Daemons even as Caledor completed his spell on Ulthuan. Perhaps an even stranger and more terrible doom overtook him? Of the fate of Grimnir the Dwarfs do not speak. They say only that he fell in darkness long ago. His axe was lost with him.





THE BATTLE OF GRIMDAL'S TOMB

According to Grimdal's Saga, the Great Hammer of Wrath was forged by Skalf Blackhammer in the distant age of wanderings before the rise of the Dwarf Empire. It was given to Grimdal Runescar by King Brand of Kazak-a-Karaz, when he set out on an expedition into the far west in search of riches. Grimdal entered the wild, densely forested wilderness which lay where the kingdom of Bretonnia was later to rise, and never returned.

Thousands of years later a Dwarf trader returned to Kazak-a-Karaz from a journey to the trading ports of Bretonnia. He brought with him ancient Wood Elf scroll maps telling of the whereabouts of ancient places in the regions around the forest of Loren. The map was purchased by the Guild of Runesmiths in Karaz. A huge burial mound with massive boulders was marked on the map with the name 'Grimdal's barrow'. Kazgar the Fearless, a Runesmith and notable warrior, believed this to be the last resting place of Grimdal Runescar. He decided to lead an expedition to recover the Great Hammer of Wrath which, he reasoned, would undoubtedly be buried with him in the mound.

The expedition was given the blessing of the king of Karaz and it was decided to send two other Champions and a force of Dwarf troops to help Kazgar. These were to be Helgrind Bad-Axe and Thord Trollbiter, a renowned Troll Slayer. Both had a reputation for extreme savagery and the king was somewhat relieved to get them out of the kingdom! It was also decided, against the king's better judgement, to take along a priest of Valaya, who volunteered to come in order to purify the tomb of Grimdal, possibly even to recover his relics for burial among his ancestors. The priest was called Garag the Devout.

The plan was for the small party to trek through the mountains and down into Bretonnia without arousing the suspicions of the Bretonnians or for that matter the Wood Elves. This would require stealth. To this end, Kazgar hired two Kislevite mercenaries as scouts. Years ago, while in the pay of the Empire, these soldiers of fortune had made raids into Bretonnia and knew the secret ways into the west. These unsavoury characters were called Scarface and One-Eye.

Three bands of warriors were selected. The first was a unit of Hammerers to be led by Kazgar and accompanied by Garag the Devout in the vanguard. Before they departed, Kazgar selected an appropriate Rune weapon from his relic chest: a hammer inscribed with Runes of Banishment which could crumble skeletons and banish wraiths and the much vaunted 'Tryggs Rune', which would spell doom for any Trolls who might be dwelling in the gloom of the burial chamber. Garag the Devout was to carry a Rune Banner from the temple of Valaya in Karaz-a-Karak. This had the power to ward off evil sorcery which might be encountered.

The second party consisted of a unit of Troll Slayers commanded by Thord Trollbiter who would fight their way into the barrow itself. If the barrow was inhabited by Trolls or similar creatures, the Trollslayers were undoubtedly the ones who could clear them out.

The third party consisted of Dwarfs belonging to Grinanir's clan. They had all volunteered for the expedition to seek their ancestor, and led by Helgrind, they would act as a rearguard force.

After a trek of many weeks, the expedition reached Bretonnia, but on the first morning after encamping on the borders of the Loren Forest, Scarface, the Kislevite scout, was found to be missing.

In a drunken brawl the previous night, Scarface had fallen out with his companion One-Eye. He'd then ridden to a nearby castle belonging to a certain Baron Flaubert Bonsantd, known locally as the Black-Hearted Beast of Bretonnia. Following an encounter with a dragon in his young days, the Baron had had a dragon's fang embedded in his skull which sometimes affected his temper. Obtaining an audience with the Baron, Scarface proceeded to betray the Dwarf expedition in return for a handful of gold.

The Baron was most interested in Scarface's story and the possible location of the Hammer of Wrath. Scarface drank away most of the gold in the village tavern, where the Baron's men found him and dragged him off to the dog pits as food for the Baron's wolfhounds. Meanwhile the Baron organised an expedition of his own from among the uncouth and thoroughly bad knights and retainers who were currently staying at his castle for a jousting tournament in honour of his daughter, Helena the Raven. Since she was a Sorceress of no mean ability, the Baron decided to take her along as well, offering her hand in marriage to any Knight who could capture the Hammer of Wrath.

The Baron, accompanied by Helena rode out at the head of a band of unruly Chevaliers Rampants. He planned to ride down and slaughter the Dwarfs as they emerged from the barrow with the Hammer. They would be supported by a band of Foot Knights led by Bertrand Casseconque, who would take care of much of the close order fighting required to wipe out a strong force of Dwarfs. Finally he recruited a band of mounted retainers – Chasseurs de la Mort led by Reynard Boar-Spear, who would cut off any attempt at retreat by the Dwarfs. It was not difficult to find a Wood Elf scout by the name of Fingol Two-Feathers, who agreed to trail the slow moving Dwarf expedition for a handful of gold.

It was late afternoon as the Dwarfs approached the barrow, unaware that the Baron's forces were closing in. As the sun cast lengthening shadows from the standing stones and cromlechs scattered across the clearing, the Bretonnians lurked on the reverse slope of a ridge of pines waiting the moment to strike.

Meanwhile, within the tomb dark horrors which had dwelt there undisturbed for thousands of years began to stir...





THE GOLDEN AGE

In the end, Caledor's spell drained the rampant magic from the lands, an act that banished the Daemons to the shadowy corners of the world. In an instant, the armies of unnatural creatures that surrounded each stronghold disappeared, and the Dwarfs emerged into the dawning of a whole new era.

The Dwarf gods were gone; Grungni, Valaya and the lesser deities had disappeared. It is popularly believed that they returned to the mountains' heart, going back from whence they came to emerge again someday when their people most need them. In the World's Edge Mountains, the Dwarfs prospered greatly, but of their kin in the north or from the Mountains of Mourn, they had no word.

During this age, mighty strongholds were built around the cores of the old fortresses and a vast network of underground highways was built to link them together.

SNORRI WHITEBEARD AND MALEKITH

The first of the High Kings of the Dwarfs after the passing of the Ancestor Gods was Snorri Whitebeard. It was he who forged the alliance with the Elves, and even fought alongside them against the beasts of the dark powers that assailed the lands at that time. Foremost amongst the Elves was Malekith, their ambassador to the High King and the greatest of their generals. Some say that he was the son of the mythical Phoenix King Aenarion and an elven enchantress.

Both Snorri and Malekith were capable warriors and great leaders of their armies. It is through their might that the hordes were pushed back to the north and the wildest areas of the Old World, as it is now, were tamed. There are tales of them saving each other's lives on several occasions, as they and their hosts confronted the evil things of this world and set about building the empires of their people.

The oldest Dwarf tales, never spoken of now, say that Malekith and Snorri were not just comrades in battle and representatives of their people, but were as close to friends as any two individuals of these two very different races could ever be. Some unknown peril beset the Elves and Malekith returned to the island of Ulthuan to intervene. It is said that Snorri gifted Malekith with a great many things upon his departure. Among them were a silver-chased horn of a mountain ox almost as long as the king was tall; and a bridle for Malekith's steeds gilded and inlaid with a hundred polished gemstones. Snorri was most disturbed that his companion might not return. For his part, Malekith pledged his undying support to Snorri, and also gave such gifts as would now be beyond price and avarice. A cloak of fur taken from the fabled white lions of Ulthuan was amongst these, as was an ithilmar drinking goblet that Snorri was to use in favour of a Dwarfen tankard until the day he died. The two parted fondly and never met again.

Trade was established with the Elves as they returned to the Old World to build their colonies along the coasts and in the woods. It was during this time that all the great Dwarf cities were founded. Dwarf prospectors journeyed widely, and established new mines and settlements in the Dragonbacks, the Black Mountains and elsewhere.

The greatest achievement of the age was the completion of Undgrim Ankor, the Great Underway: a vast network of tunnels that linked the Dwarfholds of the World's Edge Mountains. Roads were built between the World's Edge Dwarfholds and the Elf cities of the coast, and trade flowed along them. The Elves hired Dwarf engineers and craftsmen to complete magnificent building projects such as the sea wall surrounding Sith Rionnasc'namishathir and the great lighthouse of Tor Alessi. These structures still stand, though the cities around them are in human hands, called Marienburg and L'Anguille respectively. Karaz-a-Karak, the most central of the World's Edge Dwarfholds, rose to prominence as the capital of the Dwarf Empire.

A long age of peace and prosperity was begun. In Karaz-a-Karak the High King sat upon his carved throne and presided over the Dwarf lords who ruled the other strongholds. This was the great age of the Dwarfs when, in friendship with the Elves, they explored the Old World for its riches. Trade flourished between these two ancient peoples and they lived side by side in the trading ports and cities of the Old World. New allies might be found in the primitive race of Man, for although barbaric, the humans looked to the elder races for wisdom and guidance. With trade and wealth flowing into the Dwarf Empire, it seemed as though the Golden Age would never end. Alas, it was not to be...





Rorek Forkheard glared out into the darkness, knowing that something moved out there beyond the circle of the fire's flickering light. Watchful hungry eyes measured him. A malign intelligence studied his every move. Casually Rorek finished the rest of his dried beef then swigged the last of his ale before reaching out for his axe. He wiped his mouth on his arm, ran one huge hand through the stubble on his shaved scalp then spat into the fire. The saliva sizzled as it evaporated. Rorek stood up and made an experimental cut with his weapon.

The weight of the axe felt good in his hand. The runes glowed redly though whether with the reflection of the fire or the sullen glow of their own inner light, he could not tell. The grip might have been moulded for his grasp. It had belonged to his father, and his grandfather before him, and his grandfather before that. It was a potent weapon, tempered by the blood of many enemies and bright with the runes of ancient days. Tonight it would stand him in good stead.

He stood silent for a moment, listening to the night sounds. The fire crackled. Somewhere in the distance an owl hooted. There! He heard a sound of flesh on rock, as if something very large was trying to move stealthily and failing. Soon, Rorek thought, soon it would be over. He had come a long way to this god-forsaken place to exact vengeance for his brother and atonement for his own shame.

Rorek looked into his heart and found nothing but ashes there. He had lost all honour by letting his brother die. He was the eldest. It had been his duty to shield the lad. He had failed and the last of his blood kin was gone. The trust his father had placed in him had been ill-founded. The shame of it would have made Rorek tear our his

hair, had most of it not already been shaved off. Grief and rage warred in him and he felt nothing but the urge to lash out, to rend and slay, to focus all his pent-up pain and anger against something.

It had been his job to lead the mule-train of ore down into the Empire of the Manlings. He should have been with the caravan that had been destroyed but a cave-in at the mine had crushed his leg and laid him up for a month. Young Algrim had gone in his place though his beard had barely an inch on it. The stupid lad had thought he could guide the caravan through these troll-haunted mountains and save the year's profits. Now his bones mingled with all the others the troll had taken. Well, no more. Tonight, it ended. Tonight the troll would die if he had to crawl down its throat and choke it.

A shadow, huge and dark, moved in the distance. Rorek laughed aloud. The wild, bitter sound echoed through the rocks. "Come out and die," he shouted. "Or I'll come over there and get you."

Slowly the thing shambled forward. It was enormous. Its yellow tusks were long as daggers and the light of blood madness glittered in the deep caves of its eyes. It flexed claws like scimitars. It let out a bellow of challenge, a weird initiating cry that would have frozen the marrow of many a bold warrior. Any sane being would have been terrified. Rorek just looked up at the towering creature. It was three times his height and twenty times his weight. He did not care. His death-song was sung. To his friends he was already dead. He considered himself a walking corpse. What use had he for fear?

He curled his lip into a sneer. "Your life is over," he told the troll, then threw himself forward, axe raised to strike.







THE BATTLE OF IRONAXE RIDGE

Grimley Roundboy stood in the garden of his newly acquired borne. Rushing down the road towards him was the first indication that things had not gone well on Ironaxe Ridge.

It was a group of half a dozen wounded and slightly inebriated soldiers, dressed in the uniforms of the Bugman's Brewers regiment. They were unarmed and fully coated with the stains of battle.

One of the soldiers approached Grimley and asked for water. Grimley scooped some liquid out of his water butt and poured it into the warrior. When he had finished he asked "What happened?"

Between gasps for breath the soldier explained. "They came out the mist... took the small hill straight away. The Slayers got stuck in the valley and couldn't help. We were on the big hill. They charged us with two chariots... Bernard, our leader, saw them off. Then we were attacked by a bunch Gors in a mad blood frenzy. They tore into us we stood no chance... we got away... most of the others are dead."

'Are you hurt?' said Grimley, indicating the blood and bodily fluids spattered on the brewer's uniform.

"Gyrocopter pilot," the brewer offered by way explanation.

His breathing now less ragged, he glanced back down the road and began running again. "They'll be close behind us. You ought to get out of here," he advised as he went.

A second soldier, who had had access to rather more alcohol, swerved and then unexpectedly embraced Grimley

and smiled a mouthful of mostly absent teeth. His foul, beer soaked beard mingled with Grimley's carefully combed one.

Grimley pushed him away. The soldier flailed his arms, defied gravity and remained upright. He looked round, located Grimley and then loudly proclaimed in beer flavoured words. "WELOSHT ALLSMASH AN' BASHUP!" He lurched, staggered forward and vomited over Grimley's boots.



A bestial bowl caught the attention of both the Dwarves. Charging down the road were a group of completely unhygienic Minotaurs. Their teeth and fur covered in dried blood, they had already indulged in a number of Dwarf shaped snacks Grimley decided not to stand around and become their next treat.

Grimley ran, his boots leaving a horrid steaming trail. As he went, he cast one last look back at his home. He reflected sadly on how one never knew what might happen when you moved house...





THE WAR OF VENGEANCE

From the height of its wealth and power, the empire of the Dwarfs was plunged into a succession of wars that almost destroyed the entire race. The first of these wars was the most destructive, and in many ways the most unexpected.

Elves and Dwarfs were perhaps not as wise as Men had believed, for Elf arrogance and Dwarf obstinacy led to friction and eventually outright war. A terrible long slaughter began which lasted for an entire age. The Dwarfs put the blame for the war on the betrayal and arrogance on the part of the Elves. For the Dwarfs, the treasonous behaviour of their recent allies was not wholly unexpected. Ever pragmatic, they had identified their trading partners as a fickle lot, prone to wayward moods. Naturally suspicious, many Dwarfs reckoned it was only a matter of time before the capricious Elves turned – after all, so great were the works of the Dwarfs, so prized for their craftsmanship and ingenuity, that the Elves became jealous and avaricious.

The first acts of the war were brutal raids attacking Dwarf trade caravans that slaughtered beardless and maids, as well as warriors. All evidence pointed to the Elves, many of whom were subsequently slain by vengeful Dwarfs in hastily organised pursuit that brought some of the perpetrators to summary justice. When word reached the Dwarf High King, Gotrek Starbreaker, a prudent and wise lord (as evidenced by his long beard), he halted his thanes from war-making. Instead, he sent envoys to far Ulthuan to lay their claims before the Phoenix King, Caledor II, and resolve the dispute peacefully and honourably. In this way, Gotrek hoped to resolve the dispute peacefully by demanding wergild. A Dwarf will never forgive a grudge, yet in cases of misunderstanding, an exorbitant tribute of gold and gems, called wergild, coupled with sincere contrition, could possibly prevent the Dwarfs from settling the score in their more traditional fashion.



The Elves received the Dwarf envoys with open scorn, mocking what they called baseless accusations. Such was their contempt for the Dwarfs' claims that the Elves deliberately conceived of an insult so grievous that no amount of gold could ever serve as recompense: the Dwarf ambassador had his beard shaved.

Humiliated beyond endurance, the envoys were expelled from the Elf lands and compelled to return home, across the lands of strangers, without their beards or their pride, bearing the message that the only way King Gotrek might gain a single gold coin was if he came to Ulthuan personally and begged before the Phoenix Throne. There could be but one response: war!



A CLASH OF EMPIRES

With his blood boiling, High King Gotrek Starbreaker called the far-spread clans, the king of each stronghold mustering his throng. Even so, the Dwarfs did not completely yield to anger, but made their preparations well. Throughout the realm the workshops laboured night and day to make ancient war machines ready for battle and put a new edge on heirloom axes. Provisions were drawn in so that each hold could withstand a siege if need be. Finally, when all was ready, the war horns sounded from the high towers of every hold and the High King sent for his warriors. From every corner of the empire, kings mustered their throngs (as Dwarf armies are known) and marched to the call of the High King. Every Dwarf was harnessed in the finest mail and each axe bore a favoured rune or three. Each army was accompanied by the finest war engines of the day: powerful Bolt Throwers, easily capable of shattering the flimsy toys of the Elves, and ancient Grudge Throwers, their missiles engraved with every just grievance, ready to be hurled at the spindly towers of the Elves, and bring them crashing down for their affront. Never before or since has such a sight been seen; the full might of the Dwarfs at the height of their power, marching to war. Their oncoming was relentless.

Many Elven colonies were attacked; the slender towers of the Elves proving no match for the war machines of the Dwarfs. Upon receiving word of the Dwarf assaults that were systematically levelling their outposts, King Caledor II emptied Ulthuan, amassing a fleet so large that his own council pleaded with him to leave some protection behind to guard the Elven homeland. Yet the Phoenix King would not be denied; Caledor II himself led the armada.



THE FIRST SIEGE OF TOR ALESSI

The port city of Tor Alessi was an Elf dwelling whose walls and defences had been built in cooperation with the Dwarfs during the peaceful days of their alliance. It was garrisoned by some twenty thousand Elves, and Kundi Firebeard had taken the oath of Grimmir for his woeful underestimation of the enemy forces in his reports to the king. Upon the walls the Elves mustered many archers, the arrows of whom were as a steel-tipped storm upon the Dwarfen throng. By the western gate the Dwarfs mustered their crossbows and engines of war. Fifteen hundred stones inscribed with runes of vengeance and wall-breaking were hurled at the walls of the citadel, all the while under the attention of the Elven archers and bolt throwers, which took a heavy toll of the Dwarf crews and Quarrellers.



Three times the Elves sallied forth from the gate to attack the Dwarfen engine-works and sappers, and their knights pierced many of the Dwarfs with their lances and then retreated swiftly to safety beneath the bows of their kin, before retiring within the walls once more.

Thane Dumbrin, hereafter taking the name Thane Wazzokrik as ordered by the king, led an ill-judged pursuit after the retreating Elves during which a full quarter of his clan were slain or seriously injured to the point of being unable to fight, for no gain on the Dwarfs' part. Thane Wazzokrik was despatched to liaise with the mule train for the future provisioning of the throng.

On the second day the king ordered the beginning of three mine-workings to undermine the towers of the gatehouse. He named them Thom, Grik and Ari. Work proceeded well, concealed from the view and arrows of the Elves by pavises made of sturdy wutroth brought from the Grey Mountains to the east.

On the sixth day magical fire blasted the workings of Grik and forced a collapse. A sally led by an Elven Prince destroyed many of the workings of Thom, though the Dwarfs captured the Prince before he could retreat. He named himself Prince Arlyr of Eataine, and the Dwarfs sent word and ransom to the commander of the garrison in Tor Alessi. Arlyr asked for no parole and the Dwarfs offered none. He was caged with the mules, while his warriors were set to work gathering wood for the furnaces.

The king ordered work on Thorn and Grik to be halted and all efforts to be concentrated on Ari. Under covering bombardment of enchanted bolt and rune-carved boulder, the Dwarfs set the fires in Ari beneath the right-most tower of the western gatehouse. The





tower, Elf-made and weak, collapsed within minutes, crushing a great number of Elves and opening a breach for the Dwarfs to attack. At the forefront strode the Ironbreakers and a great skrund erupted in the debris as Elven spears met the axes and hammers of the Dwarfs. The footing was unstable and the Dwarfs laboured badly to effect entrance, but were successful for a few hours to hold back the Elves. In doing so, the Dwarfs had drawn forces that would have fought the High King's assault on the eastern gate in the last hours of light. The Dwarfs were forced to withdraw at dusk having lit many fires in the city, which now illuminated the night sky like day.

Word reached the Dwarfs from the High King that an Elven fleet had been sighted several miles off the coast, heading west and south. The Dwarfs were to lift the siege lest their forces would become trapped between this newly arrived host and the walls of the Elven city. The Elves rose a great jeering and clamour as the Dwarfs departed, yet they were soon silenced as the Dwarfs sent back Prince Alyr to his people, his head removed and packed in a pickling firkin to accompany the corpse. A great many engines were abandoned on

the field, for the Elven reinforcements had landed and the Dwarfs swiftly had to seek the sanctuary of the mountains while they judged their number and keenness for battle. Some fourteen days past, the warriors of this hold waged honourable war in the seeking of righteous compensation for the wrongs done to them by the fickle Elves.

Thus began in earnest a war that would last for well over four centuries. There were more battles in the next six years, during which Karaz-a-Karak itself was assailed twice, though the armies of the Elves were beaten back with heavy cost in lives. Blinded by rage and overconfident from their sweeping early victories, the Dwarfs soon found their forces overwhelmed. In truth, they had judged the strength of their foe by the least of the Elven provinces, but now, the assembled might of Ulthuan was arrayed in full against them. In battles of ever escalating size and fury, the two forces met again and again, fighting back and forth across the Old World. Great magics and Dragon-riders were pitted against runic axes and impenetrable shieldwalls, and the lands were awash with blood.

OF DWARFS AND ELVES

Though the magnitude and bitterness of the War of Vengeance may surprise most, that it occurred is, regrettably, not so unlikely. As both empires grew, the Elves and Dwarfs became natural opponents, and though they conducted themselves civilly for many decades, the two races were as chalk and cheese – or as grik and chuf as the Dwarfs would say – and conflict between them was inevitable.

Dwarfs are naturally thrifty, workmanlike, terse and stubborn. They value the things of the ground, the mountains and stone. They are intractable and utterly loyal, yet also implacable and single-minded. They prefer strong ales and bawdy songs, and see hard labour as worthy endeavour. When around other races, Dwarfs are serious, quiet folk who prefer silence to intimacy, and are, at their heart, suspicious of anything not of Dwarfish origin. They can be insular and brief, which to some can seem rude. Their language is harsh and uncompromising, their bodies short and sturdily built. The Dwarfs are also distrustful of magic except as captured by their runes, and suspicious of those that delve the mystical arts.

The Elves, in contrast, love open spaces and the sky. They are garrulous and naturally inclined to gossip and scheming, even on petty matters. They have delicate sensibilities and refined tastes, preferring poetry and softly scented wines. The Elves as a people are prone to arrogance and disdain of others, and are regarded as selfish and vain by outsiders. They can appear capricious, for they are free of heart and follow their desires, and duty is often forgotten in the heat of passion. They are explorers and wanderers, who feel few ties to home and hearth and instead prefer to see new lands rather than familiar surroundings. The Elves are also steeped in magic, perhaps the greatest exponents of the magical arts in the world. They are tall and graceful, and move with feline-like grace.

It is sometimes observed that the different characters of the High Elves and Dwarfs can be likened to their favoured beverages of wine and beer. Where the Elves savour fine wines carefully sipped from tiny crystal glasses, the Dwarfs noisily swill gallons of foaming ale, pausing only to belch loudly and bellow for more.

This contrast cannot have been more apparent than during the visit of the Elf Phoenix King Bel-Shaanar to Karaz-a-Karak, when, according to the hold's Book of Honour, the Elf king presented the Dwarf king Snorri Whitebeard with a single casket of Ellyrion wine, a vintage so rich and precious that the cost of a single glass would bankrupt the average Elf lord. The Dwarf king, keen to show his appreciation, stove in the barrel lid with his axe and guzzled the whole lot in one go, wiping the copious spillage with his beard as his fellow Dwarfs cheered loudly. Quite what the delicate Elven courtiers made of this performance is not recorded. It can only be imagined what the Elf King thought of the dozen barrels of Gutstrangle's Owd Nasty Dwarf Ale and two gallon Dwarf souvenir tankard that he received in return.

It is hard to imagine two more different peoples, and that the Dwarfs and Elves ever managed to cooperate and ally is perhaps more remarkable than the divisions that eventually befell them. As the lands were conquered, perhaps the Elves and Dwarfs began to look with more envy at the possessions of each other. The differences in their personalities could easily exaggerate small slights and misunderstandings. By these means, the races followed their own nature and so it was that the two greatest empires to have ever held sway over the Old World became locked in bloody conflict.



THE DOOM OF IMLADRIK

In the early clashes, Snorri Halfhand, the son of King Gotrek fought with Caledor, the Phoenix King himself. Such a deed was courageous to be sure, but Snorri had overreached himself. He lacked the wisdom to be ready for the trickery of the Elves and, drawn into personal combat with the most powerful Elf, was despatched by an underhand blow that an older Dwarf would have been wise to. Snorri's army fought well and slew many Elves, but were forced from the field.

The loss of Halfhand incensed Gotrek's kin. Morgrim, Snorri's cousin, fuelled by his rage and greed, marched on Oeragor. Here, in the foothills west of Karak Izril, Morgrim led a victorious throng against the hosts of Saphery and Yvresse. The Elves sought to avoid battle, fearing Morgrim's wrath but eventually, after two days of manoeuvring, they were brought to account. The battle was long, both sides firing upon each other for hours. In an act of stubborn defiance, the Dwarf army stood purposefully before the arrow storm of the Elves, intent on proving they could withstand the worst their foe could unleash. Eventually, in desperation and rage, the Elves had no choice but to charge into close combat, where the real slaughter began. Five thousand Elves paid with their lives for their hubris.

For the ills done to the Dwarfen people, Morgrim exacted a bloody vengeance. With bravery uncharacteristic of an Elf, Imladrik led a charge against the shieldwall of Morgrim, and slew many of the Dwarfs' finest warriors with his gleaming blade. Yet

for all his valour, Imladrik is of the blood of the Phoenix King and of equal blame for the woes that have beset the Dwarfen people. Morgrim cut into the heart of the Elf host and fought his way to Imladrik, Prince of Ulthuan. With one blow of his rune axe, Morgrim beheaded the griffon on which Imladrik rode. He sent this head to the High King as a gift, mounted on the Elven prince's shield. Imladrik's sword could not break the warding runes laid upon Morgrim's armour by the great Ranuld Silverthumb, and Morgrim dealt the Elf princeling a deadly blow to the head, thereby earning the title of Elgidum or Elf doom. Though great was the temptation to despoil the body in the same manner ignobly heaped upon that of Snorri Halfhand, Morgrim satisfied himself with the simple removal of the Elf's nose, and then allowed the prince's retainers to remove the remains for whatever fawning burial ceremony awaited them.



A messenger was brought down by Rangers near to the workings at Gotrek-bin-Gazan, carrying missives from the Phoenix King for the Elven army camped upon the banks of the Shadowmere. It offered the hand in marriage of Caledor's sister Alaine to whosoever brought him the beard of Morgrim Elgidum. Caledor would be brought to answer for this heinous commission of vile assassination intended to humiliate the lords of the Dwarfs.





WITH HEARTS FULL OF WRATH

Both Dwarfs and Elves still preserve tales of their heroes that arose during the War of Vengeance, or the War of the Beard as Elves call it. Most on each side fought with honour, yet during this long and brutal era, merciless deeds were also committed by both forces, although neither maintains any record that mentions any of their own acts of unflinching savagery, nor will either race ever admit that their side had anything to do with any such wrongdoings. In their outrage, the Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests simply to spite the Elves. It was not enough for them to breach Elven fortresses and topple their elegant towers, as on more than one occasion the Dwarfs did not stop their war machine barrages until no two stones stood atop each other. For their part, the Elves poisoned tarns and made pacts with unholy tree spirits in order to gain any battlefield advantage they could. When beset by entire armies of Dwarfs harnessed in mail impenetrable to their arrows, the Elves resorted to all manner of black-hearted trickery, feigned surrender and magical deception.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ATHEL MARAYA

Years passed, each of them marked by great battles as the Elves and Dwarfs bled each other dry. The Elven armies broke impotently over the strongholds of their foe, yet for their part, the Dwarf armies could not break their opponent either, so the war dragged on. After another twenty years, there were numerous grudges pertaining to poor supplies, lack of weapons and ammunition, and further battles with the Elves. The tide truly began to turn after the Dwarfs' assault on the fortress at Athel Maraya.

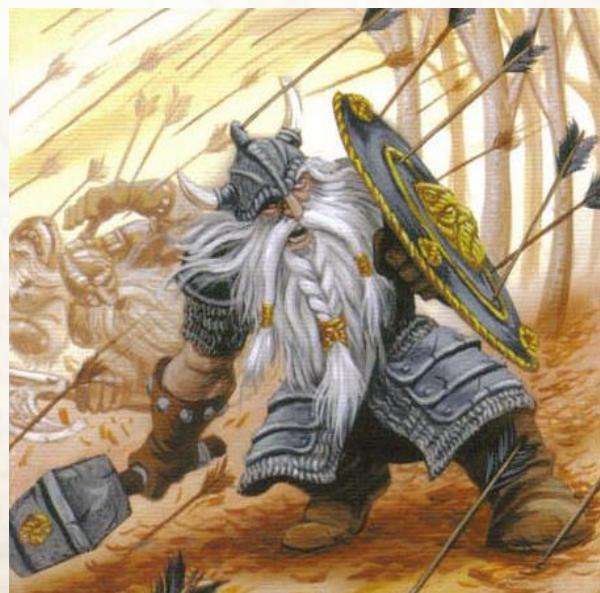
Like all Elven colonies, Athel Maraya was a great port, and Elven ships from all across the world came and went, carrying exotic trade goods to and from Ulthuan. Riches from distant Cathay, precious stones from the Southlands and the finely made steel weapons of the Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains all passed through the waters around Athel Maraya. Athel Maraya was well known to the Dwarfs, and as the main army of Morgrim, cousin of the slain Dwarf King's son, marched upon Tor Alessi, Morgrim led a contingent of his massive host to sack Athel Malaya.

In defiance of the law of the High King, the Elves of Athel Maraya refused to return the lands they have usurped these past two hundred years. Now their usurpation would be eradicated, along with the towers and halls that they built upon the lands of the Dwarfen people. A great train of war machines, brought together from Karak Eight Peaks, Karaz-a-Karak, Karaz Azul, Karak Varn and Karak Kadrin, laid waste to the city of Athel Maraya. The Elves of the city refused free passage offered them, foolishly believing the Dwarfs as weak-willed as themselves. They were slain by hammer and crossbow bolt for their folly.

The Elves were largely unprepared for this attack, as their scouts had reported the large Dwarf army making all speed to attack Tor Alessi. Morgrim's vanguard was just a few hours march away when the Warden of Athel Maraya, Lord Kiarell, learned of their approach. The alarm bells rang across the harbour and all but one of the ships docked there weighed anchor as soon as possible, laden with the women and children of the colony, seeking the safety of the open seas. Only Maurenghir, captain of the Anarian, stayed with his force of Seaguard to help with the defence of the beleaguered settlement.

Morgrim first tried to storm the walls of Athel Maraya with sheer force. His army deployed straight from its march and attacked the walls, even before the war engines were unlimbered and ready to fire. The Dwarfs wheeled the trunks of great mountain oaks towards the town, as arrows rained down from the walls in shining clouds. Swearing ancient oaths of vengeance, Morgrim himself led the assault on the gate, his family rune axe blazing with ancient power in his hands. However, Morgrim's rapid attack was to prove to be a folly, his army was tired from a forced march of several weeks and the defence, though hasty, was stalwart and prepared. Morgrim lost nearly a quarter of his force in the first assault before finally pulling his army back.

Thwarted in his attempts to achieve a swift and conclusive victory over the Elves, Morgrim fell back on more traditional Dwarf battle tactics. For three days his war engines pounded the walls, the stone throwers firing special runic shot that burst into flames on impact, setting fire to the wooden buildings around the harbour. For three whole days and nights the cannonade continued yet the walls of Athel Maraya held firm against the bombardment. Then, on the dawn of the fifth day of the siege, a great crack appeared in the eastern gatehouse. Lord Kiarell feared that soon the walls would be breached and the doughty Dwarf warriors would pour into the town, fuelled with the bitterness and thirst for vengeance only a Dwarf is capable of.





The bombardment could not be allowed to continue, the Dwarf war machines had to be silenced otherwise Athel Maraya would be lost. Also Kiarell had received word from Tor Alessi — the siege there had begun, but the Dwarfs were sorely missing the bulk of their war machines which were still at Athel Maraya. Morgrim would also know this, and if Kiarell could forestall the fall of Athel Maraya then Morgrim would be forced to lift the siege and march to the much grander prize of Tor Alessi. This would of course mean that Kiarell's own force would be free to harass the rear of the Dwarf lines at the other colony, aiding his kin in their battle. It all came down to silencing those war machines! Gathering his own retinue about him and supported by the warriors of the Anarian, Lord Kiarell ordered the gates opened and sallied forth to destroy the Dwarfs' machineries of destruction.

The thunder of the Silver Helms' hooves resounded across the fields outside as Kiarell led the charge. Before him were arrayed the Dwarf lines, commanded by Morgrim's nephew Snekki One-Thumb and the Engineer Guildmaster Olaf Greatnose. Morgrim himself was deep in conference with messengers from Tor Alessi when Kiarell attacked. The Elven lord had to destroy the war machines swiftly, before Morgrim arrived with more warriors, amongst them his fearsome personal bodyguard of Karak Izor Hammerers. While Kiarell and the Silver Helms crashed into the armoured ranks of the Dwarfs, Maurenghir led his Lothorn Elves to attack the flank of the foe, stopping them from surrounding the Elven cavalry. Cloud after cloud of arrows fell from the skies, accompanied by the whistling of bolts fired from the walls of Athel Maraya.



With a crash of lances on shields the Silver Helms' charge hit home against the Longbeards of Snekki's own retinue, Kiarell himself singled out the Dwarf Lord and dealt him a severe blow with his enchanted blade. Isolated from their kin by the attack of the crew of the Anarian the Longbeards were forced back by the Elves, allowing the army of Athel Maraya to break through and head towards the war engines.

Just as Lord Kiarell had victory within his grasp, Olaf Greatnose made his presence felt. With an angry shout from their crews, the bolt throwers of the Dwarf army opened fire, smashing a swathe of destruction through the Silver Helms. Only Kiarell and his son, Alarnil, survived the fusillade. Yet Kieran and Alarnil fought on valiantly and with grim determination spurred their steeds towards the Dwarf crews who were desperately reloading their machines. Olaf himself stepped between the enraged Elven Lord and the Dwarf engineers, his axe crashing into Kiarell's ornate armour and sending him tumbling from his steed. Kiarell regained his feet in time to see Alarnil run the Dwarf Engineer through with his keen lance. However, his moment of triumph was shortlived. With a deep bellow of 'Throngi Karak Izor! Uzkuli a thagi Elgi!', Morgrim led his army on the attack.



The few surviving Elves were no match for the wrath of the Dwarf Lord's host, and as they marched steadily on the walls of Athel Maraya the stone throwers loosed another storm of boulders, smashing into the gatehouse once more. With a dull rumble the fractured tower began to topple, slewing sideways to smash upon the ground in a torrent of rubble.

Cheering heartily, the Dwarfs poured through the breach, slaying any Elf they came across. The orchards were burned and the fields razed. The meadows were ploughed and salted, and the stones of the buildings ground to gravel to pave the Undgrin Ankor. The statues of marble were broken and their pieces used in the privy tanks at the new brewery in Karak Kadrin. The keystone of the great gate were taken by the masons to fashion into an oathstone for King Grundin. No small amount of gold was reclaimed from the vaults and were cast afresh as proper coin. Many gems were found, some ground to dust for they contained Elvish enchantments; the others now adorn the sky-dome of King Hrallson's chambers in Karak Azul. In Karak Eight Peaks, the door to the Engineers' Guild now proudly displays a badge of honour, fashioned in the likeness of Grungni, cast from the tips of two thousand Elven spears taken from the bodies of the dead.

As the sun set and the Anarian carried away the handful of survivors including the badly wounded Alarnil, the shores of Athel Maraya were filled with the smoke of the burning town and the flames licked up the walls of the once-great Elven settlement. Athel Maraya had fallen to the Dwarfs and was no more.



THE BATTLE OF GRIMM-ON-SOUR

This battle took place during the War of Vengeance. Dwarf prospectors discovered a natural source of gold in the Sourstream, as the local river was called. Subsequently, there grew up a small community populated by Dwarf gold miners and their families. The founder and leader of this place was Grimm 'Goldcrazy' Girkinson and the village was named Grimm-on-Sour after him. Unfortunately the village laid in an exposed area situated over the mountains from the mighty Elf city of Tol Eldroth. The obsessive leader of this city was none other than Ardael Dwarfshaver who had already subdued the Dwarf holds on his side of the mountains. The attack upon Grimm-on-Sour, its destruction and heroic defence form the basis for a famous Dwarf saga and are recorded in gruesomely exaggerated detail in the Great Book of Grudges that lies in the Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak.

THE LEGEND OF BROK STONEFIST

Set against the backdrop of this epic conflict, the Dwarf legend Brok Stonefist and the masterful Elven Lord Salendor fought each other numerous times during this bitter war, each one refusing to back down from the other. Thousands of years later, in these days of decline for both the Dwarfs and the High Elves, they would be regarded as two of the mightiest warriors in the known world, but in their own time there were many legendary individuals just as powerful as they were. Thousands of lives were lost in the brutal and uncompromising clashes between Brok and Salendor, and they are remembered by their descendants with fierce pride.

Brok Stonefist of Karak Azgul was a mighty warrior, ancient even at the time of the War of Vengeance. He had led his clansmen to countless victories early in the tragic conflict and became much hated and feared by the Elves who fought his armies. Brok rose to his position from humble beginnings, spending several decades as a messenger, running communications along the ancient tunnels connecting the various Dwarf holds that in times of old were still in use. He knew the tunnel layouts like no other living Dwarf and seemed to have a mental map of everywhere he had traveled. As his beard grew longer and decade upon decade rolled past, he was sought out by many Thanes and Lords to lead mining expeditions into unknown territory and soon became renowned for his subterranean navigational skills.

When the war broke out against the Elves of Ulthuan, Brok was called upon to guide forces from Karak Azgul beneath the plains and attack the Elves from behind their lines. On one such mission, Elven arrows struck down the Thane leading the army, and Elven cavalry encircled the Dwarfs, who then formed a defensive shield wall. Seizing the initiative, Brok screamed a warcry and stormed out of the shield wall.

Without thinking, the Dwarf warriors leapt after him, a counter-attack that shocked the Elves who were hacked down before they could react. With Brok at the forefront, the Dwarfs managed to punch their way through the Elf line and make a fighting retreat back to their tunnels. Once there, the Dwarfs looked to Brok for leadership, and reluctantly he accepted. That night Brok led the sorely depleted Dwarf force through tunnels that had not been in use for hundreds of years and directed the miners to excavate to the surface. The tunnels came up in an undefended area, and Brok led the Dwarfs on a savage surprise attack against the same Elf army they had fought earlier that day, crushing them completely.

From that day forth, Brok was greatly respected by those who followed him. He was given the honorary title of Ungdrin Ankor Rik, Lord of the Tunnels, and over the next hundred years became one of the most accomplished of all the Dwarf generals in the War of Vengeance. He led the Dwarfs of Karak Azgul to countless victories and earned a fearsome reputation amongst the Elves. They named him Arhain-tosaith, which translates roughly as 'the shadowy one of the earth'.



It was only when Brok Stonefist faced the armies of Lord Salendor of Tor Achare, who would become his ultimate nemesis, that he was ever matched on the field of battle. Salendor was a young and brilliant Elf Lord who led his troops with a mastery far beyond his youth, having been alive barely two centuries. The young Salendor was a calculating tactician and a skillful master of the blade, who was also versed in the magic arts. His cool demeanor and quick strategic mind served him well against Brok, and the two quickly became fierce rivals. Whenever the armies of Karak Azgul appeared behind the forces of Salendor he managed to counter the attack, and every ploy Brok attempted was efficiently responded to by the young Elf. At the Battle of Blind River, Brok attempted to undermine the ground beneath the feet of Salendor's





army that was marching through the night. Rumored to have been gifted with mystical prescience, Salendor realized the ruse at the last moment. He sent a troop of Ellyrian Reavers galloping over the traps and the ground collapsed behind them as they raced through the night. When the dust-covered Dwarfs launched their attack from the subterranean tunnels, they found the Elves waiting for them with spear and bow.

Over the next hundred years, Brok and Salendor clashed numerous times in the midst of bitter combat, and the meeting of these two mighty heroes was always an epic confrontation that could last hours on end. Neither foe could overcome the other, and neither backed down an inch in these contests. Brok was as strong as the mountains themselves, and it is said that no Elf ever moved as swiftly as Salendor, as if he knew every move that his foe was about to make even before his enemy did. The pair sought each other out in battle whenever possible, hacking their way through countless enemies to face each other in single combat.

It was in the great battle of Athel Maraya that the pair had their final confrontation. Several Dwarf armies, including a strike force led by Brok, besieged the doomed Elf city. Miners guided by Brok tunneled beneath the fair city walls, undermining them and causing several wall sections to collapse, creating breaches that the Dwarfs marched through. Dragons circled the elegant towers, descending in devastating attack runs through the city streets, incinerating hundreds of Dwarfs who were cooked inside their red-hot armor. Brok and his battleseasoned troops came to the surface in the middle of the city, striking with brilliant timing to coincide with the fall of the walls,

and confusion filled the streets. The Dwarfs fought fiercely for every inch of ground they gained, suffering horrendous casualties from archers within the towering buildings, dragon-fire and desperate Elf militia who were fighting to protect their own homes and families.

Dwarfs bearing torches and flaming brands lit fires, which combined with the dragon-fire, resulted in a rapidly spreading inferno, turning the city into a deadly furnace. Both sides of the battle were forced to abandon the city or face being engulfed within it. Just as these fires took hold of the center of the city, Brok came face to face with Salendor for the final time. As the city burned down around them, the two warriors weaved a deadly dance of sword and axe, ignoring the entreaties of their comrades to flee the city. Elegant bridges toppled and delicate towers collapsed, raining a fiery shower of debris around the heads of the combatants, but still they fought on, ignoring all but the movements of their foe. Eventually, the Dwarfs and Elves were forced to flee the intense heat, leaving the two heroes battling until the city was completely engulfed.

Thus the two rivals are remembered, neither willing to back down from the fight, and the flaming city falling around them until they were consumed. Amongst the Elves, it is said that even after death, the two rivals continue to wage their war, battling each other through the millennia as ghostly shades. Amongst the Dwarfs of Karak Azgul, Brok is revered as the pinnacle of Dwarfishness, personifying the stubborn fighting spirit of his people. Both will live on in memory as two of the most brave and uncompromising warriors of their people.





ELDRETH'S LAST STAND

It is not usual for a Dwarf army to be in the position of surrounding the enemy on the battlefield. More often than not it is the other way round. In this battle, known only from the *Saga of Thurgar Elshater*, which occurred sometime in the last years of the great War of Vengeance, a Dwarf force managed to corner a much smaller Elf army. This was probably because the Elves had found themselves in mountain terrain which the Dwarfs knew well. The Elves, of whom we know little except that they were led by Eldreth, very noble, but somewhat reckless commander, had no option but to defend themselves against the Dwarfs in the hope of slaying all of them. With true Dwarf determination and many grudges to be avenged, there could be no chance of surrender and no quarter would be given on either side. According to the saga, the Elves fought on until darkness fell and then those who remained, being few in number, managed to escape from the tired and exhausted Dwarfs, taking their banner and the body of their slain leader with them.

THE FINAL SIEGE OF TOR ALESSI

Another 346 years passed, and Caledor II arrived in the Old World to supervise the fighting having become frustrated with his generals. Being neither particularly willing to listen to others nor a sound strategist, this brought disaster upon the Elves, although the Dwarfs were not without their losses.

As a smith beats upon his anvil, the Dwarfen armies hammered at the resolve of the Elves, and now the task was done. In a final push, High King Gotrek Starbreaker, also known as the Axe of the Elves, and his throng joined Morgrim to drive the Elves back. At Tor Alessi the Dwarfs once again tested their mettle against the pernicious Elves, this last and fourteenth time at the city on the coast. Here the grudges were repaid in most literal fashion. Great rocks, bound in iron, rained on the Elf city for a hundred days. By this time, the walls were breached in a dozen places and not one tower remained to halt the advance.

High King Gotrek, the Starbreaker, led the throng and brought the despicable Caledor to battle. Upon a dragon red of scale and fiery of breath, hoarder of gold and despoiler of the Dwarfen lands, the so-called Phoenix King led his army. Great were the sorceries unleashed by the conjurers of Saphery, so that fireballs and lightning wreaked havoc upon the Dwarfs' engines and filled the eye with multi-coloured light brighter than the star-lanterns of Karak Eight Peaks. The ground was rent with fissures that opened beneath the bolt throwers, plunging the Dwarf crews into jagged chasms, which then sealed tighter than a king's vault.

With a glitter that pales only to the shining waters of the Okzhuf-a-Azgal, the Elven arrows rained down upon the helmets of the throng, white-flighted and deadly. Thane Burakson was slain by a shaft that pieced his neck armour and a great grievance settled

upon the Dwarfs' hearts. As the turning of the wheel in the stream that drives the mill, the Dwarfs' axes were unrelenting in their work and hewed a great many Elves. Three of the Anvils of Doom had been brought forth, and their runes burned with power and the striking of the Runelords. Trommi Ironfriend swore that the shades of the fallen of the thirteen earlier battles of Tor Alessi rose from the Halls of the Ancestors.

Thrice the host of Caledor the Coward sallied forth, in arrogance trusting to their spears and not their walls. Thrice they were hurled back by the throng of the High King leaving behind a carpet of their fallen.

On a fourth assault the Phoenix King took the field himself, and the Dwarfen bolts and quarrels tore the wing from his mount as he charged the High King's position. The Starbreaker, Lord of the Mountains, Hammer of the Ancestors, was swift and unyielding in the prosecution of his duties. Gotrek and Morgrim attacked together and sought out the treacherous King Caledor. Gotrek cut his way through the Elves that rushed to aid Caledor the Friendless, and hefted the Axe of Grimnir as mightily as the great Ancestor. Unable to flee, Caledor was forced to face Gotrek and the two kings clashed in personal combat. Caledor sought swift victory but King Starbreaker denied him. The Dwarf king was content to fight on as day gave way to night and gradually, the Elf's fortitude began to fail him. Still Gotrek fought on, drawing the last reserves from his foe before shattering Caledor's light Elven sword with a well-placed hammer blow. Defeated utterly, Caledor pleaded for mercy but the High King carried the burden of vengeance for his people. Mercy was not his to give, merely justice, and so he ended King Caledor's life. He smote the neck of the Phoenix King and the edge of the axe cut as smoothly as a hotly forged blade through cheese.





From the severed head of the Elf king, Gotrek took the golden crown of Ulthuan, in payment of the debts incurred to the Dwarfen people for the past centuries, and proclaimed the grudge settled and that the Elves were welcome to come to Karaz-a-Karak to beg for their crown's return. The Elves, upon seeing their pitiful leader cut in twain like a sawed log, allowed the High King to withdraw with his just recompense, and thus the war has ended. To this day, the crown remains in Karaz-a-Karak.



THE ELVES LEAVE THE OLD WORLD

With the death of Caledor II and the taking of the Phoenix Crown, the Dwarfs believed that balance had been restored and the wrongs of the Elves rectified. With their prize in hand, the Dwarfs marched back to their holds, prepared to continue their lives as though the last few hundred years had not passed.

It is reported that the Elves had different plans. Insulted by the capture of the Phoenix Crown, and what they saw as the murder of their king, the princes of the Elves gathered together what forces remained for an assault on Karaz-a-Karak. Perhaps fortunately for the Elves, the attack never took place. Had it done so, it is hard to see what end other than the slaughter of the Elves could have occurred.

The Elves who survived withdrew, their armies, like their arrogance, shattered in defeat. As it was, some unknown disaster befell the Elven homeland and a



proclamation from Caledor's successor halted the assault before it began. The Elven armies embarked upon their ships and left these shores to return to Ulthuan to address whatever problems were occurring there. That was the last of the Elves of the Phoenix King to be seen in the Old World for some four thousand years, until the time of their return shortly before the Great War Against Chaos.

Although the war was ended, the Dwarfs would never forget, and distrust of the Elves became the most common wisdom passed down the generations. The Dwarfs were left to dominate the Old World, but the glory and vigour of the Dwarf race had been expended. The Golden Age was drawing to its close.

BATTLE TROPHIES

Dwarfs prefer quiet, hard work to the din of battle and the shedding of blood. However, once their anger is roused they are a fearful foe. Yet when the battle is over, the war is won, the Dwarfs are not a boastful people and do not glory in their victories as perhaps some men do. The Dwarfs do, however, like to remember and commemorate the sacrifices they have made and the achievements their ancestors accomplished. To this end, the Dwarfs take trophies from their defeated enemies.

For all this, Dwarfs are not impressed by the gear and wares of other races, either in look or reliability of function, and as such these prizes are not kept in their original form. Instead what suitable materials can be taken are used to create new and wonderful artefacts of Dwarfish design. Some might consider this simple looting, but records are kept diligently noting the location and time when such trophies were taken, and the means to which they were put. Beardlings are taught the origins of all of these trophy-artefacts that belong to a clan, known as Arengorlai. By these means, a Dwarf can walk about the tunnels and halls of his home and, should he have a mind, give not only a tour of the geography, but also a history lesson of the clan.

The only trophy the Dwarfs have taken and not remade is the Phoenix Crown of the Elves. The Dwarfs claim it is of Dwarf manufacture anyway and, on top of this, is the hope that it may well be returned to the Elves when other full recompense and apology is made for the events of the War of Vengeance. Though this seems the most unlikely event to ever occur, and has not yet happened for thousands of years, the Dwarfs as a race are nothing if not patient.

The Phoenix Crown is not always kept in one place but rather is passed amongst the clans who took part in the final battle that saw its capture. Every decade or so, it is taken under heavy guard from one hold to the next, so that the Dwarfs can see this mighty prize. It is brought out at dour festivals of remembrance, where the Dwarfs curse the Elves and laud the Dwarfen warriors of ages past, in sight of the Phoenix Crown of Ulthuan.



Morgrim Elgidum, the Elfdoom, stepped up onto the large, icy rock. His nailstudded boots sounded sharply in the silence of the cold, crisp air. Unconsciously stroking his full beard, he gazed over the edge of the precipice. Through the slowly drifting clouds he could just make out tiny figures on the plains far below. His cold, grey eyes narrowed, and he felt the slow-burning rage inside him flare. The news had arrived that morning that the High King's son, the proud warrior Snorri Halfhand, had been slain; cut down dishonorably by the black-hearted Elven King Caledor. Snorri was Morgrim's young cousin, and the pair had fought and feasted at each other's side on many occasions. Tomorrow, Morgrim and his stalwart kin would face the treacherous Elves on the plains and crush them utterly. They would march relentlessly through the night, descending along the twisting mountain paths through the darkness, their desire for vengeance pushing them ever onwards.

Turning, the proud Dwarf Lord surveyed his kinsmen as they marched down through the deepening chasm, some fifty feet from his position. The steady beat of hard boots on stone and deep resounding chanting echoed up towards him as darkness slowly descended. Smiling grimly to himself, Morgrim stepped off the rock, sinking up to his knees in the snow that had begun to fall again, and began to work his way back to join his comrades.

A deafening roar suddenly echoed up from behind him, and Morgrim swung around, pulling the heavy, rune-encrusted axe from his back. Standing looking over the cliff-face, the hellish noise got louder until, with a tremendous burst of air an immense blue dragon screamed up over the precipice from below. Squinting his eyes against the biting cold wind, Morgrim snarled up at the immense creature as it shot into the sky overhead. An armored figure rode upon the back of the proud creature and, seeing Morgrim below, gestured towards him with an ornate lance. The dragon twisted effortlessly through the air, coiling lithely overhead to face the lone Dwarf. It plummeted from the sky, dropping through the falling snow towards Morgrim, immense talons poised to strike and the Dragon Prince's lance aimed squarely at his chest.

A flurry of crossbow bolts streaked through the air towards the diving creature, ricocheting harmlessly off its gleaming blue scales. Huge, slitted eyes filled with intelligence and cunning were locked on the Dwarf Lord. As it neared, it reared up so as to pass over the Dwarf, and several black-shafted bolts punched into its soft underbelly. It screeched, more in shock than actual pain, and veered to the left. The skillful Dragon Prince compensated for this sudden movement, changing the angle of his lance, and struck out at Morgrim as the dragon swept overhead.

Holding his double-headed axe tightly in steady hands, Morgrim slashed it across his body with astounding swiftness, shattering the lance that descended towards him. Runes on the axe-haft left a glowing trail of light through the air. With a lightning follow-up move, Morgrim whipped the axe over his head, cutting a deep gouge along the dragon's hind leg as it rolled through the air above him.

Although he could hear the shouts of his comrades, who were running heavily through the snow to reach him, the grim Dwarf knew they would not arrive in time to aid him. The dragon rose into the air, turning gracefully before descending towards him once more. Pulling up sharply just before the Dwarf Lord, the

creature opened its mouth wide, its jaw overextending and its chest expanding with a sharp intake of air. A burst of roaring flame billowed out of the serpentine maw, rolling over Morgrim. Steam rose in a great hissing cloud as snow and ice melted under the furnace, but the grim figure remained untouched. Flames gushed around him harmlessly as ancient runes on his armor and helmet glowed brightly.

Frustrated, the dragon lurched towards the Dwarf with a savage roar, eyes filled with malevolence. Snow and ice remained untouched by the heat in a perfect circle around Morgrim, who let out a roar of his own, raising his axe high above his head. The dragon lunged forwards, its head darting out to snap at the lone figure. Morgrim swung his axe in a powerful arc, impacting with the side of the blue dragon's head just as it came into range, cutting deeply into the tough, scaled skin and battering the dragon to the side. Leaning forwards in his saddle, the Elven rider slashed his sword towards the Dwarf, but the attack was smashed aside with a disdainful swat of the axe. Leaping forwards, Morgrim struck a thunderous blow with the ancient rune weapon into the dragon's neck. The decorative blade bit deep into the sinuous creature, nearly severing its head.

The dragon jerked backwards with a gurgling screech, dark blood patterning into the perfectly white snow. It crashed down into the ground, thrashing wildly in its death throes. The Dragon Prince tried frantically to free himself of the harness holding him to the saddle, but before he could manage the buckles, the dragon rolled over the edge of the precipice. Just as it fell, the Elf looked up and locked eyes with Morgrim. Behind the ornate helmet, Morgrim could see pale grey eyes filled with fear, and the next moment the flailing pair disappeared from view, plummeting down into the clouds.

The Dwarf stood looking over the drop, his eyes cold. As his kinsmen arrived breathless at his side, they gazed at their Lord in reverent silence. Eventually he turned to face them. "Tomorrow," he said in a gravelly voice. "Tomorrow, the field of battle will be awash with Elf blood. We will take a heavy toll to make them pay for their treacheries."

Without another word Morgrim turned, shouldering his bloody axe and began walking.







THE TIME OF WOES

The Dwarfs rightfully considered themselves the victors of the War of Vengeance, as their foes had departed, driven from the very continent. This hard-won situation should have ensured Dwarfen dominion over the Old World for ages to come; however, the fates proved unkind.

The long conflict had bled their empire white, and the Dwarfs found their vigour expended. Before they had even begun to recover, their realm was beset by natural disasters that unleashed destruction unparalleled since the coming of Chaos. The unquestionable end of the Golden Age came amid a devastating series of earthquakes that shook the length of the Worlds Edge Mountains. These, in turn, were soon followed by volcanic eruptions of monumental proportions.

During the War of Vengeance, the Elves had launched several attempts to batter the great Karaks of the Dwarfs, but their feeble siege craft had never seriously damaged any of the mountain strongholds. Yet what centuries of warfare had failed to do, the earthquakes achieved in mere moments. Every single settlement of the Dwarfs suffered calamity, as the great walls surrounding the strongholds were broken, the subterranean highways collapsed, and mine workings were shattered and flooded by subterranean rivers. The mountains themselves shuddered, in some cases breaking apart to send avalanches in sweeping waves that crushed everything in the valleys below. Lava poured into the cavernous vaults beneath the Dwarf strongholds and the whole of the Everlasting Realm was thrown into disarray.

As devastating as the earthquakes were, other menaces were lurking in wait, sinister forces that had been multiplying in secret while the attention of the Dwarfs was elsewhere.

THE GOBLIN WARS

In the wake of the natural disasters that rent their mountain realm, the Dwarfs were left vulnerable to the predations of new foes. The many invasions that followed began a disjointed series of battles that the Dwarfs call the Goblin Wars, for Goblins were the most numerous of the enemies arrayed against them, although in truth, there were also Orcs, the verminous rat-men known as Skaven, Trolls, Ogres and the vile followers of Chaos.

The attacks began before the last of the aftershocks had finished. Enemies infiltrated through unguarded tunnels, overwhelmed outposts with surprise attacks and swept out of darksome valley forests in numbers untold. Previously, the mountain fortresses of the Dwarfs had proven impervious, regardless of an invader's numbers, but that was no longer the case. Defensive walls had been toppled and lower levels

hopelessly compromised by innumerable pits and gaping chasms. Routes into the mountain kingdom now lay unguarded, as the former bastions carved into the rock face were but piles of broken stones. Rune-covered gates that could withstand the titanic blows of a Giant now hung off their hinges or lay split in twain. Upon scenting weakness, armies hungry for plunder appeared like wolves at the door.

Karak Ungor was the first of the major strongholds to fall, its caverns and halls becoming infested by Night Goblins. The greenskins emerged unchecked out of the deepest mineworks, appearing suddenly in the very centre of the Dwarf city. By the time the Dwarfs were alerted to the attack, it was already too late. Pushing bloodthirsty packs of Squigs before them, the greenskins rampaged through the city's living quarters. As they had already bypassed the dozens of interlocking levels of defence that surrounded the outermost layers of the mountain steadfast, there was little in the way of organised resistance to stop the tide, though that did not mean the Dwarfs would not try.

Here and there, knots of warriors stood back to back and attempted to hold off the attack, but one by one, even these defended tunnels were taken. Hoping to save the women and beardless, King Kargsson, of the Stonehelm Clan, gave the order to abandon the city. To allow time for the refugees to escape, King Kargsson himself led a hopeless counterattack, holding the foe at bay in a heroic rearguard action.





Knowing it was the only way, he ordered the secret tunnels to be collapsed behind the last of the retreating Dwarfs, sealing himself and his bodyguard in with the foe. The last sight the refugees ever had of King Kargsson was the doughty lord still singing his deathsong while he swung the fabled rune axe known as Foe cleaver, before the archways were demolished behind the last of them as they made good their escape.

In these troubled times, even if a beleaguered hold managed to get a messenger past their attackers, it mattered not, for no help was forthcoming – war had come to all parts of the Worlds Edge Mountains. A new era descended upon the Karaz Ankor, threatening its very existence. Contact between strongholds was lost, and far-flung mine works and outposts were truly on their own. The Dwarf realm was reduced to isolated islands, each surrounded by a sea of foes. This harsh new reality changed the nature of the Dwarf realm forever.

Karak Varn, the great city and mining complex overlooking the Black Water, had been the richest source that the Dwarfs had yet found of the highly coveted gromril. They had been mining for over a thousand years, in some instances still following the original vein, when the great earthquake struck. So great were the upheavals that the waters of the lake began pouring into the lower levels through wide fissures in the rock. Many thousands of Dwarfs perished immediately, and a hoard of treasure, including many runic artefacts of great power, was washed away. And that was only the beginning.

With no warning, the Skaven attacked Karak Varn from below and Orcs assailed the outer defences. Trapped between these two merciless foes, the Dwarfs had little chance. Despite mounting a tenacious defence, within a year of the initial onslaught, Karak Varn had fallen. Most of its populace died in the bitter underground warfare, although a few clans managed to fight their way to freedom, some of them making their way to Zhufbar where they came to aid in its defence.



Across the Karaz Ankor, the attacks were so numerous that the meticulous record-keeping of the Dwarfs could not keep up. Columns of smoke rose high above snow-covered peaks, each marking the destruction of a small settlement or mine. Desperate refugees, escaping from lost holds and shattered mines, attempted to cross through winding mountain passes. Further tragedies befell the Dwarfs on the road, for all byways were full of peril – hunting packs of wolf-riding Goblins, mobs of hungry Trolls and all manner of beasts were drawn to the scent of blood. Dwarfs that attempted to traverse those passages of the Underway that had not collapsed found them, too, full of deadly foes. Whole sections were now being fought over by Night Goblins and Skaven, although both races set aside their quarrels at any sight of Dwarfen prey. During these dark times, the desecration of sacred burial tombs, and the complete eradication of ancient clans, sent many Dwarfs mad with rage and shame. Warriors dedicated to the Slayer Cult, previously somewhat rare, became an all too common sight in the remaining holds.

Other major losses included the mines at Ekrund, which were sacked by Orcs, driving the Dwarfs entirely out of the Dragonback Mountains. The gold mines at Gunbad were taken by Night Goblins and, although its defenders held on through two decades of bitter back and forth fighting, Mount Silverspear was eventually lost to Orcs as well. The entire eastern edge of the Worlds Edge Mountains was abandoned.

All over the Dwarfs' Everlasting Realm, small settlements, mines, and temples, were destroyed and occupied by their enemies, dividing and isolating the remaining Dwarf strongholds and changing the nature of the Dwarf lands forever.

DWARFS AND GREENSKINS

Ancient is the hatred felt by the Dwarfs towards the race of greenskins. It dates back many hundreds of years to the time of the Goblin Wars. During this period, after the Karak Ankor had suffered the ruination of earthquakes and floods, ores and goblins emerged from the dark beneath the world, sacking and claiming many of the lost holds. The Dwarfs felt this bitterly and the war against the goblins lasted for over a thousand years, until even the Dwarfs were forced to eventually admit several defeats. It is a cause of much enmity, one felt most keenly by the Dwarfs who reserve particular ire for these creatures.

Karak Ungor was the first of the holds to fall, nearly four thousand years ago. It was taken over by night goblins and renamed Red Eye Mountain. It was followed by several others. Karak Drazh, now called Black Crag; Karak Varn; Karak Azgal, or Dragon Crag, all fell, as did Karak Eight Peaks for a time. My records suggest it was not just the race of greenskins that caused the destruction of many of the Dwarfholds, but they were certainly instrumental and that, together with many deeds perpetrated since and etched in blood in books of grudges, has ensured that the hatred felt by the Dwarfs towards arks and goblins will be everlasting.



IRON-WILLED DEFIANCE

At this time, Thunder Mountain, a volcano which had been dormant since the beginning of the Time of Woes, stirred violently once again. The eruptions drove a migration of Trolls towards the remaining Dwarfholds. To combat these creatures, the High King Morgrim Blackbeard declared the Troll Wars. It was the beginning of a series of desperate counter-attacks that would last almost three hundred years.

Although everywhere was still besieged, the Dwarfs fought on. Sometimes, through their fury and tightly packed shieldwalls, the Dwarfs won back lost settlements or opened up safe routes of passage between strongholds. At other times, they teetered perilously close to destruction. This was a bloody and brutal equilibrium, where the Dwarfs could not be wiped out, yet nor could they break free and rebuild their kingdoms of old. Eventually, the rising pressures became too much, for a great number of the Orcs and Goblins in and around the windswept wastes known as the Badlands joined the fray.

For almost a thousand years the Dwarfs fought on, sometimes winning back their lost settlements for a while, at other times coming perilously close to destruction. Eventually, the growing strength of the

Orcs and Goblins in the south led to the fall of almost all the Dwarf strongholds in the southern part of the World's Edge Mountains. Karak Azgal was stormed and sacked, but its treasure hoard was never found – the Orcs abandoned its vaults in anger, and the ruins became a nest for dragons and its catacombs the lair of monsters. Karak Drazh was attacked and captured, becoming the Orc fortress of Black Crag. After a thousand years of resistance, the Dwarfs lost three strongholds within a space of fifty years.

Following this second reversal in its fortunes, the once glorious Dwarf empire lay shattered in ruins, its power broken forever, and its treasures scattered among the conquering hordes. Where in the past its power dominated the Old World, its armies now struggled to defend a handful of remaining strongholds. Orcs and Goblins infested the subterranean halls where Dwarf bards once recited their heroic sagas and craftsmen once fashioned matchless arms and artefacts; now, their treasures had been wrested out of crumbling vaults, scattered amongst the conquering hordes. Trolls and worse desecrated the tombs of Dwarf kings and gnawed upon their bones, while foetid Skaven scurried through the lower catacombs, spreading disease and decay. The Dwarfs grimly held onto their surviving strongholds and honed their axes in bitterness.





Following the loss of several major cities, there began a time of exodus. It grieved them to do so, but many Dwarfs forsook their ancient homeland, leaving the familiar peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains behind. Led by surviving clan members from Karak Eight Peaks, Karak Azgal and Karak Drazh, these Dwarfs fought their way westward into the Grey Mountains, where they established new and prosperous strongholds. These dwellings were rough-hewn and humble with mines that delved for copper and tin, rather than gold. Through non-stop industry, these holds were expanded and refined, though they would never rival the great works of their ancestors in scale, mine production or architectural wonder. Indeed, at this time, there was some dispute between the Dwarfs determined to fight on for the lost holds whatever the cost and those willing to begin again elsewhere. Though this did not escalate into a conflict, hard words and a few blows were exchanged. No matter how the new holds prospered, there would always be a view that they were second best to the holds of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

At the time, however, there was no chance to reflect on this. Between the Grey Mountains and the Worlds Edge Mountains, the Dwarfs established new trade routes, or in some cases, refurbished old roadways made when they traded with the Elves. Travel was still dangerous, however, as these lands were also overrun with Orcs and Goblins. The Dwarfs learned that the greenskins were battling the emerging race of Men for possession of the forests and lowlands. The Dwarfs did all they could to encourage the primitive tribes of Men, seeing in them a natural ally against a common foe. Trade between the two races grew slowly, and the Dwarfs taught the tribes some of their lesser secrets, such as how to work iron into weapons and armour.

THE BATTLE FOR KARAK EIGHT PEAKS

Karak Eight Peaks was once the most powerful of all the holds in the southern part of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Its vast halls, cavernous mines and untold splendours were the envy of the Dwarf realms. Only the newer and larger hold of Karaz-a-Karak was richer and more renowned. Even so, Karak Eight Peaks was accorded the most respect for it was the older of the two strongholds. The people of this ancient hold were descended from some of the earliest settlers, even from the Ancestor Gods and their sons. When Karak Eight Peaks fell it was a sorrowful day for the Dwarfs. Many inhabitants died defending their hold, but some fled to seek sanctuary in the north.



The Worlds Edge Mountains are a wild and dangerous place, and numerous monsters make their lairs there, dwelling in caves high up in the cliffs. The cries of Griffons echo down the valleys and vast shadows of circling Wyverns criss-cross the slopes. Orc armies march through the passes and Night Goblins are rife throughout the mountain range. Yet so strong and secure was their hold that such worries little troubled the Dwarfs. It wasn't until the Goblin Wars that Karak Eight Peaks suffered any major attacks. In those turbulent times trade caravans and armies on the march were ambushed. Greenskins, Trolls and Ogres rampaged and many holds suffered grievous blows, some even falling. Several large-scale invasions attempted to take Karak Eight Peaks, yet all shattered ineffectively without so much as denting that fortified ring. The Dwarf realm began to steadily shrink as mines and cities fell, yet Karak Eight Peaks prospered.





In the year -701 Dwarf miners broke through into a strange series of tunnels that had been gnawed out beneath their own. There are many creatures that dig deep into the dark places of the world, but this was not the work of some lone monster, but an extensive invasion by the Skaven. The Dwarfs were shocked to discover how deep the malignancy ran. The attack that followed all along the lower levels was devastating and, for the first time, Karak Eight Peaks was hard pressed.

As more and more Dwarfs became embroiled in the underground battles, the warriors who guarded the surface watch posts were stripped back and thrown into the vicious tunnel fighting along a vast network of mines deep below the surface. Sensing this new weakness, the Night Goblins renewed their assault on the mountains that ringed Karak Eight Peaks. For the next 150 years bitter and unremitting warfare was waged above and below ground. Pressing with their numbers, the Skaven advanced upwards, taking over great expanses of mines and capturing whole forgehalls. Up top, the ring of roadblocks, watchtowers and stoutly guarded mountain gates around Karak Eight Peaks fell, one by one, into the hands of the Night Goblins. The lure of Dwarf plunder drew Orcs in great numbers and in their wake strode Giants, Trolls and Ogres. Assault after assault was launched and the Dwarfs always inflicted vast casualties, but all too often they were also forced to steadfastly retreat in good order.

Slowly, insidiously, the Skaven began to poison the Dwarfen water supply. By the time the Dwarfs caught on to the foul act, many of their kind had consumed the

waters and died horrible deaths. Then came a new wave of Skaven weaponry devised for underground fighting. Soon the tunnels blazed with the fire of Warpfire Throwers and the eerie greenish glow of poisoned gas drifting the halls.

Above and below ground, the longstanding gatehouses, guard towers and fortified strongpoints did not have enough warriors to secure them. Matchless defences and well-devised chokepoints were abandoned as the Dwarfs were too thinly stretched to effectively resist the attacks. The greenskins were openly camping within the ring of the eight peaks and a pall of smoke hung above the besieged citadel at the heart of the stronghold. With a heavy heart and a beard torn ragged by desperate fury, King Lunn sealed up the sacred shrines of the ancestors and had runes of concealment inscribed over the vaults. Taking what heirlooms they could carry, the last survivors broke out of the hold and made their way through the mountains. Only after many heroic sacrifices did the Dwarf refugees finally reach the safety of the outposts of Karak Azul. Many thousands began the breakout, yet only some few hundred survived that journey.

The war did not end with the Dwarfen retreat. Instead the Skaven and Night Goblins fought for possession of the fallen hold. Unable to wear each other down, the fighting raged back and forth – dying out as leaders made truces, but reigniting when treachery ensued. As centuries passed, the Dwarfs sent expeditions to recapture the hold and many adventurers travelled to seek their fortune. Nearly all lost their lives in that black pit of despair and ruin. Hideous things crawled and bred in those depths and foul armies of Skaven and Goblins were everywhere.





THE BATTLE OF BLACK WATER PASS

Karak Varn was once a prosperous centre for Dwarf mining. The stronghold which is now known as Crag Mere was hewn out of the cliffs overlooking Black Water. The mountains around the hold were loaded with strata of unique and extremely precious minerals including the highly prized meteoric iron which the Dwarfs call gromril. Clans arrived at Karak Yarn and laid claim to sections of the mountain, where they would tunnel deep in search of the increasingly rare metal. The tunnels honeycombed the mountain and many of the clans discovered large deposits of the special iron deep beneath the lake itself. Digging their mines deeper and deeper beneath the waters of the lake, little did the Dwarfs know they were sealing their doom.



A series of great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions caused the tunnels and passages to collapse. To further add to the disaster, the waters of the lake flooded into the lower halls drowning many Dwarfs. The few Dwarfs who survived were then attacked by Orcs who had been forced out of their cave systems by the great upheaval that struck the land. Outnumbered and weakened by famine and disease, only a handful of Dwarfs escaped with their lives.

Durgrim swung his stout legs upwards and crashed his heavy, iron-capped boots onto the top of the thick oak table. Sitting back in his chair he put a match to his ornately carved pipe. The barmaid cast him a disapproving glance but knew better than to scold him. Had any of the younger Dwarfs in the dimly lit tavern dared to do the same they would have been thrown from the premises but Durgrim Redmane was a valued customer and his tales would draw quite a crowd.

"Twas a good fight by all accounts, not like the little scuffles that you young 'uns call battles. The kinfolk of Karak Eight Peaks defended the gate to a man. That were in the days when the Dwarfs didn't know the meaning of retreat. A warrior would rather die in combat than return home in defeat. They'd have seen off the attack of those vile Greenskins were it not for their evil magics. 'Tis said that the gods of the Orcs themselves appeared to help the puny Goblins, but I reckon that's more rumour and superstition than truth." Taking a deep draw on his pipe he billowed out a thick cloud of smoke.

"Mind you, they should have been prepared for such treachery. The Orcs and Grobi have always sneaked and skulked about. They prefer to hide and ambush than face us Dwarfs in an open fight, just look at the Battle of Black Water. Have I ever told thee about my great-great-great-great grandfather Kadrin Redmane? You'll have heard his name before, no doubtin'..."

Unbeknown to the Dwarfs, the very same earthquakes that had destroyed the wealthy stronghold revealed new seams of the precious ore. In the Imperial calendar year -1185 a mining expedition working in the ruins of Karak Varn discovered a particularly rich vein of gromril. Upon its discovery, Runesmith Kadrin Redmane, leader of the expedition, petitioned the High King to fund a full scale operation. Redmane drove out the verminous beasts that had settled in the once mighty Dwarf hold, and mining operations began anew. Under official seal from the High King of Karaz-a-Karak, Redmane began to rebuild the hold. Rumours of hidden treasure quickly spread throughout the Dwarf realms and so began what became known as the Great Gromril Rush. Hundreds of miners flocked to the old stronghold and over the following years began to dig great fortunes of the precious metal.

For nearly fifty years, they dug at the gromril seam, and rich were the mule trains that travelled the shores of Blackwater southward to Karaz-a-Karak. The summer of -1136 was particularly prosperous, and a rich vein of gromril gave up over five years' worth of ore in a single season. By tradition, one-fifth of this ore was due to be sent as tithe to the High King. Kadrin Redmane decided it was time to return to his home in Karaz-a-Karak. He would depart with this last shipment of ore and escort it back himself. He wished not only to protect such a precious convoy personally but also to see the High King, who was a close friend. Leaving the artillery at the Hold for the protection of the few brave Dwarfs who decided to settle in the ruined, abandoned halls of Karak Varn, he set off on the long journey home. The prospectors loaded their ore onto a large wagon, gathered their few possessions and set off for the great Dwarf capital.





Setting out at the start of autumn – his departure was delayed to allow time to mine as much ore as possible – Redmane decided to make his journey via Zhufbar to see his cousin Hodrik before taking the more circuitous eastern road around Black water. This decision was to prove a costly mistake. The Dwarf wagon and its escort followed the ancient road down through a pass to the shores of Black Water. Many of the Dwarfs kept close watch on the still waters of the lake lest the beast of legend that dwelled there should choose this moment to resurface. But it was no monster that watched the Dwarfs' slow progress through the treacherous route. A small band of Orcs returning to their caves spotted the party. Wolf-riding Goblin scouts from the greenskin lair of Mount Gunbad hurried back toward their cruel master, the Warlord known as Gorblak the Spike (after his fondness for impaling captives along the Silver Road which passes south of Mount Gunbad). History may have taken a different course – for Mount Gunbad lies some seventy – five leagues east of Blackwater and Gorblak was not known as an adventurous leader – had not the wolf scouts run afoul of the nomadic Orc tribe who called themselves the Bad Skulls.

Learning of the ore train from the Goblins, the Bad Skulls Warlord Kruk Gorgrim immediately roused his warriors and set about laying an ambush. Relishing the opportunity to kill some Stunties and steal their mysterious load, the Orcs hurriedly gathered together the rest of their tribe. In a display of patience and cunning rare in a greenskin leader, Gorgrim travelled southward for several days until he located an area that was perfect for his plan. He had the wolf riders shadow the mule train from a distance and send messengers

back to report on its progress. Why the wolf riders remained with the Bad Skulls tribe is unclear, though fear and greed were most likely the dominant factors.

Gorgrim had picked a spot some seventy miles south of Zhufbar and waited for over a week for the mule train. The promise of loot obviously quelled the normally unruly and impatient nature of the greenskin mob, backed by Gorgrim's fearsome reputation (it is said that he was the same warlord who was later to venture westwards and ravage the lands of the Bretonni and Thuringians). Informed by the wolf riders, Gorgrim launched his attack just as the Dwarfs were setting out on the tenth day of their tourney from Karak Varn.

The battleground he had picked was near where the road wound close to the shores of the Blackwater and passed between a blasted outcrop known as Black Mound and a range of hills and defiles. This location allowed the Orc Warlord to conceal his warriors until his attack was ready. It is widely believed that Gorgrim had fought against Dwarfs on several previous occasions, one presumes victoriously, because he showed an unnatural insight into the Dwarven nature and the way they would react to the attack. Using this knowledge, he deployed his forces in such a way that he was able to direct the Dwarfs in the same manner a shepherd steers his flock.

Gorgrim first sent forth the wolf riders, who charged out from a narrow gully to the east of the road, attacked the rear of the mule train, and then fled. Fearing further attack. Redmane ordered his host to take up defensive positions on the Black Mound, whose summit was

DWARFS AND DRAGONS

Dragons are an ancient race, older perhaps than even dwarfs. The two have much in common, despite their obvious differences, and this has led to a bitter history between them, fraught with death and destruction. Dragons, or 'drakk', as they are known the Khazalid, make their lairs deep in the mountains, near the heart of the world where it is warm and dry. As is their wont, dwarfs will ever dig deep into the earth and there have been many occasions when the lair of a dragon has been discovered and the inevitable vying for territory begins.

Much like dwarfs, dragons covet gold and hoard making their nests of it. The dwarf hunger for gold is well documented and this has led many an expedition into the domain of such a beast in search of treasure and riches. As they are such formidable and deadly creatures, dragons are often sought out by devotees of the Slayer Cult in their quest to meet a worthy end.

So old is the enmity between dwarfs and drags, and the frequency with which the two races have clashed bloodily, that Runesmiths have devised many magic runes to slay, and protect against, dragons. The Master Rune of Dragon Slaying was forged long ago and since legend purports that one of Griminir's axes bore it, only one of the ancestor gods could have first inscribed it. There are many others, such as the Runc of the Furnace, which offers proof against the ravages of dragon fire.

Slaying a dragon is a great and mighty achievement. Few have done it. The Karaz-a-Karak Book of Days recounts the tale of Dorin Heldour and how he slew the dragon, Fyrskar. Its skin was taken to High King Finn Soursowl, who had his Runesmith, Heganbor, fashion it into a runic cloak. After the great city of Karak Azgal – then Karak Izril – fell it became inhabited by the dragon, Graug the Terrible. The creature was the spawn of the fearsome Skaladrank the Incarnadine that once tormented the northern hold of Karak Kadrin. After many failed attempts by the knights of Bretonnia, Graug was slain by Skalf Dragonslayer who assumed kingship of Karak Azgal, now Dragon Crag, but Skalf made no effort to resettle it and instead established a small town in its foothills. According to rumors, it is still inhabited by a dragon to this day, one of Graug the Terrible's offspring that Skalf overlooked.

Over the years, Dwarfs have learned to make a great many things from the slain carcasses of dragons. They do so proudly and such items are a measure of the Dwarfs' defiance towards the beasts. Drongnel – a form of thick stew, dragon-scale shields and cloaks, bone helmets and even dragon-tooth necklaces are all fashioned from dead dragons.



dominated by the scorched and toppled stones of an ancient Dwarf outpost (hence the name). The Runelord divided his forces into four parts: one to protect the northern approaches to Black Mound, two to take up position in the ruins themselves on the southern summit and the fourth to fill the gap between these forces and act as a reserve if necessary.

The first sign of the true attack was the return of the wolf riders from the north. The riders advanced along the road, but the Dwarfs to the north set up a shield wall as the wolf riders galloped back and forth and unleashed their arrows. The Goblin attack had little effect, and Redmane ordered the contingent to advance north and force the Goblins back off Black Mound.

This response was probably better than Gorgrim hoped and showed uncharacteristic impatience on the part of the Dwarf commander, although most accounts of Redmane that I could find implied that he was of an impatient temperament for a Dwarf with Redmane's attention drawn to the north. Gorgrim sent forth his burly Orc boar riders and a handful of crude boar-pulled chariots to attack from the south. Thundering across the road, the boar riders and chariots were met with a hail of crossbow bolts and teams shouts, and the attack faltered as it encountered the steep slopes of Black Mound. Pressing on, the Orcs failed to break through the defensive cordon of warriors, while the chariots, unable to close with the Dwarfs, rode ineffectually around the ruined walls. It seemed as though the Dwarfs would be able to hold out.

Yet the cunning of Gorgrim was more devious than Redmane realized. The chariot and cavalry attacks were just another diversionary tactic that allowed Gorgrim to muster the largest part of his force lust beneath the crest of a high hill northeast of the Dwarf position. Blinded by the early morning sun, the Dwarf lookouts did not spy the gathering warband that came together from their hiding places among the hillocks of Blackwater pass. Having occupied the walls to defend against the boar riders, the Dwarfs were vulnerable to attack from the ramshackle stone throwers and bolt throwers that the Bad Skulls had constructed over the last few days at the edge of the tree line to the east and south of Black Mound. Boulders and sharpened stakes crashed into the decrepit ruins and sent shards and splinters into the Dwarf ranks. A few of the doughty warriors fell to the barrage. The artillery volley also fell upon the Orc warriors on the boars and in their chariots, though Gorgrim was obviously unconcerned about their fate. The greenskins seemed to be entirely confident of victory and pressed their attack harder against the increasingly pressured Dwarf line. With a menacing cry the Orcs surged down the mountain to steal the cargo. Without any of the mighty Dwarf cannons to fear, the Orcs attacked with a savage ferocity.

Now came Gorgrim's killer stroke. His main force marched quickly over the hill and attacked from the northeast. The northern contingent that was returning

from pursuit of the wolf riders now found themselves between the harrying light cavalry and the right flank of Gorgrim's Orc line. This in turn had isolated the central part of the Dwarf army situated outside of the ruined outpost between the two peaks of Black Mound. Gorgrim's true cunning showed through. The boar chariots broke off their attack against the main Dwarf host and circled the ruins, at tacking between the crests of the hill from the west. However, they had not counted on the skills of Kadrin Redmane and the Dwarf tenacity in clinging on to their hard-earned ore.

Retreating from the main body of Orcs, the Dwarf centre attacked the chariots and suffered severe casualties but finally drove through the ramshackle machines to link up with Redmane. The northern contingent was driven further north and was almost wiped out by the wolf riders and Orc infantry some two miles from Black Mound. Meanwhile, Gorgrim led the main attack on the ruined fort. Redmane stood at the centre of the Dwarf line while bellowing orders and directing the defense. He wielded the Hammer of Ages, the ancient rune weapon gifted to Kadrin by the High King for his part in the defense of Gunbad. Gorgrim carried a wickedly sharp curved sword, which was imbued with magical power. In the Bretonni legends, this weapon was supposedly called Gutrippa by the Bad Skulls tribe and was their emblem of leadership. That fateful day, the foul enchantments of the weapon took a heavy toll as it cleaved through the finely wrought Dwarf armor with ease, while the Hammer of Ages wielded by Redmane also did bloody work, accounting for at least three dozen Orcs at the battle for the north wall of Black Mound.

The fighting was bloody and bitter, and the Dwarfs held a dominating position making it difficult for the Orcs to gain any foothold. Surrounded on three of four sides, their mules at the heart of the outpost, the Dwarfs swore to fight to the last man. And fight they did, chopping down nearly half of Gorgrim's warband. However, the Orcs were undaunted by their losses, their courage bolstered by the knowledge that every warrior who fell simply increased the share of the spoils for those who survived. While Dwarfen axes crashed on Orcish wooden shields, and crude swords and clubs battered against shining Dwarf mail, the boulders and bolts from the Orc artillery continued to rain onto the beleaguered Dwarfs.

The final episode came mid-morning, when a renewed charge led by Gorgrim himself managed to break through the ring of Dwarfs to the north of the ruins. While Gorgrim and the huge Orcs who made up his bodyguard held off the Dwarf counterattack, more Orcs poured into the breach and tore down the wall itself to allow the two remaining chariots to enter. Supported by Gorgrim, the chariots crashed into the Dwarfs and ran them down under their wheels, the vicious boars squealing and biting. Gorgrim continued relentlessly, pushing home his advantage of numbers. Kadrin Redmane was an experienced fighter and quickly organised the Dwarf defence. He knew that if





he wanted to protect the ore that the miners had spent over a year collecting then he would have to give the wagon time to escape. The wagon's only chance would be if he could prevent the Orcs from reaching it whilst it was slowed down by the boggy lakeside path. If the Dwarfs could somehow withstand the Orc attack then at least it would reach the main road and hopefully be able to distance itself from the Orc raiders. Gathering the Dwarf escort around the wagon he fought a rearguard action. His warriors bore the brunt of the Orc assault and a vicious fight ensued. Wave after wave of attackers crashed against the Dwarfs' solid defensive line. One by one the Dwarfs fell, selling their lives dearly.

As Redmane saw the wagon disappear safely into the distance he turned to face the Orc horde. He mustered his warriors for one final fight, attacked Gorgrim himself, and slew many of his bodyguard, though the two commanders never met each other in battle. With his long, red beard matted together and his tunic soaked and stained red with the blood of those slain, Kadrin looked a fearsome sight. Swinging his hammer above his head he raised his shield high and charged into the midst of the Orc force. Unfortunately, a wild Orc axe blow found the gap between Redmane's helm and his mail coat and bit deep into his shoulder. Severely wounded and bellowing oaths to his ancestors, Redmane slew the Orc and threw back the enemy with wide swings of the glowing Hammer of Ages. He fought his way clear of the melee and vowed aloud that no greenskin would claim his prized weapon as a trophy of victory. Following his lead, many of the

Dwarfs grabbed the remaining chests and sacks of gromril from the mules and followed him.

Accompanied by his fiercest warriors, Redmane battled his way out of the ruins and down the slopes of Black Mound to the shores of Blackwater. His strength almost deserted him there on the water-slicked pebbles of the shore, and he fell to his knees. While his faithful comrades stood over him, Redmane mustered the last of his strength and hurled the Hammer of Ages far out into the deep waters of the sea. With the knowledge that no foul hand would ever wield the magnificent heirloom, Redmane died. The Dwarfs cast what gromril they could out of the Orcs' reach and then resolved to fight to the last. The battle went on until noon, the Dwarfs with their backs to Blackwater, the Orcs unable to use their massive advantage of numbers. Eventually, the last of the stout warriors of Karak Varn fell. It is said that when Redmane's body was recovered, a pile of thirty six Orcs lay dead around him. At the command of the High King, Kadrin's broken body was brought back to Karaz-a-Karak where it was laid to rest in a vault beneath the Great Hall.

The Battle of Black Mound was to prove more costly than simply the mule train of gromril ore. Dispirited and without the driving personality of Redmane to bolster them, the Dwarfs of Karak Varn began to move out. The final blow came when the hideous creatures that the Dwarfs had driven away from their ancestral stronghold gathered in numbers, attacked once more from below, and slew the last Dwarfs in Karak Varn. Thus, the gromril mines fell once again into the possession of dark, spiteful creatures.







THE BATTLE OF BLACKMIRE

Boru stood firm atop the hill, looking down across the dark marshy lowland before him. To his left and right stretched the Dwarf batteline, grisly faced mailed warriors held their shields close together, axe heads and hammer heads bristling over the shield tops. Above the line banners fluttered in the breeze. High above ravens wheeled and cawed forlornly in expectation of rich pickings.

Below, the greenskins army waded through the marsh, drums thrashing and horns blaring in the cold dawn. The army was led by huge Orcs riding great grunting warpigs, all brawny muscle and sharpened tusks. The unruly pig riders carried long barbed spears and jeered at the distant Dwarfs, singing war songs to Mork and Fork. Behind followed rank upon rank of Orc warriors and Goblin archers, squabbing amongst themselves, drunk on fungus wine and the prospect of slaughter and loot. Far to the north Boru could see a long line of greenskinned Wolf Riders, loping around the marshes hoping to work their way through the woods behind the hill and take his battleline in the rear.

"Should we not send the crossbows to stop them, sire" asked Thorgrund, the chieftain's cousin and second in command as the Wolf Riders circled wide of the hill.

"We keep our strength together." Boru replied sternly.

"But they'll take our battle line in rear, sire"

"By Grimnir, everything is in hand Thorgrund, now look to the defence of the wagons and leave the rest to me" Boru rebuffed him angrily. Everything was going to plan...

Soaked and muddy from their march the Orc Boar riders emerged from the swamps and began to fan out below the Dwarfs. More greenskinned warriors followed behind, hundreds of fur clad, iron bound greenskins with axes, swords, spears and crudely daubed shields, their banners of skulls and rags flapping overhead.

Dwarf war horns blared out their challenge and the Longbeards began to sing the ancient Battlesong of Grimnir, a triumphant chorus of death and victory sung by Dwarf warriors in battle for thousands of years. The song swelled as the younger warriors joined in, firing them with courage. Ale horns were passed along the lines, a last gulp before facing death was all any Dwarf warrior asked for. On the slopes below the Orc lines continued to thicken, rank after green rank.

The Orc drums suddenly ceased, and their lines fell silent. In the centre the hoar riders parted as the Orc warlord rode forward, kicking the flanks of his big pig to drive it up the slopes. The warlord was a huge brute, heavily scarred and wearing bands of roughly wrought iron, his helmet was mounted with the massive horns of a wyvern, and he carried a huge cleaver, the size of a Dwarf warrior, with ease. He dismounted and threw his shield and cleaver on the ground to indicate he wanted to talk. A smaller black robed Goblin shaman danced around him, waving his staff in the air and screaming wildly. The warlord strode boldly forward, defying the Dwarf chieftain to meet him. Boru grumbled into his beard. He had no desire to talk to the brute, there was nothing to say. But perhaps the Orc would offer personal combat to resolve the battle instead, so he pushed through the shields in front of him, gave his rune axe to a warrior to guard and placed his own shield on the floor. His cousin, Thorgrund, stepped after him, to act as a bodyguard against treachery. Side by side they marched down to meet the warlord.

"Surrenda y'self and I will show ya mercy," the warlord spat, mocking the Dwarf chief. He snarled out his terms, exposing sharp yellow fangs. He required only Boru's life, all his treasury, the contents of the convoy and all his warrior's weapons as tribute. Then the warriors would be free to return home, minus their beards and right hands.

Enraged by the Orc's mocking Boru growled "You foul bag of guts, I shall take your skull as a drinking cup for my ale to celebrate our victory, unless you crawl back under the boulder you came from."

The Orc laughed off the response. As the two banded insults the Goblin shaman danced around them, shrieking curses at the two Dwarfs. His every move was carefully watched by Thorgrund, axe held ready to strike should the little shaman try to incant a spell. "Run away minty, go empty y' bowels in terror" He laughed. Neither side would give the other any quarter, the racial enmity was too long and too deeply felt. The parley over, each satisfied they had thrown all the insults they wanted, Bon, returned to his lines, cheered by his men for facing down the warlord, Thorgrund's shield guarding his back until they were beyond bowshot.

"By Grungni, I want that bullfrog's head" he declared loudly to the battleline. "His weight in gold and a barrel of six-ex to the one who takes it!" he offered, and the warriors roared their approval at the blood price.

They did not have long to wait before the Orcs attacked.

Wading through the Blackmire the Orc horde surged forwards. The Boar Riders driving their squealing and snarling beasts up the slope. A great Waaagh! went up as the charge slowly gathered momentum.

"Bogbrum!" ordered Boni in Khazad. The Dwarf line quickly reformed, as the horns sounded. The line split into three, each regiment scurrying to form a triangular wedge, the front rank kneeling and the ranks behind holding their shields forward to protect their comrades. Each unit became a small fortress, bristling with weapons and facing in all directions. Standard bearers and musicians safely concealed in the centre of the schiltrons. The formation was Boru's secret weapon, a strong defence against cavalry attack and a well-practised Dwarf tactic since the War of the Beard. Cavalry would find it difficult to press home a charge against the hedges of spear tips and axe heads, and each warrior found great comfort knowing that the line could not be broken and his flank and rear were protected by his fellow warriors. Stern faced, each warrior braced himself for impact.

The thunder of boar's hooves seemed to shake the world as they pounded up the slope, heads lowered ready to gore upwards, long spears levelled for the attack. As they crested the hill Boru saw the warlord at the head of the charge, his cleaver held aloft. "Hold fast!" he commanded his warriors as the harried spear points closed on the central bastion. The charge struck with terrible power, lances shattered, boars squealed, hooves thrashed as axes and spears rained blows forward. Dying warriors cried out in pain, kicking and screaming under the boars, but the Dwarfs held. Boru urged his warriors to stand, still hacking and slashing savagely as Orc warriors recoiled from the bristling hedgerow of steel weapons. Orcs plunged from their mounts or were catapulted into the Dwarf ranks as their mounts died beneath them, each to be hacked to death themselves on the ground.

Whilst the front of the wedge endured the impact of the boars, the rear facing rank was faced by the wolf riding Goblins, who came howling from the tree line, just as Thorgrund had predicted. Thorgrund himself stood guarding the convoy's wagons and ponies, with a group of hand-picked warriors. Each warrior had sworn a death-oath not to allow any of the gold to fall into Greenskin's hands. The Goblins attacked, snarling and whooping, but like the boar's attack it floundered, unable to break the steadfast Dwarfs. Amidst the



swirling, snarling wolves Thorgrund and his warriors launched themselves into the Goblins. Thorgrund swinging his glowing axe in a figure of eight above his head, bringing it down to behead a wolf, which collapsed, sending its rider tumbling. His next mighty swing killed the cowering greenskin. The wolves turned tail and fled quickly back into the woods, their attack spent.

Bloodied, the Dwarfs remained steadfast as the Orcs began to mill around before them, the impetus of their charge gone. Circling the crouching Dwarfs the Orcs jabbed their spears into the schilttron's walls, but could find no gaps in the Dwarf shields.

Wounded Dwarfs retired into the centre of the fortress, cursing their luck, but they knew the cavalry had been defeated - for now bellowing commands the Orcs reigned in their snorting, foaming mounts and turned back down the hill to regroup. One by one the others followed, as they withdrew the Dwarfs jeered after them in triumph.

Next up the hill came a host of Orcs and Goblins. A massed rabble of infantry, of which it seemed no two warriors were armed alike. Urgently the Dwarf horns sounded the reform, and the wedges broke apart as the battleline was redressed. Ahead of the charge came a hail of arrows, spears, clubs - and rocks which clattered into the shields, several Dwarfs fell wounded by the rain of missiles. Crouching in the front rank Boru raised his shield above his head and felt the jarring impacts of arrows and rocks as they clattered against it. Next to him Boru saw a warrior impaled by an arrow through the neck, he died gurgling, his blood washing the grass red. Others fell wounded around him. From under his shield Boru saw the ragged shaman cavorting, waving his staff to the heavens. Green and yellow light flicked about him as he summoned his spell.

"Valaya protect us" growled Boru, bracing himself for the impact. Like lightning, sorcerous energies split the sky burning a trail of destruction across the hillside and through the Dwarf ranks. The first warrior hit was incinerated, the second fell to the ground, his unprotected face charred and blistered a third was sent reeling backwards his beard on fire. The warriors had no response to such an attack but to stand firm and spit curses to the hated Om g

On the left end of the line a big blackskinned Orc led the charge against the Longbeards, the veteran warriors of Boru's small army. The Black Orc hurled himself into their shields, knocking aside several blows with his own shield before bringing his axe down with skull-splitting force. The Longbeards' leader fell, mortally wounded. Encouraged by this example a

wave of greenskin warriors crashed home, shield met shield with a thud, steel rang on steel. Howling and cursing blows where traded, Dwarfs and Orcs fell terrible wounded, and the pressure of the Greenskins seemed it must break the Longbeards. The old Dwarfs gritted their teeth and redoubled their efforts, pushing forwards into the thick Om ranks, slashing left and right until they were soaked in green blood and gradually they began to gain the upper hand. Disciplined and proud they eventually drove back the attack, and watched as the Orcs again retreated in disorder down the hill, leaving many brave old Dwarfs lying dead or dying.

The Orc centre fared little better, unable to drive the Dwarfs back they soon lost their appetite for the fight. Born stepped forward from the ranks, rune axe clasped in both hands, dripping green blood, and demanded the cavorting Goblin leader face him in combat. "You lice ridden maggot," he roared over the din of battle, "Today your rancid soul shall know the terrors of Grimnir." The warty little greenskin looked horrified at the prospect. Boru beckoned him forwards, but instead hit and turned and ran. His kin followed, leaving their wounded and dead strewn across the slope. Boru ordered the Goblin wounded executed as vengeance for his own losses.



The Orc attacks had gone ill and many Goblins looked to quit the field, splashing away through the marshes desperately trying to escape their Orc masters. At the marsh edge the warlord rallied and reorganised his army, beating heads together to reinstate some discipline. Atop the hill Boru surveyed the field of slaughter. The charges had been defeated but the day was not yet won.

Thorgrund approached, panting hard from the fighting. Stepping over the Goblin bodies that littered the hillside, his face and armour were splattered with green blood. "I want you to remain here with the wounded and guard the wagons, in case the Wolf Riders return. I shall lead our warriors down there and drive the greenskins into the marshes before they get reorganised." Boru pointed down the hillside at the still squabbling Orc rabble. Thorgrund nodded agreement, too exhausted to speak, wiping blood from his face and beard.

"Sound the advance," Boru instructed the horn blower, who gave two long blasts. Quickly falling into line the remaining Dwarfs paced forwards, careful to avoid stepping on any of the wounded who moaned and groaned at their feet. Boru took his place at the centre again and the advance gathered momentum. "Keep the line" cried Boru as the steep slope threatened to turn the carefully coordinated advance into a hurtling rabble. Still the speed of the downhill charge caught the Orcs before they had reorganised. It was going to be a slaughter, and the unstoppable mass of mailed warriors, shields interlocked, crashed into the unprepared mob.

The Orcs recoiled from the shock of the impact into the waters of the marshes, splashing to escape the Dwarfs' fearsome axes. Chaos reigned as knots of Black Orcs tried to hold their ground. Some Dwarfs broke ranks to chase the beaten foe, wading into the water up to their waists, swinging axes into fleeing Orc backs. Orcs and Dwarfs grappled in the marshes, plunging underwater as they attempted to drown each other.

Suddenly, the dark water in front of Boru exploded in a great cascade. From below the surface a scaly green monster surfaced, roaring a challenge and bearing long yellow fangs. The River Troll loomed up from its hiding place, snatching a long bearded old Dwarf in as clawed right hand before biting his head off. Stunned by its sudden ambush and almost overpowered by the rank fishy smell of the brute, Boru gazed as the creature swirled round, lashing out at Orcs and Dwarfs alike. It hurled the headless corpse back into the water and punched a passing Orc off its feet before wading towards Boru.

Boru hefted his axe and raised his shield, "Kazak!" he cried as the brute swung a webbed claw at him. He took the blow clean on the shield and almost tumbled backwards from the force. He did not fall and instead drew back his axe, aiming for the creature's bulbous belly. The runes on his axe glowed red as the axe swept in a fiery arc, landing square against the creature's stomach. The heavy gromril blade split the abdomen like a ripe melon, its contents gushing out to soak Boru in foul stinking bile and half-digested fish. The stench sent Boru fleeing for dry land, gagging and coughing. Behind him the Troll bellowed in pain, and sank below the water, vanishing.

The battle was over. Dwarfs were already regrouping on the hillside. Exhausted, Boru sank to his knees. "Somebody get this filth off me," he demanded.

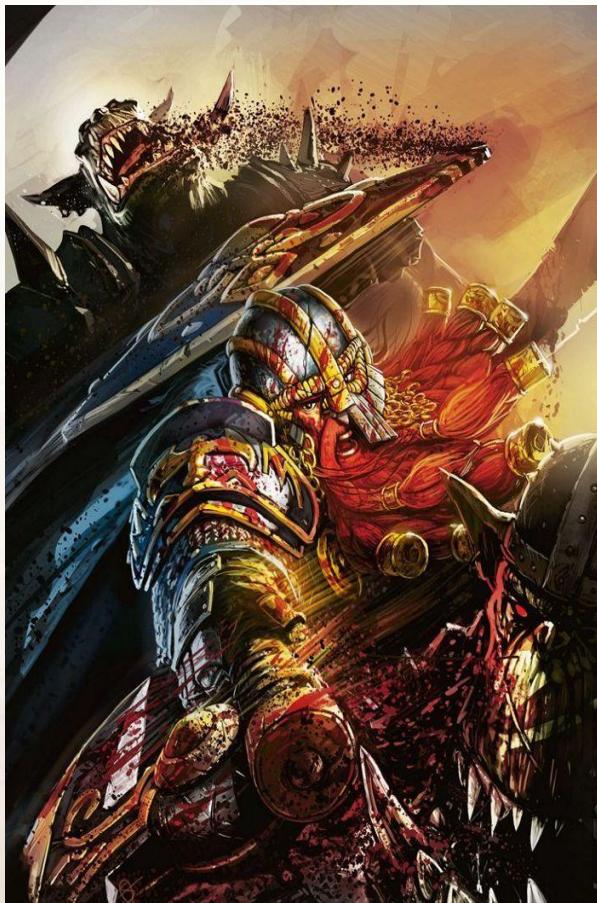




THE SILVER AGE

It was a strange quirk of fate that bonded the race of Dwarfs more closely to that of Men. A trading convoy that included the High King, Kurgan Ironbeard, was ambushed on its way from Karaz-a-Karak to the Grey Mountains. The Orc army that attacked them was immense, and although the Dwarfs slew their foes until greenskins lay in piled heaps, they could not prevent the Orcs from capturing High King Kurgan. Luckily for the beleaguered Dwarfs, this territory was the domain of the Unberogens, a fierce and warlike tribe of Men who fought relentlessly to clear their lands of greenskins. Led by Sigmar, the chieftain's son, the Unberogens fell upon the Orc army with fury. By annihilating their foe, the tribesmen freed the Dwarf High King, an act that instantly put the Dwarfs deep in debt to their newfound allies – and it is a point of pride to Dwarfs that they never forget a debt.

This act forged a bond of friendship that has existed between Men and Dwarfs ever since, for Dwarfs never forget a debt especially a debt incurred a long time ago. As a token, the Dwarfs gifted Sigmar with the mighty runic warhammer, Ghal Maraz, which meant 'Skull Splitter' in the harsh language of the Dwarfs. This was to become the symbol of the manning Emperors ever after. Together, the Dwarfs and the warriors of Sigmar's tribe began a long campaign that drove the greenskins from the lands in droves and culminated in the mighty Battle of Black Fire Pass.



The Siege of Zhufbar

Every Orc Warlord and many Chaos Lords look down upon Zhufbar with covetous eyes. Their chance came shortly after the disaster at Karak Varn. As the lake drained, the waterfall diminished to a mere trickle. The giant wheels creaked to a halt and the great drop hammers fell silent. Then the enemy attacked. Zhufbar was besieged on all sides. Fighting spread along the entire length of the chasm and much machinery was wrecked. Eventually the defenders were driven out and hid among the caves and peaks. One of them, a renowned smith known as Alaric the Mad was sent to find help from wherever he could. Alaric found the way through to the other surviving Dwarf strongholds was barred by enemies. He set out for the west, encouraged by rumours of a powerful ruler whom no one could stand against. Indeed, he found Sigmar at the height of his power.



Sigmar despatched his best troops with Alaric. They broke through the cordon of evil around Zhufbar and joined up with the beleaguered Dwarfs. In the battle which followed, the chasm ran black with Goblin blood. In the winters that followed, the cleansing melt waters again gushed forth down the chasm turning the great wheels. The lake had refilled. Alaric set to work on his long task to forge the twelve Runefangs which he would ultimately deliver to the twelve elector counts of the Empire. Though Sigmar had long passed from his worldly form, the Dwarf kept his promise.

ALARIC THE MAD

Possibly the greatest Runelord since the Time of Woes, Alaric the Mad was a flawed genius. Obsessive and secretive even beyond the norm for Runesmiths, it was Alaric that crafted the Runefangs for Sigmar's chieftains. Upon the request of High King Kurgan Ironbeard, Alaric laboured for many long years to create these 12 magical blades – some Dwarf scholars record that the time taken was in no small part down to Alaric's reluctance to craft swords, which are widely seen in Dwarf society as inferior weapons and suspiciously Elven. In the creation of the Runefangs, Alaric created his Master Rune, which enables a keen blade to slice through the thickest armour with ease. Alaric himself subsequently used the rune on several other weapons, and its study has become a popular subject amongst Runelords, ever since.



The Battle of Black Fire Pass

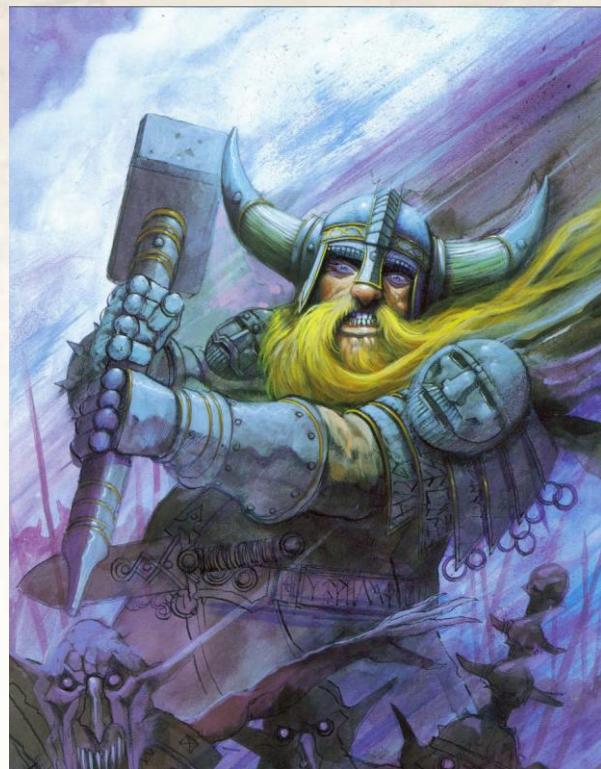
After raising the siege of Zhufbar, Sigmar again stood alongside King Kurgan to hold Black Fire Pass against a new Orc Waaagh! Men's memories are short, however, and they kept no records. The Dwarfs exploits were recorded by the great Rnnesmith, Alaric the Mad, and are retained in the Book of the High Kings, the Rikakron.

It was said that the Orc invasion which was held back by the armies of Dwarfs and Men was so vast that it would have swept over the Old World, ravaging everything in its path. Yet bottled up in that steep valley, the greenskins' superior numbers came to naught. The battle became a test of wills – a brutal struggle to determine which side would give ground. The valley floor filled with bodies and sundered shields, the cramped confines making it hard to swing an axe. And on battlefields of this sort, the Dwarfs rule supreme, for their kind have long been tested in the cramped tunnels under the mountains.

The Dwarf throng received the first Orc attacks and repelled three great waves. Against their matchless armour and tightly packed shieldwalls, the greenskins broke again and again. Not one step backwards did the Dwarfs take. The fourth attack, however, threatened to overwhelm them but Sigmar unleashed his mounted warriors in a fierce charge that cleared the lines and regained the momentum. Dwarf and Man surged forward, taking the fight to the Orcs but such were the numbers of Greenskins coming down the pass, that they could not be broken as there was nowhere to flee. It was a nightmare of sundered shields and shattered helmets, a claustrophobic press in which Dwarfs, Men and Orcs fought, died and were trodden beneath the boots of the living. The advantage was with the alliance but in the confines of the pass no clear victory could be won.



It was then that the engineers commanding the Dwarf artillery ordered that the crews move their weapons onto a rocky ledge at the side of the pass. Sinews bursting, the Dwarfs hefted their prized weapons up the dangerous slope. Once there, they fired over the thinning ranks of their comrades into the mass of Orcs still coming up the pass. The Orcs were so tightly packed that it was impossible to miss. With such a barrage coming at them out of the dark sky, the Orc reserves first slowed and then began to retreat. This was the final straw. With nothing to hold them in place, the Orcs began to flee. Scarcely any horses remained alive so there could be no cavalry pursuit but in truth it wasn't needed. For two miles, the pass was carpeted with Orc dead. So great was King Kurgan's joy that he allowed Alaric to fashion the Runefang swords that would be the rewards for Sigmar's greatest warriors.



It is widely held by human scholars that it was this battle that gave birth to a nation, for Sigmar became the mighty warrior-founder of the Empire, the realm that would one day be the largest and most powerful nation in the Old World. The Dwarfs do not dispute this, but feel the true roots of the Empire were begun the day Sigmar saved their High King.

The Age of Man

A new age of prosperity had begun. Many Dwarfs moved into the newly forming Empire to set up as blacksmiths and merchants, and trade between the lowlands and the mountains flourished. Although their numbers had lessened, there was plenty of work for Dwarf swordsmiths, for there were still greenskins, Beastmen and monsters, and Men needed weapons to fight them. Even better, the humans would pay good gold for every sword the Dwarfs forged. The alliance of Dwarfs and the descendants of Sigmar has continued to the present day.

With the western lands stabilising and Black Fire Pass now closed to enemies, the Dwarfs attempted to re-establish a grip upon the Worlds Edge Mountains but the Orcs and their evil allies do not give up their ground easily. Every cavern, tunnel and vault must be fought for and paid for in Dwarf blood. Throng after throng marched forth from the great holds. Tenaciously, they cleared Orc encampments off the mountainsides, scoured tunnels of Night Goblins, exterminated Skaven dens and drove monsters out of bone-strewn lairs. But the toll was high, as every step, cavern, tunnel and mountain pass was paid for with Dwarf blood, yet the Dwarfs would never rest, never let an axe blade grow dull while there was yet a grudge unstruck in the Great Book of Grudges or while an ancestor's tomb still lay despoiled and dishonoured.





AN ERA OF INVENTION

More than lives and territory were lost during the Time of Woes. Although the Dwarfs were still master craftsmen, and as unparalleled as their skills were when compared to other races, they could not duplicate the feats of their forefathers. Runesmiths could still capture magic within metal, making unrivalled arms and armour – but even their best works could not match the sheer power and might bound within the great artefacts forged in elder days. In one aspect alone did the Dwarfs outstrip their ancestors: engineering.

Inventions flourished in the Silver Age, but Dwarfs are a conservative folk, and it takes them time to accept new ideas. Thus, an item's invention can be many generations removed from when it actually becomes acceptable to use it. To this day, some clans still don't welcome 'new-fangled contraptions'. Nevertheless, great progress in engineering occurred during this age. Black powder weapons were devised, and continual improvements were wrought upon cog-driven devices, water-wheel technology and engines of various types. Mining was revolutionised by steam-powered drilling and now it took fewer Dwarfs to excavate a new mine. As the Dwarf population was but a fraction of its former size, these innovations were much needed.

RESPECTING THE ALLIANCE

The Dwarfs found the race of Men far more dependable and to their liking than the fickle Elves. However, Dwarfs have a grumbling nature and can find fault with anything. Men proved to be short-lived, incapable of holding proper ale and suffering from other foibles, which form a long litany of shortcomings that any Dwarf would gladly recount for hours on end.



There were a few far more troublesome issues. The Dwarfs noted how some humans felt an unquenchable thirst for glory and power. When properly harnessed, this drive produced leaders of courage and nobility. However, some that sought power were seduced by an easier path to greatness, the lure of Chaos. As a race, Men were far more susceptible to its siren call, and their bodies were easily corrupted. The wisest amongst them listened to the warnings of the Dwarfs, for the elder race told how close the dark powers of Chaos had once come to consuming the world.

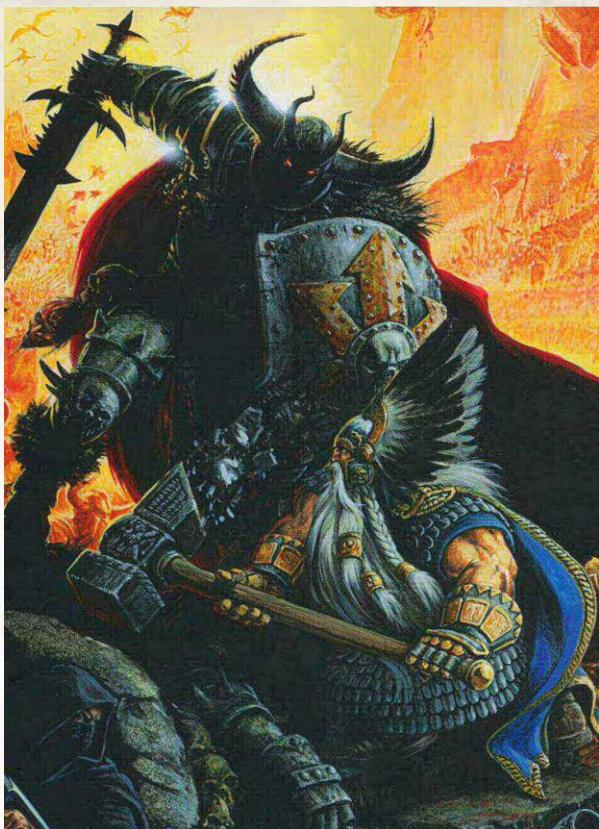
In their travels to the far north, the Dwarfs met the wilder peoples of Norsca and the Kurgan. To the east, they saw the Hung, and recognised them too for what they were, ready supplicants to the Dark Gods. The champions of those tribes grew powerful under the baleful influence of pure Chaos, and their influence was spreading. Even in the Empire, signs of malignancy were steadily growing.

Despite a rising awareness that they would have to keep a wary eye on their allies, Dwarf throngs marched to the aid of the Empire time and again. It was Gruflok and his Slayer warband out of Karak Kadrin that rid Solland of Ogthug the 'Orrible, a rampaging Bonegrinder Giant of enormous size. The Dwarfs of Karak Norn sided with the Empire in their hundred year border dispute with Bretonnia, and throngs from Zhufbar drove Ogre armies out of the Moot on no less than a dozen occasions. During the Wars of the Vampire Counts, the Dwarfs fought in countless battles, most notably the Battle of Hunger Wood and the Night Siege of Castle Templehof. The Dwarfs also supported the Empire in ways other than battle. They passed along as much technical knowledge as the Engineers Guild deemed was safe for Men to know, such as the art of making true steel and how to manufacture black powder. Naturally, Dwarfs also passed along countless tips for brewing ales that were less watery, and construction advice for building structures that did not sag and lasted longer than just a few centuries.

AFFRONT IN ATHEL LOREN

From the Karak Norn Hook of Grudges. 1350
In this year, Grungni Goldfinder agreed to lead an expedition to open up a trade route between Nuln in the lands of the Empire and Parravon the lands of Bretonnia. His route passed close by the edge of Athel Loren. Knowing the creatures of the forest to be both capricious and cruel, he avoided the deep woods and followed a path through the ravines at the foot of the Grey Mountains. To avoid incident he bade his followers use only dead wood for their fires.

He had underestimated the vindictiveness of the Elves, however, and they caused the trees themselves to block his path, both forward and back. Without warning, a horde of the Fey appeared at the forest's edge and began to bombard Grungni's followers with arrows. Sending the beardless back to Karak Nona, Grungni and his best warriors charged deep into the wood to win, them time. May Grimmir curse these ill spirits of the wood for their hatefulness.



THE CHAOS WARS

Ever since the Worlds Edge Mountains began to belch smoke and fire, the dwarfs have been in conflict with the greenkins and skaven. This never ending war has taken an immeasurable toll on both sides, but neither gives any quarter or expects any reprieve. But as dire as these two threats are, it may yet be Chaos that proves the greatest danger to the Everlasting Realm of the dwarfs and all the Old World.

Beyond the peaks, it had been many years since the last full blown Chaos invasion. No such cataclysm had been seen since long before the founding of the Empire. That all changed when savage men from the north sprung from the wastes. Men, although much more dependable than Elves, are short-lived and possessed of an unquenchable thirst for glory and power. Properly harnessed, such feelings were noble and courageous, but gradually Men became aware of an easier, altogether more seductive path to greatness: the path of Chaos. Rather than rallying together to defeat the growing evil, they had succumbed to its allure, transforming once proud warriors into puppets of the Chaos gods.

The Dwarfs gave warning of the danger, knowing how close Chaos had come to consuming the entire world in death and madness in the past. Wise men heeded them but many did not, and with a ready supply of supplicants the Dark Powers grew strong again. The Men of Norsca, the Kurgan and, in the east, the Hung, barbaric peoples all, fell under the influence of Chaos and their Champions looked at the civilised lands beyond the Worlds Edge Mountains with rapacious hunger.

VENGEANCE IN ATHEL LOREN

From the Karak Norn Book of Grudges. 1352

In this year, Ketil Grungnison and his kin avenged the murder of his father in Athel Loren.

Ketil learned from the men of Bretonnia that the Wood Elves were far less active in winter and therefore waited until the snow was deep and the trees were wreathed with ice, knowing that mere weather was nothing to a Dwarf.

He and his party then ventured into the wood and set to hewing down the oldest trees with their axes. Soon enough the Elves came out to fight. This time though, there were no archers, just ranks of thin, pale spearmen.

Moreover, they faced Dwarfs armed for war, not peaceful merchants. Led by Ketil, the Grungnisons hewed through the Elven ranks, slandering their flimsy wooden spears with good Dwarf steel and so claimed a rich blood price for Goldfinder's murder.

Ketil set a great fire of felled trees and Elven bodies before returning to Karak Norn amid great celebration. Rarely has a grudge been sooner settled. Aware now that we of Karak Norn know their weakness, we expect no more provocation from Athel Loren.

Even in the Empire, where Sigmar had established a fine realm, the power of Chaos waxed strong. The Empire was respected by the Dwarfs, knowing it to be built around their gifts, notably the hammer Ghul Maraz and the twelve Runefang swords, used by Men to identify the Emperor and the Elector Counts who ruled beneath him. But, in the forests, Men tainted and mutated by Chaos grew in strength and the reach of the Emperor did not extend far beyond the gates of his cities.





The northern borders of the Empire and Kislev were victim to constant raids by Beastmen and northern barbarians. This turned to open war when, one winter, the hordes of the north surged through the High Pass and down from Norsca, filling the Troll Country with marching armies. The port of Erengrad fell, as did the great city of Praag on the River Lynsk, amidst horrors undreamt of by Men but which were recognisable by the Dwarfs from their Book of Grudges: the nightmarish powers of Chaos were ascendant again. It seemed that the Empire might fall before the onslaught but Dwarfs do not forget their oaths or debts. High King Alriksson raised his banner, called his kinsfolk and marched from Karaz-a-Karak to join the fray. Together, with Emperor-to-be Magnus the Pious, the old alliance once again proved victorious, lifting the siege of Kislev and sundering the Chaos forces, sending them scuttling and slithering back to the Northern Wastes.

There was little celebration, however, for after the tides of Chaos recoiled, evidence of their despoiling was revealed and what Chaos touches is rarely the same again. The city of Praag was testament to this. Even after the tide of Chaos recoiled, what was left was a place of dread, its ruins a monument to the twisting evils of Chaos that could never be restored to its original grandeur. Although Men gave thanks to their god, for that is how they saw young Sigmar now, the Dwarfs grumbled in their beards that the worst was yet to come and that Chaos would return, though it would be many generations of Men before it came to pass.

Such are the lessons of the ages and none know them as well as the Dwarfs. There will be no respite – numberless Skaven and Goblins will always press in on their realm but Dwarfs will still honour their oaths and their traditions and stand fast in the face of whatever enemies dare to cross steel with them.

"Storm's kickin' up," said Drokki Thorinson, declaring the obvious to his nearly frostbitten compatriots. "And it looks to me like it's going to be a mean one." The rest of his snow-covered retinue grunted their agreement in near unison, followed by rounds of coughing and cursing. Not one of the Dwarfs wanted to be caught this high up in the World's Edge Mountains during such a fierce blizzard.

With a flash that nearly blinded the grumpy travellers, lightning smashed into a nearby peak sending small bits of rock and great plumes of snow high up into the air to cover the Dwarfs. Barely a minute after the members of the retinue had regained their footing and brushed the ice from their beards, the rolling crash of thunder was heard. Strangely, the thunder sounded less like a great god's rolling drumbeat and more like the echoing roar of some angry beast!

"Stay close, men. I sense some troubles ahead." With another flare of white light, Drokki distinctly saw multiple hulking shapes standing in silhouette upon a craggy cliff. "Stand firm and guard the chests. I smell the stench of Chaos!" It seemed that the storm wouldn't be the only thing standing in their way to Karak Kadrin...





A CHRONICLE OF BLOOD

Down from the bleak Northern Wastes they had come to fall upon the hapless villages of men. Killing all before them in a frenzied orgy of destruction and death, they left nothing in their wake but ashes and despair. In their blind, unreasoning hatred they asked for no mercy and expected none in return. They had not come to bargain or entreat, nor for conquest or glory. They had come only to kill for the sheer love of slaughter.

Great drums made from the skulls of ancient beasts beat the pace for the foul army. The ground shook with the tread of the cloven hooves of countless misshapen Beastmen. Garbed in blood and black and brass, great Chaos Knights sat astride their pitch black steeds, eyes glowing like burning coals. And all about ran the daemons, warped monstrosities prancing and cackling in their twisted gales the army marched and slithered south on a pilgrimage of destruction.

Brave armies made their stand, hastily arrayed and equipped. Huntsmen and trappers of Kislev and Ostland mixed with merchants and traders of far off cities. All waiting for their moment of glory when they would halt the tide of Chaos. The songs they would sing of their victory!

Battle was not the name for the frenzy of blood-letting which the Chaos horde unleashed upon the armies of men. Nothing could stand before them and the bravest of the Empire's Knights fell alongside the mealiest of peasants.

The chant of death followed the dark legions of Chaos. The sick music of screams and the last death rattle of the dying was their song. The mesmerising pounding of drums goaded

them on as it marked time for their victims' hearts as they beat their lifeblood into the cold black dust. And after the fight, the harsh bray of the war horns as the dark legions mustered once more for their march onwards.

Nothing escaped the trail of devastation. The most sacred temples of the Empire were defiled by the unholy blood rites of the four Chaos powers. Relics, passed down for generations with careful reverence, were trampled into the mud as the dark army marched on, burning and killing all they could find.



For weeks rumour and dark whispers had come to the Dwarf halls. Messengers told of the bloody slaughter and the destruction of the cities of men. A great council of Dwarfs was assembled.

In their cool stone halls they had waited but now they must act. Ungrim Ironfist heard the last of his council. He rose to his feet, and drawing his cloak about him spoke in a booming voice. "If the cities of men fall, the halls of Dwarfs cannot stand alone. I myself will lead the warriors, sound the battle horns – tomorrow we march to war!"







THE AGE OF RECKONING

Upon his return to Karaz-a-Karak from the battles in Kislev, High King Alriksson felt his age and the heavy burden of his rule. Perhaps most of all, he felt the cost of the war, for many Dwarf lives had been lost fighting against the forces of Chaos, including those of his own sons. The High King himself did not escape the fray unscathed, for atop his Throne of Power, Alriksson had advanced deep into the thick of the battle, felling many foes. He now bore grievous wounds that showed no sign of healing, although the stoic High King remained unbowed, allowing no slowing of the vigour that had marked his long life. The decision to aid the Empire had been easy, and even had he known the cost beforehand, he would still have gone – honouring the oath of his forefathers and marching to the succour of Sigmar's heirs.



Although he returned victorious, High King Alriksson's mind was uneasy. The other holds had not answered the call to arms with as many warriors as he had hoped. The Everlasting Realm felt separated by more than just distance and foes. Each stronghold was preoccupied with its own troubles, and he even suspected some of his royal cousins had fallen to the gold-sickness, a disease that, if unchecked, ended in isolationism and madness, misers starving to death upon hoarded piles of gold. Furthermore, the High King knew he was slowly dying from his wounds and that he no longer had an heir. Yet it would not be his fate to sit in a dark hall nursing old grudges and honing his axe in bitterness while doing nothing for the Karaz Ankor.



High King Alriksson called for a Council of Kings, something not done in over three centuries. The Dwarf king of every stronghold, along with the most powerful thanes and the royalty of every clan, made the dangerous trek to the halls of the High King. They gathered in the Great Hall, and many oaths of loyalty were repeated before Alriksson announced his plan for succession. There were a dozen suitable candidates – great kings and thanes of royal clans who could claim descent from the Ancestor Gods themselves. Each of these noble warriors would be given a full year to accomplish heroic feats and attempt deeds worthy of a High King, after which they would present themselves to the full assembly and a decision would be made.

This plan was readily accepted by the assembly, who answered with many hearty voices that made the Great Hall ring as it did of old. The naming of a successor as approved by a Council of Elders was (and still is) tradition amongst Dwarfs. And following traditions is, for Dwarfs, extremely gratifying and always greeted with gruff enthusiasm, lit this undertaking was even better, for on top of ancient tradition, it proposed a contest of deeds, a protocol which was not unheralded, as many classic sagas told of the kings of old and the great feats they did to win the Throne. In this, the High King Alriksson showed his great wisdom, for all Dwarfs are eager to prove the superiority of their clan and the pre-eminence of their stronghold.

DEEDS WORTHY OF A HIGH KING

After one year's time, the Council of Kings convened once more. As the ale flowed, each clan's contingent cheered boisterously before High King Alriksson raised his hand for silence. The right words were said, and grudges written, for the three candidates who were not present – two of whom were known to have been slain during the course of their year's deeds, the third missing and presumed dead.

After the formalities were concluded, the Great Hall again swelled with booming voices, chants, and rude remarks about the failings of different clans. Each claimant climbed the dais before the High King's Throne and turned to face the assembled throngs. After the echoes of his supporters died down, he regaled the audience with an account of his deeds. Most of these were well received – perhaps the loudest cheers were for Ungrim Ironfist, who had the head of the Giant he had slain dragged forth (which took a score of Dwarfs) so that all could marvel at its size. A close second was Buregar, leader of the Angrund clan and direct descendant of King Lunn, the last ruler of Karak Eight Peaks. For several periods of Dwarfen history, the High King had sat upon the throne of Karak Eight Peaks and some few clans hoped to see that lineage restored to rule, although Karak Eight Peaks lay now in ruin.





Even as High King Alriksson quieted the crowd to begin the pronouncement, a latecomer marched into the vast hall. It was none other than the High King's sister's son, Thorgrim, who had earlier been presumed slain. He was well known in Karaz-a-Karak and had long been mentored by the aged High King. Now he returned, flanked by a sight not seen in Karaz-a-Karak for thousands of years – a contingent of Dwarfs from Norsca. For during the campaign in Kislev, after High King Alriksson had been injured, it had been Thorgrim who had re-established the old ties with those long distant clans. In turn, each of the Norscan kings spoke of Thorgrim, and of the deeds of valour he had performed in the icy north; of great monsters slain and battles won. Yet such acts were not the extent of Thorgrim's journeys.



Thorgrim, along with other members of his clan, had entered several of the Lost Holds, seeking out those treasures which remained hidden, or hunting down and slaying those creatures that dared claim the revered artefacts made by the Dwarfs of old. He returned

several long lost relics that bore runes of which Kragg the Grim, the eldest living Runelord of the Karaz Ankor, had only heard tell in legend. Many on the assembled Council of Elders wept openly as they passed around these recovered pieces of a more glorious age, marvelling at the workmanship of the Golden Sceptre of Norgrim, coveting the returned fragments of what could only be the lost crown of Karak Drazh.

While the assembled clan kings and revered elders passed these artefacts lovingly back and forth, Thorgrim finally spoke. His booming voice echoed across the mile-long colonnaded hall, and all could hear the steel in it. The return of these long-lost treasures, he said, was not enough. His words were bold, calling for the reclamation of the fallen holds, for the clans to work together as of old. Most passionately of all, Thorgrim called for a mighty vengeance. All of the potential successors had done as much, but Thorgrim's vow went further, for he announced it was his dream to avenge the wrongs done to his people by striking clean the entire ledger of the Great Book of Grudges.

The assembled Dwarf lords, the gleam of returned treasure still in their eyes, were silent - the boldness, the audacity, of Thorgrim's words struck home like a thunderbolt. Then thousands of voices were lifted as one, a tumult as if to raise the vaulted ceiling. Tankards clashed, and so vigorous was the table-thumping that waves of ale foamed onto the floor. So was Thorgrim Grudgebearer named successor to High King Alriksson and a new era begun.





THE GREAT RECKONING BEGINS

It was not long after being named successor that Thorgrim was crowned High King, for Alriksson's wounds from the Great War Against Chaos had never healed. The old Dwarf was so resilient and stubborn, however, that he had simply refused to die, holding on against the pain until the proper heir could be named and his designs of unifying his people kept alive. So passed a great king.



Thorgrim knew he had energised his subjects and that he needed to keep up the momentum. Thus he personally led a campaign to drive the Orcs and Goblins out of Black Fire Pass so that Karaz-a-Karak could ensure steady trade with the Empire. After a series of bloody battles, Thorgrim led his throng into the pass from the south and King Alrik Ranulfsson, of Karak Hirn, circled his forces to attack Black Fire Pass from the north. The two kings cut swathes through the greenskins there and met in the middle of that steep vale, where they leaned on their axes and conversed before finishing the slaughter. Several grudges were struck out that day, the start of what would be the Great Reckoning.

THE RETURN TO KARAK EIGHT PEAKS

Thorgrim's rule took up where Alriksson's had left off – reminding his race (and their enemies) that although the Dwarfs no longer had the power they once did, they were still a force in the world. One by one, ruined strongholds were reconquered. Progress was slow, as the Dwarfs fought grimly to establish footholds amid the ruins of their ancestors' splendour. Thorgrim's most ambitious plan was his attempt to rally the clans to aid Belegar, son of the recently deceased Buregar, in the task of re-taking Karak Eight Peaks, the most ancient and magnificent of their holds.

The loss of Karak Eight Peaks was a bitter blow to the Dwarfs. As the years passed the Dwarfs watched as their once powerful realm became the lair of Night Goblins and Skaven. Since its fall, more expeditions had tried to resettle Karak Eight Peaks than any other hold, but all had ended in failure. The descendants of Lunn, the last king of Karak Eight Peaks, made what plans they could to reclaim their lost realm, but it was not until many hundreds of years later that they were able to make any serious attempt to retake the hold. After several terrible defeats, and many further generations of preparation, the Dwarf Lord Belegar led a partially successful expedition to reclaim his inheritance in the year 2473 – nearly 3000 years after being cast out.





I dreamed of opening up the Ungdrin again, so that armies might freely march between my, Kazador's and Thorgrim's realms. I dreamed of reopening the mines, of filling the coffers of our Clan with gold and jewels. Some of you will, undoubtedly, die. Well, quite a lot of you, I should think, but when that happens you just make sure you take as many of those green-skinned grobi scumbags with you as you possibly can, by Valaya! Right, are you ready, my most courageous of kin? We're going to go in there and we're going to kill all the filthy, stinking grobi we set eyes upon, and we're going to take back the Eight Peaks for the glory of Clan Angrund and the Karaz Ankor! Now, are you with me?

Belegar Ironhammer, King of Karak Eight Peaks

Great effort went into ensuring King Belegar's forces could break back into their fortress of old, as even in its ruined state, Karak Eight Peaks presented a formidable series of natural defences and deadly chokepoints. Dwarfs attempting re-entry in the past had been ambushed, poisoned and picked apart before they could penetrate the hold's depths. To equip Belegar's army, Thorek Ironbrow, Master Runesmith of Karak Azul, had forged new rune-covered axes and hammers, while Thorgrim gifted ancient weapons from his hoard to Belegar's warriors. It was an army like the elder days, when entire battalions went to war wielding runic weapons and protected by rune-struck armour.

Aided by a throng from Karak Azul led by Thorek Ironbrow, the Dwarfs broke through the outer defences and fought their way into Karak Eight Peaks. Belegar caught the Night Goblins focused on their battle with

the ratmen and drove them from the ruins on the surface, and reoccupied the old citadel. Before the Goblins could regather their strength, the Dwarfs refortified and strengthened the citadel against counterattack to make it virtually impregnable. They did so just in time: soon after, Night Goblins assailed them in an overwhelming tide, outnumbering the Dwarfs many thousands to one. The Dwarfs held, with war engines and crackling lightning from Thorek's anvil reaping a terrible toll. Those greenskins that pushed onwards were met by a wall of steel that no foe could pass. In the ruined mansions of their forefathers, the Dwarfs held strong and the steep-shadowed vale of the eight peaks echoed once more to the sounds of slaughter and war chants.

Skarsnik, the leader of the Night Goblins and self-styled 'Warlord of the Eight Peaks', called off the ineffective attacks after a few days. Greenskin losses were in the tens of thousands, but Skarsnik knew he could afford to take such casualties daily if need be. That assault was merely a probe, and he now guessed what the Dwarfs were up to, so the shrewd Night Goblin leader began to plot a more devious attack. Nearby in the shadows, red-eyed Skaven spies saw everything, reporting news back to Queek Headtaker, the most infamous of Clan Mors' Warlords. After many battles, Queek dominated the majority of the lower deeps of Karak Eight Peaks. There, in the underbelly of the stronghold, the Skaven had gnawed out their own massive warren. At Queek's command, the Stormvermin shock troops massed – a thousand claws of troops awaiting the order to spearhead the attack. Soon, they would sweep the Night Goblins and the hated beard-things away in a single surge.





The Battle of East Gate

When Lord Belegar recaptured the citadel, it was seen as an opportunity to retake the entire hold. In an attempt to break this deadlock King Belegar sent word back to his kinsmen in Karaz-a-Karak to raise reinforcements and come to his aid. The king's oldest relative, Lord Duregar, immediately set about gathering an army to march south. Duregar's forces were somewhat hurriedly assembled, and included a band of Slayers as well as the Runesmith Hurgar the Black. The army moved south along the western edge of the Worlds Edge Mountains. The army was soon confronted by foes, and fought a large Orc army at the Battle of the Jaws at the western end of Mad Dog Pass. After vanquishing the Orcs, Duregar moved eastwards through the pass and then continued south towards Death Pass and the East Gate of Karak Eight Peaks.

The East Gate of Karak Eight Peaks lay several miles inside Death Pass, through a broad side valley paved with ancient stones and studded with the ruined tombs of Dwarf ancestors. The Dwarfs advanced in battle formation fully expecting an attack from the steep mountain slopes which towered ominously above the old Dwarf road. The East Gate had been built thousands of years before at a place where a long ridge ran down into the valley causing it to narrow to a hundred yards or less. Here the Dwarfs of antiquity had built their gate, once a vast and impregnable fortress but now little more than a pile of stone through which the road still led. In front of the gate and connected to it by a high causeway was a tall grey watchtower whose

summit commanded the approach down the valley. Although partially ruined, the watchtower had been rebuilt and fortified by Night Goblins. As the Dwarfs marched towards the gate, they saw that the watchtower was held against them.

As the Dwarfs marched onwards Orcs and Goblins emerged from the rocks along the valley slopes and closed in on either side. Behind them a group of Orcs moved up to block the Dwarfs' escape. Duregar's army was surrounded by foes on all sides. Stones from a rock lubber perched on top of the watchtower began to fall amongst the Dwarfs' densely packed ranks. The Dwarfs pushed forward quickly, pinning their hopes on breaking through the East Gate and reaching the citadel beyond. As they approached the first rank of Night Goblins a massive whoop went up amongst the greenskins, and from out of their formation charged Night Goblin Fanatics whirling balls and chains. Like spinning tops they lurched crazily towards the Dwarfs. Many were shot down with crossbow bolts, some whirled away and missed the Dwarfs altogether, but some made contact killing many Dwarfs before collapsing from exhaustion.

The Dwarfs advanced. The Night Goblins in front were easily driven away, but just as soon as a gap appeared and the Dwarfs caught sight of the gate more Night Goblins charged in to hold them. Night Goblin archers rained arrows down from the watchtower. Black-fletched arrows hit Dwarf and Night Goblin alike, but the archers carried on shooting regardless, ignoring the hurt done to their fellows.



Things looked bleak for the Dwarfs. Over half of their army had been destroyed during the initial rush towards the gate. The Goblin horde seemed hardly diminished. With typical Dwarf stubbornness Duregar led his troops up onto a small mound, the remains of an ancient Dwarf tomb, to make his last stand. As the Dwarfs steeled themselves for the inevitable assault, there was a loud explosion and the gateway burst apart in a cloud of dust. As the dust cleared Duregar saw Dwarfs pouring through the gateway towards them. The confused Night Goblins scattered leaving piles of dead in their wake. It was King Belegar and the Dwarfs of Karak Eight Peaks. They had advanced eastwards from the other side of the gate and destroyed the unsuspecting Night Goblin rear-guard before blowing the gates with gunpowder.

The Night Goblins and Orcs were thrown into disorder. The Night Goblin warlord, an evil and twisted creature called Skarsnik, watched from his vantage point above the valley and saw his army begin to waver. For the Dwarfs it was a much needed respite. Their two forces met across a sea of blood and green bodies. Forming into a huge and solidly packed square the combined Dwarf army began to move steadily back towards the gateway. Before they were halfway there the Orcs and Goblins regrouped, their confidence restored by seeing how few Dwarfs were left. Stones from the rock lobber smashed into the Dwarf column and arrows fell amongst their ranks.

Many Dwarfs stumbled to the ground dead with Goblin arrows embedded in them, but more still made it to the gate. Cave squigs were unleashed upon the Dwarfs, but several were killed by Troll Slayers while others ran wild snapping at the Night Goblins, biting off limbs

and heads before vanishing into the mountains.

Smashing through the few Night Goblins that remained to oppose them Lord Duregar and King Belegar headed west. The Night Goblins continued to harass the Dwarf column all the way to the citadel, but thanks to their heavy armour there were few more casualties. As night fell Skarsnik was master of the battlefield, but Duregar and Belegar had escaped his net.

The Battle of East Gate went down in the Dwarf annals as a great and heroic adventure against overwhelming odds. The Dwarfs could never have won the battle, but they came about as close as it was possible to get. Perhaps it was foolish of Duregar to fall so easily into Skarsnik's trap, but when it came to the crunch the Dwarfs' heroism and determination saved the day. The Dwarfs were unlucky to find themselves facing one of the most cunning Night Goblins of all time. Ordinarily the natural disorganisation of the Orcs and Goblins would have enabled Duregar to move his army before the greenskins could muster much resistance. However, with Skarsnik's iron grip over the mountains, and his extensive network of spies and watchtowers, the Dwarfs found their every footprint shadowed and their every move blocked.

Battle of the Burnt Hall

When King Belegar sent messages to Karaz-a-Karak requesting aid, he got more than he bargained for. The relief force was ten thousand strong, all mail-clad Dwarfs led by none other than High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer himself. Thus was the siege once again lifted from the citadel fortress of Karak Eight Peaks, and a new offensive launched to re-enter the main halls below.





The High King commenced the attack by forcing passage through the Karag Nar gates, while King Belegar drove out of the fortified citadel. The fighting was fierce, with axe and hammer pitted against stabbing spears and Sguig teeth. The fire of the Dwarfs' anger was hotter, however, and the presence of the High King turned the tide. The Dwarfs cleared the first two levels, their forces advancing towards the Great Hall. But Skarsnik, the leader of the Crooked Moon tribe, emptied his reserves, sending forth wave after wave of attackers. Amidst the forest of shattered pillars, the fighting raged for three blood-soaked days. Through sheer determination, the Dwarfs won the Great Hall, captured the Crooked Moon Standard and cast down the idol the greenskins summoned to aid them, yet the Dwarfs did not have the numbers to hold their gains. Although it grieved them, the Dwarfs burnt their dead behind them and force marched back to their starting positions before the greenskins could recover, or the Skaven join the fray.

And so it has gone at Karak Eight Peaks for decades; Belegar and his Dwarfs withstanding plots, alliances, ambushes, super-weapons, and untold deathtraps. The Dwarfs lost many warriors in their attempt to reinforce Karak Eight Peaks. On balance, the new troops more than made up for the losses incurred, and any immediate threat to the citadel was removed. Belegar hoped to use the citadel as a base from which to launch expeditions into the surrounding mountains and underground into the ancient subterranean halls. Three times they have been rescued by relief forces that broke through the cordon of foes to bring much-needed reinforcements, the last army led by Thorgrim himself. Belegar has sworn a mighty oath to retake Karak Eight Peaks and, inch by bloody inch, the Dwarfs have expanded their foothold. With each small gain, the engineers refortify before the inevitable counter-attack

UNDERGROUND WARFARE

There are few things as brutal and bloody as the bitter fighting that goes on in the war beneath the world. Battles take place in cramped corridors and cavernous halls, with foes emerging unexpectedly from new tunnels opened up to allow the enemy to attack suddenly from almost any direction. In such close quarters butchery there is no mercy and a single step backwards can quickly turn into slaughter and rout. Dwarfs naturally excel at subterranean warfare, their sturdy compact physique, thick, impenetrable armour and determined tenacity makes them nearly impossible to shift out of a narrow confine. Behind locked shields the doughty warriors push forwards, axes at the ready for a grinding battle of attrition, the kind of fight they have nearly always emerged victorious from since the dawn of time. But it is rare when an underground battle can be won by simply slogging it out, as other armies too have become adept at such warfare. Skaven and Night Goblins in particular have evolved many underhanded tactics, loathsome beasts and diabolical engines of war in an attempt to counter the superior troops of the Dwarfs.

arrives. Through toil and blood, the Dwarfs have managed to reach some of the old mines and recover many valuable treasures and discovered some of the old tombs of the kings, though they have never succeeded in expanding their control beyond the citadel. The surrounding mountains and the depths below remain in the hands of their age-old enemies, while the Dwarfs are nothing but a tiny enclave of adventurers holding out in a hostile land. The Dwarfs live in a state of perpetual siege, threatened from all sides by hostile Goblins and from below by the Skaven. There the Dwarfs stay, an isolated island secure (for now, at least) against a sea of enemies. They are so used to being surrounded by armies of greater size that the Dwarfs seldom see a battle where they are not outnumbered by at least five to one. Still, the grim warriors hold on, and many tales of heroic last stands feature in their defiant (if occasionally rude) songs.



However, there is hope. Backed by the High King of Karaz-a-Karak himself, many attempts to break the siege and reinforce King Belegar have been made. Some have succeeded, as new warriors cut through the scum to strengthen the defenders. Many more such ventures have failed, adding to the butcher's bill of grudges awaiting settlement. With iron-hard determination, the Dwarfs long to reclaim the halls of their fathers and revenge burns Dwarf Lord brightly within them. Perhaps one day the Dwarfs will truly reconquer the ancient city of their ancestors, but for the time being they are lucky to maintain the most fragile of toe-holds amongst the ruins.





BATTLE OF BROKEN LEG GULLY

Always eager for battle, Ungrim Ironfist marched out of Karak Kadrin to seek Gnashrak Badtoof, a crafty Orc leader whose rampaging army had already eluded Thorgrim Grudgebearer. Three times, Ungrim's throng defeated the greenskin host, but in each instance, the Orcs escaped, largely due to the bloody ferocity of Gnashrak's hard-fighting mercenary Ogre contingent. Soon after the third battle, however, Gnashrak had a falling out with his Ogre Captain, a fearsome brute named Golgfag. Defecting to the Dwarfs, Golgfag and his Ogres delivered Gnashrak's arm as proof of their 'new' loyalty. Ungrim accepted the Ogres' offer, and together, the forces made short work of the remaining greenskins. All would have been well had Golgfag, a greedy and grasping Ogre, not betrayed the Slayer King. Before leaving for greener pastures, the Ogre mercenaries looted the Dwarfs' baggage train, stealing all the ale for themselves.

Although it took five years, Ungrim finally settled the score. While heading eastwards, Golgfag and his Ogres unwisely crossed the Worlds Edge Mountains at Peak Pass, a route which ran in the shadow of Karak Kadrin. While on that narrow trek, they found their path blocked by the Slayer King at the head of a hundred of his angry kin. Upon seeing that he had more Ogres than there were Slayers, Golgfag laughed, but his rumbling guffaws stuck in his throat when he saw the red ruin unleashed by Ungrim and his spike-haired crew. With his army massacred, Golgfag was summarily beaten and thrown into a dungeon to rot.

ZHUFBAR UNLEASHED

When Goblins attacked Zhufbar, it was not considered odd, although a few of the details were unusual. Many of the greenskin tribes were wolf-riders or nomadic drifters from the east, and they were disorganised even for their own anarchic kind. The Dwarfs of Zhufbar were unperturbed. It is commonly said that the clans of Zhufbar have longer fuses than most Dwarfs, an allusion to the high number of engineers and artillery masters found in that stronghold as well as a comment on their unflappable approach. Knowing the siege would dissipate on its own, they were content to stay within their fortifications to allow their new steam-

powered war engine some gunnery practice. Not realising the situation was in hand, Karaz-a-Karak and Karak Kadrin marched to aid their cousins, with Thorgrim Grudgebearer and Ungrim Ironfist leading their respective throngs. The Goblin threat was quickly put to the axe, and no sooner had the celebratory kegs been opened, then a strange hooded figure interrupted the High King's victory toast. It was none other than Josef Bugman, a reclusive ranger who had wandered the wilds since the destruction of his brewery-fortress.

Bugman revealed that the Goblins were unintentional invaders, themselves fleeing before another army from the east. Led by Tyrant Browl Lumphammer, many Ogre tribes had joined together and were on the march. By their routes through the mountains, traces visible to the wily tracker alone, and the intuitive twinge in his knee, Bugman reckoned that the Ogres' target was the Moot. After this speech, the weather-beaten ranger took a swig of ale before spitting it out and launching a tirade about 'improper brew'.

It was not long before the Dwarfs were en route; throngs from Karaz-a-Karak, Karak Kadrin and Zhufbar all followed as Bugman led them through little-known mountain trails. Thanks to the shortcut, the Dwarfs headed off the Ogre army, catching them just as the brutes were attempting to ford the River Aver. Huge lines of lumbering Stonehorns were midstream when an army of Men from Nuln arrived on the far bank to join the fray. The largest concentration of artillery seen in the Old World opened fire, and the Ogres that survived that storm of cannonballs were chopped down to size by Thorgrim Grudgebearer's forces. Although he disappeared after the battle, Bugman left some of his fabled ale for the celebratory feast. All the Dwarfs admitted that Bugman's was superior to any other beverage they'd had.





Down the long rampway the Dwarf army moved into the great Underhall. The chamber was perhaps ten bowshots long and the same wide, and the ceiling seemed so far overhead that it might as well have been the sky. Indeed, ancient stonemasons had placed jewels there so that they glittered like stars. Constellations of diamond and spiral arms of turquoise looked down coldly on the site of the coming battle. From four massive arched windows in the ceiling columns of light descended, illuminating the massive vaulted chamber.

A great chasm split the far left side of the chamber. A cold draught swept up from its dank depths, pregnant with smells of decay and things that had lain too long decomposing in the darkness. The chill in the clammy air seeped through Thorgrim's cloak and touched his bones with slimy fingers.

Here and there vast stagnant pools filled depressions in the rough and uneven floor. Every ten heartbeats droplets of condensation plummetted hundreds of feet from the ceiling, rippling the water as they struck. A scum of phosphorescent algae glittered on the pools' oily surface. Mounds of rubble had formed where tons of rock had tumbled down. Toppled statues of ancient Dwarf kings lay like fallen stone gods on the shattered ground round the chamber's edge. Forests of head-high, luminescent and unhealthy fungi blotted the chamber floor in half a dozen places. On several levels rampways and staircases entered the Underhall, ancient access routes leading down forgotten paths to dark destinations.

Thorgrim knew this was one of the oldest and deepest parts of the city, dating from just after the time of the first Chaos Incursion. It abutted the great underground highway, and like so much of Karaz-a-Karak it had long been abandoned. There were just not enough Dwarfs to occupy the entire city. Everpeak had been built to accommodate a hundred times the number now dwelling there. Most of the population preferred to huddle close to each other in the western quarter of the city. A few tunnel fighters and sentries had been all that was left here to watch for intruders. And at last those intruders had come.

In the distance Thorgrim could see the Skaven force the scouts had warned of. The ratmen looked somehow more at home here among the ruins of the Dwarf kingdom than the Dwarfs did. That thought annoyed Thorgrim. It was as if the Skaven had evolved to fit in among the ruins and the debris of dead and dying civilisations. They looked destined to cling to the flotsam of history while other, better, wiser races sunk into the depths.

From high on his Throne borne aloft by four sturdy kinsmen Thorgrim watched the enemy force deploy. The Skaven army was a seething black sea of mangey fur and lashing pink tails, thousands strong. As the Dwarfs entered the hall the surge of the creatures took on a pattern and they fell into formation as if

guided by one sinister intelligence. Amid the huge rabble some order, some intelligence was visible.

A line of huge rats surged to the fore, forming a skirmish screen across the enemy army's entire front. Their biped brethren huddled behind them. The centre was held by a block of giant creatures, part ogre, part rat. On the back of one perched a massive Skaven warrior, perhaps the army's general. Beside him leprous ranks of scrofulous Plague Monks were drawn up behind their nightmare banner, the decomposing corpse of a Beastman impaled like a roasting pig upon a pikestaff.

Near them Plague Censer Bearers whirled their spheres of contagious death. Masked and gauntleted Poison Wind Globadiers rushed between the many, large units of Stormvermin and Clanrats, gingerly carrying their spherical crystal cargoes of poison gas. Behind the front ranks were massed regiment after regiment of fearsome Skaven warriors. In the centre of the entire army, perched on the statue of a fallen Dwarf king, stood a Grey Seer, surveying the whole seething infernal mass of his verminous followers. He raised a grey paw for attention and chittered malevolently at the assembled Skaven, whipping them up into a drooling, squealing frenzy of nightmare hatred.

Thorgrim knew then that it was conquer or die. This was no mere expeditionary force but a full Skaven army, the like of which had not been seen in the Underhalls for long generations. He knew that it would have to be stopped now. He also knew that whatever happened here, new pages would have to be inscribed in the Book of Grudges.

"Form the chain of Brotherhood!" he commanded.

He turned to survey his bold warriors. Each individual looked to left and right, memorising the faces of the warrior on either side. A low murmuring filled the chamber as each Dwarf told his neighbours his name. In this way the fallen would be remembered by his comrades and the names of the dead would be preserved for the Book of Grudges. It was simply ritual. Every Dwarf in each regiment already knew the names of all his fellows. Only if an entire regiment were slain to the last Dwarf would all the names be lost.

And not even then, if Thorgrim could help it. He had memorised the name and face of every Dwarf in his army. He was no puny human, unable to remember the names and faces of a mere few hundred individuals. Proudly Thorgrim surveyed his army. Here was a sight to stir the heart and bristle the beard of any true Dwarf.

On either side of his Throne were two regiments of longbearded veterans, the oldest and most stalwart of his soldiers. To his left were Guttri's Hammerers led by Guttri Garikssen, his old comrade of a hundred skirmishes. To his right was the Grim Brotherhood led by Harek Harekssen, who

had come all the way from Zhufbar to pay their respects to Thorgrim and visit the great shrine of Grimmir. They had volunteered to accompany the army instantly when word of the Skaven incursion had come. In the twilit gloom of this part of the chamber their runeweapons glittered coldly.

To the left of the Hammerers the Runesmith Kragg stood atop the mighty sacred anvil, his great hammer in one hand. Soon Thorgrim knew he would summon lightning to smite the foe. To his left were drawn up two whole regiments of crossbow-armed Dwarfs. At this moment each brave warrior was cranking up his bow, increasing the tension on the strings in readiness to place the bolt in the firing channel.

To the right of the Grim Brotherhood were the Slayers, led by their captain Skalli Daemonslayer, mightiest of the Slayers of Karak. The deathsongs of the tattooed and crested Dwarfs echoed over the battlefield as they prepared to meet their fates. Already Thorgrim could see that they were working themselves up into a frenzy.

Beside them on a slight rise in the floor, sweating cannon crews manhandled their guns into position. Snorri Gunaimer lovingly polished the runes on his weapon, while Grunni Helheimer supervised the positioning of the powder barrels. To their right was the new experimental flame cannon, fresh from the forges of the Engineers Guild. To its right were the massed ranks of the Thunderers, their handguns already shouldered and ready for firing. From their elevated position they could get a clear shot at most of the battlefield.

From behind the Dwarf army came the sound of blades whining and steam engines coming up to pressure, as the gyrocopter crews made ready to take to the air. Thorgrim gave the signal to unfurl the banner. The whole Dwarf army let out a cheer as Valaya's Rune was unveiled. His army was ready to meet the ratmen breast to breast. It was ready to pit pure Dwarf-forged steel against rusty scavenged Skaven weapons. It was prepared to match the tried and tested creations of the Engineers Guild against the demented ingenuity of the ratmen. After this day the Dwarfs would stand triumphant or Skaven scavengers would gnaw on the last bones of the Ancient Empire.

At some unspoken signal the ratmen moved forward, chittering and brandishing their weapons. The sheer speed of their advance was frightening. A black wave of thousands of gaunt feral bodies flowed over the broken ground. Yellow teeth glinted evilly in the half-light. Rat-Ogres bellowed their guttural challenges. The line of giant rats loped forward in the fore, large and hungry as starving wolves. The crack of jezzails filled the air. Glowing shots pattered off the Throne all around Thorgrim. He rose and stood proud, brandishing the Axe of Grimmir defiantly at the distant Skaven snipers.





Now an eerie glow coalesced round the Grey Seer as he drew magical energies to him. The energies congealed into a cloud of glittering gaseous vapour that enveloped each of the Rat Ogres in turn. Bloody foam frothed from the monsters' mouths and they let out shrieks of mingled glee and pain.

"Steady brothers! Steady!" shouted Thorgrim, restraining his followers' natural urge to move towards their foe. He opened his Great Book and turned to Guttri's warriors. Slowly and clearly he recited the ancient and damning grudges, reminding each Dwarf present of the aeons' old legacy of hatred and loathing that he owed the Skaven. As Thorgrim's grinding voice echoed out the Hammerers faces went pale and they began to shake with fury. A few let out great sobs of passionate hate. Some tore at their beards and uttered unspeakable maledictions against the ratmen.

The Grim Brotherhood ducked their heads as the gyrocopters swept overhead. One of the flying machines peeled off and headed for the jizzails. One of the others headed for the right flank of the Skaven army. Another tore straight towards the middle. The pilot lit one of his bombs with his cigarlo and tossed it out into the advancing mass. The bomb bounced, its fuse hissing and sputtering, and then exploded in the centre of the Skaven mass, sending broken and bleeding bodies tumbling through the air.

Now the cannons spoke in voices of thunder. The acrid stink of powder smoke filled the air. The wail of cannonblast echoed throughout the chamber. The blazing shot tore right through the ranks of the Rat Ogres, smashing through the huge bodies as if they were made of paper. Thorgrim let out a yell of triumph as he saw the head of one of the beasts removed, sending blood fountaining into the air to cover the surrounding rats.

The flame cannon sent a jet of incandescent chemical fire spurting out towards the foe. It landed on an oncoming formation of Stormvermin and enveloped them in a sheet of incredibly hot flame. Their fur ignited and the smell of scorched flesh and burning pelt filled the air. Skaven burned screaming: burning ratmen ran everywhere, some frantically writhed on the ground trying to extinguish the flames. Others simply died, their flesh melting and running like boiling tar. The few survivors of the blast turned and fled, ignoring the chittered instructions of their Rat Ogre-mounted general.

Now the Thunderers and crossbowmen blazed away at the oncoming horde. From their rise the gunners could get a clear view of the enemy. Musketfire peppered the leading Skaven. Broken bodies fell bleeding on the broken ground. Clouds of crossbow bolts flashed down into the giant rats. The great rodents died in droves and then they too turned tail and fled, more like simple brutes than the daemon-driven monsters they had at first appeared.

Now Kragg struck his anvil. Thorgrim's beard bristled. Blue lightning flickered round the head of his hammer. The bitter scent of ozone tugged at the back of Thorgrim's throat, mingling with the gunpowder taint. Lightning arced outward towards the Plague Censer Bearers. Frantically the Grey Seer chittered a counterspell and the huge bolt disintegrated in a shower of sparks.

Undaunted, the Skaven came on, a gibbering screaming horde too numerous to count. Thorgrim could now see their mad pink eyes and their lashing pink worm-like tails. They looked like an undisciplined leaderless mass but Thorgrim knew from the Great Book of Grudges that their fearsome mass attacks had overwhelmed many an army, that their fearsome war machines could slaughter masses given the opportunity. Now they were almost within range. As the Rat Ogres drew close to the Dwarf army standard. Valaya's Rune glowed and pulsed. The frenzy seemed to leave the monsters as the Ancestor-Goddess's symbol drained away the Grey Seer's evil magic.

Suddenly, from behind one of the toppled statues, a band of black-garbed Skaven assassins leapt forth. Swiftly they scuttled towards the flame cannon crew. The lightly armoured gunners proved no match for the highly trained Skaven killers. A savage melee erupted round the weapon as the Dwarfs sold their lives dearly. One Skaven fell with the hands of a dying gunner wrapped immovably round its broken neck, even as its poisoned weapon buried itself deeply in the Dwarf's gut. Thorgrim cursed the fact he was too far away to intervene. That was one more item for the Book of Grudges.

Once more jizzail fire rang out. The rat-gunners had obviously decided that Thorgrim was immune to their fire and concentrated on the cannons. Brave Dwarf gunners fell, their bodies riddled by the vile shot used by the foe. Thorgrim saw one Dwarf fall to the ground, his body spasming in pain. A second shot tore into him knocking him back a full six inches before he lay still.

Once more the Grey Seer chanted and to Thorgrim's horror thousands of tiny red eyes winked in the gloom. It seemed as if all the rats who had ever infested the tunnels beneath Everpeak had been drawn together and massed in a great pack. The Grey Seer gestured and the tide of vermin swept forward towards the Dwarf army, their rabid jaws glistening.

Kragg summoned magical energies from the anvil with his hammer and sent a bolt of power lashing towards the oncoming rats. The malevolent intelligence that had bound them together faded and they scampered away back to whence they came. In the middle of the Skaven army the Grey Seer gnawed his tail in frustration. Once more the hammer clanged against the anvil. Once more titanic bolts of coruscating energy leapt out at the Poison Wind Globadiers. This time the Grey Seer's frantic counterspell failed and three teams of the loathsome and deadly vermin fell, their

brains fried and their eyes popping and splattering the insides of their goggles.

Thorgrim turned to the Grim Brotherhood and began to incite them. Hearing the ancient litany of death and woe the Brotherhood fell into a dark reverie. Every jaw set with unquenchable determination to slay Skaven. Every eye carried a fixed look of hatred directed towards the foe. A howl of frustrated anguish and bloodlust rose from the Grim Brotherhood as unrelentingly Thorgrim recited every misdeed the Skaven had performed against the hold of Zhufbar.

Thorgrim's voice was almost drowned out by the bellow of the guns as they spat forth their freight of death. The Trollslayers almost advanced into that terrifying zone of death; only Skalli's bellowed order held them in place. Ignoring the assassins at large around the flame cannon the gun crews continued to frantically load and fire their cannon.

Glowing white-hot cannonballs rained down on the cringing Skaven. More Rat Ogres fell under the onslaught of the mighty war machines. Crossbow bolt after crossbow bolt fell on the lines of Plague Monks: a dark rain of death that relentlessly eroded even the rabidly unfeeling ratmen following the putrefying corpse banner. One entire flank of the Skaven army almost fell away under repeated battering from the Thunderers.

The gyrocopters descended from the air. A burst of superheated steam tore through the jizzail crews and sent the survivors scurrying back toward the depths from which they had emerged. The second gyrocopter pilot brought his craft around the line and crossed the Skaven army laterally heading from the right flank to the left. His bomb bounced, narrowly missing the Grey Seer and exploding among a tightly packed mass of rat warriors causing terrible casualties. The last gyrocopter, which had so recently bombed the Skaven centre, turned and skimmed the ground towards the rear of the Skaven army. With a hiss a great cloud of steam filled the air. The shrieks of the steam-boiled rats echoed beneath the vaulted ceiling.

Spells darkened the air between the two armies as the Grey Seer frantically tried to reassert his power over the Rat Ogres. As the cloud of energy descended once more upon the spawn of Clan Moulder, Valaya's Rune glowed, neutralising the evil energies. Now lightning surged into the warpfire crew and one of the few remaining Poison Wind Globadiers. So short was the distance now that Thorgrim's beard bristled and his hair felt as if it were standing on end like a Trollslayer's.

The crisis point of the battle had arrived. The fast crumbling Skaven army was now within charge distance. The general howled his orders. The desperate Skaven threw themselves forward.

Thorgrim snapped the Book of Grudges shut. The time for remembering was past. Now was the time to settle old scores in blood. It was



like something out of a nightmare, watching the vast wave of man-sized rats race towards him, all snapping jaws and lashing tails. The force of the first wave almost smashed through the steel wall of Dwarfs and broke their line. Almost, but not quite. The Dwarfs stood firm as an avalanche of black-furred death swept down on them.

A vile and terrible odour filled the air. Thorgrim shouted to his troops to hold their breaths. This was the dreaded poison wind for which the Globadiers were justly feared and hated. There was a flash of fire on the far right. At first Thorgrim thought that the flame cannon had exploded but then he realised that the fire was a different colour, tinged with purple and a strange almost-black. The smell of burned meat and sizzling fat filled the air. Doubtless a warpfire thrower had taken effect on the Thunderers.

Now the fighting became close and deadly as steel-muscled Skaven warriors sprang forward relentlessly, their great blades cleaving into the Dwarf ranks. Worse still, deadly assassins, armed with poison-dripping blades, leapt from the swarms of lesser warriors and lashed out at the Dwarf leaders. Thorgrim saw Guttri himself go down, his rune-weapon falling from his nerveless fingers. Another entry for the Book, he thought, as he found himself confronting the great Rat Ogre and the Skaven general. The impact of the general's lance almost pinned him to the Throne but the ancient treasured armour of his ancestors held. Ignoring the sparks flickering before his eyes the Dwarf king prepared to fight back.

Goaded by their handlers the mighty warbeasts fell on Thorgrim's bearers. Mighty claws lashed out, shredding gromril armour like paper and tearing great gashes in the sides of the Dwarfs. Momentarily Thorgrim saw a flash of pure white bone through pink meat as Grimli's ribs were exposed by the attack. Then Thorgrim's flesh tingled as the Throne unleashed its power. The skin of Grimli's side knitted together and new smooth pink skin replaced the old mangled stuff.

Wild exaltation filled Thorgrim. The Axe of Grimnir pulsed with power in his hand. He felt god-like, invincible, deadly. A lesser warrior might have been filled with fear of such a deadly living killing machine as the Rat Ogre. Thorgrim knew he was its master. Bracing his feet wide on the Throne he lashed out with the axe. The great ancient runes on the weapon's side burned bright as it bit deep in the Rat Ogre's side, splintering ribs as if they were rotten timbers. His second blow severed the thing's spine and sent it flopping to the ground in two separate halves. The eruption of filth and gore covered the Skaven general, blinding it momentarily. Thorgrim took advantage of its distraction to bury his axe in its skull, cleaving it almost in two.

Grimli and the other bearers lashed out with their axes, cutting and hacking their way through the Rat Ogres. The giant beasts snarled ferally even as they fell. Not even

death it seemed could extinguish their mad hatred for all other living things.

For a moment there was a lull in the battle. From his position on the Throne Thorgrim could survey the whole battle line. Thorgrim knew this nightmarish scene would burn itself into his brain for the rest of his days. The screams of the dying and the warcries of the living mingled and filled the Underhall with a hellish cacophony. The flickering unearthly flamejets of the warpfire throwers gave fitful illumination to the dreadful tableau. Countless dead and dying lay everywhere. The wounded lay together, their lives seeping away through holes in their rent flesh. Overhead the gyrocopters swooped like great insects, the thunder of their rotors adding to the cacophony.

A huge black screaming mob, hundreds strong, had smashed into the Dwarf line and threatened to overwhelm it. On the right the Thunderers had taken terrible casualties from the warpfire throwers. They had shamefully turned and fled before the onslaught of the supernatural flames. Ratmen had overrun the cannons and snapped at the heels of Kragg as he stood atop his anvil. Even as Thorgrim watched the Runesmith whipped up the lightning and sent scorched and mangled Skaven tumbling back from the sacred artefact.

The Slayers had surged forward through the ratmen's ranks, leaving a trail of broken and bloody bodies behind them. Skalli fought with irresistible force as he clove a bloody path towards the Grey Seer. His Slayer brethren hurled insults and jeers at the retreating Skaven. On all the battlefield nothing seemed a match for their insane ferocity.

The Grim Brotherhood and the Plague Monks fought breast to breast. It was a scene of madness. Both sides lashed out, driven by utter insensate hatred. It was hard to tell who had the mastery. Neither force was willing to give ground. Plague Monks ripped out the throats of Dwarf warriors with their teeth. Even as they died the Dwarfs struck out with their axes. Around Harek's feet lay the dismembered bodies of all the Plague Censer Bearers. The runes on the Zhufbari had killed them outright, before they could unleash their deadly weapons.

From the rear of the Grim Brotherhood's ranks, clouds of sickly green vapour rose where the poison wind had been unleashed. Thorgrim could see poisoned Dwarfs reel and fall, bloody froth bubbling from their mouths and nostrils. One more entry for the Dammaz Kron.

On the left the Hammerers had turned back the Stormvermin. Enraged by the loss of their leader. The Dwarf veterans fought like unleashed daemons, crushing Skaven skulls like eggshells beneath their mighty hammers. The assassin who had struck down Guttri was mashed to jelly by Guttri's kinsmen.

Thorgrim knew that the deaths of two hundred such vermin would not be enough to repay one drop of Guttri's blood. Yes, the Skaven would pay. Thorgrim would see to that. On the extreme left, the crossbowmen had started to reform into a deeper formation, preparing to enter the maelstrom of hand-to-hand combat.

There was nothing else for it now, Thorgrim realised. "Forward, brothers!" he shouted. Slowly, inexorably, the Thronebearers began to carry him forward, over the corpses of the Rat Ogres into the flanks of the Plague Monks. The Axe of Grimnir sang a song of doom and destruction in his hands. Nothing that came within reach lived. The leprosy forms of the Plague Monks squelched and fell apart as he cut into them. One threw himself straight at Thorgrim. The Dwarf king caught it by its slimy and pustulent throat, halting its flight in mid-air, forcing the snarling monk to his knees in front of him before severing its neck with a single stroke. His bearers lashed out, bringing a whirlwind of death to the monks of Clan Pestilens.

Heartened by the king's presence the Grim Brotherhood surged forward, slaughtering the Plague Monks to the last. They left no diseased Skaven alive. Their foul bodies were heaped high, polluting the good earth round their awful standard. The Hammerers smashed through the last remaining Stormvermin and surged forward into the Skaven following, who turned on their heels and fled.

As suddenly as a summer storm the battle became a rout. Seeing Skalli and his lads forging towards him the Grey Seer disappeared in a flash of light and cloud of brimstone. The Thunderers reformed their ranks to face the warpfire throwers. Looking down the barrels of a line of Dwarf musket barrels and seeing their isolation, the warpfire teams suddenly thought the better of standing their ground. They turned and fled towards where they had come from. The assassins round the cannons slipped away before Thorgrim could give the order to pursue, scattering in all directions and rushing for the shadows as if all the daemons of Chaos were on their heels.

From the air the gyrocopters swooped on the fleeing Skaven routing them utterly, flying amid the terrified foe and squirting them with great gouts of steam. Suddenly the Dwarfs stood alone in possession of a battlefield carpeted with block-furred corpses. Thorgrim surveyed a scene of utter carnage, of hacked up bodies and mangled flesh. He looked out on the field and was filled with a mixture of triumph and gloom. One by one the captains of the Dwarf regiments made their way through the twilight towards him. One by one they kneeled before the throne. Thorgrim opened the Great Book of Grudges.

"Name the dead!" he commanded.







THE RECLAMATION OF KARAK EIGHT PEAKS

The warriors gathered together in close ranks atop the ancient burial mound. They were grouped in a defensive formation, the Dwarfs' sturdy shields creating a circle which protected the crossbowmen at the centre of the mound. Totally surrounded by the enemy, they were but a small island in the centre of a vast sea of Greenskins. Another wave of Night Goblins surged forward, once again assaulting their position. A great pile of the vile creatures lay dead or dying at the Dwarfs' feet. These Goblins were no match for the courageous fighting skill of the Dwarfs, and more of the small fiends fell to the blows of the Dwarfs' finely crafted axes. Nonetheless three of the stout defenders collapsed as the Goblins' sharp spears pierced through gaps in the Dwarfs' shieldwall. More and more of the Greenskins came scrambling over the still warm bodies of their dead brethren. Every muscle in Lord Duregar's body ached from the endless slaughter, but he knew there would be no respite from the fighting.

"Hold. Keep the line." His voice was calm, remarkably so considering the Dwarf army's predicament. Though a dozen or more Goblins had fallen for each Dwarf, hundreds more still surrounded the mound. It seemed to Duregar that his warriors had been fighting for an eternity. Ever since they had hurriedly left their hold. The Dwarfs of Karak-a-Karak had been at war. It had been nearly a week since they had received word from King Belegar that he had managed to take the inner keep of Karak Eight Peaks. The King's warriors had suffered heavy losses and needed reinforcements if he were to keep control of the hold. Duregar had quickly mustered his clans together and marched south. As his force had reached the mouth of the Mad Dog Pass which led to the besieged stronghold, an Orc force had suddenly attacked. His warriors, filled with vigour and resolve to aid their kinsfolk had quickly seen off the Orcs. Mad Dog Pass was open to his passage. With a mighty swing of his axe, the head of a Goblin fighting him was sliced from its shoulders. In the brief respite Duregar surveyed the carnage around him. The last few Goblins of that wave of attackers were currently running from the mound.

"Crossbowmen, ready your bolts." He called out to the line of troopers who stood behind him on the top of the mound. As he spoke he could see the Night Goblins, the hems of their robes wet with the blood that flowed down the mound, readying themselves for the next charge. "Watch for their arrows, shields high." Duregar commanded. His warriors raised their shields. These lulls in fighting were always followed with a cloud of arrows that would fall onto the mound. It was a standard Goblin tactic, weaken the foe with missile fire, before committing masses of troops in a savage assault. The clatter of arrows striking shields was accompanied by groans from those whose armour had failed to save them. The Dwarf Lord wiped Goblin blood from his thick brow. If only the Troll Slayers still fought by their sides then they might stand some chance. As his relief force had advanced through the pass he had expected severe resistance. They had met none. That was until they came within

sight of the gate. It was then his suspicions were confirmed, they were marching into a trap. Hundreds of Goblins had poured out from the ruined tombs of the Dwarfs' ancient ancestors. The Orc force they had defeated at the laws of the pass had regrouped and blocked any retreat. Before them the gates of the Karak were shut. Spying Stone Trolls descending from the steep slopes, the Troll Slayers had marched off to intercept them and meet with their destiny. What became of the fearless warriors? Duregar knew not. He had been kept occupied with organising his own forces. The fact that no Trolls had yet reared their ugly heads before them gave Duregar a good idea of what had happened.

Whilst the solid front rank prepared itself for the inevitable charge of Goblins, the centre of the formation was all but destroyed as a massive boulder crashed down into the tightly grouped ranks. The Night Goblins manning the Stone Thrower positioned on the gate tower had finally found their target.

A large Goblin wielding a wickedly barbed Squig prodder pointed towards Duregar, screaming what could only be a challenge of some sort in his savage guttural language. At the Goblin's side an enormous Squig bared its bloodied fangs. This was obviously the leader of the Goblin force. Duregar felt the courage of his ancestors flow through his veins. If he were to die then this loathsome creature's head would be held in his hand as he fell. The Dwarf Lord stepped forward raising his axe high to respond to the challenge.

"I Duregar, Kinsman to King Belegar of Karak Eight Peaks, command these warriors. I tell you now that we shall all willingly die here on the land of our ancestors before surrendering to you, foul Greenskin!" As he spoke Duregar saw malicious intent spark within the Goblin Warboss's eye. In response Goblin horde charged forward gibbering and cackling maniacally.

With the once disciplined central ranks in disarray behind them, the Dwarf's formation began to collapse. Duregar knew that it would soon be all over. He called out defiantly to his warriors. "Kinsmen, we will sell our lives dearly today. Though we may perish, the Grobi victory will be bitter for them to taste." As he said this an almighty explosion blew shards of rock and debris into the air. "What manner of foul trickery do they play now?" Duregar cursed. His standard bearer called to his general.

"My Lord, 'tis no evil. Our salvation is at hand for 'tis Belegar and his kinsmen."

Duregar turned round to face the gates. He saw that the gates to the Karak had been blown apart. Through the cloud of debris he could make out the standards of King Belegar's Dwarf host marching forward, cutting a swathe through the Night Goblins.

"To Belegar!" The Dwarf Lord commanded. With fresh hope flowing through them, the

Dwarfs fought with new determination. The Goblins fell before the Dwarfs' fury as they descended from their position. As Duregar battled through the massed ranks of Night Goblins he could see Belegar's force. His cousin fought to the fore of a wedge shaped formation, surrounded by his bodyguard. On his head the gold crown of Karak Eight Peaks glittered in the evening's light. The Hammerer's great weapons crushed the skulls of any Greenskin that dared stand between them and Duregar's men. Within minutes the two Dwarf armies met and the two cousins. Belegar and Duregar stood back to back hacking at the Night Goblins, who had by now recovered from the shock of the initial assault.

"Well met Duregar. Doth thee fancy heading back to my grand hall for some ale?" Belegar called out as he clove straight through a particularly ugly looking Goblin.

"Aye. Slaying Grobi builds up a thirst for sure." Duregar replied matching his kinsman's prowess with the axe as another assailant fell to the Dwarfs weapon.

Belegar shouted a command to his army. "Ironbreakers, form a rearguard. Back to the hold." Arrows, fired from the slopes of the pass, rained down on the united Dwarf clans. The missiles hit both Dwarf and Goblin indiscriminately and many Greenskins fell, killed by their own troops. The well forged armour of the Dwarfs protected them from most of the barbed arrowheads. Slowly the solid mass of Dwarfs pushed its way back to the gate where a unit of Handgunners waiting at the entrance fired their lead shot, quickly seeing off any Goblins who tried to pursue after the retreating Dwarfs.

Torches illuminated the walls of the great hall, where stone carvings depicted the history of the Dwarfs of the Karak. The remnants of the two armies sat on long benches at the front of the hall. The mood was sullen. Many Dwarfs had fallen that day and every warrior in the massive chamber contemplated the loss of their kinfolk. Belegar raised his tankard and spoke out to the gathered Dwarfs. "Tomorrow we shall mourn the loss of many of our family and dearest friends. Tis a sorrow that we cannot bury them in the tombs to rest with their ancestors. For that we shall ne'er forget." He opened a thick leather bound tome. "For over two thousand years the Eight Peaks' Book of Grudges has been silent. Now let us mark this day with a new account." He dusted off one of the pages and began to record the grudge.

Duregar, who sat beside Belegar's throne, spoke up. "Though tomorrow we shall mourn, tonight is a night of celebration. Gathered under the roof of this hall are enough Dwarfs to ensure this hall never again falls into Grobi hands. Long live the King of Karak Eight Peaks!"

With this he raised his tankard towards Belegar, and emptied the contents in one gulp. A loud cheer echoed around the hall as the Dwarfs joined in the toast and celebrated the retaking of Karak Eight Peaks until the early hours.





DEEDS OF THE AGES

The Dwarfs invented their runic script long ago and have used it to make exacting records of their discoveries and dealings ever since. Each stronghold has always maintained its own library of history, written by scribes and concerned mostly with the affairs of that particular stronghold. Over the years, some of these huge books have been lost, or badly damaged, but even so the history of the Dwarfs is extremely long and thoroughly documented compared to that of the tribes of Men. Of particular importance is the Great Book of Grudges in Karaz-a-Karak, which is basically a record of long-standing vendettas.

The Great Book of Grudges (Dammaz Kron in Dwarfish) is merely one of many books of this kind, for every stronghold keeps its own Book of Grudges. Every Dwarf clan and guild has its own too, and even families often keep written records of ancient disputes with their neighbours. The wealth of historical detail these books contain is enormous and far too great to be summarised in any detail here. The following historical overview describes only a limited selection of important events, or events which have been considered of particular interest. The Dwarfs employ a recording system based on the founding of Karaz-a-Karak. Prior to this event is a 3000 year period known as the Time of the Ancestors which lives on in Dwarf legend. This was preceded by the Era of Migration which reaches back into the history and origins of the Dwarfs themselves and about which almost nothing is known. These dates, along with those of the more commonly understood Imperial Calendar, are used below:

THE TIME OF THE ANCESTOR GODS

c.-5500

No written records exist from this time, but legend relates how the Dwarfs, led by their Ancestor Gods, colonise the Worlds Edge Mountains. During this time Grungni teaches his people mining and how to make tools and weapons of iron and steel. Grimnir protects his people and defeats their foes – most famously slaying Urmskaladrak (the Father of Dragons). Valaya, teaches the Dwarfs protective wards, the use of runes and the art of brewing.

c.-4650

Dwarf migration reaches the northern end of the World's Edge Mountains. Some clans turn westward into Norsca, while others settle in the Mountains of Mourn. Most return to the Dwarfholds. Karak Azul and Karak Izril (Karak Azgal) founded.

Year 1 -4523

In her travels the Ancestor Goddess Valaya establishes many strongholds, but in this time of peril she returns to her favourite and to take up permanent residence. At her request, two pillars at the heart of the greatest cavern are carved out of living rock and she blesses them. These are the first of the thousands of pillars that eventually hold up the Great Hall of Karaz-a-Karak. This marks the founding year of Dwarf record keeping.

Year 23 c.-4500

The coming of Chaos. Dwarf kindred to the northwest and northeast cut off from the World's Edge Mountain Dwarfs.

Year 102 -4421

Grungni makes the Throne of Power and gifts it to his eldest son, Snorri Whitebeard. Grimnir meets the Elves and, despite his gruff manner, establishes friendly relations.

Year 103 -4420

Grimnir fearlessly strides off into the Chaos Wastes and is never seen again. Dwarf tradition holds that Grimnir closed the mighty Chaos Gate after battling with the Chaos gods, thereby saving the world from certain doom. Shortly afterwards marks the last sightings of the other Ancestor Gods.

THE GOLDEN AGE

Year c.403 c.-4200

Establishment of Karak Drazh, Karak Kadrin, and Karak Varn in the World's Edge Mountains. Isolated Norse Dwarfs establish their stronghold of Kraka Drak. Human tribes migrating from across the sea begin to settle the southern coast of the Old World.

Year 404 -4119

Bereft of their Ancestor Gods for the first time, the Dwarfs name Snorri Whitebeard as their High King. Joining forces with Malekith of the Elves, Snorri leads the Dwarfs as

they hunt down and destroy the last Chaos armies that threaten the Old World. Afterwards, trade flourishes with the Elves and the Dwarfs, growing ever richer, found many new strongholds.

Year c.500-600 -3900

Contact is lost between the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains and the Dwarf settlements in Zorn Uzkul. Forsaken by their people and their gods, the eastern Dwarfs turn to the worship of the Father of Darkness, Hashut. The first citadels of the Chaos Dwarf raised in the polluted depths of the Dark Lands.

Year 1684 -2839

The High Elf King Bel Shanaar visits the newly founded Dwarf stronghold of Karaz-a-Karak and swears friendship oaths with venerable Dwarf High King Snorri Whitebeard. The two great kings swear an oath of friendship, and Malekith remains in Karaz-a-Karak as his king's ambassador. Dwarfs build the sea wall (now called Vloedmuur) around Sith Riormasc'namisbathir (now called Marienburg).

Year c.2023 c.-2500

Alliance between Dwarfs and Elves allows taming of the Old World. Using the volcanic fire of Thunder Mountain (Karag Dron), Master Runesmith Kurgaz melts gromril to forge the Anvils of Doom.



Year 2335 -2188

After many centuries, the Elves return once more to the Old World. The Dwarfs learn of the civil war amongst the Elves and the treachery of Malekith. The two races begin to trade once more. Bargains are struck and Dwarf craftsmanship reaches new heights of ambition and accomplishment.

Year 2318 -2005

The Great Betrayal mars relationships between Dwarfs and Elves. Dwarf traders are ambushed and murdered, Dwarf settlements are plundered and honest Dwarf craftsmen cheated of their gold. The Dwarfs believe the Elves are to blame. Their attackers are in fact Dark Elf raiders sent by Malekith to sow dissent between the two races. Many Elves are slain by Dwarf travellers believing themselves under attack. The Elves retaliate in kind. Soon both sides begin to muster their armies.

Year 2523 -2000

In this year, Elves come from over the sea and set up a fortress near Krag Bryn. Their deceitful ways ferment ill will between the Dwarfs of Krag Bryn and Kazad Thrund. Eventually, Queen Helgar Thrundsdottir and Drong the Hard unite, both in marriage and on the battlefield, to settle their grudges, although it cost Drong his life. Kakak Zorn, in the great mountains of the Southlands comes into conflict with the Dzardinen that dwell there. Little is heard of it hereafter.

THE WAR OF VENGEANCE

Year 2326 -1997

The War of Vengeance begins. Dwarf High King Gotrek Starbreaker sends an ambassador to Ulthuan in a last ditch attempt to prevent a war. Dwarf demands for fair recompense for Elf hostilities are met with arrogance and the ambassadors are thrown out. As a final insult, the Elves shave off their beards, and it is from this incident that the following war takes its Elf name of the War of the Beard. The Dwarfs, not a people to take such matters lightly, refer to the conflict as the War Against the Elves, or the War of Vengeance.

Year 2549 -1974

Snorri Halfhand, son of the High King, is slain by Caledor II after challenging the Elf King in combat. The evil dragon Tyrennus attacks the forges of Thunder Mountain, and slays Kurgaz in a mighty battle. During the devastation, the dragon destroys the forges, and kills many Runesmiths.

Year 2555 -1968

Morgrim, cousin of Snorri Hallhand, kills the Elf Lord Imladrik at the Battle of Oeragor in western Bretonnia.

Year 2573 -1950

Looking for ore, a wandering Dwarf clan settle in the human city of Tylos, between what are now called the Irrana Mountains and the Tilean Sea.

Year 2575 -1948

The Elf city of Athel Maraya on the northwest coast of Bretonnia is burned to the ground by a Dwarf army led by Morgrim.



Year 2643 -1880

The Battle of Black Gulf ends in Dwarf victory as triremes from Barak Varr outmanoeuvre the Elven fleet in the narrow waters near the Dwarfholt.

Year 2963 -1560

The Battle of Three Towers at the gates of Tor Alessi (now the Bretonnian port L'Anguille). The Dwarfs defeat the Elves in a cataclysmic battle for mastery of the Old World. Gotrek Starbreaker kills the Phoenix King Caledor II and takes the Phoenix Crown as recompense for the many wrongs suffered by his people.

Year 3014 -1509

Phoenix King Caradryel recalls High Elf armies from the Old World. Elf colonies see this as a betrayal.

Year 3021 -1502

Sith Rionnasc'namishathir falls to the Dwarfs after long siege, and is razed to the ground.

Year 3022 -1501

The War of Vengeance ends as High Elves withdraw from the Old World to battle resurgent Dark Elves or retreat into the woods of Loren. Dwarfs are victorious but decimated.

THE TIME OF WOES

Year 3023 -1500

After the end of the War of Vengeance, the Dwarf Empire enjoys only a few years of peace before the Worlds Edge Mountains are riven by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The Dwarfs refer to this disaster and ensuing period of anarchy as the Time of Woes. The records of many strongholds are Lost or disrupted for a time, and even the Great Book of Grudges in Karaz-a-Karak falls strangely silent. From what records remain, it is clear that many Dwarfs were slain and countless mines and small settlements destroyed. Even the larger holds were badly damaged as great rents opened in the earth and whole levels were swamped with molten lava. The Underway is partially ruined and blocked in many places, cutting the strongholds off from one another.

The following period is known as the time of the Goblin Wars, although if truth be known the Dwarfs' foes included Orcs, Ogres, Trolls, Skaven and all manner of other evil creatures. The first hold to Fall is Karak Ungor in the imperial year - 1500. This hold is taken over by Night Goblins and known thereafter as Red Eye Mountain.

Year 3024 -1499

Taking advantage of the damage wrought by earthquakes and flooding Skaven and Night Goblins invade Karak Varn and despoil it.

Year 3025 -1498

The mines at Ekrund are seized by Orcs after months of heavy fighting by the vastly outnumbered Dragonback Dwarfs. Galleys from Barak Varr control the Black Guff and repel further Orc attacks. The watchtowers of Mad Dog Pass are taken over by Night Goblins and greenskins pour in from the east.





Year 3046 -1457

The gold mines at Gunbad fall to the Night Goblins after many years of sporadic fighting. Gunbad was the largest and richest mine in the Worlds Edge Mountains and the unique source of brynduraz or brightstone – a brilliant blue crystal rock much valued by Dwarf craftsmen.



Year 3066 -1437

The gold mines at Gunbad, the richest mines in the Worlds Edge Mountains and the only source of Brightstone, fall to Night Goblins.

Year 3136 -1387

Beginning of the Silver Road Wars. Battle rages around Mount Silverspear, the richest remaining Dwarf mine.

Year 3156 -1367

Mount Silverspear is taken by the Orc Warlord Urk Grimfang who fortifies the mines still further and renames his conquest Mount Grimfang, a name it has borne ever since.

Year 3161 -1362

The Dwarfs abandon the last of their mines and smaller settlements in the eastern part of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Some clans from the fallen Dwarfholds settle in the Grey and Black Mountains; Karak Ankor disowns them. Karak Izor is founded in the Vaults.

Year 3273 -1250

About this time the volcano Thunder Mountain, long quiet since the Time of Woes, erupts once more driving Orcs, Goblins and Trolls northwards. They attack Dwarf prospectors and miners. The settlements of Valhorn and Butinkhorn, south of Karaz-a-Karak, are destroyed by rampaging Trolls. The ensuing attempts to contain and drive out these creatures are known as the Troll Wars.

Year 3278 -1245

King Morgrim Blackbeard leads his forces southwards. After several pitched battles he drives away the Orcs and other evil creatures from the mountains north of Mad Dog Pass. Another Dwarf army led by Logazor Brightaxe heads east and succeeds in recapturing Mount Gunbad, but is forced to abandon the mines when Orc reinforcements arrive. Mount Silverspear is attacked by the Dwarfs, but the army is compelled to return westward when a horde of Trolls and Ogres moves towards Karaz-a-Karak. The horde is successfully repulsed from the Dwarf capital and the bodies of many Trolls are piled into a huge mound and burned.

Year 3333 -1190

Kadrin Redmane leaves Karak Varn in search of vengeance upon the swarms of Skaven that have soiled the tunnels of the hold.



Year 3338 -1185

An expedition led by Runesmith Kadrin Redmane clears the ruins of Karak Yarn, driving the Skaven down into the deepest underhalls. He discovers a rich vein of gromril and petitions the High King to allow him to resettle the old stronghold. Miners flock to Karak Varn to extract the coveted metal, and gromril begins to flood into the High King's coffers.

Year 3387 -1136

Kadrin Redmane is ambushed and killed beside the shore of Black Water while leading a mule train of gromril ore to the High King. Kadrin slays thirty-six massive Orcs before he sustains a mortal wound and falls. His last act is to throw his rune hammer far out into the Black Water to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. Following Kadrm's death, the Dwarfs' hold on Karak Varn becomes increasingly tenuous, until they are eventually driven out by Skaven. Karak Varn once more falls into the hands of the Dwarfs' foes. Karak Norn is established in the Grey Mountains above the Loren Forest.

Year 3348 -975

Battle of a Thousand Woes. High King Skorri Morgrimson leads a massive Dwarf army northwards in an attempt to recapture Karak Ungor. The Dwarfs clear their enemies from the southern valley and gate, but are ambushed and driven back when they attempt to enter the stronghold itself. A few Dwarfs, including Furgil, Skorri's youngest son, manage to infiltrate the lower halls, but they do not return. Skorri leads the remnants of his army back to Karaz-a-Karak and dies shortly afterwards.

Year 3773 -750

Karak Azgal is attacked by Goblins. They are repulsed after heavy fighting but go on to attack Karak Amid where they manage to gain a foothold in the western halls and lower regions. The Dwarfs continue to fight and slowly gain the upper hand, expelling the invaders only after many valiant defenders have been slain.

Year 3803 -720

First recording of the Dragon Skaladrak Incarnadine as it destroys several mines near Karak Kadrin.

Year 3822 -701

Miners working in the depths of Karak Eight Peaks break into a Skaven tunnel. The Dwarfs are alarmed at the extent of the ratmen's burrows.



Year 3873 -650

Baragor's Lament. King Baragor of Karak Kadrin's daughter is slain by the Dragon Skaladrak (on the way to her wedding, no less). Grief-stricken, Baragor takes up the slayer oath shortly afterwards. He dedicates the great Shrine of Grinnir in Karak Kadrin. He takes the name of Ungrim, which means 'oath-bound' or 'unfulfilled oath'. His descendants bear the name to this day.



Year 4010 -513
The fall of Karak Eight Peaks. Over a period of more than a hundred years, the number of Goblins and Skaven have increased in and around the Dwarf stronghold until even daily life becomes a constant battle for survival. The Dwarfs find themselves driven into an ever diminishing realm as one after another of the eight peaks fall to the invaders. The end comes suddenly. Skaven poison the wells and use noxious gases to choke the Dwarfs. In the final moments, King Lunn orders his followers to runeseal the tombs of the Kings of Old and the hold is abandoned. The King and remaining Dwarfs vow to return and one day reclaim their own.

Year 4054 -469

Karak Azgal is attacked and destroyed by Orcs and Goblins. Encouraged by their easy victory, the Greenskins move on to attack Karak Drazh. Karak Drazh falls after a long battle and is taken over by the Orcs and renamed Black Crag. Over the following years, the lands between Mad Dog Pass and Fire Mountain are taken over by Goblins, save for the Dwarf stronghold of Karak Azul. Karak Azul is besieged but holds out, the number of its defenders having been swollen by the influx of Dwarfs from the lost strongholds. This is a sad time for the Dwarfs. Many nurse bitter memories of defeat and humiliation.

Year 4103 -420

Karaz-a-Karak shaken by explosions as Dwarf engineers and alchemists discover gunpowder.

Year 4143 -380

Orc Warlord Ugrok Beardburner leads the Orc hordes northwards and attacks Karaz-a-Karak. Many smaller settlements are destroyed, countless mines are overwhelmed and many Dwarfs die. The Dwarf High King, Logan Proudbeard, is captured by the Orcs and suffers great humiliation at the hands of his tormentors. Driven into a fury by the seizure of their King, the Dwarfs, led by Gorazin Silverhorn, finally drive the Orcs away from the capital. Orc armies continue to rampage throughout the Dwarf realms until the following year when the Orcs are defeated at the Battle of Black Water.

Year 4273 -250
Led by those who settle the Grey Mountains, the Dwarfs intensify their trading contacts with the tribes of Men in the lands that are to become the Empire. Men are poor craftsmen and learn comparatively slowly.

Year 4289 -234

Imperial Dwarfs of Karat Ankor re-establish cordial relationships with the Dwarfs of the Black and Grey Mountains and the Vaults. Human armies from the southern Old World defeat Orc tribes along the Badlands coast of the Black Gulf.

Year 4415 -108

Daled Stormbreaker leads an expedition to recover the lost treasures of Karak Azgal.



THE SILVER AGE

Year 4508 -15

A New Alliance. A trading convoy from Karaz-a-Karak is ambushed on its way to the Grey Mountains. King Kurgan Ironbeard is captured by the Orcs but is later rescued by Sigmar, prince of the Unberogen tribe. This is to prove a fortuitous event, for the friendship between Sigmar and Kurgan Ironbeard will blossom into the great alliance between the races of Dwarf and Men. In gratitude for his rescue, the Dwarf king gives Sigmar the rune hammer Ghat Maraz, an ancient heirloom of his clan.

Year 4522 -1

The Battle of Black Fire Pass. This battle is the culmination of a long campaign waged by the Dwarfs and Sigmar. The Greenskins are gradually driven from the lands west of the Worlds- Edge Mountains and many Orcs and Goblins are destroyed or flee into the mountains. At the Battle of Black Fire Pass, a massive Orc army is destroyed by the combined forces of Sigmar and Kurgan Ironhead, ending the domination of the land by the Orcs. Afterwards, Sigmar becomes the first emperor of a united Empire.

The creation of the Empire opens up a new age for the Dwarfs. Many Dwarfs travel to the Empire where they help the Humans build their first cities. Dwarf masons, carpenters and smiths are much in demand, and Dwarf workmanship is admired everywhere. As the Empire grows, the Dwarfs and Men establish valuable trading contacts and prosperity returns once more to the Dwarf realms. Dwarf and Human armies keep the Orcs and Goblins at bay. Several expeditions are mounted to reclaim lost strongholds, but none come to anything.

Year 4810 287

Dwarf miners discover the nest of the dragon Mordrak in the mountains south of Karak Azul.

Year 4902 380

The Dwarfs discover the Elves of Athel Loren with disastrous results.

Year 5113 590

The fall of Karak Vrag, one of the few Dwarfholds established in the Mountains of Mourn.

Year 5181 658

The Lost Claim. Thori Gundrikson discovers gromril in the caves west of Black Water. A year later, Bragal Smithshelm turns up at the Blackwater Caves accompanied by a throng claiming the gromril seam, as his mine is closer. Axes are drawn and a battle is fought, but never recorded in the annals. Tellingly, only Thori's claim has ever been recorded. However, to this day the ancestors of Smithshelm and Gundrikson refuse to fight in the same army. The Dwarfs excavate substantial tunnels and extract great quantities of the ore over the following years. The mines are eventually destroyed by Skaven intruders, but not until the gromril is almost exhausted.

Year 5185 662

The discovery of the Lost Heartstone of Aldin Getgold in the Dragonback Mountains by Dorin Heldour and Katalin Kandoom.

Year 5182 665

Mines near Black Water destroyed by Skaven. Gromril vein almost tapped out.





Year 5207	684	Year 5873	1350	Year 6728	2205
The restoration of the Axe of Dail by Dorin Heldour and Katalin Kandoom. The axe is discovered deep in the ruins of Karak Varn and is recovered and brought back to King Finn Soursowl in Karaz-a-Karak.		A Dwarf army from Karak Norn is decimated by the Wood Elves of Loren in the Battle of Pine Crags.		Battle of Black Falls. A Dwarf and Goblin army meet on the shores of the Black Water. Dwarf High King Alrik and Goblin Warlord Gorkil Eyegouger are slain while fighting along the rim of the Black Falls. The Goblin Warlord is mortally wounded by the Dwarf, but pulls his adversary to his doom over the falls. The Dwarfs, led by Alrik's son are so enraged they rout the remaining greenskins in a massacre, forcing them into the icy water. Most are swept over the falls and perish with their leader.	
Year 5208	685	Year 5943	1420		
Dorin Heldour brings the skin of the Dragon Fyrskar to High King Finn Soursowl at Karaz-a-Karak. Heganbor the Runesmith fashions the skin into a cloak engraved with potent runes.		The great Dragon Skaladrak Incarnadine ravages the lands around Karak Kadrin. Dragon Slayer Throrin the Crazed eliminates the threat.			
Year 5265	742	Year 6073	1550		
Donn Heldour and Katalin Kandoom rescue Elmador and Oldor Finnson from the dungeons of Black Crag. Elmador later becomes High King.		Karaz-a-Karak's engineers and alchemists develop a naphtha-based flame cannon.			
Year 5415	892	Year 6156	1633		
Kragg the Grimm forges the Rune of Stone under the eye of his Master, Morek Furrowbrow. Kragg is to become the greatest and longest-lived Runesmith of his age.		Mistaken Identity. Gorri Dulleyes mistakes queen Kemma for a beardless. He changes his name to Kruti Skruffbeard (a truly dire personal insult) for a year as a sign of his deep sorrow.			
Year 5545	1022	Year 6204	1681		
Karaz-a-Karak engineers develop the steam engine. Escaping the King's forces, some of Bretonnia's nobility and their retinue carve out their own petty realms in the land called Border Princes. Trade established between these Bretonnians and the Dwarfs of Barak Varr.		Night of the Restless Dead. For one night throughout the Known World the dead stir and walk the land, sowing terror and confusion. Entire villages and towns are overrun and destroyed before the night of terror ends. Dwarf strongholds put the flame cannons to good use against the undead.			
Year 5555	1032	Year 6235	1712		
Skalf Dragonslayer slays the dragon Graug the Terrible and claims the kingship of Karak Azgal, the hold remains infested by Goblins, Skaven and other monsters, and the Dwarfs make no attempt to recapture it. Skalf and his descendants establish a town in the valley below the old entrance,		High King Kendrak Gottrison attacks and destroys the remnants of Orc Warlord Gorbad Ironclaw's army as it limps back towards the Badlands.			
Year 5634	1111	Year 6335	1812		
The Black Plague sweeps the Old World. The Dwarfs seal their strongholds. The Skaven rise from the depths and attack the Dwarf strongholds in vast numbers, but the Dwarfs hold out despite many casualties.		Led by the Cragbrow clan, the engineers and shipwrights of Barak Varr unveil the first steam vessels, the "Ironclads". Arquebuses are introduced into the Imperial Dwarf arsenal. Middenland forces lay siege to Middenheim and are repulsed with the aid of expatriate Dwarfs. Dwarfs seal Middenheim's Undercity.			
Year 5675	1152	Year 6533	2010		
Engineers and shipwrights of Barak Varr unveil their first steam-powered, armour-plated vessels.		The Battle of Hunger Wood. The Dwarf, fight many battles alongside the Empire in the Wars of the Vampire Counts. They take part in the Night Siege of Castle Tempelhof and the defeat of the Vampire Countess Emmanuelle.			



Year 6156 **1633**

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Year 6533 **2010**

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Imperial Dwarfs learn of the corruption of their eastern kin, now the Chaos Dwarfs.

Karaz-a-Karak engineers develop the gyrocopter. Smaller, more manoeuvrable gunboats are introduced by Barak Varr engineers to patrol parts the Blood and Skull River basins which are inaccessible to the older and larger ships.



Year 6825 **2302**

The Great War Against Chaos. Chaos armies pour down from the north, devastating the lands as they come. Karak Vlag disappears in the initial stages of the Chaos Incursion. Karaz-a-Karak is attacked but holds out. The Dwarfs send troops to Kislev, where Magnus the Pious lifts the siege. High King Alriksson distinguishes himself in battle and is honoured by Magnus the Pious.

Year 6826 **2303**

In the final battle of Grovod Wood, Imperial Dwarfs from Karaz Ankor are reunited with the Norse Dwarfs. The High King invites the Norse Dwarf Great King of Kraka Drak to join the Day of Remembrance festivities at Karaz-a-Karak.





THE AGE OF RECKONING

Year 6827 2304

Newly crowned High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer sets out to reclaim what was once the territory of the Dwarfs. Mad Dog Pass is retaken and held.

Year 6844 2321

The Battle of Bloodwater Sound. After destroying the fleets of the Human realms, a Skaven fleet rampages along the coasts of the Old World looting and destroying. Dwarf Ironclads from Barak Varr seek out and defeat the Skaven in the Black Gulf.



Year 6873 2350

The Engineers' Guild Hall in Karaz-a-Karak is destroyed by explosions caused by Burlok Darnminson and Sven Hasselfriesian's pressure vessel experiments.

Year 6887 2364

Bad Beer. The Yinlinsson Clan take stock of a thousand barrels of ale from the Thogri Brewery. The quality is so bad that much of the clan suffers from the rutz for a week afterwards. Thogri is sealed into one of his own barrels and rolled around Karaz-a-Karak for a day and a night.

Year 6943 2420

The Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch rampages through the Worlds Edge Mountains, destroying tombs, mines and small settlements. Grom defeats a Dwarf army sent to oppose him at the Battle of Iron Gate before heading westward into the Empire.

Year 6989 2466

The Razed Fortress. For the fair price of 12 wagons of gold, Dwarf artisans erect a mighty fortress for the Elector Count of Ostermark. Upon completion, they count their payment and, realising the amount due is short by (exactly) two and a half pennies, return with an army and raze the castle to the ground.

Year 6996 2473

Belegar, descendant of King Lunn, declares himself king of Karak Eight Peaks having arrived there and set up camp on the site of the old citadel. What began as a treasure hunting expedition turns into an attempt to recolonise the hold. The Dwarfs descend into the depths and recover many treasures, but are hopelessly outnumbered and live in a state of permanent siege.

Year 7011 2488

Engineer Mungrun. Steelhammer of Barak Varr introduces the Nautilus submersible and clockwork torpedoes into the Dwarf navy.

Year 7021 2498

Battle of the Jaws. A Dwarf army heading south to reinforce Karak Eight Peaks is attacked as it moves through Mad Dog Pass. The Dwarfs, led by Duregar, destroy the attacking Orcs and move southwards. The Dwarf army is ambushed once more at the Battle at the East Gate of Kayak Eight Peaks, but fights its way through to the stronghold with heavy losses.

Year 7026 2503

Karak Azul is attacked by Orcs led by Gorfang Rotgut. Orcs get inside by means of a forgotten tunnel, and pour through the hold looting and slaying. King Kazador's own family is caught defenceless in his throne room, and many are hauled off into captivity in the dungeons of Black Crag. The king's son, Kazrik, is shaven and left behind, nailed in place onto his father's throne as a final insult to the old king. The Orcs leave the stronghold and make their escape, carrying much loot and many captives back to Black Crag. It takes over a decade before Thorgrim Grudgebearer can free all the captives and track down and slay the Orc leaders responsible.

Year 7033 2510

Battle of Broken Leg Gulley. Ungrim Ironfist leads his armies to defeat the rampaging Orc hordes of Gnashrak Badtoof. The campaign culminates with the Battle of Broken Leg Gully, where the Ogre mercenary Golgfag aids the Dwarfs, but later betrays them – a crime for which Ungrim promises he will one day pay.

Year 7038 2515

Ungrim Ironfist beats, captures and then ultimately releases Golgfag Maneater, saying it would be more sporting to hunt him down later.

Year 7042 2519

Battle of a Hundred Cannons. A Goblin horde assails Zhufbar without warning but fails to breach the defences. An army from Karaz-a-Karak rapidly marches to the beleaguered hold's aid. The Goblins are quickly dispersed but it soon becomes evident that the Goblins have actually been fleeing a greater threat. Within weeks a powerful Ogre army bypasses Karak Kadrin and marches on the Moot. The armies of Karaz-a-Karak, Karak Kadrin and Zhufbar unite under High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer and Ungrim Ironfist and give battle as the Ogres ford the River Aver. Just as the Ogres turn at bay, their forces divided by the river, an army of Men from Nuln arrives on the scene. Caught between the Dwarfs and Men, the Ogre ranks are swept by the largest concentration of artillery yet seen in the Old World and utterly destroyed.



Year 7044 2521

Pride and powderkegs. The Imperial School of Engineers claim that their ingenuity surpasses that of their Dwarf allies, leading to raging arguments. The resultant 'field testing contest' escalates when each side decides to demonstrate their superiority in the field of counter-battery fire. Before long the air is filled with silvered shot, runic cannonballs, flaming naptha and helstorm rockets, whilst exploding flying machines and clockwork angels duel with steel zeppelins and Gyrocopter squadrons in the skies above.



INTO THE VALLEY

Thengeln's eyes narrowed as he regarded the horde camped upon the distant grassy plain: Ogres - hailing from the east, bent on destruction and death. Their hulking forms were sketched as grey silhouettes in the predawn light breaking across the horizon.

Hawking a thick goblet of phlegm on the ground, the warrior wiped a gnarled hand across his beard, and realised he wasn't alone. Another Dwarf sat at the lip of the craggy rise upon which he was standing. So still, Thengeln had at first thought he was a rock jutting from the very earth. Only a faint trail of pipe smoke betrayed him.

"Nought but savages," spat Thengeln, standing alongside the stranger.

The Dwarf, his face masked by shadows, responded gruffly and inaudibly, taking a long pull on his pipe. His eyes travelled past the narrow ravine where the rest of the Dwarf army was camped. Below the rise, warriors and Longbeards made ready, hefting shields and axes. War machines were tended and oiled by Engineers. Thunderers primed and checked their finely wrought handguns.



Beyond, the valley widened, a great gulf of verdant green between the Dwarfs and their enemies. The Ogres' campfires were like vast pyres and a great cacophony of bellowing and roaring rent the air as they stomped and smacked their guts in unison - doubtless some kind of primal war ritual. A high palanquin, bedecked with jewels and festooned with gold glittered temptingly in the distant firelight. The Dwarfs, by comparison, were taciturn, though there was a glint in Thengeln's eyes as he regarded the palanquin's lustre.

"Beasts," he remarked, trying to mask his gold lust as he followed the stranger's gaze.

A derisive snort of agreement answered him.

Below, the Dwarf battle line was making ready; cracks of emerging dawn light shimmering off the edges of axes blades and shield rims. In the lightening sky above, darkness crept away from the emboldened sun and a Gyrocopter made a lazy pass.

On the plains, the Ogres too made ready, the valley filled by a wall of brutish muscle as the horde gathered en masse. It was an imposing sight, the creatures hollering, baring teeth and bawling guttural challenges at the Dwarfs.

Thengeln started down the hill. His regiment, the Dour Hammers, were assembling. The battle would soon begin. Even as he did so, cannons were wheeled in place. He turned back to the stranger.

"Grungni watch over..." he began, the blessing arrested when he recognised the other Dwarf.

"My liege," he said reverently. It was the High King himself.

"Go to your brothers," barked Thorgrim Grudgebearer. Thengeln nodded and moved away down the hill.

Thorgrim clenched his fist as he recalled a particular insult inscribed on page 8,983 of the Great Book of Grudges. "Come the morn," he muttered to himself, "there will be a reckoning."

Thorgrim sat alone in the half-darkness, a flickering lantern flame the only source of light. It accentuated the lines in his ancient, weathered-beaten face and threw long shadows like daggers across the pages of the Dammaz Kron, over which he pored.

The High King's gnarled fingers traced slowly, deliberately across the names of the dead. They settled reverently at one set of entries – The Battle of a Hundred Cannons. They'd fought the Ogres that day too. Fought with honour. Lost many sons of Grungni. A Dwarf-wrought cannon had been destroyed. Its crew were named beneath. Thorgrim dipped his stone quill in a pot of reddish ink and with grim satisfaction, struck through the names: Helgar Hengefell, Dwari Stoneback, Rorek Surehand. Grudge fulfilled.

"Rest easy brethren," the venerable Dwarf muttered, his voice like crackling parchment.

He turned a great many pages over, numerous battles, heinous acts and records of the fallen etched upon them, until he came to a place where the pages of the Great Book of Grudges were blank.

A scroll was unfurled on a short stone plinth next to the High King. Upon it were the names of the day's dead. Painstakingly, he began scribing every single one.

"Vengeance," he growled, "shall be done."





To The Northern Hold of Kraka Drak

Norsca

The Empire

Tilea

Badlands

The Dark Lands

The Wolf Lands

Ash Ridge Mountains

The Plain of Bone

The Bitter Sea

Sea of Claws

The Wasteland

Middle Mountains

Troll Country

Skull Road

The High Pass

Karak Vlag

Rumoured location of
the lost stronghold

Karak Ungor
Red Eye Mountain

Zorn Uzkul
The Great Skull Land

The Plain of Zharr

To Zharr
Naggrund

The Blasted
Wastes

World's Edge Mountains

Peak Pass
The Desolation
of Drakenmoor
Rib Peaks

The Silver Road

Mount Silverspear

Mount Grey Hag
(Goblin Lair)

Zhufbar

Black Water

Mount Gunbad

The Moot

Black Fire Pass

Karaz-A-Karak

Everpeak

Mad Dog Pass

Shell River

The Iron Rock

Orc fortress

Karag Dron

Thunder Mountain

Crookback Mountain

Karak Drazh

Orc fort of Black Crag

Death Pass

Karak Eight Peaks

Karak Azul

Iron Peak

Karak Azgal

Dragon Crag

Karag Haraz

Fire Mountain

Ash Ridge Mountains

The Marshes
of Madness

Desolation of Nagash

The Sour
Sea

Cripple Peak
Below which lies
the Cursed Pit

The Broken Teeth

Karag Orrud

Red Cloud Mountain

Mortis
Tarn

Doom
Mountain

To The Lost Hold of
Karak-Zorn

Miles

100 200 300 400 500

	Dwarf Stronghold
	Overrun Stronghold



THE DWARF REALMS

The Dwarfs have lived in the Old World for a very long time and have always made their homes deep beneath the mountains, in the mines and halls carved by their own hands from solid rock. In ages past the Dwarfs prospered and their scattered halls grew into flourishing underground cities. The chief of these were built in the Worlds Edge Mountains, the long chain of mountains that runs from the north of the Old World far into the Southlands. Along their length, ridge after jagged ridge thrusts ever upward, marking the end of the civilised world. Extinct and still smoking volcanoes mark the great fault line that lies deep beneath the world's surface. The Dwarfs delve deep to find the rich veins of mineral wealth that occur in this area. As the Great Ice retreated from the world many thousands of years ago, grinding and shattering the rock into twisted peaks and deep chasms, the first Dwarf prospectors led their people northwards in search of riches. They discovered the wealth of the mountains, hewed their mines into the rock and founded their strongholds amid the loftiest peaks and the most inaccessible valleys.

The Dwarfs are one of the most ancient races of the Warhammer world. From the beginning of time their traditional homeland has been the Worlds Edge Mountains, the vast, forbidding mountain chain that marks the eastern boundary of the Old World. Here, in ages past, the Dwarfs built their massive underground strongholds among the high peaks and tumbling chasms. At its height, their realm spread from the far north to the distant south, while their mines stretched far beneath the earth itself. Those days of glory are now long gone; many strongholds lie in ruins or are

occupied by evil creatures. The great achievements of the past are now nothing more than memories, ancient sagas sung in the halls of the few surviving Dwarf strongholds.



This ancient Dwarf empire was connected by underground roadways, broad enough to drive carts along. Legend tells of the wealth of those days, of gold and silver dug from the mountain, of fabulous jewels won from the rock, and of the precious stones, marble, onyx and jade, that adorned the halls of the Dwarf Kings. Sadly those days are gone, only a memory recited in the stone halls of the Dwarf strongholds that survive. Of the wars that led to the fall of the Dwarf Empire, the sagas say little, but clearly their cities succumbed one by one to the Night Goblins, aided by some dark and evil power of which the Dwarfs do not speak. Today only a fraction of the Dwarfs' old empire remains in their hands. The Dwarfs themselves are few, and their wealth much reduced compared to former times. Still they remain a proud and defiant people, as grim as the mountains and as hard as the rock itself!

"Before me stood a heavily reinforced iron door. The guard saluted the approaching Ironbeard and, puffing a massive set of keys from his belt, he opened the lock. My first sight of the treasure contained within this chamber came as I saw the Dwarf guard's face reflect the golden light of the room. As the doors opened I was presented a sight that few will ever behold. To my dying day the image will forever be burned onto my mind. On each wall of the large chamber hung an assortment of weapons, armour and shields. Rack upon rack of axes, hammers and, to my great surprise, swords filled the chamber. These weapons were not run-of-the-mill items either. Many were wrought from only the finest metals and each had been meticulously polished. Hammers of all shapes and sizes lined the racks next to axes the like of which I have never seen. Fantastic emblems of Dwarf images such as dragons or the masks of Grungni and Grinutir shone brightly on the shields.

My eyes were slowly drawn to the far end of the room. Ott this waft there was arranged but one set of wargear. It was a complete set of armour, including a shield and made from the finest Gromril. The ornate rune cast upon the breastplate of the suit seemed at first to reflect the light of the torches; it was only on close inspection that I realised that it glowed brightly, empowered with some magic source. A great axe hung from the wall. The weapon's blade looked sharper than a razor and not a single notch could be found along its edge. I had little doubt that this axe had seen combat, for runes of battle were engraved upon it. Yet I could not fail to be astounded at the beauty of such a weapon considering its vicious purpose.

Great wings adorned the side of the full face helmet, and I could but only imagine the size of the bird that they had once been attached to. As I left the chamber, the Ironbeard told me how these wings had been taken from a giant eagle which had attacked the High King in the War of Vengeance. The King had slain the beast and its rider it is one fell swipe with his mighty axe.

Never again will I see such an armouy, of that I am sure. The Dwarfs have earned a new respect front me as weaponmiths beyond comparison".

From the memoirs of Leopold Vorwirts, Envoy of the Emperor Boris Goldgathcr.



THE DWARFHOLDS

Amidst the heights and valleys, unseen by Men or Elves, the Dwarfs have chiselled vast architectural wonders. These are nothing less than underground cities – nigh-impregnable strongholds built to house the race of Dwarfs at the height of their power and skill. All of these underground mansions contain impressive fortifications, lower mining levels, great forges and workshops, and stone-hewn streets with living quarters. Although far below ground, the great Karaks are not darksome; they are illuminated by shafts cunningly wrought into the mountainside to allow in daylight. This, along with well-placed glow gems and great braziers, ensures that everywhere sparkles brightly with the glint of gold, the gleam of bronze, and the flash of gems.



Over the long ages, each stronghold of the Dwarfs has developed its own unique character – although in truth, other races probably fail to notice much beyond the fact that all Dwarfs are gruff and cantankerous. Occasionally, different strongholds enter periods of estrangement or even open feuds with one another, yet in the face of a common foe, Dwarfs will cease old hostilities and show great solidarity and resolve.

The Dwarfs were not the only ones to make their homes in the mountains. As their settlements grew, they encountered other ancient races such as Orcs, Goblins, Giants, Trolls and Dragons. Both above the ground amidst the peaks and valleys, and in the dark beneath the world, the Dwarfs were forced to battle for their homes and treasures. Thus was forged the Dwarf race: determined, defiant, enterprising and brave, and so began the constant struggle for survival that the Dwarfs fight even to this day.

GRANDEUR BEYOND IMAGINATION

The inside of a Dwarffold is a sight rarely seen by outsiders, but those who have witnessed these ancient dwellings report them to be of a size and majesty beyond their wildest expectations. Therein lie arched passages, magnificent chambers and many pillared halls beyond what the eye can see. They are massive cities hewn into the world's bedrock – every pillar, post or lintel sculpted with a level of craftsmanship that shames the workings of all other races, for rock is a plaything to Dwarfs. The sprawling underground complexes are made up of halls (those levels at or above the main gate's level), wide avenues and deeps (those levels below the main gate). Everywhere gleams with the glint of gold and gem stones – as the least of Dwarf halls hoards treasures beyond the finest palaces of other races.

Karaz-a-Karak (Everpeak)

Despite suffering attacks beyond number, Karaz-a-Karak has never fallen to an invader. It is the biggest, oldest and most fortified Dwarf stronghold, and one of the most magnificent pieces of architecture in the world. It remains the capital of the Karaz Ankor and is the stronghold of the High King.

Hidden from view by a winding pass that cuts its way through the Worlds Edge Mountains, as you round yet another outcrop on your long trek through the steep treacherous pass the full splendour of the gates of Karaz-a-Karak suddenly looms before you.

The sheer size of the gates will take your breath away, standing at over four hundred feet tall, the gates appear to be carved into the mountainside. A solid flat bastion of stone reaches up to embrace the clouds and if you turn your head towards the sky you can just make out the glint of a multitude of armoured figures patrolling the upper wall. Carved into the gate is the symbol of Valaya, the Dwarf ancestor-goddess. Her image on the gates is said to protect the city from harm and evil magics.

No visitor ever approaches Karaz-a-Karak unannounced. Miles before even a lone traveller reaches the gates his progress will have been spied by the many hidden watchposts that overlook the Everpeak pass. A lone Dwarf in full clan regalia will await you on your arrival. He bears the title of Gatekeeper and it is to him and him alone that you must state your business.





Few these days are allowed access to the great Dwarf city. Once, the gates stood open to all visitors and the Dwarf race was more than welcoming to strangers in their realm. Years of war and devastation have changed that forever and now they do not encourage contact with other races. Should a visitor have good reason, and very good reason only, to enter the kingdom of Karaz-a-Karak, the gatekeeper will knock rhythmically on the door five times with his intricately carved rune hammer then trace the sign of a secret rune into its flat surface. Silvery scams once invisible to even the closest inspection of the smooth granite surface suddenly appear. Seemingly from out of nowhere a doorway no more than four foot high and three foot wide opens.

It has been many centuries since the High King gave instruction to a Gatekeeper to open the main gates. In the year following the terrible earthquake that shook many of the Dwarf realms to their very foundations. Morgrim Ironbeard, the High King of the time, ordered the gates to be closed. This dour period of Dwarf history is known as the Time of Woes. Many of the Dwarf strongholds were under attack from hordes of greenskins and Skaven that flooded out from the caverns to take advantage of the devastation that the earthquake had unleashed on the Dwarfs. In his wisdom the King shut off access to the great city. In

doing so he also shut off the Dwarfs from contact with the outside world and it has remained much this way to the current day. The gates are only opened to allow the High King's army to march to war. In the rare event that this happens, the gates are opened in silence with no ceremony. Dwarfs do not celebrate war and a Dwarf army on the march from Karaz-a-Karak, whilst a sight to behold, is a solemn affair.

The gates of the city have only ever been besieged twice in its long history and both times the besiegers have been forced to abandon their attempts. Even the largest of the great war machines that the Orc Warlord Ugrok Beard Burner brought to bear on the gate barely caused an indentation into the thick stone. The Orc Warlord himself realised the futility of trying to break down the gate with the giant battering ram he had constructed, and the Dwarfs sallied forth and destroyed his horde as he lifted the siege. It is said that amongst the defences of the city great rivers of molten lava can be poured from the mouths of the carved stone dragons that sit atop the upper wall of the gate. Also, it is claimed that the hills around the approach to the gates are filled with powerful steam engines, which can cause avalanches and rockslides, and even drop lengths of the path into hidden chasms and crevasses.

All Dwarfs hold hope in their hearts that one day the giant gate of the great stronghold will open once more and that fine Dwarf craftsmanship will once again be available to trade across the world. Until that day the Dwarfs continue to remain safely protected from the outside world, behind the stone fortress that protects their city.

Here, the traditions of the old Dwarf empire are kept alive in their purest form. It is a city of ritual, temples, statues hewn from the rock and tombs in deep vaults below the city. Here, amongst its ancient temples to the Ancestor Gods, High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer holds court in a vaulted Great Hall large enough to engulf a small Human town. The forest of pillars which forms the mile-long nave is of truly colossal proportions. The whole vastness is illuminated by shafts of light, glowgems and great braziers so that the glint of gold, the gleam of bronze and the warm glow of the rock is everywhere. The tumult of the great throng assembled before the throne in council or in feasting is so raucous that it echoes in the vaults. Karaz-a-Karak has endured through ages past and will endure forever.

Of all the great halls in all the Dwarf kingdoms none has ever surpassed the size, grandeur and sheer elegance of the High Kings Hall in Karaz-a-Karak. Few outsiders have ever been stunted an audience inside the hall. Those who have been so fortunate tell tales of a great vault so lame that it could contain a small human town. The tall roof of the vault is supported by a forest of pillars. Precisely one thousand of these pillars stretch towards the ceiling. Each pillar has been ornately carved by one of the Dwarf clans. On them is carved the symbols and histories of each of the



clans. Many of the pillars are only carved just over halfway; these are the pillars of those clans whose line has been wiped out. Others are almost fully carved from the foot to the top. Each decade a member of the clan will travel to the great hall and spend months recording the history on to, the stone.

The ceiling of the hall is embedded with sapphires and diamonds. These are placed specifically to represent the constellations of the stars. This planetarium is believed to have been the work of High Elves in the distant days when the two nations were united, though no Dwarf will ever speak of this. These stones slitter as they reflect the light cast upon them from the many bronze braziers that are placed at equal short spaced intervals down the length of the Hall. These braziers are finely cast and each one has a ruby set into it. Each of these rubies are the same size, and each one has been identically cut to have the same number of faces on it. If a jewelsmith were ever allowed to examine these stones he would be astounded at the flawless quality of the gems. The glow of the flames illuminates the intricately carved walls. The carvings depict the history of the Dwarf race, beginning with the legends of the Ancestor Gods and telling of each major event and a few of the more obscure minor affairs, that have shaped Dwarf history.

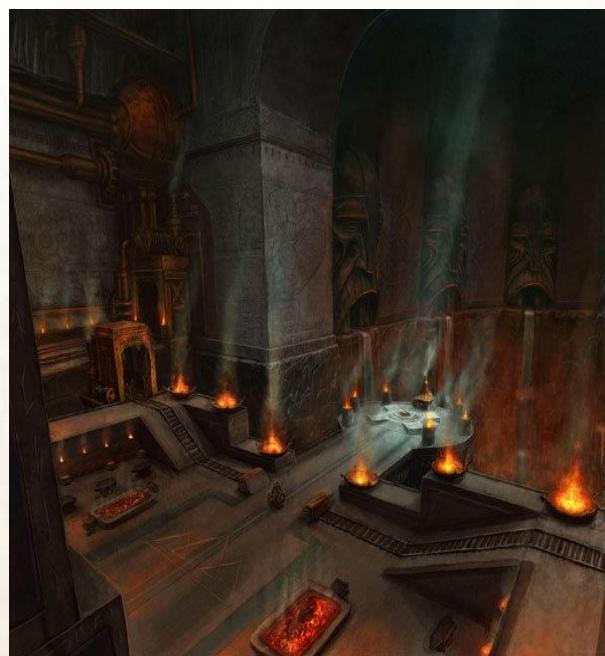
When a new king is crowned he must be able to recite this history word for word before the coronation takes place. This ceremony can take days and the king is fully expected to know every name and detail of each and every incident. Unlike the short-lived memories of Men, Dwarfs are able to recall precisely even insignificant moments of their long lives. A red carpet runs down the mile tons length of the hall to a wide and very steep set of steps made from black marble that reaches up towards the dais. Upon the dais is the High King's throne. The Throne of Power has been in use by the High King for over four thousand years. Four bodyguards lay claim to the honour of being the Throne Bearers. This honour is given only to the strongest of Dwarfs, who have proved themselves loyal and brave in many battles. It is said that the Throne of Power was carved by Grungni himself. He worked the great rune of Azamar into it, known as the Rune of Eternity and such is its power that no Runesmith has ever been able to copy it. Dwarf legend foretells that should the rune ever fail to protect the Throne then the Dwarf race will be doomed.

The hall has been cleverly designed so that when the King sires audience; he is able to speak in whispered tones and even a Dwarf at the very back of the ball would be able to bear him as clearly as if he were stood next to him. Twice every century a Dwarf representative will travel to the ball for the day of Grudgement. On this day the representatives will each take it in turns to recite which grudges have been righted and then they will in turn list those grudges which have since been added to their own books. The High King himself will either strike these out from his own Great Book of Grudges or add them to it. As it is a

magical tome, only the High King himself knows whether the long list grows or shrinks, but from the dour demeanour of the High King it seems that the Dwarfs will be bearing grudges for many more centuries to come.

There are many halls built in Karaz-a-Karak, most of which lie deserted and have not been entered in many centuries. The Dwarfs lather in numbers in the west halls of the old city but they still send their armies off to cleanse out a halt if they bear word that it has been overrun with Goblins or Skaven. When they cleanse a hall they will spend many years restoring it to its former glory, before sealing the doors until the day that the Dwarf nation is once again strong enough to reclaim the mountains.

The Dwarf language is complex and cannot be literally translated into the tongues of Men. Karaz-a-Karak can be roughly interpreted as 'Pinnacle of Mountains'. The Dwarf word for mountain also means 'a thing which endures', so an alternative translation is 'The Most Enduring'. Men call this city Everpeak, which is a good compromise in meaning. This mighty and populous stronghold was the ancient capital of the old Dwarf empire and its lord is the High King of all the Dwarfs. The high kingship has resided with the clans of Karaz a Karak since the founding of the Dwarf cities in these mountains many thousands of years ago. The noble clans of Karaz-a-Karak can trace a direct line of ancestry back to the Dwarf gods themselves. Here are the temples of the venerated Ancestor Gods: Grungni, Grimmir and Valaya. Here is kept the Great Book of Grudges, the Book of Remembering and countless hoarded treasures, each an object of awe and veneration in their own right. After a great deal of bluster and grumbling, even the most independent of Dwarfs from one of the far-off holds will ultimately admit to a fierce pride of Karaz-a-Karak. Although their empire may have crumbled, here at the stony heart of their realm, its power and splendour endure.





Karak Kadrin (Slayer Keep)

Karak Kadrin means something like 'Stronghold of the Pass' in the Dwarf tongue. It is an imposing stronghold carved into the bleak and jagged peaks. It stands south of the great Peak Pass, which in olden times enabled Dwarfs to travel between the western and eastern sides of the mountains. The importance of the route declined when the Dwarfs abandoned the eastern edge of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Today the pass must be guarded carefully, for it is one of the main routes by which invading Orcs and Goblins move westward from their lairs in the dark eastern lands. The Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin guard the Peak Pass against intruders.

Karak Kadrin is the home of fierce Dwarf clans who have set themselves the task of keeping the pass open, and it has never fallen, despite being besieged on many occasions. Perhaps this is because it is the home of the renowned warrior clans of the Troll Slayers and the Giant Slayers as well as other Dwarf elite warrior castes who have set themselves the task of keeping the pass open. Karak Kadrin remains a wealthy centre for trade with the outside world, standing as it does overlooking the caravan route from the eastern steppes of Kislev through the mountains into the Empire. The Dwarfs collect much gold in tolls, paid willingly by merchants in return for the protection of the Dwarf warriors who garrison the many outposts along the way. It is said that there are no Trolls for miles around on account of the Troll Slayers who stray ever wider in search of their prey. Similarly, the Ice Giants are hemmed in to the most inaccessible peaks. As for Orcs and Goblins, their bones litter the slopes around the city, visible among the rocky scree to the hawk-eyed traveller.

In times past, the King of Karaz-a-Karak, a proud individual named Baragor, suffered a terrible loss which drove him to become a Slayer, one of the cult of dishonoured Dwarfs who seek out death by fighting large and powerful monsters. However, as king his responsibilities to his kin could not be put aside, and so he remained as Lord of Karak Kadrin and did not



disappear into the wilderness to find death. He became the first Slayer King, and because he was unable to seek death personally, he encouraged other Slayers to come to Karak Kadrin. He built the Shrine of the Slayers and collected tales of famous Slayers, paying the most talented bards to compose epic songs to commemorate their deeds encouraging other Slayers to come to Karak Kadrin. Since that time his descendants have been known as the Slayer Kings, and all tarry the burden of the unfulfilled vow made by their ancestor. The current Slayer King of this tough and enduring stronghold is King Ungrim Ironfist. Slayers still flock to Karak Kadrin, where their deeds are commemorated and their axe skills put to good use against the many surrounding foes.

Karak Azul (Iron Peak)

The last of the great southern holds to remain under Dwarf control, Karak Azul, is situated over the richest iron mines in the Worlds Edge Mountains. The name of this famed stronghold means 'Iron Peak' in the Dwarf language. The richest deposits of iron in all the Worlds Edge Mountains lie around Karak Azul. Other metals occur here too as well as gems in great quantity. The stronghold has become a centre of metalworking where some of the most skilled Dwarf weaponsmiths practice their art. Several of the stronghold's ancient clans claim direct descent from Grungni himself, the great Ancestor God. King Kazador rules Karak Azul, although it has become a grim and joyless place since a brutal Orc invasion took the lives of his family. He has

DWARF OUTPOST STRONGHOLD

Dwarf strongholds were built to control the mining regions of the Worlds Edge Mountains during the period of the great Dwarf empire. Many still stand in these mountains and as Dwarfs like to stick with a good design if it works, castles built to exactly the same plans can be found elsewhere in the Old World. However, most now lie ruined and other races have raised up their own fortresses on their massive foundations. The strongest were hewn out of knolls of rock with only the upper battlements needing to be built from colossal stone blocks transported to the site.

The typical plan of a Dwarf stronghold is rectangular although it was also common for the walls to follow the natural contour of the rock face in the bigger fortresses. Sometimes the fort is just a massive gatehouse leading into a vast subterranean vault which the Dwarfs have mined out over the years.

The gateways of the forts are often flanked by colossal statues of its inhabitants' ancestors and carvings of ancestor heads adorn the battlements. Drawbridges and moat arrangements are rare as Dwarfs rely upon a series of massive bronze and iron gates to defend the entrances to their strongholds. Some of these gates are lowered from above, via a complicated series of pulleys and levers, like a portcullis.



become a dark and brooding avenger, a great pursuer of his people's enemies. He is fiercely dedicated to the High King, for it was Thorgrim who delivered revenge, presenting Kazador with the head of Gorfang Rotgut, the Orc who slew his kin.

Over the centuries, the other holds fell to the Goblins or were invaded by Skaven, but Karak Azul has endured, thanks in no small part to the determination and skill of its weaponmiths, brimming armouries and warlike traditions. It was attacked through tunnels, but was so well defended with many good, well-armed warriors that the caverns were held and the invaders turned back. They were then sealed with colossal masonry, unbreachable even by the engines and beasts of Chaos. These days, Karak Azul supplies armaments to all the Dwarfholds and there are few weapons that can match the keenness of a blade made by its craftsmen. Many rune weapons are forged here where the secret art of runes is well understood. The keenest blades and the most impenetrable suits of armour come from the anvils of Karak Azul. There, the finest Runesmiths, watched over by Thorek Ironbrow, toil to forge weapons to arm the beleaguered outposts found throughout the Karaz Ankor. Weapons are carried out through hidden mountain trails and along the Underway to supply beleaguered outposts throughout the Worlds Edge Mountains. They are escorted by elite warriors from the clans of Karak Azul.

"For ten thousand kindred dead we swear vengeance against Grimspike Pass. No peace until the mountain is mined to exhaustion and the rocks of the pass are as dust."

The Karak Azul Book of Grudges

Barak Varr (Sea Gate)

Barak Varr means 'sea gate' in Khazalid, the Dwarf tongue. It is unique in that it is the only Dwarf stronghold located on the coast, its tunnels and caverns carved into the towering sea cliffs of the northern Black Gulf. Approaching from the land there is no indication at all of the busy port that lies ahead. In fact, even standing on the cliff edge it seems to the unsuspecting eye that the ships are destined to smash themselves into the cliff face. Caves carved back into the rock carry the waters of the Black Gulf deep under the tall white cliffs. Here, in vast water-filled caverns under the bluff is a deep-water harbour where the Dwarf fleet sits in proud rows. Barak Varr functions as a seaport for the Dwarf realm. Here Dwarf gold and metalwork is exchanged for the riches of many lands and adventurers have set out to found colonies in far off Lustria and other lands.

The stronghold of Barak Varr is small in comparison to the other strongholds that tunnel deep into the Worlds Edge Mountains, but the Dwarfs of the Hold enjoy a relatively cosmopolitan lifestyle, and are less dour and introverted than other Dwarfs. Not only is it one of the few strongholds that has remained open to traders from other nations, but the Dwarfs of Barak Varr are renowned for their hospitality. It is said that a Dwarf breakfast is a feast large enough to fill even the belly of the plumpest Halfling.

Dwarfs have a strong dislike for water and the Dwarfs at Barak Varr are unusual in that some of them become sailors. Even so, they still do not relish setting foot on flimsy wooden ships which could easily break up in a strong gale. They put their faith in huge iron constructions very much like fortresses. With little patience for vagaries of the wind or tide, the Dwarfs propel their ships with paddles driven by pounding steam boilers which are located deep within the armoured hulls of these vessels, the workings of which are kept secret by the Dwarf engineers.

Dwarfs have a strong dislike of water and the Dwarfs at Barak Varr are unusual in that many of them become sailors. Even so, they still do not relish setting foot on the flimsy wooden ships used by Men and Elves. Instead they put their faith in huge iron vessels driven by paddles and powered by steam boilers located deep within heavily armoured hulls, the arcane secrets of which are kept by the Sea Engineers Guild.

Traders of every realm, from Araby to Lustria, gather together at Barak Varr, knowing that they can expect the legendary hospitality of the Dwarfs to refresh them on their arrival. Within the Hold there are many highly regarded establishments providing fare as diverse and impressive as any city in the Old World. Amongst the most famous locations within Barak Varr is the White Pony tavern where they stock a variety of beers and spirits from all around the known world, and a traveller can spend days there without ever sampling a drink twice. It is a major trading centre, where bargains are made between merchants from many lands. In the



market area of the port a visitor can buy anything, from fine Araby silks to exotic Lustrian statues, Haffling mixed spices to fertility charms from the Southlands. The goods are then carried up Skull River by the Dwarf ships, and then up through the Old Dwarf Road to Karaz-a-Karak and beyond.

The city was founded in the time of the Dwarf Empire, before the Border Princedoms were established in this wilderness region. The trade route inland to the Dwarf hinterlands in the mountains follows the course of the Blood River. In the high valleys of the foothills are the workshops and shipyards where the Dwarf Ironclad battleships are built and launched. The ships move downstream to the port and upstream again for refits and repairs. This area was never dominated by Orc invaders, mainly because the Orcs were unable to cross the Blood River in the face of the Dwarf gunboats patrolling its entire length. Indeed the Border Princes benefit greatly from Dwarf domination of Blood river valley, which would otherwise have been the front line against the Orc onslaughts.

Dwarf ships are built and launched on the headwaters of the Blood River and steam down to the sea. If the captains see Goblins massing on the southern banks of the river, they will open fire on them. Dwarfs regularly test the guns of their new ships on any enemies seen on the horizon from the bridges of their Ironclads. The immediate area south of the river is now cleared of Goblin encampments, but further south some enterprising Orc warlords have enlisted the help of Chaos Dwarfs from the far north and built their own coastal strongholds to challenge the supremacy of Barak-Varr.

"Labouring hard with a shovel in the darkness,
stoking a massive boiler and bathing in the beat. Life
on board an Ironclad, eh? Just like being at borne."

*'One-eye' Morgin – Sea Engineer
aboard the Legend of Grimmir*

Because it is tunnelled into the cliffs the stronghold is almost impervious to attack by land. More than one nation has tried to assault Barak Varr by sea in the past, but the immense firepower of the Dwarf fleet has always driven away enemy armadas. Combined with the many cannons whose barrels bristle from revetments along the cliff face, an enemy fleet has to be very brave to approach the stronghold. Only a fool fights a fort.

Although it is strictly located in the lands of the Border Princes, this is diplomatically ignored by the estranged Dukes and Barons, as the stronghold protects them from invasion. The generosity favoured to the Dwarfs also extends to the Dwarfs' free passage along the many trade routes that lead through the Border Princes, if truth be known, the Dwarfs inhabited the Border Princes long before any other race laid claim to the land and probably constructed the roads themselves. It is in fact the Dwarfs who put up with the presence of Men in their ancestral realm purely because there is very little mineral wealth to be mined from the lands. The Border Princes benefit greatly from the Dwarf domination of Blood River Valley, as their gunboats clear away any Orc tribes that wander too close which would otherwise have been the front line against the Orc onslaughts.





Although the Dwarfs of Barak Varr are noted for their steam-powered ships they also maintain a standing army. Any enemy approaching Barak Varr will first be confronted by the armies of the Border Princes. These warlike lords are fiercely protective of their domains and can be expected to mount strong resistance. Even if they are overcome then there is no way into Barak Varr that can easily be assaulted as the approaches run through tunnels well set with thick gates, cunning traps and solid defences. Approaching from seaward is even more hazardous, one must face both the Dwarf fleet and the most formidably gunned defences in the Old World.

Because of this, Throng Barak Varr is rarely mustered to fight invaders, as there is, after all, little for them to defend that is near at hand. Barak Varr's primary interests are the sea lanes, along which trade is

conducted, and the nations that engage in trade. The army of Barak Varr is therefore most likely to be seen well away from its own lands, protecting the wider interests of the Hold.

Throng Barak Varr has fought in Tilea and Estalia, bringing those merchants who dare to deal dishonestly to justice. Their banners have flown in Araby when rogue Pashas have attempted to fill their treasuries through piracy and in Khemri where the Dwarfs reason the dead have no use for the gold that lies in tombs beneath the sands. When distant outposts like Skeggi in Lustria have been threatened the only help they can expect is from Barak Varr, as a friendly port in those waters is almost as valuable as gold (almost!). In all these cases the army is transported by the fleet, a feat made easier as the Dwarfs that make up the Throng are in the main the same Dwarfs that crew the fleet.

THE VOYAGERS OF BARAK VARR

Barak Varr is home to a part of the Engineers Guild known as the Sea Engineers. This organisation specialises in building the great ironclad ships for which Barak Varr is famous. There is something about such vast machines that fascinates the more megalomaniac engineers and there is nowhere else in the Dwarf realm where such engineering feats are possible or required.

Dwarfs are not generally fond of the sea; it is, after all, a very different environment to their mountain holds. Many regard it as being the domain of the Elves and as such no place for proper, right-thinking Dwarfs. There is certainly no record of Dwarfs taking to sea in vessels powered by oar and sail as they have no natural talent as mariners.

The creation of steam engines large enough to power iron vessels changed all that however. By making iron float and by directing their vessels without dependence on tide or wind the Dwarfs feel they have conquered the sea and proven the dominance of earth over water. Moreover they have, to their own satisfaction, proven that anything the Elves can do, they can do better.

There are relatively few Ironclad vessels in existence and those that there are can be divided into broad categories. The typical Ironclad is the equivalent of other races' galleys and ships of the line in size. It is a broad category, however, and every ship is a unique creation that is testament to the skill of the engineer that built it. Monitors are smaller than Ironclads and are well-suited to patrolling rivers and inland lakes as well as oceans. They carry less fuel than Ironclads so cannot steam so far without refuelling. Monitors are rarely seen outside the Black Gulf and the Tilean Sea, whereas Ironclads can reach Lustria when fully provisioned. Dreadnoughts are even larger than Ironclads and each is a veritable floating fortress, complete with massive turreted cannon, far larger than anything seen on land.

There have been very few engineers skilled enough to build a Dreadnought and the sheer cost precludes them being built in numbers.

The greatest Kings of Barak Varr have marked their reigns by commissioning a Dreadnought and each one is a mechanical marvel unparalleled in the world. The credit for designing the first Dreadnought belongs to the legendary Engineer Hengist Cragbrow and every one built since has owed something to his vision. Equally rare is the Nautilus. This is a ship actually capable of travelling beneath the waves. The first Nautilus was built by Cragbrow's one-time apprentice, Mungrun Steelhammer. Steelhammer was determined to make a name for himself and, unable to match the scale of his Master's creations, built something completely different instead. Other Nautiluses have since been built but in many ways it was an invention that was ahead of its time then and is still ahead of its time now.

Steam-powered vessels opened the world's oceans to Dwarf trade and ensured that wherever you go in the Old World and beyond there is a good chance you will find Dwarfs, curious to hear news from the World's Edge Mountains and eager to taste thick, Dwarfish ale again.

Ironically the Dwarfs' ability to traverse the world's oceans owes much to the Elves. No Dwarf would admit this, but without accurate charts it does not matter how powerful one's ship is. Within Barak Varr the Dwarfs maintain their Book of Charts. Whilst it might originally have been a single tome it is now more of a library. Many of the charts therein have been bought from Tilean merchants quite properly but the earliest maps, the ones that made seafaring possible, are believed to have been looted from the Elves during the War of Vengeance. These charts have spared Dwarfs the irksome task of exploring; instead they have always known where they are going.

An example of this is the aforementioned Mungrun Steelhammer. His last ill-fated voyage was made in concert with Estalian privateers. Mungrun accompanied one of their expeditions to Lustria in his Nautilus. Together they hoped to explore and loot the fabled sunken city of Chupayotl. The Estalians had searched for the city for generations without success, but found it with Mungrun's help. Clearly Mungrun had access to charts that showed the course to the city. The tragedy of Steelhammer's last voyage is that only one of his crew ever returned to Barak Varr.

30 years after the expedition departed a Dwarf was freed from the oars of an Araby galley, his mind long gone. He was recognised by a kinsman as being one of Mungrun's mariners. All he would talk about was great, black eyes and webbed claws. Dwarfs will dare much for gold however, and despite this salutary tale it is only a matter of time before another great Dwarf mariner follows fire Steelhammer's wake.



Zhufbar (Torrent Gate)

The most mechanised of strongholds, Zhufbar is built into a deep chasm down the mountainside from Black Water, a day's trek from Karak Varn. This chasm has been worn over time from a torrential waterfall that cascades down through its centre. Here the ingenious Dwarfs have constructed thousands of water wheels to power their drop hammers, ore crushers and washing pans. The chasm resounds to the noise of mining operations, creaking wheels and the rushing waters. The city contains the principle shrine of the Dwarf Engineers Guild and it is a centre for metalwork and every kind of industry. At night, the chasm glows with a thousand furnace fires. The meteoric iron gromril, mined in Karak Varn, used to be smelted here.

The sound of thousands of grinding water wheels, wheezing bellows and pounding drop hammers echoes off nearby peaks – a never-ceasing tumult of industry. Spark-ridden smog wreathes the peak above, and at night, the chasm glows from untold furnace fires. Rebuilt after its near-destruction during the Time of Woes, Zhufbar is the centre of metalwork for the Karaz Ankor and also contains the principal shrine of the Dwarf Engineers Guild. Although it is surrounded by greenskin tribes, and its lowermost levels are riddled with Skaven, Zhufbar stands strong. In addition to its visible defences, the stronghold also contains a series of retractable towers, iron-clad gun bunkers and rune-protected blast walls. A formidable airfleet, berthed in telescopic launch bays hidden about the mountainside, also ensures that besieging forces never survive for long.

Zhufbar is surrounded by hostile Orc and Goblin tribes, while below ground the tunnels of the Skaven break into the Dwarf mines. Zhufbar has been attacked many times but has always managed to hold out. The deepest levels are dangerous places where Dwarfs and Skaven vie for control of the lower chambers.

During the Time of Woes, the earthquakes broke the outermost fortifications and drained the lake, and even as the giant wheels creaked to a halt, the attackers came. Orc tribes lay siege on all sides while from numberless tunnels below came Skaven and Night Goblins. Fighting spread along the length of the chasm and much machinery was wrecked. At one point, the Dwarf defenders were driven back into their halls, before they stubbornly advanced to cast many foes down the mountainside. To their amazement, so much blood was spilt into the chasm that the few unbroken drop hammers began to work again – devices quickly put to work driving the remaining foes out. Zhufbar held only after the lower levels were collapsed. It would take over 300 years to rebuild.



Karak Eight Peaks

In its heyday the city of Karak Eight Peaks was the most important of all the southern holds. Its countless halls and galleries, mines and tunnels, shrines and temples almost rivalled those of Karaz-a-Karak in splendour. Its original Dwarf name was Vala-Azrilungol which means 'Queen of the Silver Depths', and this hold was not just famed for its wealth, but also its location. A large portion of the city was built above ground, in a great natural amphitheatre ringed by eight high peaks: Karag Zilfin, Karag Yar, Karag Mhonar, Karagril (also called Silverhorn), Karag Lhune, Karag Rhyn, Karag Nar and Kvinn-Wyr (which means 'The White Lady'). Not only was the city difficult to approach, protected as it was by eight lofty, snow-clad mountains, but its fortifications were formidable. The walls encompassed a vast area, but there was even more below the surface of the rock than stood above, for here were the great vaulted courts and plazas, deep mines and the tombs of kings.



The High Elves recorded visiting Karak Eight Peaks long before their strife with the Dwarfs and were amazed at its sheer size and unassailable walls, and they gloried in the magnificence of the city nestled amongst those towering peaks. Yet more amazed still would they have been if they had travelled below. The Dwarfs delved deep below this fortress, and over the ages they carved out countless halls, mines, tunnels and shrines. Down in the depths were great vaulted courts, endless plazas and elaborate tombs housing revered ancestors and the mighty kings of old. It was said that not even one hundredth of the glory of Karak Eight Peaks was above ground. Here was a Dwarfhold strong and mighty, built for the ages.

Karak Eight Peaks fell about two and a half thousand years ago, when hordes of Orcs and Goblins attacked from above and Skaven invaded from the tunnels below. The end came for Karak Eight Peaks when the volcanoes to the south exploded and belched forth a great smothering cloud of ash. The ashen rain and the clouds that blotted out the sun caused the crops on the terraces to wither. The Dwarfs living outside the walls retreated into the city for safety. The surrounding land was left to marauding Orcs. Thinking themselves secure, the Dwarfs were suddenly attacked by surprise through the tunnels and caves beneath their own city. It was the same sad tale as befell other strongholds. The Dwarfs fought a rear-guard action, tunnel by tunnel, cave by cave, vault by vault, dying where they stood. Gradually they were overwhelmed by Orcs, Goblins and their terrible allies, the Skaven. The ratmen brought warpstone up from the hidden depths or perhaps they found it in the ash spewed from the volcanoes, but somehow it polluted the wells and subterranean rivers that fed the city's water supply. After sealing up the sacred shrines of their ancestors and what treasures they could not save, the Dwarfs finally abandoned the doomed city. Built in a natural amphitheatre ringed by eight snow-covered peaks, the



city above ground lay in ruins swarming with greenskins, while the caverns were left to the Skaven and nameless things that crawled and bred in the dark halls, mines and tombs below, tainted by the fouled water. Over the years, the ruins were plundered many times, as various tribes of Orcs and Goblins, and countless clans of Skaven, fought for control of the city and its deeps – like scavengers vying over the carcass of a slain beast. The loss of this ancient and powerful hold was a terrible disaster for the Dwarfs and signalled the end for all the southern holds with the exception of Karaz Azul.

In the centuries following the fall of Karak Eight Peaks the Dwarfs sent many expeditions to try and recapture the hold – each time being repulsed with terrific losses. Some went only to explore or recover relics but all dreamed of one day returning to the home of their ancestors. Such was the fame of Karak Eight Peaks and its treasure that not all of these adventurers were Dwarfs. Some were men from the western realms come to seek fame and fortune amongst the ruins of the Dwarf Empire. The last expedition was led by Belegar, leading descendants of the clans that once ruled the stronghold. Despite constant fighting, and the slow attrition of their colony, they grimly hold on to a small portion of the ruins which have been reclaimed. It is a slow and costly process, finding and sealing the tunnels by which the Goblins and Skaven entered the city, and walling up those caverns too poisoned by Chaos to be reclaimed. It was here that Gotrek Gurnisson the Troll Slayer and his companion Felix Jaeger slew the monstrous warped Troll who'd desecrated the tomb vaults. When the monster was dead they laid to rest the spirits of the ancestors and reclaimed the sword Karaghul, for which many had tried and perished.

"At the zenith of our ancient power, it was a wonder to the world; more beautiful than even Everpeak, open to the sky. A sign of our wealth and power, strong beyond the measure of all. We thought it would never fall and the mines would be ours forever... What fools we were. In pride we built Eight Peaks, sure of our mastery of stone and the dark beneath the world. Yet even as we built the city, the seeds of its doom were planted. We were weary of war when the Black Mountains belched forth their cloud of ash; our people had returned to the safety of their cities. Yet, from the heart of our realm, from the place we imagined ourselves the strongest, the foe burst forth... From the tunnels far below any we had dug, our enemies struck into the core of the fortress. Through the mines that had been the source of our wealth poured armies of Goblins and rat-like Skaven and things far, far worse... Ach, manling, you have some inkling of how far we have fallen. The days of our glory are behind us. Once we created all this. Now we huddle in a few shrunken cities and wait for the end of the world. The day of the Dwarf has gone, never to return. We crawl like maggots through the work of elder days and the glory of what once was ours mocks us today."

*Gotrek Gurnisson,
former inhabitant of Karak Eight Peaks*



THE UNDERWAY

In the great days of the Dwarf empire, all the largest strongholds were linked by underground roads hacked through the solid rock. This complex system of tunnels is called the Underway or Ungdrin. From the main tunnel, other smaller tunnels led off to individual mines, forts, watchtowers and outlying strongholds. Nowadays, the system lies in ruins. It was partly destroyed by the massive eruptions that brought the Dwarf empire to its knees. This led the way to the tunnels being invaded by Skaven and Goblins, and many of the subsidiary branches were lost to these or other creatures. Over the years, other parts of the tunnels have collapsed or become dangerous.

Today the Ungdrin is unsafe. Not only is it prone to rockfalls, but also its length is often broken by chasms and pits that open up unexpectedly. Monsters of all kinds lurk in even the broadest and most structurally sound sections, and there are many Night Goblins living amongst the tunnels.

In recent years, routes through to the still-inhabited strongholds and outposts have been cleared and partially repaired. Although still dangerous, the Dwarfs are able to travel through the tunnels once more, although they only do so in large numbers and fully armed. Such Underway forces are also mustered to make expeditions into fallen Holds, their expertise at underground fighting essential in the foe-infested depths of places such as Karak Azgal and Karak Drazh.



Dwarf expeditions are frequently dispatched to explore and clear further sections of the old system. Once again, the Dwarfs can travel the Underway, although they only do so in large throngs, ready to fight, for it is a continual battle, and one that faces constant setbacks and defeats. Nonetheless, the Dwarfs are gradually opening up some of their ancient mines and rediscovering the abandoned treasures of their ancestors.

I had expected the Underway, or Undgrin as it is known in the Khazalid tongue, to be a treacherous ruined route. My research into the histories of the Dwarf nations led to my belief that it had been virtually destroyed in the Time of Woes. To my great amazement what I found was a road that makes the Aftifolf seem like a farm track in comparison. Wide enough for two cavalry regiments to pass each other with ease, the undgrim is truly spectacular. I hired a guide to escort me to my destination of Karak Kadrin, although I plan to make a detour to encompass a visit to Zhufbar on route.

My guide informed me on some of the history of the Undgrin. It woad seem that it was constructed in the time of the High King snorri Whitebeard. Originally it was designed to link the northern strongholds with those of the south, as the winding northern strongholds ore shipments, treacherous mountain routes proved to exact a high toll on Dwarf. As trade began to flourish, the Dwarfs saw a need to expand the route. A series of routes were added to the main road, 'Umwan' in Khazafid, linking each of the major Dwarf settlements together. Before the great earthquakes, the Dwarf engineers had even constructed a gigantic steam driven wagon which puffed carts filled with ore up and down the route.

Unfortunatetly all this was destroyed in the Time of Woes. The great earthquakes collapsed and blocked off communications between the strongholds. Most of the mountain passes had been usurped by Goblins and were no longer safe to travel, and thus the strongholds found themselves isolated and vulnerable to attack.

It was with this in mind that I expected to find a ruinous rocky route but my expectations were proved wrong. The Dwarfs have rebuilt much of the northern section of the Limwan and many of its tributary roads. Every twenty feet a massive oil torch burns, lighting up the busy route. Gigantic pillars reach up one hundred feet to the ceiling of the Underway, which is so smoothly hewn from the rock that it reflects the light of the torches. Many engineers are busy constructing areas of the route, though what they are actually doing I can but speculate. Most of those engineers whom we passed were busy in conversation and seemed little concerned by the disruption that their work caused.

More carts than I have ever laid eyes upon travel the Undgrin, all laden with precious ores and gemstones.

As I passed some tributary routes, I took note that they were blocked off from access posted at their entrances. These, my guide informed me, were sections and many had guards these routes are occupied that are still ruinous. Many of them over. From what myb y hordes of Shaven and Goblins who took advantage of the earthquakes to take guide told me, I gathered that it is the Dwarfs' highest priority to clear these sections of vermin and to once again sink all of the Dwarf Mids. Should they achieve this, I have little doubt that once again the Dwarf nation will flourish.

Your most faithful servant, Jacob Stacheldhorf



THE LOST REALMS

There were once many Dwarf outposts all over the Worlds Edge Mountains, including mines, fortresses and small strongholds. Since the glory days of the Golden Age, many Dwarfholds, including some of the largest and most ancient, have fallen. Many were destroyed during the Goblin Wars, and their ruins litter the mountains, these days serving as lairs to monsters or held by the likes of Orcs, Goblins, Skaven, or human bandits. Once these huge strongholds were the centres of sprawling realms with outposts, mines and fortresses all around them. The most important of these many Dwarf strongholds are described below.

Karak Azgal (Dragon Crag)

In its heyday the City of Jewels, Karak Izril in the Dwarf tongue, formed perhaps the most extravagant Hold that has ever been built. Men know the mountain simply as Dragon Crag. Once ranked amongst the largest Dwarf settlements, whose wealth exceeded that of even Karak-a-Karaz, this fortune would ultimately lead to its downfall. Built within a mountain range that contained particularly large deposits of a variety of gemstones, it is said that such was the wealth in the city that every Dwarf house had a large gem as its doorknob. Here precious metals were mined and gems of all kinds were washed from the gravels of the mountain steams. The city was home to a great and famous guild of jewellers.

The stronghold held out for many centuries along with Karak Eight Peaks, Karak Drazh and Karak Azul, withstanding massive Goblin invasions and constant pressure from Skaven in the depths. With the fall of Karak Eight Peaks many of the trade routes to the other



Dwarf strongholds were opened to the Orcs. Taking full advantage of this, the Orcs, already encouraged by their victory, poured through these passes and assaulted the neighbouring Holds. The city was attacked time and again, finally falling to an overwhelming onslaught after the great tower had been brought down in the earthquakes.

Even the Orcs had heard of the wealth of Karak Izril and flocked to breach its sturdy gates, aided by enormous war engines that were magically animated to life. The attack caught the fortress by surprise and was orchestrated with an intense ferocity fuelled by greed for the Dwarfs' gemstones. The greenskins amassed on the north wall. This section of the fortress had particularly weak defences – as the Dwarfs in their pride had thought Karak Eight Peaks, which faced this wall, would never fall. Following the destruction of Karak Eight Peaks the Skaven had begun to swarm into the Southern Mountains. The Skaven masses had for many years been tunnelling into the deepest Dwarf gem mines, and their leaders decided to use the Orc attack to their advantage. The Dwarfs of Karak Izril found themselves under attack from their weak north wall and from the mines below. Faced on two weak flanks by far superior numbers, the Dwarfs knew that they stood no chance of saving the city, but Dwarfs would rather die than give up their treasure.

The Dwarf defenders gathered in a deep vault and it was here they made their stand against the massed attack from both Skaven and Orcs hungry for Dwarf blood. As the last Dwarf fell the Orc general realised that the defence of the vault had been a clever ruse. Despite a thorough plundering, its fabled treasures could not be found; the disgruntled invaders left in disgust to attack Karak Drazh. The moment the Orcs breached the wall and poured into the city, a small unit of Engineers, accompanied by the Runelord Stormbeard, had carried the treasures to a separate vault away from the main city and sealed up the vast hoard in the cave. Whilst the doomed Dwarf warriors sold their lives dearly to gain time, Stormbeard had inscribed special Runes of Hiding so that only he would ever know of the exact location of the door to the treasure. The Dwarfs vowed to return and what better incentive than an enormous pile of precious stones. On leaving the doomed city, the Runelord renamed the once grand stronghold Karak Azgal or 'Hoard Peak'.

The Dwarfs did not return quickly enough to recover their treasures buried by the clever runelord. War with the Orcs and Goblins had depleted their resources and the glory of the Dwarf kingdoms was at an end. After the destruction of Karak Azgal, the dragon Graug the Terrible made his nest within the ruins. Dragons have a unique ability to smell gold and precious stone and so Graug soon discovered the vault. These monstrous creatures attract a mate through the size of their treasure hoard, and Graug added to the already vast hoard over the following centuries. It was then that Karak Azgal came to be known as the Dragon Crag.



This dragon sat upon the ancient hoard for many years, driving out other monsters and dooming all attempts to reoccupy the stronghold. As the dragon grew older and bigger, so the mound of treasure grew with the artefacts which the dragon gleaned from the scorched ruins of the towns and castles that he preyed upon.

Rumours of the enormous size of the dragon's hoard began to attract adventurers from the Empire and Bretonnia who sought to slay the dragon and claim the treasure. The reptilian monster slayed all who dared seek out the wealth for themselves. Many expeditions were sent by the Dwarf jewelsmith's guild, but it was a young bearding by the name of Skalf, later called the Dragonslayer, who finally discovered the lost vault. He penetrated the dragon's secret bower and discovered the high heap of gold, liberally scattered with the tarnishing armour and mouldering bones of the many Empire and Bretonnian knights who had attempted to defeat the wyrm. The dragon was sleeping, and awoke at the very instant that Skalf's gromril runeblade cleaved the horny scale hide of his throat. Powerful runes glowed in dragon's blood and gold scattered about the dark vault as the monster lashed out in his death spasm.

The dragon's bones remain in the vault on top of the treasure heap. The Dwarf jewelsmiths have returned and their hammers ring once more in the workshops. The ivory of the dragon's teeth are fashioned into the hilts of runewards, its scale hide into shields. The hollow bones of his wings are now the bellows pipes of the gold furnace. Ancient jewels adorn the plump necks of Dwarven princesses of the house of Skalf Dragonslayer.

Unfortunately, there were too few Dwarfs to establish a firm hold on the city, and soon the ruins were overrun with greenskins who, it was said, were so rich that their Trolls fed on nothing but gemstones. Today, Kargun Skalfsson claims the Kingship of Karak Azgal, but he does so while set up in a small fortress outside the main entrance – for the stronghold has grown too dangerous to enter and he has never succeeded in establishing his rule over the ruins themselves. The Dwarfs have tried to keep tight control over what is removed from the ruins, sealing up unauthorized entry points, exacting a toll for anyone entering the ruins, and levying a tax on what is brought up. The tunnels are full of Goblins, Skaven and other, more dangerous monsters, but now the dragon is gone it is possible once more to search for gold amidst the ruins.

Ever since Karak Eight Peaks was retaken, the Dwarfs hold out against attack in this remote outpost in the hope that one day soon the southern Holds will flourish once again. Since those days the stronghold has become a haven for adventurers and fortune seekers. The influx of immigrants soon became too much for the Dwarf hold to support. A shantytown grew outside the gates of the city, filled with cutthroats and adventurers looking to make their fortune in the Dragon Crag. Over time, the Dwarfs encouraged the development of this town in an effort to keep some of the riff raff of the Old World out of Skalf's Hold. The result was the formation of Deadgate, a rough and tumble place at the foot of the hill leading up to the hold. Consisting of wooden buildings, most poorly constructed and hastily built, it is the first stop for those arriving in Karak Azgal.





For Skalf he was but short in size, in courage towered high.
Unto the lair of Graug he stepped, no fear lest he should die.
Fortune blessed him with her kiss, for thus the beast it slept.
Over gold and rainbow stone, the youngest Dwarf be crept.
The bones of Men of virtue high lay scattered where they fell,
For honour had they met their death, did noble lives they sell.
For many centuries bad the dragon lain upon its cache.
Little did the dread wyrm dream that it had met its match.
In his band the young Dwarf bore an ancient runic blade.
Upon the open neck of Graug, the deepest cut it made.
In the cavern did it rain a shower of gem and gold
Re ancient beast formed dance of death, slain by a Dwarf so bold.
Dragonslayer and his kin did city lay their claim.
In Karak Azgal to this day do Skalf Clan Dwarfs remain.
To seek a fortune, risking death a small toll must you pay.
But fare ye strong in courage then to Azgal make your way.

*Verse 24, taken from 'The Fall of the Southern Holds',
a traditional Dwarf song recanted on the eve of the
fall of Karak Eight Peaks.*

Today, the Dwarfs still have not reclaimed their glory days. Brave promises of a return to the greatness of the past have gone unfulfilled. They are few in number, and even the successful holds like Karak Azgal do not have the strength to clear out the encroaching Orcs and Skaven. Like hens on an egg, the Dwarfs of the Dragon Crag sit on the mines of their ancestors, content to let others delve into the depths to bring up treasures and other artefacts – all for a price, of course.

Karak Drazh (Black Crag)

In ancient times Karak Drazh was one of the largest Dwarf strongholds. This evil fortress overlooks another important route through the mountain chain. The crag and pass are named after the massive black granite outcrops and boulders, which give the whole region a brooding, grim and evil look, especially at dawn and dusk when the mountains throw their shadows over the land. Built at the western end of what is now known as Death Pass, Karak Drazh was a vast mountain fortress, and its mines spread throughout and under the pass and

its surrounding mountains. Its people were very wealthy on account of the rich veins of metal ore and gems that lay under their stronghold. Karak Drazh survived the initial upheavals which divided the Dwarf Empire of old, and remained the second most powerful stronghold south of Mad Dog Pass after Karak Eight Peaks.

Together with Karak Eight Peaks, Karak Azgal and Karak Azul, Karak Drazh formed one of the group of strongholds known as the southern holds. The Dwarfs of these strongholds regarded themselves as distinct from their northern neighbours, their holds were older (and therefore better) and their clans could claim some of the most famous antecedents.

Although it survived the deadly earthquakes that began the Time of Woes, it could not resist the waves of Orcs that assailed it. Its loss, to the massive Orc Warlord known as Zogbad the Destroyer, was a deadly blow to the Karaz Ankor. In their defilements, the Orcs reshaped the ancestor statues that flanked the pass into crude totems of their own gods. Now, massive black granite faces leer over what has become the largest and most menacing of all Orc strongholds in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Today it is known as Black Crag and its loss stands as one of the great unavenged wrongs in the Great Book of Grudges. Many attempts to reclaim the hold have been instigated, but none have penetrated much past its befouled gateway – at least until Thorgrim Grudgebearer.

Eager to strike a hated entry from the Great Book of Grudges, Thorgrim led the attack on Black Crag in the hope of revenging the foul deeds done to King Kazador of Karak Azul. Several of Kazador's family were saved from captivity, and the head of the perpetrator, Gorfang Rotgut, was presented to the grieving king. Of what he saw while marching within the fabled stronghold, Thorgrim will not speak, save only to say that, one day, a mightier vengeance must be levelled on the foul creatures that still reside there.





Karak Varn (Crag Mere)

Karak Varn was hewn out of the cliffs overlooking Black Water. The mountains around the stronghold are loaded with strata of unique and extremely precious minerals including the highly prized meteoric iron the Dwarfs call gromril. This exceptionally hard metal is forged into the best swords, axes and armour. For centuries Karak Varn prospered and Dwarfs flocked to its halls. The mines beneath the stronghold became ever deeper and more extensive, until the cliffs overlooking the lake were honeycombed below the water level. During the disastrous upheavals that ended the great days of the Dwarf Empire Karak Varn was struck by a devastating earthquake. The waters of the lake poured into the lower workings through fissures in the rock. Thousands of Dwarfs perished and a great hoard of treasure was washed away. As the Dwarfs struggled to rebuild, the Skaven came. Some say they were attracted by traces of warpstone revealed as the waters drained from the lake. They invaded through the wrecked tunnels, bringing Goblins, Orcs and Trolls in their wake. Trapped between these two implacable foes the Dwarfs of Karak Varn stood no chance. Some fled, but most died defending their stronghold against its inevitable doom. The city was abandoned, and it remains uninhabited to this day except by trolls and other wild monsters that lurk there.

Since the Time of Woes, the lowest levels of the deep mines have remained flooded. It is now known as Crag Mere, a dangerous ruin of tunnels and broken halls in which the treasures of the Dwarfs lie undisturbed from the dark days of ruin. Adventurers sometimes penetrate



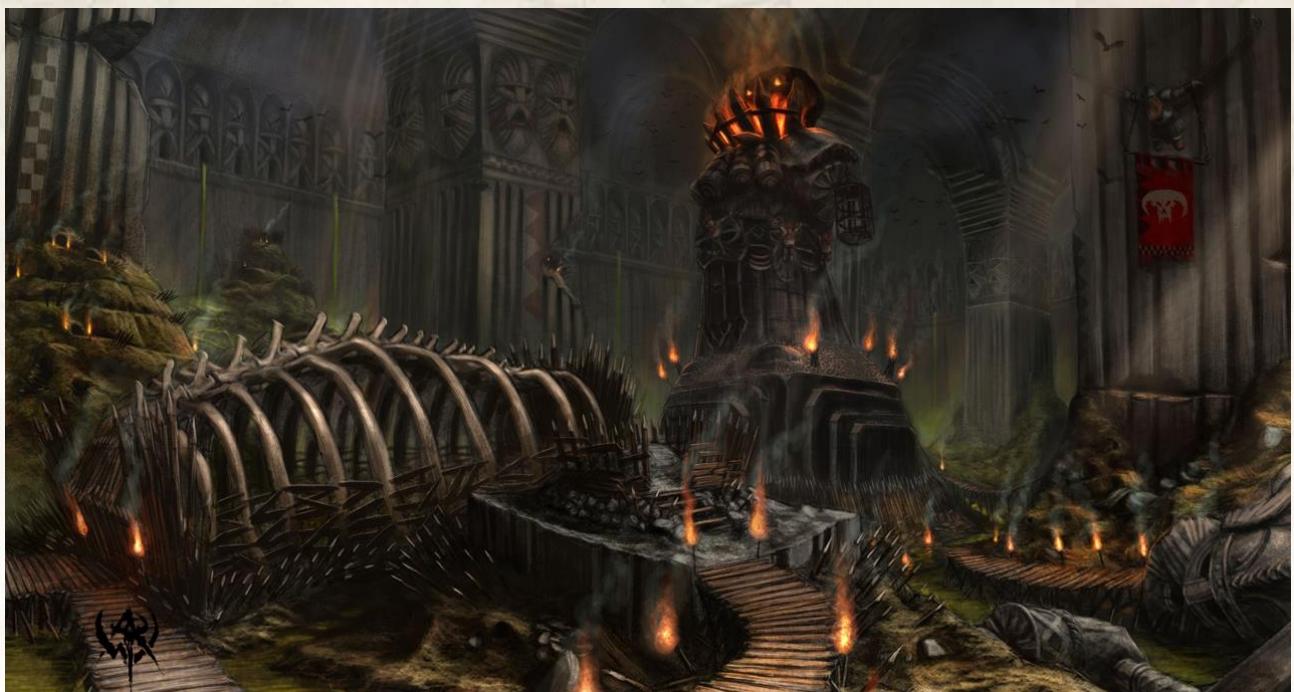
its depths, and some return to tell tales of horror and riches, but most are never seen or heard of again. Dwarf prospectors are lured back to the ruined stronghold by the promise of gromril. Over the years, the Dwarfs have made many expeditions back and brave the terror of the dark to penetrate the deepest tunnels in search of the precious metal; a few times, their throngs have even won control of large portions of the ruins. Desperate to recover lost riches and irreplaceable artefacts, Dwarf engineers have devised ingenious diving machines for exploring the deepest and richest workings which are permanently flooded. They have created underwater suits that allow them to explore the sunken deeps and to search the Black Water itself, for whole treasures were washed into its depths by the floods. Needless to say, such actions are done in the face of vicious opposition from the Skaven, as well as the twisted creatures that now make the Black Water their abode.



Karak Zorn

According to Dwarf legends the long lost stronghold of Karak Zorn lies in the far south of the Worlds Edge Mountains, deep in the heart of the South lands. Whether the stronghold exists, or even if it ever existed, is uncertain, but details of its fabulous treasures and the incredible wealth of its kings are often discussed over a few pints of Dwarf ale. If tales are to be believed Karak Zorn is carved from a mountain of gold. Its massive gates of ivory are bound with red copper. Rubies and diamonds are so common that they are used as minor units of currency instead of small coins. Supposedly, the stronghold is surrounded by steaming jungles full of fearsome creatures and hostile Orcs.

Maps circulate purporting to show the location of Karak Zorn, but most are wildly different and look distinctly conjectural. Sometimes gullible adventurers pay good money for such maps, much to the derision of hardened adventurers who know better. Expeditions have never succeeded in finding the lost stronghold, but tales persist of explorers who find the place by accident but who never seem able to retrace their steps, describe their route, or provide any convincing proof to back up their wild stories. To date Karak Zorn remains a fable, but perhaps one day a haggard Dwarf explorer will solve what has remained the most perplexing mystery in all the Dwarf realms.



Karak Vlag

Although the most northerly of the major Dwarf realms is Karak Kadrin, there used to be a further stronghold situated south of the High Pass in the border mountains between Kislev and the Kislevite valleys on the Farside. Karak Vlag was famed for many things, but mostly for the vast quantities of iron ore that lay under its granite peaks. The blacksmiths of Karak Vlag were the best in all the Dwarf realms. The iron gates of the stronghold were a wonder to behold, with wrought iron dragons interwoven with scenes of battle, portraying the olden days when the Dwarfs bear off dragons to take the mountain for their own.

The stronghold was said to be the most strongly fortified in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Its approach was protected by watchtowers built into rocky pinnacles and linked together by hidden stairways through the rock. Even inside the stronghold the main corridors were each covered by a huge iron portcullis that the Dwarfs could raise or lower to secure every separate part of the stronghold.

The kings of Karak Vlag had need of such security, for they lived in the wildest, most dangerous part of the Worlds Edge Mountains, thick with Chaos warbands and huge monsters. During the Great War against Chaos the warping influence of Chaos spread south and enveloped Karak Wag, cutting off the hold from the rest of the world. When Dwarfs returned after the retreat of Chaos they could find no trace of Karak Vlag. The entire stronghold had disappeared, as if it had never existed.

The true fate of Karak Vlag may never be explained. Perhaps it was sucked through into the Realm of Chaos, its inhabitants forced to suffer the attentions of daemons for eternity. Maybe it was transported to some far flung place or time, perhaps to the very Daemon

worlds themselves. Probably no-one will ever know the truth. When the fare of Karak Vlag comes up in conversation, Dwarfs fall strangely silent, each burdened with his own worse fears.

Karak Ungor (Red Eye Mountain)

Karak Ungor means 'Delving Hold' in Khazalid and is so called because of the vast network of deep caverns beneath the mountain on which the stronghold is built. The mines here are the deepest in the old Dwarf realm. The Dwarfs dug very deep to reach the rich veins of rare and precious metals in the great fault line which lies beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. Some say the Dwarfs of old burrowed so deeply and created so many caverns that they forgot exactly where their tunnels all led. Karak Ungor was the first of the strongholds to fall by surprise attack through the caverns from below. Night Goblins found their way in through unguarded and abandoned workings. By the time the Dwarfs were alerted, it was too late. One by one the tunnels fell and were abandoned to the enemy. Eventually the Night Goblins swarmed into the stronghold itself, forcing the last remaining Dwarfs to abandon the city to its fate.

In the more than four thousand years since its abandonment, no fewer than three High Kings of old have been slain fighting to regain Karak Ungor's gates. Such is the lure of its legendary mines that expeditions are regularly sent out from Karaz a Karak to re-open the old workings and gain a foothold in the old city in the face of determined Goblin resistance. Many expeditions have never returned or disappeared without trace. Now known as Red Eye Mountain, it is home to the Red Eye Night Goblins tribe. There, the despised greenskins feud constantly with each other and fight for control of their lair with Skaven. Many of their kind have never seen a live Dwarf, although Thorgrim vows that one day soon his people will return.





THE WILD MOUNTAINS

The Dwarf strongholds are enclaves of order amongst the barren wilderness of the mountains. There are still many Dwarf settlements that lie outside the main strongholds, but these are small outposts and fortresses which pale into insignificance beside places like Karaz-a-Karak. Some of the most important mountain areas are described below.

Mad Dog Pass

The Dwarfs call this pass through the Worlds Edge Mountains Varag Kadrin. It is a common route through the mountains for tribes of Orc and Goblin raiders from the eastern side of the Worlds Edge Mountains and the Dark lands beyond. These are the tribes who capture savage wolves to ride to war or harness them to their chariots and wagons. Any Dwarf caravan travelling through the pass risks being set upon by hordes of howling, slavering wolves ridden by screaming Goblins intent on loot and bloodshed. They sweep down from the many Goblin forts surmounting the rocky crags that flank the pass. In the days of the Dwarfs' greatest power, this was the chief thoroughfare to the eastern side of the mountains and the isolated mines of the Dark Lands. Today, the Dwarfs use the pass only occasionally, for it is studded with the fortresses of Night Goblins and its steep sides are riddled with their tunnels.

Black Fire Pass

This pass is called Haz-Drazh-Kadrin by the Dwarfs, but is more widely known as Black Fire Pass. It takes the form of a deep chasm through the Black Mountains, formed when volcanic eruptions rent apart the mountains in the distant past. Now the chasm is an eerie cleft of twisted lava and high black cliffs of polished volcanic glass. Strange black vapour blows from vents at the base of the cliffs. The pass is a favourite route through the mountains for invading Orc hordes who sometimes harness the power of the vents for their own evil purposes. It is also the principal route between the Empire and the sparsely settled lands of the Border Princes. An ancient Dwarf road leads through the pass on its way to Karaz-a-Karak. Dwarfs sometimes come here to quarry volcanic glass and other rare gems.

Volcanoes

During the fall of the Dwarf empire, the Worlds Edge Mountains were shattered by earthquakes and riven by volcanoes. Huge cracks opened up and whole settlements were swallowed into the bowels of the earth. Boiling steam and molten rock poured through the lower galleries of many Dwarf strongholds, slaying thousands and sealing up areas forever. Since that time, the mountains have become quiet, but there are still a few volcanoes that sometimes erupt and cause havoc in the lands about.

THE JOURNAL OF JACOB STACKELDHORF. TRAVELS THROUGH THE WORLDS EDGE MOUNTAINS.

DAY 29. I have begun my trek up Karaz Whitecap. I find myself having to regularly stop for breath. The air as we ascend the mountain grows thin and I cannot walk for more than an hour before I must stop. My Dwarf guide is most patient with me, although I have little doubt that such is the vigour and stamina of these stout fellows that he could easily have reached the top by now without any need for rest. We have made camp for the evening at a beautiful site that overlooks the great fane of Black Water. In the distance I can just make out the ruins of Cragmere. From this high vantage point, had I not known of the beasts and monsters that now inhabit the former stronghold, I would have thought it no different from any other of the great Holds.

Day 30. My sleep was disturbed by the bellows of the stone trolls that stalk the mountainsides. Many was the time I woke believing the strong winds that buffeted my tent in the night to be my impending doom at the claws of one of these monstrous creatures. By noon we had reached the top of the mountain. My legs gave way to the sight before me. A bridge arcs high between the peaks of Karaz Whitecap and Karag Fanghorn. I cannot even hazard a guess at how the Dwarfs built such a structure, or why. I can now understand why the Dwarfs call this bridge Ekrund Gront' or the Stair of Courage. My guide has informed me that we shall not be making the crossing today as the winds are too strong. I thank Sigmar for his mercy, but know that this is a brief respite before I must search my heart to summon the courage to cross.

Day 31. A party of troll stayers have arrived at the summit. Usually toners, they have gathered together to perform a rite of passage for one of their number. For some unknown reason, trolls' guts acquired from a recent victorious battle were tied to his ankles. What happened next was beyond my comprehension. He walked to the centre of the bridge carrying a large boulder to which, was tied the other end of the length of troll gut. Placing the boulder he then jumped off the bridge to what I thought was his doom. Amazingly the troll guts are so tough they took his weight and he was catapulted back up towards the bridge. After retrieving their comrade the small party offered me the chance to undertake this ritual, but I value my life more than these strange caste of Dwarfs and posited, declined.

Day 32. Today I finally summoned up the courage to cross the skybridge. My guide informed me that I was the first Man to do so since Sigmar himself. I must admit though it was not easy to do. The bridge is wide enough to accommodate severer Dwarfs abreast at its start, but by the time I had traversed its path to the centre it becomes barely a few feet wide. I was very glad to reach the other side and start my descent to the stronghold of Karak Kadrin where I intend to visit the famed Slayer Shrine. After finally meeting some of this legendary caste, albeit in such strange circumstances, I will regard these doomed Dwarfs with a new respect.



The southern part of the Worlds Edge Mountains is far more temperamental than the north. There are three large volcanoes, although there are many smaller ones. The whole area is subject to minor earth tremors, and the Dwarfs often find their mines damaged or destroyed as a result. The three large volcanoes are called Karag Haraz, Karag Dron, and Karag Orrud. Amongst Men these are known as Fire Mountain, Thunder Mountain, and Red Cloud Mountain.

Volcanic activity in this region continually throws up new riches from the depths of the world. Enterprising Dwarf prospectors and miners come here to seek and extract the treasures of the earth, but mines and mining settlements are frequently destroyed by volcanic explosions or buried beneath ash or lava. Even in the face of this danger, the lure of wealth draws a constant stream of young Dwarfs from the faraway strongholds of the north.



Black Water

In the Dwarf language, this vast lake is known as Varn Drazh, which means 'Black Water', and this is the name by which it is known to Men. The lake is formed from a vast crater filled with the melt water of the surrounding mountains. In the ancient past, a meteor crashed from the sky to pound this huge gaping crater out of the rock. All around the shores are to be found valuable metal ores, including the much-prized meteoric iron known as gromril, from which the

hardest blades and armour are forged. Strongholds were founded around Varn Drazh to mine the meteoric metals, and also to harness the mountain torrents that gush from the lake. These raging waters wash the ore extracted from the mines and drive huge water wheels which in turn power the drop-hammers in the great subterranean forges. The lake itself is black and deep, and inhabited by dark and ancient monsters.

The Imperial Dwarf Highway

All the cities of the former Dwarf Empire were linked by underground roads hacked through the solid rock. From these highways, tunnels led off to mining communities and outlying strongholds where Dwarf warriors guarded the routes and kept watch for intruders. Now the tunnels have been invaded by Orcs, Goblins, Trolls and worse and the greater part of the cavern system is in ruins. In recent years, routes through to each of the still inhabited strongholds and outposts have been cleared and Dwarf expeditions are frequently despatched to explore and clear further sections of the old system. This is extremely perilous since the tunnel system itself was invaded from below. Goblins, Orcs and Skaven broke through into the deeper workings and were able to penetrate right into some of the Dwarf strongholds. Where this happened the great walled fortresses built on the peaks by the Dwarfs of old were no avail. Proud strongholds fell after bitter fighting in the tunnels and caverns. The defenders were overwhelmed from below. The enemy are still able to enter the tunnels in this way, although every effort is made to wall up any breaches which are found. Some delvings have been lost completely and have become breeding grounds for Goblins, Trolls and all manner of evil things made more hideous by the taint of Chaos which seems to seep into everything.





DWARF COLONIES AND NEW HOLDS

The might of the Dwarf empire rests in the craggy peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains, where their legends claim that the Ancestor Gods dug the first Hold. However, in the golden days of the Dwarf realm, they travelled far and wide, seeking new seams of minerals and gems and trading with other races. They followed the retreating Great Ice, seeking the riches which were easily prospected in the ice shattered rock. In this time, a number of Holds were founded across other parts of the Old World.

The major Dwarfholds are enclaves of order amongst the wilderness, but there are also many smaller settlements, mines and outposts throughout the mountains of the Old World and scattered across the world. These dwellings are far more humble in size than the ancient strongholds, often being little more than fortifications erected by mining expeditions. There, desperate and dispossessed clans hope to strike it rich and dream of establishing a new stronghold worthy of the Karaz Ankor. A small percentage of these colonies persevere, becoming permanent holds – although Dwarfs still refer to even the oldest of these as ‘new holds’. The largest of these was the Ekrund mines in the Dragonback Mountains, until they were overrun by Orcs. Today there are a few prospectors who venture into these regions, but the old mines are

occupied by Orcs and the Dragonback Dwarf clans are scattered. Still, other new holds have survived and even prosper, despite the odds stacked against them. Other lands the Dwarfs have settled include the Black Mountains, the Grey Mountains, the Vaults, and Norsca. Many Dwarfs have settled in human lands and, to a degree, adopted the ways of men.

Dwarfs from outside the Worlds Edge Mountains are regarded with a bit of suspicion by Dwarfs from the older Holds – less respectful of their seniors and tradition, more likely to have truck with other races and tamper with things. Of course, to an outsider there is little difference to discern, although possibly the Dwarfs of the Grey Mountains, Black Mountains and further afield may have a slightly more adventurous spirit. The most hardline Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains have various words for these outsiders, such as wanaz (bad-beards), zaki (mad wanderers), skrati (poor prospectors) and garazdrak (which roughly translates as distant rebels). For their part, the Dwarfs outside the ancestral Holds, as they are sometimes referred to, have a tendency to call their distant kin grumbaki, which means grumblers or whiners. Even with this slight animosity, a Dwarf would always put another Dwarf before a person of another race – Dwarf solidarity runs in the blood, and to the outside world there is not much difference between a Dwarf of Karak-Hirn and a Dwarf of Karak Kadrin.





The Black Mountains

Perched high above the world in the Black Mountains can be found Dwarf mines and trading outposts, small holds and valley settlements. These regions were settled slowly, and only grew in relative importance after the fall of the old Dwarf empire. They are not linked to the Underway, but are approached by treacherous mountain passes and cliff-hanging tracks. Rich deposits of precious metals and iron are found here, but there are fewer lodes of the more rare metals and gems. None of these settlements have become wealthy or powerful enough to rival the great strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains. However, they are closer and more accessible to the markets of the Empire and Tilea and act as trading centres for Dwarf work brought from further east.

The chief of these holds is Karak Hirn or Hornhold, so called because the winds blowing through an especially large cavern act like a mighty warhorn, sounding a frightening blast throughout the mountains. The Dwarfs have exploited this natural phenomenon by constructing additional sounding chambers, and massive doors which they can open and close to change the pitch and duration of the sound. By lighting fire in the depths they can draw air through the system to create noise when they wish. The mountain horn is used to signal to outlying settlements, summon warriors, and frighten away simple creatures such as trolls.

The Grey Mountains

Although there are scattered communities of Dwarfs living under the Grey Mountains they have never been very numerous or wealthy. The dwarfs of this region are called Grey Dwarfs by their eastern kin, which is a reference not only to their location, but also to their dour outlook and the relative austerity of their holds. The Grey Mountains are not blessed with the mineral deposits which especially attract Dwarfs and what little ore there is, is hard to mine. As a result, the Grey Dwarfs, as the inhabitants of this region are called, tend to be poor and rather simple in their tastes. Young Grey Dwarfs are likely to leave their lands and travel east in search of riches, and many become fierce prospectors and adventurers. The largest stronghold is Karak Norn, ruled by King Brokk Ironpick, which lies in the mountains above the Loren forest.

The Vaults

The Vaults consist of deep ice-cut valleys and towering heights and form the junction between the Black Mountains and the Grey Mountains. There are rich lodes of iron, copper, tin and other metals here and consequently some of the biggest and deepest mine workings outside the Worlds Edge Mountains. Many clans came here after the fall of their strongholds in the east, including many of the Dragonback Dwarfs. The valleys offered them seclusion from the outside world where they could work, remember the past and plan their ultimate return. The valleys and chasms are so





difficult to reach that few evil creatures bother the Dwarfs of these highland areas. The most important stronghold in this area is Karak Izor, which is known to Men as Copper Mountain.

Norse Dwarfs

Although Dwarfs settled Norsca during the Age of Ancestors, they were cut off entirely by the great Chaos storms. Apart for so long, the Norsca Dwarfs became estranged from their kin, developing their own language and culture slightly different from that of the Dwarfs that lived further south, something which unites all of the other Holds together. Some clans became extreme isolationists, while others forged close bonds with tribes of barbarian humans that settled in those regions. In many respects they share traits and traditions with the Men of Norsca, both in dress, beliefs and behaviour. However, whether this is because they have become more like the Norse, or the Norse have become more like the Dwarfs, is a matter of conjecture and speculation. The Norse Dwarfs are regarded as even madder than other expatriate Dwarfs by many, and much of this is blamed on their Hold's closer proximity to the Chaos Wastes and the Chaos-worshipping humans of the cold and bleak north. Norse Dwarfs are famed even amongst other Holds for their skill at drinking, holding annual quaffing contests to determine the greatest ale-throats. They also reputedly have a peculiar variant of Slayers called 'berserkers' by Men – Dwarfs so grief-stricken and dishonoured that they shave off all of their hair, foam at the mouth and charge into battle determined to hurl themselves into a glorious death on the enemies' weapons.

Several great strongholds have fought off Giants, Ice Drakes and Chaos monsters, and carved out an existence in those snowy peaks, including Kraka Drak, the renowned Dragon Hold, and its greatest rival, Khazid Ravik. Here the Dwarfs mine for iron and precious metals, and prospect along the coastline for amber.

In recent years, only one army has made the long journey from the northern hold of Kraka Drak all the way down to Karaz-A-Karak. Seeking to forge a path straight through the mountains, the Engineers of Kraka Drak converted their revolutionary 'tractator engine' from gigantic rock grinder to a mobile garrison, fitting it with multiple Organ Guns and Steam Cannons. The Engineers carved a bloody path through the Orc tribes that infested the mountains, though they ran so short of coal that the motive power was often provided by goblinoid corpses set aflame with potent liquor.

The tractator engine's finest hour came when the Engineers and their men were assailed by the heavily armoured Black Orcs of Red Eye Mountain – the cunning Engineers pivoted the tractator engine's crane arm so that its giant runic lodestone, originally intended for gromril mining dragged the plate-clad Orcs off the edge of the mountain path.

During the Great War Against Chaos, Thorgrim Grudgebearer made alliances with those clans that had come from the north to aid in the fight against a common foe. Since becoming High King, Thorgrim has exchanged rings of kinship with many of the Kings of Norsca, including the Great King of Kraka Drak, Thorgard Cromson.

Eastern Dwarfs

Of the Dwarfs that long ago settled in the Zorn Uzkul, and were once thought lost, nothing is said – their mention swiftly turns even ale-induced talk to brooding silence. As for the footholds established further to the east, in the Mountains of Mourn, the Dwarfs are far more enthusiastic. While those holds from before the coming of Chaos have been long lost, new expeditions to those danger-filled lands have returned word of rich treasures, rubies the size of battle helms and a fabled mountain made entirely of purest gold.

Expatriate Dwarfs

Dwarf smiths and merchants may be found in their own quarters in the cities of the Empire, Bretonnia, Kislev and elsewhere in the Old World, even as far as Tilea. Here they do not build Holds, but instead fortified guildhouses can be found, surrounded by a Dwarf quarter where all of the Dwarfs will live. Frequently these houses will have vast cellars and catacombs, so that a small building above ground may well house a considerable clan beneath the surface. Even among such outgoing Dwarfs, old habits die hard.

Three things lead to Dwarf settlements in foreign lands. One is the lure of gold which attracts Dwarf artisans to human lands where their work commands a high price. Another is the Dwarf code of honour which forces into exile any Dwarfs who have fallen out with their kinsmen, their lord or who have fallen foul of some long-standing grudge. Such exiles set up home far away in foreign lands, and if their offence is irredeemable they might become renegades. Finally, there are the refugees from the many lost and fallen strongholds and fortresses of the mountains. Such Dwarfs may be encountered throughout the Old World, and the burden of the past will certainly always weigh heavily down upon them.

The services of these Dwarfs are highly prized as engineers, stone masons and mining overseers. It was Dwarfs who first introduced blackpowder to the Empire and helped with the founding of the Nuln Gunnery School and the Imperial College of Engineers. Many of these Dwarfs are considered renegades by the Dwarf Engineers Guild, having been kicked out at a young age for outlandish experiments or for voicing opinions on matters that did not concern them. Others are the descendants of refugees from the captured Holds, lured to human lands by the promise of gold, or unable to face the shame of asking another Hold for sanctuary. These Dwarfs are even more embittered than their kin of the mountains, begrudging the day they were dispossessed, yearning for a chance to reclaim their ancestral lands.



RACE AGAINST THE DEAD

"My lord!" a voice cried, hollow and echoing in the vast bed chamber of Lord Durmak of Zhufbar.

The ancient Dwarf awoke startled. Reaching for his runic axe set reverently upon a weapons rack at his bedside, but when he saw Boran, his fellow clansman and Standard Bearer, he relaxed.

"My Lord," the breathless Dwarf repeated, hands on his hips at the impromptu exertion. "They are gone, the grimoires in the clan vault," he gasped.

"Grungni's beard, by what means?" Durmak demanded, springing from his bed sheets and dressing quickly. "That vault has been sealed by my personal Runesmiths!"

"I know not Lord, I hastened to the vault myself to find the guards dead and a strange ethereal mist wreathing the corridors."

Durmak's face grew dark as he recognised the sorcery of Necromancers.

Suddenly a bellowing horn sounded in the deep, reverberating stone and shifting dust motes from the low ceiling.

"The warning horns," Bonn stated anxiously. Grim-faced, rune axe clasped in a meaty fist, Durmak turned to the Thane.

"Get me my armour," he growled.

As the great, heavy doors of the clanhold swung open on shrieking hinges, the stink of decay and the musty stench of ages past wafted in to assault the Dwarf force amassed behind them.

A shallow pall of smoke scudded across the wild landscape and as it did so the earth around it began to stir as dark forms clawed their way to the surface from beneath. Within moments the restless dead had amassed and with shambling gait accompanied the pall of smoke as it hovered slowly and inexorably over the ground.

The eyes of Drang the Runesmith looked to the darkening horizon. Upon the scree littered hills of greyish granite and sparse brush, a host assembled.

The long-dead Skeletons of ancient warriors emerged from the blackened earth, heralded by the scrape of wizened leather upon foul, rusted weapons. Some were clad in antiquated armour; their eyes lit eerily like bright Mains, blades shimmering with unearthly luminescence. The still rotting corpses of the recent dead pined them, their bodies hideously mutated by the cruel and malfeasant science of their Necrarch lords. The air shimmered and insidious spirit forms took on partial corporeality, the entrapped souls of Dwarfs long past turned against their former comrades in their deathly lust for living essence. And finally, at the flanks of the terrible undying host scurried ghoulish men replete with the devoured bones of fallen foes, their fingers and mouths tainted black with the dried blood of their victims.

Drang tried not to balk at the sight of the horde. From within the ranks of his clansmen warriors he felt a surge of courage and indignation that these foul creatures had infiltrated his clan hold and stole from them. Amends must be made and fashioned in blood!

All across the Dwarf lines warriors made ready, stout war machines were wheeled into position; Gyrocopters buzzed overhead, Quarrellers and Thunderers checked bolts and shot. Warriors tightened belt straps and growled beneath their beards at the foe and the fabled Ironbreakers from deep within the clanhold's tunnels stood proud and determined as a rock replete in their heavy gromril armour. And at the centre of the line stood Durmak, surrounded by his bodyguard of elite Hammerers, ready to sell their lives for the safety of their lord.

Durmak raised his axe to a grumbling sky.

"In the name of Grungni, Valaya and Grimnir," he bellowed with a ferocity that seemed to shake the mountain, "advance!"





LEGENDARY CLANS

The Dwarf Kingdom, or Karaz Ankor, is made up of thousands of different clans. Here are a few examples of some of the most active and legendary of the clans today.



CLAN GUNNISON (WAR'S SON)

Black-bearded and fierce, the Dwarfs of Clan Gunnisson trace their ancestry back to the warrior Gunn, son of Morgrim, son of Grimmir himself. They are the royal line of King Gunn, the first Lord of Mount Silverspear, yet when that stronghold fell to Orcs the survivors separated into three contingents. One settled at Karaz-a-Karak and its strong-armed warriors now fight for King Thorgrim. Another was lost in a failed attempt to win back their ancient hold. The last contingent, hardened veterans all, has never settled in the same hold for more than a few generations, but ranges the Worlds Edge Mountains. They are Orc-hunters, the vengeful sons of a line of kings – now a vagabond house whose only trade is war. No matter whom they serve, all of Clan Gunnisson bear a silver mountain symbol.



STONEBREAKERS CLAN

A prominent clan in and around Zhufbar, the Stonebreakers Clan has always prided itself on its stonework and boasts a long history of famous miners and masons. They will point to the ancestor tombs and decorated archways of Zhufbar as examples of their forefathers' expertise. The clan symbol, crossed mattocks, often accompanies the white and dark blue colours of Zhufbar – for they have served that stronghold's kings since it was first founded. Because of this strong connection, it is not unusual to see clan regiments of miners and warriors within a Zhufbar throng, or conversely, to see war engines created by the Engineers Guild in service with Stonebreaker Clan forces. Indeed, many of the remote Stonebreaker mines are supported by formations of Gyrocopters flown out of Zhufbar.



BRONZEBEARDS CLAN

When Rorek Bronzebeard led a portion of his clan, then the Stonebeards, away from their forges near the ruins known as Cragmere, they were considered outcasts. After years of wandering, the remnants of the clan made their way into the Grey Mountains where they pledged themselves to the Ironpick Clan, the rulers of Karak Norn. Renaming themselves the Bronzebeards, the clan has established itself as the best cannon makers west of Zhufbar.



CLAN HELHEIN

The tale of Clan Helhein is a long one and full of sorrows. One of the so-called 'Dragonback Clans,' their hot-headed founder, Toruk Helhein, fell out with then High King Gorim Ironhammer during the Golden Age, leaving the Worlds Edge Mountains after a brief but bloody grudge-feud. Clan Helhein were instrumental in establishing the Ekrund Mines, their doughty but grim warriors winning many famous battles, including that of Dragonfire Pass. After the Fall of Ekrund, those of Clan Helhein that survived crossing the Badlands re-settled in Karak Eight Peaks. Although some of their clan remain with King Belegar today, most have wandered since the death of King Lunn – seeking their fortune in the Mountains of Mourn. Ill-luck, it is said, is their constant companion.



CLAN ULLEK (THE ULLEKSSONS)

The blue and white of the Ullek Clan is largely associated with Karaz-a-Karak - for that is the site of the clan's settling and the runic symbol that appears, in one form or another, on all their banners. Ullek Redaxe was a thane beneath the first High King, Snorri Whitebeard, and his descendants still loyally support Thorgrim Grudgebearer. A prodigious line of stout-hearted folk, the many different factions of Clan Ullek use varied combinations of blue and white upon their shields and helms. Their war cry has been heard since the world was young.

"Dum Gribban – Az Baraz Ullekssons-za!"

(Doom is upon you – the axe promise of Clan Ullek has come!) – War cry of Clan Ullek



CLAN BARRUK (THE GOLDSHIELDS)



After the fall of Karak Drazh, Clan Barruk established their own small hold to the north of Karag Dron. Long a destitute group, Clan Barruk finally came into their own when their mines yielded rich veins of superlative gold. Naturally, wealth brought raiding armies of Ogres and greenskins, but behind shieldwalls of rune-imbued gold, Clan Barruk proved impossible to break, and no foe could shift the stout Dwarfs from their mountaintop home. Only when the last lode was excavated and their mine fully depleted did Clan Barruk abandon it, marching out in search of new riches. Thus, while a new source of wealth is sought, the Goldshields have seen duty fighting alongside many other holds, eager to establish their clan's good name and hoping to dampen the disparaging remarks about their being 'new money'.

CLAN DRAKEBEARD



The most famous clan of Karak Kadrin, and indeed one of the most well known in all of the Karaz Ankor, is the Drakebeard Clan. The most noble of its line is none other than Ungrim Ironfist, King of Karak Kadrin. As Ungrim's only son, Garagrim, was slain, Ungrim is now without a direct heir – a fact not lost on the rest of the noble sons of the Drakebeards. The clan thanes each seek to lead throngs to glory and thus catch the eye of their warrior king. As they are a grudge-ridden folk, even for Dwarfs, and Peak Pass is full of perils, there is no shortage of foes, presenting constant opportunities for the fiery-hearted thanes to prove themselves. Their symbol, the writhing Dragon with Grimnir's seal, appears on their banners, while the deep red of their shields marks them as loyal to Karak Kadrin.

YINLINSSON CLAN



Yinlin was a master brewer who, it is said, made lagers and ales so thirst quenching that Valaya herself blessed his good work when she settled at Karak-a-Karak. Since those days, the clan has remained brewers to that fabled Dwarfhold. In order to deliver their wares to the many outposts surrounding the Everpeak, it takes a well-armed throng – the mountain roads are full of enemies that covet their cargo. Thus, the stylised keg or tankard with the Yinlinsson mark and the rune of Valaya is oft seen on the shields and banners marching to and from the greatest city of the Dwarfs.

"Yinlinsson Gorug Skuf"

(Clan Yinlinsson has been drinking and is ready to fight!) – Traditional Yinlinsson war cry

THE NORGRIMLINGS



All Dwarfs reserve a special loathing for Skaven, but the Norgrimlings have more reason than most. A mining clan out of Karak Eight Peaks, it was not unusual for a Norgrimling to go decades or longer without seeing the sun. Based in the lower levels, it was their kin that suffered the brunt of the ratmen's invasion during their long siege of Karak Eight Peaks. The atrocities perpetrated by the Skaven when they finally broke into the deeps is part of a saga passed down by the survivors, told as a 'coming of age' tale to their young warriors. Now, scattered across many holds, some Norgrimlings still toil in the deep mines, but most seek to one day fight as Ironbreakers or Irondrakes. Although the clan was scattered for long ages, many have now gathered beneath the banner of King Belegar.

CРАGBROW CLAN



A distinct branch of the fabled Engineers Guild, the Cragbrow were amongst the first to found the hold of Barak Varr. Inventors from their clan are credited with creating the first steam-powered vessels ever built – the many varieties of ironclad warships and strange submersible craft with which the Dwarfs ply the seas. Known for their eccentric behaviour, penchant for grog and their prolific use of salty curses, the Cragbrow are amongst the few of their race to use nautical devices as part of their clan symbol. Not surprisingly, they have established close ties with Zhufbar and are regarded as unorthodox and a bit suspicious by most other Dwarfs – for they are a well-travelled folk and also willingly take to sea or the air. Many Dwarfs from the Cragbrow Clan train to become Gyrocopter pilots.





THE VENGEFUL THRONG

Each link in a Dwarf's mail shirt is forged of steel – a vital component in the chain of interlocking protection. Alone, that link could not hope to turn a sword stroke, claw or fang, but as a complete suit of armour, it can block even a determined blow. This is not unlike a Dwarf throng, where each regiment and war engine serves a role necessary if victory is to be won. In this way, since the world was young, the Dwarfs have triumphed time and again versus the most horrific of foes and against the most terrific of odds.

In this section, you will find details for all the different troops, heroes and war machines used in a Dwarf throng. It provides the background, imagery, characteristic profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core units to special characters, and from the magic runes that can be inscribed upon Dwarf arms and armour to the ancestral heirlooms wielded by their foremost heroes.



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

ANCESTRAL GRUDGE

Dwarfs hold grudges for a long time, possibly forever. They have never forgiven the fall of their strongholds at the hands of the Orcish enemy. Dwarfs hate all types of Orcs, Goblins and Snotlings, including Night Goblins, Black Orcs, Hobgoblins... in fact all greenskins of any description!

Through the millennia no foe has caused the Dwarfves more grief than the Goblins and the Skaven. Both these races covet the Dwarf's mountain holds, and countless battles have been fought to control their underground homes. As a result of this endless feud, Dwarfs hate both greenskins and ratmen with unrivalled passion, and will kill them on sight if they are able.

Dwarfs always have the Hatred (Orcs & Goblins) and Hatred (Skaven) special rules – this means any unit taken from Warhammer: Orcs & Goblins or Skaven.

RESOLUTE

Dwarfs fight with grim determination and are slow to abandon their position.

Models with this special rule roll 3D6 for any Break tests taken in the first round of combat, and discard the highest dice.

RELENTLESS

A Dwarf on the march is as implacable as the turning of the years, and just as impossible to halt.

Units entirely composed of models with this special rule do not need to pass a Leadership test in order to march, regardless of the proximity of enemy units.

OATH STONES

When a Dwarf goes to war he carries the honour of his clan and his hold with him. It is a matter of personal pride that he will do them credit or not return at all. To demonstrate his intent he will take an Oath stone with him. This is a carefully sculpted plinth on which the lineage and the deeds of the owner are carved. By standing atop an Oath Stone, a Lord or Thane will increase the resolve of his followers and ensure that all foes can find him in a scrum.

A unit that contains one or more models with an Oath Stone can never choose to flee as a charge reaction, cannot be disrupted and, if any of its models are armed with hand weapon and shield, they can make Parry saves against attacks made to their flanks and rear. Furthermore, a character with an Oath Stone must always accept a challenge (if your unit contains more than one character with an Oath Stone, you can choose which of them accepts the challenge).

DWARF HANDGUN

The handguns of Dwarf Thunderers, called 'dragon belchers' by the more superstitious Goblin tribes, feature many improvements over the crude devices used by other races. These features include rifled barrels, finer powder grain and more reliable firing mechanisms.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	4	Armour Piercing (1), Move or Fire

Dwarf handguns can re-roll 1's when rolling To Hit.

SHIELDBEARERS

To increase his fighting prowess, a Dwarf Lord may be carried into battle atop a shield hefted by two loyal (and strong) retainers.

A Dwarf Lord with Shieldbearers adds +2 to his Wounds value. A Lord and his Shieldbearers are treated in all respects as a single model (even in challenges) – the Lord cannot dismount and still benefits from the "Look Out Sir!" rule. It does, however have two sets of characteristics, one for the Lord and one for the bearers. The Dwarf Lord and Shieldbearers use their own Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks characteristics when they attack. Each can attack any opponent in base contact.

The Shieldbearers' Attacks do not benefit from any weapon, runic or otherwise, carried by the Dwarf Lord. The Shieldbearers have no Wounds or Toughness values and, therefore, can never be attacked separately. However, if the Dwarf Lord is removed as a casualty, we assume that the Shieldbearers were slain alongside their master and the whole model is removed from play. If the model is attacked in close combat, it is the Dwarf Lord's Weapon Skill that is used for the purposes of the enemy rolling To Hit.

Natural Resistance

The Dwarfs' high resistance to magic is unique among the races of the Warhammer World. Dwarfs are unable to cast spells, and they have no wizards, unlike other races such as Men and Elves. Their lack of wizards is at least compensated for by their sheer stubborn resistance to magical influences. Dwarfs are very hard to kill with magic and can often endure magical attacks that would slay less hardy creatures.

When a Dwarf army attempts to dispel, they have a +2 bonus to all dispel attempts. Note that, if the Dwarfs are fighting alongside a Wizard (either in the same army, or as part of an allied force) for whatever reason, this bonus is lost – the Wizard's presence disrupts the Dwarfs' resistance.



LORDS & THANES

The leaders of a Dwarf throng are its Lords and Thanes. These are the most powerful fighters in the army, fell-handed warriors equipped with the finest arms and armour of the clan's weapon hoard. Each of them has vast experience combating the enemies of their race, often built up over several centuries. Dwarf leaders are well tutored in the art of war, learning both from the elders of their own clans and the venerable Runesmiths. When the time comes for them to lead, they will have learnt more than most commanders ever know and will have been tried and tested on the battlefield many times. This experience and wisdom is reflected in their beards, a clear indication that the other Dwarfs in the throng would do well to follow their example.

As a rule, Dwarf Lords and Thanes are a grim sort, for they are the leaders of a dour people. Upon their broad shoulders is carried the weight of untold debt the inherited grudges of a long-suffering and unforgiving race. It is their lot to avenge all wrongdoing to their clan, hold or race, not just in the present, but also for all time.

Failure to redress an injury from antiquity is particularly galling, an act of disrespect to the much-revered ancestors. Lords and Thanes are well tutored in the ways of their ancient foes and must absorb a wealth of wisdom. Luckily, they are privy to the councils of clan elders, as well as venerable Runesmiths and Engineers. This sagacity is vital, for by the time their beards have grown long enough to lead, Dwarf Lords



and Thanes must master tactics and manoeuvre, learning to wield the armoured might of their throng as well as they wield an axe and shield.

For a Thane to progress to become a Lord, he must bear royal blood. If a king dies, a Lord may rise in succession, or a new kingship may be claimed if the clan re-takes an old hold or establishes a new one. All leaders swear oaths of loyalty to a major Dwarf stronghold, which in turn, is sworn to the High King of Karaz-a-Karak. The High King nominally commands all kings, but in practice, this is more a matter of cooperation than of strict abeyance, as Dwarfs are proud individuals who rile at the idea of blind obedience.

All Dwarfs take great pride in their possessions, but none more so than the ruling class. Depending upon wealth or clan, a Dwarf Lord or Thane might be equipped with runic weapons and armour. It is an honour for a Dwarf to bear such relics of war, for each item is passed down from their forefathers, an ancient legacy in its own right. Covered in runes and bristling with arcane might, each of the hold's relics has a long history of great deeds and feats of battle.

While Dwarfs are notably an infantry force, there are a few exceptions among their leaders. Some Lords are carried into battle by Shieldbearers - stout warriors who heft a shield to serve their liege as a fighting platform. This was common amongst Dwarfs of the southern holds and has been continued elsewhere, notably by King Alrik Ranulfsson of Karak Hirn. In other clans, especially northern ones, Lords and Thanes prefer to fight atop Oath Stones, rocks upon which runes are struck - listing out the clan's honour, or perhaps the Lord's lineage or deeds. The stone is a symbol of their homeland, a piece of their stronghold made manifest.

When battle is joined it is the Lords and Thanes, with their finely crafted armour and rune-inscribed axes who seek out the enemy's most powerful combatants, matching bestial fury or dark magic with courage, honour and honest steel.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dwarf Lord	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10
Dwarf Thane	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

"Revere the ancestors, obey your king, bear your arms with pride, fear no foe, hate the Greenskin, mistrust the Elf, and you can do no wrong."

Old Dwarf saying



RUNESMITHS

A Dwarf who makes magic items is called a Runesmith. As Dwarfs have no direct equivalent to a human wizard the Runesmith is a very important individual. For thousands of years they have preserved the secrets of how to forge magic runes and how to make weapons, armour and other items of incredible power. Dwarf craftsmen are famed throughout the world for their skill but even they acknowledge the Runesmiths' superiority. Although some other races make magic items of great potency, Runesmiths are masters of the art.

Runesmiths work spells with their hammercraft, binding the Winds of Magic into mighty runes of power. They are a suspicious lot and jealously protect the secrets kept in their anvils and hammers, guarding the knowledge that allows them to make magic items – weapons, armour, rings and talismans – of greater potency than items wrought by any other mortal race upon the world.

The ancient Guild of Runesmiths is one of the oldest and most respected institutions in all the Dwarf realms. According to tradition, its origins stretch back to the days of Grungni, the great Ancestor God of Mining, Master of the Forge and Lord of the Runes. The Runesmiths Guild claims descent from Grungni's son Thungni. For this reason the Runesmiths sometimes refer to themselves as the Clan of Morgrim, although they are not the only clan to claim descent from Grungni or his sons. All Runesmiths are related to each other in some, often very remote, fashion. Each carries on his family's traditions of arcane study, learning the ancient craftsmanship of



working metal and magic into mighty runes of power. The guild is effectively a clan containing only a few ancient families whose skills and knowledge are passed down from generation to generation. Even these families jealously guard their secrets from each other, so that the knowledge of how to use certain special runes may reside in only one or two individuals throughout all of the Dwarf realms.

The greatest of their kind are known as Runelords; these elder masters do superlative work and are accorded the sort of reverence normally reserved for the Ancestor Gods. The Runelords know the secrets of the most potent runes, the Master Runes, and can bind the most powerful magic to their will. A Runelord candidate may only be promoted with the death of an existing Runelord, so this position is highly coveted and contested. Among the Dwarfs, Runelords are equal to kings, and so they move through Dwarf society as some of its most esteemed members. A few Runelords withdraw from the world, sequestering themselves away to learn the deeper secrets of the Master Runes and perhaps create a few of their own, further diminishing their numbers as their names become legend.

The ancient secrets of the Runesmiths have been passed down by word of mouth from the time of the Ancestor Gods. Each Runesmith teaches the basic skills of fire and forge to young members of his family, and he selects the most talented of these as his apprentice. Over the long years the apprentice learns from his master how to make magic runes, and assists in the complex rituals that accompany the forging. He will learn to inscribe his own runes, starting with the simplest. Those who are diligent and dedicated will eventually become Runesmiths, and may even go on to create new runes of their own. A Runesmith's power and learning continues to expand throughout his life. Upon the death of his master, the apprentice not only inherits his master's role but his special ancestral name as well, thereby preserving an arcane tradition which is thousands of years old.

When a Runesmith judges the time is right he chooses a young relative to be his apprentice and reticently teaches him the secrets of making magic runes. Runesmiths are very secretive about their knowledge and will only pass it on to a worthy successor, for an apprentice has to prove himself to wring out even the most basic steps of the craft from his Master. Runesmiths are extremely secretive about their knowledge, and it is not uncommon for a Runesmith to allow his knowledge to die with him rather than pass it on to an unworthy successor. Many powerful runes have been lost simply because a Runesmith could find no-one he considered worthy enough to succeed him and gain his innermost knowledge.

"Put your trust in stone and iron – stone and iron have always been true friends of the Dwarfs."

Old Dwarf saying



Runesmiths rarely write down their lore in any form and when they do it is in the manner of a puzzle or riddle. They may imprint their knowledge into a stone or metal tablet or artefact, protecting it with magical keys which make it impossible for the unworthy to discover their secrets.

The more accomplished the Runesmith, the more secrets and the more runes he will know. Runesmiths devote years of their lives to the search for ancient secrets. If a Runesmith finds a weapon or artefact of great antiquity, he will examine it very carefully, looking for the lost runes of some ancient and fabled Runesmith, for their presence marks out a weapon as special and valuable beyond price. Many runes are completely invisible to the casual observer. Only another Runesmith would be able to recognise and follow a trail of clues which might lead to the appearance of the glowing form of a long lost rune.

Most of the great Runesmiths of the past are long dead and only their work and reputation remain. Many fell in the great war against the Elves, or to the Orcs and Goblins in the long struggle that followed the collapse of the Dwarf Empire. Others died in the countless skirmishes with Goblin raiders, cave trolls and dragons. Some became refugees, plying their trade in faraway human cities, gradually losing touch with their ancient traditions. A few disappeared into the trackless wastes of history, leaving only their name and a few artefacts of power to mark their passing. These days a few venerable Runesmiths still live and work in the Dwarf strongholds as their ancestors did before them, forging the weapons of might which the Dwarfs need to defeat their many foes.

The accumulated knowledge of the Runesmiths is vast and beyond value. Even the youngest living Runesmith is many centuries old, but it is the oldest who know the deepest and greatest secrets. Among the Dwarfs, they are respected as much as kings, and their names and work are renowned far and wide. Dwarfs living far away from the strongholds in which these ancient ones dwell are not even sure if they are still alive or whether they have already become true ancestors. Any weapon or artefact wrought by a living Runesmith is treated as though it were the last of its kind, and is given the same awe and reverence as those antique and irreplaceable weapons made by the legendary Runesmiths of the past.

Runesmiths are ancient and powerful individuals, but their number is not very great. Luckily, Runesmiths tend to live for a very long time even by Dwarf standards. At the very least they will have endured hundreds of years of harsh apprenticeship under the demanding eye and unforgiving hand of their forebear to master the skills necessary to forge a rune. Older Runesmiths will have survived hundreds of years of further toil, centuries of beating runes from hot metal, and decades of searching out old secrets in the depths of lost Dwarf strongholds. As a result it is hard to imagine a tougher or more cantankerous Dwarf! As Dwarfs get older they get tougher, even more obstinate, and extremely stubborn. Having spent a lifetime learning the art of making runes they are venerable, cunning, and wise in the ways of warfare as well as magic. There are few foes they have not fought or beaten. These great heroes and lords can proudly sit at the tables of kings, and their immense age accords a status not

possible amongst Men or Elves. Currently, the most prolific of still-working Runelords is Thorek Ironbrow of Karak Azul, but the oldest living Runesmith is Kragg the Grim, Master Runelord of Karaz-a-Karak. Despite being a living link to a bygone era, Kragg has grown so stubborn as to be unbearable.

Sometimes a Runesmith will accompany a Dwarf army or expedition. Although his real motive might be to search for legendary lost artefacts, his presence will be welcomed by the army general for the additional strength he will bring to the force. Not only will he be likely to possess an awesome rune weapon of his own, but his arcane rune artefacts will protect the army against hostile enemy magic and any other sorcery which they may encounter.

In battle, Runesmiths aid their side by dampening enemy magic-earthing spells harmlessly before they can wreak havoc amongst the Dwarfs. They do this in the same manner as they capture the Winds of Magic to forge magic items, and they often bring along rune-covered talismans to aid in this endeavour. Many Runesmiths bear weapons and armour of their own crafting, and they are eager to show their comrades exactly how effective they can be. Whether by some gift of Grungni, or perhaps as a side effect of centuries of beating magical runes into white-hot metal, when a Runesmith feels the rage of battle, his weapons, and those of friendly forces around him, begin to glow and radiate heat as if remembering the forgefires from which they were created. This aura of power has proven effective in helping blades penetrate the armour or toughened hides of any foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Runelord	3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	9
Runesmith	3	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

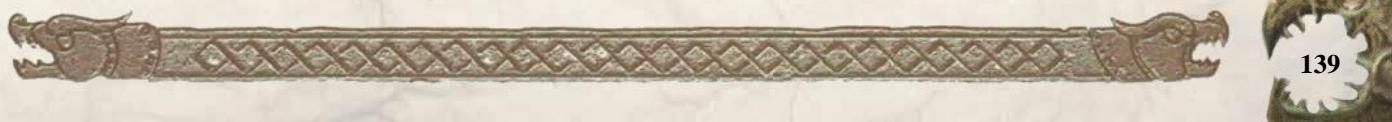
TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.**

Forgefire: A Runesmith and Runelord, and all friendly infantry models in a unit joined by one of them, gain the Armour Piercing (1) special rule for as long as they remain with the unit.

Rune Lore: *Dwarfs have little knowledge of magic as it is practiced by Elves and Humans and they have no wizards as such. The magical lore of the Dwarfs is closely linked to their craftsmanship in weaponry, armour and other artefacts. Dwarf Runesmiths make many magical devices, including the finest weapons and armour. Runesmiths are masters of rune lore, the art of using runes to entrap magic and imbue artefacts with arcane power. Their knowledge has been passed down by word of mouth from the days of the ancestors. The knowledge of the most powerful runes is a very powerful secret known to only a few of the most adept Runesmiths.*

A Runesmith/Runelord follows the rules for a Level 2/4 Wizard for the purposes of dispelling, and have Magic Resistance (6+/5+), respectively.





ANVIL OF DOOM

The Anvils of Doom are ancient devices forged with great skill by the Runesmiths of old beneath Karag Dron, in the bowels of Thunder Mountain. Using the energy of the volcano's heart, Kurgaz, the most skilled of the old ones, melted gromril to forge the anvils. As they cooled, Kurgaz wed the fire of the volcano itself to inscribe the Rune of Sorcery onto each gleaming anvil.

No one knows how many anvils were forged before the secret of the Rune of Sorcery was lost forever. The Dwarf Book of Grudges records how an evil dragon attacked Thunder Mountain and slew the old Runesmith and his fellows in a mighty battle which rent the mountain apart. During the devastation, the forges of Thunder Mountain were destroyed and many Runesmiths slain. In present times, the Anvils of Doom are ancient and valuable heirlooms, and the Dwarfs value them more highly than any of their other possessions.

It is on these anvils that the greatest rune weapons have been forged and were, perhaps, the very creations of the great forgefather Grungni. Each anvil is covered in runes that modern Runesmiths cannot begin to fathom. When striking runes on the anvil, each Runelord uses techniques taught to him by his master that were in turn taught by his master and so on back to the dawn of time. Because of this, no two anvils function in exactly the same way. Separate runes struck in the right order can call upon the different Ancestor Gods. Their powers can be broken down into three broad categories: those dedicated to Grimnir unlock the energies of fury, those dedicated to Grungni boost the power of arms and armour and those dedicated to Valaya that emphasise loyalty.

The mightiest Anvils of Doom are huge, higher than the tallest Dwarf. They are generally owned by the hold in which they are kept, or by one of the Guilds, often the Guild of Runesmiths itself. They are kept in the great forges of the Dwarfs in their mountain strongholds. Not all Dwarfholds contain an Anvil of Doom, and those that do are regarded with respect by those that do not. A handful of Anvils of Doom are

"I can't pretend to understand how the Dwarfs' magic works, but suffice it to say, it can be frighteningly effective. I've seen a Runesmith hammer out runes upon his anvil that caused the ground below a unit of greenskins to explode upwards as though the earth itself rejected them. I don't know how a Runesmith channels the winds into his creations, but I would love to find out. 'Tis a shame that the Dwarfs are as protective of their secret magics as they are of their hoards of gold."

Magister Krauss, Magister of the Order of Metal

owned by individual Runesmiths, and are passed down from master to apprentice. Most of these Runesmiths spend their days in the halls of Karaz-a-Karak or in the weapon shops of Karak Azul. A few of the Anvils of Doom belong to expatriate Dwarfs living in communities outside the Dwarfholds.

Many Anvils of Doom have been lost; some in battle, some when greenskins, Beastmen or Skaven have invaded and captured Dwarfholds. These holds may still contain Anvils of Doom within them. The Goblins clearly lack the knowledge to use them, but such an anvil would be worth a fortune should it be recovered.

Any Runesmith who wishes to inscribe an item with permanent runes must gain access to an Anvil of Doom. The smith must also prove to the Runelord in authority that the item he is crafting will bring glory and honour to the Dwarf people, and will not bring them into disrepute, nor diminish them in the eyes of the world.

In times of war, an Anvil of Doom may be mounted on a carriage and wheeled into battle, to give morale and strength to the army. The Anvils are objects of great power, and in times of extreme need a Runesmith can unleash fire and lightning upon his foes. With a mighty blow of his hammer the Runesmith can release the anvil's power. Lightning bolts blast from its surface as mighty energies unfurl, the sky darkens with brooding energy, and clouds of multi-coloured magic swirl and sparkle in the air.





Only a Runelord, one of the oldest and most revered Runesmiths, may bring an Anvil to battle. The Anvil is mounted on its own platform, normally deployed on a dominating hill overseeing the battlefield, and the Runelord stands proudly beside it. The anvil is accompanied by two guards whose job is to protect the anvil and the Runelord. These stout Dwarfs are apprentice Runesmiths, or close relatives of the Runesmith, and are bound to their duties by severe Dwarf oaths. The Guards have sworn the most binding oaths never to abandon the Anvil or the Runelord to the enemy. No Dwarf would break such an oath and most would rather die than fail to do their duty.

The Dwarf army can use the Anvil to draw energy from the winds of magic, the nebulous source of magic power that flows over the battlefield. Just as Wizards draw upon the winds of magic to cast their spells, the Anvil absorbs magical energy to power the runes engraved upon it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Anvil Guards	-	5	4	4	-	-	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES:

Anvil of Doom: A Runelord with an Anvil of Doom gains +2 to his Wounds characteristic. He also gains the Unbreakable special rule, and his troop type changes to war machine with the following special rules:

A Runelord, his Anvil Guards and his Anvil of Doom are treated as single model – the Runelord cannot dismount. There are, however, two sets of characteristics, one for the Runelord and one shared profile for the Anvil Guards. The Runelord and the Anvil Guards use their own Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks characteristics when they attack. Each can attack any opponent in base contact. The Anvil Guards' Attacks do not benefit from any weapon, runic or otherwise, carried by the Runelord.



The Anvil Guards and the Anvil have no Wounds or Toughness values, and can therefore never be attacked separately. However, if the Runelord is removed as a casualty, we assume that the Anvil Guards were slain alongside their master and the whole model is removed from play. If the model is attacked in close combat, it is the Runelord's Weapon Skill that is used for the purposes of the enemy rolling To Hit.

Ancestral Shield: A model mounted on an Anvil of Doom receives a Ward save (5+).

Locus of Power: If you have one or more Anvils of Doom on the battlefield at the start of any Magic phase, add one dice to both your power and your dispel pool.

Strike the Runes: A model mounted on an Anvil of Doom can use each of the following bound spells once per friendly Magic Phase. The Anvil can pivot on the spot before casting, and the range of the bound spells is measured from the Anvil itself.

- **Rune of Hearth and Home:** *The Rune of Hearth and Hold was originally the gift of Valaya to the Dwarfs. With each blow of the hammer a low bass note resonates across the battlefield, reminding all friendly Dwarf units of hold, clan and ancestors.*

Innate bound spell (power level 3). The *Rune of Hearth and Home* is an **augment** spell that targets every friendly Dwarf unit within 24". The target units gain the Immune to Psychology special rule until the start of the next friendly Magic phase.

- **Rune of Oath and Steel:** *When the runes are struck, Grungni's blessing is placed upon the works of the Dwarfs. Each suit of armour remembers the hammer blows that forged it, and are driven to make an extra supernatural effort to ensure that they do their duty.*

Innate bound spell (power level 4). The *Rune of Oath and Steel* is an **augment** spell that targets a single friendly Dwarf unit anywhere on the battlefield. The target unit increases their armour save by 1 (to a maximum of 1+) until the start of the next friendly Magic phase.

- **Rune of Wrath and Ruin:** *When the Anvil is struck and the name of Grinnir is invoked, the power of the Rune of Wrath and Ruin causes the sky to darken and the earth to crack, venting fire and sulphur.*

Innate bound spell (power level 5). The *Rune of Wrath and Ruin* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24" that causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits, distributed as per shooting.

"This is the las' time I'm goin' to say this – runes are NO' magic! Magic is fer silly buggers in robes and poin'y 'ats! Do you see a poin'y 'at on me lad?"

Grumhilde, Venerable Rune Sage



MASTER ENGINEERS

Dwarfs are consummate craftsmen. Their reverence for the past, combined with their innate sense of perfectionism, makes even the smallest change or innovation to these ancient processes a frightening prospect for most Dwarfs. This is not the case for Engineers. Engineers embrace the relatively "new" arts of gun-making and machinery. "New" is a relative term, of course, given that such contraptions have only been around for a few thousand years.

If a Dwarf shows a particular aptitude with machinery, he may be granted an apprenticeship within the Engineers Guild which maintains the numerous working devices of the Dwarfs. Guild members spend much of their time repairing broken components and cursing the shoddy work of the engineer who first constructed it. They are also responsible for inventing new devices. If the Guild thinks a concept is worthy enough it will fund the Dwarf with all the equipment, materials and help needed. Most inventions never quite take off, but others, such as the legendary Gyrocopter, quite literally do.

The Dwarf Engineers Guild is one of the most secretive of all Dwarf institutions and over the centuries its members have honed their skills of precision engineering to a fine art. Most of their inventions are

practical and functional: pumps to clear water from mine workings, engines to draw cages up vertical shafts, and steam-powered hammers to beat out sheet metal. Ever since the guild's founding they have also developed machines for battle, initially the simple Bolt Thrower and Grudge Thrower but they soon mastered the art of cannon founding. Over time, individual Engineers, eager to make a name for themselves, have come up with even more deadly inventions to unleash upon the enemies of the Everlasting Realm.

The master engineers is a skilled Dwarf engineer of exceptional knowledge, skill and ability. Most toil for years to achieve this level of expertise – and many toil in vain. Master engineers epitomise Dwarf technological skill and know-how. Most often the Guildmaster of particular chapter is chosen from the eldest, wisest, and most skilled of the Master Engineers.

Given the number of war machines with which the Dwarfs can equip themselves, it is not surprising to find members of the Engineers Guild accompanying a throng to battle. To most Master Engineers, this 'field work' is tiresome, as it takes them away from their forges and workshops and shows them first-hand how their beloved engines of destruction are dragged into position, dented by enemy shot and invariably aimed in a manner not as fully optimised as would be ideal. As all Dwarfs revere fine craftsmanship, their war machines are the most polished and best cared-for in the world, treated by their crew with all the respect due a venerable clan member. Nonetheless, even this level of care falls well short of the wishes of the notoriously cantankerous Engineers.

Dwarf engineers are obsessed with keeping their inventions a closely guarded secret, from each other as well as from outsiders. They scorn the Empire's attempts to copy their technology. Though Imperial war machines are more explosive, they are highly unreliable typical shoddy human work.

There are many wild rumours about the way the Engineers Guild operates, many of them coming from former members of the guild. On the battlefield, however, an Engineer is able to offer vital advice on the positioning of artillery and its use. In addition, they are useful Dwarfs in a tight spot, often carrying the latest pistols and handguns.

"There's nothing quite so loud as the sound of a Dwarf cannon volley. When I was but a beardless lad, I thought it sounded like the hammer of Grungni ringing out on the anvil of the world. What say you, Ulli? You've fired your fair share of cannon at the greenskins. Do you agree?"

What? You'll 'ave to speak up, lad. My 'earing's a bit gone."

Bulor Forkbeard,

questioning his mentor, Ulli Arronson





"Alright lad, now just pull here, twist, ratchet it down like so – don't forget to keep counting here, because you've got to get to the last bit before you get to five – and then throw it."

Grom Goldcrank, Journeyman Engineer

A Master Engineer is expert in many fields. Master Engineers are first and foremost doughty warriors whose skill alone merits a place of honour in the Dwarf throng, and while they might be more interested in drafting plans for fortifications or designing new mines, they are more than capable of fighting in the front lines. To protect their precious war machines, they fight with all the determination and grit of their race.

After a battle, Master Engineers oversee repairs of the damage done to his cherished war machines, but during the fight, they are exceptional, if gruff, at directing crews on how to best aim and fire. Theirs is a skill born of intimate familiarity with the workings of each device. With a glance, a Master Engineer can tell when a bolt thrower is set with too much torsion or when conditions warrant extra black powder for an organ gun. They are consummate craftsmen, being able to gauge the intricacies of laying the deadliest of cannon shots, or giving advice on how best to carve boulders into the most accurate ammunition for a Grudge Thrower. They can perform any task relating to metal or stone from forging cannon barrels to designing steam engines to drafting the plans for fortifications and mines. A Master Engineer can also direct the rapid construction of effective entrenchments – such as stacked stone walls or dug out gun pits - that offer protection from enemy missile fire to both war machine and crew.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Master Engineer	3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

GRIMM THE GREAT

Master Engineer Jorek Grimm of the Cragbrow clan was responsible for many of the ironclad ship designs that now steam out of Barak Van: Grimm's well-armoured fleets have been at the fore of many great victories. It is doubtful, however, that Grimm lived to see more than a few of his sea-borne fortresses built during his lifetime and he certainly never saw his vastly useful steam engines become accepted by his conservative-minded comrades from the guild. Grimm's long tenure with the Engineers Guild ended poorly. He was expelled for his unorthodox, if ground-breaking, work and forced to endure the embarrassing Trouser Legs Ritual as a final indignation before being finally ousted.

Artillery Master: If a Master Engineer is not fleeing, a single war machine that is within 3" of him can use his Ballistic Skill and re-roll one artillery dice during the Shooting phase. This cannot be the artillery dice that determines the distance a cannonball bounces or a Flame Cannon's burst of flame moves. You must nominate which weapon, if any, will be using this special rule at the start of each Shooting phase, before any such weapons within 3" of the Master Engineer are fired.

A Master Engineer cannot use this special rule and shoot with his own missile weapon in the same Shooting phase.

"New ideas lead to trouble."

Advice from a Dwarf Master Engineer to an apprentice.

Entrenchment: Up to one unit with the troop type war machine can be entrenched for each Master Engineer in the army. An entrenched war machine is treated as being in hard cover when shot at and any charging models suffer a -1 To Hit modifier in close combat. An entrenched war machine can be pivoted to fire, but if it moves in any other way, the entrenchment is lost. If the war machine is destroyed, the entrenchment is considered destroyed as well. A war machine can only be entrenched once.

"Stand Back Sir!": A model with this special rule that is within 3" of a war machine is allowed to take a "Look Out Sir!" roll just as if he was within 3" of a unit of five or more models of the same troop type as himself. If the roll is successful, the hit is resolved instead against the nearest friendly war machine.





BREWMASTERS

Many have said that the Dwarfs love gold as much as life itself, and only the truly learned know that it is gromril that Dwarfs prize above all other metals. However, there is one substance that is closer to their hearts than any other – ale. Dwarfs like nothing more after a hard day's mining or slaughtering Goblins than an evening feast and a few dozen pints of ale.

Dwarfs are inordinately fond of ale, which they brew and drink in vast quantities. Yet there are those Dwarfs even more fanatical than their other kin. Those that savour the taste of the golden throat charmer and positively tingle with glee at even the merest thought of a tankard of Bugman's XXXXXX affectionately known as 'Bowel-burner'. These Dwarfs are the Brewmasters, a secret guild of tasters and brewers whose life goal is to make the perfect beer, the one pure drop to usurp all others and grant them a place in Dwarf history and what's more the fullest tavern in the entire Old World.

The Brewmasters are a special guild of Dwarf artisans that make the various beers enjoyed by the warriors of the Dragonback settlement and beyond. Whilst they are not fighters as such, they are still Dwarfs and will battle hard to protect their breweries from invaders. Many descend from noble Dwarf families and much like Thanes and Runesmiths carry runic artefacts into battle.

Dwarfs place great importance upon beer and the practice of brewing. It is a staple of their culture and regarded more as an art form than merely the process of fermenting grain crops to produce alcohol. The



brewmasters are the chief exponents of this craft, and brewing itself is one of the loftiest craft guilds in Dwarfen society. Highly respected, brewmasters are on an equal footing to jewellers, metal workers and stonemasons. Entire clans are dedicated to the profession, rivalling each other with closely guarded recipes. Competition is fierce and comes to a head each year at the Brodag, a festival sacred to Grungni where new beers are uncasked to be judged by the Karak's king. Work stops as the entire hold gets down to the serious business of wetting their whiskers with the year's latest ales.

Dwarfen ale is much stronger than that produced in the Empire, for Dwarf constitutions are much more robust. Indeed, so potent is some Dwarf ale that it is believed it alone could sustain a Dwarf over long periods, without need for water or food of any description. Undoubtedly, such a potent draught would as likely blind or kill a Human. It has also been discovered that some beers can be used to power the great machines of the Dwarfs if the accounts of alcohol-combustion engines from the Engineers' Guild at Zhufbar are to be believed.

Every stronghold has a store of barrels and takes pride in the unique flavour of its brews. Wars between clans have been started by the mere suggestion that a hold's ale tastes remotely similar to mannish brews (considered watery). After the length of his beard, the mark of any Dwarf is the amount he can guzzle, a feat warriors feel improves their battle prowess.

The brewing process is one that takes many years and evidence suggests to me that every brew-master has his own secret recipes and differing views on such things as fermentation time and ingredients. Such is the importance placed on the brewing art, Dwarfs have many words for it, such as 'grizdar' and 'hazkal'. Indeed, there are many famous types of beer such as Thengeln's Golden Preserve, Durgrunds Hellfire, Old Fortitude and One-fingers Tar Drop. However, the king of ales is undoubtedly Bugman's XXXXXX, a legendary brew potent enough to knock out a Rhinox. Alas, it is no longer brewed since the destruction of Bugman's Brewery by Goblins. Each remaining cask is carefully stored, a potent vintage imbibed only at the greatest celebrations.

Most of a brewmaster's work is done in the brewery itself. It is well guarded, but so too is the ale store, where the fruits of his labours are stored to mature, not only from their enemies but from the brewmaster's kinsmen also! Some Dwarfs who have a particular 'weakness' towards ale suffer from 'brew-fever'; an affliction that renders a Dwarf insensible and utterly single-minded in the pursuit of a fine ale. Once a beer is ready it will often be 'uncasked' at Brodag, an annual brewing festival of Grungni.



Well we'll
Drink, drink, drink, drink, then we'll drink
some more.
Well drink a spot before we stop,
and that'll be an awful lot.
Then well sing our song ho! (pause)
And fall upon the floor.

Dwarf brewers' hymn to Grimnir,
(Sung to the tune of "Four and Twenty Firkins")

Brewmasters are heroes of high standing in the Dragonback clan. Through years of drinking Dwarf beer and tolling hard in the brewhouse they have become hardy and tough. Their bulk makes them resilient against attacks that might fell a lesser Dwarf, but also means they are slower than their slighter brethren. Brewmasters are possessed of a stout and bulky stature, thickset and perpetually red-faced, with a phenomenal constitution – it is a fool indeed who issues a drinking challenge to a brewmaster.

Josef Bugman is perhaps the greatest Dwarf Brewmaster who ever lived. His famous Troll Brew and the legendary Bugman's XXXXXX are almost the stuff of myth. Bugman's story is not without tragedy however and whilst he was away from his Brew House a horde of Goblins ransacked his home and destroyed and devoured his precious brew. Bugman was incensed and took to roaming the hills and mountains in search of Goblins and other foul creatures in the hope that he would avenge the loss of his fabled brew. It is the Guild of Brewmasters that honour the legends of Bugman's brew and wander the Old World in search of ingredients and the knowledge to make the one perfect brew. There is also a dual purpose in their quest, to exact vengeance, as Bugman did, upon the enemies of the Dwarfs and find retribution for that brew that was destroyed, never to pass the lips of a Dwarf again, never to be savoured.

The Brewmasters take their quest very seriously and will often join up with a group of Warriors and enter the dark dungeons of the Old Dwarf Empire in search of those ingredients and the knowledge that might make them legends...

A Brewmaster is like any other Dwarf except they could probably drink more than a Trollslayer (sounds incredible doesn't it). They bear grudges like all of their kin and are stubborn and cantankerous. What sets a Brewmaster aside from other Dwarfs are his shifting mood swings brought on by excessive drinking. One moment they could be cheerful and jokey and the next depressed and sombre like a Trollslayer. It is this characteristic that makes it difficult to fathom a Brewmaster and his motivations. His tracking skills from many months roaming the hills and mountain passes of the Old World however are very valuable as

is his incredible endurance that even other Dwarfs are impressed with. The first thing the other Warriors will notice about a Brewmaster is his tremendous girth. His beer gut is what provides the Brewmaster with his durability and it shows. A Brewmaster is often ridiculed due to his size and will consequently find it difficult to get into certain types of armour or keep a mule for very long. However the Brewmaster is thick skinned and will take any insult with a few grumbles or sworn oath. Only if he is really pushed will he resort to the tried and tested method of his axe...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brewmaster	3	4	4	4	4	2	1	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

Beer Gut: *The Brewmaster's beer gut acts as a virtual shield against the attacks of monsters and while it may appear flabby the constant roaming around the hillsides has toned the soft flesh of the Brewmaster's stomach into hard muscle.*

Enemy attacks against the Brewmaster's front suffer -1 To Wound.

Beer Casks: *The Brewmaster carries several types of beer with him that he can choose to distribute among his fellow Dwarfs in order to raise their spirits in battle!*

At the start of each Dwarf turn, the Brewmaster can bestow one of the following beers to the unit he is with. Whenever the Brewmaster has given out a draught of brew, roll a D6. If you roll a '1', he and his unit suffer -1 to their Weapon Skill, Ballistics Skill and Initiative this turn due to their giddy and drunken disposition!

- **Bugman's XXXXXX:** *A very rare beverage that is almost considered sacred by Brewmasters. Never as potent as it was, Bugman's original XXXXXX puts this new batch to shame but it is still a fine brew.*

One draught of this brew adds +1 to the unit's Strength until the start of the Dwarf player's next turn.

- **Dwarf Special Reserve:** *A fairly common but no less enjoyable brew. It is said to warm cold bellies and put spirit into the heart of any Dwarf who drinks it.*

One draught of this brew gives the unit the Immunity (Psychology) special rule until the start of the Dwarf player's next turn.

- **Troll Brew:** *This brew is so named due to the fact that the main ingredient is Troll blood! It may sound bizarre but mixed with the proper ingredients the blood of a Troll can take on a very sweet taste and have interesting effects upon the drinker.*

One draught of this brew gives the unit the Regeneration (6+) special rule until the start of the Dwarf player's next turn.





WARRIORS

In times of war, the leaders of the clan call the muster and any Dwarfs old enough to fight form together into regiments. Most of the individuals that will answer the call of battle are craftsmen of some sort- stone-carvers, brewers, minters, and the like. But once they don their well-forged mail, put on their steel helm and heft an axe in hand, they leave behind the artisan, turning that same industrious nature to their other calling – warfare.

Dwarfs make formidable fighters – they are strong and extremely resilient, broad of shoulder, wide in the girth, with big hands and broad feet. They are ideally adapted to cope with demanding physical work, and can dig or tunnel for hours without tiring. Their extreme physical endurance also enables them to carry heavy loads without any notable loss in speed. As well as being physically robust they are also mentally tough. To say that a Dwarf knows his own mind is something of an understatement.

Dwarfs are set in their ways and extremely determined. They are supremely confident in the virtues and values of their civilisation, and are openly scornful of the achievements of other 'less accomplished' races. This combination of physical and mental durability makes Dwarfs steadfast fighters. They will often fight to the last rather than admit defeat, and rarely run away even if the situation appears hopeless.



Dwarfs take matters of oaths and bargains very seriously indeed. A Dwarf who is unable for some reason to keep a bargain he has made will suffer considerable anguish and loss of face. Often, the shame will prove too much to bear, and he will abandon his family to wander in the mountains, or even become a Slayer.

Although by no means quick, they are physically robust and can maintain a steady plodding pace, marching for days on end despite being loaded down by burdens and heavy mail. When they charge into battle, the momentum generated by their wide, armour-clad bodies is remarkable, hitting the foe with a resounding impact. They have broken many enemy battle lines this way, splintering Elven phalanxes, carving through Orc formations and hacking apart the great masses of Skaven that make up their verminous armies.

Any foe that has fought Dwarfs has quickly learned to respect them – even the elite troops of other armies have met their match against these warriors. They are grim and determined fighters, unwilling to retreat and able to advance and battle on even in the face of great adversity. Tales abound of Dwarfs – hopelessly outnumbered, backed into unfavourable ground and pressed on all sides – somehow emerging triumphant.

The plate-clad Northman swung his cruelly spiked mace with incredible speed. Brogar braced himself, feeling a teeth-rattling jolt of impact as the strike bounced off his armour. He instinctively closed his eyes, yet still registered the flash as the runes on his mail flared brightly. Brogar silently thanked the Ancestor Gods for their protection. He knew his gromril suit had absorbed the blow just as he knew, without needing to check, that the ancient armour of his forefathers would not even be dented.

"By Grungni's Sacred Hammer, is that all you've got?" Brogar grunted, as he hefted his axe overhead and brought it down with all his might. The Northman was too quick and shifted his towering shield to catch the blow. It was done with the deft ease of someone who had performed such a manoeuvre untold times in hundreds of battles. Brogar felt a surge of pride, for no shield would stop his runic axe, the heirloom Dreng Baraz – "the Promise of Death". Brogar felt shivers run down his arms as his axeblow clove through his foe's shield, split his breastplate, and bit deep into flesh and bone. With a metallic shriek, Brogar tugged Dreng Baraz free from the bloody ruin, letting the corpse crumple to the ground. As the runes on his axe blazed in incandescent fury, Brogar barked out his challenge: "Alright, who's next?"



Protected by their heavy mail, their skilful use of overlapping shield walls and, finally, by their own tough and obstinate nature, Dwarf individuals, units and armies as a whole seem able to absorb punishing blows that would cause other races to break and flee. With Dwarfs, such suffering only serves to make them angrier – and with beards bristling and hands clenched around axe hafts and mighty warhammers, the Dwarfs regroup to charge anew. Their feeble-limbed foes, too worn out and tired at the end to even lift their weapons, are slaughtered, save for those fast enough to flee the ironshod and implacable advance of the Dwarfs.



And Dwarfs are vengeful. Hands that once crafted the most intricate of jewels, minds that once delighted in the simplicity and timeless wonder of an exactly constructed stone pillar, now see only red ruin.

Although matter-of-fact in their peaceful pursuits, once a Dwarf snaps, his whole life collapses like an arch with its keystone removed. The fury of a Dwarf overcome with a grudge-hatred is stark and harsh. It is because they take such matters so seriously that they rarely forgive acts of betrayal or disloyalty. In fact, if there's one thing a Dwarf can do better than anything else it is hold a grudge! The Dwarfs have never forgiven the High Elves for starting the ancient war between their two races. Even though Dwarfs and Elves now enjoy comparatively friendly relations, it is unlikely that the Dwarfs will ever trust them completely again.

They are unremitting in their violence, and forgiveness is not in their nature. Instead, they are grown cold, having no more mercy in them than granite. During such periods, even their allies – sunless they be barbaric of nature, such as Sigmar in the days of old – will turn their eyes from the cataclysmic and all-consuming wrath that the Dwarfs unleash.

In all but the richest of clans and holds, a Dwarf is expected to supply and maintain his own arms and armour. This is no issue, as most Dwarfs treat their gear of war as treasured family heirlooms, handing down axe and shield, hammer and mail coat, through the generations – presenting them to a young Dwarf when he comes of age. Some clans, such as the Goldshields or the Ironhammers, have developed their conventional gear of war to ensure that their regiments are bold and uniform, while others show their allegiances through more subtle colours or symbols.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

"A Dwarf army is like a well-crafted mail shirt, each warrior is an iron-hard link, knitted together by duty, honour and loyalty. And, like a mail shirt, never a blow shall pass them as long as all the links remain strong."

Old Dwarf saying



QUARRELLERS

Since the Dwarfs first settled the Worlds Edge Mountains, the crossbow has ever been their weapon of choice to slay their foes at range. The earliest crossbow designs were made of stout iron oak reinforced by metal bands, although these days, some clans prefer the forged steel versions. Regardless of the material they are made from, Dwarf crossbows are deadly weapons able to drop a Black Orc in its tracks or, with enough Dwarfs firing in concert, even take down a rampaging Giant.



When the clans are called to fight, some Dwarfs arm themselves with crossbows and join the battle as Quarrellers. These formations are tasked with raining bolts down upon their foes - a task they perform with orderly zeal. Quarrellers seek to thin down the enemy's ranks, punish units attempting to outflank their own forces and engage in ranged duels with the foe's missile-armed troops.



Dwarfs have never taken to bows, partly because they do not suit their short physical stature, but also due to the limitations of such weapons in confined tunnels. The powerfully built Dwarf crossbow can easily fire shots that outdistance the puny bows used by Goblins, and the crossbow bolts pack enough punch to devastate lightly armoured foes, even enough to drop a Black Orc in his tracks. With typical Dwarf precision, a unit of Quarrellers will unleash its hail of bolts, reload, take aim and fire again. Protected by heavy armour and their own sturdy constitutions, it is a rare day when an enemy - even one with more skilled marksmen than the Dwarfs - can win a long-ranged shooting contest against a unit of Quarrellers. Of course, should the enemy approach near enough to engage the Quarrellers in close combat, they will find hardened warriors eager to put their axes to work as well.

In more recent times, devotees of the handgun have grown in numbers to the extent that the crossbow is no longer entirely the dominant weapon. The crossbow will never disappear entirely though. The Quarrellers that remain are a stubborn bunch, preferring to trust their own estimates of range and wind than rely on a new-fangled sight. There are many clans that prefer the range of the crossbow, while the most traditionalist simply rile against any form of technological progress and the regrettable lack of effort needed to fire a handgun instead of winding a crossbow winch to reset its formidable shot. Not surprisingly, some of the less wealthy clans even grumble over the cost of black powder when a bit of elbow grease will propel a quarrel further than a bullet.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Quarreller	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

"Now, don't get me wrong. I'd rather be on the right end of a handgun than the wrong end, but what's wrong with proper, old-fashioned crossbows? I mean, it makes an awful stink, for Grungni's sake, and smoke everywhere, stings your eyes something rotten it does. Still, they're better than those contraptions the Manlings cart about these days – least you can hit something at fifty paces. Crossbows have been around for thousands of years, but you youngsters have your heads turned by the latest whiz-bang to come out of the Engineers guild. Progress, they calls it. Fixing what isn't broken, I've half a mind to say."

Durgrim Redmane



THUNDERERS

It took many, many years after the Dwarfs had discovered black powder for the handgun to become widely used by any save the Engineers. Although some more traditional Dwarfs still regard the handgun with suspicion, it has become as common a sight in Dwarf armies as the crossbow. Now, most clans, even those that live in the wilderness, can field whole regiments of Thunderers – the name given to handgun-equipped units.

Some clans are rich enough to purchase handguns from the Engineers Guild. Extremely proud of these weapons, they go to great lengths to maintain them. Dwarf handguns are exceptional works of craftsmanship and are more accurate than the shoddy constructions of the Empire. Many Thunderers will have crafted their own handguns, incorporating additional improvements of their own or the latest ideas from noted Engineers.

Standing in closely packed ranks, Thunderers take aim and then discharge their handguns – unleashing a thunderous fury and a cloud of gun smoke. Although not quite as long-ranged as a crossbow, the sturdy Dwarf handgun packs an even deadlier shot, its bullet fired with such velocity it can tear through armour and better take down more heavily protected foes, such as Chaos Warriors.

Being naturally methodical as well as mechanically gifted, they will load and fire in a disciplined manner, rarely suffering the misfires that would afflict less-disciplined troops. Even when the enemy advance close, almost right up on top of them, Thunderers will



seek to get off one last shot. While the onset of bloodthirsty foes might cause lesser races to rush their aim, the steady coolness of the Dwarfs, not to mention the precision make of their weaponry, ensures that every volley is fired with the same lethal accuracy as the last, until the moment the Thunderers take up their axes and meet the foe's charge in the bloody press of close combat.

Although Dwarfs show great solidarity in the face of outsiders, there is some degree of rivalry between regiments of Thunderers and Quarrellers regarding what makes for the most accurate weapon, resulting in Dwarf handguns being the most precise weapons of their type in the world. Given the bitter nature of Dwarfs, this is not always a 'good-natured' rivalry. Although not prone to murder or betrayal, as are so many of the weaker races, many a good drinking bout has turned into a bloody brawl when the millennia-old question gets raised, which is better: the crossbow or the handgun?

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thunderer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

BATTLE OF THE IRON CRAG

"Hear me manlings, and honour heroes of your folk. I, Duregar of Karak Hirn speak to you now of the Battle of Iron Crag.

It was the day of Grimnir, five and a half thousand years after the founding of Karaz-a-Karak, when the combined armies of Reikland and Dwarfs fought the hordes of Orc Warlord Crothak One-Eye.

The men bore the brunt of the attack, falling in their hundreds, yet not giving an inch of ground. They stood alone on the hill, and withstood the avalanche of steel and green-skinned monsters, showing spirit to match the bravery of long-bearded Dwarf warriors.

The massed fire of our Thunderers saved the last five of them, and the charges of the Ironbreakers broke the foe. For the honour of our allies we built a mound of the heads of the Orcish scum as a warning to those invaders who come to pillage our lands.

It was King Alric, the bearer of the great hammer of Karak-Hirn, who lead the Dwarfs into victory. He was said to have slain three dozen of the foe alone that day.

The birds of prey came to peck the eyes of the fallen enemies, an apt fate for those who would come and defile the land of our ancestors. Our own dead we carried to be buried in the Halls of the Dead beneath the mountains."



LONGBEARDS

In warfare, the Dwarfs look to the eldest and most experienced of their fighters to steady their battle lines. These regiments of battle-scarred veterans are known reverently as Longbeards, a fact evidenced by the length of their beards, which are very long and grizzled. These ensure that they receive complete respect from other Dwarfs, who have been taught quite rightly to respect their elders. They are as solid and steady (and sometimes as worn) as the mountains themselves. A Dwarf only becomes a member of this elite caste when his beard stretches to touch the floor while he is stood at his full height. Reaching such an important milestone is well marked by the Dwarfs and it is customary for a prestigious feast to be undertaken in the Longbeard's honour; many a tavern has been drunk dry in the ensuing feast.

Even amongst such a stern race, Longbeards are known for their dourness, and are believed to grumble incessantly about the unworthiness of foes, decline in standards and faded glories. They carry with them the burden of the ages to be passed down to future generations and the knowledge of times passed. Dwarf kings have ever sought their wisdom; from their prudence in matters of wealth to their knowledge of tactics on the battlefield, and many of these venerable warriors sit on a hold's council of elders. The oldest Longbeards are known as Greatbeards, but they are rare. Older still are the living ancestors. Their age is such that is impossible for me to determine, and they are wise beyond reckoning.



Longbeards have fought in more wars, beaten more enemies, and endured greater hardships than any young Dwarf can possibly imagine. They constantly grumble about how today's Goblins are far smaller and weedier than they used to be and how nothing is as well made as it was in their day. They are the toughest and most stubborn of all Dwarfs and amongst the best fighters. No young Dwarf, as hot-headed and tempestuous as he might be, would dare gainsay a Longbeard; after all, they have much more experience – and the beard to prove it!

Admittedly, there are times when even the most indefatigable of Dwarfs begins to fray under the constant barrage of complaints ceaselessly launched out by their elders. However, these are borne in respectful silence for a single reason: Longbeards have demonstrated their hard-won skills in battle time and again. They are unfaltering in their ways, disdainful of minor shifts of fortune that can send less experienced warriors in to disorder or even panicked confusion. Whether a howling Orc Waaagh! is smashing itself upon their raised shields, great boulders are splattering down within their ranks to hurl showers of bone and gore outwards or some new eldritch technology of the vile ratmen is spewing purple and green-tinged flames at them, the Longbeards will close ranks, their gnarled faces disclosing no alarm, only a seething anger at their foes.

Filled with pride, Snorri watched the fog roll back from the mountain pass. This would be his first time standing shoulder to shoulder with his clan, an honour he had waited for his whole life.

The first of the hunched creatures appeared out of the gloom and Snorri felt his deep-seated hatred growing. Then a sudden gust of wind cleared the valley and the full scale of the greenskin horde was revealed. There were thousands of them! Snorri's hands grew clammy, his knees weak.

Throat-clearing splutters broke the stillness, as Longbeards – the most veteran warriors – took their place in the throng's battle line. Soon, gruff voices began shouting, loudly condemning their foe.

'Look at 'em, not nearly enough are there?'
'I've seen bigger tusks on cave-squirrels. This better be worth puttin' me mail on for.'

'You there, bearding – keep your shield high!' Snorri was sure the last comment was directed towards him, although he was positive his shield was perfectly positioned. He knew the veterans would complain about anything. Fear forgotten, Snorri swore a silent oath that he would not give them any reason to grumble.



In battle, Longbeards display their heritage proudly and often their long facial hair is bound up in gold ingot or copper banding. Many wear ornate face masks depicting ancestor symbols or the runic devices of their hold or clan. Whether this is to disguise scars, scare the enemy or part of some ancient tradition is not known to this scholar – likely, it is a measure of all three. They are hardy fighters indeed, their skin thick like leather, their ancient ancestral armour tested over many decades. There is little that can cause these grizzled warriors disquiet, for they have seen it all and no enemy will ever measure up to those they once fought in their prime, and as such they are a steady influence to all Dwarfs around them. None amongst the Dwarfs would ever risk such dishonour as to flee in the presence of a Longbeard.

A Longbeard unit in a battle line is likened to a reliable anchor bolt or bulwark that stands fast and supports the other formations. Longbeards are able to demonstrate their time-won skills, disdainful of any minor shifts in fortune that would throw less experienced warriors into confusion. Woe betide any beardlings whofalter under the Longbeards' stern (if rheumy) eyes, for they will be admonished within inches of their very lives. It might not be easy for other units to hold the battle line within earshot of a unit of Longbeards, yet it is also a great honour that redoubles a Dwarf's stoicism and makes even beardlings eager to prove themselves (or at least not give the Longbeards any further ammunition).

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Longbeard	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Greatbeard	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.**

Old Grumblers: *Longbeards expect the worst, and spend a long time grumbling about the inadequacies of Dwarfs/weapons/Goblins these days, as they're not as brave/well-made/scary as they were in the olden days. It takes a lot to unsettle a Longbeard from a good grumble. They tend to look down their beards at younger Dwarfs. In their turn other Dwarfs pay dutiful attention to the words of their elders to avoid their withering glares-and endless moans of "told you so!".*

Longbeards are Immune to Panic. In addition, any friendly Dwarf units within 6" of a unit of Longbeards can re-roll failed Panic tests.

"We Sons of Grungni may have drunk deep from the bitter waters of misfortune, but we yet survive. Whilst a single Dwarf draws breath, we will fight the evils that assail us, and we will never, ever give up."

Hengist Stonebelly, Dwarf Longbeard



MINERS

Dwarfs have an insatiable thirst for gold, and construct deep shafts beneath the mountains in their quest for more of it, but it is not the only thing that fuels their interest in mining. Gemstones and ores are also especially valued, many Dwarf crafts being dependent on a regular supply of both. Dwarfs are very skilled at digging tunnels at incredible speed. The networks of mines and tunnels run through every mountain range. Most deposits in the civilised lands are nearly exhausted; as a result, miners spend a good portion of their time in remote areas. Many dream of striking it rich with a large vein, but their tendency to brad dooms their hopes. Word of s trike spreads quickly, and shanty towns spring up as others arrive to exploit the find. These towns are abandoned just as quickly once the find is exhausted.

Even the smallest Dwarfhalls are populated with a fair number of Miners. As an underground dwelling race, Dwarfs always need experts at delving into bedrock, and this, coupled with the race's insatiable lust for gold, ensures that all mountain abodes are riddled with any number of deep shafts dug down in search of precious metals and gems. With their short but powerful build, Dwarfs are ideally suited to mining – their strength and endurance allowing them to tirelessly wield pick, hammer and shovel. While new-fangled drilling machines and steam-powered wonder-tools are now being put to use by progressive-minded clans, they will never replace the need for skilled and experienced Dwarf Miners.



As one might expect from a race that dwells almost constantly underground, the role of the Miner is a much valued and lauded one. The Miners Guild in any hold is perhaps second only to the Engineers' Guild in prestige and influence, and sometimes up to half the adult Dwarfs of a clan may be employed as miners, and some clans consist almost entirely of mining families.

While we may use the term 'miner' to describe these Dwarfs, there are many, many subsets of this profession. Dwarf mining is highly complex, and the members of a mining team have specific roles; to the Dwarfs it is much more than simply swinging a tool at a rock face. The proper preparation and maintenance of mineshafts is one area of expertise, the surveying and analysis of rock and its ore is another. There is much overlap with engineering, particularly as new tools such as blasting charges – black powder explosives used to shear off large parts of a face – and steam-driven hammers and drills become more common.

Within each of these many areas, a Dwarf will specialise in a particular type ofore or rock. Some are coal miners, others iron workers, others seek gems, while many are wholly dedicated to the pursuit of precious metals. The best ways to locate and extract these ares are often clan-held secrets, and nofew grudges have been recorded on account of other clans attempting espionage to gain some insight into a particular clan's techniques.

As a beardless, a Dwarf Miner will begin to learn his trade by helping move the ore from the rock face to the smelteries, learning how to identify different types of rock in the process. He will then progress to shoring up mine shafts, and then working on the face itself, first with a pick but later with more sophisticated tools. Over many decades, a miner may move from one type ofore to another, and his knowledge will broaden as well as deepen. The guildmasters are venerable miners that can use smell, touch and hearing to identify hidden seams, and can operate mining machinery in almost total darkness.

"Mining, that's a proper Dwarf job, none of this messing about with Grungni knows what. Just good honest stone and metal, that's a miner's work. Still, the mines aren't what they used to be. There was a time when you couldn't dig more'n a few inches without finding a nugget of gold or a seam of iron ore. Not like the mountains these days, they've swallowed it all up, so you have to grub for weeks just to find a bit of dull copper. And no one these days knows the tunnels like the old mine masters used to. Could go anywhere for a month without ever setting foot in the daylight, as it should be. A few of the old-timers, proper miners to my mind, know the secret ins and outs of the caverns around abouts, but was a time when you could ask a miner in Zbusbar about the digs in Karak Zorn and he could draw you a map from memory. Still, you lads know how to swing a pick, I trust, whether it's for a piece of gold or at a damned Elf's head."

Durgrim Redmanc



The mines themselves make up the outermost regions of any hold. Rather than being abandoned as are the mines of other races, the mines of the Dwarfs are turned into corridors, chambers and halls by mining teams and stone masons. Even the most glorious throne room or vault once started life as a simple mind. As the Miners follow the seams of ore, the hold expands. This can seem haphazard to outsiders, as galleries and tunnels often follow convoluted paths. To aid navigation, the Dwarfs have a well-established vocabulary to define the areas of a hold, as revealed elsewhere.

When a Dwarfhold march to war, many mining clans form regiments to join the battle. As a point of pride in their profession, they do not bear axes, but instead wield the same heavy two-handed mining picks and mattocks they use to laboriously carve out tunnels. As it turns out, these well balanced and sturdily made tools work equally well whether digging into bedrock or hacking apart Goblins. Because tunnelling in the deeps is dangerous work, Miners constantly wear heavy armour and helms. Down the ages, this mail has served to protect them against rockfall and cave-ins as well as turning aside such attacks as Elf arrows or rusty Skaven blades.

There are many benefits to having such troops in an army, notably they can use their skills to tunnel beneath the enemy and gain the advantage of surprise by turning up on the battlefield from a completely unexpected direction. Miners have a wide knowledge of subterranean tunnels and, if there is not already an easily accessible underground route to an enemy's vulnerable flank or rear, the Miners will make one! Few enemies react calmly to the trudge of heavy boots behind them, and many a desperate battle has been won by Miners arriving in the nick of time from an unexpected quarter. Led by a Prospector (the most veteran member of the crew), Miners can wreak havoc on a foe's battle plans.

They also have an instinct for the stone, knowing where best to dig and when to pause to shore up a section of tunnel. Collapses and other accidents are rare. The longer and more established a Dwarf mine is, the more likely it is to be augmented with mechanical contrivances. Great steam engines, fixed in position, draw in fresh air or haul chains to tow wagonloads of rock out of the depths. Some Miners even take to war with a few of their 'gadgets', such as blasting charges or a steam drill that some Engineer has invented to aid in under-tunnelling the enemy battle lines quickly. But, however successful these are, they can never replace the skill and experience of a Dwarf Miner. While the most conservative Dwarfs still grumble about these newer generations, stoutly wielding a pick to carve through a foe and winning the battle go a long way to aiding acceptance.

"There's nothin' as sure in the world as the glitter of gold and the treachery of Elves."

Old Dwarf Saying

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Miner	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Prospector	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

UPGRADES:

Blasting Charges: *Miners are extremely skilled in the art of using black powder to blast their way to mineral deposits. Needless to say something this destructive can be useful in a tight spot during battles and sieges.*

One use only. Blasting charges are missile weapons with the following profile and special rules:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
4"	4	Armour Piercing (1), Flaming Attacks, Quick to Fire

Steam Drill: *The steam drill is a common piece of mining equipment that has also proven useful on the battlefield. A small steam engine, usually alcohol-powered, is used to drive the hammer with such force that it can punch through rock with ease.*

A Miner unit equipped with a steam drill can re-roll a failed arrival for its Ambushers special rule. Additionally, the Prospector can use the steam drill in close combat with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	+3	-2 Initiative, Requires Two Hands





HAMMERERS

The most skilled warriors in a Dwarfholt are the Hammerers, selected by the king himself to stand watch over the king's chambers and at all hours, never speaking, and forbidding entry to all unless ordered otherwise. They also accompany him to war, and are trusted above all others. If a Dwarf should prove himself courageous enough over the course of many battles he may be selected to join the Hammerers. They are individuals from different units, and perhaps even clans, who have proven themselves in uncountable battles, showing not just great strength and deadly martial prowess, but also steadfast loyalty and a bold and courageous nature. A Hammerer must be willing to give his complete loyalty to his liege and dedicate himself totally to protecting him from harm. Amongst a folk known throughout the world for their stubbornness, Hammerers are regarded as being stubborn by other Dwarfs. Should they be protecting a Dwarf of royal descent, perhaps even the king himself, then they are even more intractable. They are formed into a hard-hitting shock unit, a force capable of breaking enemy formations the way a heavy maulhammer crushes shale.

In addition to being a formidable fighting unit, the Hammerers are often used as a Thane or Lord's personal bodyguard. Duty to a liege is a sacred thing to Dwarfs. An individual bound by oath to his Lord will fight all the harder, and for the leader of the throng, a Hammerer will gladly give his life rather than face the dishonour of failure. A king surrounded by his



Hammerers is the keep in the centre of the throng: grim and unyielding, a living personification of the indomitable Dwarf spirit. Of course, the allegiance goes both ways, and it is a Lord's duty to properly equip these hand-picked units. The symbol of the bond between a Lord and his Hammerers is the weapons they carry. The role of Hammerer is bestowed only by royal appointment in a long and prestigious ceremony that culminates in the gifting of a great hammer. Each given hammer is heavy, but perfectly balanced, and often made of gromril. It is the gift of the hammer to the warrior that seals the oath between him and his Lord. In battle, the sight of the great hammers rising and falling around the King's banner is an inspiration to the rest of the throng who will typically redouble their own efforts to keep up.

When it comes to blunt objects, size matters. That thought is the driving force behind the Hammerer's choice of weapons. His job is to bash things good and solid, and in keeping with a Dwarf's nature he's selected the best tool for the job: the great hammer. With weapon firmly in hand, there are few more deadly melee opponents to be found on any field of battle, and fewer still that can hope to match the Hammerer's combination of skill, tenacity, and sheer momentum. Though he is not so well protected as the more defensive Ironbreaker, this limitation is offset by the killing power he wields.

Outfitted in heavy, well-polished Dwarf mail, Hammerers wade into combat wielding their great weapons. They swing their hammers in sweeping arcs, hitting their enemies with such vigour that only enchanted or hell-forged armour can withstand the force of their blows. With a cracking and crumping, the whirling hammerheads send up gory debris, as splintered shields, cracked bits of armour and even

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN

High up in the Worlds Edge Mountains, nestled in the valleys and passes below the snow-covered peaks, can be found the fabled stone-chiselled halls of the Dwarf kings. These ancient stronghold, have been laboriously carved out over the ages and many races covet the fabled riches, piled treasures, and hoards of matchless arms and armour that even the poorest of Dwarf clans greedily amass within their mountainous mansions.

Orcs and Goblins see Dwarf holds as ideal targets, promising of both rich plunder and a good scrap. Thus, from the most venerable fortress to the smallest mine-workings, every Dwarf settlement up and down the great range of the Worlds Edge Mountains regularly comes under siege by a storm of greenskins.



heads or limbs are thrown into the air by the sheer force of the impact. Dwarf battle lines have been known to cheer at the sight of the great hammers rising and falling around their king's banner, beating out a rhythmic noise that is not unlike the deep-booming industrial sounds made by the vast drop hammers found in the larger Dwarf forges.

Some tomes purport that the appointment of Hammerers as the king's royal bodyguard and protectors stretches back to the reign of King Morgrim Blackbeard in -1245 (IC). If such accounts are to be believed, it was Kadrin Redmane who was the very first hammerer. An obscure reference in the Mount Gunbad Book of Grudges relates a visit made by King Morgrim Blackbeard to the gold mines in an effort to bolster the morale of the embattled miners who had endured many punitive goblin raids.

Ironically, as the king was touring the forges, a horde of night goblins broke through the walls of the mine in their hundreds. The king's bodyguard, then warriors of the royal clan, were overwhelmed such was the ferocity and suddenness of the attack. It was Kadrin, then a master craftsman, sweating over the anvil of the forges, who reacted first to his king's plight. Taking up his forge hammer he went to the aid of his liege, the other smiths following his example. Together they fought their way free of the mines and escaped with their lives. For this valorous deed, the king bestowed a rune hammer upon Kadrin Redmane, and it is my belief that from this event the gifting of the great hammer to all inducted hammerers was first derived. Kadrin's tale does not end there, but suffice it to say that if it is true, a great tradition of the Dwarfs was established that day and Hammerers have been the protectors of the kings ever since.

"There ain't nowt a cannon can do that a determined Dwarf with a hammer can't achieve."

Durgrim Redmane, Dwarf Hammerer

As the most elite warriors, Hammers enjoy a high status within their hold, the equal of any artisans or craftsmen. When not personally shielding their Thane or king, they are tasked with guarding key elements, such as the throne room or front gate. Larger strongholds will have many regiments of Hammerers, and these often become known by the name of what or whom they guard, such as the Peak Gate Guard of Karak Norn or the Drakebeard Guard, the Hammerers assigned to guard Thane Ull Hammerhand of the Drakebeard clan in Karak Kadrin.

Chief amongst all the hammerers is the Gate Keeper. It is he who carries the key to the king's chambers around his neck – the only other Dwarf of the hold besides the king himself that has such a key – so that none may enter there without his knowledge.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hammerer	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9
Gate Keeper	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute, Stubborn.**

King's Guard: If the unit is joined by the army's General the unit gain the Immunity (Fear/Terror) special rule. This special rule lasts as long as the General is in the unit.





IRONBREAKERS

Most of Karaz Ankor lies beneath the surface of the world – from the towering vaults and labyrinthine galleries of the holds to the endless tunnels of the Underway, the ancient subterranean road of the Dwarfs that in times gone by once linked all of the major holds of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Adjoining these are the shafts of countless mines, sunk deep in the bottomless dark. Many of these passages are now in ruins and have been infiltrated – penetrated by the gnaw tunnels of Skaven, or the mushroom-filled holes of the Night Goblins. This is a part of the Everlasting Realm that remains a mystery to all but the Dwarfs and their ancestral enemies. The blackness of the underworld is also home to other monsters – crawling horrors and slinking beasts unknown to surface dwellers.

Where old and abandoned workings join the inhabited levels the Dwarfs have blocked passages and built gates, but even so they must be constantly on the lookout for intrusion from below. To safeguard the deepest and most dangerous passages, the Dwarfs call upon the Ironbreakers to guard the deep abandoned tunnels from those that would otherwise invade the hold. They spend much of their time below ground in the deepest, least visited parts of the stronghold. In these dark places, sudden ambush and treacherous rockfall are commonplace hazards and survival is often dependent on wearing the right armour. Accordingly, Ironbreakers wear fine suits of gromril armour, crafted

by the smiths of the hold and worn as a badge of honour by this select band of warriors. Ironbreakers are doughty warriors that seek to stem the tide of evil and safeguard their people. They stand resolute, barring danger from advancing beyond their post. It is an honour to be selected to join the Ironbreakers, for they are trusted to protect the hold's most vulnerable entrances. Only the strongest and bravest are accepted into their ranks, but the dark offers no vainglory; and those warriors who choose a path of greater ambition must seek out the Hammerers.

The Ironbreaker is the quintessential Dwarf: gruff, quarrelsome, and taciturn. He is also your best friend on the field of battle, as any blow struck against his allies is a grudge that is guaranteed to be repaid in kind. Covered from head to toe in famed gromril armor, and bearing a rune-forged axe, he is a steadfast defender. This Dwarf is proof against even the most powerful attacks, standing by his allies and ensuring their safety amidst the swirling chaos of battle. It is said that there are few warriors in the world who can boast they are as tough as an Ironbreaker and none that can prove it.

To serve as an Iron breaker, a Dwarf must take vows to stand bold, even if no king, Lord or Thane is near. Behind and above him are the beardlings, treasure troves, ancestral tombs, and the very halls that the forefathers of his race carved out of rock in ages past. Before and below an Ironbreaker will be only the dark, the all-consuming blackness that hungers to grasp everything into its clutches.



GROMRIL ARMOUR

Dwarfs are famous for their armour, whether it is the full plate or multi-layered full suits of mail worn by their engineers and siege crews. Few Dwarfs wear leather armour by itself, preferring instead the caress of steel to their tough skin. One thing that sets Dwarf armour apart from that worn by others is the rare metal gromril. Sometimes called star metal, meteoric iron, hammer wrought armour, and silverstone, it is impervious to weapons wrought from lesser ore. Though heavy, no one doubts its sturdiness when forged into armour.

Of all the races in the Old World, only the Dwarfs have learned the art of forging gromril ore into plate armour. Nearly impenetrable and of unsurpassed beauty, this armour is priceless and never for sale. Dwarfs alone have the techniques and skill necessary to fashion complete suits, and so this armour, if found at all in other lands, is by component only and then likely taken from corpses on battlefields or stolen from a wealthy knight's armoury. So valuable is gromril armour, wars have been fought for the mere possession of a full suit.



The life of an Ironbreaker is one of honour and blood, sacrifice, and duty to their clan. Each day when they rise, they recite the oaths of loyalty, a litany of the names of their ancestors and the glory of their clan, ending with a pledge to spill the blood of the clan's enemies. They will then spend several hours servicing their armour and weapons, as is the Dwarf way, sharpening blades to razor-fine edges and polishing armour to a dull shine. The rest of the day is typically spent patrolling and training with their weapons. If they are garrisoned near the clan's hold they will spend hours marching the tunnels, hunting any goblins, orcs or Skaven foolish enough to venture up from the depths. Periodically they will rest and spend an hour or so drilling, the clash of arms echoing up and down the tunnels. Finally they will return to their camp and finish the day doing what Dwarfs do best – drinking!

An Ironbreaker's first and last duty is to their clan. Whether they have taken up the title for honour or gold (something equally interchangeable for Dwarfs) they are expected to put no power, lord, or god before their oath to the clan. Even when an Ironbreaker is far from his clan's holdings he is expected to always conduct himself with honour and courage, mindful that he represents not only himself, but the clan wherever he travels. A close second to an Ironbreaker's duty to the clan is his duty to the Dwarf race. He is expected to constantly fight against the foes of the Dwarf wherever they are found. As Dwarfs are slow to forgive and have long memories, their enemies can be found almost anywhere.

Ironbreakers are expert tunnel fighters and occasionally they wield broad tunnel-shields. A narrow vision-slit is cut into each shield allowing pistols and other missile weapons to be discharged through it. The shield is designed to block narrow tunnels, effectively providing a temporary 'wall of steel' until reinforcements can be mustered or charges set to collapse the tunnel completely. A secondary use is to employ the shield as



a herding tool to push goblins and so on into ambushes and larger chambers where they might be fought more easily. They also make use of long-poled mattocks that can be used to attack larger creatures from behind the safety of the broad shield, the two Dwarfs – one with the shield, the other with the mattock – acting as a team to overcome their enemy.

Ironbreakers are trained to fight in tight formations, wedged into the confines of narrow tunnels. There, they find defensible positions and let the enemy break upon their overlapping shields as waves crash into rock. Impervious, implacable and unmoving, they form a living line, gromril-hard, that holds back the flood terror that lurks in the dark below. Enemies fall before their axes like winter wheat before the scythe and blows clang harmlessly off their nigh-impervious armour or are caught and deflected by their sturdy shields.

Each regiment of Iron breakers will have a veteran, a grizzled unit leader known as an Ironbeard, who knows the under-tunnels like the back of his hand. It is an Iron beard's duty to manoeuvre the unit into a favourable position and to call out the battle formations, such as the box of iron, the steel square or so on.

Such is the prowess of the Iron breakers that they will often be called upon to fight on the surface – aiding the throng in time of a muster. However, for each battle under the light of sun or moon, the Ironbreakers will have fought dozens in the deep dark beneath the mountains.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ironbreaker	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Ironbeard	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

Shieldwall: In the first turn of combat in which their unit is charged, all models with this special rule receive a +1 bonus to any Parry save they are eligible to take.

Cinderblast Bomb: The cinderblast bomb is a missile weapon that fires like a stone thrower, but the model can march and fire with the following profile and special rules:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
5-8"	3(6)	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Wounds (D3), Quick to Fire

When resolving the scatter distance, halve the number indicated by the Artillery dice. If the artillery dice result is a misfire, roll a D6. On a result of a 1, centre the template over the thrower and work out the damage. On a roll of 2+, the bomb is a dud and nothing occurs.

IRONDRAKES

The bitter underground wars that the Dwarfs fight daily to protect their strongholds are evolving, as the Dwarfs' foes come up with diabolical plans to get past a stronghold's protections. Time and again, the Dwarfs' courage and rune-enhanced weapons and armour have turned the tide, yet their foes have learned. When Skaven find the corridor blocked by unmoving Ironbreakers, they call for their own loathsome countermeasures – warpflame-spewing fire throwers, gas grenades or cobbled-together chopping machines. For their part, Night Goblins turn to mushroom-addled ball and chain-wielding Fanatics, Cave Squigs or Troll mobs. For the Dwarfs' defence, the cost in lives is high.

It was the Engineers Guild that invented the drakegun, a weapon which fires a blast of alchemical fury- a searing bolt of blazing energy. Short-ranged but incredibly potent, a single volley from a unit bearing drakeguns can halt the onrushing charge of enraged Mangler Squigs. Ironbreakers who showed an aptitude with the drakegun were further trained and formed into new units. When first used, even the gromril armour of the Iron breakers struggled to protect against the intense heat generated by the fiery blasts. With the aid of Runesmiths, new armoured suits were developed bearing runes of protection first designed to safeguard those who work in the high temperatures of the massive forges.



Now, when confronted by a foe capable of breaking through a wall of Iron breakers, a new fighting tactic has been developed. Ironbreakers open ranks to allow the Irondrakes to file past. With well-drilled precision and the barking orders of an Ironwarden, the dark is soon illuminated by molten blasts. The stalwart Dwarfs blaze away as attackers fall, their crumpled bodies still smoking with fist-sized holes burned through their flesh. The Irondrakes have proven so effective that their services are pressed into action wherever a throng may fight.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Irondrake	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Ironwarden	3	5	4	4	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Immunity (Flaming Attacks), Relentless, Resolute.

EQUIPMENT:

Drakegun: The drakegun is a missile weapon with the following profile and special rules:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	5	Armour Piercing (1), Flaming Attacks, Quick to Fire

UPGRADES:

Brace of Drakefire pistols: Drakefire pistols are deadly weapons, ideal for close-ranged tunnel fighting.

A brace of drakefire pistols is used simultaneously, both in combat and when shooting, with the following profile and special rules:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	5	+1 Attack, Armour Piercing (1), Flaming Attacks, Multiple Shots (2), Requires Two Hands, Quick to Fire

Trollhammer Torpedo: A cumbersome weapon fitted onto the end of a drakegun in order to bring down large beasts.

This is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	8	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3), Slow to Fire



SLAYERS

Slayers are the strangest and most deadly of all Dwarfs. They are outlandish death-seekers, individuals who have wholly dedicated the entire fibre of their being to the hardest and most destructive life of battle that they can find.

Dwarfs are very proud individuals and do not cope easily with failure or personal loss. They place tremendous importance on their status as trustworthy individuals. With Books of Grudges that can go back for generations, an entire clan can be held accountable if one Dwarf breaks an Oath or otherwise brings shame upon his household. Should a Dwarf suffer some terrible personal tragedy, he will be inconsolable. The loss of his family, his hoard, or failure to uphold a promise can seriously unhinge the mind of any Dwarf. Young Dwarfs forsaken in love often never recover from the blow to their pride. Whatever the cause, Dwarfs who have suffered what they perceive to be a serious loss of honour will often forsake the fellowship of their family and friends for a life of self-imposed exile. Having broken ties with everything they once held dear, these Dwarfs leave behind all possessions save their axes. For Dwarfs who have failed their clan in such a way, the only penance is death. Dwarfs, being practical by nature, see suicide as a waste. Thus, was the Cult of the Slayer born.

They take the solemn and binding vows of the Slayer Cult, oaths which oblige them to forevermore seek death in battle at the hands of the most deadly enemy they can find. Next, Slayers shave their heads save for a solitary



crest – a fearsome plume which they dye bright orange and stiffen with pig grease so that it sticks out at alarming angles. Then they begin their quest for a glorious death, deliberately seeking out mighty targets to destroy such as Trolls, Ogres, or even Giants. Leaving their home stronghold as far behind as possible, they wander in the wilderness brooding on the misery of existence. They are stern and laconic individuals, not much given to talking about themselves, and they tend to be horribly scarred as a result of their encounters with various monsters.

Slayers fight without armor and wield their massive axes with a suicidal fury, whilst their bodies are daubed in tattoos dedicated to the Ancestor God Grimnir, in the hope of garnering his favour in battle and ensuring a mighty doom. If they somehow fail to meet the grim end that will grant them atonement for their sins, Slayers will seek more and more powerful challenges.

Slayers do not speak of the terrible shame that led them to seek out this course, for that too would only bring further dishonour. They are reclusive loners, even amongst own folk, and not given to song and feasting as are many other Dwarfs. In battle they will be the first to sing their death-songs – a dour lamentation that acknowledges their demise is inevitable.

The Slayer way of life – a constant search for battle and foes – invariably means that many achieve their ambition and are slain at the hands of ferocious beasts. Others, the least successful ones in a sense, survive – perhaps due to great martial skill, or because they are the toughest, or most determined. This natural selection weeds out all but the most exceptional of their kind, meaning that any Slayer met is psychopathically dangerous, a warrior well-honed at spotting and driving an axe into an enemy's weak points. Slayers are a fascinating sub-cult of Dwarf society, and many famous Slayers have achieved deeds of

A TROLL SLAYER'S LEATHER JERKIN
When slayers form regiments in Dwarf armies, they are famed for fighting bare-chested, showing their brethren that they will meet their doom with gusto. So it can strike some people as remarkable that Slayers are found wearing leather jerkins. Surely they wouldn't seek to protect themselves?

The fact is that leather jerkins are considered a practical comfort, rather than serious protection (Dwarfs consider nothing less than a heavy mail coat to be serious protection). Only hard-wearing gear will survive the wilderness wandering a slayer undertakes. The famous bared chest is something of an affectation of the battlefield.

So it is not uncommon to see a troll slayer wearing a leather jerkin, and no hypocrisy or cowardice should be inferred by the fact. Many slayers arrive to fight, shed their travelling gear (jerkin and all) and charge in to face their doom with torso bared.



exceptional valour. Younger Slayers often band together, sometimes under the tutelage of an older master, so that they can learn the arts of monster slaying. Slayers spend as much time as possible improving their warrior skills. Although they seek death, Dwarfs are incapable of deliberately fighting to lose, and so always enter the fray to win. Many achieve their wish to die at the hands of a foul creature, but some survive to fight more beasts until the day they meet their final destiny. As Slayers spurn armour or shields, those who live to fight on become heavily scarred and fearless monster-killers.

Most of them die fairly quickly, but those few who survive become members of the strange cult of Troll Slayers. They exist only to die, and by doing so redeem whatever disgrace they suffered in the past. They seek the fiercest foes, and Trolls are considered ideal because the Dwarfs' deaths are almost a certainty. Troll Slayers are instantly recognizable, with their spiky orange hair, outlandish tattoos, and gaudy jewellery. They spend a great deal of time boasting of their exploits and show off their many scars, and often indulge in bouts of overeating, drunkenness, and sleep deprivation.

Although Slayers seek heroic death, they don't always find it straight away. There are many Troll Slayers who wish to find death, but secretly fear it. There are others, however, who are just too ferocious to readily die. These rare few become Giant Slayers: obsessed Dwarfs who have found that not even Trolls could offer a sufficient enough challenge to give them the glorious ending they crave. Slayers who have not only slain a Troll but felled a Giant as well become champions among Slayers. They continue to seek out combat and a proper death wherever they go, many of them becoming morose drinkers when they are not in the midst of battle. Giant Slayers continue to sport the spiky orange Slayer crest, but they tend to be covered with far more tattoos.

Whilst Slayers are treated with cautious respect by other Dwarfs they are also treated as outsiders. Dwarfs usually give slayers a wide berth, and can even treat them suspiciously – after all, what did they do to dishonour themselves? However, the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin

In the time of Gundir the Grim, an Elven Prince of the name Numilorin of the family of Altilar did promise to pay six hundred crowns to the Runesmith Fengir for the working of certain magic blades, three in number, to be wrought in the workshops of Zhufbar under the second moon of Balorm. So these blades were wrought and well, cunning runes were set there, and Fengir was glad of them. Yet when the second moon of Balorm fell the Elf would not come, nor his kin, and there was no report of him between mountain and sea. And as a consequence of this Fengir's youngest son Fengrim did search east and west and was slain by Orcs in the Summer of Sadness under the moon of Kharluk. And as a consequence of this Fengir's oldest son, Fenbar, did take the Oath of the Slayer, for his father had charged him with Fengrim's safety and at the test he had failed his word. Fenbar vanished from the world and Fenbar grew weak at his double loss and thereafter died.

*Extract from the Great Book of Grudges
in Karaz-a-Karak*

"Hold back your fire and let us pass. We have taken the Slayer's Oath and would pit our axes against those beasts. If we come back, have all your ale ready. If, instead, it is our time to take the Path of Grinnir, then may our doom be a mighty one. If we do not return, remember us to our Clans and Kings."

*Rekthor Redaxe, Giant Slayer, who led a band of Slayers against the Troll horde of Og the Mighty.
None returned.*

welcome Slayers, saving a place for them beside the hearth and plying them with pints of Bugman's. The Shrine of Grinnir is here, founded by Baragor, the first of the Slayer Kings. Baragor's descendant, Ungrim Ironfist, rules Karak Kadrin. He has not only inherited his forefathers' throne, but the Slayer Oath as well. As a result, he is torn between two conflicting vows, a Slayer must seek a worthy doom, but a king must protect his people. Slayers often stop at Karak Kadrin during their wanderings, to pay their respects at the Shrine of Grinnir and enjoy the company of Dwarfs who understand them.

In times of battle, Slayers arrive from the wilderness to join a throng, lending their considerable combat skills to the Dwarf cause. They are skilled with all manner of axes and carry a mixture of single- and double-handed axes around with them. Many desperate wars have been won by the ferocity and sheer determination of the Slayers. Although they prefer to hew down towering monsters, at need, they will turn their axes to scything down any enemy. Even when bloodied and battered after a battle's end, they will pause only long enough to slake their thirst before beginning their death-quest anew.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troll Slayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	10
Giant Slayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	10
Brother of Grinnir	3	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Unbreakable.

Slayer: All Slayers have an uncanny ability that makes them particularly effective against especially tough opponents.

Slayers always Wound on a To Wound roll of 4+, unless they would need a lower result. Use the Slayer's Strength to determine the armour save modifier for any successful Wounds.

UPGRADE:

Master Rune of Grinnir

50 points

Forged only by the Runesmiths of Karak Kadrin, the Rune of Grinnir projects an aura of Dwarfishness that is so strong it can deflect arrows and even cannonballs!

Runic Standard. Any friendly Slayer unit within 12" of the standard gains a Ward save (5+) against any missile attacks.



DOOMSEEKERS

Doomseekers are a special form of Slayers among the Dwarfs – and quite a bit more insane than the ordinary Troll Slayer: their wish for death causes them to go berserk, with axes attached by long chains to their wrists. Throwing themselves into the enemy, Doomseekers know no fear. They swing their whirling blades of death with furious vigour, slicing enemies apart and sending them flying in a blurring whirlwind of steel. Doomseekers plough recklessly into the enemy, whirling their weapons madly around their heads. They leave a bloody trail behind them, similar to the Fanatics of the Night Goblins who have been inundated with mushroom ale.

As a result of their suicidal combat technique and "tactics", Doomseekers are not grouped together like other Slayers, but remain on the battlefield as in the wilderness, where they hope to find their end in combat. They often emerge at the side of the Slayer army of Karak Kadrin, driven by visions of Grimmir. Presumably, they are somewhat suspicious even to other Slayers, as they recall the madmen from the ranks of the Norse Dwarfs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doomseeker	3	5	3	4	4	2	2	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Skirmishers, Unbreakable, Wards of Grimmir.

Whirlwind of Death: Doomseekers do not attack normally. Instead, at the start of each round of close combat, a Doomseeker inflicts D6 automatic hits on all units in base contact. In addition, any close combat attacks directed against a Doomseeker suffer -1 To Hit.

CRAZED KHARGRIM

Crazed Khargrim was a mighty Dwarf Slayer, desperately seeking his own demise when the War of Vengeance broke out. He threw himself recklessly into combat, battling mighty Elven heroes and slaying a number of Dragons and young Drakes, until he was captured and imprisoned by the Elves. In chains for years and denied the chance to die in combat, he slowly lost his tenuous grip on sanity and devolved into a mindless killing machine. Ripping the chains free of his stone imprisonment, he went wild within the Elf fortress, slaughtering countless warriors with his chains before escaping. He was directed into battle by his fellow Slayers for the remainder of the War of Vengeance, unsuccessfully seeking his own doom. As the war drew to an end, he vanished into the mountains, travelling north, and his name was never recorded in the history books again.





DRAGON & DAEMON SLAYERS

Some Slayers, despite their best efforts to find and fight the most formidable of foes, still fail at their task of dying in battle. By luck (good or bad, depending on one's perspective), circumstance, or just being to mean to die, a Giant Slayer might survive his career without finding the redemption of death. By dint of constant fighting, these rare Slayers become ever more scarred and dangerous. In order to survive for so long against such terrible odds requires either luck or martial skills that have been honed to a razor's edge, and perhaps both. A Slayer may kill many Trolls, Giants, Dragons or even a Daemon or two before he meets his end and wins undying fame in the sagas. Every time he emerges alive from mortal combat with one of these foes he wins renown. Most renowned are those who have killed a Dragon and earned their title of Dragon Slayer. Mightiest of all – if death still eludes them – are the Daemon Slayers. These angst-ridden fighters are honour-bound by their oaths to continue their death quest, but now they must seek out and battle ever more ferocious enemies.

Dragon Slayers retain the spiked orange hair, outrageous jewellery and tattoos of their previous careers. To this they add ritual scarring, usually resembling claw marks, across the chest, face and arms. Considering themselves truly cursed and forsaken due to their inability to find honourable death, Dragon Slayers single-mindedly search for their prey, following the wildest of rumours in the hope of finding a Dragon, opponents so rare that locating them can be an arduous and life-threatening challenge in itself. Cunning and powerful, so perilous are these beasts that



the glorious death the Dragon Slayer craves is almost certainly assured, a death amid scything claws and flesh-searing flame. The Drakk as the Dwarfs call them, are long-standing foes of Dwarfen kind. That they are said to lair with vast hoards of wealth stolen from Dwarfen holds, that no Book of Grudges exists that does not record their depredations, only further serves to make the Dragon a natural target of the Slayer.

Few Dragon Slayers survive encounters with Dragons or their kin. Those that do become despondent, fearing that their continued survival means that the gods deny them any hope of redeeming their lost honour. In every generation there are one or two Slayers who cannot seem to find the death they crave. At every turn, destiny cheats them or perhaps, drives them forward, and as the long years pass, they grow more and more fierce, determined to find the mighty doom that awaits them. For these desperate few, the only remaining hope lies in pitting themselves against the mightiest foes of all: the Daemons of Chaos. There are probably no more than a handful of Daemonlayers in the world at any given time. They track down the most notorious demonologists and Chaos sorcerers, or they follow the path of Grimnir north into the Chaos Wastes, never to return. Daemon Slayers are frightening individuals. They are barely sane at best, the shame of their continuing survival weighing ever on their thoughts, yet they are also among the greatest warriors that the Old World has ever known.

SLAYERS OF LEGEND

Slayers regularly attempt impossible deeds, pitting their axes and finely tuned killing skills against creatures that outclass them in terms of power and size by a hundredfold or more. Undaunted by hopeless odds or how many of their own kind fall, Slayers do not stop their attack until they are dead. No matter how large, if enough Slayers are present, even the most titanic foe will eventually be hacked down and slain. From out of such fierce tenacity legends have grown – tales of Slayers performing deeds of unbelievable might.

Brakuk One-eye waded through an entire Skaven army before splitting a grey rat-wizard and his infernal bell device in two, while Hugnir, out of Karaz-a-Karak, singlehandedly slew a dozen Giants. Ugnrim Ironfist, the Slayer King, smote down the Dragon of Black Peak, a beast that, by itself, had routed armies and devoured entire towns in the Empire. Yet of all their many impressive glories, there are no Slayers that can match the bloodstained feats of Gotrek Gurnisson. Armed with a battleaxe that rivals the one borne by High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer in craftsmanship, it is said that Gotrek fights with the skill and fury of Grimnir himself. Over the course of his deathquest, which has been recorded by the human rememberer known as Felix Jaeger, Gotrek has carved his way through all manner of the most deadly creatures in the world, dispatching enemy warlords, Grey Seers, ancient Vampire Lords, Greater Daemons, and Dragons all with the same contemptuous ease.



When a Dragon or Daemon Slayer finally meets his doom, his surviving companions should decide how to honour him. It would certainly be remiss of them not to contact the Dwarf's family and old associates to tell them of the manner of his passing. Such a journey could be perilous in itself, as the Dwarfholds lie in remote mountainsides. The reception may not be a warm one either, and if the news is not good (for example the Slayer may have died in a dishonourable manner – by accident or in combat with an unworthy foe) the Dwarfs might hold it against the messenger.

A Dragon or Daemon Slayer is often joined on his journeys by a swarm of younger brethren from the Slayer cult. They flock towards such renowned killers, as they can be assured that, as he seeks his ultimate destiny, he will lead them straight towards foes against whom a worthy end might be made. This attraction is not altogether appreciated by the irascible and laconic Dragon or Daemon Slayer, for while they realise word of their deeds or great death might now be brought back to the Dwarfholds, they are loners by nature and resent any distraction. They are committed to die gloriously fighting monsters, not to leading others or looking after newcomers. Also, although none would ever admit to it, these veteran Slayers do not want to dare chance one of their following of new mavericks getting in a lucky stroke and robbing them of the glorious final blow upon some epic beast whose death would be worthy of a song.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemon Slayer	3	7	4	4	5	3	5	4	10
Dragon Slayer	3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Unbreakable.

Dragon Slayer: A Dragon Slayer has the Slayer special rule. In addition, when attacking Monsters, the Slayer's attacks have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Daemon Slayer: A Dragon Slayer has the Slayer and Dragon Slayer special rules. In addition, any Ward saves successfully made against Attacks made by the Slayer must be re-rolled.

THE SLAYER THRONG

In times gone by, it has been known for an entire army of slayers to muster in facing some great doom. Though it is difficult to tell, there is a hierarchy even amongst the Slayer Cult.

There are many varying crest designs adopted by those of the Slayer Cult. Certain designs denote the foes a slayer has bested. A single crest for instance indicate the slayer of dragons, whilst a three-spiked crest mean that the slayer hunts down daemons and other servants of the Ruinous Powers.

"Killing the beastie would be a great deed, and dying in the attempt would be a mighty doom!"

Davik Shattered-Hammer, Slayer

UPGRADES:

A Dragon Slayer may be given one of the following Slayer skills, while a Daemon Slayer may be given up to two Slayer skills.

Wards of Grimmir

20 points

There are many wards of Grimmir. It is believed that certain slayer tattoos possess the power to deflect missiles and magic, it being the will of Grimmir that the Dwarf be allowed to seek his death at close quarters against the mightiest foe possible.

A model with Wards of Grimmir have the Magic Resistance (6+) and Ward save (6+) special rule against missile attacks.

Skavenslayer

30 points

The Slayer gains a number of Attacks equal to the amount of enemies in base contact with him.

Beastslayer

25 points

Each wound inflicted by the Slayer counts double towards that round's Combat Resolution (excluding Wounds from Overkill in a challenge).

Killing Blow

20 points

The Slayer has the Killing Blow ability.

Deathblow

15 points

If the Slayer is killed in close combat, he immediately makes all his attacks before being removed as a casualty (even if he has already attacked that round).

Vampireslayer

15 points

Against enemies with Toughness 5 or higher, the slayer gains the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule



RANGERS

Not all Dwarfs live in great holds under the mountains. Some clans dwell above ground, trading with Men and operating their own businesses such as mines and breweries. For such clans the battle against the Greenskins is a daily challenge, with raiding commonplace. The tradition has developed for Dwarfs to band together to defend their communities against these threats and to settle grudges by hunting down the culprits. Such bands have become known as Rangers. Armed with their preferred great axes, bands of Rangers have brought a bloody reckoning to many an enemy of Dwarfkind.

Rangers watch over the mountain passes that snake their way through the Dwarf realms. They are the long-ranged eyes and ears of most Dwarf settlements. They patrol far from the safety of the hold, often spending long periods out in the wilderness, keeping watch on the Dwarfs' many enemies and tracking dangerous beasts. It is they who explore hidden valleys, push through collapsed sections of the Underway and scale the cliffsides in search of new pathways. Rangers will hunt down and dispose of lone monsters or ambush small mobs of Goblins, but when they confront larger creatures or enemy armies on the march, the Rangers send signals to the nearest outposts of the stronghold to alert them of the encroaching danger. Once their Karak has been warned, they will gather together at an elected meeting place. Once all their number have arrived, they get into battle formation and hound the invading army.

While all holds are thankful for such services, that doesn't mean the Rangers are well respected. Rangers are a wandering lot – often moving between holds. After months surviving in the wilderness, far off the beaten track, they are, at best, weather-beaten and travel-worn. Most consider them to be outcast clans, desperate to earn their way back into a hold. Sometimes this is the case, but just as often, the Rangers turn out to be an independent-minded breed of Dwarf, small groups from respectable clans that feel more at home on the mountainsides. Unlike most of their kin, they camp under the stars, moving from rough camp to camp. With such free spirits, it is no wonder that so many Dwarfs are mistrustful of Rangers, generally believing them to be a bit unhealthy from breathing so much open air and exposing themselves so often to the sun.



To survive on the harsh mountain slopes without the security of a nearby hold to fall back to, Rangers have learned to be stealthy and to fight in a manner unique for Dwarfs. They are ambush-hunters, experts at approaching the enemy from unexpected angles. Where possible, they will trigger avalanches, misdirect wayward foes over cliffs, or lead them into the teeth of an oncoming icestorm. Rangers are walking arsenals and carry a slew of different weapons- crossbows to skewer foes at long range, throwing axes for close ranged slaying while on the move, an axe for close combat and, for truly imposing foes, great axes. They have learned to keep bedrolls, pots, pans, and climbing gear secreted in camps hidden along their mountainous routes, yet still, they must carry all their provisions on their backs as well.

When dealing with large enemy forces, Rangers will first attempt to forewarn all Dwarfs in the invaders' path and then they will trail the foe, picking off stragglers and waiting for an opportunity to wreak havoc. In this way, when the enemy finally confronts a Dwarf force, the Rangers will often be in position to outflank the foe, arriving behind their battle lines to destroy war machines, pincushion lone wizards, or launch an attack to otherwise help gain an advantage for the Dwarfs.

Many times, a Ranger's greatest deeds go unwitnessed – acts of sabotage such as rolling gunpowder barrels downhill onto enemy camps, spiking the foe's water supplies with intoxicating agents (a battle-winning tactic, but also resource wasted on those that don't appreciate it!), or leading the wild beasts that haunt the mountain passes onto the enemy trail, allowing wild Manticores or hungry Wyverns to do some of their work for them. Still, no matter how many Night Goblin Fanatics they lure into rockpiles, many Dwarf clans will give them only cursory thanks and little respect.

Rangers are mysterious figures, and it is not surprising that many tales are told of their deeds. The most famous of their kind is the regiment known as Bugman's Rangers vengeance-seekers who follow their brewmaster, turning up out of the wilds with grim tidings before lending a hand in the battle that is sure to follow. Others, too, have grown in status - the Redbeards that haunt the High Pass; the grim survivalists called Ulthar's Raiders, known for the trail of Goblin heads they leave on stakes near Karak Eight Peaks; and the Frostbeard Clan, hardy Rangers who set clever traps to ensnare monsters on the slopes north of Karaz-a-Karak.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ranger	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Ol' Deadeye	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute, Scouts.

"They might look like trappers, and frankly, they smell ever worse than that, but when it comes to ridding the mountainsides of Orcs, there are none better!"

Durek Hewstone, Head Prospector, Karaz-a-Karak



CANNONS

Cannons are dangerous if sometimes unpredictable weapons whose manufacture is limited to a few groups of human and Dwarf experts. Cannons were first made by the Dwarfs of Zhufbar, although now, many of the larger strongholds make their own. One of the most potent of war machines, a cannon can shatter the most heavily armoured foe, pour shot into massed enemy formations, level a foe's cities or fortifications and topple the largest of monsters. They are, however, somewhat temperamental devices, and even the best-forged cannons in the world (those made by the Dwarfs, naturally) are subject to occasional malfunction. Weaknesses in the casting methods can leave minute cracks or other deficiencies which cause them to explode when fired. Gunpowder can fail to ignite or explode prematurely. Despite the occasional spectacular accident, cannons are extremely deadly weapons that have been instrumental in winning more than one battle on behalf of their users.

Only the most expert Engineers have the range of skills needed to make a proper cannon. They can be made quickly in brass, of course, with a simple mould and a wooden frame, but sooner or later they will crack like the shoddy things they are. Only a master can make a gun from steel because only a master can make the machines and tools that will make the cannon. Even then, the finest gun can be betrayed by poor powder. Mixing the components in the right quantities and

fixing it so that it detonates consistently is an art in itself. Proving a cannon can take centuries, by which time it is a part of the clan that made it; like a favourite daughter, attention is lavished upon it and the cannon carries their pride on its broad wheels.

In addition to the cannons housed within strongholds, many clans maintain a number of cannons that can join a throng on the march. These are hauled into overlooking positions on the battlefield where their long range and potent shot command the course of the enemy's actions. Given the quality of their make, many Cannons have been in service for a number of centuries and are revered by their crew.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Cannon).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute.

"I swear by the Zhufbar foundry, but I've tried those new Bronzebeard cannons and they're solid. If you asked me to hit a Giant's eye at a half mile distance I'd have asked you which eye... 'cos I could do it easy."

Deadeye Drock, Master Gunner





GRUDGE THROWERS

Grudge Throwers are powerful and destructive weapons that lob large boulders high into the air, sending them crashing through enemy ranks crushing limbs and armour alike. Not all are built in the same way by any means: some use a massive counterweight to catapult their missile into the air while others use torsion power like a giant crossbow. The bigger the engine, the larger the rock it can throw and the more damage it can do. The very largest Grudge Throwers can hurl a projectile big enough to knock down buildings and even city walls!

Catapults were one of the earliest of the Dwarf-made war machines and have been used to command the approaches to Dwarf strongholds for many millennia. During the War of Vengeance, so great was their fury at the betrayal of the Elves that the Dwarfs began the practice of inscribing grudges on the rocks being used as ammunition. This custom stuck, and many crew believe that the engine is only as good as the grudges it throws – and therefore spend a great deal of time carving their anger directly onto the shaped stone ammunition.

Even after the war there was no peace for the Dwarfs as hold after hold fell to the Greenskins or Rat-men. New chapters were added to the Book of Grudges every year as the Dwarfs fell back to the surviving holds. They brought with them stone fragments of their lost realms and,

reviving the older custom, inscribed them with runes describing the injustices done to them and laying curses upon their enemies. During the long siege of Karak Azgul the Dwarfs used these stones as ammunition, literally hurling their grudges back at their enemies. Since then it has become commonplace to carefully select and prepare the stones that are to be fired, with many skilled Engineers espousing their belief that the engine is only as good as the rock it throws.

Grudge Throwers are still used by all Dwarfholds and over the long years there have been many famous engines whose renown has spread far and wide across the Karaz Ankor and beyond. Perhaps most famous of all was the 'Gob-lobber', a legendary catapult which drove off a great many greenskin attacks during the Goblin Wars – although this was more down to the crew's use of live gobbo ammunition rather than pure accuracy.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grudge Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

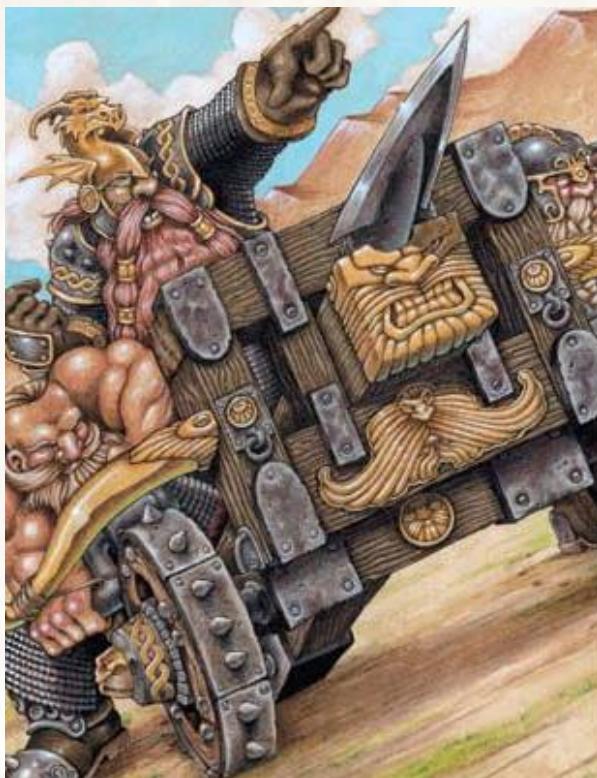
SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute.





BOLT THROWERS

Bolt Throwers are simply larger versions of the crossbow, able to fire heavier bolts over greater distances. They are so large that they are mounted on their own stand, often with wheels so they can be pivoted easily. A crew of three is required to wind back the powerful torsion arms and position the huge bolt ready for firing. On the whole these weapons are nowhere near as large or cumbersome as stone throwers and cannons.



Engineers still vie with each other to invent Bolt Throwers with greater range, loading speed or accuracy. Practical to a fault, the Dwarfs place more trust in an old, proven Bolt Thrower that has fired reliably for generations. The Bolt Thrower remains an important part of the Dwarf arsenal because it can be built and maintained cheaply and is accurate enough to bring down monsters such as Wyverns or Trolls with a well-judged shot. Its direct trajectory of fire and uncomplicated mechanism also enable it to be used effectively underground, and without obscuring everything around it in choking smoke.



Tried and true, many clans still swear by the Bolt Thrower – a war machine that the Dwarfs have used since the days of the Ancestor Gods. Reliable and accurate, some Bolt Throwers have been in service for many thousands of years, yet they can still bring down a flying Wyvern or skewer a Troll.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bolt Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute.

The clang of iron on iron rang out around the vaulted chamber, echoing from the carved rock walls of the cavern. A stocky Dwarf his muscular, naked torso slick with sweat that reflected the red glow of the coals of his forge, brought his hammer down with practised ease on the axe blade he was shaping, with regular, evenly weighted strokes. The anvil itself was no dull lump of metal, as might be found in any village smithy in the lands of men, but was as ornately carved and decorated as a Dwarf maiden's cuirass.

The rhythmic resounding clang was accompanied by another sound, as the Runesmith's monotone chanting reverberated among the pillars and banging stalactites. The Dwarf was watched in his work, from their lofty abutments, by the stone faces of his ancestors. It seemed to the Runesmith that the voices of those ancestors joined with his now as he intoned the same words that Skal Skallartsson had intoned so many thousand years ago, passed down from Runesmith to apprentice, unchanged by time, since the centuries before the War of Vengeance.

There was a long way to go yet before the rune-forged weapon would be ready. Weeks of toil still remained, but when great Thungni's runes had been given their due reverence and the time to manifest their power, King Belagar of Karak Ungor would have a weapon to rival even Grimmaz, the Goblin-stolen blade.

In his mind's eye the Runesmith could see the triangular Rune of Breaking forming between the open jaws of the dragon's head he would later inscribe on the axe head, picked out in gold filigree, and there, beneath the grim visage of King Belagar himself, the Rune of Fury. With such a mighty battleaxe in the hands of their ruler, the clans of Karak Ungor would wage war on the Goblins of the Railed Claw tribe. And as was demanded by the ancient hold's Book of Grudges, King Belagar would recover Grimmaz, the unyielding axe lost centuries before by the disgraced Dawi line. The Goblins of the Twisted Claw would live to rue the day they ever baited the wrath of the Dwarfs of the bold of Karak Ungor.





ORGAN GUNS

The Dwarf Engineers Guild has developed a four-barrelled cannon called an Organ Gun or Organ Cannon. Its name derives from the pipes of a musical organ, which the array of barrels resembles. The Organ Cannon's barrels are smaller and lighter than that of an ordinary cannon, which means it lacks the range and hitting power, but the gun does have the advantage of being able to fire several shots at once. With a well-placed salvo, and all its barrels firing to maximum effect, an Organ Gun has been known to blow away entire enemy units at a time.

One of the Engineer Guilds' stranger creations, the Organ Gun has been known to decimate entire regiments that have been foolish enough to stand before it. Whilst not as powerful as a cannon, in the right hands it can prove just as effective.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Organ Gun	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute.



Organ Fire: An Organ Gun has the following profile and special rules:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
30"	5	Armour Piercing (1)

To fire the Organ Gun, select a target according to the normal rules for shooting, then roll two artillery dice to find out how many shots are fired.

If one of the dice rolls a misfire, the firing mechanism is not working properly or it suffers a minor jam. All shots fired from the Organ Gun this turn suffer a -1 To Hit.

If both dice roll a misfire, no shots are fired and a critical fault has occurred; roll a D6 and consult the Black Powder War Machine Misfire chart in the Warhammer rulebook.

The number of shots fired by the Organ Gun is equal to the total of both artillery dice. When determining the number of shots, roll that number of dice To Hit the target using the crew's Ballistic Skill and applying all appropriate modifiers. However, the Organ Gun never suffers a To Hit penalty for firing multiple shots.



"There was this Engineer only a few hundred years ago, Lokri Snarrison, who had this real ear for music. He had this idea of some kind of big instrument that used pressure and pipes to make different noises. Anyways, he called it an organ and it sounded terrible. However, another Engineer, Durin Kurgansson, had an idea and took all those pipes, laid 'em flat and made a big multi-barrelled cannon out of them. The Organ Gun be called it, and a few other Engineers liked it so much they copied it. Still, them pipes weren't big enough for cannon balls, but then putting five of them together means you can fire all of the barrels at the same time, and mighty devastating it is, if it hits. Not like a proper cannon that you can train and elevate and actually aim proper, but you gets lucky every once in a while and you'll see chariots disappear into firewood and Minotaurs spattered across the grass."

Durgrim Redmane



FLAME CANNONS

The Dwarf Engineers Guild is one of the most secretive of all Dwarf institutions and over the centuries its members have honed their skills of precision engineering to a fine art. Most of their inventions are practical and functional: pumps to clear water from mine workings, engines to draw cages up vertical shafts, and steam-powered hammers to beat out sheet-metal. They have also developed machines for battle, including deadly cannons.

Although Dwarf engineers attempts at creating innovative artillery are mostly unsuccessful for one reason or another there are a number of effective short range devices that have earned themselves a place in Dwarf military thinking. These are not always reliable – or effective – but are always loud and impressive. Dwarf engineers embrace such concepts with ill-advised glee. One of the more unusual but highly effective of these weapons is the Flame Cannon.

The techniques of the weapon's manufacture are a closely guarded secret of the Engineers Guild. Only Dwarf weapon masters of the highest rank know how to make these potent devices and even they have their off days.

There are few weapons that can put fear into the heart of a foe like the Flame Cannon, one of the deadliest inventions of the Engineers Guild. A volatile concoction of hot oil and molten tar is mixed within the Flame Cannon before air is pumped into the barrel; soon the pressure inside is tremendous and the barrel is almost ready to burst. At precisely the right moment, the Dwarfs place a burning oily wad into the nozzle and release the pressure. The mixture catches fire as it whooshes from the barrel in a leaping spurt. The

burning oil arcs into the air towards the enemy ranks and, with a little bit of luck, lands in the middle of the foe, spraying boiling tar over them. For longer ranged shots, the Dwarfs simply apply more pressure, and the most experienced crew know exactly when to release the straining valves to achieve maximum distance. Those crew who misjudge this subtle balance rarely get another chance.

Enemies struck by Flame Cannons have their flesh melted off them in a slough, leaving only scorched bones and a foul-smelling liquid that is best described as 'goo'. Even the bravest of those who survive, after seeing their comrades so gruesomely reduced, have been known to flee immediately.

The Flame Cannon is a deadly weapon capable of inflicting extreme damage at short ranges. It is a brave Dwarf who volunteers to crew this extraordinary cannon, as there is a strong chance that when the flammable concoction is set alight the cannon will instantaneously explode.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flame Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Fire Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Resolute.**

Sheet of Fire: Flame Cannons shoot using the fire thrower rules and the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	5	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3)

"Now, something half decent that the Engineers have given us, though still a new gizmo in anyone's books, is the Flame Cannon. One of them tried to explain to me how it works once. He said a volatile concoction of hot oil and molten tar is mixed in the barrel of the Flame Cannon. He told me air is pumped into the barrel until the pressure inside is very great and the barrel is almost ready to burst. At precisely the right moment, the crew place a burning oily wad into the nozzle and release the pressure inside. The mixture catches fire as it spurts from the barrel and burning oil arcs into the air towards the enemy ranks. With a bit of luck, the flaming oil lands right in the middle of the enemy, spraying fire and boiling tar over the target. Well, that's how they say. To me, it goes whoosh, there's a huge blast of flame, then the enemy goes running off with smoke trailing from 'em."

Durgrim Redmane





FIRETHROWERS

It is said that the ingenuity of the Dwarf Engineers Guild knows no bounds, but sometimes they excel themselves in stretching technology to its limits. There is no better example of this than the notorious and justly feared Dwarf Firethower. This weapon is dreaded by all enemies of the Dwarven race, and feared by not a few of the Dwarf kindred themselves.

The weapon consists of a copper-lined barrel, bound with iron hoops for added strength against the fatigue caused by constant firing. One team member holds the barrel of the firethower, the other carries the trigger and ignition mechanism which is connected to the barrel by a flexible pipe. The barrel contains an inflammable chemical mixture. Every Dwarf Engineer has his favourite firethower mix, but sulphurous compounds and oil feature in most recipes. The weapon is fired by forcing compressed air or a volatile chemical into the barrel which then reacts violently with the inflammable mix. This causes a jet of combustible liquid to be discharged from the barrel. At the very instant that the inflammable liquid is shot from the barrel it is ignited and turns into a searing sheet of flame.

The firethower is a very dangerous weapon. Quite apart from its lethal effects on the enemy, it requires great care, skill and nerves of steel to prepare and fire it. The inflammable firethower fuel must be very carefully mixed in exactly the right proportions and there is always a chance that the trigger reaction or ignition system may be faulty and cause a misfire which would destroy the weapon team. Ever since the firethower was first invented and rushed into production in order to root out the Goblins from their caverns in the Worlds Edge Mountains, the Engineers Guild claim that the firethower is still in the experimental stages of development. Nevertheless Dwarf warlords keep up an incessant demand for this useful weapon and have not yet run out of brave (some would say reckless) volunteers willing to operate it.

Firethower teams do tend to suffer high casualty rates, more often from accidents than enemy action. Indeed, not many enemies get close enough to firethower teams to worry them unduly. Although the career of a firethower operator may be short, he is sure to go out in a blaze of glory. The firethower operator's reputation for nonchalant bravery, reckless courage and contempt for danger is much admired in Dwarf warrior society and there are always some Dwarfs who find the image so glamourous that they will volunteer regardless of the risk.

Many other Dwarfs simply regard them as slightly crazy. It is rumoured that firethower operators are addicted to the fumes from the chemicals used in making the firethower fuel and that this makes them crazier still. There is no doubt that a few nutcases and

pyromaniacs lurking in Dwarf society turn up in the ranks of the firethower teams, where they can create the most havoc.

Firethower teams are always stationed on the edge of the army's encampment, sometimes separated from the main camp by a safe distance. Here the teams park their supply wagons loaded up with barrels of volatile liquid and construct their huge vats for mixing the firethower fuel. Other Dwarfs do not like being camped anywhere near the firethower teams on account of the foul fumes which waft from their vats, the sleepless nights caused by sporadic explosions, intoxicated cackling and the ever-present risk of fire spreading from the firethower enclosure.

Firethower operators are easily picked out from the ordinary Dwarf warrior due to their singed cloths, beard and hair, strong smell of inflammable chemicals, general recklessness and morbid sense of humour. No ordinary Dwarf would dream of lighting up his pipe in the company of a firethower operator; that would be courting fate. Firethower operators are also often banned from sitting too close to the bonfire during victory feasts, a frequent cause of brawling in the Dwarf encampment.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Firethower	3	4	3	3	4	2	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.

Firethower: *The fire thrower is a smaller version of the deadly flame cannon, wrought by more experimental Dwarf Engineers. It is fuelled by the run-off from the beers yielded by the numerous brewhouses of Bugman and his Brewmasters. This rough chemical mixture is highly volatile and when exposed to a flame produces explosive results. Whilst not as powerful as a Flame Cannon and shorter of range, it is still a dangerous weapon, whose terrifying effects can send enemies fleeing for their lives.*

Firethowers shoot using the fire thrower rules and the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
-	4	Flaming Attacks, Slow to Fire

Weapon Team: Each Firethower operates as a separate unit. If a Firethower is targeted by missile attacks and is within 3" of a friendly Infantry unit, it gains a 4+ "Look Out, Sir!"





DEATHROLLER

When the Dwarf empire was at the height of its glory, every year saw tens of leagues of underground paths carved out of the rock in order to extend Ungdrin Ankor even more. To speed up the work on these new sections, the Engineer's Guild developed a steam engine capable of packing the ballast coating with as much ease as crushing excavation rubble. This invention was called "steam roller" and its use quickly became widespread.

It was during the surprise attack of a construction site by a horde of Night Goblins that this machine was used as a weapon for the first time. A brave machinist from the Engineer's Guild named Guilhelm Weberson made a devastating breakthrough in the enemy ranks, which allowed the workers to retreat to the tunnels which was easier to defend. Since then, much of the Ungdrin Ankor has fallen into ruin and the Dwarfs rarely open new stretches, but ancient rollers have been preserved and adapted for military use. Renamed "Deathrollers", they are used to break enemy formations, both in the bowels of the earth and on open battlefields.

The retorts of Skaven rifles cracked and glowing shots pattered into the wall above. Grunni Grumlinsson's eyes were drawn to the bullet holes where the luminescent ammunition pulsed. And then the firing halted. The tunnel fighting had lasted three days, and the filthy ratmen only halted their jezzail-fire to launch assaults. Grunni took his place in line in time to see the first wave emerge out of the darkness. It was his worst nightmare – a tide of gaunt feral bodies flowing down the hallway.

'Steady,' growled a voice Grunni recognised as that of Korzak, their leader. Not until Grunni could see the red beady eyes and worm-like tails of his foe did Korzak give the order to light fuses. With hands shaking, it took three flint-strokes before Grunni's fuse caught, and when he looked up the Skaven were within spitting distance. Only then did the old Prospector bark the order for the regiment to throw their blasting charges.

Thunderclap explosions rocked the tunnel. Smoke and the acrid stink of black powder filled the halls and afterwards Grunni could hear only ringing. The first wave of ratmen was blown to bits, but more stepped over the mangled remains. Grunni met the Skaven advance with his pickaxe, swinging until his arms felt like he'd excavated a motherlode. But the Skaven kept coming, driving Grunni and his fellow Miners back to a low rubble wall from which protruded a barrel. Although he could not hear the telltale 'whoosh' Grunni felt the Flame Cannon's blast – a molten wave that cleared the hallway. The stink of fur and melted Skaven smelled like victory.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Deathroller	*	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Driver	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	-	9

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: *Random Movement (2D6).

Over-Pressured Boiler: *The system of propulsion of the Deathrollers was improved compared to the original steam rollers. It makes it possible for the machinist to quickly increase the pressure to accelerate the speed of its machine and to crush his enemies.*

If two or more l's are rolled when rolling for its movement, you need to roll another D6 and consult the Boiler Incident Table. The driver can take the risk and increase the pressure of the steam boiler before choosing to move the Deathroller. This gives the Deathroller the Random Movement (3D6) special rule.

Grinding Attack: A Deathroller must be maneuvered during combat to crush the enemies trying to dodge the heavy machine. Rather than attacking normally, the Deathroller inflicts D6 Impact Hits at the start of each close combat round. If you roll a 6 when determining the number of Impact Hits, the driver has pushed the boiler beyond his limits. Roll a D6 and consult the Boiler Incident Table.

BOILER INCIDENT TABLE

D6 Result:

- 1 *The ancient boiler cannot take the pressure and explodes, killing the pilot.*

Remove the Deathroller as a casualty. All units in base contact with the Deathroller suffer D6 Strength 4 Hits with the Armour Piercing special rule.

- 2-4 *The boiler case breaks, causing a release of steam and forcing the pilot to seal the hole.*
The Deathroller may not move this turn or use its Grinding Attack. If it breaks from combat this round, it is automatically destroyed.

- 5-6 *A valve breaks avoiding the worst.*
The Deathroller may only roll one D6 for each of its Movements this turn (including fleeing and pursuit).





RUNE GUARDIANS

The first Rune Guardians were built millennia ago, when the first Dwarf strongholds began to fall to Goblin forces. Realising they would be forced to leave the tombs of their honoured ancestors unguarded, the greatest Runesmiths of the time collaborated with the Engineers Guild to create tireless sentries that could be left behind. That at one time they could create such marvels is a source of both great pride and great sorrow for the Dwarfs. It would seem that the knowledge of the Master Rune of Waking is lost to the Runesmiths of today, and the schematics needed to construct one are nowhere to be found.

As such, the few remaining Rune Guardians are much revered and only used in the direst of circumstances. If one were to be damaged in battle, Dwarf Engineers and Runesmiths try to collect all the broken pieces and put it back together as best as possible, usually to decent success. However, each destroyed Rune Guardian is a loss keenly felt, and it is only a matter of time until they will eventually all be lost to Dwarfs. It is the hope of the Dwarfs that someone among them will one day recover the Master Rune of Waking or the lost schematics so that new Rune Guardians can be built to defend the Karaz Ankor. Were someone to rediscover the secrets of the Rune Guardians, he would be richly rewarded indeed."

A Rune Guardian looks somewhat like a heavily armoured, Ogre-sized Dwarf. It is covered in a heavy metal skin, beneath which lies a complex system of cogs, levers, and pulleys that would baffle the greatest



engineers of the Empire. Each arm ends in an axe-like blade, which it uses to cut down any foe that tries to get past. Completely mindless, a Rune Guardian can only follow the instructions given to it the moment the Master Rune of Waking was inscribed upon its forehead.



In battle, the Rune Guardians will be sent along the battle line to act as shock troops and break the enemy formation. Each Rune Guardian is a formidable foe, able to withstand massive punishment as swords and axes merely glance off its armoured hull. On the attack, they can pulverise the enemy with ease, as each swipe with its mechanical arms is likely to inflict a killing blow on their target.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rune Guardian	6	3	0	5	5	3	1	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (3+), Unbreakable.

Slow-moving: Due to their bulk and the mechanical system driving them, Rune Guardians are not allowed to march and fail automatically fail any Initiative test they are forced to make.

"Dwarfs tend to be a little touchy when it comes to their final resting places. As a result, they protect their honoured ancestors with all kinds of unpleasantness. Pits, blades, collapsing ceilings, crushing walls, flames, acid – I've seen it all. Problem is, any trap can be overcome with time. A smart man can sit back and spend as long as he needs to think his way past a trap. The Rune Guardian doesn't give you that luxury. As big as an Ogre and covered in two inches of the finest Dwarfen Steel, a Rune Guardian can slice a man in half with a single blow. They are amazingly slow and have no intelligence whatsoever, but they never tire in their vigil and are nigh unstoppable. I once found one standing in front of the tomb of a Dwarfen Chief. He was surrounded by the long-dead remains of at least two hundred Orcs, Goblins, and Skaven. I came back a month later with a cannon."

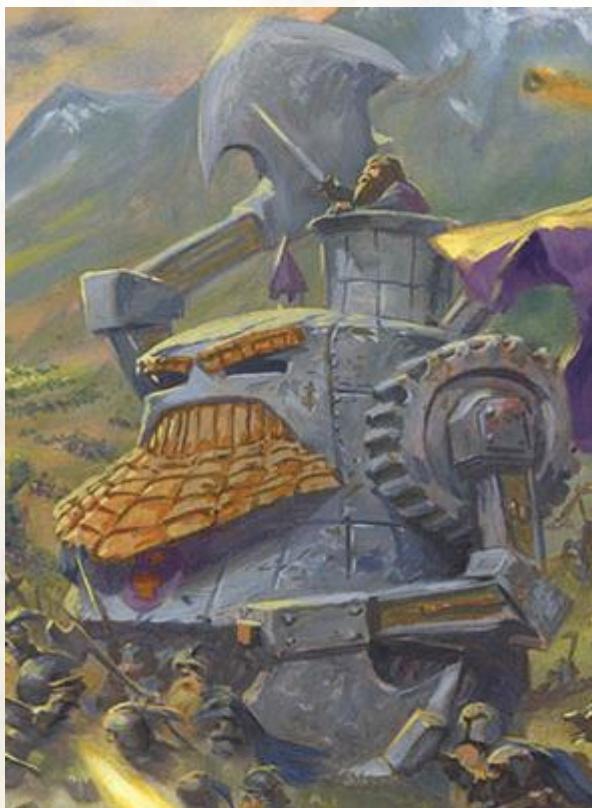
Heinrich Johannes, procurer of ancient artefacts



GRUDGEBREAKERS

In these dark times, the Guild of Engineers are churning out ever larger war machines field-tested for barely a decade; a breach of protocol unthinkable to right-thinking Dwarfs. Amongst these new weapons is the Grudgebreaker, a steam-powered war engine forged in the likeness of Dwarf Ancestor Gods. Engineered by dour Dwarf artisans and crewed by stalwart Dwarf labourers, the Grudgebreaker is a large and weighty self-propelled weapon, armed with either two giant axes or hammers that it uses to cut or smash the Dwarfs' foes to pieces.

Due to its size, the Grudgebreaker is ill-suited to underground tunnel warfare, so it is mainly used to protect the outside the Dwarven holds themselves or for field battles above ground. A true feat of mechanical engineering, the mechanical giant rolls purposely forward, ready to crush anything it hits to a bloody pulp. Completely covered in metal plating, it is nearly impervious to attacks, shrugging off blows of swords and axes with ease. However, due to being a new design it has not seen particularly much field-testing as of yet, making it less reliable than any Dwarf would want to forcefully accept. Prone to stopping dead in its tracks at inopportune times or breaking down altogether, it's a point of much disagreement between the younger and older Engineers as whether or not it should be allowed at all. But the situation grows too desperate for such sensitivities. The throngs must go to war with every weapon at their disposal they are to survive the new age of battle and still hope to reclaim their homelands.



Grudgebreaker	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	*	3	0	6	6	8	1	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 1+).

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Terror, Unbreakable.

***Steam-pressured Engine:** The Grudgebreaker follows the rules for Random Movement and Random Attacks. In order to determine the Movement and Attacks value of the Grudgebreaker, roll an Artillery dice rather than a set of D6's (roll separately for Movement and Attacks). Whenever you attempt to move or attack with the Grudgebreaker you may re-roll the Artillery dice if it didn't score a Misfire. If a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Grudgebreaker Mishap Chart. If a Misfire results on the re-roll it automatically causes a Clunk result.

GRUDGEBREAKER MISHAP CHART

- 1 **Catastrophe!** *The Grudgebreaker suffers a terrible breakdown in its internal systems.*
The Grudgebreaker does not Move or Attack this turn, and suffers D6 Wounds with no saves allowed.
- 2-3 **Malfunction.** *The Grudgebreaker fails to move, grinding to a halt. The crew fuss around, banging it with hammers and muttering to themselves before working out what is wrong.*
The Grudgebreaker does not Move or Attack this turn.
- 4-5 **Clunk.** *A minor fault prevents the Grudgebreaker from working as intended.*
The Grudgebreaker counts as having rolled a 1 for its Movement or Attacks value this turn.
- 6 **Overdrive.** *One of the crew accidentally pushes the Grudgebreaker to its limits, causing it to rush forward or flail helplessly around with its weapons, while its engine begins to break down.*
The Grudgebreaker counts as having rolled a 10 for its Movement or Attack value this turn. However, the Grudgebreaker also suffers D3 Wounds with no saves allowed after it has performed its Movement or Attacks.

"Manling coins are like their words: never trust them. Use your weighing scales and keep your axe handy!"

Dwarf saying



GYROCOPTERS

Gyrocopters are flying machines whose rotor blades are propelled by an ingenious lightweight steam engine. These devices can take off and land vertically, as well as hover in position over a spot. Gyrocopters were invented by the Dwarf Engineers Guild and are flown by members of the guild. It is easy to see why Dwarfs invented these machines when you consider their high mountain realm. Gyrocopters can take off and land easily amid the peaks, as the lofty pinnacles make excellent landing points. Although originally used to fly over difficult mountain terrain and to drop supplies and messages to beleaguered settlements besieged by foes, the Gyrocopter was soon tested over battlefields with great success.

Gyrocopters were invented by the Engineers Guild, although it took many centuries before the flying machines gained acceptance from the more conservative Dwarfs. As the legend goes, the inventor was inspired by watching Dragons swooping down from inaccessible mountain crags. He combined the idea of wings with that of engines used to drive drilling machines and then added flywheels from grinding machines to boot. Now, even small strongholds have an airfleet and skilled Engineer pilots as part of their throng.

Gyrocopters enable strongholds to keep in contact by flying directly over the difficult mountain passes which may be infested with enemies. Supplies and messages



can be dropped from a Gyrocopter directly onto a beleaguered Dwarf settlement, enabling them to hold out for longer and send word for help. When the Dwarfs go to war Gyrocopters provide Dwarf armies with the speed and ability to strike anywhere that they lack since they do not use mounted troops. A Gyrocopter is a unique device that combines some of the qualities of a war machine with those of a flying unit. In battle, the gyrocopters roar overhead, launching lightning attacks on their unsuspecting enemies, blasting the foe with bombs or boiling them alive with their deadly steam cannon.

The main armament of a Gyrocopter is a steam gun. When the valve is released, this unleashes super-hot steam from the engine that blasts out of the barrel with a hissing scream. Although its reach is short-ranged, a skilled pilot can bob and spin into perfect position to unleash this cloud of scalding death across the foe's ranks. Over the years, Gyrocopter's firepower has been augmented with bombs, with varying degrees of success. Originally, the pilot was responsible for lighting the fuse and throwing the bomb overboard while trying to fly and dodge enemy arrows. More recently, the Gyrocopter's small payload of bombs has been fitted into the craft's stabilisers.

The brave and some would say insane pilots of these crazy contraptions gather together in their own distinct regiments. The pilot specializes in the construction, maintenance, and operation of aerial war machines. Where most Dwarfs do not even like to spend too much time above ground, the pilots actually enjoy flying their dangerous and unreliable machines unto battle or on reconnaissance patrols. Most other Dwarfs regard them as mad – even madder than Slayers, who at least were forced into the doomed lifestyle by misfortune and thwarted honour. Even the most crazed Daemonslayer would not fly a gyrocopter. Pilots are trusted and dedicated members of the Engineers' Guild, and almost without exception, they serve their native hold. Flying machines are rare and precious, and no Dwarffold would willingly let one out of its control. Due to the high costs, maintenance of the machines comes from the royal treasury and so this elite unit are known as the King's Flying Corps.

"Thwoppa, Thwoppa, Thwoppa – the rhythmic beating of great rotor blades grew in intensity until a squadron of Gyrocopters passed close overhead. Not long after came the whistling drop of ordnance plummeting from on high, followed by a thunderous blast. Then came the hissing of steam guns and the wails of the dying. Our mine was saved – the aircorp of Zhufbar had arrived!"

Odor Greybeard, Prospector



"When the Underway started cracking up under all the earthquakes and such, the Engineers found another way to get messages from one Hold to the next," Durgrim explained, resting his tankard on the head of a Dwarf who had flopped across the table next to him. "Couldn't go underground, and there was Orcs and Trolls and the like swarming everywhere so you couldn't go across ground. Some bright spark decided you could go over ground, and built the Gyrocopter. It's got big spiny blades powered by a steam engine, height of making small engine technology, one Engineer told me. And it can take off from a small space so it can buzz about the mountain tops with nary a worry about what's below. Then some Dwarf Lord, Thane Orgri I reckons, thought about putting a little cannon on one. The pilot, as they call the fool who flies the contraption, must be mad as a Halfling to go up there, if you asks me. A Dwarf should have his feet on the ground or more preferably, a hundred feet below it. But they're nippy little beggars, I can tell you, and useful for getting behind the enemy and givin' em a good wallop up the backside with that rapid-firing gun."

Durgrim Redmanc

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gyrocopter	-	-	-	4	5	3	-	-	-
Dwarf Pilot	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Fly.

High Flyer: A Gyrocopter cannot charge, and can only be charged by models with the Fly special rule.

Steam Gun: *The gyrocopter is armed with a steam cannon that unleashes a jet of scalding, superhot steam from the engine.*

The steam gun shoots using the teardrop-shaped template. Place the template with its broad end over a target and its narrow end touching the muzzle of the steam gun. Any models touched are hit using the profile below:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	3	Armour Piercing

Brimstone Gun: *Some Gyrocopters switch their steam gun for a brimstone gun, a modified version of the weapon used by the Irondrakes.*

The brimstone Gun is fired in the Shooting phase with the profile below:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	5	Armour Piercing, Flaming Attacks, Multiple Shots (D3), Quick to Fire

Clattergun: *Some Gyrocopter are armed with a gun that unleashes a hail of lead bullets.*

The clattergun is fired in the Shooting phase with the profile below:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	4	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (4), Quick to Fire

Dive Bomb: Once per game, during the Remaining Moves sub-phase, models with this special rule may drop bombs unless they are fleeing or have declared a charge that turn.

To Dive Bomb, select one unengaged enemy unit that the Gyrocopter moved over in that turn. To determine the damage caused by the bombs, roll an artillery dice; this is the number of hits inflicted. If a misfire is rolled, the Gyrocopter takes a single Wound with no armour save allowed. The Gyrocopter's bombs have the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	3	Armour Piercing

If a Gyrocopter Dive Bombs, it cannot make any other shooting attacks in that turn.

GYROBOMBER

Since the first flight of the Gyrocopter, Engineers have been seeking ways to upgrade its payload. There were times, such as when greenskin invasions filled the valleys, swarming up a mountain's flanks to besiege a Dwarf stronghold, that Gyrocopters buzzing around the flanks just wasn't going to break up the attack. With some reconfiguration, and by losing the heavy weight of the steam gun, the Engineers Guild were able to significantly increase the size and number of bombs carried. Thus was the Gyrobomber invented.

Initial tests against rampaging Orcs proved successful, with the newly dubbed Gyrobomber sowing patches of destruction along its flight path. However, while the bombs did rip holes into the waves of oncoming attackers, the newly designed flying machine was not as capable at diving down to launch its bombs as was the Gyrocopter, and furthermore, the larger bombs proved more susceptible to wind shear. All of this meant that the devastating payload was not always delivered on target. Teams of Engineers advanced a slew of ideas, one of which turned out to increase the bomb's damage potential. By rigging the explosive content within the bomb canisters, the Engineers found they could set off a brief chain reaction, creating a 'bouncing' bomb that would land, explode and then set off subsequent explosions. Named the grudge buster bomb, the Engineers were naturally defensive about it bristling at suggestions that the bombs were less accurate, they stated that the bounces gave the ordnance a greater chance to strike its target. Tests





showed that, while the grudgebuster bombs might not be any more accurate, their multiple explosions wreaked more damage than ever.

Armed with their impressive bomb racks and a nose-mounted clattergun, the Gyrobombers stream over the Dwarf battle lines seeking to obliterate the foe's largest formations. Already, several flying formations have become famous – perhaps most notably the Skyhammers from Zhufbar and the Blackhammer Bombers of Karaz-a-Karak.



SPECIAL RULES:

Bombing Run: *The bombs carried by a Gyrobomber consist of metal spheres filled with gunpowder. Before he drops a bomb the Dwarf pilot must light the fuse. Obviously, flying a Gyrobomber one-handed while lighting and throwing a hissing, spluttering bomb with the other puts some constraints on the pilot's ability to guide the machine.*

During the Remaining Moves sub-phase, models with this special rule may drop a bomb unless they are fleeing or have declared a charge that turn. To make a Bombing Run, select one unengaged enemy unit that the Gyrobomber moved over in that turn and place the large 5" template anywhere over the target unit (but note that it cannot cover friendly models) and roll for scatter and damage as for a stone thrower from the Warhammer rulebook. If a misfire is rolled, use the Bomb Misfire chart below. Grudgebuster bombs have the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	3(6)	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (D3)

After resolving the damage caused by a grudge buster bomb, roll a D6. On a 4+, the bomb scatters D6" from where it first landed (a Hit! result remains in place). Place the small round (3") template on the new location and resolve damage using the profile above. It cannot bounce a third time.

BOMB MISFIRE CHART

- | D6 | Result |
|-----|---|
| 1 | Premature Detonation. The Gyrobomber suffers a Strength 6 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. |
| 2-3 | Jammed Release. Centre the 3" template over the Gyrobomber before scattering it and resolving damage as normal. This bomb does not bounce. |
| 4-6 | Dud. Only the model under the template's central hole is hit, suffering a single Strength 4 hit. |



HAROK ANVILFIST

*Ace gyrocopter engineer of Karaz-a-Karak
Harok typifies the swaggering engineer aviators of
the Karaz-a-Karak and is reputed to be the best of
the Dwarfholds' pilots. At times over the past 30
years, Harok has been given command of a
gyrocopter squadron that is generally formed
during a time of war.*

*Harok sometimes undertakes an airborne patrol of
the approaches to Karaz-a-Karak, particularly on
the route that leads from the Border Princes and
the Empire beyond. He is usually the first to spot
groups of individuals approaching the Dwarf
kingdom's borders. Harok will do a few flybys –
some of which might be rather daring, as if to
impress the travellers with Dwarf prowess – to
determine if the unidentified group is friendly or
not. If satisfied that they present no danger, Harok
will call down to the intruders and demand to
know their names and business. Should he be fired
upon or threatened in any way, Harok will toss
down a bomb or two before heading towards one
of the watchtowers to alert the garrison there of
the forthcoming danger.*

*Despite an easygoing demeanour with those he
knows, Harok is a hardened veteran of the ongoing
Dwarf struggle against their various racial enemies.
He is very direct in his dealings with others, and
suspicious of anyone who is overly friendly.
Harok is very confident (bordering on arrogance)
about his abilities.*



THUNDERBARGE

Dwarfs are naturally inventive, and much taken with machines and technology. Although most Dwarfs are happiest on dry land, there are those who are so inspired by the need to prove Dwarf machines can master all the elements that they are quite prepared to venture below the waves or take to the skies. True to their nature, the Dwarfs now have a well-structured airforce, even though those Dwarfs reckless enough to join up are considered somewhat 'cavalier' by their more stalwart brethren.

The Dwarf Thunderbarge is an armoured hull or 'gondola' suspended below a huge gasbag filled with hydrogen. Unfortunately, hydrogen is highly inflammable, and so – like the Gyrocopter – a Thunderbarge tends to be crewed by reckless volunteers.



The Thunderbarge is powered by a steam-driven propeller mounted on the gondola. Smoke is emitted from an exhaust funnel, leaving a smudgy trail behind it. The Thunderbarge can ascend or descend by altering the amount of gas in the gasbag, and steers by means of rudder flaps. It is capable of moving in any direction except directly into the wind.



The Thunderbarge class of lighter-than-air warships hasn't quite been perfected yet, but that doesn't stop a few intrepid Dwarf Engineers from taking to the skies. Its armament consists of racks of bombs hung under the gondola as well as a cannon mounted on its front. The bomb racks, cannons and swivel guns of the amazing flying machine can wreak devastation on any enemy battleline. Fortunately for enemies of the Dwarfs, few of the Thunderbarges have ever been constructed and it is hard to find Engineers insane or inebriated enough to fly such dangerous constructions.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thunderbarge	-	-	-	6	6	8	-	-	-
Dwarf Pilot	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Bombing Run (see Gyrobombers), Hover, Large Target, Unbreakable.

High Flyer: The Thunderbarge cannot charge, and can only be charged by models with the Fly or Hover special rule. The Thunderbarge does not block Line of Sight for other units, and other units can move through it as long as they do not end their movement on top of it.

Thunderbarge Cannon: The Thunderbarge is armed with a cannon, which cannot fire grapeshot. The cannon can be fired even if the Thunderbarge moves. If the cannon misfires and roll a "Destroyed!" result, then the Thunderbarge suffers D3 Wounds with no saves allowed, and the weapon may no longer be used for the remainder of the game. Other misfires are resolved as normal.

Disaster!: If the Thunderbarge is destroyed it scatters 3D6" in a random direction and then crashes to the ground. Place the large template with the hole under its final position. Any model touched by the template suffers a Strength 6 hit.

WRATH OF THUNDER

Created by mad Dwarf Engineer Sven Hasselfriesian, the Wrath of Thunder is the third lighter-than-air ship of the Thunderbarge class to be launched from Zhufbar. The first went down in flames during the battle of Black Vale, the second has not returned from a recent good-will journey to Nuln, and the third, the pride of Sven, is the Wrath of Thunder. The ship has served in several battles, most recently bombing the Knuckle Skrapers tribe of Orcs off the mountainside and into oblivion.



THORGRIM GRUDGEBEARER

High King of Karaz-a-Karak

Thorgrim Grudgebearer is the current High King of the Dwarfs. He is a throwback to the High Kings of old – eager for new conquests, mighty in battle, and a merciless enemy. Yet upon his worn brow, there also sits a great wisdom, and he is able to uphold the ancient traditions as well as to accept (if not embrace) needed changes, such as alliances and new technology. Thorgrim is forever brooding upon how to return his people to their former glory.

Thorgrim is the descendant of the most ancient and noble of all Dwarf lords. The very blood of Grungni flows in his veins and the wisdom of Valaya sits upon his beetling brow. The High Kings have kept the Great Book of Grudges, the oldest and most important of the many Books of Grudges that exist throughout the Dwarf realms. This book, known as Dammaz Kron, recounts all the ancient wrongs and deeds of treachery perpetrated against the Dwarf race. Its pages are written in the blood of High Kings, and its tattered parchment is much thumbed and studied.

Occasionally, the Dwarfs have the opportunity to set right some ancient wrong, in which case the High King has the satisfaction of striking out the record in the book. This hardly ever happens as, when it comes down to it, Dwarfs much prefer to hold a grudge rather than let bygones be bygones. Even grudges which have been crossed out can still be read and are never forgotten, but fondly recalled together with the story of how vengeance was finally exacted. Dwarfs are very good at bearing grudges, and Dammaz Kron recounts many episodes of the infamy of other races and of the gods themselves. The Dwarf language has no word for forgiveness, but many subtle variations on revenge, recompense and retribution.

The Great Book of Grudges is Thorgrim's constant companion. He keeps the book by his side night and day, sleeping with its gnarled old pages beneath his pillow, and carrying it about with him in his waking hours. He has managed to strike out several long-held grudges, including winning recompense of 1,000 gold pieces from the Burgomeister of Altdorf for damage done to the reputation of Bonn Bullroarer during the Great Altdorf Stampede.

Since an early age, Thorgrim has dreamed of avenging his people and perhaps, one day, to put aside the Great Book of Grudges by striking out every single grudge it contains. Such a thing would be impossible even in a thousand lifetimes, but Dwarfs are determined folk and once their mind is made up they are obstinate. Yet such is his resolve that he has already helped to rejuvenate the whole of the Karaz Ankor. Tales of his deeds, and the long list of grudges already struck out, fill his grim warriors with a feeling that the Dwarfs have long done without: hope. Even though the Dwarfs are reluctant to go to war and risk the lives of their diminishing number of warriors, the cause of vengeance is considered so just that they rally to Thorgrim with eagerness and follow him wherever he leads.

When Thorgrim goes to war (which is often, for there are many dark deeds of infamy to avenge!) he carries the Great Book of Grudges with him, reciting ancient and damning grudges from it. This inflames the Dwarfs with hatred for their enemies, with the result that they become resolute and

almost unbreakable in combat. Thorgrim is borne aloft on the Throne of Power by his four sturdy Thronebearers, and brandishes aloft the Axe of Grimnir. Atop his brow he wears the Crown of Karaz-a-Karak. Thorgrim is at the forefront of what the Dwarfs hope will be a great conquering – a new age of retribution has begun.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thorgrim	3	7	4	4	5	7	4	4	10
Thronebearer	3	5	3	4	-	-	3	4	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute.**

High King: Thorgrim must be the army General. Furthermore, if he is slain, all friendly models from *Warhammer: Dwarfs* immediately gain the Frenzy special rule.

The Throne of Power: The Throne of Power is treated in all regards as Shieldbearers, with these additions to represent its status and additional bearers: the Throne adds +4 to Thorgrim's Wounds (included in his profile) and adds +2 to his armour save. The Throne also grants him a Ward save (4+) and increases the range of his Inspiring Presence rule to 18". If Thorgrim joins a unit, he does not benefit from the "Look Out Sir!" rule.





MAGIC ITEMS:

The Axe of Grinnir (Magic Weapon)

Before Grinnir disappeared into the north fighting the dark gods of Chaos, he gifted his son, Morgrim, one of his legendary axes. The skill of placing so many master runes onto a single item has been lost, but the axe itself has been passed down through the generations, borne in turn by each High King of the Dwarfs. Its edge cannot be blunted, and its blade bears glowing runes whose secret passed from the world with the Ancestor Gods themselves.

Attacks made with the Axe of Grinnir have the Always Strikes First special rule and wound any model not in magic armour on a To Wound roll of 2+, regardless of the target's Toughness. Against models in magic armour, a roll of 3+ is required. Additionally, Wounds caused by the Axe of Grinnir have the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule against Monsters.

The Armour of Skaldour (Magic Armour)

Skaldor made this armour in ancient days and the secrets of his runes died with him. It is one of the heirlooms of the Dwarf kings of Karaz-a-Karak. Protected by powerful runes, the Armour of Skaldour has turned countless blades and protected Thorgrim through many bloody battles and assassination attempts.

Heavy armour. The Armour of Skaldour gives Thorgrim the Immunity (Killing Blow/Heroic Killing Blow/Multiple Wounds) special rule.

"That which is wrong with the world that we cannot fix with the blades of our axes, we shall surely avenge!"
Thorgrim Grudgebearer

The Dragon Crown of Karaz (Talisman)

Marked with Za, the ruling rune, the Dragon Crown has been worn by the High Kings of Karaz-a-Karak since the hold's founding and is believed to have been brought from the Southlands when the Dwarfs first came to the Worlds Edge Mountains. It is marked with Za, the Ruling Rune, symbol of lordship over the Dwarf race. The crown may only be worn by a Dwarf king!

This crown confers the Immunity (Psychology) and Stubborn special rules to its wearer and any unit he joins.

The Great Book of Grudges (Enchanted Item)

The Dammaz Kron recounts every deed of infamy perpetuated against the Dwarfs. Its words, written in the blood of kings and infused with the anger and vows of vengeance of its owners, speak of unforgivable acts of treachery, unpaid debts, and unfulfilled vendettas. Over the centuries the pages have absorbed magical energies from its many authors, soaking up their hatred and anger, until the book radiates righteous indignation and demands vengeance.

Thorgrim, and any unit he joins, are subject to Hatred. Against models included in the Ancestral Grudge special rule, they may re-roll failed To Rolls every close combat round, not just the first.

THE THRONE OF POWER

For over four thousand years, the Dwarf High Kings have been carried into battle on the Throne of Power. The throne is an ancient wonder and an astounding piece of craftsmanship, a marvel amongst the Dwarfs. Along with the Dammaz Kron, this venerated artefact is a symbol of the High Kings status, more than any crown, suit of armour or weapon he may have inherited from his forefathers. The throne normally resides in the cavernous throne room of Karaz-a-Karak, raised upon a massive pedestal of polished stone. Those who would seek an audience with the High King must climb a flight of steep steps as the Dwarf Lord stares down at them imperiously from the massive throne.

From the Throne of Power the High King dictates his policies to his elder council and oversees his throng in battle. There is a lectern upon which he places the Dammaz Kron so that he can read from its pages and still wield his rune axe. In times of peace, the throne bearers must always accompany the High King, for tradition dictates that if ever the king wishes to sit, it must be upon the Throne of Power – it is believed that no ordinary chair can bear the gravitas of the High King of the Dwarfs! To this end, the throne is continually carried around after him as he goes about his daily business – including war! This can be extremely inconvenient, but the Dwarfs are great traditionalists and the High King must be seen to uphold the ancient ways. The throne is borne aloft by four strapping Dwarfs called the Thronebearers. These throne bearers are chosen from amongst the strongest Longbeards and Hammerers, and it is a great honour for them to bear the weight of their lord, just as he bears the weight of the whole Dwarf empire, and they are also the High King's bodyguard. They follow him all day, and stand by his side wherever he goes. When he is ready to sit they bring his throne for him. When he no longer wishes to walk, they carry him aloft on the throne itself. Only the fittest and strongest Dwarfs are up to this daunting task, and the Thronebearers train rigorously every day. Most of their training involves drinking vast quantities of nutritious Dwarf ale to build up their strength.

The Thronebearers swear a binding oath never to abandon their Lord, and to give their own lives to protect him. Dwarfs take this sort of thing extremely seriously, and to break such an oath would bring lasting dishonour to the oathbreaker's family, descendants and ancestors. In all of Dwarf history there is only one recorded occasion when a Thronebearer, Forkhelm Shiverback, abandoned the High King in battle. His entire family subsequently left Karaz-a-Karak and wandered eastward into the Dark Lands in self-imposed exile never to return. This terrible shame is not something Dwarfs ever talk about.

It is said that the Throne of Power was made by Grungni himself and that while it endures the Dwarf race will also endure, but should it ever be destroyed then the Dwarf race will be doomed. The throne is inscribed with the great rune Azamar, the unique rune of eternity – a rune so potent that only one of it can ever exist.





THOREK IRONBROW

Master Runelord of Karak Azul

Thorek Ironbrow is a Runelord like unto those of legend. In the best of his moods, he is fiercely irate and a living terror to his apprentices in the weapons shops of Karak Azul, where he has ruled for centuries on end. A traditionalist in every sense, Thorek cannot abide new technology, and takes every opportunity to speak his mind on ‘new inventions’. Fortunately, he lends not just his councils, but also his strong arm to Thorgrim Grudgebearer. Like his High King, Thorek too longs to reclaim the Dwarf Empire of old, but he also has a personal quest – he seeks lost relics of the ancient days. For this reason, Thorek is extremely active and can be found aiding throngs from many different clans and holds.

Constant warfare has seen much of the art of the runes lost as holds have fallen to the Greenskins and other enemies. Thorek, however, is as skilled as any Runelord alive today and many would say as any Runelord ever. He has ruled over the weapon shops of Karak Azul for centuries and is a living terror to his apprentices and journeymen who dread his scorn almost as much as they admire his skill and wisdom. Even the sons of kings dare not enter the workshops without Thorek's approval, and many a young would-be Runesmith has found himself back working in the mines for not meeting Thorek's exacting, traditional standards.

It is only fitting therefore that Thorek is the keeper of Karak Azul's Anvil of Doom. Almost alone among contemporary Runelords, Thorek has an understanding of their deeper mysteries. Whilst he has a complete respect for the power of the anvil, he does not fear it, for to him it is a tool on which he can shape and fashion magic like a normal smith would shape iron, gold and gromril.

Of late, Thorek has been deep underground, buoying the Dwarf battle lines and unleashing the fury of his Anvil of Doom upon the Skaven that fill the underhalls of Karak Eight Peaks. He is not only helping the cause of King Belegar, but also searching for those sealed treasure vaults that have never yet been re-found. Each new discovery of ancient rune artefacts helps keep the precious runecraft of his forefathers alive and ensures that no further holds fall.

Thorek can never be found without his Anvil of Doom and his most able assistant, a long-suffering Dwarf named Kraggi. Most of the time, Kraggi is a great aid to Thorek, but on occasion, his inexperience (he's only been smithing a century) causes issues. When Kraggi is paying sufficient attention to his master's gruff commands, no living Runelord can match Thorek's prowess on the Anvil of Doom. With a resounding clang on his anvil, Thorek Ironbrow grounds enemy

spells and smites those who would dare defy the growing might of the Dwarfs.

Although Thorek has no lack of tasks to perform in the Karak Azul workshops, he is prepared to venture forth and take his place on the battlefield. In recent years, Dwarf expeditions have been very successful in recovering ancient treasures from lost and fallen holds. Each such discovery helps keep the precious knowledge of the ancestors alive and that in turn helps ensure that no more holds fall. Indeed it is Thorek's belief that combined with the endeavours of the High King, Thorgrim Grudgebearer and other like-minded kings such as Alrik Ranulfsson, it may yet be possible to retake some of what has been lost.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thorek Ironbrow	-	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	10
Kraggi	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9
Anvil Guards	-	5	3	4	-	-	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Ancestral Shield, Anvil of Doom, Forgefire, Locus of Power, Rune Lore, Strike the Runes, Unbreakable.





From his rocky vantage point, King Unthor Grimbeard watched the enemy approach. His fellow Dwarfs were outnumbered beyond count. It did not matter. Deathsongs had been sung. All knew what must come. Yet if the warriors could hold out long enough, Unthor knew the escaping refugees would reach the safety of Karak Azul. Though few in number, each Dwarf that remained was a stalwart champion, a veteran of many battles. The clan's armoury had been emptied and each grim warrior bore matchless arms and armour, heirlooms of a once mighty household. The clan might die, but the memory of their last stand would live on.

Kraggi, Assistant at the Forge: Kraggi, the best of Thorek's assistants, accompanies him to battle and helps him by preparing some of the runes. Most of the time this is a big help and speeds things up, but occasionally his lack of experience (he's hardly been smithing a century) lets him down and he makes a mistake.

Kraggi is represented on the tabletop by a separate miniature that always remains as close as possible to Thorek's Anvil of Doom. The model itself plays no part in the game; if it gets in the way, simply move it to one side. If Thorek is slain, Kraggi is also removed.

Thorek can re-roll a single dice on a failed attempt to cast one of the innate bound spells of the Anvil of Doom per turn. If this re-rolled dice rolls a 1, Kraggi has done something wrong and Thorek takes a Strength 10 hit. Kraggi is then removed from play and the Kraggi, Assistant at the Forge special rule cannot be used again for the rest of the game.



Master of Ancient Lore: Thorek receives a +1 bonus on all his attempts to cast the Anvil of Doom's bound spells. In addition, Thorek knows the following Rune:

- **Rune of Doom:** When Kurgaz forged the Anvils of Doom many centuries ago the most potent rune they had beaten onto them was the Rune of Doom, after which they were named. However, this rune is so difficult and dangerous to use that its secret has almost been lost. Some have not ever dared to use it or have never seen a threat they deemed sufficient to warrant its power. Others have tried and failed to contain and focus its might and their anvils have been torn apart by the uncontrolled energies. Today, the only remaining Runelord who has the skill and courage to attempt it is Thorek Ironbrow.

When this rune is struck, the air grows chill and the skies turn dark. Ghostly forms of ancient warriors appear amidst the Dwarfs on the battlefield, bolstering their ranks and their courage. These are not ghosts as such, but a manifestation of the Dwarfs' own grim and doom-laden nature. Their anger at the loss of their mighty civilisation and the desecration of their Holds fills them with a righteous fury that is terrible to behold, and their normally grim faces are set with an expression of black vengeance.

Innate bound spell (power level 3). Remains in Play. The *Rune of Doom* is an **augment** spell that targets every friendly Dwarf unit within 24". The target units gain the Fear special rule until the start of the next friendly Magic phase.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Klad Brakak (Magic Weapon)

Thorek's anvil-headed hammer is a formidable weapon of war as well as a useful tool. In his position as Master of the Weaponsmiths of Karak Azul, he has access to a vast amount of ancient rune lore. From his researches and experiments, he has designed a new rune which he has struck onto his hammer. This rune is unique to Thorek's hammer, Klad Brakak, and, as of yet, it is unproven – being only a few centuries old, Thorek wishes to give the rune a fair trial before allowing others to duplicate it. In battle it is easy to find Thorek as his hammer shatters armour when it strikes, making a sound like thunder.

Attacks made with this weapon have the Ignores Armour saves special rule. Additionally, if the victim suffers one or more unsaved Wounds, any Magic Armour they were equipped with are destroyed and cannot be used for the remainder of the game.

Thorek's Rune Armour (Magic Armour)

Made by Thorek himself, this armour has turned a Giant's club and allowed Thorek to walk unscathed (bar some smouldering) through the flames of the wyrm Drakamol.

Thorek's Rune Armour confers a 1+ armour save that cannot be improved by any means.



ALRIK RANULFSSON

King of Karak Hirn

Even amongst a race as steeped in custom and tradition as the Dwarfs, King Alrik is regarded as particularly devoted to the customs of his ancestors. Perhaps it is because Karak Hirn, as one of the Grey Mountains holds, is regarded by many Dwarfs as being somehow new and unproven (despite being several thousand years old) that makes Alrik such a stickler for the old ways. Borne into battle upon the shield of his great-great-great-Grandfather Kurgaz, considered a giant amongst Dwarfs and founder of Karak Hirn, Alrik has endeavoured to settle many scores from the Karak Hirn Book of Grudges.

Even though he has to deal with all the lesser races who come to trade with him, King Alrik has stayed true to the old ways. The army of Karak-Hirn is a sight to behold, with ranks of Clansmen and Ironbreakers backed up by loyal Dwarfs with crossbows, just like it was in the old days. Alrik refuses to use any of the more modern war machines like flame cannons and Gyrocopters littering the place and stinking up the clean mountain air with their fumes.

Karak-Hirn is one of the younger holds, founded after the Great Quakes. It was a tragic time and what were needed were great leaders. The founder of Karak-Hirn, Alrik's great-great-great-grandfather, was one such Dwarf. Kurgaz was probably the tallest and strongest of Dwarf-kind ever to smite an Elf. He stood head and shoulders above his followers and could lift an entire



ore wagon single-banded. As he fled the disasters of those dark times with his army of followers, he happened upon the mountain which would be his new home: Karak-Hirn, the Hornhold. Kurgaz was camped with his kinsmen above ground in a small valley, an unusual and troubling practice but necessary when the trembling earth is twisting even the finest Dwarf-wrought tunnels. As dusk drew in, the deep blare of a Dwarf warborn sounded across the valley. Thinking his kind were in danger, Kurgaz rallied his bodyguard about him and set off towards the sound. They climbed for hours, feeling for handholds as they approached the sound which still sounded eerily across the mountains. Just as dawn broke, they reached a large cave and stopped to rest.

Without warning, the wind blew through the entrance of the cave, down the passageways and all around them, causing the deep roar that had summoned them. Kurgaz roared in turn, but this time with laughter, and soon the whole of his guard had tears running down their cheeks. 'It is a sign from Grungni,' he said, 'To show us how to laugh even in such times as these, and to show us a safe haven.' And with that he set about exploring his new domain.

Over the years the caverns have been greatly enlarged, and the winds still blow through the Hornhall of Karak Hirn. Cleverly constructed doors, valves and hollows amplify the sound just so, and cunningly set fires draw the air through the sounding chambers so that the mountain itself can be sounded to call the warriors to battle or scare away Trolls.

Alrik is even more traditional than his father Ranulf and his armies are a sight to make an old warrior glad. But there's more to him than that. For he has taken Karak-Hirn's Book of Grudges and sought with singleminded dedication to erase every slight. To this end he campaigns against greenskins, Skaven, or Elves and extracts a payment in blood for their past misdeeds. It is often that you hear of how Dwarfs have been badly mistreated, but few seek vengeance like Alrik. He would erase every grudge ever held by his clan, and if he lives long enough by Grungni he'll do it. Already he carries one of the volumes of the Book, completely scoured of unpaid food-debts. This alone fills his followers with boundless hope.

When I were but a lad, my father, the King taught me three things:

Never accept a gift from an Elf.

Never trust gold that glistens in darkness.

Never forget a grudge.

On his deathbed I swore to uphold those values to me own dying day, and Grungi willing I will.

King Alrik Ranulfsson of Karak Hirn



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Alrik Ranulfsson	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute, Relentless.

Lord of the Hold: If Alrik is included in your army he must be your army General.

Traditional army: Alrik doesn't trust the unusual machineries of the Engineers' Guild and only rarely includes them in his army.

If Alrik is in the army then Firedrakes, Firethrowers, Gyrocopters, Flame Cannons, Organ Guns, Thunderbarges and Grudgebreakers counts as 2 units for the purpose of duplicate choices that are allowed. In addition, your army cannot have more models of Thunderers than Quarrellers.



"We fight to protect our kinfolk, we fight to defend our clans, but more importantly we fight to uphold our honour. Ne'er forget the torment we have suffered and for each and every wrong our enemies heaped upon our ancestors, they shall repay the debt in blood. For we are sons of Grugni: alone we are rocks, united we stand with the strength of a mountain."

Dwarf King Alrik at the defence of Karak Hirn

MAGIC ITEMS:

Axe of Retribution (Magic Weapon)

As the Karak-Hirn Dwarfs fight their enemies, the bright flash of silver is easily seen as the Axe of Retribution rises and falls in deadly arcs. Alrik had this axe made especially for his crusade to avenge the wrongs done to his Hold, and he has sworn not to let it rest until they have all been struck from the Book of Grudges.

Great weapon. The Axe of Retribution has been inscribed with the Grudge Rune and the Master Rune of Breaking.

Hrappi-klad (Magic Armour)

Suits of heavy golden armour are the traditional battle garb of the King of Karak Hirn and his Shield Bearers. They are plain and unadorned in the functional manner of the Dwarfs, but the protection they offer is far greater than any suit of finely filigreed Elven armour.

Heavy armour. Hrappi-klad gives Alrik a Ward save (2+) against Wounds caused by shooting attacks and all magic missiles.

Kurgaz's Shield (Talisman)

This ancient shield bears a protective magical rune, but is of tremendous size and is far too heavy to use normally. However, since it is a valued heirloom of their founder, the Kings of Karak-Hirn still take it to battle – nowadays as a fighting platform borne by two of their strongest followers.

Kurgaz's Shield follows all the rules for Shield Bearers. In addition, it gives Alrik a Ward save (5+).

Helm of Eagles (Enchanted Item)

The cunningly wrought runes on this ancient battle-helm give the wearer the sharp eyesight of the hunting eagle as he soars above his prey. No lurking assassins can hide from him, nor secrets be held from him whilst he wears this helm. Alrik can see the details of enemy troops wherever they are on the battlefield.

At the start of each Dwarf turn, Alrik may gaze at one enemy unit. Your opponent must reveal any hidden troops within the unit (such as Assassins or Night Goblin Fanatics) as well as all magic items carried by models within the unit.

Karak-Hirn's Book of Grudges (Enchanted Item)

The Great Book of Grudges, Dammaz Kron, is held by the High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer, but this is not the only such book. In fact, each Hold has their own book, as indeed do many individual Dwarfs. Actually this is only one volume of the many that comprise Karak-Hirn's collection of grudges. However, this is a unique volume because all the grudges described in its pages have been avenged!

This book gives Alrik the "Hold Your Ground" special rule, just like a Battle Standard.



KAZADOR THUNDERHORN

King of Karak Azul

Kazador of the Donarkhun clan, son of Kazgar, is the aged lord of Karak Azul. He is a massive Dwarf, and incredibly strong even by the extraordinary standards of Dwarf kings. In his youth, his feats of strength and endurance were legendary. Entries in the Karak Azul Book of Days boast of the king rescuing a fully-laden ore pony trapped in a deep crevasse by lifting said creature above his head. He is the undisputed champion of the annual anvil hauling competition and his throw in the hammer toss is the longest found on record. He excels at goblin hunting, no Dwarf has ever bested his tally – save for his father – for he is reputed to be a fine shot with a crossbow, and often he would wager with his fellow lords. In his younger days he would cheerfully repeat the performance when challenged. It is said that he could (and frequently did) out drink all the Dwarfs in his kingdom. His younger days were full of feasting and fighting, bawdy songs and raucous humour, and, of course, battles. Lots of battles, so that the Orcs soon started to avoid the area altogether. Ruling over a kingdom surrounded by greenskins gave Kazador few worries. In fact he found it rather convenient, and spent the summer months hunting Goblins in the mountains.

Sadly those days are long gone. Today nothing gives King Kazador joy. He no longer has any appetite and food always displeases him. Ale is always weak and is unable to lift his spirits. He no longer hunts Goblins in the mountains or bellows with laughter at some casual jest. Today he sits in the darkness of Karak Azul and broods. His subjects trace his decline to the Orc attack when Gorfang Rotgut, Warlord of Black Crag, infiltrated the stronghold, pillaging and looting while the king was away hunting in the mountains. Although



the Orcs were driven out they took captives, including many of Kazador's own kin. Even today Kazador knows that his own people are rotting in the dungeons of Black Crag, and so far he has been unable to recover them or to avenge their deaths (if dead they be).

Kazrik, the king's son, suffered a fate nearly as bad. Captured along with his kin folk in the king's own throne room, the young Dwarf Lord was not taken captive but shaved and nailed firmly to Kazador's throne as a gesture of contempt. Wars of war and the pressures of recovering from the Orc attack meant that Kazador was only able to reach one assault to reclaim his captured kin. Since then, he has offered a grand

The following are just a selection of the many grudges recorded on behalf of those who have attempted to claim the reward.

King Kazador wishes to record grudge against Gorfang Rotgut for the death of Kurdat Brinngarda and his warriors whilst attempting to rescue the hostages of Black Crag or otherwise return their bodies if they be dead.

King Kazador wishes to record grudge against Gorfang Rotgut for the death of Killan Broad shoulder and his warriors whilst attempting to rescue the hostages of Black Crag or otherwise return their bodies if they be dead.

King Kazador wishes to record grudge against Gorfang Rotgut for the death of Snarlin Delmhut and his warriors whilst attempting to rescue the hostages of Black Crag or otherwise return their bodies if they be dead.

King Kazador wishes to record grudge against Gorfang Rotgut for the death of the manling of the Empire Leopald Hurstwenker and his warriors whilst attempting to rescue the hostages of Black Crag or otherwise return their bodies if they be dead.

King Kazador wishes to record grudge against Gorfang Rotgut for the death of Zar Fundabar and his warriors whilst attempting to rescue the hostages of Black Crag or otherwise return their bodies if they be dead.

King Kazador wishes to record grudge against Gorfang Rotgut for the death of Yorri Borkodin and his warriors whilst attempting to rescue the hostages of Black Crag or otherwise return their bodies if they be dead.

King Kazador this day is displeased and thus bears witness to grudge against Thane Fredi of the Rikstak clan. Thane Fredi accompanied King Kazador upon a campaign against the grobi of the Broken Leg tribe. In the decisive engagement that took part four days ago Thane Fredi failed to pursue thoroughly the routed enemy and thus allowed a considerable number of the grobi filth to escape. Upon passing this judgement, King Kazador accepts that the warriors of clan Rikstak were tired from several weeks of military campaign. King Kazador lets it be known that no blame is to be placed upon Clan Rikstak for failing to catch the fleeing grobi but that Thane Fredi failed the hold by not ordering the pursuit and thus allowing the grobi to evade retribution for many ancient wrongs recorded in this tome. Upon hearing of his king's displeasure Thane Fredi has taken the slayer vow and so recompense of this grudge is to be considered exacted from Thane Fredi upon his noble death in battle as a slayer.



reward for any thane or other adventurers who succeed in doing so. One half of his hoard he has promised to any Dwarf who brings back his kin alive, and one third to any non-Dwarf who does the same. A quarter of his gathered treasure is set aside for anybody who can return their bodies for proper burial. Any who bring King Kazador Gorfang's body are to have their 'pick of the king's riches'. Although the exact amounts are not known and King Kazador's hoard has been oft-used lately, it is likely that these sums would be worth all of the gold of Altdorf and more. Since Kazador is wealthy as only a Dwarf king can be this offer has caused a lot of excitement in the Dwarf realms.

The only thing that lightens Lord Kazador's gloom is being able to settle old scores and to this end he has led armies all over the Dwarf realms. He has become a dark and brooding avenger, a pursuer of his people's enemies, and callous destroyer of evil wherever he finds it. As he leads his armies into battle he sounds the great Thunderhorn to proclaim that King Kazador has come to take his revenge once more. Perhaps he hopes that one day he will meet Gorfang in battle, so that at last he can avenge himself on his enemy and lift the burden of responsibility that lies upon his heart.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kazador	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute, Relentless.



MAGIC ITEMS:

The Hammer of Karak Azul (Magic Weapon)

The great Hammer of Karak Azul has been borne by the royal line of Azul since the time of Grungni, and it can only be lifted by a member of Kazador's clan. This mighty two-handed warhammer is forged from gromril, and it bears an unusually potent combination of runes.

The Hammer of Karak Azul grants its wielder +1 Strength, +1 Weapon Skill, the Armour Piercing (1) and Heroic Killing Blow special rules.

The Armour of the King of Karak Azul (Magic Armour)

This armour was forged in ancient days and is worn by the King of Karak Azul whenever he marches to war. It is forged from the finest gromril.

Medium armour. This armour grants its wearer +1 Toughness and may re-roll failed armour saves.

The Thunderhorn (Enchanted Item)

The Thunderhorn is carved from the ancient tusk of some mighty beast said to have been brought by the Dwarfs from the distant south in ages past. It has been carried into battle by every Lord of Azul since Karak Azul was founded, as a symbol of the hold.

One use only. The Horn may be blown at the start of any enemy turn. All enemy units within 24" of Kazador must pass a Leadership test to be able to declare charges this turn.



BELEGAR IRONHAMMER

True King of the Eight Peaks

It is a bitter legacy of hatred and resentment that Belegar Ironhammer has inherited. For he is leader of the Angrund Clan and direct descendant of King Lunn, the last Dwarf to rule Karak Eight Peaks before its fall. While the grand mansion of their people – a hold second only to Karaz-a-Karak in terms of wealth and prestige - was being despoiled, the scions of the former king laboured elsewhere, shorn of home and honour. Many of the ruling heirs of Angrund have attempted to reclaim their former glory, to avenge the grudges bequeathed to them. Despite the weight of years and the hopelessness of the cause, when Belegar came of age, he made bold oaths and set out to recover his full inheritance.

Since that time, Belegar has dedicated his life to reclaiming Karak Eight Peaks. After three failed attempts and further decades spent gathering the old clans and rallying support from other holds, Belegar led an army that drove into the fabled vale and captured the central citadel. He proclaimed himself King and fortified his position, encamping his forces into the wreckage of the once-mighty surface structures of Karak Eight Peaks. There he remains, defiant and in a constant state of siege. From out of this slender foothold, the Dwarfs launch forays into the depths, bloody offensives intent on breaking their opponents' seemingly limitless armies, recapturing lower halls or seeking out lost treasures.

At Karak Eight Peaks, the Dwarfs are forced to contend with their arch-enemies, the Orcs and Goblins and the Skaven. These long-standing foes are led by the most devious of their kind, for the chieftain of the Night Goblins is none other than Skarsnik, self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks, while the Skaven are led by the infamous Warlord Queek Headtaker. Belegar alone has been able to match wits with these adversaries, thwarting their every plot and defying every malevolent scheme.

Belegar has established himself as a master of subterranean warfare. On his orders are enemy probes smashed, ambushes overcome and infiltration paths blockaded. Yet Belegar is not content to sit behind his fortifications, and many times he has led assaults into the underhalls of his forefathers. There, from the shattered remains of his ancestors' tombs, Belegar claimed the rune-struck chunk of rock that now serves as his Oath Stone. It is said amongst Dwarfs that his warrior skills are second only to those of the Slayer King, and that at need, Belegar can summon the vengeful powers of his ancestors, let for all his victories, Belegar remains embittered, vowing to one day reclaim all of Karak Eight Peaks for his own.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Belegar Ironhammer	3	8	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute, Stubborn.**

Revenge Incarnate: Once per game, at the start of any Close Combat phase, Belegar can harness the power of his ancestors. For the remainder of the turn, he doubles his Attacks characteristic.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Hammer of Angrund (Magic Weapon)

Also known as the Ironhammer, this hammer has been carried by the ruler of Karak Eight Peaks since the Angrund Clan first claimed kingship.

The wielder of this weapon has the Always Strikes First special rule, and Attacks made by the Hammer of Angrund receive a +1 bonus To Wound.

Shield of Defiance (Magic Armour)

The runes of protection struck upon the Shield of Defiance have saved Belegar's life many times. The shield can turn Giant's blows, Troll vomit, and even allowed him to twice escape from inside the maw of Skarsnik's enormous pet Cave Squig, Gobbla.

Shield. The Shield of Defiance grants Belegar the Ward save (4+) and Immunity (Killing Blow/Heroic Killing Blow) special rules.





BYRRNOTH GRUNDADRACK

The Voyager King of Barak Varr

The current King of Barak Varr is Byrrnuth Grundadrakk. He is known for maintaining traditional Dwarf values in the face of an ever-changing world and during his reign he has done his best to maintain strong links with the Holds in the Worlds Edge Mountains.

Byrrnuth Grundadrakk was born into the ruling clan of Barak Varr some three centuries ago, the younger of two brothers. In Barak Varr Dwarfs tend to be more outward looking than in other holds and Byrrnuth was no exception. He had many friends among the merchants and navigators who regularly did business there and even spent time with the Sea Engineers, learning the trade of building iron ships as well as navigating them. He might have spent his life thus were it not for the Elves.

Tragedy struck Byrrnuth's father and brother while they were at sea, hunting down a fleet of Naggaroth Corsairs. The Barak Varr vessel was attacked and all hands consumed by an ancient sea dragon named Mauldekorr, an ally of the Dark Elves that was possessed of an unending hatred of the Dwarfs.

When news reached him, Byrrnuth put aside his old life. At the shrine of Grimmir he swore an oath to avenge his kin even as the great mourning bell tolled. From the keeping of the Priests he claimed his birthright, the axe Rhymalcangaz, and took to the sea to hunt the wyrm down.

Byrrnuth's quest occupies one hundred and seventeen stanzas of the Barak Varr Book of Deeds. The noble King did not set foot on land for over twenty years, ever searching for Mauldekorr. Byrrnuth almost passed into myth – seafarers would talk of the doom-laden Dwarf and his ship of iron, ever-prepared to follow the slightest clue, however tenuous, to the drake's whereabouts, a paragon of patience tainted by barely-contained wrath. He searched along the Vampire Coast, past the Citadel of Dusk to the Boiling Sea. He dared



the Churning Gulf and the Bitter Sea, finally coming to the Sea of Dread where Mauldekorr turned in a bay off the Dragon Isles.

The clan name Grundadrakk means 'hammer of the dragons' and Byrrnuth earned the right to it that day. As the dragon wrapped itself around his ship and crushed it in its coils, Byrrnuth leapt upon the beast. Mauldekorr plucked Byrrnuth up by his leg and hurled him into the air, opening its fanged mouth to swallow him whole. The Kings' rage engulfed him and, roaring his battle-cry, he plunged willingly into the gaping maw and set to cutting the beast apart from inside. Mauldekorr thrashed in pain and dived below the surface, writhing and twisting but could not dislodge the vengeful Dwarf. Had Byrrnuth been plunged into the Dragon's gut he would have been killed for sure by its venomous bile but he held fast in the creatures throat. Blow by blow Byrrnuth hacked his way out, severing thigh-thick arteries and hewing steel scale skin as he went. The crew of Byrrnuth's vessel watched the sea froth crimson and boil with the dragon's death throes, fearful for their liege, their dismay turned to joy as Byrrnuth broke the surface, gasping for breath, his axe held high in triumph.

Upon his return to Barak Varr Byrrnuth was acclaimed by the populace. Few had believed he would be able to fulfil his oath and it was a source of pride to one and all that he was their King. His quest had changed him though. Not least because his leg wound never healed, forcing him to hobble for the rest of his days. Byrrnuth felt closer to his ancestors than ever before and for the first time he truly mourned his lost kin. He also looked differently on his Hold than he had before and saw that Barak Varr was allowing traditions born in the Worlds Edge Mountains to be diluted by contact with outsiders.

Byrrnuth took action and immediately revived the tradition of sending Beardlings to complete their schooling in Karak Kadrin and elevated many of his Hammerers and Longbeards into positions of greater influence. Visitors wonder if Barak Varr will continue to be as open to business with Byrrnuth as King but such is the respect he has earned amongst his people that their support for his rule is absolute and without question.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Byrrnuth	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Resolute, Relentless.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Rhymakangaz (Magic Weapon)

The axe gives the wielder +1 Strength, Armour Piercing (1) and is inscribed with a Grudge Rune.

Byrrnuth's Armour (Magic Armour)

Medium armour. This armour gives the wearer a Ward save (5+).



KRAGG THE GRIM

Master Runelord of Karaz-a-Karak

Kragg is the Master Runelord of Karaz-a-Karak. He is the oldest and by far the greatest living Runesmith – a gnarled old Dwarf, strong and enduring as a weather-beaten oak. His mighty white beard reaches to his feet. His great beetling brows cover eyes deep as wells set over features as rough-hewn as a granite cliff. His expression is one of eternal disapproval. This is quite normal for a Dwarf of his age who has seen many wonders and watched the inevitable decline of craftsmanship and respect. Runesmiths come from all over the Dwarf realms to sit at his feet and listen to his wise words. He knows many of the secrets of ancient days, long forgotten by others, and is a living link with near legendary past times.

Kragg is honoured as an ancestor, though this does not necessarily mean that he is dead. His weapons are rightly dreaded by all the Dwarfs' enemies and humans and Dwarfs alike will pay great wealth for one. Kragg's forefathers fled from Karak Ungol and later again from Karak Varn, when those strongholds fell, keeping alive the precious secrets of the runes which would otherwise have been lost. Now Kragg in his turn has passed them on to the Runesmiths of Karaz-a-Karak.

Kragg emerges only rarely from the Underhalls of Karaz. Within the city's deepest depths he has what virtually amounts to his own personal realm, a complex of mines and forges near the roots of the mountain where many Runesmiths labour on great projects under Kragg's supervision.



Kragg is armed with the finest weapons that a Runesmith can fashion. His great hammer, which he forged when he was a young Master Runesmith, bears Kragg's own hidden and secret rune. The old Dwarf is jealous of his lore and protective of his reputation and so far he has not shared the secret of his master rune with any of his apprentices, so only he may use it. Perhaps someday the master will teach it to his successor, but so far he has not found a Runesmith worthy enough to inherit his knowledge.

In addition to his hammer, when Kragg goes to war he dons rune armour, and carries a staff bearing talismanic runes of great power.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kragg the Grim	3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Forgefire, Magic Resistance (2), Relentless, Resolute, Rune Lore.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Kragg's Hammer (Magic Weapon)

Kragg's Hammer bears Kragg's Master Rune. This will be the old Runesmith's greatest legacy to the Dwarf realms when he releases it, if he ever does. Kragg devised his rune to aid him when forging. It heats up the hammer till it glows red hot and then transfers the heat to whatever it hits. It also drives the hammer forward with crushing force. The hammer is so hot that enemy affected by fire are affected by the hammer as if it were actually burning.

Kragg's Hammer gives the wielder Strength 10, +1 Attacks and the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Kragg's Armour (Magic Armour)

Kragg's armour is forged from heavy gromril. Over the years the Runelord has laboured long and hard on it, turning each separate component into a lovingly crafted work of art.

Kragg's Armour gives the wearer a 1+ armour save which may be re-rolled and a Ward save (6+).

Kragg's Runestaff (Talisman)

This ancient staff of oak is adorned with the skull of a Minotaur which Kragg slew while still a youth of just a hundred winters. The skull has been coated in brass to preserve it.

Kragg's Runestaff bears a Master Rune of Balance and two Runes of Spellbreaking. In addition, it gives the wielder Immunity (Flaming Attacks).



KADRIN REDMANE

Runelord of Karak Varn

Runesmiths do not spend all their years simply working at their benches, although they may spend much of their time doing so. Another duty of a Runesmith is to quest for ancient, lost artefacts taken from the Dwarfs during the Time of Woe. Kadrin Redmane was one such Runelord, who led a large force of Dwarfs into the fallen Hold of Karak Varn, driving the Skaven from the upper reaches.

The Redmane clan can trace its roots back to when Dwarf records first began, and Kadrin Redmane is undoubtedly the most famous Dwarf of this prestigious line. He first made his name as a great warrior at the Battle of Three Towers, during the War of the Beard. As the Dwarf army of Gotrek Starbreaker crushed that of the High Elf Phoenix King Caledor II, Kadrin Redmane's valour and skills caught the attentions of an ancient Runesmith. He took Redmane as his apprentice and began to teach him the long and arduous process of forging Dwarf runes.

Over the following centuries, Kadrin's natural talent surprised and even surpassed that of his master and so it was that he became Runelord of Karak Varn. He presided as Lord of the Hold during a rare time of peace and prosperity for the Dwarfs. Kadrin retained his position as Runelord of Karak Varn until the Worlds Edge Mountains were struck by cataclysmic earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Many of his clan died as Karak Varn was reduced to rubble. The Dwarfs call this period of history the Time of Woes.



Kadrin barely escaped with his own life. He and the few remaining survivors sought safety in the great halls of Karaz-a-Karak, where he made his new home, teaching other Dwarfs the secret arts of the Runesmith. It is during this time that he created the Shield of Stone and his mighty warhammer. In the year -1185 he returned to Karak Varn in search of some of the valuable family heirlooms and artefacts that had been lost in the earthquake. It was during one of these expeditions that he discovered the rich veins of gromril which the quake had opened up. For many years he and his followers mined the old gromril seams and he created several fabulous suits of armour from this new ore.

However, he and his army were slain by greenskins as they took a shipment of ore to the High King, ambushed on the shores of Black Water. With his dying breath, Kadrin hurled his rune hammer into the depths of the lake to prevent it being taken by the Goblins. Many expeditions have since attempted to recover the weapon.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kadrin Redmane	3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Forgefire, Relentless, Resolute, Rune Lore, Stubborn.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Hammer of Ages (Magic Weapon)

The Hammer of Ages is inscribed with an ancient family rune. Kadrin Redmane was the only Dwarf with the knowledge of how to create this rune.

Models that are hit with this hammer must take a Leadership test for each hit suffered. If failed, the Hammer automatically wounds with the Ignores Armour save special rule. If the test is passed, roll to wound and take armour saves as usual.

The Shield of Stone (Magic Armour)

The Shield of Stone is made of the purest gromril mined from the pits in Karak Varn. Redmane forged the shield himself, inscribing it with mighty runes of protection.

Shield. The Shield of Stone confers a Ward save (2+) against any missile attacks (including magic missiles).

"Tradition must be respected, for it is the voice of our ancestors."

Dwarf proverb



GROMBRINDAL

The White Dwarf

This legendary Dwarf is known in Khazalid – the Dwarfish tongue – as Grombrindal, which roughly translates as 'The White-bearded Ancestor'. He has been given many names over the centuries, but this is the one by which he is most widely known.

Every Dwarf, from the youngest beardless to the most wizened Longbeard, can recite the Saga of Grombrindal from memory. An epic tale that runs into many hundreds of verses, the Saga of Grombrindal tells how this Dwarf of legend strides the mountainous paths known only to the Dwarfs, appearing unannounced at times when his help is needed most.

Quite who the White Dwarf truly is none know for sure. Some claim he is none other than Snorri Whitebeard of Karaz-a-Karak, the only Dwarf King to receive due honour and respect from the Phoenix King of the Elves. Others claim that he was once the paramour of Valaya and beloved of all the Dwarf gods. Some say that the White Dwarf is none other than Snorri Whitebeard, the Dwarf King of Karaz-a-Karak, who was the only Dwarf to receive the due and proper respect of the High Elf Phoenix King of Ulthuan. That was a long, long linyt ago though – before the War of the Beard – and if it is true, then the White Dwarf is truly an Ancestor, and in some uncanny way must surely have crossed the bounds of mortality. Whatever the truth, the Saga of Grombrindal contains these and no less than forty-three other suggestions. The White Dwarf is a hero from the time of legends and the knowledge that he walks the world today fills every Dwarfen heart with hope and pride.

No one knows where the White Dwarf will appear. He turns up wherever and whenever his folk are hard pressed. When the odds are against the Dwarfs, he comes. He has been seen many times throughout the long history of the Dwarfs, his strange and unexpected appearance in the darkest hour of battle is recorded in many sagas. Each time he appears, the tide has turned back in the Dwarfs' favour. So it was at the battle of Whale Bridge, when Grombrindal held the causeway against the horde of An-Cas the Boastful, and the arrogant Goblin Boss was decapitated with a single blow. So it was at Bitter Peak, when the numberless ratmen were put to flight by the woefully outnumbered Miners from Barak-Varr, a white-bearded ancient holding their tattered ranks together with shouts of encouragement. So, too, it was at Cragmere, when the mightiest Dwarf heroes of the age crushed the advance of an army of Beastmen, Orcs and Goblins, and stood atop a mound of the fallen fully ten corpses deep.

There was the time when Umthi the Doomed and his folk were surrounded by Goblins. When all seemed lost, the Goblin horde shrank back in dismay Umthi's

clan warriors were heard to whisper in awe "the White Dwarf".

Deep in the midst of the foe the white bearded one could be seen swinging his mighty axe, cutting a swathe through the ranks of the enemy. Inspired by the sight, Umthi's folk, though bleeding and exhausted, took heart and surged forward one last time in a desperate effort to reach the White Dwarf, who stood alone amid the Goblins. When the victory was won, and Umthi gazed across the stricken field, the White Dwarf was gone and no trace of him was found, except for the heaps of slain enemies. A shrine to Grombrindal now stands in this place, one of many throughout the Dwarf realms.

These tales and a thousand more besides all bear testament to Grombrindal's heroism and the miraculous nature of his arrival – always appearing when the flame of hope is guttering and the spirits of the Dwarfs are at their lowest ebb. In the Saga of Grombrindal it says that he wanders the Worlds Edge Mountains, following the old Dwarf roads disguised as an aged prospector, swathed in its great cloak. He accepts a swig of good Dwarf ale from any traveller he meets and in return offers them a prophecy.

Many are the times when a strange lone Dwarf, cloaked and hooded, of this wry description has been seen in the Dwarf camp on the eve of a great battle, keeping his own company. Sometimes such a figure has been seen walking the ramparts of a besieged stronghold and this is held as an omen of victory and hope. Solitary and stern, this mysterious figure keeps his own company, nursing his ale and stroking his lustrous white beard in silent contemplation. It is only when battle the following day that the true nature of this mysterious visitor is revealed, as the worn grey cloak is cast aside. Bedecked in all his regal panoply of war, like some ancient king of legend, the White Dwarf is like unto a true Ancestor, a figure come to life from the old Dwarf carvings. With ancient fire blazing in his eyes, Grombrindal reaps a bloody toll upon the hated foe.

On the eve of a battle, when dread looms over the hearts of the Dwarf host like a dark shadow, beardless and Longbeards alike stoke the watchfires a little brighter and keep a tankard of ale aside in case a grey-cloaked stranger seeks to join the throng...

"This is a day to strike many grudges from the great book, for I am the White Dwarf, and only worthy folk appear in my pages... So, let us record great deeds this day, and give these urki scum a right royal hammerin'!"

Grombrindal, the White Dwarf

Grombrindal	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless.

Grombrindal has no Fear!: The White Dwarf is so ancient and battle-hardened that he is Unbreakable. So fearless is he that if his chosen unit breaks and flees, for any reason, he will always stand his ground. If the unit was engaged in combat, he will stand firm and continue to fight while his unit flees, denying the foe the chance to pursue. Grombrindal can even join a unit that does not have the Unbreakable special rule – this is an exception to the normal Unbreakable rules.

Disguised: *The White Dwarf wears a disguise until he is ready to reveal his true self. This disguise is usually in the form of a huge cloak he wraps around himself to conceal his enormous white beard, a clear sign of an Ancestor!*

If you wish, the White Dwarf may start the game hidden in the ranks of any Dwarf unit except a war machine and its crew. If disguised, the White Dwarf is not placed on the table during deployment, but is assumed to move along with the unit within which he is hidden. At the start of the game, make a note of which unit he is concealed in. If the unit is wiped out or flees then the White Dwarf will be revealed, and will stand his ground even though the rest of the unit may be fleeing or slain.



The White Dwarf may reveal his true self at the start of any Close Combat phase. At this point he is immediately placed in the front rank of his chosen unit, displacing one of the normal rank-and-file models. If there are no such models in the front rank, then he must be placed in the second rank. Once revealed, the White Dwarf operates as any other character model. However, the White Dwarf may never be the army's General.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Rune Axe of Grimmir (Magic Weapon)

The mighty axe wielded by the White Dwarf answers the description of the Rune Axe of Grimmir, mentioned in several sagas and legends. Perhaps Grimmir gave the legendary weapon to the White Dwarf?

This axe gives Grombrindal +2 Strength and allows him to re-roll any failed rolls to hit and any failed rolls to wound. In addition, models wounded by the Rune Axe of Grimmir must re-roll any successful armour saves.

Rune Helm of Zhufbar (Enchanted Item)

Those Dwarfs who have glimpsed the awesome helmet worn upon the White Dwarf's troubled brow have described the sight they beheld. Runesmiths have identified this magnificent helmet as the Lost Rune Helm of Zhufbar, which vanished many years ago when that particular stronghold was overrun by greenskins.

Any fleeing unit of Dwarfs will pass Rally tests automatically if they are attempting to rally within 12" of the Rune Helm of Zhufbar.

Armour of Glimril Scales (Magic Armour)

After the Battle of Thraag, in which the White Dwarf slew 10,000 Warriors of Chaos to rescue the foolhardy Ungi No-Chance and his folk, a single scale of armour was found clenched in the teeth of the Lord of Chaos. It was forged from a metal totally unknown by the Dwarf folk. The Runesmiths were completely mystified and called it Glimril, believing that it had been forged by the Ancestor Gods themselves!

The Armour of Glimril Scales gives the White Dwarf a 1+ armour save and a Ward save (4+).

Rune Cloak of Valaya (Talisman)

The runes embroidered on the great cloak worn by the White Dwarf display, without doubt, that it was woven by Valaya herself. At least one saga relates that Valaya, the Dwarf Ancestor Goddess and protector of the Dwarf folk, fell in love with the White Dwarf on account of his magnificent white beard and gave him the cloak as a token of her esteem.

The Rune Cloak gives the White Dwarf the Magic Resistance (4+) special rule.

"I promised Grimmir there'd be a mighty tally, and I ain't one for breaking such an oath!"

Grombrindal, the White Dwarf



UNGRIM IRONFIST

Last Slayer King of Karak Kadrin

There are few kinds of monsters that walk the world that Ungrim Ironfist has not slain in battle. He is armed with a mighty two-handed axe of monstrous size and inscribed with many potent runes. This is the Axe of Dargo, re forged from Baragor's own axe, and inscribed in Khazalid with the oath of a Slayer. With it, Ungrim deals death – carving a path of red ruin before him while singing songs of old in a booming voice. Atop his head is a bright orange crest that rises above a sturdy horned helmet set with a golden crown. For Ungrim is both a Slayer and a King, more than likely the last of the line of Slayer Kings of Karak Kadrin. The king's beard is also vivid orange, dyed brightly as is the tradition of Slayers, and carefully bound with golden rings and brightly coloured ribbons.

The tale of Ungrim's family, the Drakebeard Clan, is full of woe, as those in the clan of royal blood bear a history of calamities. Many years ago Ungrim's five times great grandsire, King Baragor, suffered a great and terrible loss which drove him to take the oath of the Slayers. What caused him to make such a sudden and drastic decision is not recorded in the Book of Grudges of Karak Kadrin, nor in the Records of the Kings, nor even the stronghold's Book of Days. It is commonly assumed that the cause was the death of his daughter at the claws of the great dragon Skaladrank on her way to marry the son of the High King at Karaz-a-Karak. In any case, Baragor became the first Slayer King of Karak Kadrin.

Torn between his two conflicting vows, the oath of a Slayer to seek out death and the oath of a king to watch over and protect his people. Baragor was unable to fulfil either properly. In the end, good Dwarf sense prevailed, and he found a way to honour both his vows after a fashion. He founded the shrine of Grimmir, the Shrine of Slayers in Karak Kadrin, and with generous donations to the cult he established a haven for Slayers from all over the Dwarf realms that continues to this day. Soon Karak Kadrin was acknowledged as the home of the Slayer Cult, hitherto a scattered group of individuals wandering amongst the mountains.

Although Baragor could not fulfil his own vows while his people needed him, he could help others to do so, and as such he upheld his honour and was considered a wise and reasonable Dwarf by all concerned. Baragor died in a tunnel cave-in deep below Karak Kadrin, his Slayer's vow still unfulfilled. His son, Dargo, inherited not only the kingdom, but his father's vow as well, and became the second of a line of Slayer Kings. His living descendant is King Ungrim Ironfist, the current Slayer King of Karak Kadrin. Ungrim bears the burden of his forebear's vow. His very name, Ungrim, means oathbound or oath-breaker, and is a reminder of his dual responsibilities. Like Baragor before him, he is possessed of sound Dwarf sense, a strong arm, and the complete loyalty to Dwarfkind which perhaps only a Dwarf king can understand. He is a great warrior and is acknowledged by even the High King as the best living battle leader and the most accomplished of generals.

It was Ungrim Ironfist and the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin that finally defeated and captured the Orc Warlord Gnashrak at the Battle of Broken Leg Gulley. This ended Gnashrak's threat to Karaz-a-Karak and undoubtedly saved the Dwarf High King's realm and earned Ungrim the eternal gratitude of his people. The High King, Thorgrim Grudgehearer, gave Ungrim a mighty heirloom in recognition of his deeds. This was the dragon cloak made by the Runesmith Heganbor for High King Finn Soursowl from the skin of the dragon Fyrskar.

Although Ungrim cannot seek his death in Slayer fashion, he grows ever more restless, leading the throng of Karak Kadrin into countless battles. Inspired by his High King and seeking to avenge his lone son who was slain, Ungrim will march to war with the least provocation. It was Ungrim who slew the Dragon of Black Peak and who broke Queek Headtaker's siege of King Belegar's citadel in Karak Eight Peaks. The Slayer King has beaten Ogre mercenary Golgfag Maneater and held off a Chaos army in the Battle of High Pass. Most Dwarfs are amazed Ungrim has lived so long, and none think that a mighty death in battle can be very far away.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungrim Ironfist	3	8	4	4	5	3	5	4	10

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Deathblow, Daemon Slayer, Relentless, Unbreakable.

Slayer King: If Ungrim is chosen as the General, Slayers may be taken as Core units.

Brotherhood of Grimmir: *The Brotherhood of Grimmir represent the most dedicated of all the slayers, and are often the most experienced (and therefore unsuccessful) of their kinsmen. The status of other slayers is dictated by deed; the larger or more deadly the beast they have slain, the greater the respect afforded by their contemporaries, though this is a fairly loose system.*

If Ungrim is included in your army, one unit of Slayers may be upgraded to the Brotherhood of Grimmir for 3 points per model. These Slayers have +1 Strength and the Wards of Grimmir upgrade.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Axe of Dargo (Magic Weapon)

The Axe of Dargo, a runic weapon of monstrous size, was made of the shards of King Baragors broken axe, tempered with Dragon's blood and iron-oaths of vengeance.

In close combat, blows struck by the Axe of Dargo are resolved at +2 Strength and have the Killing Blow special rule.



Dragon Cloak of Fyrskar (Talisman)

Gifted to Ungrim by Thorgrim Grudgebearer after the Battle of Broken Leg Gully, this cloak is made from the skin of the fierce Dragon Fyrskar, offspring of the mighty Skaladrak. It is now an heirloom of Karak Kadrin and a symbol of vows already fulfilled.

The Dragon Cloak of Fyrskar grants Ungrim the Ward save (4+) and the Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rules.

The Slayer Crown Magic (Talisman)

This majestic helmet has been worn by every Slayer King since the time of King Baragor.

The Slayer Crown adds +1 to Ungrim's armour save as well as +1 to his Toughness.

Baying and hollering echoed along the valley walls, threatening to bring down the piles of ice and snow further up the gorge. The gruff shouts of Dwarf voices mingled with the bestial hooting and roaring. A gigantic two-headed beast with a scaled hide and whipping tentacles sprouting from its back squatted atop a large boulder, blocking the way forward. Threkki Hurgisson ran forward as fast as his legs would carry him, seeing Hadrin and Grumbar surging ahead to his right.

"I'm buggered if I'll let some drongal-muncher beat me to this one", he thought as he pulled his axe from his belt. Around him, the other Slayers leapt to the attack, yelling battle cries and family oaths of vengeance.

The first to swing his axe in earnest was Borrin Thunderbeard, his blade careening off a bony plate covering the creature's left head. On a snake-like neck, the other head snapped forward, its jaw cutting the Slayer in half in a single snap of swordlength fangs.

"Lucky buggars," thought Threkki as two more Slayers were gouged by the creature's raking front claws.

Grumbar stumbled over a rock and suddenly Threkki found himself at the front of the mass of orange-haired, tattooed Dwarfs. He brought his axe up high, the blade slicing through an outstretched furry paw, spattering green ichor over the ice-dusted rocks. The creature bellowed in pain and reared up, and Threkki saw his opening. His axe bit deep into grey flesh, and the creature backed away. Threkki refused to relax his grip and was dragged bouncing over the sharp rocks. Grumbar had regained his feet and grabbed a handful of dark mane to haul himself atop the monster's back, his twin axes slicing into each side of one of its necks, severing the head. The beast collapsed, falling across Threkki's legs and pinning him to the ground.

Turning his head, the Slayer saw more twisted, monstrous shapes pouring up the valley towards them. He saw the War-mourner, Garagrim Ironfist, leaping down the canyon to meet them, his axes glinting in the sun. Behind him, dozens more Slayers yelled their delight and followed at a run.

"Oi!" shouted Threkki as Grumbar turned and joined the charge. "Get this thing off me!"

He watched despondently as the other Slayers and monsters met, as axes rose and fell in bloody arcs and claws and fangs slashed and maimed.

"Bugger," he said, slumping to the ground.





GARAGRIM IRONFIST

War-mourner of Karak Kadrin

For five generations the Slayer Kings of Karak Kadrin have laboured under their dual vows. However, the son of Ungrim, Garagrim Ironfist, has devised a means by which these burdens might be lifted. After consulting with the oldest and wisest Dwarfs of the Hold, Garagrim made an important realisation. If he could fulfil the Slayer vow that would pass to him on the death of his father, then future generations would no longer have the debt upon their honour. With no kingly vows to hold him back, Garagrim embraced the life of the slayer, leaving the courtroom of his father to live amongst the hard stone halls of the Shrine of Grimmir.

Garagrim has taken the ancient title of War-mourner, an old rank that was once used by the High King's champions. It is the duty of the War-mourner to act in the King's stead in battle, accepting the King's honour as his own, and vice versa. As far as honour and tradition are concerned, Garagrim's Slayer vow is the same as his father's.

Now all that remained was for Garagrim to meet his death in battle against a worthy foe. With the expansion of the Realms of Chaos, all manner of twisted, mutated beasts had come south from the Chaos Wastes and the Troll Country. Vicious fanged spawn, two-headed dragons, mighty Shaggoths and all other manner of monstrous creatures now roamed Kislev. Slayers in their thousands gathered at the Shrine to



Grimmir, the normally solitary warriors drawn together by the promise of a truly glorious death against the bestial hordes from the north. As they marched north to meet their destinies, Garagrim marched at their head, chanting praises to Grimmir for this fateful occasion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Garagrim Ironfist	3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Deathblow, Dragon Slayer, Relentless, Unbreakable.

The War-mourner: As War-mourner, it is Garagrim's duty to tend the Shrine of Grimmir, allowing him to open up the temple's store of ancient rune axes left as tribute by Slayers making a pilgrimage to Karak Kadrin.

If Garagrim is included in your army, Giant Slayers may be given a single weapon rune worth up to 25 points. Each Wound inflicted by Garagrim counts double towards that round's Combat Resolution. Against enemies with Toughness 5 or higher, Garagrim has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule. However, Garagrim may never be the Army General.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Axes of Kadrin (Magic Weapon)

Chained to Garagrim's wrists so he will never lose them, these twin axes were given to him by his father on his coming-of-age.

Two hand weapons. The Axes of Kadrin will Wound any model not in magic armour on a To Wound roll of 2+, regardless of the target's Toughness. Against models in magic armour, a roll of 3+ is required.

In addition, nominate one enemy character or monster at the beginning of the game. Garagrim gains +1 To Hit and can re-roll failed To Wound rolls in close combat when attacking the nominated model.

Finally, when Garagrim charges, he causes an Impact Hit on every model in base contact with him. These Impact Hits follow all the rules for his normal attacks.

"Phaw. That weren't so tough. Wake me when we find something worthy of my axe."

Garagrim Ironfist



BURLOK DAMMINSON

Engineer Guildmaster

The Dwarf Engineers Guild is an ancient and enduring craftsguild. The craftsguilds are special clans, where fathers pass on their skills and knowledge to their sons. Burlok, son of Dammin, is the Guildmaster of the entire Engineers Guild, the leader and most important Dwarf in the entire Guild. It is the engineers who make the pumps and engines which keep the Dwarf mines from flooding, and who construct the more technical engines of war such as the flame cannons and gyrocopters.

Engineers are very traditional in their views and take great pride in their workmanship. Dwarf machines are covered with ornate brasswork, elegant decoration, and precise engineering. Such things bring tears of joy to the eyes of Dwarf craftsmen, and Burlok is no exception in his respect. He is also a great traditionalist who discourages innovation and firmly believes that the old tried and tested ways are best. In this respect too he typifies the attitude of the Engineers Guild whose objectives are to preserve knowledge and maintain standards of craftsmanship rather than to explore new ideas. Dwarfs are not very keen on new ideas, which, as any Dwarf will tell you, always lead to trouble. Of course, some of the younger Engineers oppose this view, and sometimes come up with startling and outlandish inventions, but these outrageous individuals invariably come to a bad end.

Burlok is no longer a young Dwarf. Some of the apprentices find it hard to believe that he ever was. In fact, though it is not widely known, Burlok was something of a rebel in his youth, and together with his equally hot-headed friend Sven Hasselfriesian engaged in all kinds of illicit innovation. Amongst their many inventions were the warpfire distillery, the surprising aerial wonder rocket, and the legendary steam radiophone. All of these inventions were discovered by Burlok's father when an experimental pressure vessel exploded blowing off Burlok's arm. Afterwards all of Sven and Burlok's devices were destroyed. Subsequently Burlok sobered up a bit and saw the error of his ways. Sven Hasselfriesian went on to invent the alcohol vapour engine and built a boat powered by it. Eventually the Engineers Guild, though tolerant, was compelled to expel the anarchic and adventurous Sven, who was forced to endure the embarrassing Trouser Legs Ritual before he was thrown out of the Guild.

"The Engineers Guild, they calls themselves. Messing about with blackpowder and whatnots is what I calls it. Still, them Engineers can cast a good cannon, and they know how they work like no one else. You want to land a shot on a Goblin a mile away, ask an Engineer to lay the gun for you, and he'll ask you which eye you want to hit."

Durgrim Redmane

Burlok has gone on to achieve great things and if he ever yearns to relive the wild and technically innovative days of his youth he certainly does not show it. During his long life he has accompanied the Guild to battle on many occasions. His left arm, lost during the massive explosion which ended his youthful exploits, has been replaced with a mechanical device. Over the years Burlok has perfected this contrivance so that it is now superior to an ordinary limb. It is this device which confers his great strength.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Burlok Damminson	3	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Hero).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Artillery Master, Entrenchment, Relentless, Resolute, "Stand Back Sir!".

Burlok's Ingenious Offensive New-matic Integrated Constrictor Arm: *The B.I.O.N.I.C. Arm was constructed by Burlok himself and is extremely strong.*

Burlok's artificial arm gives him +1 Attack with Strength 6 in close combat.

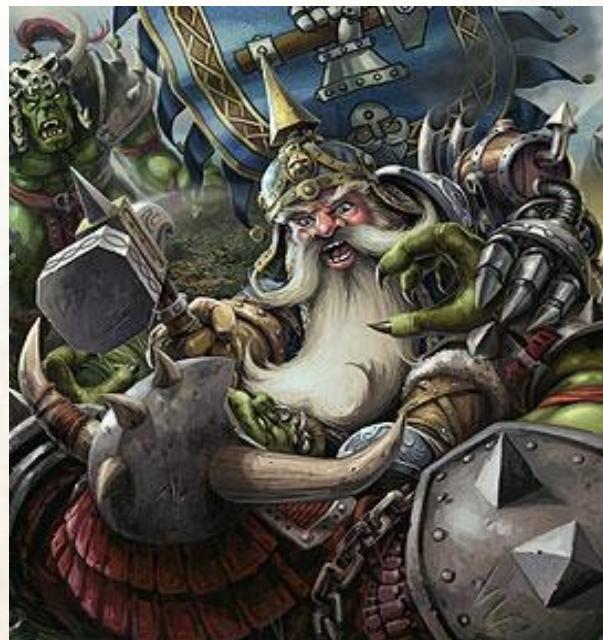
MAGIC ITEMS:

Burlok's Hammer (Magic weapon)

Burlok's Hammer gives the wielder the Always Strikes First special rule.

Burlok's Armour (Magic Armour)

Medium armour. Burlok's armour gives the wearer the Ward save (6+) special rule.





GRIMM BURLOKSSON

Upstart Master Engineer

Grimm Burloksson is the youngest Dwarf to pass the many rituals required to be named a Master Engineer. As the son of the Guildmaster Burlok Damminsson, it was always expected that he would follow in his father's footsteps. Even as a beardless, Grimm exhibited all the signs of a skilled inventor; when other aspirants were still learning basic principles, he had already constructed a self-lighting pipe, a steam-powered beard-braider and a double-barrelled rifle that could kill a half-dozen grobi with one shot. Even the eldest guildmembers conceded his ability; however, there were signs that his judgement was suspect and he did not value the ancient laws that Engineers are expected to follow.

Grimm's rebellious ways are not unexpected, for his father also went beyond the experimentations attempted by all headstrong young Engineers. Only a tragic accident and the ritual humiliation of a close comrade forced Burlok to change his ways, and many say that Grimm is heading down the same wrong path. Unheeding of advice, Grimm continues to forego the precision tuning so beloved by his guild and instead focuses on the trial and error of his own bold inventions. He has devised a telescopic sight that fits over his battle helm and better allows him to triangulate aiming computations, and those who have fired using his enhanced black powder and modified crossbow bolts find their range greatly increased. In emulation of his father's augmentations, Grimm has invented his own steam-powered gauntlet, thus increasing his own strength significantly. An eccentric, if somewhat erratic genius, the young Engineer torments his guildmates by attempting new designs, questioning past methods and stubbornly refusing to give up new inventions.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grimm Burloksson	3	4	5	4	4	2	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ancestral Grudge, Artillery Master, Entrenchment, Relentless, Resolute, "Stand Back Sir!".**

Master of Accuracy: As long as he is not fleeing, at the start of each friendly Shooting phase, roll a D6. On a 2+, Grimm can bestow one of the following rules on a single friendly unit within 3" for the duration of that Shooting phase. He can never benefit from the effects of these rules but may still fire his own weapon. On a 1, Grimm cannot bestow any of these rules, although he may still fire his own weapon.

- **Artillery Adjustment:** A war machine can use Grimm's Ballistic Skill or re-roll one artillery dice. This can be the dice that determines the distance a cannonball bounces or a Flame Cannon's burst of flame moves.
- **Increased Range:** The unit's Dwarf crossbows and Dwarf handguns increase their maximum range by 6".
- **Superior Volley:** Models in the unit get +1 to Hit.



EQUIPMENT:

Grudge-raker: With two barrels, this weapon can riddle a single target or blast a swathe into oncoming troops.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
30"	5	Armour Piercing, Dwarf-crafted, Multiple Shots (2D3)

Cog Axe: Whether by steam-powered clamp or teeth located along its blade, the cog axe can catch and break a foe's weapon.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	As user	Armour Piercing (1)

If Grimm scores one or more hits in close combat against a model using a magic weapon, roll a D6; on a 5+, that weapon is immediately destroyed and cannot be used further in this game.



JOSEF BUGMAN

Mysterious Master Brewer

Josef Bugman was the most famous Dwarf Master Brewer of all time. This is really saying something, for to a Dwarf, the art of brewing is a skill as worthy as that of the greatest artisan. All Dwarfs drink vast quantities of ale, and enjoy nothing better than a raucous evening drinking and singing. There are many famous Dwarf ales, and many renowned brewers, but the name of Josef Bugman stands as a paragon of quality and the toast of many a raucous drinking evening within the halls of the mountain kingdoms and beyond. Bugman's family originally hailed from the Dragonback mountains but were driven from their ancestral home by foul Orcs, who sacked the mines at Erkund and desolated the hold. Some of the Dragonback Dwarfs moved into the Grey Mountains where they founded new strongholds. Later some of these Dwarfs moved into the Empire where they set up as craftsmen and smiths alongside Men.

Josef Bugman's father Zannil set up in the family trade in the eastern forests of the Empire. He built a stout brewhouse beside the crystal clear waters of the River Sol where it cascades down from the foothills of the Grey Mountains. In order to sell his ale more readily in the Empire, Zannil took the name of Samuel Bugman, and when his son was born he called him Josef. If Josef Bugman ever had a proper Khazalid name (which is likely), it is not recorded. After his father's death, Josef expanded the business and soon a large community had grown up around the brewery, complete with

merchants and smithies, engineers and of course, other brewmasters all keen to work under Bugman's expert tutelage. It was easy for Bugman to ship his barrels on barges down the rivers to the great cities of the Empire where it proved very popular. Soon Bugman's brewery had grown into a small Dwarf settlement and other families came from the Grey Mountains to join him.

Within a few years, Bugman became a prosperous brewing merchant and a reasonably contented Dwarf who had acquired a considerable reputation for the fine quality and potency of his ale. With triumphs like Bugman's XXXXXX and the notorious Troll Brew to his name, he was already famous throughout the Dwarf realms. As the business grew, so did demand and Bugman would take regular shipments by barge down the Sol and along the Old Dwarf Road to furnish the cities of the Empire with his brew. Such journeys were often fraught with danger and were heavily guarded, Bugman knowing only too well of the threat of Goblin and Beastman raiders.

The Brewery itself grew into a mighty bastion, protected with stout walls and clans from the Grey Mountains to defend it. A guild of Brewmasters was founded there under the auspice of Josef Bugman and the community he had helped to build thrived. Heavily defended and in a secret location Bugman never thought raiders would attack the Brewery itself and so he always set out for the Empire, upon one of the many beer barges, believing the settlement would be safe. His small community lay well off the beaten track and was usually ignored by any armies or raiders rampaging through the region. Yet at the height of his ales' growing popularity, disaster struck.

One day Bugman went up river with a shipment of Bugman's Special Brew for the Emperor. As he returned home he saw the smoke gently rising from his brewery among the trees and thought it was about time that the great chimney was swept. When his barge rounded the bend of the river, Bugman saw the smouldering ruins of his settlement. A Goblin raiding party had found the brewery. All the ale had been consumed in a drunken orgy of destruction, the vats were smashed, empty barrels floated on the river and there was no sign of any inhabitants. Every last one of them had been taken off by the Goblins to who knew what fate.

Bugman and his companions swore vengeance on the Goblins for this foul deed and resolved to hunt them down and rescue their kinfolk if they could. The band trailed the Goblins across the Worlds Edge Mountains and into the wilderness beyond. Little was heard of them again except for rumours of the ravages of Bugman and his band, of cunning ambushes and night raids on Goblin camps. Sometimes, the band would suddenly emerge from the wilds, tattered and blood-stained, to join up with a Dwarf army before a great battle with the Goblins. They kept themselves to themselves, huddled around their own campfire, with a strange glint in their eyes and their hands clasped around tankards of precious ale.





	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Josef Bugman	3	6	5	4	5	2	4	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancestral Grudge, Relentless, Resolute, Scouts.

Bugman's Rangers: Any army that includes Bugman can upgrade a single unit of Rangers to be Bugman's Rangers. If this is done, Bugman must join the unit and cannot leave it. Bugman's Rangers have S4 and cost an additional +2 points per model.

Liquid Fortification: As long as Bugman is alive, roll a D6 at the start of each friendly turn and consult the following chart to see what effects his draughts have upon himself and any unit he has currently joined:

D6 Result

- 1 **Bad Brew.** *Some ale doesn't travel well, and guzzling it produces detrimental effects of an unpleasant nature.*
The unit gains the Flammable special rule until the start of the next friendly turn.
- 2-4 **Belligerent.** *The unit works themselves into a fit of remarkable cantankerousness.*
The unit gains the Stubborn special rule until the start of the next friendly turn.
- 5-6 **Leathered.** *Downing ale prodigiously, the unit becomes almost inured to pain (if not sensation altogether).*
Each member of the unit gains +1 Toughness until the start of the next friendly turn.

Stout Courage: Bugman and any unit he joins have the Immunity (Fear/Terror) special rule as long as he remains with the unit.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Ol' Trustworthy (Magic Weapon)

Bugman bears a large rune-covered axe, obviously an ancient heirloom of great prestige. The old Ranger won't reveal its true name, but refers to it as 'Ol' Trustworthy'.

Ol' Trustworthy has the Armour Piercing (1) special rule and adds +1 to Bugman's Strength and Attacks.

Bugman's Tankard (Enchanted Item)

The Dwarf Master Brewer Bugman obtained this tankard when he travelled widely selling his ale to kings. The tankard is of typically Dwarf form but imbues its contents with astounding properties of recuperation, as well as bringing out the fine qualities of the brew inside. A family treasure, any who quaff from the tankard are engulfed in remembrances of the glorious past. After a long haul upon its contents, the drinker feels refreshed and restored.

Bugman, or a single model in the same unit, can drink from Bugman's Tankard at the start of any friendly turn. The imbiber immediately recovers 1 Wound, but cannot surpass his Wounds characteristic.

The campfire was burning low. Bjarni threw some more wood on it and squatted back down. He did not know the other Dwarfs around the fire as they had come into camp after dark. Bjarni had caught the whiff of ale though, and had brought a couple of burning brands across to get their fire going and be sociable. They were a tight-lipped lot and in the flickering light Bjarni had seen more battle scars and killer's eyes than he had his whole life. He had just about decided to wander off back to his kinsmen when the stranger to his right passed a heavy tankard to him and rumbled. "Drink, lad. Drink to the past and drink to the morrow's reckoning."

The tankard felt cool in his hand, too heavy for pewter. He could feel the relief-work on it and knew it to be of fine make. Lifting it to his lips he sniffed the heavy aroma of traditional Dwarf ale. It slid down smoothly though, and Bjarni felt his worries for the coining battle melt away. Suddenly he was gulping it down, filled with the well-being that came from the comradeship of his ancestors and the brotherhood of the tavern song.

He looked around him with dream-filled eyes, surprised to note that the tankard was still full. He was about to comment but the owner prised it from his fingers and leaned in close,

"There, now ye can go to battle knowing you have slaked your thirst on Bugmam's original brew."

Bjarni's head spun. Was this Bugman himself? Before he could blab out a question his eyes rolled and he slipped slowly backward and began snoring. When he awoke, the blare of the warhorns ringing in his ears, his friends of the night before were gone but his body tingled in anticipation of the battle to come and he hurried to join his kin ready for anything the Grobi had to offer.



ANCESTRAL HEIRLOOMS

The following are magic items available to Dwarf armies. These items may be taken in addition to runic items as a character's points allow, but no further runes can be added to any of the Ancestral Heirlooms. Note that Dwarf characters may not select magic items from the Warhammer rulebook.

RED AXE OF KARAK EIGHT PEAKS 40 points

Magic Weapon

This axe was forged in Karak Eight Peaks by the mad Runesmith Orrey Singebeard. Struck with unique runes of vengeance and cooled in the poisoned wells of that ruined hold, the Red Axe shines with a crimson sheen. Skaven recognise the fabled axe blade – calling it the Red Death and squealing in their scurrying panic to flee. The Night Goblins also loathe the axe, typically losing control of their bowels in their haste to run away from its bearer.

Against all models from Warhammer: Orcs & Goblins and Skaven, this weapon allows its wielder to re-roll To Hit and To Wound rolls against al as well as cause Terror.

THE HAMMER OF KARAK DRAZH 20 points

Magic Weapon

The Runelords of Karak Drazh wrought wonders the likes of which had never been seen before, or since, but even amongst their treasure hoards, there was one hammer that stood out as exceptional. It was struck with runes so that it could be swung with preternatural ease, yet it hit with a bludgeoning force – its blows sending shock waves emanating outwards in ripples of concussive force. The weapon was feared lost forever with the fall of Karak Drazh, yet thousands of years later, it has again been recovered.

Attacks with the Hammer of Karak Drazh are resolved at +3 Initiative, and any enemy models that suffer one or more unsaved Wounds from it have their own Initiative reduced to 1 until the end of the Close Combat phase.

MAGNIFICENT ARMOUR OF BOREK BEETLEBROW 45 points

Magic Armour

A pair of massive Giants plundered the lands around Karak Hirn, displaying an all-too understandable thirst for Dwarf-made ale. They ate so many Miners that Karak Hirn's forges grew cold for want of materials to work with. Many attempted to slay the Giants, yet all foiled in their task. Desperate, King Olfost promised the Runelord Borek Beetlebrow the pick of his own treasures if the fabled smith would forge something to rid the land of Giants. Who knows what runes were struck upon that gromril suit or what alloys were smelted into its silversteel, yet the armour was proof against the Giants' blows. Borek was victorious, and to the horror of King Olfost, he chose the Kings lone daughter - Heldred the Uncommonly Smooth, as his reward, but that's another tale...

The Magnificent Armour of Borek Beetlebrow grants the wearer a 2+ armour save and the Ward save (3+) against all attacks of Strength 6 or higher.

SILVER HORN OF VENGEANCE 30 points

Enchanted Item

After the War of Vengeance, Gotrek Starbreaker ordered the Dwarf Runesmiths to melt down the silver helms of the slain foe. Most of this went as wergild to the families of Dwarfs who fell, but a hunting horn, too, was fashioned from that silver – a gift, it is said, for the King of Karak Varn, who lost his brother in the Battle of Three Towers. When winded, the horn sounds a clear note that can be heard for miles. It brings vigour to troops on

the same side, but for foes, it foreshadows certain doom. Those few Elves who have heard the Silver Horn of Vengeance and lived claim that they can still hear it echoing deep inside their own minds.

One use only. The Silver Horn of Vengeance can be used at the start of any friendly turn. Its wielder, and any friendly units within 6", has the Devastating Charge special rule until the start of their following turn. Additionally, once used, the blower of the Silver Horn of Vengeance, and any unit he joins, cause Fear in all models from Warhammer: High Elves, Dark Elves and Wood Elves for the rest of the game.

FIERY RING OF THORI 35 points

Enchanted Item

The Fiery Ring of Thori is set with a dark ruby of great size and splendour. Within its heart flickers a mysterious flame, entrapped there in ages past by a masterful Runesmith. When its runes are activated, they glow with eldritch power, causing a sheet of flame to spring directly in front of its wearer, its blazing fury as red hot as the grudges of the Dwarf who forged the ring so many ages ago.

The Fiery Ring of Thori gives its bearer a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

GOLDEN SCEPTRE OF NORGRIM 30 points

Enchanted Item

The Golden Sceptre of Norgrim is believed to have been made for the first kings of Karak Azul and has been carried into battle by them many times over the centuries. The standard of craftsmanship is so high that Master Craftsmen have been known to break down in tears upon touching it. The crowning glory of the sceptre is a single diamond that catches the light and sends glittering beams in a shimmering arc around its bearer. The Golden Sceptre is a wondrous work of Dwarf craftsmanship and a potent magic device and repository of great strength.

At the start of each of your turns, you may bestow either +1 Movement, Strength or Armour save onto the bearer and any unit he is with. Each bonus last until the start of your next turn.

BANNER OF LOST HOLDS 60 points

Magic Standard

After the Goblin Wars, and the fall of some of the most fabled Dwarfholds, the High King Kurgan Ironbeard ordered a special banner constructed. Its making was unusual – many Runelords whose holds had been destroyed worked together, even though the master craftsmen typically guard their secrets with jealous fervour. By combining their skills, they constructed the Banner of Lost Holds. Upon it can be seen the marks of Karak Drazh, the symbol of Karak Varn, the ancestral icons of Karak Ungor and a dozen of the lesser Dwarfholds lost through the ages. Kept in Karaz-aKarak in the High Kings Hall, the Banner of Lost Holds is gifted to throngs in times of war so that the flames of vengeance might be rekindled once more into searing hot revenge. The Dwarfs will never forget and never forgive. To fight beneath this storied banner is to recall the fury of so many wrongs done to their race.

All models in a unit that carries the Banner of Lost can re-roll failed To Wound rolls in close combat.



RUNIC ITEMS

Dwarf Runesmiths have mastered the art of capturing the Winds of Magic and binding them into stone or metal. Although no longer as skilled as their forefathers of old, the Dwarfs are still the greatest of all races when it comes to making magic weapons, armour and other enchanted items.

The race of Dwarfs is not magical and has never developed spellcasters the way other races have. This, the Dwarfs affirm, is not by accident or lack of ability, but rather the benefit of good common sense. They believe the first Dwarfs, the Ancestor Gods, saw magic for what it was: a fickle power at best, and at worst, wholly corrupting. It was Grungni who first learned to capture magic with his hammercraft, binding its wayward energies into good solid rock and metal, taming its powers for his own use. Since that time, those known as Runesmiths have learned the art of striking magic runes. All Dwarf language is written in runes, inscriptions specifically designed to be carved in stone or metal, but magic runes, as struck by a Runesmith, are far more potent. They hold the Winds of Magic to an item the way a nail affixes two pieces of timber together, creating items of incredible power.

RUNIC MAGIC

In other Warhammer armies, characters may carry magic items from the Warhammer rulebook. This is not the case with Dwarfs, who instead may select Ancestral Heirlooms or runic items. These are effectively magic items tailored to your own requirements by combining abilities. A Dwarf character can carry runic items, and the total points values of those runic items is limited as mentioned in the army list.

It is important to remember that an Ancestral Heirloom or runic item is no different from a magic item, and all the usual rules for magic items still apply. For example, a creature with the Ethereal special rule cannot be hurt by attacks that are not classified as magical - in which case a runic weapon will also be able to affect it. All the rules that apply to the possession and use of magic items also apply to runic items.

CREATING A RUNIC ITEM

Unless otherwise noted, runes can be inscribed onto the following things: weapons, armour, standards, war machines and talismans. Each of these has its own types of runes.

The easiest way to create a runic item is to choose a character from your army – for example a Thane armed with an axe. You will be, in effect, upgrading him to have a magic axe. You can choose which runes you want from the weapon runes detailed in the following section. Each rune has a specific points value; the more powerful the rune, the higher the points cost. When adding runes, you must follow the Rules of the Runes (see right). Once you have chosen the runes you want, write down the Thane's name and each of the runes you have chosen along with his total points cost on your army roster. This way you can refer to it during the game.

Choosing runes

There are many types of rune, all of which bestow a special power or bonus. By combining runes together in different ways, you can create devices of great power. It is up to you to decide how to combine and use the runes.

RULES OF THE RUNES

You may inscribe up to three runes onto an item, which will henceforth be considered magical. Runic magic items are subject to the following restrictions:

- 1) No single item can have more than three runes. It is virtually impossible to forge items able to bear the strain of carrying so much power. Runesmiths call this the Rule of Three.
- 2) Weapon runes can only be inscribed on weapons (always hand weapons), armour runes can only be inscribed on gromril armour, banner runes can only be inscribed on standards, engineering runes can only be inscribed on war machines, and talismanic runes can only be inscribed on talismans (of which more later). This is called the Rule of Form by Runesmiths.
- 3) No more than one item may carry the same combination of runes. You could not have two runic weapons both engraved with a Rune of Speed and a Rune of Fire, for example, or more than one standard bearing two Runes of Battle. This restriction also applies to the use of single runes, so you could not have two characters in your army wearing armour engraved with only a single Rune of Iron, for example. Creating runic items takes a great deal of effort, and Runesmiths don't like repeating themselves. Nor do they copy other Runesmiths' work, except during their apprenticeship. This is known among Runesmiths as the Rule of Pride.
- 4) No master rune may be used more than once per army, and no more than one master rune can be inscribed on an item. Master runes are so powerful that they cannot be combined together on the same item or used together on the same battlefield. For this reason, Runesmiths describe these runes as Jealous Runes.
- 5) Apart from the master runes (which can only be used once) other runes can be combined as you wish, to produce varied or cumulative effects. For example, you might inscribe a weapon with a Master Rune of Swiftness (Always Strikes First special rule), the Rune of Striking (+1 Weapon skill) and the Rune of Fury (+1 Attack). With the exception of master runes, most runes can be used in multiples, although whether their effects are simply added together or combine into a new power will be stated within the rune's rules. To reflect this, the points costs for multiples of the same rune do not necessarily increase in a uniform manner.





WEAPON RUNES

Weapon runes are inscribed onto hammers or axes to turn them into runic weapons. If a model is permitted to take a runic weapon, he may choose weapon runes from the following list and apply them to his hand weapon.

Master Rune of Skalf Blackhammer

30 points

A legendary Runesmith who worked in Karaz-a-Karak in the earliest days, Skalf forged many great hammers, and some say even Sigmar's hammer was his work. Many of his hammers were later held by Dwarf Lords as heirlooms of their power and kingship.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Skalf Blackhammer will Wound any model not in magic armour on a To Wound roll of 2+, regardless of the target's Toughness. Against models in magic armour, a roll of 3+ is required.

Master Rune of Smiting

40 points

This rune was previously only known on the Axe of Dargo wielded by the Kings of Karak Kadrin. However, King Ungrim Ironfist gifted the Rundrokikron, an ancient tome of rune lore etched on wafer sheets of gromril, which was kept in the treasure troves of Karak Kadrin, to Thorgrim Grudgebearer, the King of Karaz-a-Karak.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Smiting has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

RUNIC MIGHT

The earliest of Runesmiths were the most potent at capturing mighty enchantments with their work, for they learned their hammercraft from the Ancestor Gods or the ensuing masters that emerged from those initial teachings. As they do not write down lore and would rather die than pass along secrets to an unworthy successor, each time a Runelord falls in battle, irreplaceable knowledge is lost. Living Runesmiths reckon that fewer than half of the magic runes created are still in use today, as the skills to replicate them are no longer known.

Runesmiths constantly search for lost runes. Any Dwarf-made artifact of antiquity is examined, not only to marvel at its expert craftwork, but also to seek for hidden signs. In some cases, runes fade over thousands of years as their magic gradually leaks away, although this does not happen with master-forged items. Many runes are visible only to another Runesmith, who can re-activate their power. But replicating secrets from the golden age is difficult, for it is not enough to copy the runic the proper ritual must be observed in full. To strike a rune of power a Runesmith must know what chant or verse will imbue the forge fires with sufficient heat, how many times to hammer the molten metals, as well as correct tempering agents. The Master Rune of Swiftness must be slaked in quicksilver and to apply the Master Rune of Gromril requires purest metals and months of non-stop hammering in exact rhythm – missing a single strike can diffuse power. A Runesmith who knows all a ritual save a single element can still spend the rest of his considerable lifespan experimenting hopelessly seeking to complete it. Given time, the best Runesmiths intuitively feel stone and steel, and can eventually work out the correct course of action, be it tempering the red-hot metal in Troll's blood, or a series of sonorous chants between clanging hammer blows.

Master Rune of Alaric the Mad

50 points

The famed Runesmith who forged the famous and rightly feared Runefangs of the Elector Counts of the Empire. Alaric made twelve swords, one for each of Sigmar's warlords in return for his help in recapturing Alaric's stronghold of Zhufbar after it had been overrun by Orcs. Alaric kept his word and delivered twelve rune swords to the Imperial counts. The forging took so long that Sigmar had long passed from his mortal form, but the swords were presented to his successor, the Emperor. No one knows exactly what happened to Alaric after this. Some say he wrought rune weapons for the Khan Queens of Kislev, possibly even the dreaded blade Fearfrost.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Alaric the Mad has the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

Master Rune of Dragon Slaying

40 points

This rune seems to portray a stretched hide and thus stands for a slain monster. The origin of the rune is old, and probably reflects the frequent invasion of Dwarf strongholds by Dragons attracted by the smell of gold and the gleam of treasure hoards. It may indicate the former existence of an ancient and now extinct cult of Dwarf Dragon Slayers, for whom this rune was devised. This would have been most likely during the golden age of Karaz-a-Karak. With this rune many great wyrms of the ages have been slain.

Against a Dragons of any kind, a weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Dragon Slaying will always wound on a To Wound roll of 2+ and has the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule.



Master Rune of Breaking

25 points

First used during the War of Vengeance, this rune was inscribed upon King Gorrin's axe, which destroyed the High Elf General Elthior's enchanted blade. It has become a popularly used rune ever since. Runesmiths take particular delight in the sound of the inferior works of other races breaking like icicles beneath a hammerblow.

If a Dwarf with a weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Breaking scores one or more successful hits against a model with a magic weapon, the foe's magic weapon is destroyed on a D6 roll of 2+ (roll once, regardless of the number of successful hits). A foe with a destroyed magic weapon counts as being armed with a hand weapon. If the foe has more than one magic weapon (note that Paired weapons count as one), roll a D6 to randomly determine which one is destroyed.

Master Rune of Death

40 points

This is one of the most awesome ancient Dwarf runes. It is said to have been engraved upon the weapon with which Grungni slew Urmskaladrak, the father of all dragons.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Death grants its wielder the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.



Arngrim Redbeard

A Runesmith who lived during the dark times when Chaos hordes swept across the eastern plains and attempted to break through the mountain passes. Arngrim forged weapons with which the vile fiends of Chaos could be hewn down. He worked in the deep forges of Karak Azul, and the renowned Runesmiths who work there honour him as their craft-ancestor to this day.

Master Rune of Flight

20 points

This rune has been used to surprise the Dwarfs' foes since the world was young. The original inscription for this rune did not specify that the hammer return to the wielder's hand, and many Dwarfs found themselves knocked unconscious as their own weapons returned to them.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Flight can be thrown like a throwing weapon with a range of up to 12" which always hits on a roll of 2+. Roll To Wound as if the target had suffered a hit from the weapon in close combat.

Any additional runes on the weapon will also take effect. After this, the weapon flies back to the wielder. A weapon with the Master Rune of Flight can also be used in close combat as normal.

Master Rune of Snorri Spanghelhelm

25 points

Runesmith to the High King of Karaz-a-Karak during the time of Kallon Vikramsson, Snorri wrought the exquisite war panoply of the High Kings for several generations. He fought in many battles and was renowned for his magnificent gromril armour as well as this unique weapon rune. This unique suit of mail and plate was strong enough to turn the hardest blade or heaviest blow and yet was as light and flexible as silk. Such is the awesomeness of his work that it still brings tears to a Runesmith's eyes.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Snorri Spanghelhelm always hits on a To Hit roll of 2+.



Master Rune of Kragg the Grim

15 points

This rune was commonplace in the past but its secrets had been lost to the centuries. However, Dwarf adventurers in Karak Azgal discovered several axes bearing the rune and carried one to Karaz-a-Karak where it came into the possession of the Master Runesnith, Kragg the Grim. By dint of long study, Kragg came to understand the secrets of the rune and how to inscribe it. The jealous old Runelord might have kept the secret to himself but, knowing that other Runesmiths were probably studying it, elected to share the knowledge and thereby gained the credit for deciphering the secret.

This rune can only be placed on great weapons. It allows the great weapon to be inscribed with runes.

Master Rune of Swiftness

25 points

This rune was first struck by Thurgrom the Hermit, the last Runesmith to work in the High Elf cities of the Old World, now reduced to ruins throughout the Empire and Bretonnia. The name of this rune suggests Elven influence which seems to confirm the story that Thurgard stole the ritual from the Elves and devised his own rune using Elven magical words in the ritual incantations. Since his lore is kept so utterly secret by his descendants, this is impossible to confirm.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Swiftness has the Always Strikes First special rule.

Master Rune of Banishment

20 points

This rune is said to have been devised by Snorri Spanghelhelm so he could safely delve into ancient burial mounds in search of artefacts without fear of anything lurking there. It is commonly used on burial goods, interred with Dwarf Lords to prevent their vaults becoming inhabited by wights and ghouls. Should any such weapons be recovered by living warriors they are exceptionally potent against all kinds of undead and ethereal creatures.

A weapon engraved with the Master Rune of Banishment may re-roll failed To Wound rolls against models with the Undead special rule.

Rune of Daemon Slaying

25/50/100 points

A potent rune from the days of the Ancestor Gods, this rune is very powerful against daemons.

Against any model from Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos, a weapon engraved with a Rune of Daemon Slaying receives a +1 bonus To Hit and To Wound.

Against any model from Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos, a weapon engraved with two Runes of Daemon Slaying receives a +1 bonus To Hit and To Wound and gains the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Against any model from Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos, a weapon engraved with three Runes of Daemon Slaying hits and Wounds on a roll of 2+, has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule and no ward saves can be taken against it.

Baldrik the Bad

A Runesmith who lived during the Dwarf and Elf wars. He forged many weapons capable of slaying Elves, wrought using secret knowledge captured from Elven smiths and turned against them. Baldrik proved a better artificer than any of them, and many a great Elf hero fell to one of his swords. His weapons are rare, and most must still lie buried in deep tombs with their owners, sought after by Goblin tomb robbers and Chaos followers alike. The Elves never forgot Baldrik's terrible weapons and will seek revenge against any foe who uses one.

**Rune of Fire****10/45/75 points**

A skilled Runesmith is able to inscribe this rune on the metal when it is still white hot from the forge.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Fire has the Flaming Attacks special rule.

A weapon engraved with two Runes of Fire has the Flaming Attacks special rule, and grants its wielder a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

A weapon engraved with three Runes of Fire has the Flaming Attacks special rule, and grants its wielder a Strength 4 Breath Weapon that has the Flaming Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

Rune of Fury**15/30/60 points**

This is especially favoured for inscribing on hammers made in Karak-a-Karaz and is usually the sign of a weapon made for a particularly strong Dwarf. Several ancestors are credited with its invention leading to much enmity between their descendants! Bright and angry glow the Runes of Fury. The Dwarf wielding the weapon must concentrate upon an unavenged grudge, causing him to become enraged at the wrongs his race have endured.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Fury grants its wielder +1 Attack.

A weapon engraved with two Runes of Fury grants its wielder +1 Attack and the Frenzy special rule.

A weapon engraved with three Runes of Fury grants its wielder +1 Attack and the Frenzy special rule and, after each successful roll To Hit and to Wound, it grants its user another Attack; roll To Hit and To Wound as normal. Attacks generated in this way do not generate further Attacks.

Rune of Cleaving**10/30/50 points**

This was invented by Dwarfs even before it was used by Elves, and long before any men ever thought of it. Once again this rune is of such antiquity that it cannot be attributed to any particular Runesmith, though it is credited to several ancestors. Originally forged upon the pickaxes of miners, enabling them to break through the hardest rock.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Cleaving has the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

A weapon engraved with two Runes of Cleaving has the Armour Piercing (1) special rule, and additionally grants its wielder +1 Strength.

A weapon engraved with three Runes of Cleaving has the Armour Piercing (1) special rule, and additionally grants its wielder +1 Strength and the Killing Blow special rule.

Rune of Striking**10/35/50 points**

A weapon with this rune moves to strike the foe's most vulnerable area with an uncanny precision.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Striking grants its wielder +1 Weapon Skill.

A weapon engraved with two Runes of Striking grants its wielder +1 Weapon Skill and allows its wielder to re-roll failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

A weapon engraved with three Runes of Striking grants its wielder Weapon Skill 10 and allows him to re-roll failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

Rune of Might**30/40 points**

Though short in stature, a Dwarf using a weapon inscribed with this rune is a powerful opponent, and can fell a Giant in a flurry of axe blows.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Might doubles its wielder's Strength against foes of Toughness 5 or higher in close combat.

A weapon engraved with two Runes of Might maintains the previous effect, and grants the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule against foes of Toughness 5 or higher in close combat. A third Rune of Might has no further effect.

Rune of Dismay**15/25 points**

The uncanny glow of this rune is an awe-inspiring sight, apt to fill foes with dread.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Dismay grants its wielder the Fear special rule.

A weapon engraved with two Runes of Dismay grants its wielder the Terror special rule. A third Rune of Dismay has no further effect.

Rune of Parrying**25 points**

This rune clearly depicts a weapon which has been stopped from penetrating or hitting. A weapon with this rune moves to block incoming attacks, making its wielder extremely hard to hit.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Parrying causes all enemy models attempting to attack its wielder in close combat to suffer a -1 penalty on their To Hit rolls. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Grudge Rune**20 points**

Often an enemy's misdeeds are so great that a Dwarf will have this rune put upon his weapon and will not rest until his foe pays for his wrongs with blood. Only when his foe is slain will the rune grow dim.

For each Grudge Rune in your army, nominate one enemy character or monster at the beginning of the game. The wielder of a weapon engraved with a Grudge Rune gains +1 To Hit and can re-roll failed To Wound rolls in close combat when attacking the nominated model. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Speed**5 points**

This rune enhances its bearer's awareness and quickness so that he moves more fluidly, taking faster opponents by surprise.

A weapon engraved with a Rune of Speed grants its wielder +1 Initiative. Each Rune of Speed adds +1 Initiative.

Haki Skavensplitter

The Runesmith who worked night and day by the last glimmering furnaces of Karak Eight Peaks during the dying days of the stronghold. He wrought weapons inscribed to cut down the terrible Skaven who invaded the city from all sides. Many such blades must certainly remain beside their Dwarf defenders where they fell, defending their caverns and vaults to the death. They are highly prized by Dwarfs who have to delve into the old tunnel workings of ruined strongholds, or those guarding mining expeditions as there is always the ever present threat of the Skaven hordes below ground. Haki is believed to have perished in Karak Eight Peaks, while defending his forges.





ARMOUR RUNES

The runic armour of the Dwarfs is rightfully famed throughout the world. If a model is permitted to take runic armour, he may choose armour runes from the following list and apply them to his armour.

Master Rune of Adamant

First forged on a shield as a gift for the flamboyant Dwarf Prince Gudii Twoboots, the shield was subsequently stolen by a lone bandit who stalked the Undgrim preying on small parties of travellers. This rune makes its wearer harder than granite and more impervious to damage than steel.

A model wearing armour engraved with the Master Rune of Adamant has Toughness 10. This rune cannot be combined with any other armour runes.

Master Rune of Steel

Once this rune has been forged, it binds metals together making them more resilient. Armour with this rune never rusts through weathering or age.

Enemies must re-roll successful To Wound roll against a model wearing armour engraved with the Master Rune of Steel.



Master Rune of Gromril

20 points

The favoured metal of any Runesmith is gromril, and in its purest form, it holds runes better than any substance in the world. A small amount of pure gromril is the most important element used when inscribing this rune. If the sample is even slightly flawed, the rune will not work.

Armour engraved with the Master Rune of Gromril grants its wearer a 1+ armour save that cannot be improved upon in any way.

Rune of Fortitude

30/60/70 points

It is rumoured amongst those Dwarfs who have worn this armour that it becomes sentient. Whilst no Runesmith has ever confirmed this rumour, they make no attempts to deny it either.

Armour engraved with a Rune of Fortitude grants its wearer +1 Toughness.

Armour engraved with two Runes of Fortitude grants its wearer +1 Toughness and a Ward save (5+).

Armour engraved with three Runes of Fortitude grants its wearer +1 Toughness and a Ward save (5+) and the Immunity (Multiple Wounds) special rule.

Rune of Iron

20/45/65 points

When iron is saturated with magic it is known as lodestone. This rune focuses the magnetic properties of lodestone to create magical armour. Runesmiths have learned to incorporate this potent rune of protection in multiples, increasing its powers like folded steel.

Armour engraved with a Rune of Iron grants its wearer +1 Wound.

Armour engraved with two Runes of Iron grants its wearer +1 Wound and +1 Toughness.

Armour engraved with three Runes of Iron grants its wearer +1 Wound, +1 Toughness and the Regeneration (5+) special rule.

Rune of Preservation

25 points

When Prince Valkan Firehand was decapitated by a Wight Blade at the Battle of Hunger Wood, many Runesmiths and armourers were alarmed at an apparent weakness in Dwarf armour. Their answer was to use rune magic to add extra protection to those parts of the armour that could not be made any thicker.

Armour engraved with a Rune of Preservation grants the wearer the Immunity (Killing Blow/Heroic Killing Blow) special rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Resistance

25 points

First used on the armour of the Thane of Karak Azgal by Gorgi Strongbeard, this rune is thought to have been lost amongst the ruined stronghold. Fortunately the Runesmith survived to replicate it.

This rune allows the character to re-roll any failed armour saving throws. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Shielding

20 points

This rune was first struck during the War of Vengeance as a protection against the superior missile fire of the High Elves. During this time, entire regiments of Dwarfs would march to battle bearing shields struck with it.

Armour engraved with a Rune of Shielding grants its wearer a Ward save (2+) against Wounds caused by shooting attacks and all magic missiles. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Impact

10 points

First designed to enhance drilling apparatus, when struck onto armour, this rune adds thunderous momentum to a Dwarf's charge.

Armour engraved with a Rune of Impact grants its wearer the Impact Hits (1) special rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Stone

5 points

Dwarf tradition tells that their race was created from the Father of Mountains – the first rock of the world. So, the Rune of Stone is the first magic rune taught to apprentice Runesmiths.

Armour engraved with a Rune of Stone adds +1 to its wearer's armour save. Multiples of this rune have no further effect. The Rune of Stone is an exception to the Rule of Pride, meaning several characters can wear gromril armour engraved with a single Rune of Stone.

Trygg Trollslayer

The greatest slayer of Trolls ever known, great two-handed axes were Trygg's speciality. He worked in Karak Kadrin in the great days of the Dwarf Empire, making weapons for the Troll Slayers who set out from there into the highest peaks seeking Cave Trolls or whatever fate had in store for them. His weapons also proved effective against Goblinoids and were sought after throughout the length and breadth of the Dwarf realm. Whenever Goblins or Orcs discover his works among ruins or ransacked tombs they attempt to destroy them, so that surviving examples of Trygg's work are rare and exceptionally valuable.



TALISMANIC RUNES

Talismanic runes can be inscribed upon amulets, belts, crowns, helms and other ornamental pieces, although they are most often found on rings. Every character is assumed to have the relevant item in his possession.

Master Rune of Kingship

50 points

Gotrek Starbreaker was the first great Dwarf lord to have his crown adorned with this rune. Such a crown is a priceless artefact and the loss of one is dearly mourned as it absorbs the wisdom of its former master and passes this on to the next crown bearer.

Dwarf Lord only. A model with this Master Rune of Kingship gives the Lord and the unit he is with the Stubborn and Immunity (Fear/Terror) special rules for as long as he remains with the unit. If the model is not in a unit, it has no effect.

Master Rune of Balance

50 points

Forged in the embers of a captured book of spells, this rune hungers after the magical power of the Winds of Magic, stealing it from the enemy.

Runesmiths/Runelords only. During the enemy's Magic phase, this rune allows the owning player to roll a D6; on a roll of 4+, he can remove one power dice from his opponent's pool and add it to his own dispel pool.

Master Rune of Spellbinding

20 points

This rune allows a Runesmith to channel away the winds of magic with greater ease, thwarting the magical attacks of their foes.

A model with the Master Rune of Spellbinding gets +1 to all attempts to dispel.



Master Rune of Spite

25 points

Created to protect the gates of Karaz-a-Karak and other strongholds, this rune has since been transferred onto other devices.

Every time a model with the Master Rune of Spite suffers an unsaved Wound in close combat, the model that inflicted it suffers a Strength 5 hit.

Master Rune of Challenge

15 points

A foe that bears this rune is suddenly aware of the challenge issued by the Dwarf sounding it as well as the indomitable will that powers it. The only options that remain are fight or flight.

One use only. The rune is used during the enemy turn before they declare charges. Nominate one enemy unit within 12" of the rune user. The unit must be able to charge and reach the rune user or the unit he is with according to the normal rules. The enemy unit must either declare a charge against the rune user (and any unit he is with) or must flee in the Compulsory Movement phase as if it had failed a Panic test. This rune has no effect on units that have Immunity (Psychology).

Master Rune of Passage

10 points

This rune causes rocks, vegetation, snow and mud to become easily passable.

A model with the Master Rune of Passage, and any unit he joins, automatically pass any Dangerous Terrain tests.

Rune of Warding

15/30/45 points

Apprentice Runesmiths are taught the techniques necessary to create this rune early in their studies. However, striking three Runes of Warding correctly is a difficult task, even for experienced Runesmiths.

A model with a Rune of Warding has a Ward save (6+).

A model with two Runes of Warding has a Ward save (5+).

A model with three Runes of Warding has a Ward save (4+).

Rune of Spellbreaking

25/45 points

It is said that Grungni and Valaya worked together to form this potent rune. Once a Runesmith has mastered the Rune of Warding he will learn this more complex rune.

Runesmiths/Runelords only. One use only. When a spell has been cast, a Runesmith or Runelord can use this rune to dispel it automatically, without the need to roll dispel dice. This rune cannot stop a spell cast with irresistible force, and cannot be used to dispel Remains in Play spells other than at the moment they are cast.

A second Rune of Spell breaking maintains the previous effect and, after the spell is dispelled, roll a D6; on a 4+, the enemy spell is lost to the Wizard casting it and cannot be cast by him for the rest of the game. A third Rune of Spellbreaking has no further effect.

Rune of Fate

15 points

A Dwarf possessing this rune will dream portents of the future the night before a battle, and we will know each blow that the enemy will strike at him.

One use only. The model has a Ward save (2+) against the first wound suffered. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of the Furnace

5 points

First designed to aid Dwarfs working hot forges, this rune has been adapted for use in battle.

A model with the Rune of the Furnace has the Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Luck

5 points

First inscribed on a ring worn by Magnund Hammerson, who then went on to acquire a fortune through gambling.

One use only. A model with a Rune of Luck can re-roll a single To Hit roll, To Wound roll, armour save, ward save or characteristic test during the game. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Brotherhood

5 points

This rune allows a Dwarf to quickly assimilate skills possessed by his closest comrades.

May not be used by a character with an Oath stone or Shieldbearers. A character with this rune may either be deployed with a unit of Rangers utilising the Scout rule or join a unit of Miners utilising the Ambushers rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.





BANNER RUNES

These runes can be inscribed on standards and can offer the entire unit protection or special abilities. If a model is permitted to take a runic standard, he may choose banner runes from the following list.

Master Rune of Groth One-Eye

75 points

Groth One-Eye, famous for never backing down in an argument, first struck this rune in the time of Kurgan Ironbeard, when the greenskins were driven from the Badlands and the Dwarfs prospered.

A standard bearing the Master Rune of Groth One-Eye confers the Stubborn special rule to the bearer's unit and all friendly Dwarf units within 8" of the bearer.

Master Rune of Stromni Redbeard

75 points

Stromni Redbeard made this rune in the days of Bael, Lord of Karak Azul. It was carved onto the battle standard of Durgin, son of Grindo, son of Grimmir.

A standard bearing the Master Rune of Stromni Redbeard confers a further +1 bonus to the bearer's unit's combat result score, and the combat result score of all other friendly Dwarf units within 8" of the bearer.

Master Rune of Valaya

65 points

This ancient rune was invented at the dawn of time by Valaya herself, the Ancestor Goddess of the Dwarfs and founder of Karaz-a-Karak.

A standard bearing the Master Rune of Valaya confers a +2 bonus upon all attempts to dispel magic by the owning player. Additionally, all Remains in Play spells are immediately dispelled on a D6 roll of 3+ at the start of each friendly Magic phase (roll separately for each Remains in Play spell).



Master Rune of Grungni

60 points

This rune draws in the power of the winds of magic and binds them into the armour of the Dwarfs in its vicinity, using their swirling arcane force to shield nearby Dwarfs against enemy missile fire.

Battle Standard Bearer only. A standard bearing the Master Rune of Grungni confers a 5+ ward save against Wounds caused by shooting attacks and all magic missiles to any friendly units within 6" of the bearer.

Master Rune of Fear

20 points

This rune is said to have been invented by the Runesmith Okri Two-Hoards, who earned his name because he had a hoard of treasure in two different strongholds. Naturally Okri needed a weapon to defend these and set about inventing a new rune. He came up with Dwor-Rhun, which has the power to deter opponents before they get near enough to strike. The clan that takes a banner with this rune to battle give the illusion that they tower over the enemy. Dwarfs are a strong enough opponent in their own right but a unit of giant Dwarfs is enough to scare even the strongest enemy.

A standard bearing the Master Rune of Fear confers the Fear special rule to the bearer's unit.



Rune of Battle

20/40/60 points

During the Golden Age, even the lesser strongholds and fortified mines had a banner with the Rune of Battle struck upon it. Many of these banners are now lost, but those that still remain in Dwarf bands are held aloft with pride.

A standard bearing a Rune of Battle confers a further +1 bonus to the bearer's unit's combat result score.

A standard bearing two Runes of Battle confers a further +2 bonus to the bearer's unit's combat result score.

A standard bearing three Runes of Battle confers a further +2 bonus to the bearer's unit's combat result score, and additionally confers the Fight in Extra Ranks special rule to the bearer's unit.

Rune of Slowness

25/40/60 points

This rune creates a physical barrier by drawing upon the intractable nature of the Dwarfs surrounding it.

Any foes charging a unit including a standard bearing a Rune of Slowness subtract D3" from their charge distance (roll after their charge distance has been determined). If the enemy fails to make contact, all the rules for failed charges apply.

A second Rune of Slowness means a foe rolls 2D3 and must choose the highest dice when subtracting from his charge distance.

A third Rune of Slowness maintains the previous effects and, should a foe contact the bearing unit, they have the Always Strikes Last special rule in the first round of combat.

**Rune of Sanctuary****15/30/45 points**

This rune magnifies the natural anti-magic aura that already resides inside each Dwarf and creates an area of anti-magic, using the defiance of the Dwarfs to deflect mystical attacks.

A standard bearing a Rune of Sanctuary confers the Magic Resistance (6+) special rule to the bearer's unit.

A standard bearing two Runes of Sanctuary confers the Magic Resistance (5+) special rule to the bearer's unit.

A standard bearing three Runes of Sanctuary confers the Magic Resistance (4+) special rule to the bearer's unit.

Rune of Stoicism**40 points**

This rune reminds every Dwarf that, though their numbers are diminished, each one of them carries the legacy of his ancestors, and thus is never alone.

A standard bearing the Rune of Stoicism confers the Stubborn special rule to the bearer's unit.

Rune of Guarding**30 points**

It is no easy task to carry a hold's banner into battle, for every enemy warrior dreams of the glory of capturing it. This rune defends the bearer of the standard.

Army Standard Bearer only. The bearer of a standard with the Rune of Guarding has a Ward Save (5+). Multiples of this rune have no further elect.

Rune of Courage**20 points**

This rune portrays the flayed pelt of a savage beast. In the remote past, young Dwarfs were required to prove their worth by going out into the wilds and returning with the pelt of a wild creature. The skin was then made into a personal banner to demonstrate the Dwarf's courage to his Clan. Over the ages Runesmiths have enshrined this tradition in the form of the Rune of Courage. A banner with this rune resonates with the power of duty and loyalty, further bolstering the resolve of the Dwarfs who bear it.

A standard bearing the Rune of Courage confers the Immunity (Psychology) special rule to the bearer's unit. Multiples of this rune have no further elect.

**Strollaz' Rune****15 points**

This rune boosts the already tireless nature of the Dwarfs, allowing troops bearing it to march for days and nights on end. Many times Dwarfs have used this relentless ability to force march into position far more quickly than any foe deemed possible. So powerful is the magic that the trick is often stopping them marching.

A standard bearing Strollaz' Rune confers the Vanguard (6") deployment special rule to the bearer's unit.

Ancestor Rune**20 points**

In adversity, Dwarfs look to the runes of the Ancestors and remember the duty that is now their own to bear.

One use only. A standard bearing this rune allows the bearer's unit to take a Break test on a single D6. Once used, the rune is expended. Multiples of this rune have no further elect.

Rune of Kadrin**20 points**

It is said that any who have undergone the pilgrimage to the shrine of Grinnir at Karak Kadrin will forever be blessed with good fortune. This rune glows bright red at the centre of the shrine and has been forged onto banners to bless them with good fortune too.

A standard bearing the Rune of Kadrin allow all models in the unit to re-roll all To Hit rolls of 1 with close combat and missile attacks. Multiples of this rune have no further elect.

Rune of Determination**20 points**

Even in the most hopeless struggle, it is not within the heart of a Dwarf to concede defeat. The Rune of Determination magnifies that spirit when it is most severely tested.

One use only. The unit may take a Break test on a single D6 rather than 2D6. Multiples of this rune have no further elect.

Ancestor Rune**20 points**

In adversity, Dwarfs can look to the runes of their ancestors and remember the duty they bear.

One use only. If the unit carrying a banner with this rune has to take a Break test, the rune is expended. Roll a D6; on a 4+ the unit, and any character that has joined it, tests as if it were Stubborn. Only one rune may be expended per Break test taken. Multiples of this rune have no further elect.

In the name of Morgrim the ancestor, take up your chisel of dragon's bone

Form the runes shape with no more than seven strikes of chisel and hammer

Alloy ten parts bryn-gold and two parts gromril that has never known the forge save this once

Quench the alloy in the blood of a grudged foe

Allow to set in the light of the silver moon

Stoke your forge-fire with troll bone in the name of Valaya the ancestor until the flames burn blue

Melt the bryn-gold in a crucible of dragon's scales, pouring it into the runes shape in a single motion while invoking the name of Hroki the ancestor

Quench the blade in an unopened keg of the best ale (I prefer Bugman's Troll Killer)

Drink the ale

Translated from the notes of Kalvir the Red-nosed; which rune this rite describes was not included in the notes



ENGINEERING RUNES

Dwarf war machines can be inscribed with engineering runes. Note that a shot from a war machine with an engineering rune is a magical attack.

Master Rune of Immolation

30 points

Devised to keep their prized war machines from falling into enemy hands, it is only invoked in desperate circumstances.

One use only. A Dwarf player can cause a war machine engraved with the Master Rune of Immolation to explode at the end of any round of combat before determining the combat results. Both the war machine and all its remaining crew are instantly removed from play, and each enemy unit in combat with the war machine suffers 2D6 magical Strength 4 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule, allocated as for shooting. Any surviving enemy units who charged that turn may make an overrun move as normal. This rune will also be triggered automatically when the war machine loses its last Wound in close combat.

Master Rune of Defence

25 points

Developed as a defensive measure during the War of Vengeance against the firepower of the High Elves, this rune has saved the lives of many crew.

The War Machine gains a Ward save (3+) against all missile attacks.

Master Rune of Disguise

20 points

This rune magically distorts the immediate area around the war machine, rendering it almost invisible from any distance.

A war machine engraved with the Master Rune of Disguise always counts as being in hard cover.

Master Rune of Skewering

15 points

Elf mages helped create this before the War of the Vengeance. There's no mention of this in Dwarf records.

Bolt Throwers only. One use only. The Bolt Thrower hits on a 2+ with no modifiers this turn. You must choose to use this rune before rolling to hit.

Rune of Penetrating

40/50 points

This rune is inscribed onto the war machine's ammunition, making it more hard-hitting with extra piercing ability.

A war machine engraved with a Rune of Penetration increases the Strength of its shots by 1, to a maximum of 10.

A war machine engraved with two Runes of Penetration increases the Strength of its shots by 1, to a maximum of 10, and allows the user to re-roll a single failed To Wound roll during the course of the battle. A third Rune of Penetration has no further effect. Note that in the case of a Grudge Thrower, this bonus increases the Strength of both Strength values in its profile.

Rune of Accuracy

25 points

Once a missile inscribed with this rune is launched, the rune glows, invoking the winds of magic to blow it in the right direction.

A war machine with engraved with a Rune of Accuracy has a +1 bonus To Hit. If it does not use Ballistic Skill To Hit, it can instead re-roll the scatter dice. If the scatter dice is re-rolled, you must accept the result of the second roll. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Forging

25 points

When making a cannon, with each hammer blow an Engineer strikes, a Runesmith must recite a special litany. This can take weeks to complete.

Cannon only. A war machine engraved with a Rune of Forging can re-roll the artillery dice whenever a misfire result is rolled; however, you must accept the result of the second roll. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Stalwart Rune

10/20 points

A war machine with this rune makes its crew unbearably proud – they will fight with great boldness to defend their beloved engine of war. Many Dwarfs believe that a machine with this rune on it will last forever.

A war machine engraved with a Stalwart Rune confers a +1 bonus to its crew's combat result score.

A war machine engraved with two Stalwart Runes confers a +1 bonus to its crew's combat result score, and its crew also gain the Unbreakable special rule. A third Stalwart Rune has no further effect.



Flakkson's Rune of Seeking

15 points

This rune was first invented to shoot down Dragon riders during the War of Vengeance. This makes bolt throwers deadly against flyers by magically directing the bolts to their target.

Bolt Throwers only. A war machine engraved with Flakkson's Rune of Seeking gains +1 To Hit against any units with the Fly special rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Fortune

15 points

Discovered by Magnus Hammerson, who broke Runesmith tradition by selling it to the Engineers Guild, this rune seems to be derived from that for bond or promise and may indicate that a bond or promise to an ancestor or deity is necessary for the ritual of inscribing. This rune ensures the war machine is free from imperfections and therefore deadly accurate.

If a machine has the Rune of Fortune the player may re-roll the result on the machine's Misfire chart.

Valiant Rune

5 points

Dwarf crews are famed for always defending their machines to the bitter end when attacked.

The war machine crew gains the Stubborn special rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.

Rune of Burning

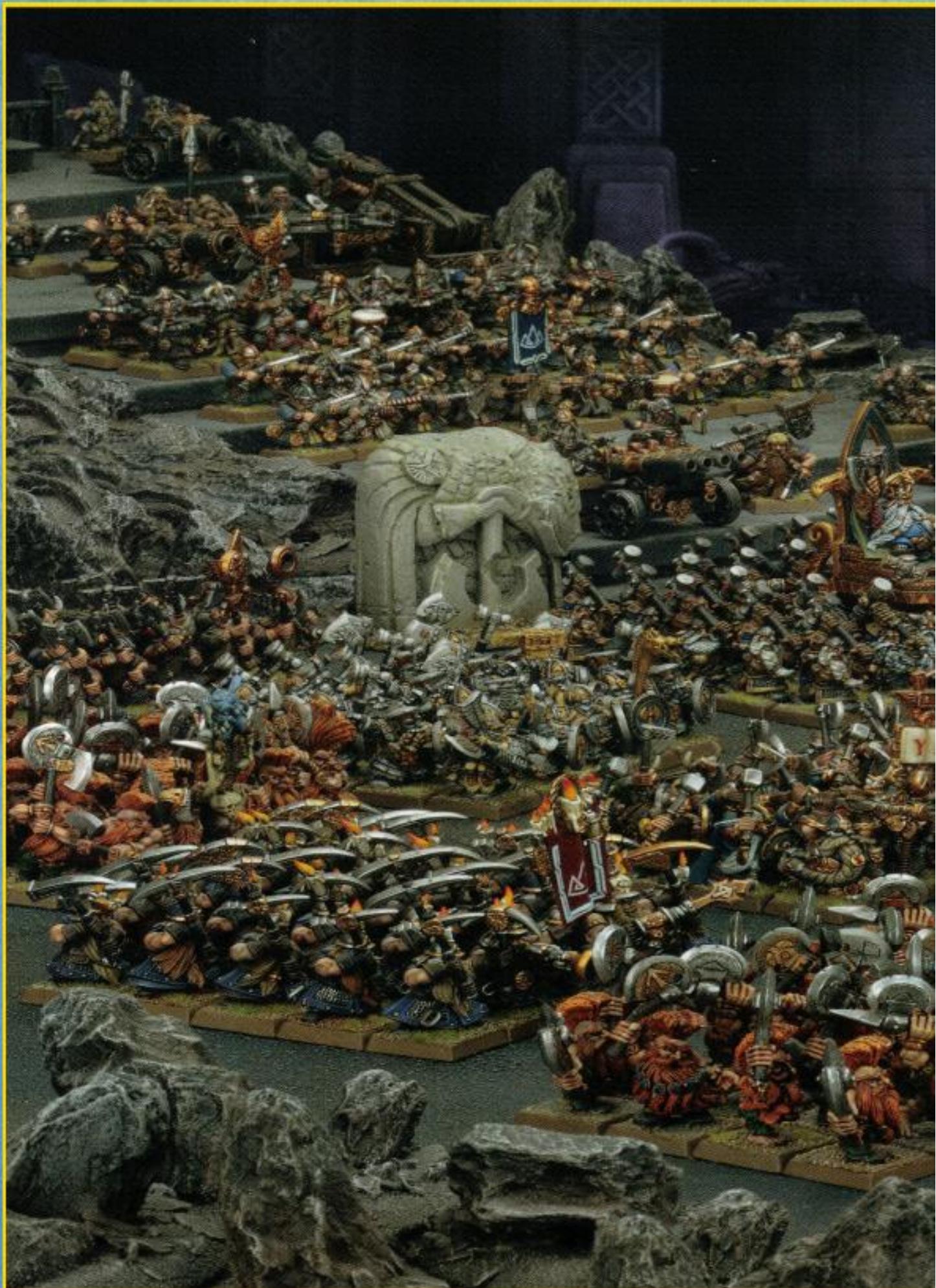
5 points

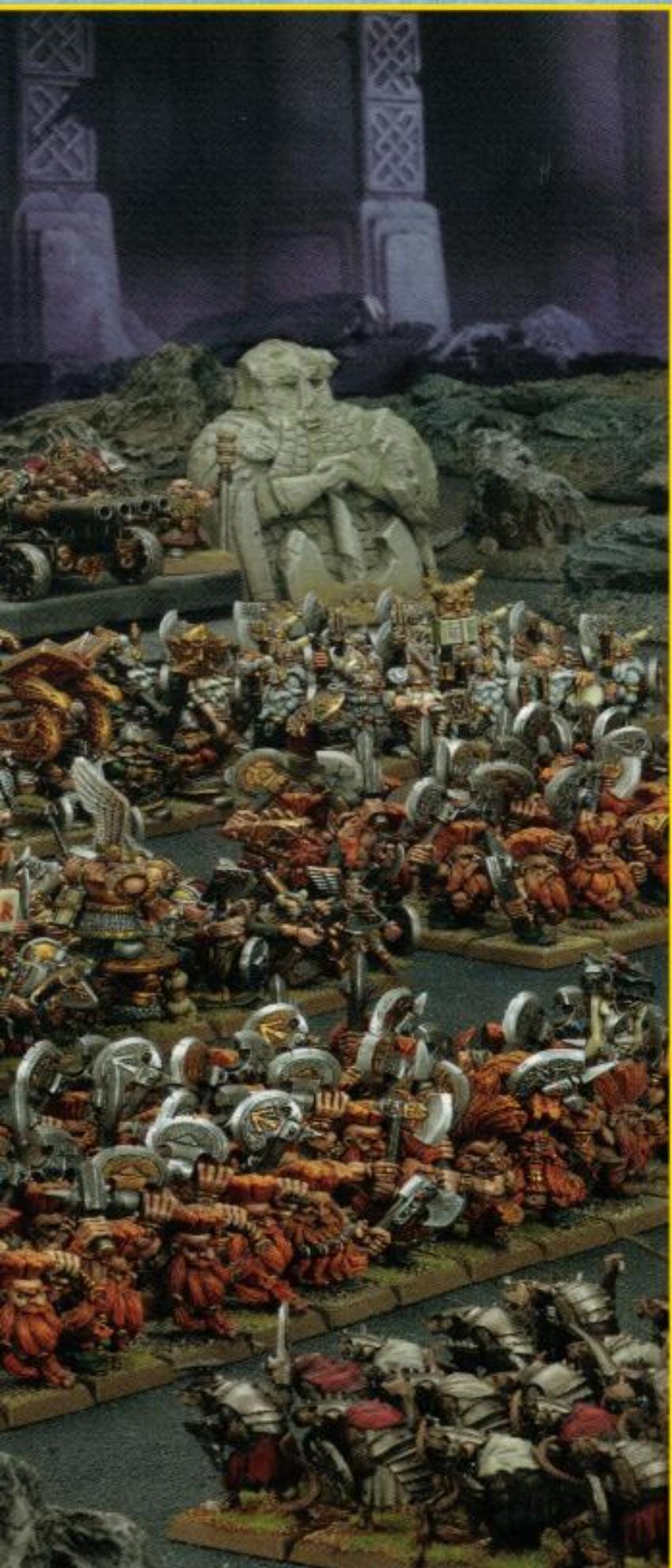
Any ammunition fired by a war machine with this rune will burst into flames when it strikes its target.

All shooting attacks from a war machine engraved with a Rune of Burning have the Flaming Attacks special rule. Multiples of this rune have no further effect.









DWARFS ARMY LIST

Whether marching out to war or assembling to defend their holds, a Dwarf throng is a spectacular sight. Since the dawn of time, enemies have quailed when confronted by rank after rank of grim Dwarf warriors, each bearing intricately wrought weapons and the finest armour. Whether behind shieldwalls or aiming their deadly engines of war, they burn with a furious desire for vengeance.

Sound the horn, call forth the throng. Let axe and hammer blows do your speaking, for now is the time for vengeance!

This section of the book helps you to forge your collection of Dwarf miniatures into a mighty throng 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.



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:

WARRIOR											7 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry	
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry	

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- One Warrior may be upgraded to a Veteran.....10 points
- One Warrior may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Warrior may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model

1. Name. *The name by which the unit or character is identified.*

4. Points value. *Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.*

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.*

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).*

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.*

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.*

3. Troop Type. *Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'monstrous cavalry' and so on).*

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.*





LORDS

THORGRIM GRUDGEBEARER

500 points

Profile

Thorgrim Grudgebearer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Thronebearers

3 7 4 4 5 7 4 4 10

3 5 3 4 - - 3 4 -


Magic Items:

- The Axe of Grimmir
- The Armour of Skaldour
- The Dragon Crown of Karaz
- The Great Book of Grudges

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- High King
- Relentless
- Resolute
- The Throne of Power

THOREK IRONBROW

350 points

Profile

Thorek Ironbrow

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

War Machine (Special Character)

Kraggi

3 4 3 3 - - 2 1 9

Anvil Guards

3 5 3 4 - - 2 2 9

Magic Items (Thorek):

- Klad Brakak
- Thorek's Rune Armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Ancestral Shield
- Forgefire
- Kraggi, Assistant at the Forge
- Locus of Power
- Master of Ancient Lore
- Rune Lore
- Strike the Runes
- Unbreakable

BELEGAR IRONHAMMER

290 points

Profile

Belegar Ironhammer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Gromril armour
- Oathstone

Magic Items:

- The Hammer of Angrund
- Shield of Defiance

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Revenge Incarnate
- Stubborn



KAZADOR THUNDERHORN

275 points

Profile

Kazador Thunderhorn

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Hammer of Karak Azul
- The Armour of the King of Karak Azul
- The Thunderhorn

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

UNGRIM IRONFIST

315 points

Profile

Ungrim Ironfist

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Medium armour

Magic Items:

- The Axe of Dargo
- The Slayer Crown
- Dragon Cloak of Fyrskar

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Daemon Slayer
- Relentless

- Slayer King
- The Brotherhood of Grimmir
- Unbreakable





LORDS

ALRIK RANULFSSON

320 points

Profile

Alrik Ranulfsson

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Axe of Retribution
- Hrappi-klad
- Kurgaz's Shield
- Helm of Eagles
- Karak-Hirn's Book of Grudges

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Lord of the Hold
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Traditional army



BYRRNOTH GRUNDADRACK

215 points

Profile

Byrrneth Grundadrakk

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Shield
- Rhymakangaz
- Byrrmooth's Armour

Magic Items:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

KRAGG THE GRIM

355 points

Profile

Kragg the Grim

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	6	4	4	5	5	3	2	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Kragg's Hammer
- Kragg's Armour
- Kragg's Runestaff

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Forgefire
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Rune Lore

KADRIN REDMANE

190 points

Profile

Kadrin Redmane

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	6	4	4	5	5	3	2	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Medium armour

Magic Items:

- The Hammer of Ages
- The Shield of Stone

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Forgefire
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Rune Lore

GROMBRINDAL

450 points

Profile

Grombrindal

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Rune Axe of Grimnir
- Rune Helm of Zhufbar
- Armour of Glimril Scales
- Rune Cloak of Valaya

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Disguised
- Grombrindal has no Fear!
- Relentless





LORDS

LORD

135 points

Profile

Lord

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute



Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Pistol.....3 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Crossbow.....5 points
 - Dwarf handgun.....6 points
- May replace medium armour with one of the following:
 - Heavy armour3 points
 - Full plate armour.....6 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Oathstone.....25 points
 - Shieldbearers.....50 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....100 points

RUNELORD

140 points

Profile

Runelord

Anvil Guards

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	9
3	5	3	4	-	-	2	2	-

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Forgefire
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Rune Lore

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May wear one of the following:
 - Light armour3 points
 - Medium armour6 points
 - Heavy armour.....9 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted on an Anvil of Doom.....120 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....100 points

DAEMON SLAYER

140 points

Profile

Daemon Slayer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	7	4	4	5	3	5	4	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Note: a Daemon Slayer may never be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Daemon Slayer
- Relentless
- Unbreakable

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....100 points





HEROES

GARAGRIM IRONFIST

185 points

Profile

Garagrim Ironfist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Axes of Kadrin

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Deathblow
- Dragon Slayer
- Relentless
- The War-mourner
- Unbreakable



BURLOK DAMMINSON

125 points

Profile

Burlok Damminson

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Burlok's Hammer
- Burlok's Armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Artillery Master
- Burlok's Ingenious Offensive New-matic Integrated Constrictor Arm
- Entrenchment
- Relentless
- Resolute
- "Stand Back, Sir!"

GRIMM BURLOKSSON

95 points

Profile

Grimm Burloksson

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	5	4	4	3	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Cog Axe
- Grudge-raker
- Brace of pistols
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Entrenchment
- Master of Accuracy
- Relentless
- Resolute
- "Stand Back, Sir!"



JOSEF BUGMAN

170 points

Profile

Josef Bugman

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Medium armour

Magic Items:

- Ol' Trustworthy
- Bugman's Tankard

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Bugman's Rangers
- Liquid Fortification
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Scouts



HEROES

THANE

65 points

Profile

Thane

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
 - Pistol.....4 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Crossbow
 - Dwarf handgun.....6 points
- May replace medium armour with one of the following:
 - Heavy armour
 - Full plate armour.....4 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted on an Oathstone.....25 points
- May take magic items and/or runic items up to a total of.....50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Thane 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 or Runic items.

RUNESMITH

60 points

Profile

Runesmith

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
- May wear one of the following:
 - Light armour
 - Medium armour
 - Heavy armour.....6 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Forgefibre
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Rune Lore



MASTER ENGINEER

65 points

Profile

Master Engineer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Options:

- May be armed with any of the following:
 - Pistol.....6 points
 - Brace of pistols.....8 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
 - Dwarf handgun.....5 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Artillery Master
- Entrenchment
- "Stand Back, Sir!"





HEROES

BREWMASTER

65 points

Profile
Brewmaster

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	4	4	4	2	1	2	9

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Beer Gut
- Brewmaster
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
- May wear one of the following:
 - Light armour2 points
 - Medium armour4 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....50 points

DRAGON SLAYER

70 points

Profile
Dragon Slayer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

Note: a Dragon Slayer may never be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Dragon Slayer
- Relentless
- Unbreakable

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
- May take magic items and/or Runic items up to a total of.....50 points





CORE UNITS

WARRIORS

7 points per model

Profile

Warrior

Veteran

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- One Warrior may be upgraded to a Veteran.....10 points
- One Warrior may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Warrior may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model

LONGBEARDS

12 points per model

Profile

Longbeard

Old Guard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Old Grumblers

Options:

- One Longbeard may be upgraded to an Old Guard.....10 points
- One Longbeard may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Longbeard may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to heavy armour.....1 point per model

Note: You may not have more units of Longbeards than you have units of Warriors.

QUARRELLERS

12 points per model

Profile

Quarreller

Veteran

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- One Quarreller may be upgraded to a Veteran.....10 points
- One Quarreller may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Quarreller may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take great weapons.....2 points per model

THUNDERERS

13 points per model

Profile

Thunderer

Veteran

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- One Thunderer may be upgraded to a Veteran.....10 points
 - May replace Dwarf handgun with a brace of pistols.....10 points
- One Thunderer may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Thunderer may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model





SPECIAL UNITS

HAMMERERS

15 points per model

Profile

Hammerer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9
3	5	3	4	4	1	2	3	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Keeper of the Gate

Infantry

Unit Size:

10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- King's Guard
- Great weapon
- Medium armour
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Stubborn

Options:

- One Hammerer may be upgraded to a Keeper of the Gate.....10 points
- One Hammerer may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Hammerer may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....75 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to heavy armour.....1 point per model

IRONBREAKERS

15 points per model

Profile

Ironbreaker

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Ironbeard

Infantry

Unit Size:

10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Hand weapon
- Full plate armour
- Shield
- Resolute
- Shieldwall

Options:

- One Ironbreaker may be upgraded to an Ironbeard.....10 points
 - May take cinderblast bombs.....15 points
- One Ironbreaker may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Ironbreaker may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

MINERS

9 points per model

Profile

Miner

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Prospector

Infantry

Unit Size:

10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Great weapon
- Light armour
- Resolute
- Ambushers

Options:

- One Miner may be upgraded to a Prospector.....10 points
 - May replace great weapon with a steam drill.....10 points
- One Miner may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Miner may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take blasting charges.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model

SLAYERS

11 points per model

Profile

Troll Slayer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	10
3	4	3	3	4	1	3	2	10

Troop Type

Infantry

Giant Slayer

Infantry

Unit Size:

10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Two hand weapons
- Great weapon
- Resolute
- Unbreakable
- Slayer

Options:

- One Troll Slayer may be upgraded to a Giant Slayer.....10 points
- One Troll Slayer may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Troll Slayer may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....free



SPECIAL UNITS

RANGERS

10 points per model

Profile

Ranger

Ol' Deadeye

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Scouts

Options:

- One Ranger may be upgraded to a Ol' Deadeye.....10 points
- One Ranger may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Ranger may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take throwing axes.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take crossbows.....5 points per model
- The entire unit may Skirmish.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model

DEATHROLLER

80 points

Profile

Deathroller

Dwarf Driver

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
*	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-
-	4	3	3	-	-	-	1	9

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour save 4+)

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 1 Dwarf Crew

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Grinding Attack
- Over-Pressured Boiler
- Random Movement (2D6)
- Resolute





SPECIAL UNITS

CANNON

100 points

Profile

Cannon

Dwarf Crew

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-

Troop Type

War Machine (Cannon)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Crew: 3

Dwarf Crew

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Resolute

Options:

- May take engineering runes worth up to 50 points
- The entire crew may wear light armour 1 point per model

GRUDGE THROWER

80 points

Profile

Grudge Thrower

Dwarf Crew

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-

Troop Type

War Machine (Stone Thrower)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Crew: 3

Dwarf Crew

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Resolute

Options:

- May take engineering runes worth up to 50 points
- The entire crew may wear light armour 1 point per model



BOLT THROWER

45 points

Profile

Bolt Thrower

Dwarf Crew

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-

Troop Type

War Machine (Bolt Thrower)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Crew: 3

Dwarf Crew

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Resolute

Options:

- May take engineering runes worth up to 50 points
- The entire crew may wear light armour 1 point per model

FIRETHROWERS

60 points

Profile

Firethrower

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
3	4	3	3	3	2	2	2	9	-

Troop Type

Infantry

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Firethrower
- Resolute
- Relentless
- Weapon Team





RARE UNITS

IRONDRAKES

16 points per model

Profile

Irondrake

Ironwarden

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Irondrake	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Ironwarden	3	5	4	4	4	1	2	1	9

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Immunity (Flaming Attacks)

Options:

- One Irondrake may be upgraded to an Ironwarden..10 points
 - May take cinderblast bombs.....15 points
 - May replace drakegun with one of the following:
 - Brace of drakefire pistols.....free
 - Trollhammer torpedo.....20 points
- One Irondrake may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Irondrake may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

DOOMSEEKERS

35 points per model

Profile

Doomseeker

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doomseeker	3	5	3	4	4	2	2	*	10

Troop Type

Infantry

Unit Size: 2-5

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Relentless
- Skirmishers
- Slayer
- Whirlwind of Death
- Unbreakable



ORGAN GUN

120 points

Profile

Organ Gun

Dwarf Crew

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Organ Gun	-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Troop Type

War Machine

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Organ Fire
- Resolute

Options:

- May take engineering runes worth up to.....50 points
- The entire crew may wear light armour.....1 point per model

FLAME CANNON

140 points

Profile

Flame Cannon

Dwarf Crew

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flame Cannon	-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-
Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Troop Type

War Machine (Fire Thrower)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Resolute
- Sheet of Fire

Options:

- May take engineering runes worth up to.....50 points
- The entire crew may wear light armour.....1 point per model





RARE UNITS

GYROCOPTER

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gyrocopter	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 4+)
Dwarf Pilot	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Steam Gun

Crew: 1

Dwarf Pilot

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Fly
- Dive Bomb
(Gyrocopter only)
- Bombing Run
(Gyrobomber only)

Options:

- May exchange steam gun for one of the following:
 - Brimstone gun.....*free*
 - Clatter gun.....*5 points*
- May be upgraded to a Gyrobomber.....*35 points*

RUNE GUARDIANS

58 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rune Guardian	6	3	0	5	5	4	1	3	10	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Natural Armour (3+)
- Slow-moving
- Unbreakable

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons



GRUDGEBREAKER

275 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grudgebreaker	*	3	0	6	6	8	1	*	10	Chariot (Armour save 1+)

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- *Steam-pressured Engine
- Terror
- Unbreakable

THUNDERBARGE

275 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Thunderbarge	-	-	-	6	6	8	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 4+)
Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Dwarf handgun

Crew: 6

Dwarf Crew

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Bombing Run
- Disaster!
- High Flyer
- Hover
- Large Target
- Thunderbarge Cannon
- Unbreakable





SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Alrik Ranulfsson	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Belegar Ironhammer	3	8	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Byrrnoth Grundadrakk	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Daemon Slayer	3	7	4	4	5	3	5	4	10	In
Grombrindal	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Kadrin Redmane	3	6	4	4	5	5	3	2	10	In
Kazador Thunderhorn	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Kragg the Grim	3	6	4	4	5	5	3	2	10	In
Lord	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Runelord	3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	9	In
- Anvil Guards	3	5	3	4	-	-	2	2	-	-
Thorek Ironbrow	3	6	4	4	5	5	3	2	10	WM
- Kraggi	3	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-
- Anvil Guards	3	5	3	4	-	-	2	2	9	-
Thorgrim Grudgebearer	3	7	4	4	5	7	4	4	10	In
- Thronebearers	3	5	3	4	-	-	3	4	-	-
Ungrim Ironfist	3	8	4	4	5	3	5	4	10	In

HEROS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Brewmaster	3	4	4	4	4	2	1	2	9	In
Burlok Damminson	3	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	In
Dragon Slayer	3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10	In
Garagrim Ironfist	3	6	4	4	5	3	4	3	10	In
Grimm Burloksson	3	4	5	4	4	3	2	2	9	In
Josef Bugman	3	6	5	4	5	3	4	3	9	In
Master Engineer	3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	In
Runesmith	3	5	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	In
Thane	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	10	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Longbeard	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Old Guard	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	In
Quarreller	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
Thunderer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bolt Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Deathroller	*	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Dwarf Driver	-	4	3	3	-	-	-	1	9	-
Firethrower	3	4	3	3	3	2	2	2	9	In
Grudge Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Hammerer	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	In
- Keeper of the Gate	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	3	9	In
Ironbreaker	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Ironbeard	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	In
Miner	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Prospector	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
Ranger	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Ol' Deadeye	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
Troll Slayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	10	In
- Giant Slayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	3	2	10	In

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Doomseeker	3	5	3	4	4	2	2	*	10	In
Flame Cannon	-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	WM
- Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Grudgebreaker	*	3	0	6	6	8	1	*	10	Ch
Gyrocopter	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Dwarf Pilot	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-
Irondrake	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Ironwarden	3	5	4	4	4	1	2	1	9	In
Organ Gun	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Rune Guardian	6	3	0	5	5	4	1	3	10	MI
Thunderbarge	-	-	-	6	6	8	-	-	-	Ch
- Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-

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.









DWARFS

Forged by warfare, the Dwarfs have become a race of hardened warriors who remember every affront against them. Answering their High King's summons, the Dwarfs march from their mountain strongholds in great throngs of doughty steel-clad infantry, supported by powerful engines of war. At the fore, mighty heroes bear matchless runic weapons and armour, items wrought with a skill unparalleled by other races. Heavily armoured and indomitable, the Dwarfs will hammer and hew their way to victory. The time to settle old debts has come.

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- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
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A supplement for

WARHAMMER

The Game of Fantasy Battles